

THE DEVIL'S NOTEBOOK
ANTON SZANDOR LAVEY



The Devil's Notebook

Introduction

Although his books have sold over a million copies, the publishing industry has chosen to ignore Anton LaVey. The book trade publication, Publisher's Weekly, has never reviewed a publication by or about Anton LaVey. Aside from the occasional hysteria-inciting pieces that attempt to "expose" or "debunk" the founder of the Church of Satan, the print and electronic media have chosen to enforce a blackout on the true nature of his writings. Most of the so-called "alternative" press has taken the lead of the mainstream press not to confront the work or life of Anton LaVey to wish him into non-existence. Why? In a word, fear. The mainstream fears Christian opprobrium and ridicule. The politically correct individual fears the rapacity of his own id. Occultniks are threatened by LaVey's refusal to indulge their penchant for obscurantist mumbo-jumbo. In our increasingly regimented egalitarian society, someone of Anton LaVey's flamboyance must be shunned, cut down to size. Unlike today's blue-leaned homiletic politicians, Anton LaVey does not allow Joe Citizen to feel comfortable in his workaday drabness. To the contrary. Whenever Joe citizen confronts the spectre of this contemporaryMing the Merciless, he is reminded of forbidden pleasures that he was too cowardly to grab, of a life he was too circumspect to live. In his rationalizations, Joe Citizen pins a Goodguv Badge on his lapel and projects righteous derision on the object of his discomfort. "That Anton LaVey, what a phony!" Perhaps it is time the Devil is given his due -- thanks to LaVey the public has rediscovered "incredibly strange" films and music, such as Freaks, Nightmare Alley, the theremin and evocative tunes from the 1930s and 1940s, LaVey contributed several of the more celebrated photos in Kenneth Anger's Hollywood Babylon, LaVey coined the term "psychic vampire," among others, LaVey's automata have inspired research and development in the fields of robotics and teledildonics. Perhaps most importantly, no other man has so well illuminated the shadow purpose of Western life in the latter half of the twentieth century. As LaVey has stressed over and over again, Satanism is not about heavy metal music or the sacrifice of children or animals to a horned deity. These are antics for the weak and confused. Anton LaVey's brand of Satanism involves a far more difficult and bracing task -- the realpolitik application of principles that favors accomplishment over consumerism and individual power over herd mentality. LaVey's Satanism eschews all pandering to fads. It is less a movement than a call to recognition. I have one suggestion. Read LaVey for what he says, and not for what others say he is. May the scales fall from your eyes.

Adam Parfrey
October 1992

Foreword

It's Amazing how much fear is invoked in others by the presence of a known Satanist. People who never advertise their religious backgrounds, when confronted by a "Devil worshipper" suddenly become devout. How often I see crosses around the necks of those who've been informed of my arrival -- as if, like Lugosi's Dracula, I will be rendered powerless. And when I'm not fazed by such precautions, the aroma of nervous sweat really fills the room. It's then that I feel sadistic, if that term ever applied. I love to see those dusty crucifixes salvaged from the bottoms of bureau drawers, unworn since catechism. The evangelical bumper stickers that might just as well say "kick me." The little gold crosses. The pathetic victims of Christian propaganda wearing the symbol of their role model's death around their necks like tiny electric chairs or gas chambers or hangman's nooses, actually believing it will protect them. Protect them from what? My possible cordiality and friendship?

Wearing a display of dormant faith allows them to be safe -- as safe and sure as their advertised deodorant -- to ask me about Satanism. What is it like to be frightened of intangibles? I've never known, because I've always had my share of very real threats to my serenity. I took up Satanism not out of desperation but logical dismay that there were so many short-sighted people around me. I thought, acted, and thereupon found myself removed. An lo and behold, I was a Satanist. A prideful outcast. If the "just," the "good," the "righteous" were exemplified by the cowering ones, I wanted no part of them.

My brand of Satanism is the ultimate conscious alternative to herd mentality and institutionalized thought. It is a studied and contrived set of principles and exercises designed to liberate individuals from a contagion of mindlessness that destroys innovation. I have termed my thought "Satanism" because it is most stimulating under that name. Self-discipline and motivation are effected more easily under stimulating conditions. Satanism means "the opposition" and epitomizes all symbols of nonconformity. Satanism calls forth the strong 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.

The following collection of essays, bits and pieces representing 25 years of diabolical thought, is a Satanic literary exercise in the strictest sense. Each segment is an indulgence of a whim or fancy. Each was written as the mood or idea manifested itself, whether or not what was written would be good, bad, offensive, pleasing, or even whether it would see print. Each was set to paper because to refrain from doing so would have meant self-denial.

Essays that are bitter were composed with a need to ritualized bitterness, the setting, form and style landing as the cards were dealt. Instructional or theoretical essays emerged, first as ideas which had to be recorded, then as written essays. Some have been gathering dust for many years and are included because timing demands that they be released. If they have been updated slightly, it is because popular folly has necessitated that comparisons be drawn. A Devil's Notebook must contain divergent observations and paradoxical theories. Like life itself, it is consistent in its inconsistency.

Anton Szandor LaVey
Durango, Mexico
31 August XXVII Anno Satanas

THE DEVI L'S NOTEBOOK

Hell must be a pretty swell spot, because the
guys that invented religion have sure been
trying hard to keep everybody else out.

-- Al Capone

A Medicine for Melancholy

or

How to Avoid the DB'S

At no time in Western civilization has man accepted so willingly contrivances calculated to weaken and destroy him.

Many persons have found these years, as we approach the superstitious dread of the coming millennium, to be the most tumultuous period of their lives. Upheaval, depression, disillusionment, paranoia, anguish, anxiety, illness, and every other sort of malaise imaginable. Yeats' poem, "The Second Coming," expresses the social climate well. Surely an explanation, or at least speculation, is in order.

Let's examine some ingredients. No overseas war is in progress which involves Americans on a personal level, patriotic or otherwise. There is no universal enemy to occupy the minds and emotions of society. Hence enemies, threats, and other problems must emerge from a diversity of sources which are timely and easily relateable. Media re-enforcement of fears and anxieties is at an all-time zenith. Prime-time TV dispenses suspense and crisis, either real (newscasts) or by fictional or documentary features and series. This is considered "entertainment," not demoralization.

If complaints are voiced that streets are unsafe to stroll, surfs unsafe for swimming, and even grazing laid unsafe for cows ("Satanic Cattle Mutilation"), where can one expose his or her puny human form? In the safety of an automobile? Perhaps, but what of the subliminal demoralization coupled with a sense of false security that mandatory safety devices provide?

Despite rapid and radical advances in medicine, why are more people sick? Emphasis on prompt detection of certain symptoms is supposed to prevent serious illness. With everyone listening for internal gurgles, feeling for lumps, and pondering each pain, hypersensitivity cannot be avoided. Does a consuming concern for diet and exercise make for healthier living than sitting in the car gobbling Big Macs? Which takes a greater toll -- fear of the effects of preservatives, chemical-pumped chicken, mercury-saturated fish -- or the foods themselves?

If you are a law-abiding citizen, who is concerned about the safety of your home and family, you are made to feel like a criminal if you own a gun and are henceforth categorized as a "crazed gunman with a Saturday Night Special." Though you know you are responsible and conscientious, you are demoralized into stigmatization, nonetheless.

In bygone days, before you were demoralized by static cling, it was halitosis or B.O. or unsightly snaps or non-Sanforized Gapsis. How easy it would be if one needed only to fret over such trivial social ostracisms. Now, in addition to ring-around-the-collar, you are confronted by threats to your immune system, germ warfare, telephone bugging, new cancer viruses, conspiratorial politicians acting as decoys for the Real Rulers, governmental breakdown, danger in the streets, on the

freeways, at the beach, rising costs of food, gasoline, higher taxes, and ... the unknown! Is another world watching? Are UFO's about to land in your front yard? And to The Good the threat of Satanism is still fine scare copy.

How to immunize yourself against the great D.P. (Demoralization Process) which is inexorably reaching its plateau?

1) Recognize it for what it is: a collective phenomenon, self-perpetrating according to Malthusian law. The separation of the strong from the weak, the reactors from the perceivers. Norbert Wiener would be delighted at current examples of human thermostats and their behavior. Never before has man been so controllable and easily programmed while foolishly considering himself more sophisticated than at any time in his development.

2) Avoid popular amusements. Take a lesson from the ostrich, whose head-in-the-sand attitude has been universally ridiculed. If timeliness is an essential ingredient of demoralization, existentialism is a perfect vehicle. "Live for today -- don't think about the past or the future" has been misapplied to "Dwell on today." We must all respond to imminent situations. We either benefit from, cope with, or succumb to them. But don't go out of your way to encounter any potential problem or worry if you need not. Don't socialize with those who do, either. They'll bring you down. TV is not the "entertainment" medium it is assumed to be. Newspapers and periodicals aren't either. Pop music is "concerned" music, with lyrics and harmonies unconsciously gauged to the now. Films and plays are simply variants of TV fare. Even the clothes on your back integrate you into the herd unconsciously, if they are "stylish". Stop and consider if whatever you buy, see, listen to, or do is popular. If it is, it is programmed, and like it or not, so are you. Does all this imply that you stop all activity just because it's popular? You figure that one out. It should come easily to a Satanist.

3) Break out of the D.P. time/space warp by realistically and minimally dealing with the present, and dwelling on the past and future. If you need to play the intrigue or crisis game, look back on past scandals and outrages. Patronize that which is out of vogue or not yet in vogue. Seek out persons who are not harbingers of present mores. Discover and share pastimes unrelated to current phobias. Surround yourself with reminders of another social climate and contemplate them as you would a crystal ball. The trend towards nostalgia is an understandable rebellion against the D.P.'s. Its only flaw is that it too has become fashionable and only softens the impact of hardcore downers, which occupy prime-time in our present lives. Reflect, instead, upon personally gratifying things and situations, rather than those labeled "nostalgia" or "collector's edition."

Yes, I realize how tough things have been for many of you this year, for in any such softening up process very few are unaffected. Out of the chaos, the rough beast which slouched towards Bethlehem to be born in the Year One is learning to stand, to walk anew, and His footfalls are creating random upheaval. The Tenth Key has manifested itself in the rolling thunder which has darkened the sky for Satanist and non-Satanist alike. It is for Satanists to know the whys and wherefores of their sorrows. And realizing that, like all their kin -- Cain, Prometheus, Orpheus, Frankenstein -- they ... We ... are, in part or in whole, responsible for our own problems and those of the multitudes. An overview is essential to survival, and what has been sown will soon be reaped. The roses in the garden east of Eden will have thorns. Whatever the blossom, whatever the harvest, the future belongs to us.

Rege Satanas!

On the Importance of Being Evil

Volumes have charted the history of man's cruelty and tyranny. How many have considered the essential role of villainy in human development?

An impartial survey would no doubt qualify the villain as unsung hero. While fusty religionists still cast Satanists in the old, convenient mold, the readily obtainable literature of contemporary Satanism has inspired change in religious thought. Can we expect such an admission by modern theologians? Of course not. It is always a villain, however, who becomes the catalyst for change.

Consider these still fresh examples: If Aleister Crowley had not been "the world's wickedst man," the like of Gerald Gardner and Margaret Murray could not have stepped onstage for purposes of "enlightenment," and Dennis Wheatley might be a starving hack. They owe their identities to Crowley's outrages. If the Hell's Angels had not caused such a furor, and had not been ritualized in motion pictures like *The Wild One* and *Scorpio Rising*, a "clean, wholesome" interest in motorcycling (and its billions in profits) would not have evolved. The glamour of evil, not fun in the sun, secretly spawned the present bike movement. Pollution reduction, economical transportation -- all other rationales for motorcycling are piety devices. If the late Senator Joseph McCarthy had not performed his auto-da-fe there would be no movement of the "Politically Correct." If Hitler had not singled out the Jews for discrimination, the nation of Israel might never have been realized.

For every Charlie Manson there are a million solid citizens who can bristle with righteous indignation over his crimes. The same fine folks who stand idly by while a little old lady is being mugged in broad daylight, not wanting to "get involved," invariably alleviate their cowardice by hollering their heads off for stronger legislation against crime. Remember, there is no misfortune so great that somebody else can't put up with it.

A villain is said to be bad, but an apathetic drone is far worse. A villain must be stigmatized so that his opponents can be considered heroic. These heroes are simply reactors who implement a change in affairs sometimes mistaken for "progress." What sets human reaction in motion? A force which is either intrinsically or contrivedly considered "evil."

In order for evil to serve an admirable purpose, it must have method. The lowest level would-be Satanist who thinks he is justifying his existence by committing "evil" acts is the most deluded of all. As has been amply proven, Deep South renegades like Huey Long and George Wallace -- certainly considered evil by many -- nevertheless exerted reaction on a large scale. The creep whose "evil" deed for the day consists of pulling the wings off a butterfly invariably causes no productive reaction. He cannot rightly be considered evil. Simply moronic.

The more grandiose the villain, the more beneficent he is to society. The small-time villain affects only the microcosm in which he operates, unless his act of villainy is considered so heinous that it spreads beyond his normal sphere of influence. When a villain attains universality, he is endowed with the mantle of devildom. However, if a real villain does not come forward to serve as a convenient embodiment of evil -- thereby serving the goodguy's cause -- such a person must be developed and sometimes invented.

If evil were by chance eradicated, the race would die of inertia ... at least under existing standards of mental and emotional development. That the villain is the most formidable enemy of boredom was proven in a rather quaint manner by a short-lived tabloid called Good News. Feeling that the populace was weary of the standard journalistic fare of murder, rape, war, riot, scandal and catastrophe, Good News printed just that -- good news. It valiantly lasted two or three issues before its not untimely demise. Why did it die? Good news is only really good to those directly involved. Most people lead such futile and useless lives that only bad news makes them feel better. If not better, certainly gooder. If one cannot gain recognition for anything else, he can rest well with the assurance that he is "good," which in most cases equates with "right". Were it not for an evil to rail against he might just as well never have been born. Yes, evil is the great savior and sustainer of those who condemn it most.

Duck-billed Platitudes

The rich get richer and the poor get poorer.

The rich do get richer, but the poor, having little or nothing to lose, can only get richer. If diligence will not do it, then charity will.



All the world loves a lover.

Bosses hate lovers because they can't keep their minds on their work. The loveless hate lovers because they are envious. Even lovers have little patience with other lovers. They consider another's choice of love object inferior to their own.



The best things in life are free.

They may be free for you, but somebody else is paying for them.



Honesty is the best policy.

Should read, "Credibility is the best policy."



Beauty is only skin deep.

A balm for the ugly, who cannot help but harbor hostility because of their condition. The plain and ugly often mask hostility behind an unctuous or affable facade which is sometimes mistaken for "inner beauty."



If at first you don't succeed, try and try again.

A sure way of making a pest of yourself. Better: "If at first you don't succeed, wait and see what happens. If nothing happens, try a different

approach. If still unsuccessful, try someone or somewhere else."



There is no substitute for hard work.

If you are what others expect of you, it matters not how much or
how little you do.

The Goodguy Badge

Man is a selfish creature. Everything in life is a selfish act. Man is not concerned with helping others, yet he wants others to believe he is. Inasmuch as selfishness is akin to pride, and vanity considered the Devil's work, the first rule of the prideful is to make an exhibition of piety and charity, with a Goodguy Badge to pin to his lapel.

Man cannot progress one step further towards his own godhood until he removes that Goodguy Badge.

Mankind's true saviors are not those who led exemplary lives, but those who have enabled man to pass as Good. Through the cause he provided against himself, Hitler enables countless millions to become righteous. Any semblance of goodness detected in moral enemies seems to dull the luster of the Goodguy Badge. Goodguy Saints are often only winners in abstinence contests. Perceptive scholars and objective students of human nature aver that most of history's saints have surreptitiously indulged in life's rewards while offering another public picture to the naïve and conditioned multitude. Leopold von Sacher-Masoch had not yet written *Venus in Furs*, yet religious and secular Severins were a zloty a dozen.

The Devil, aside from being the best friend the Church has ever had, also bestows upon the individual his mantle of Goodness. In whatever allegory the Devil is conjured, he becomes the reaction device for those who need him the most. Intrinsically evil people are often hypocrites who make a show of their Goodguy Badge; without an enemy to plague them they could never in any believable sense become Good.

This is not to say that one should not be angered at an injustice or speak out against whatever violates one's security. That is the first law, the law of self-preservation. But we must consider the motives behind the selection of an enemy. Perhaps nothing more is threatened beyond the threat of not having an enemy.

If, having a pain, you inflict sufficient torment to another area of your body it is easy to pretend that the original pain was never there. The Goodguy needs a bad guy to ease the pain of his own inadequacy. This is why his enemy will never perish, for if he did it would bring about great internal pain. Without a cause to take his mind off his own wretchedness he would be lost.

For the bored and simple, those of little or no accomplishment, those who care little whether they live or die, an enemy is essential. Their validity as human beings is measured not by what they can do or who they are, but by who they are against! Paradoxically, these are the hypocrites who shun any manifestations of "negative" propensities. Their vocabularies are turgid with terms like "true," "charitable," "integrity," "spiritual," "equality," "Humanity," "moral," "ethical," "rehabilitate," "understand," "empathy," etc. ad infinitum. Some of these Goodguys, like the fellow who wants to put pants on dogs, are rather transparent. The majority are not.

My purpose here is to make hitherto undetectable Goodguys as visible as Freud made the lady with the closet full of frankfurters. When self-appointed Goodguys are not only spotted but ridiculed for the ostentation of their badges, man will have come a big step closer to the accurate evaluation of personality.

The paramount need to believe in something -- anything -- has been definitively explained by psychologists Mortimer Ostow and Ben-Ami Sharfstein (the *Need to Believe*, New York; International Universities Press, Inc., 1954). One need not believe in a set of religious principles; if one's faith in a lump of mud is sustenance enough, well and good. If, however, a set of religious tenets is weighty with contrasts between "good" and "evil," the adherent's pietistic requirements must be addressed. Those who wish to gain acceptance from so-called "respectable" people must be Good. Their self-righteousness must be telegraphed in subtle ways, however. It isn't enough to greet everyone with a cheery, "Hello, I-am-a-good-person-so-you-must-accept-me," but by wearing one of the many available Goodguy Badges. The genuinely worthy gain it through individual strength of personality and accomplishment. The rest attempt to gain it by attaching a label to themselves. Psychologists call this "identity." Man either establishes his identity through self or through a collective phenomenon often referred to as a "cause." Celebrities will often use a "worthy cause" to bolster a shaky identity which may have been originally built on individual ability. Public figures simply wear a Goodguy Badge out of pragmatism. It is clear -- or should be -- that the Great Man is doing absolutely nothing of a genuinely charitable nature.

Although it is a truism that every act is a selfish act, not all are harmful and some are even beneficial to others. Goodguy Badges exhibit tendencies which are often harmful and usually devoid of tangible justification for their existence. Rational self-interest is a virtue, but should be seen for what it is: self-interest. That is the predominant theme of Satanism. Irrational self-interest and undeserved self-righteousness are, on the other hand, hallmarks of the Goodguy Badge.

Religion, having created billions of "undeserving" or "unworthy" followers, is the number one wholesaler of Goodguy Badges. Christian doctrine has become outmoded and unbelievable, even to the most feeble-minded. One wonders, "How is it possible for people to be so stupid as to believe the lies they are taught by ministers and priests?" Could it be that among the psychological crutches that Christian dogma has provided, the most obvious is the easiest to overlook? Beyond its horrors and personal repressions, Christianity provides an ingredient essential to the masses' emotional equilibrium: the Goodguy Badge.

The old carnival fortunetellers call a similar ploy "casing the mark" -- sending a client away with more problems than when he arrived, the fortuneteller makes him feel glad that he arrived in time. New Age "psychics," on the other hand, simply betray the diminishing quantity of self-aware fortunetellers. In believing their own bullshit they don conspicuous Goodguy Badges, as do the other assorted seers, prophets, channelers and healers who have "received their gift from God." They are applying religious trappings just as surely as did their hair-shirted Anchorite ancestors, and strive for similar sainthood.

The Goodguys are everywhere. Turn on the TV. Within ten minutes a commercial will dramatize the pleas of one of a thousand "non-profit" charities; such charities are spark plugs of the nation's economy. It's easy to see why. The donor Goodguy saves tax dollars. The recipient charity spends ninety percent of the money on "overhead." Management draws inflated salaries and receives kickback tribute from vendors, who in turn are given dispensation to swell up with pride because of their Goodguy affiliation. If the donor donates his money directly to the government instead of a charity, his status would change from Goodguy to taxpaying boob, and such demotion would cost him more in the bargain. He would have to be crazy not to choose the Goodguy route.

If the Goodguy donates time instead, that's all right too. They assist the charities by justifying the cost of building facilities and the spending of operational expenses.

English nobility are at times forced to maintain their ancestral castles by conducting guided tours, complete in some cases with ghost noises and rattling chains. Nothing so fey in America. The palaces of the once immensely wealthy are being converted into "foundations." In many instances the original families stay put, simply yielding a few rooms to volunteers. In other cases the foundation receives the property lock, stock and barrel, taking the distressed owner off the back-tax hook. The former owner becomes a Goodguy, retiring with his Goodguy funds to a new high-rise or condominium. Chances are good that he was glad to be rid of his white elephant where he rattled about for years with one or two surly servants. He has reached the point where he wants the very thing that his wealth alone may have neglected to bring: recognition. While he's still breathing, he can donate his great paintings to a museum's wing that bears his namesake and bask in Goodguy glory.

Charities solicit those known to have an overabundance not because they can afford to give more, but because they know if the "philanthropist" does not give, he will be depicted as a human monster. Charities choose slogans like, "You can't afford not to give," implying that those who refuse them will receive some sort of retribution for their miserliness. The trick of playing on the guilt of those who can.

Mail-order evangelists have been known to bulkmail solicitation brochures depicting a bunch of bloated-bellied "orphans" standing in front of their foundation's "buildings" in Guatemala or Biafra or New Delhi. Investigation might reveal that the foundation's masonite sign covered "New Era Export Co., Ltd." and those kids' faces beamed not for the Lord's blessing but for the quarter's worth of legal tender promised them for posing.

Goodguy causes provide unlimited opportunity for hanky-panky, and not just of the fiduciary variety. If a volunteer of sterling moral propensities meets another equally proper (and equally married) co-worker under physically stimulating conditions, a merger might take place in the supply room one night. A rationale will be available, of course: both parties share a common goal. Charities are as much an opportunity for social contact as the most blatant singles club or dance course, but allow the joiner to be a Goodguy instead of a wallflower or creep.

Who could not find it admirable to want to save humanity? And animals and trees in addition? Or, Satan defend us, the desire to save the world? Actually, the madman who thinks in terms of ruling the world and the equally daft individual who wants to save it are usually one and the same: those who wish to rule the world usually go about attaining their goal in the guise of saving it.

Power-mad Goodguys sublimate these desires by trying to help rule through warfare or help save it through egalitarian politics. These helpers can wear their Goodguy badge without taking on the responsibilities or liabilities of a figurehead. A Goodguy who helps to save the world in the guise of an ecologist simply becomes a microcosmic god serving a macrocosmic client.

It seems to me that the people who holler the most about ecology are the least capable of actually contributing to the planet's development. Quite obviously, the first place to start is to eliminate the source of the problem. The problem of course is people. Get rid of the people and you will be rid of the problems they so desire to eliminate.

The armchair liberals who speak reverently of ecological duty would be horrified to implement the totalitarian requirements of compulsory birth control. They shout, "Power to the people!" Power to do what? Make a bigger mess?

Where are all the little men with big ideas? There goes one now, pedaling by the luxury car showroom on his mountain bike, beads of sweat decorating his forehead like translucent jewels. Here comes another putting by in his sub-compact. Neither has any more self-awareness now than they did decades ago when they tooled along in their 300 horsepower monsters. The man on the bike is wealthy. The one in the small car is not. Mr. Cyclist rides one of his Goodguy Badges and gets healthier in the bargain. Little man in little car rides in one of his Goodguy badges and can actually afford to maintain it.

Turn back the clock and listen to another kind of logic. Nobody would buy a small car because it was unsafe, embarrassing and unheard-of. Only youths and eccentrics rode bicycles. Youths because they weren't old enough to drive, and eccentrics because it was healthy -- but anyone who was a health faddist had to be a nut.

Are we to assume that man is the only living organism that cannot adjust to its environment? If bugs actually thrive on the pesticides that once fell them, will man's body not accept pollutants, chemical preservatives, etc., as another development of his "natural" evolution? Why are the most sickly-looking people the ones usually seen emerging from health food stores? Could it be that their stringent dietary habits fail to immunize them from "poisonous" foods they are on occasion likely to ingest?

If ecology Goodguys want to practice what they preach, let them establish colonies undeveloped areas and maintain them with as little contact as possible with the outside world. A few actually have done so, and they are to be admired. They are creating a society from an undeveloped environment, however. It is the most important ingredient of all in the life of the Goodguy, the lack of which makes his badge meaningless. That missing ingredient is an audience.

I will tell you a story. There was a hermit who lived in a deep wood near a small town. Once each year, on the first day of May, he would stand at the edge for a little while. Then he would go back in the woods, not to be seen again for exactly one year.

He had done this for 20 years, and the only reason he was ever seen was because the children held a maypole dance in the clearing at the edge of the wood. After the fifth year of regular appearances, he became an institution among the townspeople. In fact, it became a feature of the festivities to gather in wait for the hermit to make his appearance. So the hermit became the town's best-known celebrity, solely on the strength of his yearly appearance.

On the 21st year he did not appear. Near panic ensued. A search party was formed and the woods scoured. The hermit was nowhere to be found. The townspeople sadly returned to their homes and stores. The next day, the hermit came walking down the main street of town. Everyone ran up to him and told him of their concern and how glad they were to see him. They insisted that he stay in town and not return to the woods ever again. They not only took care of him, but elected him mayor.

He was not really a hermit, though, nor had he ever been one. A hermit lives alone, without human contact. That man simply had infinite patience and a responsive audience. He was a good showman who became a politician.

Like some "hermits," all wearers of Goodguy badges need an audience. Just as an evangelist needs an environment of sinners in which to operate, the ecology Goodguy requires a polluted urban area. Despite the obvious abundance of sunshine, fresh air and healthful living, blind men seldom join nudist camps.

The closest thing to unabashed slickerism many rustics can witness is in the evangelist's tent. A "man of God" can fleece unconsciously willing victims even easier than a hustler peddling non-Godly wares. The Goodguy Badge that the evangelist supplies in exchange for his thievery ensures his success. Those with a minimum of guilts will become their own victims, and their few inner demons will become the engine for various excesses and vices. Those guilts are greater are more guarded in their actions. They are always looking for someone who will take advantage of them.

I have heard many men and women confess, "I know he (or she) is conning me, but I find it so entertaining I really don't mind." When these people are berated for their lack of discrimination or poor judgment, they invariably become all the more attracted to their exploiters. The sin-killing preacher is the ultimate wolf in sheep's clothing: his followers demand that he be so. Despite the luxury cars, dapper clothes prompted by these accountments rarely discourage the faithful. The more grandiose the crusade, the more satisfied are their customers. The guilty are relieved of their guilts and inhibitions -- especially in the more violent forms of religious ecstasy.

What, it will be asked, is so terrible about such an arrangement? Nothing. Nothing but self-deceit. God and Jesus maketh the evil man good, the vicious man kind, the smitten man grateful, the victim happy.

What would happen if those divine names were no longer potent enough to placate the weak and inadequate? What of the future, when deceit and treachery will be as easily read as one's name and address? When victims, however willing, will be seen as they are -- victims.

When self-deceit can no longer go unrecognized by others, no one will wish to show himself as a fool. Vehicles for self-deceit will either be employed within one's private chamber or publicly presented as amusements -- nothing more.

Ominous prophesies of an elite "thought police" will prove to be unfounded. New findings in character analysis will render everyone a potential thought policeman. It will become as easy to assess another's motivations as it is to tell the color of his eyes. The badge of the Goodguy will be visible in every mannerism, and no amount of affectation or protective plumage will disguise character flaws. And the truly good guy will be seen for his inherent goodness no matter how "evil" his superficial trappings may be.

How refreshing it would be to hear a political candidate say:

"I don't believe in God, but in the protection of citizens' health and safety. I plan on placing my friends in executive positions. I will pocket what funds I can get away with, but see that the rest is spent on necessary social improvements. You will have no voice in my decisions any more than you ever had. You will have to accept my judgment, which you will, so long as you are reasonably comfortable, have freedom of movement and opportunity for advancement. If I succeed in fooling the public, the public will have themselves to blame. For I warn you that I am as crooked as any politician can be. Despite my unsavory profession, I will try to keep all of you as happy as possible."

The Church of Satan, Cosmic Joy Buzzer

In 1966 the Church of Satan was born, a witch named Sybil leaked on America, and a placental membrane began thickening over the land which was to be called "the occult movement." Sure, there had been those who sent to a Rosucrucian scribe on the back of a magazine cover for the secrets of man's destiny, attended flying saucer conventions, held hands at spiritualists' "closed circles," and read their daily horoscopes. Dennis Wheatley was a blighty hack who shuddered pudding-faced Englishwomen to sleep in their flats. A renegade named Seabrook wrote about strange doings among werewolves and lady vampires (and, incidentally, whose Asylum was the original Cuckoo's Nest), and two guys named Symonds and Mannix chronicled, respectively, the exploits of "the wickedest man in the world" and the Hell Fire Club. One could obtain the Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses and the Albertus Magnus in paper before they were called paperbacks. An old man named Roy Heist made good copy selling "mummy's dust" to witchdoctors. Sure, there was an occult movement before the Year One -- a movement like a slumbering wino shifting position in a doorway.

No detailed chronology is required to illustrate the events of the past ten years. Concurrent with the increasingly liberal social climate of the 60s, many former taboos became relaxed. The Dark Side displayed itself in polite society, where beatnik poets and bongo drummers had flourished, where witches and tarot readers held court. To most theologians only a single entity was responsible for everything from prophesy to meditation. No matter how innocuous an esoteric act or voluble its practitioner's disclaimer, the Devil was to blame. "Satan" headed more copy concerning the occult than any other teaser. TV-movie adaptations of classic Gothic ghost stories were pushed as "Satanic." Despite indignant attempts to differentiate witchcraft from Satanism, the public insisted on lumping them together in a willing and eager suspension of disbelief. Despite curanderas' murmurs of "God given powers," fundamentalists still denounce them as part of the occult movement and minions of Satan.

The lack of imagination and staying power of the occult movement is showing through the veneer of the incompetents who fill its ranks. As the varnish peels away, the occultist's image has become almost as ridiculous as the bible-thumping evangelist's. The Church of Satan could easily become a psychical Ellis Island of refugees and emigrees from the occult scene. Displaced persons who have lost their covens, 90-day magi wear of pondering the Enochian Keys and Crowleyanity, chasuble queens who couldn't make it in the Catholic Church, woebegone wiccans who find that the Goddess's bosom has run dry, Egyptoids who'd be better off as Shriners or in Laurel and Hardy's Sons of the Desert, pyramid sitters who've gained nothing but claustrophobia, Atlanteans who get seasick, UFO-ites who've redefined gravitational law but can't chin themselves, witless wizards, sex-starved witches, despite diviners, pshort-psyted psychics -- all the growing residue of a phenomenon that, because of its very popularity, HAD to lose the magic it purported.

Satan translates to mean "opposite," lest the Satanic Bible be forgotten. The essence of Satanism is what tips the balance and starts the pendulum swinging in the other direction. That is why the facts of Satanism are so often harsher than the most Gothic melodrama or speculative science-horror fiction. This actual harness is registered in the dismay of some new applicants who had been enmeshed in the waning occult scene. Interest in the Church of Satan has never been greater, but I don't kid myself into thinking it's because people are more enlightened than ever before -- only more disillusioned and/or bored. Nonetheless, I realize that with the decline in the occult movement as a credible identity factor, we have been blessed with an influx of salvageable human potential from the aforementioned categories, as well as "non-joiners" who had been waiting until the dust settled. Thus, the elitism I envisioned in the beginning has materialized fourfold.

In ten years of existence, the Church of Satan has fueled a philosophical counterculture which could have, if unchecked, thrown the baby out with the bath water. It invoked imaginative permissiveness, rational self-interest, and forced a dying theology into ludicrous last ditch behavior (witchmobiles, papal pronouncements, etc.) or running-scared reinterpretation (suddenly "keeping up with social changes"). It also pumped hordes of creeps up till their newly-discovered godheads developed leaks or just plain busted. The ad sections of Fate magazine contain as prolific a source of gifted psychics, institutes of cosmic consciousness, and pushers of awareness as can be found in the contact columns of swingers' tabloids or underground newspapers. Add the parasitic fringe: the "ex"'s who seek recognition as ex-witches, ex-Satanists, ex-orcized, or any other wish-they-could-have-but-couldn't-cut-it types. Yes, the occult movement has provided countless persons with delusions of adequacy.

Why has Satanism succeeded? Because from our earliest literature, through the Satanic Bible, we have made no grandiose promises of infallible enlightenment and emphasized that each must be his or her own redeemer. That the extent of one's superiority (if any) is governed by one's human potential. That "Satan" is a representational concept, accepted by each according to his or her needs. That is the way it was in the beginning, that is the way it is now. We have rejected that which becomes faddish while championing the unfashionable. When the "monkey see, monkey do" syndrome appears, even on the Left Hand Path, then we don't. We have utilized the best from the worst and discerned the worst in the best and gained

through each. We have defied categorization, confounding labelers, knowing that the one label we bear -- Satan -- is controversy in itself.

In looking back over a decade, it is easy to isolate each phase of our development. It has been not only rewarding as a lesson in behavioral psychology, but has inadvertently served as what sociologists refer to as an "unfunded research project."

The First Phase, Emergence, crystallized the zeitgeist into reality -- let loose the knowledge of a Satanic Body politic into a ready but dumb-founded social climate.

The Second Phase, Development, saw an organizational and institutional expansion as a result of carefully stimulated exploitation attracting a variety of human types from which to distill a Satanic "ideal."

The Third Phase, Qualification, provided sufficient elucidation to establish the tenets of contemporary Satanism, contrary to prior or current misinterpretation. The Satanic Bible, Satanic Rituals, and Satanic Witch might have been conveniently overlooked, but were readily obtainable to any who chose to gain knowledge of our doctrine and methodology. An aura of respectability prevailed -- often to a point of overcompensation -- to counterbalance inaccurate presumptions by the outside world.

The Fourth Phase, Control, encouraged dispersion and the Peter Principle as a means of isolating the "ideal" evaluated from Phase Two. De-institutionalism separated the builders from the dwellers, thus filtering and stratifying what began as an initiatory organization -- or persuasion -- into a definite social structure.

The Fifth Phase, Application, establishes tangible fruition, the beginning of a harvest, so to speak. Techniques, having been developed, can be employed. The Myths of the Twentieth Century are recognizable and exploitable as essential stimuli. Human foibles may be viewed with an understanding towards radical embellishment.

The Ides of March had spent its madness and the equinox produced its climatic. At dusk on the eve of the new Satanic Age, I immersed my razor in the waters of Zamzam and embarked upon a new role. I sometimes wonder, would things have been any different without ceremony? Did a ritualistic catalyst help to convince this Pyrrhonic devil that his destiny was being properly exercised?

Symbolism, ritual, ceremony, totem and taboo will always exist and develop or wane as conditions dictate. As Satanists you must perceive such things and having perceived, select or reject in accordance with you needs. Countercultures invariably wind up as dominant cultures. When the occult (hidden) becomes fashionable, it is no longer occult. Yet there will always be a Dark Side. It is the natural Satanist who will be drawn to the abyss of difference, whether it be abstract or concrete. Those who have tarried these part short years in fixe d abstractions can feel the warmth provided by their temporal identities cooling. Frightened, they know not what icons to take up, and are befuddled with devaluated doctrines and constrained by programmed hypotheses. Many will become "Satanists," who would once have shunned the name. Others will continue to eschew the name, yet survive on the byproducts of Satanism, as they have unwittingly (or unadmittedly) done in the past. For those who are the lost, the disenfranchised, the bored, the ambivalent, we have prepared a place.

The past decade has been the years and given me the feedback any symbolic leader requires. To those of you who were with me in the beginning when the show got on the road, and to you who have since become a part of us in mind, body, or out of just plain orneriness, I am grateful for you support. "Evil" is still "Live" spelled backwards, and if evil we be live we will! Living well is still the best revenge against all adversity. Love, laugh, fancy, create, innovate, reap and revel -- as Satanists -- in the best of all worlds, World without end. Remember, the first 99 years are always the toughest.

Rege Satanas!

By Any Other Name

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 Devi, 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 spell and charms, and they call themselves by innocuous names. And they play at the games which caused our forebears 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 bifid barb of Satan aloft and

shout: "He has triumphed! Rege Satanus!" 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 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. Seldom in these places is Satan 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 candle.

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!

The Combination Lock Principle

Magic is like a combination lock. If each tumbler falls into place, the lock will open. Seldom are any two locks the same. Their physical appearance might be identical, but the combination of numbers necessary to open each is different.

So it is with both individual magical working and those who attempt them. Goals may appear identical in nature, and magicians similar in training and outward characteristics, but there similarity stops.

No one can teach another a combination that is his own, for it would not work. Each person possesses his own inclinations, his own Gestalt, and so he must ascertain what works best for him. There is nothing intrinsically esoteric about any combination which will lead to an ultimately successful working unless one considers the keeping of the secret combination esoteric, for it is literally that. If the truth is to be known, Greater (ceremonial) magic is simply a means of formalizing acts which in and of themselves would elicit no attention were they to be carried out without ritualistic trappings. Hence a ritual chamber is necessary to make the practitioner feel like a magician, intensifying awareness of his own potential (if any exists). Once one understands his potential, reinforcement supplied by the trappings of a ritual chamber can be superfluous. It's only then when one can get down to brass tacks: the Combination.

Spatial concepts contribute three dimensions to the Combination. The fourth dimension exists in time. If the other three dimensions are placed in correct combination, then the fourth dimension, hence in each instance the spatial or physical boundaries of three dimensions must be present in suitable combination to effect said phenomena.

Every occurrence happens somewhere. It is that "somewhere," in combination with the magician serving as a catalyst, which makes the untoward occur. "Somewheres" need not be specialized enclosures in the obvious sense, but can be fields, cliffs, streets, woods and rivers, as well as structures.

Just as a rainbow is composed of harmonics of light, it is "somewhere" relative to our vantage point; though were we to enter into its apparent field, it would no longer visibly exist. The only way to see a rainbow is from afar -- yet it still exists. The fable of the rainbow, with its pot of gold waiting at it's base, is the story of man's delusion and disappointment. The magician must realize that his search does not end at the base of the rainbow -- he must bypass it for the "somewhere" over the rainbow. There are no curricula for such a search. The combination needed for a controlled working might place the magician not only in diverse places, but in diverse positions and acts. He might need to read a certain book at a certain time in a certain place. Each acts to drop a tumbler in the combination lock.

How does one go about discovering these combinations? One doesn't. The discover him if he is responsive to their appearance. Sensitivity is essential. The harder one looks, the less he will find. "Seek and ye shall find" is a platitude as half-truthful as "the truth will make you free." One can seek until he drops and pass up the answers many times if he hasn't the

sensitivity to recognize them when confronted by them. The "truth" can be screamed from a thousand rooftops, and unless it is convenient to hear it will fall on deaf ears.

The most profound acts of magic just seem to "happen." That is because the sets of circumstances which bring them about go unrecognized. Recognition is the key. How can one recognize such combinations when blind to even the most obvious motivations and actions? Or threatened by the accomplishments of another, when one's ego must be strong and secure to become a mage?

Choosing not to recognize is good practice for letting important things pass you by. Peace of mind might be attained, but accomplishment will be missing. If one's ultimate peace of mind rests upon the fulfillment of certain goals, the peace of mind accrued by desensitivity to the obvious is tragically fleeting. The ultimate letdown, which is bound to occur, will make one even more prone to ignorance. Then, contradictory though it may seem, ignorance will become one's sole intellectual and emotional salvation. Parallels in the foregoing statement, as related to organized religion, should be amply evident.

Ravings From Tartarus

Probably the most oft-asked question I receive from practitioners of Satanic magic is, "Why doesn't my ritual seem to have any effect?"

My answer to this question is invariably, "Because it matters so much to you." Once a ritual has been properly performed, it should not matter much whether or not you see results, for you have supposedly attained -- through surrogate means -- your original intent. Having "gotten it out of you system should free you from further concern. This can be likened to an ambivalent feeling towards sex immediately following an exhausting and rewarding sexual experience.

The surest way of succeeding in cursing an enemy is to find a new and equally questionable enemy immediately following the curse you have thrown at your first enemy. If you are inclined towards making enemies, this should present no problem. If not, there are hordes of reprehensible people walking the streets in any community. As potential enemies go, the supply far exceeds the demand.

Status is always a deterrent to magical success insofar as dwelling on the object of your working is concerned. Always move on. Never dwell on your desire in dragged-out bits and pieces. Ritualize it out of your system, even if it means isolating yourself in obsessive and painful seclusion. Burn every bit of desire out of your system, and then, when you no longer care, it will come to you.

How can one avoid caring? There are many tricks which can be employed. Creativity is one. When you are in the process of creating something your brain must function on a creative level, not on a rote or repetitive one. Your mind cannot be possessed by one thing and yet be in the likeness of your obsession. Here we find an ideal combination, for if the hands can create a facsimile of the desired objective with such dexterity as to be convincing then it is as good as done.

If this method is employed, it follows that the original need is no longer of serious consequence, for your creation has sated your desire. Thus you no longer require what your ritual was originally intended to produce. To oversimplify (though I do not advocate such action): If you want money and cannot get it and you create an approximation of money -- sometimes called counterfeiting -- the material rewards received could well equal those you would get had you acquired real money. You need for the real thing no longer matters.

Epicurean masturbation is a perfect example of this theory. Once one's ego flaws have been overcome, it may be realized that an artificial fantasy is infinitely superior to a lousy lay. Yet how often we observe the eternal sexual chase temporarily cease with an "any, old port in a storm" partner. Further frustration ensues.

Them that has gets. Until one has he'll never get. And you don't get it by taking someone else's either. You create your own. If you can't figure that one out, you're not much of a magician.

We all know the reason white witches' curses bounce back. If these crones are consumed with enough guilt to call themselves "white witches" their dastardly act of cursing is indeed threefold guilt-producing -- thereby ensuring the backfire of their curses. Here again we observe a static situation engendered by constant re-internalization of the problem for which the rite was performed. Have you noticed how white witches -- whether "Traditional," "Guardnerian", etc. -- are perennially raising "issues?" Their morass of secular dissension is tempered by the blessed fact that a common enemy exists -- the Satanist.

The fact that we have not gone out of our way to stress a difference between witchcraft and Satanism -- seemingly their favorite topic -- indicates our emancipation from the need for what Thomas Szasz terms "the Other." Satanically speaking, whatever it is we're for it -- because "It" is the harbinger of reaction. Magically speaking however, we must take Groucho Marx's stand in the film *Horse Feathers*, where as Professor Quincy Adams Wagstaff, he sings his nihilistic credo, "Whatever it is, I'm against it!"

In this sense we accept "It" (mediocrity, fashion, the status quo, etc.) as a fulcrum point from which to launch the pendulum in the opposite (Satanic) direction. Thus we realize that "issues" -- human ideals that they are -- are not only transitory but easily predictable.

The Importance of Keeping a Secret

Secrets are Power. When you divulge a secret, you barter the potential power of your hidden knowledge for the

fleeting ego boost that comes with its revelation. It is a natural urge to want to impress others by disclosing something thought to be of value, especially when self-esteem is weak or waning. The disclosure is made to one up someone else.

There are four kinds of secrets. The first kind assures the teller of its continued application without giving the game away. A renowned concert pianist can reveal, with relative security, secrets of his keyboard technique to a man who has never touched a piano.

If the same pianist confides an escapade in the bushes with a nine year-old boy, however, the most unaccomplished acquaintance suddenly has power over him. The latter revelation is the second type of secret, the "skeleton in the closet" secret which often enables one to wield power over another, regardless of social, mental, or economic differences. Employed for financial gain, it constitutes extortion. Wielded as a means of control, it is merely vampiric ego-sustenance.

Unfortunately, a guarded principle is often usable by persons of scant accomplishment, hence the stringent security maintained by innovators and inventors. This is the third type of secret. Unlike the second variety, the revelation of which can undermine the stature of the teller, the third will allow any novice to duplicate that which was formerly limited to the savant. The guy who finds he can double his car's mileage by dropping an inexpensive capsule in his gas tank is a classic example. Such procedures are invariably discovered rather than imparted. A simple formula is far less likely to be revealed than a complex one. But the simplest formulas are usually the most elusive.

The fourth variety of secret is that employed in interrogation and espionage techniques; the "revealing" of a useless piece of information in order to elicit a valid disclosure. In other words, an exchange of a worthless item for a genuine one.

To sum up the foregoing: The first type of secret is safe to reveal, but better to conceal. The second type is certain to undermine its subject by its telling. The third variety will allow the receiver to duplicate what the teller has done. The fourth is a trick of lesser or manipulative magic preying upon a prurient or larcenous nature.

The holder of a valid secret possesses a tangible and viable commodity and therefore wields the upper hand over those who lack his knowledge. Awareness of this treasure gives him confidence and strength that will project to others. Even if he does not employ the secret, its ready accessibility contributes to his security. Children soon find that they can elicit attention (and candy) from other children by announcing, "I've got a secret."

Some Means of Ensuring that a Secret Will be Kept

1) *Fear*: The threat of dire consequences, should the secret be revealed is the most common means. A fine method, except for many people laws are made to be broken and secrets meant to be divulged. A self-destructive person will find a fertile playground for his masochistic tendencies by revealing secrets, for he places himself in a precarious position for retribution from others. He induces both hostility and rejection while receiving the ego gratification that accompanies a grand exposé. He positions himself as a hero, thus qualifying his potential punishment as martyrdom. I have observed this type of behavior in nuns who run away from a convent only to look forward to penance imposed upon them once they return. Hysterics have joined the Church of Satan, defected, revealed what they supposed to be secrets, and tremblingly waited for a closed limousine to abduct them and bring them to a secret lair where they might be made to endure fierce and delicious punishments.

Fear of retribution alone is probably the least effective deterrent. The oaths taken at fraternal and occult initiations implying that the candidate will be torn asunder should he divulge secrets are virtually worthless since it is assumed such mayhem will not actually occur. The more upstanding and respectable an organization, the less validity such oaths present. Fraternal orders usually depend upon the next category, despite their bloodthirsty oaths.

2) *Ostracism*: Ostracism is a very real threat. To work, the keeper of a secret must place no small amount of dependency upon the fellowship his comrades provide. Fraternal groups employ this deterrent, especially in communities where ostracism can mean business loss in addition to social rejection.

Some secret orders impose a sort of "statute of limitation" as a result of indiscretions. This means that if the candidate's trustworthiness is found lacking, he will find himself limited to a lower peer group where classified material is not known. Once it has become general knowledge that such a separation process exists, anyone with an eye towards advancement will exercise discretion.

The obvious disadvantage of ostracism is that its effectiveness is limited to a social environment. A member might be a paragon of discretion while residing where he is dependent on his brothers for emotional and economic security. Should he move away, with no thought of returning, however, he will often spill the beans to acquire fresh recognition.

3) *Ridicule*: If a secret is far-fetched or padded with asinine antics, many will think twice about revealing it, lest their listeners look down on them for their lunacy. Hence many valid secrets have been surrounded by the trappings of an apparently laughable nature. Many lodge brothers, especially those of a highly businesslike and respectable demeanor, would hesitate to describe rituals wherein they were made to dress up as women, ride a goat, urinate on the floor, lie in coffins, etc. Such antics, within context, have symbolic meaning, but a casual explanation somehow guarantees that they will still be taken out of context.

4) *Silence*: The most effective way to ensure secrecy is to not divulge a secret in the first place. The greatest magical secrets are those that, if told, would alienate the listener from the teller. If a magician would respect a student enough to divulge such secrets, he would not wish to alienate him. Consequently, such secrets are never told. They are only discovered. The fact that discovery is a desirable human occurrence ensures its contrived use as a means of exploitation and control.

The Discovery Game

If you want people to wholeheartedly accept what you have to offer, let them "discover" it à la the Easter Egg method. Now, you all remember how the Easter Egg Hunt worked. Somebody got up early -- earlier than anyone else -- and went out with the eggs that were later to be discovered by the kids. He or she hid them in places where they could be found, but not without a bit of a search.

All the kids could hardly wait to get started. Of course they all arrived at the same location. None of them went to another site, unless they were awfully stupid or misdirected by a scurrilous chum. As each kid discovered an egg, he would holler with joy. Occasionally a parent upon seeing their offspring's discovery from the sidelines, would holler too. The child who amassed the greatest number of eggs usually received some sort of recognition, often a hollow chocolate bunny.

You know as well as I that those kids couldn't care less about the eggs once they got them home. Pop invariably got them in his lunch box for the next week.

The point is that a false demand can be created where there is absolutely no need for a product, simply by creating an opportunity for discovery.

John Doe finds the opportunity to discover something so attractive because he has not, will not, and could not discover anything on his own in a lifetime. What's worse, a tiny voice inside lets him know it. So when someone comes along who provides an opportunity to ameliorate an inherent lack of perception, the opportunity is seized. If you doubt what you have just read, consider how the Hidden Persuaders employ the magic word "discover." "Discover this new taste treat" cajoles the commercial, and one's unconscious leaps to the lure, the same lure on a nickel and dime level that on a loftier plane drove Ponce de Leon, Sir Richard Burton, Leif Erikson, Columbus, Peary, and the Shadow, who, several years ago in the Orient learned a strange and mysterious secret: the power to cloud men's minds.

Occultism for the Millions

I have always harbored a natural repugnance towards fads. When the most rewarding and exhilarating interest becomes a fad, its evocative qualities enjoyed by the few are diminished by mass acceptance. This must not be confused with being jaded. To be jaded does not imply that many others are doing the same thing, but that one no longer finds stimulation in it. Often one can become jaded with something, only to later return to it after a passage of time creates the reawakening known as nostalgia.

Occasionally my eyes will light up at hearing or reading about discovery or innovation on the part of someone engaged in the exploration of the unknown. This trait is analogous to true Satanism. For every such Promethean individual, there are a hundred others "proving" their prowess in magic by sitting in pyramids, building orgone cabinets, photographing leaves and tracing Dracula's past. If I hear of a person looking for fairies in his garden, at least I am amused at his singular pursuit, for few seek fairies in their own gardens any longer.

There is nothing wrong with sitting in pyramids or constructing orgone accumulators, any more than eating banana splits or skydiving. But if you fancy yourself a magician, don't flatter yourself on the merits of your investigations. You are neither innovative nor farsighted. Just going along with a fad.

A prime example of occult faddists' chicken-with-a-beak-on-the-line methodology is their tendency to grab up anything that has been set forth as arcane. When Wilhelm Reich was "discovered" by the occult movement, they failed to recognize that, as I stated on the dedication page of *The Satanic Bible*, he knew more than cabinet-making. How many have pursued theories advanced in *The Cancer Biopathy*? Who has attempted to duplicate Reich's "cloudbusting" and to relate it to the rainmaking principles of Charlie Hatfield or aboriginal shamans? Who knows a good case of "character armor" when he sees

it? Or has expanded upon The Function of the Orgasm? Because enclosures are all the rage and occult journals expound their ramifications (so long as they are pyramidal), Reich's following is largely limited to cabinetmakers.

It's a cinch that if you read it in an occult periodical or paperback, everyone's doing it. That should be you cue to avoid such stuff, lest you be relegated to the same readership level. As time proceeds, the table-tipping of Annie Besant becomes the Kirlian photography of today. The Ouija board becomes the mind machine unit, complete with flashing red LEDs and "subliminal" sound. And turbaned East Indian swamis move aside for "psychic rescue squads." Mediums? Channelers.

It still takes far more practice and skill to type well than to read auras. Or to change a transmission than to make predictions like, "A famous singer will have marital difficulties this year." Pop occultism is fodder for nincompoops, and its only merit is that it detracts from established religious mores. Occult (hidden) knowledge will seldom be found in obvious sources. The very phrase, "popular occult movement," is a contradiction in terms. Satanism cannot rightly qualify as an occult phenomenon, and I have never claimed it as such.

One's personal delvings can be considered occult in the true sense of the term only if they remain outside the pale of supernormal faddism. The would-be innovator asks, "If I cannot find food for thought in source material akin to my interests, where then?" The answer is found in the analogy that one does not "find" one's self. One creates one's self. Magical power is accrued by reading unlikely books, employing unlikely situations, and extracting unlikely ingredients, then utilizing these elements for what would be considered "occult" ends. After one has observed the results of such creative unions, what was originally considered "unlikely" will be seen as the most easily understandable methodology.

The Blow-Off Or Kroger Babb, Where Are You Now That We Need You?

For creating intrigue, an ambiguous statement is infinitely preferable to the straightforward one. The more intrigue created, the more frantic others become to partake of what you have to offer. For example, as a Satanist, I am sometimes asked about sex orgies by the deeply frustrated. A knowing wink will do more to get them slobbering than any amount of lurid description. It would be senseless to improve upon the explicit vistas provided by modern pornographers.

I'll never forget a man I worked with on a carnival's back lot who ran what was known as a "sex show." Not to be confused with a "girly show," the "sex show" consisted of a tent lined with medical posters ostensibly demonstrating the wonders of the human reproductive system, the ravages of V.D. and the breasts and buttocks of Hottentot women in various stages of development. Behind roped-off sections were exhibits: a waxen two-headed baby (known in the trade as a "pickled punk"), a couple of "medieval" chastity belts (made by a Tucson sheet metal worker), an array of tongs, forceps, catheters, and breast pumps (under glass), a reproduction in wax of a noseless face of an unfortunate syphilitic gentlemen, and other educational wonders.

A "doctor" would get the rubes into the tent by appearing on the bally platform with a rather sleazy blonde wench dressed in a nurse's uniform two sizes too small and in need of laundering. With a dented reflector fitted to his forehead and a stethoscope around his neck, the surgical-smocked doctor would blame the microcephalic condition of a pinhead, borrowed here from the sideshow, as a result of improper genetics. The pinhead, standing at the doctor's side, would simper innocently, nodding its little cranium in unknowing agreement. The doctor didn't sell medicine, as one might have expected him to, and proceeded with a far more sophisticated game.

After the customers filed into the tent to view the secrets of mankind and the miracle of life, the magic would really begin. When the ten minute guided tour ended at the last exhibit (the pickled punk, presented with a brief discourse on improper sex education), a dim glow could be seen through a ten flap hung at the extreme rear of the museum, next to where Doc was holding court. Presumably, the light came from his living quarters, where the yokels were inclined to peek through.

While the marks were furtively looking through the lit-up flap, the doctor was beginning his big pitch. Since the audience consisted only of males (which was usually the case), maybe they would like to see first-hand "the modern method of sexual hygiene." In hushed tones, the doc announced that they would be shown practices and things which were to be avoided in order to maintain a sound mind and body.

Those who "chanced" to glance through the tent flap during the Doc's build-up saw the aforementioned dirty nurse reclining on a shabby cot reading a movie magazine, her ample thighs revealed above the tops of her stockings. A small nightstand next to her carried an immense jar of Vaseline. On the wall, directly above the nurse's cot, was pinned a slightly

whiter piece of bedsheet, suggesting a motion picture screen. The remaining area was occupied by about twenty folding chairs. A folding card table stood against the tent wall opposite the cot, supporting a scuffed movie projector. From what was glimpsed, this was a show that should not be missed.

The small knot of rubes that had remained to listen/peek were by this time hanging on to the doctor's every word, who announced "limited seating available for the show about to begin in the inner tent." Seats were only an extra 50 cents, but the lecture and demonstration was "only allowed to be shown to serious students of art, anatomy, or medicine."

Perceiving the gleam in the eye of serious students, Doc then made the final pitch before bringing out his roll of tickets. "Well, all I can say fellows, is you're going to see something today that you'll remember as long as you live!" As the words were being spoken, he cautiously bent forward, as if to better observe anyone who might have crept into the tent unnoticed. He then lifted his outstretched middle finger for all to see, and closed his other hand into a sheath which he slid over the projected finger three or four times, slyly winking as he did so.

No further enticement was required. The doctor couldn't rip the tickets off the roll fast enough. And when the audience finally found themselves seated, the overripe nurse was nowhere to be seen; she was outside on the bally platform with Doc warming up a new crowd while an assistant materialized within the "auditorium."

What the rubes did see was a 16mm movie showing a Caesarian delivery and subsequent incubator care of an infant, followed by a superbly acted Office of War Information produced drama, a tender story of a GI who meets a girl on a furlough, and neglecting to obtain a rubber, contracts a social disease. The fifteen-minute epic ends with five glorious minutes of tight close-ups of oozing chancres, eaten-away palates and running sores.

By the end all unconsumed popcorn, sno-cones and orange drinks had been abandoned under the seats, and at least one rustic lad had fallen ill. None manifested disappointment that the show was over.

The doctor shall remain anonymous, for he now may be practicing in some large hospital. One thing is certain, however: prurience thrives on ambiguity, and the need for mystery in everyone's life demands subtlety, suitably dispensed.

The Whoopie Cushion Shall Rise Again

Not long ago I was told of an enterprise in New York called "Agents of Pie-Kill Unlimited." That noble venture, whose motto is "Have Pie, Will Travel," specializes, for a fee, in performing edible indignities upon likely candidates. In addition to pie-in-the-face attacks, they render such services as seltzer-water barrages and squirt-gun contracts. Their tactics are in the strict tradition of past experts like the Three Stooges, Laurel and Hardy, and Mack Sennet.

"Pie-Kill" is dedicated, among other things, to the stamping out of pomposity. Which brings me to an important factor -- one which practicing Satanists should consider in their world view: comedy.

The twin masks of tragedy and comedy exist as irrevocably as any other duality. Yet it is the mask of tragedy that is worn most often for magical means. Desire for that which is unfulfilled is always a little bit tragic, and those who frequent the ritual chamber most, often lead the most tragic lives. In order to generate an emotional response conducive to a successful working, one cannot easily extract humor. Nor, in most circumstances, should one try.

Frequently humor can serve to alleviate or attain a situation before solemn ritualization becomes relevant or required. Unfortunately for a multitude of occultists, humor is a rare ingredient in their lives. In fact it is their very lack of humor that has impelled them into the arcane and esoteric. Someone once commented to me that a sorcerer without a sense of humor would be intolerable. I agree and will add that, in addition to being intolerable, he would be incompetent.

Candidates for pies-in-the-face are more plentiful than ever. Less messy but equally inhumane indignities are easily implemented. I have places and spanning a 50-year period, 1900-1950 -- the golden era of practical trickery.

After 1950, people started getting crazy notions about human dignity, and the practical joke was neglected for the serious protest. The change was needed, but something was lost in the process, as is usually the case. Now fun is poked at institutions rather than at individuals. A sort of collective humor has replaced what was once a personalized pratfall. Mad and the National Lampoon, entertaining as they are, have provided a like-minded readership with universal victims. The butts of jokes are no longer selected with careful deliberation, but are ridiculed en masse.

Purveyors of joke items like Johnson, Smith & Co. no longer send 600-page catalogues to customers, but live on past glories with thin catalogues. A time approaches, though, when seers like Jeanne Dixon will sit upon a #2953. ("The Whoopie Cushion or Poo-Poo Cushion, as it sometimes called, is made of rubber. When the victim unsuspectingly sits upon the cushion, it gives forth noises that can be better imagined than described. By mail postpaid. No. 2953, 25¢") All is not lost. A host of solemn and humorless victims are being primed for not only "Pie-Kill" but Poo-Poo Cushions, Joy Buzzers, Black-Eye Telescopes, Trombone Nose Blowers, Itching Powder, Rubber Chewing Gum, Dribble Glasses, and Squirting Stickpins.

Too long have curses and anger been wasted on deserving victims whose most devastating insecurities could be brought forth by a harmless practical joke -- one which a more secure person would accept with mild annoyance at worst and amusement at best. Those who deserve ridicule have been living in a climate that provides relative immunity while their pomposity has gone unchallenged and even encouraged. Satanists are anathema to the pious, the sanctimonious, and the

hypocritical. They should also be the nemeses of the pompous. Satanists -- Atten-shun! Right shoulder Whoopie Cushions! To the rear -- harch!

The Threat of Peace

"Eustress" is a term that describes an emotional state of fun-fear or pleasurable discomfort. Although they are antonyms, we shall see how what begins as distress can lead to eustress. Since most people live their lives in a programmed series of distress and fears, a social environment wherein security and comfort are only present if a certain amount of crisis prevails.

The human mind abhors a vacuum. Wild animals have no such problem. Every cell of their brains functions. Only when domesticated or conditioned is a necessary survival engram replaced by another. Man is the only animal who must be continually reminded of existence. Any sensation will do. In other words, something must happen lest life become not only meaningless but genuinely painful. How many times is the expression heard, "What's happening?" A satori-like Shangri-La existence eagerly sought by many would be unbearable if realized. Not because of the pressures of peace but by the inability of most minds to independently devise enough thoughts to maintain mental stimulation.

Stress has become such a normative -- and therefore comfortable -- way of life, that it has become necessary to people's existence. A paradox has evolved wherein humans are constantly bombarded by stress situations (which they crave) and then cautioned to reduce their craving. This remarkable sequence can be likened to the weekday sinner who goes to church each Sunday. A conscious attempt at reducing emotional stress amidst a society which fosters habitual stress can only compound frustration.

I have written at length on the hypocrisy of the human race. History and empirical evidence more than bear out any rantings I may add. Part of that great hypocrisy is man's -- especially contemporary man's -- lip service to "freedom" and human dignity, when in reality his self-awareness is sustained by a series of masochistic maneuverings. This is where distress becomes so commonplace that it represents comfort, security and fun. Such is the evolution of eustress from an otherwise distressful situation.

Blatant examples of this transition are most common in an erotic context. The pleasure/pain factor is the entire basis of sado-masochistic activity. What invariably begins as an unpleasant experience evolves into eagerly-anticipated gratification. Here we have a basis for eustress phenomena. If a child receives little attention except through punishment, that child begins to court punishment. If punishment is received at the hands of someone who is stimulating, the attention is well worth it.

Substitute that microcosmic situation with a macrocosmic one in an adult world and without any overt sexual connotation. Here's the picture:

A man feels insignificant. There is overpopulation and under-recognition. He is made to feel like a big shot because of his consumer power or a token title which his firm has bestowed upon him. He still feels insignificant. He is married and has a family which he might be able to feel pride in, if less demands were placed upon him which he is either loath or unable to meet. This makes him feel like a jackass. But he sees a guy on a TV show with whom he can identify. He feels a little better while watching the guy on TV or thinking of him. Still, he feels insignificant. He has a few heroes whom he sees on other TV shows: sports figures, a tough cop or a late-night talk show host. He lives vicariously through all of them.

Unbeknownst to himself, he experiences his viciousness vicariously through his "anger" indignation (and unrecognized identification) with the friends and killers he sees on the news. But good or evil, benign or malignant, none of these people are him. They're getting attention. He's not. He feels insignificant. Well, if he feels insignificant, maybe, just maybe, it's because he is.

It's not that he's dumber than some of those getting all the attention. Chances are good some of them are, in their own way, just as programmed as himself. But there's only room for so many to stand in a spotlight, and he's left out.

What does he do? What alternatives are open to him to be able to pinch himself and know he is still there? He can get into some kind of trouble, great or small, and receive attention. The only drawback to that is that he'll have to answer to a lot of questions and encounter situations which may be less cope-able than his ennui. The other way is to "get involved" in something -- anything -- that will grab his emotions enough to qualify his existence. His very own problems are apparently not good enough for full time mind occupancy. They're not serious on a world-shaking level. And nobody he talks to about them gives a shit. But if he burdens himself with common-denominator crises of a local, state, national or international nature, he can find plenty of company, share grips, make friends (and enemies) and generally feel as though he is All Right.

He has chosen a life of eustress and the safety which accompanies it, in preference to the solitary distress of living a dangerously unprogrammed life. Why is this man's unprogrammed life dangerous? Either because he has problems which are not universal enough to share, or because his mind is such a vacuum that its own resources cannot pull him out of his feeling of insignificance.

Now, somewhere out there exist pretty sharp cookies who know about man's need for eustress, and are more than willing to supply it. Aside from being rather profitable, it masks, through the gifted art of misdirection, what's really happening. Everything is a softening-up process for something else. You have been set up. You are being set up. Someone, somewhere, who is on the take is not missing a trick in the book. You have been conditioned to look in the wrong direction at the wrong things, find great fun in that which you should soberly evaluate, and take very seriously that which should be ridiculed and laughed out of sight and sound.

Getting back to planned problems for entertainment and enjoyment: The soap opera is a masterpiece. Its evolution is concurrent with eustress needs. When women had enough personal headaches in an epoch where "women's work is never done," childbirth deaths and suicides over being "compromised" -- there were no soap operas. Not that it was right. Simply that no matter how devoid of imagination or how bored a woman may have been able to be, there was no chance of it usurping daily "shit work" requirements. Only the wealthy or spoiled could afford to be bored.

When radio inaugurated the soap opera, the medium became the message (ah, misdirection!) and women who listened while performing their chores were already being processed into a new form of consumerism. The troubles they heard were more interesting (and romantic) than their own, but they were troubles just the same. Hence, another woman's problems became a vicariously glamorous substitution for what could, with luck, be the listener's. The genesis of the soaper is pretty well defined. Now, most who view them neither toil nor spin while doing so, but simply absorb the blissful turmoil and sexy anguish, wide open for the inculcation of the real substance of the show: the products advertised. And the supreme irony is that the viewers prefer to believe that they are more independent and emancipated (like the women on the screen) than ever before.

In the Satanic Witch's considerable exploration into the world of eustress, the thrill rides of amusement parks are cited. In the late 1970s, Sociologist Marcello Truzzi participated in a documentary on roller coasters which was narrated by Vincent Price. Dr. Truzzi's perceptive comments notwithstanding, it was interesting for me to see certain persons on the most "dangerous" rides let go of the safety rail despite repeated warnings. When I worked carnivals and parks, there were always the nuts who let go at the wrong places. Sometimes they would fly out and even get themselves killed. My point is, even though coasters were safety-tested, and eustress the motivating factor in riding, and lawsuits weren't honored if the "ride at your own risk" sign was displayed, the stupid, careless, irresponsible member of society has helped to foster irresponsibility and devalue life and property.

If I were to build a roller coaster, it would be shot through with visual and audible warnings to hang on and not stand up while the car is in motion. Anyone failing to comply with the very real warnings would hurl to the ground. Eustress would then turn to distress -- the distress of the unexpected.

Curses by the Dozen

You have been cursed. Every day you are the recipient of very real and magically formidable curses. One who is versed in the psychology of hexes generally evaluates them in terms of highly personal attacks, based on real or imagined injustices or slights. In short, you curse another to get revenge, or someone attempts to curse you for the same reason.

In the sending of a curse, it is presumed that a strong degree of emotion must be the motivating factor. If one simply goes about throwing random hexes, supposedly nothing will happen. As the Satanic Bible explains, one should really mean it if any form of ritual magic is performed. The same text also states, though, that if you curse someone who is undeserving, nothing will happen. What is the standard of "deserving" -- what constitutes a deserving victim? As we know, those qualities are also covered in the Satanic Bible.

Assuming someone is not a deserving victim, though, they can be easily modified into a reasonable facsimile. In other words they can be set up to act unreasonable, harbor guilts and fears and generally behave in a manner which will attract disaster and court failure. The reason fortune tellers actually can curse people much of the time is because the seer's clients are "ripe" the moment they walk through the door.

A benign or even tactful fortune teller or psychic will never foretell really bad tidings to a client, because a dire prophecy emanating from a credible source will most likely happen. The fact that a client wants to be told what is about to happen guarantees the reliability of whatever is forecast.

Let's multiply this principle to a high social power, with media the medium and the public as the sitter or client. A public unused to doing its own thinking looks to diverse authorities for guidance, not to mention amusement. The general public is, quite literally Easy Marks, Unlimited. Hence, it is easy to understand why their concerns and fears are prepackaged -- and to someone else, profitable to prey upon.

Each day you are bombarded with dire warnings and ill tidings. "No news is good news" is a truism. Good news doesn't sell. More people are working at media-related jobs than ever. It takes "bad news" and emergencies for them to keep their jobs. The more bad news you hear and read, the more depressed you become. Other people's bad news rubs off on you. Problems beget problems. Everywhere you turn, you are reminded of one of the myriad hazards to health, economic stability

or domestic tranquility. You are not supposed to be simply aware or prepared for unpleasant contingencies. You are supposed to be scared shitless. It's easy to scoff and say, "I don't let that sort of thing get to me," but like it or not, it does.

Theoretically, people should live longer because of medical advances over the past half-century. With its creature comforts, mass consumerism should have made lives happier. Egalitarian education should have made people smarter and more articulate. Instead, people are feeling sicker, sadder and more tongue-tied than ever.

Contemporary pulpit-pounders blame it all on "a breakdown of moral fiber and relaxing of spiritual values." If there is any value at all in that absurd claim it is that if you are zealously self-righteous enough to be a religious nut, you won't feel any guilt about anything you do: anything you see or hear will be ignored; and you may go about acting like a first-class sonofabitch with immunity. But then, if someone were honest enough to say, "I will plunge headlong into 'spiritual values' just so the hype of the outside world won't get to me," the whole thing would be a contrivance and its effect doomed to failure.

Brainwashing is the only manner by which an individual of average intelligence can be filled with "spiritual value." Those who come by it naturally are of sub-human mentality. This is a brutal, insensitive world and the more it is populated, the greater the diversity of deceits and scams and setups become necessary for human survival. When Barnum declared, "A sucker is born every minute," he hadn't foreseen the Malthusian population increase of a century later.

As I've stated, opportunities for individual expression haven't lessened; there are just more people around. Each, in his or her own way, is scrambling for survival. The Western world is a giant flea market of conflicting interests hawking their wares. Competition is far beyond the point of free enterprise in its conservative sense; and even though you are, by necessity, one of the exploiters, you are also, from someone else's standpoint, a victim.

You may be completely solvent financially with an increasingly successful business, yet curse by the effects of mass media in other ways. Your family or spouse may be an insurmountable problem. Or you might be worried sick about heart attack, cancer, cystic fibrosis, AIDS, multiple sclerosis, sickle cell anemia, etc. Listen kiddies, the day when family problems were as simple as in-laws, poor school grades, unwed motherhood, reform school and adultery, pale by comparison to the profound traumas suffered now domestically where none should even exist.

The big killers of yesterday were tuberculosis and constipation, the latter being the most hyped. Sure, people died of other things, but weren't hexed into them ahead of time. They used to go crazy from masturbation, it was claimed, and some most likely did -- from worry. The medical profession has the power to cure, but its propaganda techniques are flagrant curses.

Christianity still harbors formidable opposition to birth control, yet whines about the plight of neglected children in underdeveloped countries (where missionaries are running the hospitals). "Sponsor a foster child" exhorts a Christian "charity." If they really wanted to do something, they would fight those elements of their own religion who would stifle mandatory birth control. If you haven't guessed by now, the name of the game is Give With One Hand, Take Away With the Other. You are being beaten down by the very thugs who will then come to nurse you wounds.

As Satanists, you are just a tiny step closer to honesty, a wee bit tougher in the will department, and slightly more sensitive as a barometer. In this world of sameness, you are outrageously different just in being a Satanist, and that alone is quite a distinction. The more individuality and freedom from thought-pollution you can retain, the less affected by wholesale hexes you will be.

Hatha Toilet Seat Meditation

The best place to meditate is on the pot. If you have a comfortable toilet seat and a stout lock on the door, there's no telling what great thoughts might emerge. Martin Luther dreamed up Protestantism while sitting on the toilet at Wittenburg monastery, and we know what a big movement that became.

There is no place where one is as receptive to outside influences as on the toilet, with immersion in a hot bath second and the shower third. That is why a long-awaited phone call or ring of the doorbell will certainly occur under those conditions. The greater the state of relative helplessness one enters, the greater the receptivity.

Requiring the most privacy, surpassing both bath or shower, the toilet is unexcelled in attracting outside impressions and influences. Those who allow others to witness them in the bathtub, shower, or even engaged in sexual intercourse, will usually draw the line when it comes to receiving audience on the toilet. The toilet is the most sacrosanct vestige of isolation available in an otherwise crowded environment.

Pressure on the vertebrae is relaxed while sitting on the throne, easing both mental and physical tension. Genitals are completely exposed and unhampered by clothing or pressure. If the chamber is sufficiently soundproofed, or outside noise attains sufficient decibel levels, non-verbal utterances may freely proceed in any intensity or pitch, and from any orifice. The infantile release of what we have been conditioned to hold back at all other times provides a psychological as well as physiological catharsis.

With such conducive conditions to relaxation and receptivity, the brain will function more freely and range further afield for informational input. Many do their best reading on the toilet, absorbing input while releasing outflow.

I once knew an elderly hermit, a brilliant scholar who had built a miniature castle in the woods of northern California. Until his retirement, he had operated a large chain of theaters in England. After coming to the U.S., he purchased a small plot of land in the redwoods and single-handedly constructed a fairy tale castle from odds and ends. Tiny gables and filials rose above the stone and wood dwelling, which held four small rooms.

To simplify plumbing and butane installation, he combined his kitchen and toilet facilities, the stove next to the john, with the table on which he dined in front of it. Thus he could sit on the toilet, prepare dinner off to one side, move the completed meal on to the table and sup. Neighbors from the surrounding area spoke derisively of "the dirty hermit," despite being an impeccable dresser and a great intellect. Eventually, the iconoclastic old gent died, his little castle demolished, and a split-level built on its site.

Perhaps he had more than just convenience in mind when he combined his kitchen and toilet. I wonder how many people, if given the opportunity, would like to eat at the same time as eliminating. Caracalla, Diocletian, Nero did just that -- and more.

The toilet is more than a throne. It is a sacred chamber. Vale Chic Sales.

Eustress, Vampires, and Vicariousness

As I have stated, the paradox where more people are "talking" dark forces up, down, and sideways, but fewer than ever are actually living as night people, provokes speculation. The moral here is that when everybody's talking, very few are doing. More time is spent comparing notes with aficionados than in enjoying the hobby per se.

In a puritanical society filled with the sort of fears and guilts that become a kind of security blanket, real displeasure ensues when there is a confrontation with the truly outré or bizarre. It's fun to be scared, so long as it is safe and predictable. For example, a person can enter a movie theatre and see a horror film (at a reasonable hour, of course -- there are hardly any more all-night theatres). After the film ends, no matter how frightening, there is the safety of the exit and "normal" life outside. Amusement parks have always served the same purpose and the roller coaster is designed to allow for "daring" fun-fear. By contrast, the unexpected experience, no matter how trivial, can be terribly unsettling.

Nocturnal non-involvement is largely due to omnipresent vicariousness. It is easier (and presumably safer) to live out nocturnal fantasies through science fiction, gothic romance and the aforementioned spate of horror films. Vicarious outlets abound in every facet of popular culture, of human experience can adapt to vicarious expression, the "real thing" will be shelved. It has been observed that those who talk about sex the most, do it the least. It is certain that the same principle applies in other areas.

There is nothing "morally wrong" with vicariousness. Only when it compounds rather than relieves frustration is it harmful to a true individualist. It helps when the vicarious one recognizes his own vicariousness, though no one else need be the wiser. Many of the most esteemed business and professional people have built their entire reputations on carefully disguised vicariousness.

There is a thin line between vicariousness and sublimation. Both are forms of substitution. The vicarious one substitutes another's life for his own -- he lives off of someone else's identity. What he cannot or will not be he finds in another person and assumes that role, usually in secret. When he becomes downright imitative, however, he is no longer vicarious, and must sink or swim according to his ability for mimicry. One can't be a wooden duck -- then, when the fox is coming, be unable to fly away. We are plagued with an age of "sameness" because so many people are content to imitate a handful of basic types. Hence a shortage of real "characters." A character is not a creature of mediocrity, and even if he is imitative, his mimicry is so outlandish that he becomes a travesty.

In today's society people paradoxically desire safety, anonymity and security on one hand and lust for recognition, applause and individuality on the other. As things have worked out, most live herd-like vicariously pretending to be someone else. The dilemma is not so much in the drone life of the herd but in the limited selection of role models. Any costume party amplifies the last statement. Costume shops will tell you what vicarious role models are always in greater demand than others, when the protective lid is blown off for a masquerade.

The insane are more likely to wear the shoes of their role models heavy-footedly. That's why nut houses are likely havens for Napoleons, Jesus Christs, Hitlers, and in recent years, Lucifers. In between the herd-person and the Napoleons are those who have worked their vicariousness into gratifying sublimation. Have you ever noticed how most plainclothes cops look and act like the ones on TV police shows? Which came first? The answer should be obvious. Oscar Wilde was astute when he proclaimed his famous reversal, "Life follows art." He only went halfway though. People imitate a life which is an art form, an artificiality, to begin with. In short, they are imitations of a fabrication. Human redundancies.

Sublimation in its purest form is often self-realized. A foot fetishist becomes a shoe salesman; a necrophile, a mortician; a prostitute, a sociologist; a meddler into intimacies, a priest or psychiatrist; a racketeer, a "legitimate" businessman. The list grows quite long. I knew a young guy who was studying to be a mortician many years ago. People always got around to the question, after much verbal detouring, "Why do you want to be a mortician?" The reply was, "Because I like to play with dead bodies." That is what is known as "pulling the rug out from under."

Million d'Arlequin, Besti la Giubba, et al.

*But the theater itself seems to me so puny as
against the hourly drama of life itself that for me
at least it becomes an anticlimax. -- Gene Fowler*

It has often been said, "The world's a stage, and we're all actors." Interpreted in its most ego-gratifying way, this maxim closely rivals Ipsissimus Crowley's "Every man and woman is a star." Reality, however, like the theater, is far less democratic in its central casting office.

The world is a stage, but few qualify as bonafide actors. Most are spearcarriers, supporting players -- in short, reactors. Although these players are necessary foils for the few true actors, even they must be selected with care. A mammoth spectacle employing a "cast of thousands" is not necessarily good, any more than is a world made better by overpopulation.

The big trouble is, as Jimmy Durante used to say, "Everybody wants ta get inta de act." Satanism has done nothing to discourage the would be fool to step on stage, it has left him at the mercy of the severest critics -- his fellow creatures. He has no God smiling from the balcony and provoking him with even a scant round of applause. No kindly deity will chuckle at his lousy jokes nor nod approval at his histrionics.

Thus, Satanism serves as the Great Separation Process. Consequently Satanism can be disastrous for those who see it as a short-cut to gods-manship. I have often said that the popularity of occultism and the waning of orthodox religion can be attributed to the "do-it-yourself-God kit" factor. Man feels he can control, at least in part, his own destiny, rather than the Greyhound Bus deity doing the driving for him. As such, occultists in general and Satanists in particular place themselves on stage in a manner never before seen.

Obviously one alternative to obstacles arising from such "mastery" of one's self is to grab a spear and try to support the leading players as competently as possible. Another alternative is to leave the stage completely and become part of a discerning audience. The third and only other escape from the drama is to leave the theater. What then can one do? Search for other spectacles and amusements where a measure of recognition or at least enjoyment might be found? Impossible. The World Stage never varies in its presentation. To become an actor one must be unique. To become a member of the audience requires discrimination. To leave the theater means annihilation of mind and body.

Yes, the world is not simply a stage, but a Barnum and Bailey world, just as phony as it can be. For the world to become any more truthful, we'd all better come to grip with the facts. I like to think that Satanists are more likely to have the scales fall from their eyes. It helps me keep the faith.

Nonconformity Satanism's Greatest Weapon

An individualist must always live in his own world, not one created by other's standards. There will always be plenty of people who will share a nonconformist's world with him and be as happy for it as the maverick might be to have others share his.

The very essence of Satanism is described by its semantic designation, The Other. A person who comfortably accepts the dictates of popular culture might be sympathetic or even enthused about Satanism, but he cannot be termed a Satanist. A true Satanist, even if unspoken, must be responsible for reaction and change.

It has been argued that conformity is comfortable, and so it is, if it agrees with one's digestion. Some individuals cannot eat whatever is placed before them, however. Unfortunately, a starving person will usually eat indiscriminately, and once his belly is full, even begins to like it. Most people, being emotionally starved animals, lack imagination and personality and are content to accept whatever is imposed upon them, unless, of course, they are told they must worry or become angry over certain issues. Planned protest is no different than programmed complacency to a real Satanist.

A Satanist should not allow himself to be programmed by others. He should fight tooth and nail against it, for that is the greatest enemy to his freedom of spirit. It is the very denial of life itself, which was given to him for a wondrous, unique experience -- not for imitation of the colorless existence of others.

If the definition of magic is "the change in situation or events in accordance with one's will, which would, using normally accepted methods, be unchangeable," it would seem that any successful magical working is an act of nonconformity. The greater one's natural degree of nonconformity, the greater are one's magical powers. One's will, particularly as it pertains to magical success, is an important commodity. But strong-willed should not be confused with willfulness. Just about everyone nowadays is an extremely willful zombie, blustering along on wills not their own. Grim determination abounds, but it comes second-hand. Its motivation does not emanate from the creative region of the brain, only the response centers.

A person devoid of special ability must work harder to become "special," which often results in an abrasive pretense of infallibility. Combine the overachiever's pseudo-specialty with his hauteur of infallibility, and all that's lacking to complete the profile of contemporary "cool" is freeze-dried nonconformity. If nonconformity is Satanism's strength, planned or put-on nonconformity is its greatest weakness. The predictable antics of heavy-handed "Satanists" are quite profitably exploited by non-Satanists.

I foresee a return to slavery, once money becomes worthless. In fact, it will become more desirable to become a self-realized, pleasing slave than a silly, incompetent master. The ratio of masters to slaves is today an unrecognized lagoon. Now that everyone's a big shot and everything's a big deal, it doesn't appear as if slavery exists. It does, but in a half-assed way. Only the term is taboo: out of earshot, out of mind. When there is no buying power, only barter and human desirability will be of value. Then, those who can accomplish things will be in demand, rather than those who simply exist and collect their checks.

The reversal of sacred or tiresome standards, whether they are attitudinal or sensory, is the better part of true nonconformity. That's why the reverse status of the slave is coming into its own. When it is realized that puffed-up inadequacy without buying power is a liability, you'll begin seeing the following slogan: "It is better to be used than to be useless."

Anyone's identity rests upon recognition, appreciation -- in short, the knowledge that he or she has a reason for existing. We know that a multitude exist for no other reason than to keep the money circulating. What this multitude can purchase buys them their illusory identity. The multitude actually buy into the notion that they are important. Or do they? Is there a demon within each of them jabbing a pitchfork of doubt? I believe there is: That is why they're quick to air their feelings, that they believe "something is wrong," even though they can't quite identify what it is. They are smugly pleased that the jobs they goldbrick -- which could be done in a fraction of the time by fewer people -- pay such a good wage. They're leisure-time activity oriented (vital for a variety of industries), yet they are nagged by the thought that "something is wrong."

That "something wrong" is despondency based upon a feeling of inadequacy, compounded by illusions of worthiness and pretensions of importance. In the future, human beings will be barter. It's time humans became accustomed to it.

How to be God (Or The Devil)

Those with illusions of omnipotence should consider the prerequisites for deification. If you really have the makings of a Higher Being, here are some handy guidelines:

1) Don't advertise. Just let your presence be known. Never, under any conditions, go around proclaiming yourself the Devil. Other must recognize you as such. The reason the God of the Christians -- the fiction known as Christ -- doesn't make regular appearances at concerts, book-signing parties or backyard barbecues is because he doesn't have to. There are plenty of followers who will advertise his existence for him, not to mention attesting to personal acquaintanceship. If you are a first-rate devil, others will do your advertising for you (whether you ask for it or not).

2) Never be fashionable; always be mysterious and enigmatic. Remember: man follows his gods, and his gods are never trendy. You never met a God who wanted to be one of the crowd. That's why it has been said that "The Lord works in mysterious ways." Or why an unexpected catastrophe is called "an act of God."

3) You must be creative. Take inspiration from the most sordid sources if necessary, but never imitate. Rip-off artists cannot proclaim themselves divinities because they lack the originality or creativity to come up with fresh ideas, let alone new worlds.

4) You must have style. Class. Be reserved. Show some restraint. If you can't be decorous around other people, how can you maintain order and control?

5) A sense of humor is a must; a god who can't laugh at himself or find comic relief is a dull Jehovah and most definitely un-Satanic.

6) Always harbor some doubt, even about yourself. The booby hatches are filled with megalomaniacs who are cocky sure of their own omnipotence. A modicum of self-doubt in the god business adds up to the sort of self-awareness most mortals lack, which leads to our next decree.

7) Be aware of you own mortality. Understand that gods have been proclaimed dead many times throughout history. That's why they have Valhallas and Avalons and lands like Nod, east of Eden.

8) You must be perceptive enough to see things as they really are, not how you might have been taught by others who stand to gain from you ignorance. Yet to better understand the ways of man and deal with him, you must be able to suspend you awareness of what's really happening and see things through his eyes. In other words, learn to be stupid if it will serve you best.

9) Be merciful, especially when you're happy, but cruel if you're pissed off. If you really wield any power, people will realize the benefits gained by contributing to your happiness, or the tough luck that can befall them by getting you sore.

Fernando DePlancy

An Intimate Glimpse of a Little-Known Satanist

It is doubtful that most readers of occult literature will come across the name Fernando DePlancy. The man and his works are well known in the fields of microbiology and genetics; few seekers of the lore of ceremonial magic are, however, aware of the vast contributions he has made.

DePlancy was born to humble parents in Lisbon, Portugal, on September 28, 1887. His mother, Felicia, and father, Humberto, were getting on in years when little Fernando, the last of eight children, was born. If we are to believe historians, Fernando's parents felt ill-equipped to raise their child, and migrated to the Azores after finding a maiden aunt to care for him. Soon growing to young manhood, Fernando and aunt moved to England and took up residence a short distance from Blackpool with a couple who operated a small roadside pub. Unbeknownst to Fernando, MacGregor Mathers -- who was to become Aleister Crowley's mentor -- was a frequent visitor to the tavern. It seems likely that Mathers initiated the lad into the mysteries of the Golden Dawn. No one knows exactly how much magical curricula Fernando underwent.

In 1905, at the age of 18, Fernando emigrated to America. Unable to afford college, he took a position in Buffalo, N.Y. as a baggage boy at the train depot. Meanwhile he devoured all books on scientific themes that he could lay his hands on. One such volume was Captain John G. Bourke's *Scatologic Rites of All Nations*. Chapter 24, "Obscene Survivals in the Games of English Rustics," especially intrigued him, as did the views of Galen in connection with the medicinal use of cerumen, or ear wax. He read Rosinus Lentilius' *Physico-Medicarum*, which relates that "there was a certain old hypochondriac, of fifty or more, who, in order to ease himself of an obstinate constipation, for more than a month drank copious draughts of his own urine, fresh and hot, but with the worst results."

Young DePlancy felt his destiny promised more than baggage handling. Leaving his job at the railway station, he devoted all of his time to his studies, which by that time had developed to the level of experimentation. Drawing again from Lentilius, DePlancy discovered Christian Franz Paullini's *Filth Pharmacy* (published in Frankfurt, 1696). The only available English translation (by Smith and Pratz) left much to be desired and could not be relied upon. Several bouts with insomnia inspired DePlancy to ingest donkey dung as per Paullini's directions. Though he found his sleep improved, his dreams got worse. Nightmares were preferable to sleeplessness, and so DePlancy extracted from the same source book a remedy for vertigo which had been disturbing him since he fell from a hayloft as a child. DePlancy's discovery of the medicinal value of peacock droppings deserves more than a cursory glance; it suggests a long dormant association of the bird with both Satanism and moon worship. The peacock, we know, was the bird that drew the chariot of Juno, and that goddess was as much a lunar deity as Diana.

Taking one-gram doses of the droppings improved DePlancy's condition to such an extent that he could climb to the roof of his lodging and stand at its edge without the slightest dizziness. It was during one of his nocturnal rooftop vigils that Fernando espied the lighted window of a neighboring building, which had the reputation of being a house of ill-repute. With no shade drawn, it was apparent that the lighted room was the washroom. Soon a man appeared before the squalid toilet basin and relieved himself. Moments after he left, a rather dowdy woman entered to answer the call of nature.

DePlancy began to reel. Not from any sordid sexual motivation, but in recollection of what he had read on page 337 of Bourke's aforementioned book on scatologic rites. It was a personal letter from Professor E. H. Horsford of Harvard University to Captain Bourke stating, "I have been recently informed, by a man who is acquainted with the peculiarities of Parisian Life, that there are men who are in the habit of swallowing the scum which they obtain from street urinals, and they are known as 'Les mangeurs du blanc.'" It was at that moment of heightened epiphany that Fernando DePlancy grasped what his life's work was to be.

Sometime in the spring of 1910, DePlancy, feeling that in order to expand his knowledge and develop his theories he must venture further afield than Buffalo, New York, set out to tour the back roads and byways of America. He had saved a modest research fund from his earnings at the whorehouse, where he had persuaded the lady in charge to engage him as a part-time janitor and stiff towel collector. Though his remuneration was small, DePlancy was more than rewarded by certain activities that were germane to his studies. I will not bore the reader with unimportant details of his departure and first stages of his travels, other than to mention that while Peoria he was robbed of his wallet by a pickpocket who deftly reached into his lowered trousers while he sat in the cubicle of a public toilet. The "crapper-worker" was apprehended the following week in the same lavatory, but having spent DePlancy's money was unable to make restitution. That justice had been served and the culprit sent to jail was of little help to Fernando's pocketbook. Fortunately he had pinned a reserve supply of cash to his undershirt, and with that sum was able to proceed on his journey.

A big breakthrough came in Arkansas, where DePlancy met the famous author and chronicler of latrinalia, Chic Sales. Together DePlancy and Sales explored their interests as far West as Waco, whence DePlancy proceeded alone to El Paso. It was in this city that Fernando discovered the delights of the beer from the country south of the border. Known as *cerveza*, it was substantially different from the English ale to which DePlancy had become accustomed in his youth. Interestingly, the Latin name for beer or ale is *cerevisia*, which would seem to be a derivative from the name of that goddess employed in her libations, and held sacred as the means of producing the condition of inebriation, which in pagan nations had been looked upon as sacred. Exploring this custom of antiquity, DePlancy remained in El Paso for the better part of 28 years in relative obscurity, consuming large quantities of *cerveza*.

In 1938, a government official in charge of recreating an authentic American slum for the Federal Building exhibit at the forthcoming World's Fair in San Francisco espied DePlancy in a drunken state sleeping under the urinal in the men's room of a local cantina. Prodding him gently with his foot, he awakened Fernando, who wakened and explained that he had fallen asleep from the fatigue of his research. Within 24 hours, both scholar and sponsor were headed for California on a Santa Fe Pullman car. It was contracted that throughout the duration of the fair DePlancy would recline in a littered doorway of the proposed slum complex. Adjacent to the dableau was to be a theatre, where every two hours a film, *One Third of a Nation*, would be shown to visitors touring the mock slum. While the film presentation was in progress, DePlancy would be free to "take a break," as it were. As it developed, Fernando discovered means to peep into the restrooms of the attraction, and did so whenever time and circumstances permitted, thus furthering his research.

The reader may now be wondering what bearing Fernando's studies and lifestyle had to do with his subsequent contribution to Satanism.

In 1943, at the age of 56, Fernando DePlancy was working as a tool checker at an aircraft plant in Burbank, California, helping his Uncle Sam (he had since become a U.S. citizen) with the war effort. One morning a bright and cheerful young lady approached him with a request for a monkey wrench. Something about her face seemed familiar. As it turned out, she had sat next to DePlancy on a bus the previous day. They exchanged pleasantries and in the course of conversation she revealed that it was her great-uncle who was young Fernando's guardian at the roadside pub in England. The young lady's current husband was a flyer with the R.A.F. and the third cousin twice removed of Aleister Crowley. The two became fast friends, during which time Beryl (which was the young lady's name) initiated DePlancy into the mysteries of the Grampian Flagellants while the older DePlancy imparted essentials of his years of research to his new friend. A ritualistic alliance had indeed been established, and soon the two, in concert, were paving the way for the stuff of which latter-day journalists would be able to relate to an emerging Church of Satan. Unfortunately, Beryl returned to England only to discover that her marriage was invalid and she had been deceived. She later married a pathetic young man and was subsequently murdered by John Christie of the infamous 10 Rillington Place. Fernando DePlancy, having become a full-blown admitted devil-worshipper, was killed on August 14, 1945, when he was struck by a flying toilet which had been ripped loose by a victory celebrant and thrown from the balcony of the theater in which he sat watching *God is My Co-Pilot*.

Erotic Crystallization I nertia

That which is pleasing to the eye gives joy, and joy gives strength, and strength gives life. We receive pleasure in many ways and by diverse means, but the most conscious of all is though eye-appeal. Man is a visually-oriented animal. He establishes standards of visual attractiveness of an inflexible nature. If the standards he has set forth for beauty are modified by fashion or social change, he will never be quite as happy as before the change took place. As he grows older and styles change more, he will cling to the substance of his joy by retreating into social circles where he might reminisce of what once made him happy. In this way he maintains his vitality, albeit vicariously. With his cronies he will talk of the "good old days" -- days replete with the sights so dear to him, now so sadly changed. His pals and the elderly girls who abound in the old compound share his nostalgia, and their clothing is out of style. Out of style! How fortunate for the inmates of senior citizens'

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