

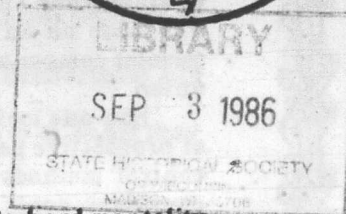
The "CLOVEN" "HOOF"

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SATANICA
ANTON SZANDOR LA VEY



**** My brand of Satanism is the ultimate conscious alternative to herd mentality and institutionalized thought. It is a studied, contrived set of principles and exercises, designed to prevent and liberate from the contagion of mindlessness which destroys innovation. Here are some reasons why it is called "Satanism": It is most stimulating under that name, and self-discipline and motivation are easier under stimulating conditions. It means "the opposition" and epitomizes all symbols of non-conformity. It represents the strongest ability to turn a liability into an advantage--to turn alienation into exclusivity. In other words, the reason it's called "Satanism" is because it's fun, it's accurate, and it's productive.

**** Human nature never really changes--it just puts on different acts. It is unfair to compare a man's behavior who was raised in one era, with the behavior of another who was raised a quarter century later.

**** Curses don't seem to work if one sits around waiting for the results, but often results take place unheeded by the magician, who has his own ideas about what constitutes discomfort. "Suffering", to you, might not be so bad to one who would harm you. They're probably suffering plenty already. I help them to *really* suffer in their own, most personal, way through one of my favorite curses: "I condemn you to yourself!"

**** Throughout my life I've been told, "You can't do that," "It won't work," "It'll never happen". I've faced puzzlement over the whys and wherefores of my choices. Then, when it comes to pass that my foresight is paying off, my former critics attempt to steal my gains--and what's worse, sell them back to me at the new rate of exchange.

**** The medium of TV is the most diabolical means of control yet devised. It is all-pervasive. Even if you don't watch TV, you travel among those who do, each of whom is a reflection of his or her bigger-than-life video counterpart.

Once upon a time a person would be criticized: "You watch too many movies." It meant that they couldn't step outside the theatre after the movie was over, and return to another kind of life. That's why Hollywood was called a dream factory and the movie palace its cathedral. Only winos and other derelicts slept in movie theatres, if the usher was kind enough to let them. Now, *everybody* sleeps, eats, studies, and screws in the movie house, because it is their own home. And *all* that is in the background is calculated propaganda--video to live by. Anyone who claims immunity from the effects of TV, on the grounds of not taking it seriously, not watching certain types of programming, or not owning a TV set is innocently deluded. To not take TV seriously is not enough for limited immunity. You must not take *those who are most obviously influenced by it* seriously, for the job has already been done on them. They are flesh and blood, and you respond to their "realness." Yet it is their substitute existence, on the monitor, that governs the very actions to which *you* respond. Just about everything you see around you is "just like on TV," because TV is the substitute life

of most of those you see. Don't worry about it though. Just consider it.

Being as how television is such a Satanic influence on the Western world...

Welcome Back, June Cleaver

Jake Horowitz

Socially and economically, the Feminist Movement has done more to retard human relations than any event in the past two thousand years. Where once the choice of mate was made on an emotional level, it is now an economic merger of two semi-solvent societal components, devoid of true feeling, geared only towards a profitable corporate union.

How one looks is not nearly so important as how much one earns. The sexual habits of prospective partners is less a question than their stock portfolios. The choice of birth control methods is considered only as a viable expedient to the purchase of new consumer goods. Procreation becomes a necessary evil, although in the long run, children are potential consumers, and perpetuators of the status quo.

I long for the days when one ogled a woman's natural assets for the right reasons. It was healthy to have a natural interest in women for sexual reasons, and while there was an unspoken rule that such interest was not openly announced, both men and women knew it was there. Romance wasn't a dirty word, and a woman who felt the compulsion to marry the man she loved, settle down and have kids was not a pariah. How things have changed.

Just consider the way housewives have been pictured on TV. The pre-feminism Barbara Billingsly, as Beaver Cleaver's mother, was always dressed to kill. Her character, June Cleaver, was dressed in feminine apparel that Ward was happy to come home to. She was no dummy, to be sure. She knew what was what, and was quite educated as well. It wasn't hard to picture her cuddling with Ward at the end of a long day.

Contrast this with Bea Arthur as "Maude," during feminism's hey day. She was an unglamorous frump, with her mousy, shopkeeper husband, and deep, masculine voice. Brow-beating, loud, and a rabid feminist, she was raising her voluptuous daughter, played by Adrien Barbeau, to be a feminist. The daughter, in turn, programmed the son in feminist doctrines. The next door neighbor, played by Rue McClanahan, was vivacious, sexy and portrayed as having the intellect of a well-ripened tomato. She was married to the goofy but lovable doctor who always seemed to be one step away from a malpractice suit.

Why the change? Financial gain. Corporations long ago learned that the "Me Generation" meant big bucks. June Cleaver would sacrifice for her family. Maude would demand her due. She would buy, and by buying, get her slice of the American pie. She was a champion to all, politically active, in control (??).

So what if we fuck up the economy by insisting that our women be feminine. Give me romance over a fine cigar anytime. The emotional lift of a well-turned ankle can last a lifetime, but the joys of a programmable CD are transitory at best.

A Word to the Resentful

Erica Olsen

It is no wonder that people are threatened by an admitted Satanist. A glance at the Nine Satanic Statements can tell you why. Most are intimidated by such pride and freedom. Even if a person doesn't know anything about modern Satanism, he'll know enough to resent a real Satanist. We confront hostility on a daily basis.

To counteract this expected bombardment, most of us surround ourselves with a small circle of friends to act as a buffer to the outside world. These people know what we are, and accept us, even admire us for our Promethean stand. They are most likely Satanists (whether they say so or not). They are loyal and supportive--in contrast to the anger and mistrust we find everywhere else.

Since you are an admittedly indulgent person, there would be no reason to associate closely with anyone who would not be supportive (unless you are a masochist who enjoys verbal pummeling--that would certainly be encouraged as an indulgence). Satanists get their fill of browbeating and minimizing from outside their chosen circle--they don't need strife from within. If others would accuse you of surrounding yourself only with those who agree with you, what's wrong with that? Why should it be otherwise? A Satanist needs all the support he can get.

This is not sycophantism since compliments and support are offered unbidden without promise of anything in return. A sycophant, by definition, is brown-nosing to get something from you. If, on the other hand, you are given due recognition for the stimulation you provide, this cannot be construed as mere flattery. You are getting the admiration you've earned--the recognition others might be unable to offer because of their jealousy or resentment.

It is no crime to surround yourself with people who make you feel comfortable and accepted. To do otherwise would be foolish and painful.

Satanists are like most animals--they don't like pain or strife, and will do all they can to avoid it. Which leads us to...

The Social Contract

Satanists often avoid pain by employing Lesser Magic. These are skills of glossing, grooming--generally making it comfortable for others to be around us. Most have to learn this early in life for the reasons discussed above--there is something inherent in us that others seem to resent. Whether it is because we think and act differently, dress differently, can do something better than someone else can, or are simply brighter--it doesn't take long for us to see how others react. If we want to be accepted, we have to go the extra distance, not them.

Granted, it isn't necessary. Some of us choose not to interact, becoming withdrawn, reclusive, and "wierd". But many are driven by a fear of rejection. It is this fear that makes us learn to gloss and compliment, whether people deserve it or not. We know what it's like to be on the outside looking in--and how to make sure when we're on the outside, it is by our choosing.

When we are confronted with boorish louts who show no signs of being able to use Lesser Magic, they are telling us (non-verbally) that they have no fear of rejection to make them behave civilly. They are ignoring the unspoken social contract and begging to be rejected. We can do nothing more obliging than to reject them. Ignorance is no excuse. Where did we learn the requirements for being civil? Presumably these churls had the same opportunities. If you can do it, you have every right to expect the same treatment in return.

It all seems reducible to a healthy survival instinct. Satanists want to survive--physically, psychologically, emotionally. It is all the more difficult for us since we are generally more misanthropic than the average. But we easily recognize what will help us and what will hurt us. Acceptance can help, rejection can hurt. We work our magic to elicit whichever we desire.

And those who refuse to take responsibility for their social agreement are out of luck when they face a Satanist. We have to work overtime to be accepted, and naturally have little patience with those who work just as hard to be rejected. We will do everything in our power to help them along.

We are pleased to announce that Zeena Galatea La Vey and David Ling celebrated their wedding on July 4th of this year. Satanic blessings to them both.

Here is a piece that Dr. La Vey wrote over fifteen years ago but it seems he could have written it yesterday. Consider, as you read, not only the "Wiccans" (whose only schtick these days is to say "We are not Satanists!"), but also certain popular rock groups, who are making a fat bundle off of Satanic imagery while loudly denying any real Satanic involvement.

...BY ANY OTHER NAME
ANTON SZANDOR LA VEY

Many are those who study the art of the children of darkness, who call themselves by the names of witch and warlock...who gaze at crystals, read the tarot, divine by divers means, and seek success through paths of magic. All these play at the Devil's game and take the Devil's tools in their quest for crumbs of power.

In the name of all who suffered and died as the agents of the Devil in ages past, the present band of heretics...those who would deny the Devil, yet play His game...must be called to task. Greater is their folly than the strictest Protestant, Catholic, Jew, or Buddhist. More cowardly are they than the whining informer who plucked at the sleeve of the inquisitor. More flagrant is their hypocrisy than he who reads pornography "in order to warn others."

These are the pursuers of dubious power, the searchers for riches, the buyers of "hidden secrets," the purchasers of "short cuts,"...the sniveling army of the have-nots who feel themselves deserving of the bounties of life, but have found no miracles in the churches in which they prayed.

So now we see them as they swarm about us, purchasing the journals of deceit, the source-books of diabolical supplies, the catalogues of the magical art. They read, and read, and contemplate, and read some more. They study the rites of Lucifer and the mysteries of creation and the spells and charms, and they call themselves by innocuous names. And they play at the games which caused our forebearers to be tortured as agents of Satan.

And what do they do, now that it is safe and clear to use His Great Infernal Name? *They deny Him!* They have the opportunity to take up the very creed of defamation which killed their brothers and sisters of the past...and cast that creed before the world in triumphal mockery of its age of unreason. But no--they do not thrust the bified barb of Satan aloft and shout: "He has triumphed! Rege Satanas". His art and works which brought men to the rack and thumbscrew, can now be learned in safety. But no...He is *denied*. Denied by those who cry up His art and ply His work.

In the societal safety of their flimsy dens they say the calls. In the warmth of their parlors they push their planchettes, and read the cards, and cast the runes, and call forth the dead, and even wear the horns.

But seldom in these places is *Satan* to be found. For these are the frightened mystics of the new Christianity, and the trembling cowards scurry 'round the openings to the Grottoes of Hell. And like vermin, they furtively nibble upon the newly-emerged Devil-wisdom. Little do they realize the folly of their cowardice.

Ages come and ages go, and cycles reverse themselves with the wondrous periodicity that only nature can sustain, and now we walk upon the upper world. Those who play the game of self-denial in its traditionally simplistic forms, and showed themselves consistent in their Christ-mongering can find absolution from their sins within our fold.

But those who play the Devil's Game, yet cloak themselves in **RIGHTEOUSNESS**, besmirch the names of those who bore the mark of brand and tongs and gazed upon their dead and dying, with curses softly spoken. Knew they not, the tortured, that one day men would ply the Devil's handiwork; the work that was grounds for rack and cradle.

Knew they not, the Knights of the Temple, that one day men would fashion spells in the clear moonlight, free from the snare of the heretic-hook; yet *deny and denounce the benediction of Satan!*

The tongs have gathered rust, and the racks snarl as they turn, from lack of oiling. The morningstars have dust between their spikes and the iron maiden is cold and yearning for a lover to embrace.

The ghosts of the Devil-bought will take up the instruments of their destruction and march forth. And their prey will be those scavengers of the arts which once meant Devil-wisdom, and to this day remain as such.

Let it be known that every man who delves into the arts of darkness must give the Devil and His children the due their years of infamy deserve. Satan's Name will not be denied! Let no man shun or mock His Name who plays His winning game....or....despair, depletion, and destruction await!