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WELCOME

Greetings! It has been quite some time since we released a new issue of The Black Flame and we apologize for the lengthy hiatus. In the interim, we have lost our High Priest, Anton Szandor LaVey, so this issue is a tribute dedicated to memories of this outstanding individual. Now instead we produce only one issue per year, and we've begun with this issue in whole number 15. Thus, the issue you hold in your hands, Volume 6, number 3 & 4, has become whole number 15. This is the first issue which we produced entirely on our MacIntosh (the previous issues having all been made with our aging Amiga), so we've given the entire publication a face-lift. We ran out of room for Alter Ego, which will return with our next issue. Enjoy the contents and please continue to submit materials which demonstrate the richness of creativity to be found in the members of the Church of Satan.

— Peter H. Gilmore

Hail Anton Szandor LaVey! Hail Satan!

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Anton LaVey Memorial Issue
INTO EVERYONE'S LIFE APPEAR individuals who just don't seem to want to go away. They surface in many forms, but have certain common denominators. They are epitomized by the guy who is 86'd from the local bar for stirring up shit, falling through the plate glass door and suing, Welching on bar tabs, and carelessly almost setting the place on fire. A week after he is told his business is no longer welcome, he pops in and tries to cadge a drink from his old buddy, the bartender. Just like nothing had happened.

In the circus, they are referred to as "lot lice"—winos who, no matter how many times they are given the bum's rush, keep coming back and hanging around. They drop their lit cigarette butts in the sawdust right next to the Big Top during a sellout performance.

Actually, they are easy enough to deal with, but it means a little cutting off of the milk of human kindness.

The Church of Satan, like any operation, has always had its share of lot lice. There are simple ways of dealing with them. The first is the "Freeze." That means that no mention is made of them, no phone calls are returned, and there is no way they can sneak under the tent flap (retain any social benefits while ostracized, in a casual or roundabout manner).

Certain outmoded responses still work, because they are so straightforward. If detained or engaged by lot lice of any stripe, i.e., unwanted persons, dialogue is disastrous. Verbal communication must be confined to such simplistic and readily understood statements as, "Get lost!", "Take a hike!", "I got nothing to say to you, go away, you smell bad!", "You're bad news!", "Go peddle your papers!", "Somebody get that bum outta here!", "Are you still hanging around?, or that succinct, but licid directive, "Go fuck yourself!"

Unfortunately, political correctness and increased concern for the rights of others, however unworthy, has encouraged lot lice, who cannot possibly understand why anyone should take exception to their M.O., let alone ostracize or hold a grudge against them. After all, are they not still a part of "the occult community" and what's a little difference among colleagues? It is precisely this attitude that maintains "dialogue," better spent on productive comrades, than on contentious, malcontent, and parasitic lot lice.

Remember: you give their lives meaning. They need you. You don't need them. Even as their sworn enemy, you represent a presence in their otherwise barren and rejected identities. That's why lot lice will always be found hanging around the Big Top. And they always have plenty of criticism and advice on how the show should be run. And no matter how many times a bartender kicks their ass out onto the sidewalk, a few days later, they'll still poke their ugly faces in the door to see the action inside.

At least know them for what they are, and deal with them accordingly. You'll have a lot less frustration.
WHY BARTENDERS DON'T LOAN MONEY

If the bartender at the Hi-Tone Club loans a customer ten dollars, chances are good that he'll not only lose his ten dollars, but lose the customer as well. Here's how it works: This particular customer (of no great merit) spends all his dough drinking at the Hi-Tone, which leaves him without funds for much of anything, including getting home. He's been drinking all night, spent his money, and has no choice but to hit the bartender up for ten bucks, so he can at least call a cab. The bartender figures: what does he have to lose — the guy's broke and not good for any more business, so he lends the guy ten.

True to form, the customer promises to pay the bartender next time around. He departs the scene and might go home, but more likely staggers up the street to the Ajax Club with ten whole dollars in his pocket. The Ajax isn't as classy or as popular as the Hi-Tone; they get some red bums, and you have to toe-dance around the cockroaches, but they serve the same liquor, so the guy figures why not stop for a night cap. He has ten whole dollars. Because the Ajax needs the business (much of it is re rejects and overflow from the Hi-Tone), they are more than happy to see him latch through the door. He is greeted with congeniality, made to feel at home, and they even dust off a bar stool for him. Of course, he's buying his drink with the bartender's money from the Hi-Tone Club, but we'll pass over that.

Later that week he gets paid. Where does he go to spend his pay check? Why, to the Ajax, of course. Aside from the fact that they give him a big bar-type hug, a slap on the back and a hearty handclasp, he actually feels more comfortable in the less formal surroundings where he can snort louder and blow his nose on the floor. Besides, if he goes back to the Hi-Tone Club, the bartender will soon bring up the unresolved matter of where's his ten bucks from last week. So he stays clear of the Hi-Tone Club and his obligation, preferring the ambience of the Ajax, where he's made to feel like a Poo Bah and can Xeper off both his shoes.

So, the Hi-Tone Club loses a steady paying customer, and its bartender loses his ten dollars. As for the caliber of the customer, the loss is negligible.

As for our customer: he still surreptitiously pokes his nose in the Hi-Tone Club whenever he trudges past, just to check out the action. His conversation at the Ajax usually evolves to the patrons and action at his prior hangout. After all, he is still an active part of the occult community and wants to keep up on what's happening.

Sound familiar?
IN MEMORIAM

Anton Szandor LaVey

The Devil’s Henchman

Blanche Barton

1930 - 1997 C.E.

"BLANCHE!"

I STOPPED DEAD IN MY TRACKS.
Eyelids quickly scanning the park's
curbs and doorways opening onto the
busy sidewalk. It had been exactly
three months since Dr. LaVey died, but
I had heard his voice just then, just as clearly
as I had heard him call my name a thousand
times. People passing on the sidewalk glanced
sidelong at this woman blooming their path,
her eyes beginning to fill with tears. I was so
hungry to hear his voice again. Even though
my logical mind quickly chastised me that the
"voice" I so willingly imagined was an auto-
tomatically conjured illusion created by
overlapping street sounds, wind, rain and various voices. I want-
ed, longed for the dream to return for just
one more fleeting moment. It didn’t, of course.
I walked on, continuing my appointed errands, head down, wiping the tears away
yet again, and feeling like a shade, slightly out
of phase with the rest of the world.

When I was younger and, oh, so much smarter than I am now, I thought people who
mourned were petty silly. That person’s dead. I thought snippily to myself. You can’t bring
him back by crying over him. How selfish of people to keep weeping and moaning. Their
tears are for themselves, their own loss—not the
person who died. And they should be
strong enough to just get on with things. Life
is for the living. That’s one reason why I was
attracted to Satanism—a no pop about heaven, an afterlife, survival of the soul, reincarnation,
karma... When you’re dead, you’re gone. We
don’t have any way of knowing what happens
beyond the veil, if anything—and anyone who

\textbf{says he does is a liar! If you evoked enough
terror or sympathy during your lifetime, that is
your only bid for immortality. You will be
remembered. But you won’t know it and it
won’t really matter to you one way or the other.
Yet, regardless of logic, so matter how
prepared you think you are for "the inevitable," it’s amazing how the brain scram-
bles to make sense of the death of someone
whose life is so intimately intertwined with
yours. The loss creates a physical ache, like
taking a punch in the stomach. It leaves you
raw, rudderless and disoriented. Part of it is
the shock of the sudden interruption of habit—we talked, we laughed, played with
our son, watched movies together, ate dinner
together, met with friends. All of that is sud-
denly gone. It’s eerie, being forced from any
reality you’ve gotten used to. We’ve all expe-
renced that. A new house, a different job,
having a baby, breaking up with a partner... my radical change leaves everything slightly
skewed, until you establish new habits and
that sense of unreality fades. But with Dr. LaVey, he influenced the lives of so many peo-
ple, not just those in his immediate environ-
ment, that we’ve all felt a level of disorienta-
tion since his death.

Many of us found in Anton LaVey a hero
that we couldn’t find anywhere else. There
were many who never met him but who felt
connected to him in an almost imperceptible
way, admired him, identified with him and
were deeply affected by his death—perhaps
more that they would have expected them-
to be. Before I ever met Anton LaVey, I
gained strength from his existence. I always
knew he was out there. I thought of him on
his birthday and wondered what he might be
doing to celebrate. I had conversations with
him. When I was faced with challenges in my
life, I thought, ‘How would Anton LaVey
handle this? He wouldn’t give up or back
down?’ And because I knew he walked the
earth somewhere—defiant, accomplished,
determined and proud—I conjured forth the
strength within myself to prevail as I imag-
inged LaVey himself would.

When I finally had the chance to meet
the man some eight years after I’d stood the
Church of Satan, I prepared myself for
the inevitable disappointment. No one could pos-
sibly live up to the expectations I had man-
aged to pile upon this one human being—it
would be unfair to expect him to. I promised myself I’d still respect him even if he had a
funny high-pitched voice, had put on a lot of
weight since his last photo session or was
rather homeless, sour and stuck on himself.
Imagine my embarrassment! Dr. LaVey was
dazzling gorgeous. He was a sexy, intense,
wrty, talented, dangerously perceptive man.
I wasn’t prepared for his jokes, or his musical
talent. On then-now Prophet 5 and Juno 60
keyboards he’d spent hundreds of hours pro-
gramming himself, he played songs I knew
and loved. Arrangements I heard in my own
mind but had never heard anyone actually play
that way. That first night, May Day 1986,
By day, after a night of music and laughter and
memories and stories, I felt like I’d stepped into a linear accelerator—and I knew I could never
leave. I met him the next night for dinner and he kissed me as we
watched the sunset from Spurs Park, over-
looking the Cliff House. As we said goodbye
that night (the next morning—ask anyone who ever met the man, his morning usually lasted ‘til dawn if he liked you), he held me
close and whispered that he needed me. I
moved to San Francisco four months later.
Over the past thirteen years, I’ve been
privileged to become intimate with a complex, driven man. I often felt living with him was like living in a pressure cooker. Dr. LaVey was the personification of the evil archetype—stubborn, brilliant, opinionated, intuitive, self-oriented, brutal but never cruel except to those who deserved it. Somewhat he was always able to reconcile his bitterness with his basic romantic nature. He was very demanding, no less of himself than of the people around him. His work was indulgence for him; he wrote and practiced his music right up until the time he died. He was a skilled and sensitive lover, an encouraging teacher, an adoring father to our son, and my chosen master. Know this: Dr. LaVey never compromised, never once contemplated “making peace with God” or whatever other foolishness some strong minds sink to when they get old, soft in the head, facing death. Toward the end, he became more misanthropic and homicidal than ever. The ugliness beyond his last became intolerable—ugly people, insane advertising, fractious music, bad drivers. He always carried a gun when we went out and he was afraid he might use it in a mighty fit of dark malice some day.

It was his will and sometimes his will alone that kept him alive. Anton LaVey was a determined man who never wanted to appear less strong than his closest friends. The High Priest sustained his doctors by living several years longer than they ever expected him to. He survived a sudden death experience and was revived in 1996; we joked that, now that he had been officially resurrected, he could start his own religion. He had his strength and his faculties right up until the end and never had to endure the pain that some others have. Having someone wipe his butt and help him out—that he would have hated.

Unlike many people when loved ones die, I don’t regret anything we didn’t say, or (perhaps worse) did say. We loved and understood each other so only destiny interfered with our times together. In a way, I feel like I’ve been spinning in a teacup for the past 15 years and have suddenly, unanimously, come down with a plug, dropped not too magically into Kansas. Dr. LaVey made the world potent, portentous, brushing with magical possibility and dark purpose. Now it’s up to us to personify his Satanic spirit—committed to the Dark Forces guided by his words. There will be debates and challenges and accusations now that the Doctor is gone. His enemies will work harder than ever to try to discredit him, to attempt to destroy the organization and philosophy he has created. But the truth of the matter is that what Anton LaVey achieved is unspeakable. He has given us a philosophy that inspires thousands of people around the globe; a religion that will be with us when the last human dies. The demons of reason and science have been unleashed on the world, for better or worse, and Satanism is part of that revolution. Think, challenge, outrage the meek and the self-righteous—that is the best way to honor the memory of the man who lived his life as the Devil’s Henchman. 

...your immortal spirit—shall live, not in an intangible paradise, but in the brains and sinews of those whose respect you have gained.
Remembering LaVey

Boyd Rice

I was in New York when I got the news. I'd just given a concert and was at a party being thrown in our honor at a club called The Roxy. A half-dozen or so Church of Satan kids were gathered around my table, full of questions about Anton LaVey.

"What's he really like?"

"He's not too far off, will probably ever meet again."

The questions came fast and furious until one fellow asked, "What's going to take over the Church when Anton dies?"

"He's too mean to die."

I shut back. "He's told me that he can't afford the luxury of death, because his passing would please too many white-riders. So he's just going to tough it out and will himself to live forever." This response brought chuckles all around.

"Besides," I continued, "no one could fill those shoes, ever."

"By and by," a girl came up to me and told me there was a call for me. The phone was in the basement. It was Peter Gilmore and he sounded strange. His voice was hoarse, strained. "I'm afraid I have some bad news," he started, and a chill ran through me. I knew the rest. In the few seconds before he continued, my mind raced to reassure me that the bad news couldn't be that, Anton LaVey couldn't die. But he's still too young. Just I saw him. But this, but that.

Peter's words left me numb. I had just seen LaVey, interviewed him for Snowy. He'd seemed so hearty, vivacious. He'd gotten the transcript of the interview and into I'd written him a note and he'd replied to me. He was always so grateful for any little thing you did on his behalf. We had a great conversation. He was in high spirits and sounded ready to take on the world. His energy and enthusiasm were so infectious that at the end of a meeting or conversation, you'd be so charged with adrenaline and so stimulated by the exchange of ideas that you yourself felt ready to take on the world. The Doctor signed off that day with a gruff "Hail Satana!" and little did I suspect that those were the last words he would ever speak to me.

Though I dearly thought he would be around a lot more years yet, I had considered the notion of his mortality on a few recent occasions. My friend Ciddie Partridge had called to tell me of a dream she found disturbing.

Giddle was haunted by the macabre dreams, and called me as soon as she awoke from the second one. I dismissed them as just dreams, yet I refused to deny I was disturbed. So much so that I squeezed in a trip to San Francisco a week before I was due to leave the country. I'd initially thought it would be far less hectic to interview LaVey after my return from Europe, but now decided to squeeze it somehow into my schedule. Seeing LaVey that visit, he seemed so hearty and fiery, all thoughts of the grumpy dreams vanished, only to return on the train journey home. Transcribing the interview, my thoughts drifted to Tiny Tim and how I had interviewed him less than a week before his death. I thought about how much I missed him, and what a loss it was. There was no one else quite like him, except in an odd way, LaVey. Then the image of Ciddie's dream returned to me. I looked at the yellow legal pad on my lap, its lines covered with LaVey's words and ideas. Suddenly, a terrible thought crept into my mind. Was it possible that I would lose LaVey as suddenly and unexpectedly as Tiny? I mean, Tiny had had a heart attack recently, sure, but had sounded so strong and vibrant when last I spoke to him. He, like LaVey, was only in his sixties. I didn't want to think about it anymore. But still I wondered. Would I speak to a man who lived by his own inner law, a man who was now so strong he could bend the world to it. They spoke of a man who presided in the real world, not despite being an outsider, but because of it.

Going through my notes in the early 70's, I track of Anton LaVey and of Satanism, but the conclusion he had caused me to draw stayed with me.

Arriving in San Francisco in the late 70's, I found my mind drifting back to LaVey. We'd drive past a dark-looking house and I'd ask, "Is that the Church of Satan?" I'd invariably be told that "Anton LaVey only deals with millionaires and movie stars, not the general public anymore."

"Good for him," I'd think to myself. Eventually, I met Jim Osborn, an underground artist who was a legend of sorts. Osborn was the kind of guy who knew everything. He didn't know it all, just someone who knew it and it. And it turned out he knew LaVey. We were discussing I don't know what one evening, and he said, "You know who you should meet? Anton LaVey. He is into exactly what you're into, and I mean each and every single thing, from El Ginz to Tiny Tim." (Mind now, this was a
impressed that someone of my age was so pas- 
tionate about Little Peggy March, whom he also greatly admired. We launched into a dis- 
cussion about girl groups. I remember him saying, "This is dangerous music, Boyd. Songs like 'Johnny Got Argy' and 'I Will Follow Him' could never be done in today's climates. But people like us have to bring back this sort of thing." We talked at length and I was indeed stunned to see how clearly our obsession mirrored one another's. As the film 
progressed it seemed to be on the verge of start- 
ing, he asked for my number, saying, "We should continue this conversation some time. I'll have my gal Trudy set up a meeting with
and far more. Better in fact than I could have imagined. I arrived at eight in the evening and didn't leave until well after midnight. It was 
again the following week, and continued to come 
every week for the next few years until I moved out of state. Those nights were truly 
magical. That house is like some hermetically 
sealed alternate reality that exists separate and 
distinct from the rest of the world. LeVoy's 
personality was so thoroughly imbued in every square foot of the place that it 
seemed an extension of him, a part of him. And he too sensed a deep feeling of intercon- 
nections to the house. It was like a work of 
art that had been created over the course of a 
lifetime. He felt so close to the place that it 
seemed to relate to it as one might refer to 
a dear old friend. He even once 
entertained 
from a restaurant one evening and 
seeing LeVoy's painted expression 
so he noticed in the light of the full 
moon that the paint on the front of 
the house was beginning to crack and 
peel.

"That's just awful," he commented. 

"This house has been so good to me 
that I really owe it to no one, it is to hire something to put on a coat of paint." 

His sentimental honesty toward the 
house was such that I could assure 
he felt almost as though the place was an 
old acquaintance. I had health. I too had a longstanding 
affair with the house. As a kid I'd 
dreamed of a man named Francisco to visit the Church of 
San Juan, I'd gaze at a picture I had of 
Karas standing in front of it and try to 
imagine how amazing the interior 
must be. So I told LeVoy is no uncer-

tions that I wanted to paint 
the place myself. I had to really twist his 
arm to get him to agree, but finally he 
took pity on me and allowed me to do it. 
If you're sure you really want to." 

An artist friend named Harvey 
Stauffer helped as his dependable 
task in several days. When the Doctor came 
out to inspect the job he was as 
joyous as a child. His 
eyes sparkled and his 
hair was a golden glow on his 

He was able to take the greatest pleasure out of the simplest little thing like that, which is why I 


This was the best episode I've ever 
{}
hung out with the famous, the rich, the powerful, founded his own religion—and he could still get excited by something as simple as a Coke or an alley. The people who imagine him to be brooding, gloomy and "down" have no idea of the vast scope of his personality or his complexity. He was complex. The different aspects of his personality were like a puzzle formed of lots of unclicking pieces, and a lot of the pieces seemed to be diametrically opposed to one another, but he made them all fit and he made them work.

Most people are either sweet by nature or crust, serious or goofy, and so on. In LaVey these things seemed to exist side by side, and in greater quantity than most people. When he was angry he was really angry. He flew into a rage and you'd swear he was ready to reach for his gun and murder someone. When he was tender he was intensely so, and anyone who didn't know him would be lead to believe he was the sweetest man on earth. He seemed to experience everything far more deeply than most people do.

He was an adept, and would take on the personality of different characters he'd invented. One was an old dog, one was a German movie director, one was a mob boss—a Tidkahl guy whose name was Rudi something-or-other. He'd go into these characters without warning and sometimes the characters would last for hours. And it was like you were talking to another person. After five or ten minutes you'd find yourself forgetting it was Anton LaVey you were talking to. He called me late one night and the moment I heard his back out my ear, I knew that the film noir crime boss was on the line.

"Boyd. It's The Old Man. I hear some of those New York Joe shots are tryin' to blow smoke up your ass. Well, yes but tell em that The Old Man says 'No smoke.' If they start to piss and moan about it just past the buck. Never put your ass in the fire if you can pass the buck." He had a rule about not giving advice unless it was asked for, and this tricked out was a roundabout way for him to give me advice about an awkward situation I was in with some New York mob folks. The details of the situation escape me now, but they're unimportant anyway. I scrawled the council and extracted myself from the situation.

"If it was up to me I'd help you get out, but The Old Man said I shouldn't."

Couldn't I just run it by him, they quered, try to reason with him?

I passed the buck. "You have no idea how difficult Anton LaVey can be to deal with."

ONE OF LAVEY'S "NECONOMICOS" was the Johnson Smith catalog, a turn-of-the-century mail order gift featuring a countless selection of gag, tricks, and novelties. He could thumb through this book for hours, reading the enclosed blurbs and descriptions and laughing uproariously. His favorite gag, of course, were those which preyed upon people's foibles and frailties, or in which humor was derived through causing discomfort and/or humiliation to the unwitting victim. He liked one ad so much he had it engraved and framed to hang on the wall of his kitchen. It depicted an "Anarchist Stock Bomb," a small vial which, when broken, released a chemical that produced "a most disagreeable odor." One dropped in a room was said to produce "more conversation than a Limburger cheese." The illustration depicted a crowd of people grinning and holding their noses, exclaiming such things as, "WOW, P.U." and "That's an awful smell, boy!"

It is a brief aside I'm reminded of the time LaVey in fact gave me a huge chunk of Limburger cheese.

"We were going to throw this in the trash, but I had an idea. Hey Boyd can do something funny with this," he announced.

I unwrapped the foil surrounding the cheese and a foul odor began to pervade the entire room. I waited and tried not to breathe.

I can still picture him, standing there laughing heartily with that LaVey in his hand. He put the cheese on a plate and boarded a bus full of early morning commuters.

As I unwrapped the cheese, people locked over their snouts and waved their heads, disturbed by the sudden, overwhelming smell of shit on the bus.

Those who could, moved as far forward as possible. I hid the cheese on the seat, which was in the back of the bus and as it heated up it began to melt and still even worse. As the bus got closer to downtown it was packed so full that he about the people on it were incapacitated of doing anything to escape the awful smell, except to simply get off before the stop. More than a few did. The only word that can possibly describe the scene is "incredible.

When I described the scene to LaVey he fol-
Anton LaVey was not what you'd call a people person. He hated people—despised them. He'd been disappointed by people big time. And yet he never lost his ability to trust in the people who merited his trust. He was so convinced of humanity that he constantly seemed to cherish those who he chose to in a way so passionate and intense that it is more than once led me to conjecture (inadmissibly) measure up to his standards.

Sure he was authoritarian, autocratic (his term), he was also one of the most loyal and supportive people I've ever met. "You're Loyalty is not an empty term, it was a way of life.

I remember a time when things were looking terribly bad for us. People were demanding that we record his laudation, taken off the shelf. They were saying I was an asshole, too harsh, for too extreme. I had no desire for my bad PR to reflect negatively on the Church of Satan, and I suggested that I could supply my reign in the form of an unabashedly high building in the middle of the organization. LaVey's response: "Bullshit! You aren't an asshole, boy, they are. You aren't too harsh, they aren't harsh enough. You aren't too extreme. They aren't extreme enough."

"Damnit, boy," he explained. "You're an iconoclast! Satanism is about iconoclasm. It's about stopping people's eyes every time and then, because everyone who remains true to their vision has got to step on some toes along the way. Trusting your vision, your instincts, means following them to wherever they lead you, and let the chips fall where they may. Sometimes they take you to some pretty ugly places, places that piss people off. So be it. That's what I'm about. That's what I do. It may not be my intention or your intention to piss them off, but more often than not that's a by-product of what we do. And hell, if you're not pissed off someone, you trust not be following the right path."

He was a true leader, and when one of his own was under attack, he took it very personally. Rather than worry about the very real possibility that I might be a liability to him, he sought to bolster my morale. He encouraged me in the very things other people discouraged. When everyone knew I'd annoyed someone to calmed down and be more moderate, he'd say, "Never, calm down. Give it to 'em with both barrels."

He was the only person who was there for me, there to the flames when everyone else wanted to freeze. And he was there without giving a damn that more than weeds can say. Like I said, loyalty was more than just a word to him.

And pride myself on the fact that I was there for him when not a whole hell of a lot of other people were. Not that he wanted a throng of people around—quite the contrary. But I was a very vocal proponent of LaVey at a time when the S-word was very incoherent. It was seen as "some extirpate thing," and LaVey was often dismissed as a phony, a con man, a fake, a has-been. Many even thought LaVey was dead. "Anton LaVey? Is he still alive?"

But I could see that a whole generation was slowly starting to come around to the ideas that he'd been prevaricating all along. Ideas I'd never seen in a world where I was inevitable that those ideas would grow and spread and flourish. And that the naysayers would eat their words. It didn't surprise me that Anton LaVey has suddenly become hip. Or that there are probably million people now who think he's a wise man than those who see him as a con man. I knew it would happen.

And the aspect of it that I derive the most joy from is not the fact that it did happen, or that I was right, even that I had the privilege to be along for the ride so to speak, but that Anton loved long enough to see it happen. A lot of great men don't live to see such a massive resurgence of interest in their work. Poor Ed Wood died a short time before his works were rediscovered and finally embossed as some off from practically everything, this book stayed in print and continued to sell and his same was still good copy. The media was still bounding him and Gerald was offering him six figures to show his face on camera. But the success of recent years is the 'luck you' variety of success, the kind that definitively to any remaining detractors: 'I'm right, you're wrong. I win, you lose.'

LaVey delivered the arena a one-man, Ed was a very happy, extremely satisfied man. And never more so than since the birth of Xerxes. I'm only sad that he didn't have more time with the boy, and visit versa.

I don't know whether I'll make most about LaVey, his great kindness, or his greater meandering. He would speak at length (and in great detail) of unspoken acts of cruelty and violence, and I would be left wondering whether he was sharing a dark fantasy was me or a cherished secret memory. He spoke of hunting humans in such vivid detail, that I was transported to the scene of which he spoke. I could feel myself crouching in the shadows, the cold night wind whining a chill through me as I lay in wait for a passing victim. He described watching in some bushes alongside a trail in, say, Golden Gate Park or the Presidio. No telling how long you'd have to wait, so you'd want a jug of water and another empty jug to piss in. You'd want a weapon of stealth, like a garrote, a knife, or a taser...

Exploits, expeditions and journalists were phoned me from time to time to inquire whether or not I thought it was possible that LaVey was the Zodiac Killer. At times like this I almost wondered. He'd been inter-
I can truthfully say that the actuality of LaVey was far beyond anything his myth could ever be...
LaVey is wonderfully alive...for these reasons and countless more:

1. You don’t die until you’re forgotten.
2. Fresh, formerly unexplored ideas have a long shelf life.
3. The vision and gifts of a Barton named Blanche.
4. The eerily appropriate arrival of adorable demon seed, Xerxes LaVey.
5. I recall hearing that other writers like Samuel Clemens, Jack London, and Ayn Rand also “died” some time ago...you couldn’t prove it by me.
6. Power: on...the disc spins...the needle drops and “presto!”—dynamic music from His heart and hands can magically (and forever) flood the room.
7. The torch is passed and now resides in the iron grip of many a faithful and competent flame tender.
8. Let’s face it...the damage is done...for as long as there’s an “occult” section in retail bookstores, the mindless and confounding social landscape will eternally be challenged by a new breed of “Bible-thumpers” ...pragmatic misfits with a mission.
9. In truth, it’s the modern world that’s dead...to leave it honorably, as a legend, is, in a sense, to begin to live.
10. He isn’t gone...He’s here with me.

Nick Bougas
The Tragedy of Anton LaVey

Adam Parfrey

BOYD RICE'S ENTHUSIASM FOR new discoveries is infectious. Back in 1987, he began raving about Anton LaVey, insisting I meet him.

Sure. Why not? Sounded interesting. I had a copy of *The Satanic Bible*, so I read it. This LaVey guy apparently played show business—and we shared birthdays. In *The Satanic Bible*, Wagner recordings played behind boisterous readings of *The Satanic Bible*, a book I had at the time only glanced at, laboring under the misconception that it was loaded down with occult imagery.

Filled with other people's various opinions about the man, I half-expected Anton LaVey to be some sort of holier-than-Alexander Crowley washtube. Nothing could be further from the truth. This friendly, highly agreeable man seemed to combinde elements of H. L. Mencken, Ben Hecht, Irwin Allen, W. Singular, Caro Pandol, Ted Browning, Charles Addams and Bing the Merciless. He was the real thing. A true individual. Not a phony, Not a junkie. And decidedly not an idiot.

Before visiting the Black House, I found a library copy of what later became *The Satanic Witch*—first published under theorny 70s title, The Complete Witches. Then out-of-print, I found the book to be remarkable. Better than low-downs from a dark, morosest man, retained by obligatory bow to Christian moral. The bibliography was in itself a list of curious books from which Anton grabbed and synthesized a wild array of materials.

Upon my first reading, *The Complete Witches* felt like a guilty pleasure. Publishing souls would turn up their noses—and this is exactly what happened with any Amok Press partner before we stumbled the business, and started our own imprint. *Why yes,* you publishing Anton LaVey, and all that Satanic trash, Adam? I thought you knew better.*

I didn't know any better. Surrendering to my better instincts of torturing fellow-follow-the- leader nephilimatics, I published *The Satanic Witch* as the first Feral House title. It felt *The Satanic Witch* because a lexicon text, detecting the absurdity of *Zena's* whose opinions were totally dependent on others.

At our first all-night meeting, Anton impressed me with an encyclopedic knowledge of weird, Perpend events, and his personalization of the true outsider. His opinions and interests were to separate from mainsteam that I felt an immediate kinship. And as I understood, so did he.

A week later, Anton's younger daughter, Zena, unexpectedly appeared at the door of my Echo Park apartment, presenting me with a letter of Stenochelys. This surly surprise embodied almost all of her father's advice and pronouncements in *The Satanic Witch*. Fortunately for me, my girlfriend was spending time in New York.

Though Zena met with directors like Curtis Harrington and John Waters, and took acting classes with Bruce Glover (Crispin's father), she couldn't pull off an acting career. To help fill the coffers, she started participating in Ed Wood-style sexploitation and porn Satanic "counseling" to the lonely and desperate. It must have been frustrating for this 23-year-old girl to reside in a noisy Hollywood apartment, and raise a ten-year-old boy. Why wasn't she able to fulfill her career ambitions? Studio system mediocrity? Not enough aggression and persistence? Lack of sufficient talent or brain matter? In short time, Zena began to blame her failures on her father, a man whose advice she followed to the word. Resentment rose to the surface.

The time I knew her Zeena conducted hate-sessions about her older sister, Karla. Seemed they were in competition for their father's affection, which seemed to show even more completely on Zena. It took metting the yenta-like Karla to begin to understand Zena's boundless dislike. Zena was far more the *The Satanic Witch* and all her choice to introduce *The Satanic Witch*. And so it happened.

After exhibiting *The Satanic Witch*, the anti-Anton LaVey sect rose out of the closet. Chain stores canceled their orders of *The Satanic Witch* after Gerald Raizer's documentary sidechoose blaming Anton LaVey for all of America's cultural problems. Then, I received a long letter from Michael Aupin, inviting me to get in touch with him so he could fill me in on what was wrong with Anton LaVey and *The Satanic Witch*. Aupin said he hadn't done enough for the deity that was supposed to represent his own invented religion. Here was the man who claimed Anton LaVey's entire organization by sending out letters to the entire CCOO membership, saying all to betray LaVey and enliven in his Temple of Set. In the years following, Aupin self-published and sold a large array of *Anti-Lavey documents* that can be summed up by saying: Anton LaVey was a phony, only Michael Aupin should be as seen the true Satan man. (Well, perhaps Aupin is. Anton LaVey can be better seen as a philosophical and fascinating eccentric. Channeling demonic deities is best left to Michael Aupin.)

Zeena and her new found mate and defender (the pseudonymous Nikola Schreck) attempted to convince Aupin—unsuccessfully—to hand over the keys to the Church of Satan. Around the same time, Anton was besieg'd by Zeena's mother and former lover, John Diaco, with a court case to provide her lot of money because she claimed to have been a victim in the past.

Anton LaVey was hounded from all sides, either by hysterics- inducing television subterfuges, those who desired to become and replace him, and the mundus hypocrisy of fighting family members. Who would want he in his spot?

Aupin avoided seeing a lawyer, even or a court. Anton's plotted down was contested (successfully) by Karla who temporally forgave all grudges with Zeena to make a claim on King LaVey's estate. The question remains: how could Zeena make a claim on her father's belongings after renouncing him and claming on a Christian program to have cursed him to death? After her father died, she chose to pass around an essay titled "The Red Anton LaVey," which tried to chip away at her father's image primarily using an article by Lawrence Wright for Rolling Stone magazine, which both she and...
Who’s Minding The Church?
Priestess Ruth Waytz

When will people stop asking me what's going to happen to the Church of Satan now that Dr. LaVey is no longer with us? Will, NEVER, which is why I feel compelled to take a moment to offer some perspective on the subject.

First, let me ask you this: Does the Catholic Church close up shop when a Pope dies? No. Does anything change with the new Pope? Not really. All other religions are allowed to continue on for decades and even centuries without this kind of question, so why should the Church of Satan not be afforded this same courtesy? (Not that I would eagerly make this association, but the also-founded-in-the-twentieth-century Church of Scientology was never expected to close its doors nor issue any kind of formal declarations upon the death of founder L. Ron Hubbard...)

The reason is Dr. LaVey's written words and philosophies are very much alive and are widely available in many languages, at most libraries and chain bookstores, and can even be ordered from several sites on the internet. This will not change. As I was during his life, anyone at all can read The Satanic Bible, The Satanic Witch, The Satanic Rituals, and any other of Dr. LaVey's numerous works.

My relationship with the Dr. was a personal one: perhaps this is why I view my relationship with the Church as personal as well. What will be different now? Nothing. I have lost a dear and treasured friend and I will have to deal with that in my own way. But as for the Church itself, well, there will be just as many mandated formal meetings as there were before. The Dr. will participate in "the Satanic Community" just as much as he ever did. He will continue to avoid public appearances and he will not grant interviews. The daily operations of the Church, which were never made public during his life, will remain unseen by you now and in the days to come.

What can't I figure is why suddenly everyone who can pronounce the word Satan wants, no, IS ENTITLED to be kept abreast of the tiniest of intimate details regarding the Church's daily business, as if that were ever accessible before. As if you would care. (As if we would tell you.)

As if.

The Church of Satan for me has always been a few close friends who share a philosophy and a value system, who enjoy and prefer each other's company and counsel. The Church has also wildly enhanced my abilities in my chosen field of Making It Hot For Them.

In many ways, the Church of Satan is the most important thing in my life. But if I were to wake up tomorrow to a phone call informing me that the Church had dissolved, or that Prominent Satanist Bob Larson was taking over as High Priest, well, so be it. It was fun while it lasted.

Like anything else, the Church is bound to evolve, and it went through a lot of changes with Dr. LaVey at the helm. I, too, am bound to evolve if I am to survive, and believe me, I intend to survive. Since I never relied on the Church (or the Dr.) to define my identity, I really don't much care what happens now, because I have said at least a million times now, the answer is Nothing.

It goes without saying (although I certainly do say it) that my life has been enhanced by and since my membership in the Church of Satan. It's given me just that little bit more, but that "more" is being added to ME, the result of which is the Church of Satan, not Dr. LaVey. What I do to continue my work is all that matters. The rest (as Ellott said so perfectly) is not our business.

HAIL DR. LAVEY!
HAIL SATAN!
Respect to a Master Magician
Carl Abramson

At first, I was shocked, saddened, and depressed by the news. 67 years is far too tender an age to die. I was just going to fix him and let him know the good news that the first edition of the Swedish Satanist Bible had sold out and that we're pressing more. I had so much looked forward to another meeting in San Francisco during 1998. Time to chat, to watch some movies, have grand dinners, listen to music... But no, destiny would have it otherwise.

As a youngster of 21, I recorded a track with my band White Satin. The song was a pompous ode to Jayne Mansfield—Satanic Goddess—and the lyrics touched upon the relationship between her and the Church of Satan. Just for the hell of it I sent a copy of the record to Dr. LaVey, as it was an homage to him as much as to Jayne. Lo and behold! I received a joyful letter from Satanist thanks. I know very well that he didn't like the music (totally nomen-

active resonances, he would communicate not with the actual words spoken or the keys played, but rather with the powerful atmos-

phere he created through them.

He was a master.

Anything he wanted to he could achieve. And he certainly achieved a great deal during his varied and colourful lifetime. But there comes a time in every true magician's develop-

gment when he or she starts to consider the wellbeing of others and/or so-called higher goals. And this was no different in Dr. LaVey's case.

Where most people mistakenly see him as a self-appointed charlatan, it doesn't really take much effort to see a man who strived really hard to share his findings and results with others. Through his own person, through his books, his records, videos, interviews etc. His material is now readily available for the (un)making. The future will show who can grow what it's all about and who has the guts to go his/her own way. These people will shine. These people, will be proud. These people will be Satanists. They will cherish life.

The Doctor cherished his amazing life, one befitting the amazing character he was. He had a will to live, a will to indulge and a will to travel through a vast phantasmagoric and pow-

terful world.

Dr. LaVey personified all of these traits and qualities, and even took it to the length of creating an entire Church based upon this, his vision of life. If you decide to move upstream, you're likely to find more interesting fish. But you'll also run into more trouble and harder work.

The Doctor led a controversial life, filled with strife and troubles simply because he advocated a true freestyle. A freedom that allows those who dare to create brave new worlds and majestic manifestations of subjective quality rather than externally imposed quantity.

His terminology naturally raised more than a few eyebrows—and the hatred of many a bigot and fearful fool. But that aside, the true "threat" that the Church of Satan poses lies in the fact that it's a synthesis of ideas and directions that has the power to liberate those who are born to travel through the Satanic path, those who embrace reality as fact, and those who see magic as a fascinating system of symbols, but so an actual tool for change.

He was an advanced magician with his own complicated system of ritual and he was also an elitist. He couldn't have cared less if people in general "under-

stood" what he was transmitting. But he cared a whole lot for the fact that the material should be available—you never know when a young Satanist awakens to his (or her, for that matter) call! And the words of wisdom from the Occult Synthesizer par excellence, the Great Standsor, will always be helpful to those persons who dare see through their own fears and who can appreciate an oblique attitude as a magical formula.

He was—truly—a master.

With respect, love and condolences to the Doctor's family, I end this death rune. I've reached the end of my own life. It's time to work.

Carl Abramson, Satanist of Letters

P.S. (Is that Post Scriptum or Pro Satan?)! In case you have the time and opportunity to read this, Satan. I thank you from the depth of my soul for all the encouragement, inspiration and love you passed on my direction, over the years in many different ways. This will never be forgotten. And neither will you, Doctor LaVey. Neither will you.
I Remember The Doctor

Nemo

I met Anthony Szandor LaVey in the flesh exactly once, but I felt I had always known him.

Some years ago my wife and I received an invitation through Blanche Barton to meet the creator of modern Satanism at the Black House in San Francisco. It was an honor to be received by this man of myth and mystery. Even now, after the years, I remember the time spent with his family with warmth and an abiding fondness for this complex and yet wonderful man.

I remember how, upon entering the dark hall, I was warned by Ms. Barton to step around the aging dog who slept in the passageway. Coming from a family who loved pets, this complete accommodation for the habits of an elderly animal was familiar and understandable.

As any true entertainer, showman, or good magician knows, first impressions are important and lasting. The Doctor made his appearance sometime after my wife and I had settled in our chairs, talking with Ms. Barton. He strode into the room, taller than I expected, though I had already expected a tall and large man. I was surprised at how much I saw him looming before me.

His sandals were fine, his smile genuine, and, as in all faces of those who are truly alive, his eyes sparked with the light of life. I remember him immediately asking, "Well, what do you think of me?" I also remember thinking how unabashedly open this question was, how many avenues of conversation it opened, how this question was a statement and a summation of everything that made up Anton Szandor LaVey.

Never before in my life had I been so charmed as by the honest and open manner from this man who lived his life as his self-made religion. He made compliments.

He did not flatter. He gave his opinion. He did not impose his opinion. He entertained. He enjoyed being entertained.

I recall at one point in the early morning hours when he seemed asleep, sitting back in his chair. Yet I saw the glint of his eyes watching me carefully through narrow slits, his fingers fiddling with his hair as he smiled, his face changing shape. I realized that this was another trait this man possessed. He could feel the casual observer into believing that he was a man asleep, when instead, there was a razor-sharp mind brilliantly ably with attention. Here was a man for whom the passage of time was merely the remembrance of a day.

It became clear to me that this was a man who understood his role as a host and appreciated his company. When later we went to a fine restaurant, I saw even more deeply that this was a man dedicated to his written principles of valuing the pleasures of life. He exemplified the most civilized aspects of our living as a human being. He was a gentleman.

I cannot capture but a shadow of the deep meanings those few hours had for me. I had found a friend as well as a man in harmony with his nature as a man. I found a kindred spirit.

I shall miss him forever. I shall treasure his memory forever. I am an honored and open remembrance from this man who lived his life as his self-made religion. He made compliments.

I shall never forget him.

Thank You, Dr. LaVey!

Reverend George Sprague

E ver been in a cage with a lion? A good friend and associate has two lions. The oldest is two years old, weighs 400 pounds, and is about 10 feet tall.

Though not completely grown, he is a formidable creature, very strong and capable of extracting a good portion of your body with one bite. When in the cage, you realize he is studying you. Testing you, and sizing you up. Ultimately, you realize you are in his domain because he is allowing you to be there. And you'd better not do anything to lose this implied trust. Such was the feeling I had when I first met Dr. LaVey.

A more fitting night could not be conjured: cool, thunder and lightning, rain. As I awaited my appointed time, I turned my rental car's radio to the local classical music station. Wagner's "Die Götterdämmerung" was playing. And then, it was time to meet the man I actually never expected to meet. It is difficult for me to describe the intensity of our meeting with Dr. LaVey. He is an incredibly penetrating intellect and I was privileged to listen to his insights on various topics of interest. He is also privileged to be hearing performance, the organ — an array of themes and emotions, masterfully executed. The look on his face was one of ultimate confidence, unforgettable, even more so when he started right at me, his eyes locked on nothing but each other's. Just like the lion, he let his mind and me. This was not an uncomfortable at all, rather, I was assailed that all I had and respected and admired in LaVey were there. I confirmed that I was right to be where I was. All I had felt was real and I still needed to learn was ahead. Doctor was right: if you are a Satanist, you were born this way.

My respect and loyalty increased, with each subsequent visit, I was ever more convinced that Dr. LaVey had indeed locked on to a dark source as no other man had. A source that is brutal, fierce, and just, I will miss the man, but there is that which remains. Dr. LaVey forged a mighty torch. Its black flame has blazed many and inspired others.

This torch was held by LaVey, and as time passed, he allowed others to place their hands on this torch. His hands are now gone, but the torch has many loyal followers. Those who do not take us seriously, we now have a unified front of torture, forged Sataniates to steer this world into its most phase, just as Dr. LaVey had foreseen. The weaklings will try their best to cast stones of discord. Little do they know what they are up against? They will hate and fear us, as they should. We will revel in their anger, as we should.

The principles expounded by Dr. LaVey will continue to inspire those who are interested, devoted, and those who work diligently in isolation from the great and eternalists: this planet has ever known: the human herd. As I stated, the torch LaVey forged and lit burns hotter than ever. I am proud and deeply honored to have been allowed to place his hands firmly on this torch. To see sheep, I will. Thank, you, Dr. LaVey, Leo Talismen forever!
Dark Comrade
Magister Jeff Nagy

ANTON SZANDOR LA VAYE. The very name conjures up different images for different people. For me, it conjures up feelings of warmth toward my mentor, teacher, compatriot, and most importantly, my friend. I could never picture a better image of the devil in human form. Anton LaVey was a ruthless gentleman in perfection.

My experiences with him make me grieve his loss. The hours I spent with him, listening to him play music in his kitchen, hours of him telling me stories of the serpentine, he and I cracking old jokes that made each other double over in laughter, spending hours in the legendary ritual chamber, watching old movies in the Purple Parlor, and just chatting on anything imaginable. Some stories I would love to tell you (if I know you, perhaps I have) some other only my grave will know.

One thing that is definite is that not only his memory, but his books, music and organization will live on through those he has touched. His music and stories stick with me in a very sentimental and occult way. It was a privilege to have had those things touch my life in a very real way. The friendships I have developed through him will endure the passage of time as will his words of wisdom concerning the human equation.

He left me a world of the 1940’s that I had always longed to enter. In this world the sidewalks were always damp, the ladies wore too much make-up, neon flashed above dimly lit barrooms, there was differentiation of the sexes, a world where if one got out of line they got whacked.

He shared with me experiences and happenings from this period of post World War II history where he felt at home. His friendships was something I cherished, and his memory will remain alive in the generation of Satanists to come. It is experience such as these that can never be duplicated, only remembered. I have a few photos of us dressed to the nine’s in 40’s style gangster regalia, which I cherish. It serves me as a reminder that what I was doing was making an impact.

I never set out to do a project with pleasing Dr. LaVey to be my own true. However, I will be the first to admit that when something I did touched him in a profound way, it made me feel like I meant a little bit more. That bit of recognition from such an important character is something I cherished and will miss.

I am not going to pretend to know exactly how the Doctor would have wanted us to feel or act in this tragic event, so I cannot gawkings I would receive as time went on. It reminds me of that scene in Speck of the Devil when Toga’s “voice” aptly described the fawning slobber as, “what a tray of fish!” Indeed. A return brown for sure.

I absorbed the philosophy wholeheartedly, reading it in about two night’s time. Soon thereafter, I would purchase The Satanic Rituals, Companion to The Satanic Bible, and eventually the other works followed as they were made available. And each and every time, came that ubiquitous glare of horror from casuals that such a thing existed. Very much the same way the Doctor became enthralled by Mythop é Right, so I was with The Satanic Bible.

I sat down at my desk, alone in my room, extinguishing all outside noise, turned on my study lamp, and began a journey that would take me into the deepest recesses of myself, bringing forth that daemon within, conjured in fiery plumes of blackest flame. Leviathan was awakened. Cthulhu met the stars.
Anton LaVey—An Appreciation
Irrev. Gavin Baddeley

I T WAS ONE OF ANTON LAVEY'S unquestionable gifts that he was multitalented. He brought his own unique qualities to everything he turned his hand to with a skill which appeared enviably effortless. There are many aspects of life that will be much the poorer for the loss of Anton LaVey. I was privileged to meet him on a few occasions, and while I can confirm he was charming and erudite company, I don't feel qualified to comment upon his character or inner life on this basis. Similarly, while I have enjoyed one of his remarkable keyboard performances and listened with interest to his theories on music, I am no musician and don't feel adequate to the job of assessing his skills in that field. As far as practical occultism goes, I am merely an enthusiastic dabbler, and the task of paying proper tribute to his magical skills must fall to one better equipped for the job than myself.

I am a writer by trade and inclination, and I'd like to offer a few observations on Anton LaVey's prodigious ability with the written word. Like many people it was in this fashion that I first encountered Anton LaVey, in the form of his Satanic Bible. I confess that my initial response was one of suspicion. It seemed too straightforward, not Byzantine enough. In other words, way too sensible to be "authentic Satanism." I was, of course, wrong. I believe what made LaVey so objectionable to so many " occultists" was his crime of lucidity and clarity. As LaVey observed himself more than once, deliberate obscurantism and cryptic evasion plague occultism. The great secret so much of this hides is that there is no great secret. LaVey had no need for such enigmatic pomposity for the simple reason that he genuinely had something worth selling. As a result, in the field of occult literature, LaVey's work shines like a diamond of vivacity and accessibility among the mud (and worse) that lines many occult bookshelves.

This accessibility can be deceptive, however. Return to something LaVey's written and you'll usually find something you missed last time, an angle or observation that didn't really click the first (or second or third) time you read the piece.

I believe what made LaVey so objectionable to so many " occultists" was his crime of lucidity and clarity. Beneath this compulsively readable style, LaVey's writing contains subtexts that creep up on you with real elegance. I try and lace my own writing with hidden "books" designed to fool readers into coming to my point of view, while believing they got there all on their own. It's a trick I'm pretty sure I subconsciously picked up from LaVey, and one I suspect I'll never master nearly as well. Writing, like music and pretty much every other creative discipline, can be approached with an occult agenda. LaVey did so and showed what powerful dividends such an approach can pay.

Of course technique was only half the picture and LaVey's writing is as distinctive and flavorful as it is well crafted. His personal style shines through in everything he wrote, and it's tempting to think that getting to know Anton LaVey's work allows you to get to know Anton LaVey. Naturally, that's never really true, and just when you thought you had the measure of this extraordinary writer, he'd pull the rug from under you with a well-aimed aside or a wicked sting planted at the tail-end of a paragraph. This too was an element of the literary persona of Anton LaVey—part hell-fire sermonist, part ad copy-writer for snake-oil, part medieval grimoire scribe, part hard-boiled noir street philosopher—but above all wholly original. Perhaps LaVey's most important message was about the importance of genuine originals, and in his writing, as in the rest of his life, he taught by example.

The loss of a man as extraordinary as Anton LaVey is one that is only mitigated by the wonderful things he left behind. I'm led to believe that much of his writing remains in the archives awaiting publication and I anticipate its arrival with an excitement which I can't remember having felt for any other upcoming book release. Until that time, I shall do again what I did when I first heard the awful news of his death and reread some of his material. I recommend it. Put down this pulpy offering from my pen and pull down your favorite LaVey away from the shelf. I guarantee it won't be as good as you remember it—it'll be better. 

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DIABOLIC
MACHINATIONS

- My first and last meeting with Anton VanDyke LeVay

Reverend Thomas Thorn

TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY. A day upon which we, as Satanists, traditionally celebrate our existence in the world. While I plan to do exactly that "in seclusion" later this evening, it seems only fitting that at the moment I find myself reflecting upon the meeting that, albeit brief, made an indelible mark on my life.

I met Anton LeVay on what was easily one of the worst days of my life, certainly of all time low in my career. Earlier in the year, the death of Shane Lassen (my best friend, business partner, and co-founder of The Blackshear Hellfire Club) had dealt a crippling blow to both myself and the band. In spite of this tragedy, we managed to compose and record an album a mere three months later and, following its release, had embarked on a short west-coast tour with our new line-up. We had enlisted our longtime friend Boyd Rice (a C.O.S. Magister; for those unaware) to open shows with his man sound project NON. We were only three shows into the tour, two days past my birthday, when the band disintegrated before my eyes after a night of alcohol-fueled bickering. Tensions had been riding high as the cold reality of Lassen’s absence set in, and suddenly two members of a four-person unit stopped a bus and went home.

I honestly don’t think my spirits have ever been lower. Even as I imagined of Shane’s death, there was never any question of whether or not the band would continue. Never. I lived and breathed the bebop, the acid, Bond, who had remained mute and impartial through the entire debacle, approached and spoke to me as I sat alone pondering my fate. "How would you like to meet LeVay tonight?" he asked, and I instinctively exchanged my baggy expression for one of wonder and amazement. "Are you kidding?" I demanded, half rhetorically and half believing this was some cruel joke, a ploy to great intented to shatter the remnants of my self-respect. Magister Rice smiled. "They’re expecting us at 11:00 he stated simply, and suddenly the world looked completely different.

I thought a lot. I thought hard. About the reasons I had started the band in the first place and the path that had led me to my current situation. My insomnia seemed to coincide in magnitude the more I thought about it. Slowly but surely, answers to my problems began to materialize themselves. I spent the rest of the day on the telephone, making contacts and numbers from local groups and my friends at Blackshear Kitchen in New York. By the time we met up at the location, I had a band. Again. As quickly as it had fallen apart, it had been reconstituted, reformed and brought to the world. Soon.

We parked the van on a side street and walked the remaining block two the house on California Street. The infamous Black cross—a tall and narrow, redwood-surfaced by its neighbors, but luckly purely devoutly nonetheless, still looking smart as the patron Boyd and Ic Dougness had given her a few years earlier. As we reached the rather intimidating gate, the door burst open in true Addams Family style. We were invited inside.

We were greeted at the door by High Priestess Barton; who cordially escorted us to the ritual chamber and seated us on a deep black leather couch situated behind a bed of nails that had been converted into a stylish cocktail table with a piece of plasiglass. The room was dimly lit, as was the rest of the house, in deference to the Doctor’s light sensivity, but many of the notorious room’s artifacts were still plainly visible. Directly in front was a theatrical coffee from which Manson Family murderess Susan Atkins, once emerged (somewhat prophetically) as a ‘vampire’ in Dr. LeVay’s ‘Topless Witchers’ burlesque show. Near the fireplace was a unique rocking chair that had once belonged to the death cult. I must admit that I was in total awe of the situation. I had read about this very room and the items it contained since I was a little boy. Now I was sitting in, waiting to meet Dr. LeVay. Ms. Barton seated herself down in a peculiar-looking chair that I would later recognize as the Inquisitor’s Chair (from the original Hellfire Club).

I was immediately struck by the formality of the setting, which resembled a cross between a job interview and an audition with royalty on, in this case, the Black Pope. I was excited and more than a little nervous and, in retrospect, I imagine it showed as Miss Barton did her best to set me at ease while making her assessment. I was strained by how much she knew about me and my music. She had, without question, done her homework. I winced when she asked how the tour was going and stumbled through some feeble, self-deprecating version of my band-members desertion and the events that lead up to it. Either rather pandering my momentary weakness. Ms. Barton stated placely that ‘powerful men’ often have that effect on those around them.’ I think I might have blushed. Her brains were as much a force as her looks, and almost fierce, as of defending one of her own. I realized that she was all too accustomed to dealing with similar situations and had truly used for those who could not be relied upon or trusted. I was impressed by the power she radiated and by how she handled older members of the coven that behind every great man is a great woman. I told her that despite all the obstacles that had threatened themselves in my path over the last 12 hours, solutions that all seemed somehow interconnected had spontaneously revealed themselves, and that the Church of Satan was apparently their common denominator. She smiled knowingly and explained that this was what they referred to as ‘Diabolical machinations’ and that I could rest assured it was no coincidence. The exchange was brief, but if my confidence in myself or my mission had been weakened that day, she had with question restored it. I realized then, in spite of the fact that I had never met them, this was my family.

Ms. Barton encouraged me to see if Dr. LeVay was ready. As she exited. Boyd turned to me and said "Well you must rank pretty high on the list, they only open the ritual chamber for special occasions. Most people only get to see the kitchen.” I beamed. I was in heaven. I said, "Well bless me.” Dr. LeVay appeared from the shadows and extended his hand. "Thomas Thorn, it’s a pleasure to finally meet you. I have heard so many good things about you.” I thought of all my friends who had apparently seen so much and made a mental note to speak to them. All the myths and rumors of a dodder- ing old man in frail health were quickly dispelled by the hot-blooded presence, and I would soon gain firsthand experience of his quick wit, razor-sharp intellect, and an archive of memories and knowledge that seemed to fill the universe itself.

We talked at length on topics too varied to mention, ranging from my native Wisconsin (where he spent vacations in his early childhood) to Churchill’s Hellfire Club (our band’s namesake) whereas he revealed that the canopic jars atop the infamous fire- place mantle contained vertebrae from the backbones of several members. It seemed that the man could talk on any subject and lend personal experience of some sort to each and every one. One of the fascinating things about Dr. LeVay was that he instinctively knew your interests, was more than willing to share what he knew of them, and well equipped to discuss them in great depth. Everyone knows he sat his concurs on this point. He could be anyone to everyone, as
much at ease in conversation with a dockworker as with a rocket scientist. We spoke of people and places, and the conversation was genuine and fantastic. Occasionally the Doctor would rise and retreat to some unseen passage at the back of the room, reappearing moments later with some remarkable object or piece of mem-

Orrabilia relating to our conversation. He was jovial yet dead serious at the same time, accentuating his remarks with a severe expression or poigniant gesture...at one point panning the automatic paint he wore on his lip as he spoke of dealing with intruders. He was a truly wondrous raconteur, and hours passed like minutes.

We eventually moved from the ritual chamber to the kitchen for tea and coffee. The hallway connecting the rooms was completely unlit and I found myself groping my way along in furiously fashion. The kitchen was, by comparison, more brightly lit, though massive cobwebs living from the ceiling, partially obscuring the visors of Hel painted on the walls. There were more curios and oddities scattered throughout the room, and I commented that all the houses I had visited in the last week (Boyds', Coop's, and now the Black House), like my own, were brimming with peculiar and unique collections. It was as if we all clung to moments, to the ideas and emotions personified by these objects. "Of course, you did. We're all collectors," the Doctor exclaimed, smiling broadly. No other explanation was necessary. In the corner were banks of keyboards—synthesizers, samplers, and organs of every shape and size. Doctor LaVeY sat down and immediately began to play: marches and fantasias, waltzes and hymns, arabesque and fandango—from trump and grind to sentimental melody. Dr. LaVeY's musical vocabulary was as vast and varied as his worldly knowledge. His playing had me laughing one moment and teary the next. I asked him to explain his work, the effort to do, to appraise the narrative. By the end of our meeting I realized that it was our common interest in music that brought us together. Although we are different, I think we have much in common. I never used to think I had anything in common with them, but I think I have now.

As we prepared to leave, the Doctor presented me with a Church of Satan membership card, inscribed with a note: "We're honored to count you among our ranks." I was humbled. I graciously accepted the offer, feeling a bit awkward, not having ever been an official Church member prior to the meeting. As I read through the book, I realized that within the organization is relative to our achievements in the real world, and expressed his confidence that we are better than those who have been more than adequate for priesthood. "Of course this is a big step forward," he added. "You've been doing the Devil's work for years!"

As Dr. LaVeY walked us toward the door, his two-year-old twin sons tagged at the leg of his trousers. "Daddy, stay!" he crooned. The Doctor smiled and scratched to enquire about his child and said, "Don't worry, Daddy is going anywhere. I'm staying right here with you." He was touching my hand, I thought, as he said, "And I selfishly wish I had had more time with you. Then again, what would he say. He isn't really gone away. He has stayed right here, in our hearts. Right, before I left the house, Dr. LaVeY took my hand in both of his and, while stirring our steaming eyes in the same way, "Thomas, I just want you to remember one thing: I am..."

SO pissed off at you," I was flushed with pride and a true sense of honor. I didn't know what to say. It was now my turn to speechless. I paid a "thank you" and departed. In Macyp's, I realized that he knew he would probably never see me again. Despite his apparent vitality, he had been ill for some time and was aware that his days were numbered. He used those days wisely, setting things in order and

Perhaps we could never see him again. After apparently a vitalinc, he was left for some time and was aware of this. He was dead when you last saw me, in a constant reminder of the only truly meaningful to you."

I went to meet with these questions about this and what Anton Starod LaVeY really was. All of which were answered within the framework. For, probably the first and last time in our lives, the Voronovs' bodies have consistently attempted to paint a picture of LaVeY as a lover of rock music, and rock musician, a crotchety old man who denies any connection to the new generation of Satanism and that same day. On the con-

ce that he knew that he had played an instrumental role in the inscription of Satanism, themes, and in some instances philosophy into popular culture, rock music included. From Venom to Decembe, Marilyn Manson to The Electric Hellfire Club, we have all been touched by his words and wisdom. There is no doubt in my mind that he was aware of what he had spawned through his work. He was our father, and we are his children. He would no sooner resolve to end his own life. He lived many lives, and I am to this day grateful that I had this brief opportunity to learn from his experiences in person. Nevertheless, I said before and after as we walked. Doctor LaVeY wrote just as he spoke. Every time I read something he wrote, I can hear him speaking. He lives on through all of the people who have been in his life. He will continue to speak for years to come, decades, perhaps even centuries. That choice is ours. The torch has been passed. The future is in our hands.

As I celebrate my own life on this day each year, I will invariably relive this meeting and salute Dr. LaVeY along with the gifts he gave not only to me and my generation, but also to those yet to come. August 22, 1999
In Tribute:
Anton LaVey (1930-1997)

Robert Lang and Diana DeMagis

Any Wondrous Men and Women throughout history have been influential to our personal life. These people have stimulated us; influencing us to achieve and create, conquer and destroy and above all to love and live. Alexander The Great, Vlad Tepes, Nero, Cleopatra and Rasputin are but a few. Personalities such as Edward G. Robinson, Mae West, Marilyn Monroe and Vincent Price Writers like H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, Edgar Allan Poe, Nietzsche and Mark Twain. Surprisingly, as great as these icons remain, we cannot profess to actually love them. After all, we did not know them on a personal basis. Why is it then that upon hearing the news of Dr. LaVey’s death, we experienced such a profound sadness and feelings of depression? Why did my tears and I shed those tears? Why are we writing this? The answer is, we love Anton LaVey, a man we never even met, yet felt as if we knew.

Few have had the capability to be so loved by strangers; to touch other peoples’ lives in the way he has ours. To bring joy to the present together by preserving that which he held dear to him. A true ecologist to the end.

Anton LaVey was no stranger to me. I raised myself as a philosophy since I was in my early teens. His stimulating books, essays, music and video tempered with his wonderful sense of humor provided me with different insights while wartering and encouraged my creative and analytical mind, like fine tuning a delicate instrument. I was finally able to identify with someone who saw the world the way I did. For the first time in my life I realized that I was a Satanist. I bought The Satanic Bible around the age of thirteen. I remember the excitement of going into the book store to purchase my first forbidden tome. A little nervous at whether or not the cashier would let me purchase it or not I slammed it down defensively in front of her! “Do your parents know you are buying this?” she said. "Yes they do as a matter of fact!” I handed her my ten dollar bill and walked out the door. Strangely enough the cashier was smiling as I left. I kept the book beneath my mattress with my other forbidden tomes and read it whenever the time was made available. In secrecy and while my parents were asleep on Easter I performed my first ritual opening a Pentagram’s box of pleasures that has never ceased to provide me with delight to this day.

The encountering of some truly magnificent people, who have become our dearest of friends was the result of affiliation with The Church of Satan (Doktor’s bratwaist!). Throughout the years, they have been a source of what we like to refer to as a Satanic Fix; providing encouragement, help and inspirations in our continuing endeavors, and the sharing of ideas, interests and hobbies alien to that of the herd. A true Cabal!

As an exemplar, Anton was King of his kind. He lived a lifestyle we strive for. He scattered himself from the rush and spell of humanity, making a living from his own cre-
7 Chakras of the Black Pope by Lou Hutchinson
Like This With The Devil

Christopher J. Turner

ANTON LAVEY WAS A VERY generous man. Not only did he single-handedly make the world safe for Satan, he put on a great show while doing it. In a city known for its colorful characters and unique oddities, Anton LaVey stood out-frightening some, inspiring others and always making a strong impression. His writings, recordings and other creations have inspired many people down the Dark Path, and embody a constant and immutable element of Western society: the Faustian seed to continually create no matter what obstacles arise. Regardless of what those who criticize or nit-pick as LaVey’s lies and legend say or do, nothing changes the fact that he provided (and continues to provide) many people with some small excitement, intrigue and drama, which they are mostly incapable of creating for themselves. And in terms of creative output, he exemplified the standard he always said was the essence of Satanism: to be productive, creative, and self-directed. A lot of people can’t stand that. It makes them feel inferior. Anton LaVey was very generous in providing himself for parade, to latch onto and exploit. To disaffected anti-social illiterate losers, talk show hosts, and all those Great Black Magicians. LaVey’s selfless gift grants a saving sense of smart, moral edifice to those who need it to get through the façade of mother lies fast...ed day. On a different (yet so similar) front, many people have bought and continue to buy into the pentagram-fetished delusion of power graciously provided them courtesy of the Third Force of the Church of Satan. They ignore the Doctor’s repeated insistence that true power and self-mastery are innate, intuitive and canal in the Higher Men and Women that comprise Hell’s true citizenry and instead believe that labels are everything. The common denominator shared by those who are played into The Great Frank is that they have no power of their own and seek it through others, in this case Anton Smolder LaVey, a figure they can never detach from or devoid of any creative spark that they can commit themselves unreservedly to ruining his name. In their hysterical campaigns to “unmask” the Church of Satan, they confirm the power it holds over their lives. The attention that is paid to Anton LaVey’s past and the momentum of his organization proves his influence more than any self-congratulatory prove ever could. Why does it matter so much to them? Dr. LaVey has been accused of using Satanism simply for publicity in order to make a name and a quick buck for himself. His critics are doing the same thing, only instead of thinking up their own angle, they’re simply using the read Doctor paved decades before. Why? They finally know what he knew, that Satan is a volitional, motivating force, and therefore moves product and “makes good copy,” as Burton Wolfe put it in the introduction to The Satanic Bible. How does Dr. LaVey, the “charlatan faker,” differ from his detractors? Simple: he lived a real life dedicated to creation and was openly ego-driven in his determination to improve himself on the world-unconscious. While these ends might be desired by his enemies and imitators, Dr. LaVey’s difference is that he succeeded. He has a solid body of original, unique work behind him which, even if you reject the philosophical or religious elements of Satanism, is nonetheless compelling and reflective of modernity in all its Hellenic turn... (Show some critics actually dis... the writings, painting, dress, environment, or music of Anton LaVey, preferring to hunt for gossip or inconsistencies in the legend of his life. The purpose of this is to obscure the actual ideas he advanced in an attempt to bring LaVey down to their level. A typical distraction tactic commonly employed by politicians and Christian fund-raisers, among others) In
short, Anton LaVey is alive in his work. The Church of Satan is alive with people committed to carrying that standard forward—to upholding what LaVey set into motion and preserving it from the corruption that the dupes purveyors of The Lie would love to dethrone it with. It will survive and grow because nature demands continual resistance against disease and weakness—exactly the qualities of this age that we oppose and transcend.

Why will it survive? Because even if every single chapter leveled at Anton LaVey was 100% true, it wouldn’t change the fact that over the years, intelligent, creative people have been inspired by him and signed on. Others validate the dream through the success of its application. Also, people love a good story, and Dr. LaVey spun a great yarn. All of Doctor’s detractors use his “search for the truth” as a veil to obscure the very real and potent ideas he has sown upon the world. They are only committed to the “truth” when it serves their personal interests and grows angry when called out for being what they are: desperate zeros on a hopeless hunt for attention. People aren’t after wealth; they’re after glory. So far as I can tell, this is a misused human trait in itself. Three quarters of our Church believe that they cannot get people to reject Anton LaVey’s vision, they can only try to claim it as their own.

They are wrong, and the scary side of how they make of themselves is just another prank the Doc couldn’t help but play.

If the Church of Satan were nothing more than the Anton LaVey Fan Club, then it wouldn’t be strong enough to survive his death. The personality cultists and the silly fools who thought that getting a little red card would suddenly give them an identity and power are going to have to find something new to do with themselves. I hope Doctor laughed long and hard at those types and-proofedly spent their money (somehow I suspect that is exactly what he did). But I know firsthand that there are many of us in the Church of Satan who are attracted to and inspired by the mythology of Satanism and use it as a tool to create constructive ends through applied reason. Beyond that, we work to extend our living wills beyond this mortal shell that serves as a palace of indulgence here in the Immediate. In short, we practice magick. We aren’t going anywhere, no matter what fate befalls the Black Bull-bent against progress. It became obvious to me that everything that has been tagged “Dr. Devil” has been what pushed us to take society forward, and that propagandists committed to the status quo have always worked hard to stop or silence these Demonic underground currents. And of course our society can live without its Devils. After discovering this, I read all of Doctor’s books and found that they not only said the same thing, but also organized a structured, rational and wondrous dogma around it, and as a bonus, included the kabalistic, messianic and religious humor that was his trademark. That was enough for me. I saw to it that Hell on Earth’s only official membership roll had my name on it. I made my Part and I’m keeping it.

I offer this both as a tribute to a unique and inspiring man, and in hopes of offering a solid perspective regarding the future of the Church of Satan, and the real motives behind those who criticize it. Anton LaVey did the impossible: he made religion both rational and fun. He also demanded that what most would rather hide from themselves be not only seen, but allowed its delightful voice. Nothing can change that. There’s no going back.

I am not a man of faith. I’ll come sooner or later to a bowl of ice cream and say I would a God, a Devil, or the legend of another man. That alone is more Satanic than a hundred red cards, Rebohmen and inverted crosses, which is exactly what Anton LaVey said all along to any ears to hear and eyes to see. I am proud to praise him, and proud to hail those who continue contesting with the Demons he loosed among us.

Anton LaVey may be gone, but we haven’t heard the last from him. As long as that Plume burns within the heart of man, the Show will go on! [Freedom of Speech]

House, or whatever negative press the weaklings spin to help ease their own dissatisfaction for a moment. The legend exists and will continue to inspire Hell’s crust, brilliant minority. That’s what matters.

For myself, I realized that the Devil was a useful good role model by studying history. So often throughout the centuries, innovators, artists, scientists, craftsmen and other true progressives have been accused of doing “the Devil’s Work” by the Christian Church, who are committed to a stern and humorless God
The Kabinet of Doktor LaVey

Magister Clifford Case

After becoming a member of the Church of Satan, it has been my good fortune to have had a number of nocturnal rendezvous with Doktor LaVey. During my travels as a merchant seaman over the past twenty years, I have had occasion to pass through San Francisco on flights to catch a ship or check in at the Seafarers' Union Hall. After my first meeting with De LaVey in the mid-70s, which lasted from twilights to dawn's early light, I was always welcome in his lair. I would make arrangements to meet with Doktor at Dante's on Fisherman's Wharf or a restaurant in the North Beach area for breakfast.

We would enjoy an epicurean feast of surf and turf, maine lobster and Cajun steak. After satisfying our gusto we would repair to the Black House on California Street. We were met in the dark hallway entrance by his familiar, a bull terrier. There were other animals as the years went by.

We entered the Stigan Library where he switched on a gloomy lamp over his favorite chair. After indulging in hellion to the Devil, we relaxed around a glass coffee table supported by a mermaid. The shadowy room became a piano's cave for me as he talked in low and even tones. He smacked the human waves of muckrakers that assailed the Church of Satan. He mocked the bedeviled head with the piercing cunning of his analysis. The herd was ensnared by its own virtues. The truth hurts, he observed, and truth begets hatred. I know how cruel the truth is and often the devotion is more constraining. Perfidious is not cowardly, but a psychic disorder. He exposed those responsible for "Satanic Panic" as emotional电缆 unstable people that went off the deep end, thus causing an effect.

Someone after the watching hour, I was invited into the kabinet of Doktor LaVey. There I recognized an eight-strand braid, black cotton draped across the ends of the keyboards. It was a gift I had given him on his birthday some years ago. He sat down and began to conjure the muse. Europe. This was an unexpected treat. The lyc church atmosphere was charged with sublimous flame, Delirium and Purgation burst forth with Luciferian intensity. With sinister artistry, he evoked his demonic, acid harmonies, polyphonous variations and fugue-like flights from the other side of good and evil. Then a change of pace to circus calliope, marchons and hauntingly sentimental melodies. My appreciation for strange music has been, enhanced 10X. I had the privilege to bring some bleak tapes. Now, may I evoke Doktor's spirit at will.

On one occasion, after our usual hearty meal at a North Beach bistro, the conversation got around to each common interest as weapons and women. He pulled from his hat a stainless steel claw-shaped knife called the Harpy—a fitting name for such a nasty looking weapon. Not so happened I had one in my waistband as well. We were on the same wavelength. Some cutlery shops refuse to carry the Harpy. The Doktor had a nice collection of firearms as well. I had just bought a Smith and Wesson .44 special at the San Francisco Gun Exchange, a G. Gordon Liddy recommendation. The Doktor called it a pocket rocket. After returning to the Black House that night, he displayed his favorite seldom a Walthers .38, among other's of his collection. He invited me out to his country place for some target practice. Much to my regret, I had to leave on a jet plane to catch a ship.

We shared a note for the human quality in the earthly art of Reginald Marsh and the sensual paintings of Rubens. While it may be sacrilege to prefer the calligraphy Rubensque form, as opposed to the Playboy bumpy, I know what I like. All the more if she is aware of the Law of the Forbidden and the wearing Bjorn. With a lubricious leer, Doktor pressed on a few words of Oriental wisdom. "Give satisfaction to your sensuality. The madness of desire, lust, greed, anger, the most unreasonable of passions, all are wisdom and reason since they are a part of the order of nature. A Satanist is a man attuned to his own nature." Then, with a sharp, cutting sneer of the cynical libretto, he spoke in a low monotone: "Satanism separates the egoist from the egoistic. Your ego is not true if you allow your visage and virtues to envelop you. The intellect has too long ruled, in the will—that old-fashioned will, to exercise itself in the utmost. Do what you will. Develop your instincts to the uttermost. Life is a bloody struggle for survival. Be advised, might conquer right, ergo, might is right. 'Tis a lovely thing to know a thing or two.' Doktor LaVey in my eye ideal.

I had been collecting epigrams with a certain Satanic idea for a few years and occasionally they were published in The Green Hat. Doktor LaVey suggested I make them into a book. I published them in 1977 titled The Cheat Book of Devilish Knowledge. I received orders from all over the world. He advised me to change the title to The Devil's Book of Satanic Wisdom. This is a work in progress now.

At another time in San Francisco I had been over to the San Francisco Gun Exchange when I saw the Pathfinder, Applegate Combat Smatchet. I bought one of a series of 200. That evening, I met the Doktor for our usual buzz with the Black House. I did the "Crocodile Dundee" bit, "Doktor LaVey have a knife with you?" He drew his▓ his Combat Smatchet.

"That's not a knife. THIS is a knife!" He must have been intrigued with it. The Doktor LaVey has enriched my life in so many ways with music and art appreciation and the general pursuit of the mystery of living as an outsider. This pursuit of curiosity will last all the rest of my life and for this I am forever grateful.
Heart of the Lion, 
Eye of the Snake
Peggy Nadramia

I T NEVER OCCURRED TO ME, during the precious years I had with him, that one day I’d be writing a tribute to Anton LaVey, my mother’s and my father’s friend. I’ve written many words about him, of course, in letters and essays in which I’d attempt to explain him and his work to others, Satanists and otherwise. But a tribute to a man who seems so vitally alive every time I spoke with him, every time I looked into the glittering obsidian depths of his eyes? Surely his body of work, literary, musical, artistic, all speaks volumes of tribute. But here I am nonetheless.

I could choose any number of subjects to focus upon in this tribute. As I’m always saying, few things Doctor told me about women and men, music and food, buildings and cars, books and the weather: all prove to be more and more accurate as the years wear on and the experience of the world gets wider. And frankly, I’m not sure I want to share all these precious conversations with the world at large, and the Doctor would have echoed this sentiment.

There were moments, secrets, revelations that I think I’ll keep to myself for awhile. There is one area of Dr. LaVey’s personal- ily, however, upon which I’m happy to shed further light.

The first time I had occasion to meet with Anton LaVey, he told me: “The animals must relate to us! We must respect our fellow." I’ve probably become something of a bore on this subject, but these words have rung so true for me over the years that I can’t help wanting to share them with other Satanists on a regular basis.

What LaVey is reminding us is that Man is just another animal, and that every time we tie ourselves into intellectual knots on one issue or another, we really ought to take a look at what an animal would do, how it would react, what priorities might apply.

LaVey spent a lot of time studying ani- mals; he worked with them and shared his life with them. He knew something about almost every species you’d mention; he could find something Satanistic in the behavior of a cat, a spider, a reptile or a bird.

It’s particularly important to share my experiences of LaVey and his behavior and attitude toward our own animals and those of others in light of certain accusations that he closed his animals. Consider that the source for all this is his youngest daughter, alongside dark, who spent most of her time guarding the front balcony. She’d wait behind the front door when we’d return, growling deeply, and it was only LaVey’s voice that would calm her to the point where we could safely open the door. Even then, guests were instructed to inch past her, not petting or speaking to her. She was a bit of a old bird, in her later years and only interested in her Master and the nice lady who put her food bowl down. Her back and growls terrified would-be intruders. LaVey clearly loved her, would stroke her face and head as she passed through her domain. During a subsequent visit, maybe a year or two later, Barbara was dying. Dr. LaVey had acquired a pet rat at the auto parts store and placed them in newspapers in the front hall so Barbara could do her busi- ness without having to make the climb up and down the front steps. She spent most of her time sleeping, and her breathing grew more labored as each day passed. She’d sometimes become agitated, as if she was fighting off death, fighting of this creeping coldness that was squeezing her lungs and stiffening her legs. When this happened, I’d watch Dr. LaVey go down on the floor beside this mon- ster of a dog, place his hands on her face, stroke her, and whisper gently, voice, matter to her: “Geezep, Geezep, Ball, Good dog. Good dog." He wanted to help her end her suffering but detested the idea of bringing her out of her own environment to a vet. His own pain was very evident.

One day a fluffy, white, coon cat who lived with his adopted brothers in the kitchen area of the house; he’d been remembered by most of the ladies who visited there as the kitty with the big catcher’s mitt paws who liked to slowly and playfully reacquach for your zephyr. He also deposited his downy hair everywhere, including the Doc’s keyboard, but LaVey never seemed very perturbed by it: it was just part of the environment, and Cromwell was a citizen with equal rights whose hair would simply have to be tolerated. Hence the frequent use of the sticky-roller we all plied into the cars for a late diner or breakfast. Cromwell’s hair would often knot up into what we pet owners call "matts."

Luckily, he had a favorite Priestess who would brush through her visits, and the Doc was very pleased with this kind of use- ful Satanic service on his behalf. Cromwell was the light around the time his Master died.

The Doctor would only describe Zamba as "a single-edged knife" but his coat is golden like a cougar’s, with the sort of fluffy, caramel-colored belly for you only see on wild felinés. He is quirk- ier, very affectionate but capricious, he would test Doctor’s patience by running across the house, barking and tearing at all the synthethesers. "Damn it, Zamba!" you’d hear from the kitchen, thus Doctor would matter something about letting the cat com- pose his own music. His favorite place in the kitchen was always atop the snake cage, flicking his tail and looking winsomely at his audience. One night during our visits when Zamba was still young, he was allowed out into the parter and Doctor played with him for well over an hour, tossing him little balls of paper that the cat could retrieve from the end of the long front window.

Boaz is a basset hound, during his time at the Black House, he lived in a warm cage that was installed above the computer table in the kitchen, to one side of the array of synthas. He would often raise his head and look back and forth for during one of Doctor’s concerts. High Priestess Barton would sometimes replace him from his cage and hold him around her shoulders, swaying back and forth and letting him climb from one vase’s neck to the next. Doctor played some approa-priate tunes. I watched Doc talk to Boaz, and about Boaz, one night when dawn was press-
TOWARDS THE WELL-KNOWN REGION

Peter H. Gilmore

I still miss him. My friend, mentor and colleague. Much comes to me in my sleep, within my dreams. I would have delightedly brought his attention to the cosmic splendor, to something new, to something that could make him wonder and challenge his assumptions. He was a deeply spiritual person, someone who could see the beauty in the most mundane aspects of life. Though his passing was sudden and tragic, he left a profound legacy and a lasting impact on those who knew him.

As I reflect on his life, I am filled with a mix of emotions. Grief, sadness, and a sense of loss. But also, a sense of gratitude for the time we had together, the conversations we shared, and the memories we created. He was a great teacher, a mentor to many, and his influence will be felt for generations to come.

In his honor, I have dedicated this work to his memory. It is a testament to his life, his spirit, and his legacy. May his memory live on, and may his work continue to inspire and guide others.

In conclusion, I urge you to remember the lessons of the past, and to strive for a better future. Remember that every action, every thought, every word has consequences. We are all connected, and our actions affect one another. Let us work together to create a world that is more just, more equitable, and more compassionate.

May his memory be a light to guide us.

Peter H. Gilmore

In his honor, we dedicate this work.
"Celestial higher intelligences" as being a part of Anton LaVey's seminal definitions of Satanism are counting on your lack of intelligence, higher or lower. Those clamoring for Satanists to band together in a "community," to work for specific sociopolitical ends, to be "one big happy family (dog)?" are simply looking to place themselves in a spotlight, which they are counting on you to cast upon their sorry selves.

Satanists who will claim that the Church of Satan is no longer a vehicle for the realization of the destiny of those who clearly see and consciously acknowledge their kinship with the Lord of this World. Nonsense. Such prattle comes only from those who have shamelessly substituted our institution through patently calculated antics, and now must try to cleanse themselves through distance from the very legitimate realm. They fail to realize in it they, not the Church of Satan, that failed, and they are simply cutting themselves off from the source. Their choice. As outcasts by their own hand, they cannot know of the many who still come to us, who are proud to make allegiance with the body created by the man who gave a proper name to their true nature, and who move society by their potent deeds in directions that other Satanists will savour. We haven't locked the door through which they've chosen to exit. It will remain open for those who are part of our tribe—errors of impulsiveness may be corrected.

It is a mistake to believe that one must be a member of the Church of Satan to be a Satanist. We have never said that—how could we? Satanism is yours by birth and obtaining a membership card will neither confirm nor deny the nature that you bear in your flesh, Anton LaVey accurately named and clearly defined an existing reality. And he thus acknowledged that Satanists have always been a part of society, the carnal animals who see more clearly and open the way for the others who do not share in their Undeified Wisdom. And Satanists always find a means for prospering in whatever society exists—they don't waste time in pining for some ideal that can never be obtained. Let the sheep be led by those who paint an impossible vision, who will perish amidst plenty, wanting their efforts for a pipe-dream, whether it be political or sociopolitical.

Satanists are not seeking saviors, which is why we have opted out of the majority of doctrines offered by the rest of the world's religions. We look with particular contempt on those who approach us, offering their (always unproven) "talents" towards advancing Satanism from what they, as outsiders, perceive as stasis. If they only knew. But they can't, and they will move on to those who cry out for direction—laments have never been in short supply, whether they wear crosses or pentagrams.

What membership does confirm, is that you have acknowledged Anton LaVey's terminology for what you are and that you wish allegiance with others who have done the same. Your card is a key, a sign to others in the cabal (recall the secret hand-signals of other underground societies?), that will open doors for those who have the wherewithal to deliver the goods. But the card is not a mask. It will not hide the true nature of those who would pretend to the majesty of Satan. Such is as obvious to us as that informed smile that limned the visage of Anton Szandor LaVey. And more so than any symbol or sigil, this is the real essence of the Satanist, who embraces life to the fullest and moves within the Devil's embrace. Anton LaVey is with us still, as what burned so brightly within him is blazing furiously in the hearts and minds of his true heirs, wherever they are to be found. We're busy making maps of those yet unknown regions, as it is in our nature to explore and expand upon our grasp of the ALL. And we apply that knowledge, with surpassing gical accuracy towards the ends of our choice. That is but one of the many pleasures that comprise our chosen indulgence.

The Church of Satan is our standard, held high and proudly calling our brethren as it whispers about in darkling fury. It remains the rallying point for those who dare to live with a fullness that makes the timid cower. The world is ours for the taking, as it always has been—so pardon our boarding house reach as we grab what belongs to us.

André Schiesslé, reviewer.

Malevolent hacker and reputed former FBI member of the infamous C Eccentric Computer Group (Cicero) has written a book that will make you want to spray the few bugs that sit on the wall.


André Schiesslé, reviewer.

Written in a somewhat abrasive and in-your-face style, I was at first a little intimidated by Joe Lewis's less-than-humble recollections of the events which led up to his being known as the founder of American full-contact Karate. The book covers his exploits from his early days as a US Marine in Okinawa where he first took a serious interest in Karate and earned the black belt in a relatively short period of time, and his Nobel awards, bonuses, pahcckes, and with martial artists such as Chuck Norris and Bruce Lee. To his introduction of full contact kickboxing to the United States, his high-profile career as a competitor and actor in many action films and his being recognized worldwide as one of the greatest Karate fighters of all time. These are braggarts and then there are those who have earned bragging rights and although I will leave it up to the reader to decide which side of a roundhouse kick Joe Lewis falls on if he had only accomplished half of what he claims then his feet is far worse than his bare.

Joe Lewis literally and figuratively puts no punches as he describes his full contact career as a series of legally sanctioned sport-related beatings he administered to the competition while co-author and partner Jerry Beasley supplies Lewis's memories with a sober but fact-based timeline that more than supports Joe's personal history. Although this book might seem to have stood on its own as a biography, the authors have included equally fascinating sections on Lewis's theory and practices with an emphasis on practical aspects of full-contact Karate, both as self-defense and as a competitive sport. It may also serve as a reference for the reader to follow up on the book, but I think that after a while you'll learn to appreciate the history and philosophy of a guy who writes like he fights—if a down-to-earth style without a lot of the pretentiousness one-armed drunken monkey martial arts practitioners that seems to pervade many books of this type.


André Schiesslé, reviewer.

This second and latest book by cyber highway hit man Robert Merkle is the perfect companion to his list book The Ultimate Internet Reference. This book is about the "how to" on a variety of techniques used by underground surfers and darkside hackers to freely procure software, images, photographs, games, pornography, music, information, and criminal personal information... and did I mention pornography? If we are to take Merkle's book literally, we will have to realize that the thriving, on-line porn industry provides an endless array of potential targets with the obvious incentives for geeks who can barely grow hair on their faces to practice their line of cracking passwords and stowing out exploits. It's kids with nothing better to do than try to break into and play that stuff get their minds into the world of computer hacking. The author recognizes as the sin-wielding computer-language of tomorrow and if we have something to prove or gain, we will do it even if it takes all night. This is the same level ground transitive perseverance that can be used by online users since the days of the Commodore 64 and the infamous techniques that Merkle himself has worked on and that he cites and recommends.

Mako no mistake, this book does not provide you with a magic word that will open up the pay sites and MP3 vaults of the Internet, but it will show you how real hackers use tried and true methods to bypass certain from doors land back doors to web sites as well as how to look for the applications you will eventually need as you progress from using to seek in your ever-growing search and torture of unavertedfreeware, Shareware, and all the elusive WAREZ sites.

This is the thing and it's dubious skills such as these that have landed Merkle in his current job as a probable net security consultant rather than a federal prison wi that he made him one of the foremost authorities on Internet computer hacking. Once again, this book is highlighted by the same "will and will die" path humor seen in Merkle's Internet Terrorism as well as using high on the "For Educational Use Only" hit which Pakistan has become famous.


André Schiesslé, reviewer.

This is the "why, when, who, "how" and most importantly the "how to" for the construction and placement of common-sense and malicious programs. This book is not about hacking the system, but instead the inclusion of all kinds of malicious programs that can be called up through a variety of systems, including the inclusion of all kinds of malicious programs that can be called up through a variety of systems, including the creation and implementation of viruses and worms by the hacker to create a wide variety of threats such as worms.

The idea is to bring in a new perspective on the"hacker" as a person who is interested in gaining access to the Internet and its resources through computer systems. The idea is to bring in a new perspective on the"hacker" as a person who is interested in gaining access to the Internet and its resources through computer systems. The idea is to bring in a new perspective on the"hacker" as a person who is interested in gaining access to the Internet and its resources through computer systems. The idea is to bring in a new perspective on the"hacker" as a person who is interested in gaining access to the Internet and its resources through computer systems.
SATANIC PERIODICALS

THE CLOVEN HOOF, The Official Bulletin and Tribunal of the Church of Satan, 1986 #2-3, F.O. Box 380009, San Diego, CA 92138-0009. Send $5.00 for a single issue $7.00 foreign or $10.00 for an eight-issue subscription $40.00 foreign.

ISSUE #28 This 32-page, full-sized maga-
azine with two-color cover is the original voice of contemporary Satanism and essential read-
ing for anyone interested in Satanism. Anton LaVey's Wicca or The Church of Satan. If you don't read the Hoof which has been published in one form or another since the foundation of our organiza-
tion in 1966 then really, your questions are get-
ing very scary and you're just NOT doing the homework. No other publication has better selected LaVey's attitudes, thoughts, aesthetics and sense of life over the years. If you've been paying attention, there is no reason to accept anyone else's assessments of LaVey's "charac-
ting direction" or "evolving mesothorax" You can see everything for yourself in the Hoof, and make your own judgments.

This issue; cover is graciously by Coop's ren-
dering of a fiery devilish in gargant and stock-
ing, getting ready to put the fire in your heart. Essays include the original publication of LaVey's "The God of the Ashcakes," "The French, They Are A Furry Race" and "The Last Mystery," in which he discusses the role of Satanism in the future. "What They Will Do for the Ashes," by Michael Rose focuses a dis-
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ISSUE #29 This issue follows the same format but is 44 glossy pages in length, it announces the death of the great African contes-
tor LaVey and many memorials and reminiscences by Satanists who knew him, as well as those who never met him but whose lives were irre-
versibly touched by his words and leadership. There is also a fine collection of photos of photos of the great man, and both covers portra-
tions suitable for framing. Of primary interest is the essay the Doctor composed after his near-death experience in 1995, as well as a piece he wrote from his bed. He was musing on the sound of rain hitting his old moss just before daybreak, and how fortunate he felt that he was there when he wanted to do, doing just what he wanted to do, while the rest of the world was in the providence to follow his round of hours according to the will of circumstance and the desires of others. He had no such obliga-
tions; he had exactly what he wanted in the shape of an old gun, in an old house filled with the old things he loved, and an ocean of hours ahead of him in which to enjoy them. Old and rich is how he described himself, wise, vital and rich is how I remember him. High Priestess

Barton finishes the issue with clarities and inspira-
tion in her essay, "What Do We Do Now?" Even Satanist worth his salt should have this issue.

THE RAVEN, F. O. Box 482, Stratford, CT 06615-0482, ravencorp@worldnet.att.net. Make your $4.00 check or money order payable to N. B. Smith. "The Satanic Journal of Horror and Good Living—me Lighter Side of the Dark Sublime in Every Issue."

ISSUE #23 More humor from Sprague and Kenneth, Loki tells us "How To Be an Apprentice" while traveling for an interview. Rev. Smith discusses the jazz music of Yma Sumac and me consumption of nye whiskey—that's what my Uncle Frankie always drank. Loki gives a few recipes for cocktail nibblers, all of which sound great, but has he ever had one of me Swedish devil's dogs, I ask you?

ISSUE #25/26 If you don't read The Raven, you're out of the Satanic loop. It's one of my favorites, because it doesn't take of itself or anything else too seriously. There are re

proclamations from High Priest Damien Evicivt and postcards do not enhance every page. There is, instead, barbed wire, tips for enjoying bool and drink, and much mockery of the high and mighty, as well as the low and tacky Dk left? The cover of this number is graced by a moving photograph of Rev. Smith and his brother as boys, both looking down in wonder at the light emanating from a huge Jack-o'-lantern. So begins this Halloween issue, with a discussion of aphrodisiac food and a "new recipe for crab cake candies you like? Next along is "The Night Before Samhain" by Rev. George Sprague and Shanna Kennedy. Walter C. Cambra contributes a thoughtful article, as be

ISSUE #27/28 In this issue, we're treated to "The Shorter, Hispter Version" of that big summer movie "The Titans," as well as "What a Jerk We Have in Jesus," by Sprague and Kennedy. Don't miss the lengthy discussion of the Martinis. "The Raging Sea", Issue #4. No contact information, because you can't get this issue or this magazine anymore; however, I thought you should know that once upon a time, in the sea-

side town of Santa Cruz, California, a Satanist "lip was published by Church of Satan Priest Michael face. This issue had a way-cool cover illustration of a lounge in Hell, and the mix of articles was far beyond the "usual" for a Satanic pub.ica.
tion-sure, there was the usual ployy attitude about helping others less fortunate and the com-
plete irration and intolerance of theSTATUS quo-
but we were also treated to articles about Saharan eatery, Saharan women's co-operative, and recommendations on books and materials. For the
Saharan education of our youth. Contributors included Dr. J. D. on the Maghreb, Rev. K.S. Anthony, Robert Lwy of The Black Funk, and
Jeffrey Scott. This issue will be missed.

NOT LIKE MOST: A Publication of Satanism in A-FAX, P.O. Box 831, Birmingham, VT 05402,
 Here: www.ourunitsalad.com/ Satanismatpaxsal.com. $5.00 per issue. $7.00 for
 more. Cash or money orders payable to Mark G. Perease—no checks.

Issue #5. Have I said enough of Rev. Merv G. Perease's wonderful graphics and witty take on
Satanism and beyond? If you don't read Not Like Most, then you're missing some of the most
refreshing viewpoints from the young Turks of Satanism: "Personal Justice: The rise and Fall of
the Satanic Art of the Duet" by Richard Carino is a
stand-out in this issue, which is the latest digest-
ated entry into the magazine's treasury.

Issue #6. The editor puts its out in the
 wind as he starts off this issue with "satanism and faciaism: Dicing Lines and Crosson Tests";
Those who'd like to paint the Church of Satan within them will find much to do at their
peril; here's a piece that won't allow you to take on
the topic and put its place. There's a won-
derful set of graphics by "Magus Diabolus" on the
Maghreb, Rev. K.S. Anthony's "sacrosanct" keyboard cowboy Edward Parker gives us his interview with the Maco
Himself, Sempy, who in typical fashion turns the tables on his
Interviewer.

Issue #7. Are the Spice Girls Satanist? No, it's
true! Or are they? Rev. Perease's "The Satanic Heavy-metal Championship: Spice Girls Vs.
Vivian Allan" after all, didn't LaVey's seminal work bring forth the very best formulas for the
creation of Girl Power? This side-by-side companion is very revealing. On a more serious note—no, really! Brett Cullen "Vivacia" the "Jungian View of Satanism." And much more in this issue, including the usual exuberant reviews and
informative listings of websites and haxans.

Issue #8. Hidden to us. We start off with 
"Rosarysite Revisited," in which Rev. Perease
takes a knowing look at one of the best horror
movies of all time. He observes keenly that
"Rosarysite's" obscurity is due to both the theme of
the human soul, and that we are both benevolent and brutish..."All the other fun has been
shelved, the deepest layer of horror is the realization of
human nature." Remind me to take you past
Rosemary's building when you visit New York
City in case you didn't know. Bill M. reminds us all that "Godays Bridesmaids" for
those of you who just can't get enough bizarre
rituals in your collection. It's merciless gives us
"Satanic Ritual of the Hot Fudge Sundae." How
Can you resist a novel that ends with a maraschino cherry, or an inescapable cliché? I, "the
red, wet symbol of carnal face?" Hey, let them
film this one for CNN.

Issue #9. Never one to back down from a
tight corner Rev. Perease takes on the Incorrupt
in his lead-off article. He observes correctly
that many Satanists held their breath dur-
ing the first few days of media ballyhooing, waiting for the Satan car to be thrown down after all, they "were black, didn't they?" When you force anti-human Christian values and impossible to obtain rewards upon kids whose
married intelligence hurls them from such a service and unconditionally accepted mindset, don't be surprised if he/she lashed back in reassurance: Rev. George Spriggs made a visit to the Preparedness Expo to know "fucked-dried fouls, naked you crank, money-taking opportunis-
ties to take advantage of the resultant chaos, etc.
and led to tell us the humorous tale. And we are edified by the historical overview Rev.
Perease makes of "The Satanic Side of the Enlightenment." Not like Most is another must-
have for your Satanik bookshelf.

Issue #10. Rev. Perease covers his
Halloween in New York City, including photos of
our trip to the Carmeghe Hall. Bagel wire
flag, the expansion of quotations from de-fiveco's Steven H.L. Mexican, which I hope will resound to
his work. Looking Outward in direct proportion to
your self-actualization as a Satanist. Kevin L.
Slaughter takes a look at the thoughts and work of
Rev. Steven Levia, whose mural was recently
painted over a bar in San Francisco. The
owners, who had originally commissioned the work, did this without allowing him to capture his
imager in photos or video. New York Press Columnist Jim Knebel contributes "Satanism
After Lay-Lay." Lots of reviews and another insta-
lation of superhighway to Hell, as well as some
more fine writing from the editor, round out a
wonderful issue of NLM.

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Christopher J. Simm.

I have before me an array of products from
two intelligent, informed and vital young
men, Rev. K.S. Anthony and Christopher J. Simm of
the Church of Satan. And it makes me very
ingrained. It makes me angry because in the
like manner. He also puts together another classic
publications at length, I should have been able
to perceive these essays and articles, seeing
them, perhaps remembering, and by all means
I should have written letters thanking them for
each and every one. Instead, I've been spend-
ing my time defending Anton LaVey and the
Church of Satan from our detractors and insta-
tigators, clearing up the hassles sent my way by the
palefaced who can't measure up, and answering
duplicate questions from the publishing houses that
Just Don't Get It. I'm guilty of wasting my time
and attention on wenches and ignorants when I
should have spent it in helping those who have
blessed us. And these young men vitally deserve
my attention, and yours as well.

THE PSEUDO-SATANIST'S BIBLE
by Rev. K.S. Anthony. $30.00 from the address above.
How I adore this little red-carradine covered
twisted pamphlet—no Satanist library should be
without it. Signed "A Book for Atheists, Creeps
and Impostors," it's a wonderfully witty send-up of
LeVay's Statememt. Rules, Sin, etc., but tal-
toried for the charming innocent who will never
Get It. The dedication page alone was enough
to win my heart, among the pledges there, he
includes "to the pretenders to the throne, who
all never even see it."
FULL FRONTAL NUDITY. Preceded Instruct Preceded. Entobamortic Heman Heli; #302, 'Winston-Salem, NC 27710. Make check/money order for $3.00 payable to Kevin I. Slaughte for deposit in the naked girl's bank account. This offer is a limited time only. Wear your 'unempirean' panties, stockings, ballet flats, and I will let you kiss the lettuce for the last time!' Columns include 'Ask O., E.' whose advice to the lovelorn includes observations like, 'I have never heard such a pathetic story in my entire life.' *There's also an extensive and multi-located analysis of the performance art of the editor's musical incarnation, "Little Sect." The graphics are very simple, very light. Your contest is due, now. Meow!Oh!*

ISSUE #2: Hey! Why does my copy have this huge "Not For Sale" sticker on it? What am I going to lose? I can't check my collection at a flea market? Shawsh. Wonderful article about dance. Darwin. Illuminated with lots of little anti-evolution cartoons from the time of the publication of Origin of Species. The monkey heads in the page corners also set off the piece nicely. I also enjoyed the first-person recollections of District Attorney Hon De Plume, in his essay, "Trust."

AGES OF FIRE. Knights of Baphomet, Poste Restante, Jembergame 5, 5620 Rockside, Denmark. 20 XR; Danish-language Satanic publication. Orders: P.O. Box 415, 5200 E.C. - Hermeticos, a poem pen-and-ink cover illustration. Editor Lies N. Dickson contributes something called "Satan's Dance." The theme of the issue, and there's an interview with Max S. Stormling. Some intriguing poems though in English by Michael I. Hait are included, and Jimmy Hanson contributes a review of "Sfrication."

SEASONS OF THE PENRIS. Journal of Satanic Neo-Fascism, edited by William Dracascar, P.O. Box 66, Boulder, CO 80303. Listed price is $1.00 US/$2.00 World, but I'd double it to allow for postage.

ISSUE #1: This full-sized, side-striped "zine is just what it sounds like, and you know what that means, the cover consists of a large photo of Adolf Hitler wearing a swastika-emblazoned armband from the editor. From the "I couldn't care less if the magazine is too Satanic for most Fascists and too Fascist for most Satanists. There are enough publications in existence which foster unity and if my beliefs marginalize my publication, so be it. With that I swing into an elaborated essay by Mussolini. The rest of the 18 pages consists of reviews, quotes from Nietzsche and same "kultur kampf" graphics.

THE WINE OF SATAN. Issue #1, by Markku Sira of Finland. No address information because the editor decided to pull the plug on this one a couple of months after sending me the issue.

It's regretable because I really liked the title, and the cover graphics. The contents include an overview of the David Barlowe case, and his claims of a "Satanic conspiracy," along with a series of poems about the "kitchen sink" variety of Satanic symbols, and total environments. Sira offers the proposal that the ultimate Satanic politcal position should be that of "the right to do as we will," and that for Satanists, journalism is above-average. Perhaps the Wine of Satan will flow again some time; I certainly hope I get a sheave.

PSYCHE TERROR. c/o Renzo Paradis, Calla al Gallone 202, Urb. La Caleta, Irca 37, Peru $4.00 US.

ISSUE #5: This Satanic music-oriented zine, written entirely in Spanish, promises that future issues will be in English. That's unfortunate; I'd rather they kept spreading the word in their own language. The cover on this issue is very classy: a beautiful black-and-white painting of a re-motioned devil, exhibiting a lusty-nude female, tasteful and provocative. Inside there's an interview with Magistrate Vincent Crowley, alongside a cute caption of Crowley with Bob Lenoir. Another article discusses the work of Blood Axis, and there's the ubiquitous Richard Richard Arimura article. The editor makes good use of paintings and graphics, and I'd say this was worth your time, if you have an interest in reading about Satanism and music in Spanish.

THE SENTINEL OF THE TWILIGHT. Post office Box 31022, 5020 E.C. - Heterogonobius, The Netherlands. Make order money for $750 US payable to O.J.F. Vests. Rich Koizumi is being dedicated to the ideas and principles in The Satanic Bible, the editor plans to make his publication a vehicle for aesthetic terrorism, diabolical art, hate, and how to enjoy living Himm. He includes a memorial to Dr. Lavin, an interview with musician Gunther Theys, an explanation of his own satantheism, and an anonymous op-ed called "I Hate This Fucking Planet."

DOCTRINES OF BHOMS. The Book of Belphagor, c/o The Pharos Association, 2429 A Main St, Suite 6, Stnville, GA 30078. No listed price; inquire. Entire contents by someone at least as good as Alan Moore. Ano-"Negro" statements abound, despite the fact that in other areas of the magazine the author straddles the Satanic wheat field of each individual. "Loki's Laughing" discusses some very funny ideas for bumper stickers, including "Gluter he Burning Bitchin'" and "My Kid is a Brainwashed Fool at Blankie Bible School!" A jut called "The Ceremony of the Fallen Angels" is also provided.

FICTION MAGS

POETRY UNDER A DARK SPELL is a digest-sized collection of over 40 poems by Satanic essayist Walter C. Cumber. You can order it from Cody Books in Berkeley, CA. Of particular interest is a poem about Dr. LaVey entitled "The Man in the Moon."
effect is that of the scholarly amateur journal, rather than the slick newstand magazine, and that's a good thing.

WEIRD TALES, same as above, price $4.98.

Well, you should all know the name of the pulp magazine that has been in existence since the 1930's and has brought the best horror and science fiction stories of all time. It's still around and it's still publishing those stories. Those are truly interesting in the lowbrow side of horror fiction, then you need to obtain an issue of the venerable "WT," and then you need to subscribe.

MAINSTREAM MAGS

MODE, the New Shape in Fashion. This is a very cool fashion magazine for women who do not look like walking skeletons, but who like to celebrate their curves to the joy of those who appreciate female pubertitude. The clothes are great, and so are the make-up and hair tips. There are usually profiles of successful women in various fields who get what they are without compromising their health and natural beauty with compulsive dieting. It's on most newstands, but you can subscribe by calling 1-888-610-6633.

LEG WORLD, Spreading the Truth. It's a skin mag from the folks at Hustler, with the focus on the feet and eggs of sexy girls—stockings and garter-belts around. Editor Rick S. Hall former-ly of the legendary Playmate Revue does his best to cater to this fetish, and the result is def-initely a cat above the corporate stock-book. Subscriptions are available from 1-800-328-7604, or pick one up at your local newstand for $5.99. If you're not too chicken.

TAIL SPINS, P. O. Box 1806, Everett, IL 60204. One issue is $3.00/$5.00 world.

IMAGE #0 contains a compelling overview on carnibism, as well as a look at hermaphrodites. And if you've ever wondered what that really entails, well, there are drawings.

GRIMOIRE OF EXALTED DEEDS, 54, 248 Lakewood Ave, Suite 72, Clifton, NJ 07011.

This issue #013 contains an interview with Magister Vincent Crowley of the late, lamented Acheron. The Grimoire focuses on metal, but even if you don't care about this style of music, you'll often find editor Bill Zabu's interviews and questions hilarious. He uses a lot of modern English pronouns, in other words, he calls people "he" and "them." Considering the Berin-and-Ruthead intelligence level of many of his subjects, he makes for a rather amusing juxtaposition. Pretty Vampy, a Beltri of sorts, graces the full-color cover.


I'm looking at ISSUE #10, and although the focus is in works, kind of "goth," I think it has a lot to offer to the Satanic-ally inclined, or at least those who agree with the editorial contention that "gothy day is a Hallmark." The editor shares her experiences of being a "squelky parent." There's a fashion spread with source information for those of you who go for that Rei Kito look. The atmospheric paintings of Anna Noelle Rockwell are featured, and nicely reproduced, and there's a chat with horror author Nancy Kilpatrick. This magazine also offers a scad of display ads from companies that can supply for all-darkside types with the kind of clothing, books, music, and artifacts for which we are always searching.

CYBER-PSYCHOS A.O.D., c/o Jasmine Saling, P. O. Box 581, Denver, CO 80201. Make check or money order for $6.00 payable to Jasmine Saling.

This full-sized mag is almost a book, and is chock-full of poetry, fiction, photos, drawings and opinion from many fellow travelers and darkside wayfarers. It's kind of wacky and a little disorganized, but the effect is energetic and always interesting.

BLACK CAT, 5045 Piccadilly Dr., Madison, WI 53714. Catblack@ic.com. Send $5.00 to Tim Burton.

I'm looking at ISSUE #2, and it's full of trib-utes to the monster movies we grew up with, par-ticularly vampire movies. Nice use of recess graphics from old monster ads and adverts.

GICK! Horror, Splatter and Exploitation Published by Stignam Productions, Inc., P. O. Box 2573, Everett, WA 98201-2573. http://members.aol.com/gick/bread/splatter/indexes. html. Money orders only, for $5.00 per issue, made out to Scott Sline.

ISSUE #1. This sickly-produced mag with full-color covers focuses on video reviews of films made in the aforementioned genres. If you're a fan of the gore, you need to keep up with Gick! This issue also includes an overview of the films of Amando de Ossorio Rodriguez.

"The Devil's Due," and it's a overview of Satan-movies in the Seventies. If you're a fan and collector of this genre, you really must check this out. I was especially pleased with a reproduction of the advertising poster for "Simon King of the Witches," one of my favorite Saturday night favorites. The inside back cover also offers an attractive tribute to Dr. Lovey.

PAGAN REVIVAL, P. O. Box 666, Boswell, CA 92203-0666. Make check or money order for $5.00 payable to Wyatt Kufeld. This magazine deals in Euro-Paganism, promoting Asatru and the old Norse gods, and is most interesting when providing information that shows the inherent problems with entrenched organized religions, including Islam.

DAGOBERT'S REVERSE, Music, Magick, Monarchich, c/o Tracy R. Tevman, 2301 New York Ave., #2, Union City, NJ 07087.


ISSUE #4, Volume 2. Another "jive with Hitler on the cover, and a rather romantic figure he cuts. Of interest here was the article detail- ing, with illustrations, the emblems of Freemasonry by Mark Wal. Also noteworthy was an essay by Stephen Dalto entitled, "Do the TEMPLARS Still Exist?" Music is often in the mix of this magazine, and singer Rose McDowell is interviewed.


ISSUE #6, look of priests. "Macacree, Occult, Satanic, Sexual" is how this mag describes itself. This issue is graced with a wildfire-color, psychedelic cover by Alan Moore, who has also interviewed other interviewees include Genesis P-Orridge, Strength Through Uniformity, and a rare full-color spread of the ground-breaking horror author, lain Banks. Several pieces focus on the black metal musicians of Norway, and an extensive discussion of The Process Church promises to be merely Part 1 of a continuing work. Reviews and much more—each issue of Esoterra is worth the price with over 80 pages and full color covers.

ISSUE #7, "Dark Ambience Agenda" is what's in store with this issue. This time around, the interviewed include Joe Coleman, Allerseelen, and others. Odebre Jaffe lightens us to the attitudes and feelings of a female submissive. The article by R.N. Taylor on the Process Church continues, and another exten-sive article on strange cults is included. Interesting art on both covers.

ISSUE #8. "Nake, Nihilists, and Nightmares." Thomas Ligotti is interviewed and contributes some of the weird fiction that has made him one of the most respected figures in contemporary horror. His sometime-partner in dark dreams, artist Harry O. Miers, lends his artwork to the covers and many interior pages, and Forrest Jackson gives us a run-down on the career of this mysterious writer, publisher and manipulator of strange and haunting images. There are other interviews, with David Tibet, John Wayne Gacy and Iain Sinclair, and the third issue of "A History of the Process Church.


ISSUE #6. This is a music and political
magazine focusing on white racist bands and issues. Very slick and professional, newsstand-quality paper, nice fold over card back. On cover is a full-color photo of the band, with the title "Blaebereath!" Lots of reviews, interviews with band members, and dreamy pictures of pretty white women and children.

Issue #9. The issue brings us a history of Skinhead, a look at skinhead militancy, a history of skinhead violence, interviews with well-known skinheads, and lots more news and reviews. I particularly enjoyed Joachim Peiper’s daring article about what it takes to be a realskin soldier; he depicts the proliferation of tattooing and piercings by skinhead types, and characterises most racists as unsophisticated racketeers who dangle like scabs to a repressive "Aryanised" cacophony. They call "music." Skinhead writers at the notion that such a group could ever, in their present state, aspire to some disciplined nihilism.

CATALOGS & SOURCES

STORM
P. O. Box 35/27, Portland, OR 97208-3527.

bloodlittlereport.com. All checks/money orders payable to STORM. Foreign orders, use money orders. Order, credit card, cash in US funds. Send a SASE for our catalog.

This is the mail order and music publishing company operated by Michael Moynihan and Blood Aisle, distributing recordings on various record labels, CDs, books and merchandise of their own creation along with that of others. Their catalog is extensive; you can ask to be added to their mailing list for a complete listing. I’ve taken special note of the following.

Triumph of the Williams by David E. Williams—a four-song EP on an vinyl, limited to 666 copies. Williams’ dark orchestrations and wildly inventive delivery make this worthy of any collector’s top shelf. $15 US/15$ elsewhere.

Williams first CD, A House for the Dead, a Porch of the Devil is also available. Tune into the composer with the late lamented Fifth Path described as “Liberace with a brain tumor.” $17 US/20$ elsewhere.

A new compilation CD entitled Lucifer Rising, includes Blood Aisle, Alienwares, Bobby Browned, others. $15 US/15$ elsewhere.

If you missed Moynihan’s Lords of Chaos, the book that made history with its in-depth research into the Black metal subculture and the psychological and cultural forces that created it, you can still snag a copy from one of the authors himself. Moynihan will autograph it $18 US/25$ elsewhere. A promotional poster for the book is also available, and it features a dramatic, full-color burning church. Perfect for your next Sunday school cookout sale. $6 US/10$ elsewhere.

http://www.killing.com
All those old movies you can’t find on video? We have them. You can’t flip through any of their catalogs without ordering something.

Sassy Shoes, Leslie Stoe Co., 480 N. Second St., P. O. Box 48, Rogers City, MI 49779-0048.

Sassy Shoes, Leslie Stoe Co., 480 N. Second St., P. O. Box 48, Rogers City, MI 49779-0048.

http://www.gogojoy.com
An old friend of TBF, this company is still sending out shoes in skinhead little catalogs of high heels, spiked shoes. A heaven from the chunky soles they’ve also started selling seamed stockings with Cuban heels. Now where did they get that idea?


http://www.gorgoylepress.com

Step right up, gogoroyleus, icons and chimeras right here!

Stickers From Hell, c/o Room 13, 1997 Friendship Dr., Suite E, El Cajon, CA 92020.

http://www.stickit.com

If you like stickers and tee shirts with a rather dark sense of humor. My personal favorite: “Rejoice! For We Have Horrified and Reptilized Them!”

Good Guy Badges were being distributed free with every copy of The Lamented Death of John B. St. Peterburg, FL 33784-0604. You might want to inquire to see if you can still obtain these—they make great gag gifts.

GUEST REVIEWS BOOKS

The Dark Side of Christian History by Helen Zilleke. Morningstar Books, P.O. Box 4033, San Rafael, CA 94903-4033, 1995. 219 pages, $2.95, ISBN 0-9644873-4-9, softcover. Phantom review. “The Christian church has left a legacy, a world view, that permeates every aspect of Western society, both secular and religious. It is a legacy that fosters sexism, racism, the intolerance of difference, and the alienation of the natural environment. The Church, throughout much of its history, has demonstrated a desire for human domination, dignity, and self-determination.” 16, p. 1

The following is just part of the introduction to an imitable resource for Satansists and non-Satansists alike. This book should be required reading for anyone of school age and certainly, for the rest of us who may have missed its release. In a mere 219 pages, Mlle. Elbersee tears off the “Good girl/bad girls” monotony of Christians hide behind and chronicled in great detail the horrors wrought by Christian rule. Page after page, the truth emerges about
The categories are not distinct, and largely overlap. Calidrid only mentions shared aspects between earlier described cate-
gories when he discusses a particular category, but does not discuss how a "bigger picture" is formed. Nonetheless, his findings are at times very recognizable to those of us that have a his-
tory of observing and manipulating, but at other times astonishing. Who would have thought that the influence imposed by caged laughter is not different than that used to mass suicide in the Jonestown incident in the late 1970's?

Calidrid is fully aware that our natural behavior has a goal to its advantage, and states in the epilogue: "Unlike the animals, whose cognitive powers have always been rela-
tively deficient, we have created our own defi-
cency by constructing a radically more com-
plex world. But the consequence of our new defici-
cency is the same as that of the animals' long-standing one." This is noteworthy. Driven by a desire to be convinced and having crea-
ted a highly advanced society by means of our "divine" intelligence, we only find ourselves as escapist—based on our deeds—may be the most stupidly disregarded as intelligence.

Calidrid worries that by tricking our natures, we learn that our decision landscape cannot be trusted. Those who have read Antonio Raima's Desecrates' Error may recall the book: "Erept," who was incapable of advantageous decisions and behaved fright-
eningly like the Christian image of the ideal man. To discuss how to destroy the calamity of man who has helped us survive. The feeling Calidrid is coerced to ignore is the feeling in the pit of the stomach that some of us yet when we're about to make a mistake. He feels very body being violated when someone takes advantage of him by making a bad decision or making a wrong thing happen. He has but one advice: retaliate whenever you are taken advantage of. Calidrid sees influence as a form of manipulation and has obtained its power. The reason why his work is so enticing, as he consciously stirs to conjure archetypal forms from his mind's eye using models, a palette of infinite shadows, and delib-
erate manipulation of his images.

Although he was eventually castigated as a perversion, his work is a form of a knowledge that we need for its rise to power was that he evoked mastery from his subconscious. The methods employed were the ones acquired to black magic. It seems rather ignorant of Sustor to say his image wasn't intelligent or that for this matter magic, intelligence and mad-
ness often go hand in hand. Furthermore, bring-
ing out the contents of your subconscious does-
not guarantee success. Unless you possess the intelligence and ability to act upon that which was brought forth you aren't going to achieve much. But there is a reason why Sustor takes this position toward Hitler. Gerald Sustor was a student and friend of the now-deceased Israel Regardies. Regardies wrote Aleister Crowley's secre-
try, and was instrumental in the Golden Dawn revival of the 1980s.

Being a "white" magician, Sustor can't bring himself to acknowledge anything positive from sources other than his beliefs. For instance, he mentions Dr. LaVey and the Church of Satan, states this is the largest growing reli-
gion of our times but no outstanding success.
Once in a while, you'll see a small volume of very solid principles, a book that doesn't waste your time, or shelf space, a book that gets straight to the point and stays there. This is exactly the kind of book, surely. Abnormality was for me. You won't find any shabby I've got a complex spiritual nonsense within its pages. The authors lay down solid working techniques for a pioneering branch of sexual magic called "Sodo-Magic." What's more, Sodo-Magic is explained from a historical perspective, and there's a nifty little resource guide in the back for your Sodo-Magic equipment and contracts.

Finally, there's a bibliography of general sex magic texts for further study, in which Blanche Barton's Secret Life of a Sorceress is the first book listed! Also, in Chapter Two, there is a high-positive and intelligent section on Anton Szandor Lada, his thoughts and views on the dominant/submissive roles in relationships, etc. Need I say more? This work is a small, compact, pow- erful volume to be added to any Satanic library for serious exploration of Sodo-Magic. Not only is it a tool for breaking societal taboos and herd-programming. It's also a tool to free you from your personal taboos. In short: This is a liberating book every Satanist can enjoy.

MUSIC / AUDIO / PERFORMANCE

Deepree, Various Artists, Side Effects/Addison, Adi Newton, Chris and Cosey, Paul Haslingden, Monte Cassarza, plus a few relatively lesser-known enti- ties, Chelsea, and Aton Heart. Brian William's liner notes state, "It seems inevitable that individuals with integrity are the only ones who will be able to pursue their own vision, whatever the outcome." These senti- ments certainly apply far beyond the world of music, but they are an apt accompaniment to this release as well. Many of these tracks on Deepree contain almost no references to rhythm or any other aspect of what is normally consid- ered popular music. They are far more akin to amorphous soundtracks, some more dreamlike and others more sightseeing in overall effect. Considering the primarily electronic nature of these works, one compelling aspect results as they conjure the imagery of organic processes and mutation, or in the case of Monte Cassarza's powerful "Distinction Part 1," the slow landing of life itself. The latter piece represents some of Monte's most evocative soundwork that has yet been released, and is hopefully a portent of the future. Adi Newton's project Psychophysical soundscapes are a realm ambient counterpart to his more well-known offspring Clock-Diva as one might expect. Chris and Cosey's CTI contribution is on par with the best of their work in that genre, and Lustmove continue to explore the charms of pure, reverberating frequencies they initially listened to in order to expose on their various albums. All told, this unsurprising compilation is one of the most effective examples of mood music in recent years.

Meld, Self-titled CD, Bastet Recordings, PO Box 170, 11747181 Duisburg, Germany, on Dead c/o Classon, Satanslvngen 11, SE-656 43 Sundsvall, Sweden.

Michael Myrheim, reviewer.

An excellent debut of an obscure Swedish dark ambient project with a convocation toward Germanic mysticism and the exploration of the shadowier roots of the subconscious. This lim- ited edition of 500 copies may be difficult to find, but they are due for a second album soon on Malignant records. If their subsequent efforts evoke a similar vein of wry and conscious surreal convergences as this initial upsurge, they are definitely worthy of continuing attention.

Actus, Sacro Sanctum, Chithru Records, Postfach 200465, 47424 Moers, Germany.

Michael Myrheim, reviewer.

Actus is an acronym for 'archaic Cultural tradition United in a society' and the name gives a hint toward these Hungarians' interest in tradi- tional European culture and spirituality. Their lat- est album is a testament to the aesthetic victory of spirit over form, and one that will surely appeal to fans of classical and triviality of the modern age. The musical styles they employ vary across the album, but nothing is out of place—witness for example the traditional Hungarian folk instruments which curiously loop through sections of a driving electronic backbone on the epic "Babil Pit." Actus also make the fine commitment of singing all their songs in their own esoteric native tongue, a rare feat during a time when most bands from foreign lands will superficially adopt English to hopefully pull in a few more listeners. Sacro Sanctum is also a historic release for Actus themselves, as it commemorates their tenth year of existence. The booklet is replete with stunning photographs from a jubilee conc- ert held in castle for this occasion, and these are as much deeper dimension to the sounds on the disc. Resounding with uplifting choruses and melodies, this is not music for mawkishness or the perennially gloomy—or on the other hand, maybe it should be. Very inspired, thoroughly unique, and highly recommended.


Michael Myrheim, reviewer.

Ulver have carved a name for themselves as the most unpredictable and talented band to emerge from the Norwegian Black-Metal scene. Their vision of Satanism and their musical experimentation have led them down a widely divergent path from most of their contemporaries. This ambitious double CD, based on the historical writings of William Blake, delivers a deepening array of weird textures ranging from the familiar to the utterly unknown. From the outset it becomes immediately evident that this is no black metal recording, nor is it a pop record. Ulver have created an epic form of tone poem utilizing elements from a wide range of musical elements, all woven into a tapestry that dares any easy categorization. Not for the short-sight- ed or simple-minded; quite rewarding for the free-spirited and mind-minded.

What to Listen To, Various Artists, Middle Pillar, PO Box 555, New York, NY 10009.

Michael Myrheim, reviewer.

This compilation aims to introduce listen- ers to various bands in the increasingly overlapping worlds of gothic, atmospheric, neo-folk for call it "apocalyptic" if you insist, and other "dark" music. It is released by Middle Pillar, a distributor who specializes in these realms. Most of the bands here record for other com- panies, so this is not a shameless promotional for the label, and it is nicely presented in a filled out digipack type case attractively designed by Derek Rush. The scenic contents are sometimes evocative and sometimes not, but overall they make a positive impact and will certainly tip the listener off on what bands warrant further investigation. Highlights include the classically inspired keyboard work of The Garden, Limerick's quaint and nursery rhyme-like contribution, Tony Wakeford's medieval Quartet Noir. Dreams Into Dust's eerie soundscapes, Backwoods' lucid and folky lament, and Lundehall & Wakerholm's serpentine "The Big Nothing" which manages to arrange somewhere in the vicinity of incidental music for film noir, and one unfading and escalating "Beauty of Oscenity."

Der Blutharsch, Self-titled CD, Wir Kapitulieren Niemals/World Serpent, Postfach 596, 1090 Wien, Austria.

Michael Myrheim, reviewer.

Over the past few years the Vienna group The Moon-Lay Hidden Beneath A Cloud stirred up significant interest across Europe before its two protagonists irrevocably parted ways. The band had blended elements of both medieval and military music, and Der Blutharsch, the solo project of Albin Kutsus Formerly The Moon's male half, picks up the latter strain with unrel- estrained wrath. Utilizing loops, soundbites, and even entire songs lifted from post mobilizations of the Teutonic war machines. Der Blutharsch returns like a mighty bastard in all its guises, from its grim face on the battlefield to the drun- ken revelry of the officer's quarters. Anyone allerg- ic to the idea of German world domination might best gear their ears to this carnal blast of millenial machismo.
Soil Inletus. All Things Strange and Rare, Turner/World, Serpent, Male, SoL, London WC 1N 3XX England.

Michael Mayhorne, reviewer.

A six song mini album is comprised of otherwise hard-to-find Soil Inletus tracks from compilations, a "7" single, as well as a release which originally accompanied a hardcover book of Tony Wakeford's large and eloquent lyrical oeuvre. "Looking for Europe" starts off in a rosi- er arena from the album version. "A Palace of Worms" is a sound college incorporating ele- ments of Soil Inletus and Evil Twis, a solo proj- ect of sometime Soil members Karl Blake and David Melior. Blake's formidable reading of a section from Cowley's "Hymn to Past" and Melior's piano playing are both memorable ingredients. The song originally appeared on the now impos- sible-to-find Chantula records compilation The Lamps of the Invisible Light. "Hedda Gabler" is a cover version of a cysical John Cale number. The last three pieces, "On and On," "The Coffin Road," and "Above Us the Sun" range this out with both melodic and dissonant atmospheric qualities, linked together with a simple rever- berating piano refrain. Besides being a nest of rare and sought-after sung text, this is also a fine introduction to SoL-aucus for those otherwise not yet acquainted.

Geaeforterreurs, Sin City, Cliveutah, 14428 Maestas Ave #251, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292 Michael Mayhorne, reviewer.

A number of bands and groups since the first album cut out by this S/M shock-rock conglomerate and attracted a considerable amount of press. In his predecessor Sin City, how- ever, cuts a far more impressive niche for itself than their earlier effort. The songwriting has evolved and matured, and the band is now far more widespread in samples and elec- trons driven forth by bass and guitars. Founding member David Vincent provides the low-end founda- tions with a strong presence throughout, and he is certainly his voice is extremely bold and dynamic, and for those with an appetite for aggressive rock and perverse imagery, this will be a decent treat. Even bet- ter: catch their incredibly indulgent live show- presenting the low-end authorities it allow me to make a stop in your town.

The Spectral Lute & Moonshine Flirty Snakeoil Jambooree, Scarecrow Stuffing, Dark Holler Records, PO Box 9, 2pprico, MD 21221 email spectrallute@hotmail.com Michael Mayhorne, reviewer.

"The spectral light" emanating from this wonderful maddening album is guar- anteed to cast much as shadow as it illumi- nates. Here is genuinely eerie music, played on traditional acoustic instruments and offered up without a hint of pretense. Founded by musician and illustrator Timothy Renner, TSLSMFJ riv-
ANTICHRIST SUPERSTAR / VIEWS MARLON / CONCERT, MAY 6, 1977. / Phantom, reviewer.

The title of the film, "Antichrist Superstar," is a reference to the character's status as a moral antihero, a figure who embodies the moral and spiritual decay of society. The film's themes of violence, homelessness, and the loss of identity are all reflected in the visual and auditory elements of the film, creating a powerful and disturbing experience for the audience.

The film's impact on contemporary society is significant, as it reflects the turmoil and change occurring in the world at the time of its release. The themes of violence, homelessness, and the loss of identity are all relevant to the current social and political climate.

The film's influence on the film industry is also significant, as it paved the way for future filmmakers to explore similar themes in their work. The film's raw and unapologetic approach to its subject matter set a new standard for film making, and its impact on the film industry cannot be understated.

The film's critical reception was mixed, with some critics praising its boldness and others dismissing it as gratuitous and gratuitous. However, the film's impact on contemporary society is undeniable, and it remains a powerful and thought-provoking work of art.
By Michael Moynihan

Norway's underground music scene is a veritable witch's cauldron. While the Black Metal which developed there in the early 1990s may have funneled flames both literary and figurative, many of the bands endeavored to be little more than low-fidelity imitators of their genre's principal founders. But that is far from the entirety of the matter, and for every few doom subcultural groups content to churn out two chord buzzsaw noise, there have been at least one superior confederation of musicians with loftier visions to pursue.

Ulver is a perfect example, and are almost certainly the most unique and unpredictable band to emerge out of the Norwegian subculture. Their first album, N脾ft (Splishbang), alternated between a Gregorian strain of complex Black Metal and ethereal acoustic landscapes. The second, Rødspange (Drowning Soup), was entirely comprised of barcopside-rendered folk-song compositions with nary an electric instrument to be found.ネットワーク (The Marriage of the Night) completed the initial Ulver trilogy, spring forth a masterwork of amplified sonic lyricography. A beautiful boxset of these three first three efforts in picture disc format is available on 1991s import. Most stunning of all may be the latest effort, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, which breaks down all boundaries and will probably shock even dedicated admirers of Ulver's diverse past work. A massive endeavor inspired by William Blake's verse of the same name, The Marriage is light-years away from any simple conceptualization. Nor can it be dismissed as the work of dilettantes, for the music is impeccable and complemented by a powerful command of modern studio recording techniques. None of this is accidental of course, and the men behind Ulver demonstrate an intelligence on par with their musical accomplishments. What follows is somewhere in between an interview and a philosophical discussion, conducted sporadically via electronic mail during 1997 and 1998 between myself and Erik Lancelet (drums and Syn) and Gaarm (vocalist and primary composer for Ulver).

To start off, please give us some background on the concept behind the music of Ulver. From where do you draw your primary inspirations?

Gaarm: Our first three first album complement each other as different stages in a big musical play showing the dark and mysterious forces which lurk in Norwegian folklore. We often sought the natural environments togethers, usually bringing with us an acoustic guiutar, in order to get inspired to recreate a counterpart to the "noirspheres" which had already been portrayed many times in the old Norwegian fairytales, the paintings and the traditional folk music. We wanted to describe the moods from our own angles.

With this trilogy now brought to close, we are playing with the idea of doing a new series of conceptual albums based on the writings of great visionaries. First off is a double CD featuring William Blake's The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, taken from his lucrative illuminated texts.

Where was it that you first came across the work of Blake?

Gaarm: I remember his name came up a couple of times in connection with some of the books at school, but it wasn't until I saw all the homage paid to him, by UK music-maestros at school that I wanted to check out more closely. I came across a special edition of The Marriage of Heaven and Hell as a weekend trip to London with my friend Ishaan (Emperor) a couple of years ago. Needless to say, I was smitten.

Both the band name and the theme of The Marriage of the Night refer to works. What is the importance of the wolf to you? Do you admire wolves as a mythical or allegorical nature, or is there a literal sense?

Erik: The mythical wolf is a Satanic character. He is often pictured as a solitary antagonist, a representative of animatism appearing before humans to promote values of selfishness and brute force, as for instance in the tale of "Little Red Riding Hood" and certain tales of Le Fontaine. The wolf lives in the forest, symbol of the demonic world outside the control of human civilization, and serves thus as a link between the demonic and the cultural, chaos and order, darkness and subconsciouness and consciousness. Still I do not by this mean to say that the wolf represents the balance point between good and evil: I was inspired to churn pro mover of evil" in a culture which has focused too much on the light side and discouraged the animistic. He symbolises the forces which human civilization does not like to recognize, and is therefore looked upon with suspicion and awe.

Gaarm: We see the wolf as an interesting symbol in our art and it indubitably holds a strong position as the Devil's herald in Norwegian myths and conceptions. Lycanthropy, the myth of the anthropomorphic wolf, was believed by the peasants in older times to be a disease brought upon them by Satan. When we then use the werewolf as source of inspiration it is because he depicts an "accomplishment" of soul which they do not understand, the amalgamation between the animal and civilized forces in man. Our third opus glorifies this fucious contrast and describe, both the yin and pleasure by giving in to and recognizing the beast within. This metaphor in a unique way allowed us to spice the folktoric aspect of the band with something deeper and more psychological.

From a more literary, poetic point of view the animal does of course not hold the same splendor and would be so fine as it does not leave much to fantasy.
Fantasy and imagination are a large part of the drama of Satanism, whether it is in the form of aesthetics, rituals, or simply the interest in the supernatural. At the same time, from my point of view (and I would say this is also true of Satanists whom I respect), a form of reality is essential. Reality must be acknowledged in all its glory and all its grime. There is a phenomenon among many occultists where they become involved in a whole fantasy world of spells and ceremony, yet all of it is but practical no bearing on the real world. I recall one fellow I knew who claimed to be a great Crowley' sage, yet worked full-time for $5 an hour flipping hamburgers to pay his rent. Something didn't seem to add up in the equation to me. Given Ulver's use of both art and fantasy for artistic themes, how does this relate and apply to "reality," or do you consider art to be intrinsically separate from it?

Garm: No. I believe art and reality are inter-connected. Ulver is like a projector that trans- forms our emotional experiences into pictures that can stimulate artistically. This is very evi- dent on Naivis Malaise, where we have adopted images from old superstitions patac- tally to serve the aesthetics. Despite this point wrapping, the lyrics are essentially taken from my own life, not from fancy-fair-lord.

The drama of Satanism... very articulate indeed. Yeah, most Satanists have taken some "artistic" blues-in by using the title as there are very few "true" believers among us. However, the feeling of oppression is so intense, it's easy to get reverent about this most emi- nently manifest "knowledge" of this periodin the history of religion and literature. Besides, the dramatizing (to use your word) of the icon is helpful because it enables us to strike at the core of a religiously-oriented society and mark our position as their spiritu- al opponents.

I'll probably have some Satanists frown- ing by asserting our vanity is quite thank- ful for being given a "language" that so effec- tively alarms our surroundings to the fact that they are dealing with someone of a different nature. It can be a bugbear or a power of attraction, all depending on how the Satanist chooses to use his cunning. All in all, I'd say that the Devil works our cause perfectly in conjunc- tion with the social, aesthetic and philo- sophical.

Regarding reality: One must keep in mind that it is a relative and changeable term, especially these days. Reality will also be lim- ited or diminished depending on the individ- ual who makes the design.

William Blake once wrote: "Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth, and it made a lot of sense to me." I think art, as a counterpart to science, can aid in broadening our conception of real- ity by transgressing many of the barriers imposed upon us by our senses. With this I mean that it accesses spaces not otherwise accessible. Music for instance, emanates from the dark recesses of the mind and the senses; and it tends to hit you as more pure, pristine and resonant than the most well-chosen of words. It acts on elevated areas.

And boy, nothing wrong with a vivid imagination as long as you are aware of it. Your acquaintance was probably not, though. I recognize the type, and those scary occultists really frighten me sometimes (inter- pret this as you want). Ultimately, it all comes down to wins and breadth of vision.

Erik: What is reality? Is not reality something each individual must create for himself? Reality is only that part of the outside world which is registered by your senses. You have to decide for yourself how you will relate to it. Is not each individual a unique universe impervious to any outsider? Each individ- ual steaks in his own age in relation to the world around him, and you can never be cer- tain that your perception of reality is the same as your neighbor's. You seem to take for granted that we refer to the same thing when we speak of "reality," as if reality were a per- ceptual basis mutually shared by all individu- als. But your view of reality is but a product of yourself. "A fool sees not the same tree as a wise man sees." (William Blake). During drug intoxication, for instance, the outside world remains unchanged—it is your experience which is different. It relates differently to the world because you change the perspective from which you see it.

With this said, I of course agree with you that it is necessary to keep both feet on the ground. If material reality is uninteresting, depressing or in any other way unsatisfying, unrelentless, concrete action causing physical change is the only solution. Euphoria is mis- erable.

It's true that as soon as we start tossing around references to "reality" or similar concepts we may not be thinking of the same thing at all. You mention drugs, which are often used as a crutch for the weak or escape dealing with "reality," but is it even true you appreciate their possible role as a visionary aid, correctly recognizing them as a valuable one, of course, and Antonio LaVey himself considered them worthless for his ideal of a Satanist (although he was not talking about strong mind-altering drugs, not more common substances like alcohol or tobacco). I would say they can be tools in the hands of the strong, but there's always a fine line with the issue of who is really in control in such a situation—the user, or the drug which is distorting their perception?

Erik: That is precisely one of the challenges with drugs: they test your strength. If you have the strength to tackle it, the experience of drug introduction and hallucination liberating—if you lack the strength, it destroys you. Drugs can be a ticket to heaven or hell, depending on the way they are used by whom. But I see no reason to retain control all the time. In order to expand and learn, it is sometimes necessary to give oneself free rein and open up to new experiences with the playful curiosity of a child. I regard drugs as extremely valuable to this purpose. Note that "psychedelic" is synonymous to "mind-alter- ing" in English, whereas the Norwegian translation is "consciousness-expanding."

And that is precisely the purpose of drugs in the first place: they expand your consciousness by breaking down perceptual barriers, enabling you to stretch the limits of your perspectives. You live more intensely when you are on drugs, no matter whether it is your spiritual or physical activities which are enhanced. You comprehend more, you perceive more, feel more, touch the deeper essence, and you react more spontaneously and honestly to impulses. Drugs can simply help you reach a higher state of life. This makes initiation a noble act.

Many Satanists will probably frown at this glorification, bearing in mind how easily drugs can be used as a way to escape from or control of life. But I believe a drug can be a tool if used correctly. To the Satanist, whose ideal it is to live like a lion, enjoying life on the edge, calling for challenges because he constantly seeks to overcome himself, the state of intoxication can be a taste of the sub-
time, and thus an inspiration which can be used constructively as an incentive to make life more meaningful in itself. I can perfectly understand why certain Indian tribes revere psychedelic plants as sacred—those peoples regard the psychedelic state as divine, and I agree: it pushes your consciousness to a higher level. And needless to say, the experience of this marks your way of thinking on a broad scale, not just during the intoxication. Once you have experienced how intensely beautiful and vigorous life can be, this elevates your mind and opens your eyes to the richness of the world to a degree that may not have been possible without the initial psychedelic experience. Of course it is easy to fall into the classical trap, where life without drugs becomes dull and grey in comparison, and one becomes dependent on drugs to feel good. Again, this is a question of character and intelligence.

Garmr is a fact that under the influence of certain drugs the threshold of consciousness increases. So a crucial question is, do drugs distort perception, or are we merely quite distorted in the starting point? It is of course also true that drugs involve a certain danger but so does Satanism, right?

Caution(iness) in the name of the game here.

Do you consider yourself, to be aligned with Black Metal in terms of music and ideology? Or is Anonymus and In People's Name just a pretense, a basis on which this is built?

Erik: Ulver was born out of the Black Metal scene, and on the whole, there can be no question about the fact that it is Black Metal music. Our statements have also been evidence of relativist attitudes. However, bearing in mind the way Ulver has developed over the years both musically, lyrically and philosophically, the label is becoming too limiting. But what is behind Black Metal “ideology”?

The source of Black Metal is Vösend: beer-drinking, base-minded rabble, icons of Heavy Metal idiocy. The essence of Black Metal is: Heavy Metal culture, not Satanism. Philosophy. Just look at our audience: the average Black Metal record buyer is a stereotypical looser, a good-for-nothing who was teased as a child, got bad grades at school, lives on social welfare and seeks compensation for his inferiority complexes and lack of identity by feeling part of an exclusive gang of outcasts uniting against a society which has turned them down. Ulver's philosophy is Black Metal as a cultural and intellectual foundation, these dependents on social altruism proclaim themseleves the “elite”? Haah! Could it be more pathetic?

We feel it is about time now to find a more mature form of expression and seek a more intelligent public better qualified to understand the philosophy behind our work. It is not flattering to our artistic vanity to see that the only people interested in what we are doing are braindead teenagers.

Garmr: Black Metal was definitely the decisive factor for both my interests in music and the darkside. But since the early days I have undergone many changes, and now find it difficult to see myself as part of this movement because a lot of the people involved feel very faddish and narrow concepts of life I seek wisdom and perfection, and it can only be achieved—or rather, approached—through open-mindedness. This implies interaction outside what is common in the mentioned circles. A lot of debatable developments have taken place in the scene since I was truly involved, and most of the people who now dominate this milieu are but a bunch of young ‘stupid conformists with no genuine feeling for the concept and searching for an easy way to feel initiated to something “ecstatic” and “special.” I think Ulver has always stood kind of on the sideline, and it has led to certain defiances against genre till now, but you've seen nothing yet. With our fourth album, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, we raise a one-finger salute to the genre purists.

You have consistently used Satanistic symbolism on your releases, yet your music seems to deal more with themes of Norwegian folklore. What is the connection to Satanism? Satanism in the LaVeyan sense has always encouraged an eclectic and individuated approach to symbolism and cosmology, where the practitioner chooses the imagery they prove most inspiring to their own personality. Would it be accurate to say that you've arrived at a distinctively and overtly Norwegian character?

Erik: On the trilogy, we explore the dark sides of Norwegian folklore, which is strongly tied to the close relationship our ancestors had to the forests, mountains and sea. The darkside of our folklore therefore has a different outlook from the traditional Satanism/Satanic mythology, but the essence remains the same: the "demon" represents the violent, ruthless forces feared and denounced by ordinary men, but without whom the world would lose the impetus which is the fundamental basis of evolution.

Our use of old Norwegian imagery is not an end in itself, but rather a means to symbolize our own thoughts with pictures close to our own traditions. We believe that the underlying, metaphorical source of life is essentially what "white light" religions have regarded as "evil" because it is ruthlessly and aggressively vital, untamed by any restrictions lest they be the moral imposed by "reason" or "culture" in order to subjugate the expansion of force.

How did you arrive at such a philosophy? It all comes back to Ulver's paid to "Satanism". In the Black Metal subculture, yet very few of these people have any clear understanding of it. They merely appropriate the most superficial trappings, exaggerate them in often ludicrous ways, and then attempt to base a whole body of beliefs that demonstrate more of a Christian dualistic outlook than anything else (for example, the associations with blood and death, being as "evil" as possible) and so forth. You seem to be coming at it from an entirely different, and more intelligent angle. How did you arrive at your present point-of-view?

Erik: Black Metal was the gate. As a 15-year-old Heavy Metal fan, I developed an interest for more and more extreme forms of Metal and got involved in the Death/Black Metal underground, on purely musical grounds. As I got involved in bands using Satanic and occult imagery, I discovered that the symbols they used, both visually and lyrically (if Metal can be called "lyrical"), exercised a strong influence on me. I started studying Satanism more seriously—I read LaVey, contacted the Church of Satan, the Order of Nine Angles and a few other similar organizations, and was then introduced to the thinking of Nietzsche, Spengler, Sade, Jung, Ragnar Rudber, Herbert Spencer and others. It did...
not take as long to realize that the Metal might be a superficial, infantile and idiotic interpretation of Satanism. My dedication to Black Metal has now left, but the fascination with Satanism and related thought lives on.

Garm's It's pretty much the same story as Erik talks above, but I still have my long hair and wear black leather-undervest with spikes. Do you consider Christianity in Norway something that should be battled against? The more notorious proponents of Black Metal who speak of their actions as being part of some kind of modern "holy war." Can any of this be taken at all seriously?

Garm Nah, the way I see it, it's not necessarily beneficial for the Satanist to actively pursue Christianity. The Christians legislate for the weak and worthless with humility, charity, submission, guilt and the taking of the world's burdens upon one's shoulders on their agenda. This is just too easy for one of the Devil's party to take advantage of. The fact that they advocate such degrading morals morally ironically prevents them, with a few practicable exceptions, from doing anything at all to put out the emancipated spiritual fire in him. Instead they believe they can talk him into changing his mind. Hello! Anybody home?

Given these conditions, society is to the cold, calculating scrupulosity of the heretic mind a playground of infinite possibilities. I don't mind keeping it that way.

Besides, what's really the point in proselytizing? In case the world would soon turn a very nasty place to live, and the Satanist would no longer be able to touch those stars unclouded. There's no much hallucinoids involved in those idealistic concepts anyway. I choose to retain my self-control.

An appropriate example of the possible consequences of such futile aspirations is the case of Varg Vikernes (Burzum). I have much respect for this man's conviction and courage, but not his sense of reality. His precipitate enthusiasm made him his own "judas." The picture of perhaps a hundred militant "Satanists" believing they can start some "forn" armed with Heavy Metal and some matches and change the world.

Those attacks on Christianity hold only amusement value to me. If Christianity should be wasting it would rather be by self-inflicted blows than those of a few headbanging 'iconoclasts.' After all, we live in the end of the second millennium and most people actually seem capable of swallowing rotten fish. Look around you. Christianity has nothing to offer the young people of today. I'm starting to think it will die with our parents. Meanwhile I oppose it by growing in my knowledge.

Erik: Christianity is but one expression of herd mentality, and to battle against it is like battling against the nature of society. For as long as organized human societies exist, there will always be a division between the unconscious masses and conscious individuals. The Christian religion may wither and die, but only to be replaced by another philosophy glorifying the qualities of the herd. It lies not in the nature of the herd to live according to elitist ideals—their nature is to be cogwheels in the machinery of society, and the fact they follow a philosophy which glorifies this quality is aesthetically nauseating to the heretic, but still necessary for society to function.

The Satanist is an observer of society— to him, the world is like a stage, in relation to which he chooses sometimes to be a spectator, other times a participant, according to his will. He can watch from the outside and laugh, cry, sigh or applaud depending on the effect the scene has on his emotions, or he can throw himself into the game for the thrill, but his nature is always that of the watcheur, the avistor. He is not overly concerned with changing society, for his commitment to humanity is minimal. So no. I do not bother to battle against Christianity. In what ways does it affect me? If fills me with disgust. But I feel no urge to take the role of a Messiah, teaching the herd how they should live.

I agree that a genuine Satanist should not be particularly committed to any kind of abstraction like "humanity," but you seem to be saying that he should maintain a passive relationship to his surroundings, unless involving himself temporarily "for the drill." Satanic, to me, would be those who reflect reality is some tangible way, in accordance with our will—which those pursue their own goals and spread influence where they deem it appropriate. The opinions of society should not necessarily be anything they acknowledge (and much of the time they must act contrary toward popular mores), but they should operate in an aggressive and quite non passive manner in order to seize what they desire and move reality into accordance with their personal vision.

Erik: I do certainly not mean that one should adopt a destabilic attitude and let anything go—the Satanist should not flinch from acting aggressively in order to obtain what he wants. What I am trying to say is that the Satanist stands aloof from the society he lives in. If he acts sometimes accordingly, at other times contrariwise towards popular mores, it is precisely because he, as a heretic pariah, is free, detached, not only from the values and norms of society, but from any value or ethos in general. This, however, does not justify that he is passive. On the contrary, his conduct can be quite ruthless when he involves himself in the game of life.

Garm My attitude here is that a sense of humour often saves the day. Without one the disappointment will be thorough.

Your second release, Kvelータnger, clearly has a traditional/archaic feeling to it, but the third album is fast, noisy, abrasive, and heavily centered on electric guitar. The con-
Garms: Our trilogy was conceptualized around subjects which normally date quite some time back in the history of our lands. Many of our traits were typical for the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, when Norway was still united with Denmark. This was an exciting epoch in which many of our foremost artists from the National Romantic school of thought lived and were creative. But distinctively Norwegian... what can I say? Heavy metal doesn't really belong in this picture, besides I believe it was a black guy who first invented the guitar.

The disc design on Nattens Malmond promi-
nently features the wolf's howl rune. What is its meaning for you?

Erik: The wolf's howl symbolizes the emotional interactions of opposites, the dynamic process that results from the conflict between opposing forces—dark and light, evil and good, intuition and rationality, instinct and reason, animality and culture, beast and civilized man. In the context of Nattens Malmond, it becomes a symbol of Lynchianism—the awareness that the human being is a battle between primitive instinctual drives and the mind's striving to transcend them. The Lynchian howl manifests the animal—minding the intellect that the very basis of the mind's will to transcend the practical is precisely a primitive instinct of domination, of will to power, which stems from the animal nature of man.

How literally do you think such concepts of Lynchianism? Here you appear to be speaking in a largely symbolic way, but is there a more visceral level on which such concepts function, and are the results something to be admired? In most societies a reverie to wolfhood and surrendering oneself to truly animalistic or bestial impulses is a quick ticket to prison. Where do you draw the line, and is it identical to the one drawn by the forces of legal authority in the land?

Erik: How literally... I believe I am a wolf.

Garms: It's true, I've seen him at midnight. No, seriously. Throughout history a variety of people from different cultures have attempted to define the phenomenon of Lynchianism. This has resulted in a term carrying many notions, ranging from "scientific" to poetic, from that drawn to psychiatric case histories etc. Brother Wolf is to us a potent and forceful totem to identify with. We can be inclined to believe in a potential psychological effect of such identification. That's about as visceral as it gets.

I have of course read the stories about wolf-children, the werewolf trials in times past, etc., and I guess most of these cases were mixed up with some heavy 19th century madness: a state of mind that always tends to fascinate, but doesn't exactly call up my education. However, they are good stories and remain compelling in other ways, for instance as inspiration for artistry.

Speaking of history, a term deriving from the old Norse word "histor." Earlier this "lull" was believed to vary in intensity according to the different phases of the moon. When she was full, the Lunatic was supposed to topple over and surrender to the darkside. This is an interesting myth, as it seems like Lynchianism is but a more specified division of the same "disease."

The world of the natural wolf may seem dull compared to the mythological howl, but when observing it more closely I think we can allow ourselves to get a little social-anthropological. The fearless hunter of old is today a secluded animal, entirely dislo-
cated from the eco-system. The wolf is now acting more reserved than ever before—in all likelihood because he has understood that men are out for his blood. Since it is expelled from its surroundings it is left with no other option than to act craftily. It never goes for the sheer without having reserved that men are no people around. Sapiens are the "wolves" of soci-
y, and if one, like our brothers in the wilds, desires to pluck forbidden fruit with impunity one needs to be shy, and possibly brave as well. I won't draw any lines.

In the past I know you have said the music you create is best described by the Norwegian word "واجب". Would you best define this in English? Does it still ade-
quately describe Uther?

Garms: If you look this word up in a dictionary you will find the translation "traveling. The reason why we chose it is because this adjective in Norwegian is because the English version easily may be misinterpreted. English-speaking listeners may think that we are talking about a troll, a well-known creature in Norwegian mythology, but this would not be accurate. "واجب" is a word that best describes a creature in Norwegian, and it refers more to an atmosphere than something palpable like the creature itself. It is an expression closely connected to nature and its effect on the minds of those who wander in it by twilight when the forest is draped in a play of shadows, and the soft night-breeze is muttering with unknown whispering voices beckoning you to join them. It represents sensations of eeriness and hostility, and is an omens of the night-powers. We couldn't find a more appropriate word with which to describe our music as those sounds were essential to what we were doing at the time.

Nevertheless, we will not describe our future works with this term as we have now completed a chapter of our career, and desire to walk new fields.

" طويل", as you implied, also carries conno-
mations of what we call "magic". Are these traditions merely intriguing fantasy mater-
iel on which to base artistic creations, or do you strive to make a law to these ideas, a philosophy as ancient and as subtle which can be harried by the compe-
tent individual?

Erik: My interest in Satanic occult symbolism is of Jungian psychological character. I regard with certain apprehension the thought, idea or principle—that using them in art provides a pictorial way to describe our thoughts on certain aspects of life from a less advanced culture. An archetype can produce massive changes in the physical world—in this sense, as a metaphor or principle can be said to function as a "force," exercising influence both on indivi-
dual and supra-personal levels in society. Strong individuals can help advance/promote principles, or even create new ones. A con-
crete example of this is how the idea of Nazism changed the history of the world, and the well-known theory seeing Hitler as a medium channeling certain forces living in the collective unconscious of the German people.

But I am here speaking of how archetypes and humans interact on a higher level, in a Jungian or Hegelian sense. I have no belief in "magic," "rituals," etc. I regard it as ridiculous to believe that an individual can cause someone to die by reciting a spell, or that you can find a girlfriend by burning san-
dals, locked up in your apartment. When it comes to harnessing the supernatural, I think science is doing this to a far greater and more impressive degree than any occultist has ever done. With today's achievements in technology, we can actually fly, we can communicate with anyone anywhere on the planet, we can manipulate and create life and send people out in space. This would seem like magic to those who labor and obscure mysticism of the Quiballah, for instance.

Garms: It is interesting to note that Jung often referred to his creative "daimon." It was his metaphorical "trickster." How can you relate to that idea of the trickster? To help emphasize our view on magic I'll borrow some appropriate words by William S. Burroughs: Magic, in the light of modern physics, quantum theory and probability the-
ory is now approaching science. We hope that a result of this will be a synthesis so that sci-
ence will become more magical and magic more scientific.
Agreed. Technology is magic, to be sure, but again the issue of control comes into the picture. As long as the technology is har- nessed to the will, it is a magical tool. But once becomes, harnessed to the technol- ogy to the degree that life itself loses its inherent magic, then you have merely fallen into a new form of slavery. Man never tests on the edge of such an abyss.

Erik: I understand your point, but I think the positive aspects of technology by far outweigh the negative. I see science and technology as tools which will help man transcend the limits of nature. The technological revolution we are witnessing is as fundamental as the Industrial and Neolithic revolutions were in their times. We stand at the threshold of a new age ("soon") where man, to a far greater degree than ever before, will have the possibility to set his own standards and decide for himself how the world he lives in should look like—genetic technology may even give us the possi- bility to decide over our own physical char- acteristics. Technology will give man possibil- ities which we still cannot even suspect the range of. A negative consequence of this may be the danger of becoming dependent on tech- nology, but I do not consider this any worse than being submitted to nature, as we were in earlier times. Technology offers more freedom than slavery.

It is interesting to see the development of science and technology in the context of Adam and Eve. As known, the snake said to Eve that if God forbade them to eat from the tree of knowledge, why become as gods by doing so, they would "become as God and know good and evil." That is precisely what is happening now: with the help of sci- ence (knowledge), we are gaining the powers of God. In this respect, Satan is the Christian Prometheus.

Garm: Evolution has taken a prodigious turn and is now driven by Man's will. The front seat anxiety as a kid. Cybernetics are taking over the world, and everything we know will be customized to our needs. Pessimists would say that we're about to accomplish, genetic technology for instance, is unwise and will have fatal consequences—blah, blah, blah. This is gibberish. Nature is only the given name for billions and billions of particles playing their infinite game. We are part of this game and with modern technolo- gy we can play out our role as nature's more clever and capable organism. We were not born into this world with claws, but brains. It is said that the human thought came into being when the need for weapons arose. This was something we needed because were fundamentally very fragile against the big ugly world, physically speaking. Since the age of "ugly" the human mode of liv- ing has naturally advanced, and modern tech- nology is just a new remedy to help us get on in the world. But of course there will be problems in the wake of this new revolution. I think the overkill of information will lead to an increas- ing flow of decedence and cultural chaos in society, and psychology will probably prove to be a lucrative profession in the future. The average American consumer will become as ignorantly enslaved to the new stuff as they are to the Ricki Lake show, but what else is new? There will always be garlic people. Well, unless of course genetic technology can elimi- nate the problem. I think I qualify as a bit more conscious than the average mongoloid, and even though the methods and techniques of living may be different in the future, I will surely continue to take pleasure in the details of life and its enormous dynamic vigour; which to me is a reverberating magic-spring. My computer is definitely my muse nowadays.

What qualities distinguish the sound and outlook of Ulver from other extreme or to express certain feelings and thoughts. There is no purpose beyond that. Garm: I have no more profound purpose than to keep myself away from the terrible fate of boredom. I think the striving for enjoyment is one of the main driving forces in all people, and to create in Ulver is one of many ways for me to accommodate this desire. My life without it would be different, to say the least. If such a striving for enjoyment is inherent to all humans, why do so many of them settle for such a pathetic lie in life?

Erik: Simple people enjoy a simple life.

Garm: The emotional life of a Satanist is a turbulent one, and he must strive harder than most to find happiness because he is not, like the simpleton, amenable to bullshit. The igno- rant bastards out there go about with a big happy grin on their face, simply because they don't know any better. Happiness comes easy when you can be soothed by a bunch of pathetic lies.

"The weevill may have become extinct in our age, yet he has left his stamp on classic antiquity. His life, like that of the Barrington Plenty, has become a legend. And he has passed on to our time..."

- The Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould, 1894

Black Metal bands in Nancy? Have you received any attention from those beyond the Black Metal scene? Your music certainly transcends any such simplistic labeling.

Garm: Ironically our most distinct quality is that we are indifferent (?); since our music and sound varies so much from one to another comes on social levels I think we have earned some points through the self-sufficiency that blends in with the more solemn sides of our work, and yes, we have received positive attention from other groups in cultural society that are not as convulsive as the "blackmetal." The fact that "outsiders" seem to like what we're doing is a declaration I value very much and it fortifies my belief in our work.

Does the music of Ulver serve a function beyond enjoyment or expression? What would your lives be like without it, and does it satisfy all of your creative drives?

Erik: Our attitude is to use Ulver as a channel

Wisdom and happiness are not well acquainted. Remember Faust.

Erik: "For in much wisdom is much grief; and be that increase knowledge increaseth sor- row." (Ecclesiastes 1:18)

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May Ulver long be hasten you, and may the wolves forever hasten their prey...

Michael Johnkh Marsch
Sanbern, 1997

Waldhau
Toward a New Lounge Culture

By Robert Rust

The symbiotic liberation army allegedly instigated Patty Hearst with loud rock music at selected intervals in order to wear down her resistance and eventually break her, allowing her to be as putty in the hands of her captors. I know that I personally, after having endured a full work day of "classic rock" blaring from a radio on a work site, have felt far more energized than I would have without it.

Physiological studies have shown that loud rock music has a weakening effect on the human heart. Similarly, heavy modern dance music has been shown to have a negative effect on the internal organs and reproductive systems of the listener. It is hard to imagine that the driver of a car booming rap music so loud that the concert speakers are not splintering his bones, disarranging his heartbeat and scrambling his pre-hominid cerebral cortex. This is fine for him—unfortunately, I have to share the same planet with this genetic Twinkie and his ilk. And it is harder and harder to find sanctuary.

Indeed, all modern pop culture serves only to distort and engage the multitude, so that their susceptibility level remains high and they will keep on buying in.

It is interesting to note that from the dawn of rock 'n' roll, as music has become louder and more dissonant, the average listener has grown even softer and more suggestible, and ever less capable of independent thought or action.

I recall being in high school in the 1970's and looking around a 20,000-seat stadium during a Black Sabbath concert and seeing not a single person who was not wearing blue jeans. Certainly there is a far greater diversity of dress and music among today's many orchestras.

From the late 60's onward, youth culture has always purported to be about "rebellion" and "freedom" while the age of receiving end of its huge profits carefully orchestrate the style, attitudes and values of its various subcultures. But this phenomenon has now reached a level of absurdity that strains the imagination.

How bad has it gotten?

It's hard to say exactly. My last cloze-up look at the horrific face of modern youth occurred in 1994 when I had an opportunity to view "Woodstock '94," a pathetic, "up-lat- ed" mass exploitation of the "historic" 1969 outdoor rock festival, only this time featuring a contemporary parade of has-beens.

I caught only ten minutes of Woodstock '94 on MTV, but what I did catch was telling.

All one had to do was witness the horde of lifestyle-purchasing baby boomers and their utter mesmerization by plastic video screens beaming out images of their offspring musical desires to wonder how long it will take the U.S., like the Mayan civilization, to fall not from invasion or by outsiders, but from cultural dissolution resulting from massive sub-

urbanization.

The original Woodstock crowd, themselves a herd of followers, nonetheless largely ignored the cameras aimed at them by documentary filmmakers. Our current crop of video-enthrallled zombies, however, when in the presence of MTV cameras, stood transfixed in reverential awe, as if gazing into the eyes of the All-Father. The sheeplike submission and cookie-cutter conformity of people at the age where hyper-aggressiveness should be the norm is difficult to comprehend and frightening to consider. Even the peace-worshiping hippies of yore, aridated by marijuana or in an acid trance, seem managing defects in comparison.

The most amazing moment I bore witness to in my brief viewing spell was a sublime example of the imaginations eruptor of the two-something "individualism." The camera focused on a bikini-clad female, her body painted with flowers. In an unintentional parody of her Woodstock predecessors, she was doing an un-coordinated Grateful Dead-style "dance" to the sounds booming from the speakers. But this musical reverie did not consist of passionate hulaing to faithful ideals of peace, love and freedom. This was Cypress Hill rapping, "I'm like you famous like Amon, just like the last punk when I stuck the gat in the am... rock the boombeat it's time for action." Maybe her addled brain was processing this as "I'm just a fat-ass cut from a Fat Man," or maybe she was a half-baked drunk, oblivious to the fact that she was emperored by the glorification of humiliating a crime victim by discharging a firearm in his rectum. Not really a cosmic love vibe type thing. And this woman was not a little and lovely original flower child having her last big freakout before settling down to run a New England health food store. This was a graceless and overweight party-faced Pringles-eating shopping mall employee, stepping to avoid the Pepsi cans at her feet and trying to escape the violent and oppressive world outside by pathetically invoking the look of a thankfully long-gone era.

The closing shot in this segment was a long-haired, bearded and bedraggled-looking new-hipster sitting amid a folding chair and smoking a joint. "Why did you come to Woodstock?" the interpretive MTV reporter asked him. In that monotonous, indifferent, stone-drawl possible, he replied, "I came here to get my life back together, man, and now that I'm here, I can't just turn it off." Yeah, right, naked stoner dude. I'm going to be looking for big things from you. The crowd around him, you could sense, were life-clapped and vowed the approval of his sentiment, wishing that attending a three-day corporate-sponsored rock fest could actually help to fulfill one's destiny.

Rock icon Pete Townsend wisely said of
the original Woodstock Nation: "If sitting in the mud on drugs for three days in their idea of some sort of alternative beauty, then fuck the lot of them." That statement goes doubly so for the crowd currently lapping up the tired old relics and backhanded portraits of today's media-hyped luminaries.

These are the Generation Xers, the generation favorite more than any other to know has willingly enslaved themselves to the rock ideal they have been swallowing whole since birth. You've seen them. They wear clothes from the Emme Kelly fashion line that any self-respect- ing person wouldn't wear to a silent-disco. The "loony" and "zany" tee shirts they adorn them- selves with are a rare example of truth in adver- tising. They have not met a single subculture to add to the world, so it's probably a good thing that they are completely ambivalent.

The "X" is their generational title, not the X of a Mystical M15. X who once fore- bodingly in a mystery novel. It is not the X that Malcolm X used to illustrate his unknown ancestry, nor is it the X that Charlie carved on his third eye to himself out of linear society. Theres the X that an anaphylactic afflicted uses to sign his name, uninterested with his identity or legacy.

The Xers are merely the end, result of a degeneration of the human spirit and imagi- nation at the hands of a bankrupt rock/ punk/punk culture. But at least they have youthful inexperience on their side.

Sadder still are those older folks who ironic-rockers of the 70's generation know, some boomers and busters will try. There are those who are intent on growing old with the volume-laden anthems of their youth just as their parents and grandparents did with Bobby Goodman and Perry Como. There are distinct disadvantages to this unimaginative loyalty. Not only does it keep one's musical vocabulary and mental boundaries constricted to the primitive yearnings of youth, but as rage hormones subside with the advancing years, there is a defining return to listen- ing to power chords, and excessive decibel levels can be downright annoying.

Then there is the cold, barren feeling that the confident, experienced waresness of the late, great Dean Martin is an infinitely more worthy idol to shoot for than the utterly embarrassing 'I'll Never Grow Up' foppery of Mick Jagger.

The generation that grew up in the Depression and fought in World War II was generally a hard crowd who had been through a lot. They got their ya-yas out to Big Band swing in their youth but retreated to the aural esoteric of the piano lounge when they no longer felt the need to strut their stuff.

Piano lounges were total environments that once dotted the American landscape and featured cool lighting, a semi-formal dress code and plenty of liquor to wash the work week away. The aesthetics were maximized to create a self-contained world of attainable sophistication, and that music was never so loud as to drown out the after-office-hours conversation or make narrative macabre-

Some piano lounges featured cozy fire- places to heighten the beat and intimate atmos- phere that should be the focus of all night life. In an age where it is difficult to find a few music outlet where patrons are not forced to face the hand like rounded-up cattle and hoot over the din, how badly we need the deconstructive effect of the piano lounge today.

Also, piano lounges are passing away as quickly as their long term customers, and leaving nothing comparable to take their place. We must hold fast to the few threads left of this rich fabric and study them intently, that one day a new lounge culture will arise.

As society de-maschines, there are no bet- ter-suited places than lounges to host small inti- mate groupings of like-minded people for the pursuit of leisure. The lounges of the future need's be replicas of past surroundings, although there is nothing wrong with that ideal. Lounges of the past are certainly the foundations on which to build, but the field of interior design is virtually limitless and any theme or mood can be instituted and altered as will.

A strict return to the music of previous genera- tions is desirable for cer- tain settings, although the most important ingredient is the development of a new lounge culture would be the development of new types of music that call the timelines elements of past modes and expand upon them.

The source of sound is in its relative infancy. The development of Musak was a giant step in the circulation of sound for specific usage. Yet Musak was seen and dismissed as part of some industry by stimulating pro- duction and shopping, and was fairly linked in its instrumentation.

Musak was originally created for mass setting and the range of possible sounds has increased dra- matically since its inception. Sounds can now be created that would have been impossible in the pleasure centers of the brain in a very pre-

ciess manner, and this can be done on a selec- tive, micro level never possible in the past. Obviously different human respond to dif- ferent audio stimuli in different ways, and studying and cataloging soundwaves and their effect on different human types is a dis- cipline that would pay huge dividends to who- ever is most adept at manipulating them for the recreation of different target audiences.

The tools for refining the skill of match- ing music to environment to intended listener have never been so vast and varied or the need so great. Having achieved forceful the production of abrasive and life- force-darkening noise that emanates from every corner of the modern pop cultural horizon, nothing could be as toxic for the soul as settling overall in an agréable lounge atmos- phere and bathing in those that simultaneously- ly relax and inspire.

The lounges of the future and the sounds that fill their airspace can take as many forms as the mind can dream of. However, they all must share one common bylaw: Anyone who at any time requests "Stairway to Heaven" will be ejected with extreme prejudice and mace aboard for life.
SATANISM AND THE AFRO-CARIBBEAN TRADITIONS

By Kevin Filan

IT IS HARD TO SAY WHICH HAS BEEN more maligned, modern Satanism or Afro-Caribbean traditions like Vodou and Santeria. According to Hollywood, Vodou ceremonies consist of blood-smeared witches torturing animals to appease the forces of darkness. According to urban legend and fundamentalist propagan-
dists, Satanists infiltrate day care centers in the name of Lucifer. The reality (as reality is wont to be) is considerably different. Far from being obsessed with death and torture, the Afro-Caribbean faiths are strongly life-
centered and life-affirming spiritual practices. Modern Satanists, in a similar vein, are far more likely to be found in recording stud-
ios or art galleries than in pre-schools. And yet there are numerous similarities (and a few very important differences) between these two worldviews. A study of the areas where they converge and diverge can help us understand both of these traditions, as well as the fears and prejudices of our culture.

DEFINITIONS

UNTIL VERY RECENTLY, THE TERM "SATANISM" was not something you did, but rather a con-

victed stick with which to beat anyone who proved inconvenient to the religious and polit-
cial hierarchies. Mostens, Jews, heretical Chris-
tians and other outcasts were accused of worshipping the "father of evil" at moonlit sabbaths, featuring writhing orgies, sacrificed infants and covens in blood. These accounts were frequently "corrupted" to torture chambers and embalmed by folk tradi-
tion and sexually frustrated clergymen into tales guaranteed to arouse revulsion and hatred. In the present day, Satanists are envi-

donned as a shadowy, Illuminati-like organisa-
tion with tentacles in child pornography, drug dealing, "smut films," and world government; imagine Protocols of the Elders of Zion as a Hammer film and you'll get the idea.

Modern Satanism, as described in Anton LaVey's Satanic Bible and as practiced by members of the Church of Satan, is a consid-

erably more sedate affair. LaVey envisioned Satan not as an actual anthropomorphic being, complete with horns, tail and pitchfork, but as a symbol of man's animal nature and of indulgence in the pleasures of the flesh. This CoS members who perform ritual typically see it as "summoning powers from Hell" but rather as psychodrama and emotional release. A "Black Mass," for example, becomes not a tool to evoke Satan to visible appearance but rather a way to break the chains of a Christian upbringing. Many Satanists actually believe ritual altogether. They reject not only Christianity but mysti-
cism in general and are frequently dogmatic materialists and skeptics.

Sacrifice, be it animal or human, is not part of modern Satanistic ritual. The idea of sac-
rificing anything to ANY god; whether you call that god YHVH or Satan, is seen by mod-
ern Satanists as repugnant and depraved. A Satanist would sooner spit in a deity's eye than say "Please, Mr. deity, do you wish to offer me a napkin to wipe my nose with?" Rather than sacrificing an animal, a modern Satanist is more likely to try to learn from its Satanists see man as "just another animal" and strive to get in touch with their own inner beast.

(I am aware that there are self-pro-

claimed Satanists who are not influenced by, or who did not understand, LaVey's work and who may commit violent or criminal acts in the name of Satan. Richard "the Night Stalker" Ramirez comes to mind immediately; the stereotypical gun-slinging pet-killing met-

thalite would be an example. For the purposes of this discussion, I am not including this subset. This article deals with modern religious movements, not abnormal psychology, and those people more repre-

sent modern Satanism than Jim Jones represent modern Christianity.)

The Afro-Caribbean traditions are a syn-

thesis of various elements. At their heart are the religious practices and deities of western Africa, mostly from the Fon and Dahomey regions. These are combined with images and legends from Roman Catholicism, Santeria, for instance, identifies St. Barbara with the thunder god Chang'o and St. Lazarus with Bahdu-Aye, orisha of healing and medicine. Africans, the orishas (or deities) or Vodous (Vodou) will typically feature statues of these gods or religious figures, together with vari-

ous items connected to the deity in question. One might, for instance, find a statue of the Virgin on an altar to Ettelu, a god of love and beauty; a cluster of conjugate cylinders, the color of perfume, pink roses, and jewelry. Add two to the mix are various deities and ideas from pre-Columbian cultures. In Santeria the figure of Maximon (syncretized with St. Simon Judas) is a modern representation of an Indian fertility deity named Machu. Many of the petros hwa, entities known for their fury and quick anger, originally came from the Arawak and Carib cultures; the gbeddes, Vodou spirits of death, are known for obscene jokes, as were the spirits of the dead in the pre-Columbian cultures of Hispaniola. Finally Western magical, ceremonial and her-

metic traditions like Freemasonry and spiritu-

alism have been thrown into the mix, making for a veritable religious gumbo.

While there are many differences between the various traditions, and even within a particular tradition, there are certain notable similarities. First and foremost is the practice of spirit possession. In each of these traditional worshippers are at times "ridden" by the spirits of the dead. Some petition for blessings (or warnings, or curses) on those assembled for the ceremony. These possess-

ions are not limited to the Orishas but are also ridden by Oguns, Peri, for example, may be atop the point of a spear placed in the ground without getting a bite, whereas one can be ridden by Baron Samdi might stipulate down a mixture of rum and hot peppers which would leave any faker gagging for breath. The altered state, which leads to "riding" in achieved through dancing and dancing, to a casual observer, a Vodou or Santeria ceremony may well look like a Carnaval celebration.

These traditions also involve sacrifice. One who wishes to gain the favor of the hwa or orishas must make offerings appropriate to the particular spirit. A Santeria who wishes to appease Ellegua (the opener of the gateway, called Legba in Vodou and Etiu in Candomble), might offer him rum, candy and toys; to gain the favor of Oshun (orisha of love), he might offer honey and a statue to the Madonna de la Candel of the Cobre. These offerings frequently involve animal sacrifice. While some Westerners find this shocking, it must be taken in proper context. For the most part the sacrifice animals are led to the congregation; we should also remember that these practices originate in cultures where one may frequently see animals killed. We have distanced ourselves from our own tradi-
tions and can perhaps benefit from seeing without
being reminded that it was once a living ani-
mal. This luxury is not available to most rural
Haitians or Urbanos. For them killing a chick-
en is not a "sick sacrifice to the forces of dark-
ness"—it is the first step in making soup! They
do not have the means to wash the result of
chicken beheaded or a goat's thirst slaked. It
is something they have seen frequently since
childhood, and no more repulsive to them
than a trip to our local supermarket's Meat
Department is for us. (Those who would still
condemn them should also note that these ani-
mals are killed as quickly and humanely as
possible, and are generally treated with far
more care, concern and respect than those
killed on our "factory farms" and turned into
Oven Stefy's and hamburgers patties.)

Finally, the Afro-Caribbean traditions are
statutory. While anyone may attend Santería
or Vodou ceremonies or make offerings to the
Iwa or orishas without any special training,
one who wishes to lead ceremonies or present
himself as a Babalawo or Houngan
must first be trained in vari-
ous facets of the religion by
one who has already under-
goed this training, and must
follow various tenets and
taboos leading up to an initiation
ceremony. These ceremonies have not yet
been committed to print and can only be per-
fected by those who have performed them
in the listing of which have been passed on by
slaves or initiates to African descendants.

LEGBA

Another difference would be that
Santería and Vodou practitioners
are not bound by the same restric-
tions as the Houngan. Instead, the
masters of the Orichas are there to
serve as intermediaries between
the gods and humankind. This
contrast sharply with modern Satanism,
which does not recognize the need for
blessed candles, Holy Water, or any other forms
of "protection" against the devil and his minions.

Similarly, most modern Satanists see themselves
as "lust wolves" or "the Alien Elite," and speak
with words out of the "Old Testament" and "Haitian
mentality." While the Afro-Caribbean tradi-
tions use hexes as a rebellion against an unjust
society, modern Satanism is a defense of the
established social order. Vodou is a pervasive
force in Haiti's everyday life. Ceremonies at
the potestyle, like church services in rural
America, serve as meeting places and commu-
ity gatherings as well as religious rituals.

Many prominent houngans and mambo also
become important political figures within their
community; the Doradala would be the most
notable example of this. The African and
Indian traditions which were synthesized into
Vodou, Santería, Congolese and their variants
were tribal religions. As such, they were keenly
concerned with the survival and prosperity of
their group and the expectation to band together in
an "all for one and one for all" fashion. Wade Davis, in his excellent
Gyrent and the Rainbows, discusses how "zombies" are typically
made from those who have in some way violated
the trust of their community
or otherwise endangered
the group. This might seem
stifling to some "lust wolf" Satanists, but again we
must consider the environments in which these groups exist. In
the listing of how to live, the course of depriving
is a real and constant threat; those who reject their society and strike out on
their own are likely to die of deprivation
or group that shares resources and
responsibilities.

SPECIALITIES

TECHNICALLY, SATAN IS NOT PART OF THE
pantheon of Vodou or Santería. In practice
most followers of the Afro-Caribbean traditions
are also Roman Catholic and believe in
Satan's existence and his power. There are
"Iwa旗帜" (elaborately painted and embroi-
dered banners used in many Vodou cere-
monies) dedicated to "La Reina Lucifera" and
other Satanic figures, and citron candles
burned to bring harm to one's enemies or
to obtain a lover as La Reina's Destroyer and
Lost Rituals are sold at most botanical
shops. Candleology, the Afro-Brazilian tradition, syn-
crizes Eshu with Satan. Satanic altars and fig-
turess frequently feature red devil figurines
with horns, tail and an enormous
phallic. And the consort, Pomba-Gira, is identi-

cally associated with Warlock or the Whore of
Babylo and is the patroness of prostitutes.

And of course the "Old Man, at
the Grassroots," who has been featured in so
many blues songs and who plays such a role in
African-American folklore and hoochie, is
none other than Papa Legba, guiding broad-
ly and offering forbidden power and knowl-


tions in a way which is difficult to under-
stand for those who have never seen or expe-
trienced spirit possession. They are immanant
in every aspect of daily life. Legba watches at
every crossroads and Oya can be found in any
graveyard. Many Western readers will scoff
at this as uneducated, unsophisticated ani-
mism and spirit-worship. In actuality there is
a complex and profound system of meta-
physics underlying the Afro-Caribbean faiths
that those who doubt this should consult Den's
observations on the figures of Legba and the
Marassa (Twins) in Divine Heretics.
edge to those brave enough or crazy enough to sign over their souls.

The Afro-Caribbean traditions interpret Christian figures for their own purposes. The heroic Prometheus rebel envisioned by modern Satanists bears little or no resemblance to the skulking "Istater of Lies" who runs screaming from a cross or a few drops of Holy Water. Similarly, few Catholics would recognize St. Barbara as she is envisioned by those who put her statue in all offices dedicated to change. This attracts scorn from many "magical purists" who claim their own religio-magical words are "untainted by Christian influence"—and who scoff at Satanism and its Afro-Caribbean traditions as "variants of Christianity.

In actuality, the ethics and methods of Satanism or Vodou (and modern Satanism) are very different than any- thing found in Christianity, saintship, rosaries and inverted crosses notwithstanding...while the ethical systems of many of the most self-righteous Newage and Wiccan types come straight out of the New Testament.

The Afro-Caribbean traditions, like modern Satanism, hold no stock in the "Threefold Law" or in many of the other "thou shalt nots" common to many of the "white light" traditions. A Satanist or Voudoun feels no compunction about using magic to harm, injure or kill his opponents; he typically assumes they deserve it just as much as they have hurt him and acts accordingly. Legal disputes in Haiti provide business not only for lawyers but for bullet, strikes sorcerers specializing in particularly potent and lethal forms of magic. A Madonna, whose forced love spells didn't work, can choose from any of a wide variety of Santece spells designed to break lovers hearts—should these fail, she can choose from an equally wide variety of spells designed to kill her rival. In a similar vein, love spells are generally frowned upon by white-light types as an attempt to "control another's will." A Satanist or Voudoun would laugh at this idea. For them a candle burned so Ernulle Freda Dahomey or Oshun might make the desired fall asleep instantly in love is as much a part of the arsenal d'amour as a candlelit dinner for two. In the Afro-Caribbean traditions as in Satanism, all is fair in love and in war.

There is a profound distrust for the body and the material world found throughout much of Western magical thought. This combines the worst of our Christian culture (the idea that the body, the material world and physical pleasure are inherently evil) with misunderstood Eastern philosophy à la H Dialas and a few others. This distrust does not exist in the Afro-Caribbean traditions.

The legends of the iwas and orishas are filled with drinking, gambling, sexual misadven- tures, and all sorts of fun things which would leave a pious clergyman scandalized. Material success and well-being are not seen as obsta- cles on the path to enlightenment, but rather as evidence that a person is favored by the gods. The orishas and orishas regularly inter- vene on the "material plane" for their wor- shipers; a Mambo or Balamu whose spells don't work will quickly be a Mambo or Balamu without a congregation. (Imagine a priest losing parishioners because he couldn't heal the sick, or a rabbi scorned because his love spells didn't work.)

While Satanists would generally give themselves credit for their victories rather than praising some spiritual entity, most would certainly have more interest in gods who reward their followers in this world than in gods who possess all kinds of taboos and restrictions but give nothing in return but "spiritual reassurance" or "tickets to the afterlife."

CONCLUSION

The Afro-Caribbean traditions are not Satan in any sense of the word, save perhaps the sense in which "Satanism" is equated with "everything my pastor doesn't like."

Nevertheless, there are many points at which the ethics of modern Satanism intersect with the ethics of the Afro-Caribbean traditions. Modern Satanists like to talk about "social Darwinism," the Afro-Caribbean faiths grew up in an environment where it is the order of the day. In Haiti and Cuba stupidity is not just painful; it can quickly prove fatal. As a result, their ethical code is steeped with a hard real- ity. The iwas and orishas serve those who feed them; they will help criminal escape the clutches of the law as quickly as they will heal a sick child. The Voudounist or Satirist may serve his gods, but he expects them to serve him back; he feels no compunction about ask- ing for miracles, nor is he surprised when he gets them. He doesn't ask for peace of mind or "enlightenment," or other such hoo-hah; instead, he asks for money, for sex, for power...for all the things which Christianity considers evil and which Satanism (and most people) consider desirable. Their belief in literal spiritual entities may not sit well with us skeptical Western types, but it is a belief based on empirical evidence. Vodounists and Santeros believe in their deities because these deities produce results for them, not because of "faith."

These traditions are where witches hex as quickly as they heal. They are traditions where ancient religious prac- tices have been preserved (not "reconstructed") and combined with anything else that works in a strange, beautiful, and interesting blend. Unlike the wooly- headed paedophile which passes for "my- tical thought" in our society, there is a practical mysticism; it seeks for, and regularly gets, results in the material world. A Satanist who wanted to make real folk magic in action, minus the tree-hugging crystal-polishing hippie crap which has polluted so much mod- ern "witchcraft" would be well advised to take a look at the Afro-Caribbean traditions, or to pay visit to his local Botanica.
**Remember in the 80s when the media was trying to expose the dangers of Heavy Metal bands whose main goal was to recruit children for Satan? Only later would they realize that most of these so-called Devil worshiping bands were only using symbols and occultic themes for a gimmick. After the hype was over, they moved on to other sensational topics and dismissed these bands as rebels looking to make money using Old Nick’s names. It seems they dismissed their crusade a bit too early when the likes of the American Black/Death Metal band ACHERON emerged upon the scene. The band, openly endorsing the Church of Satan, was a shock to a scene of fakes and freaks. Anton LaVey himself acknowledged ACHERON to be one of the few real Satanic bands out today. The Florida based band was destined to put a black cloud over their sunshine state.

This interview is with band leader-founder Vincent Crowley, who is also a Magister of the Church of Satan and founder of the now retired Order of the Evil Eye. His involvement in the Satanic community is well known and respected. I recently had the privilege of interviewing him at a local Tampa pub over a few beers.

ACHERON has recently celebrated a decade of creating Apocalyptic Black/Death Metal for the public. How does it feel to have been a part of the underground music culture for so long?

I am proud to be involved with this form of extreme art. We are in no way “Rock Stars,” but we have gathered loyal fans from all over the globe. ACHERON fans are the best fans, because they truly understand the reason for the invocation of this band. I’m looking forward to another 10 years of recording ACHERON lyrics.

I would never force my beliefs on a child. My parents did that to me and that’s why I have such a hatred for the Nazarene cult. Children should grow up studying all kinds of philosophies and religions and then come to their own conclusions.

The band has just released an album entitled *Those Who Have Risen on Full Moon Productions*. Could you elaborate on the concept and the style of this full-length release?

*Those Who Have Risen* is based on the teachings and mythos of the Temple of Set, which is the modern day form of the ancient Egyptian Cult Hedh. It is a call to the bloodline of those who resonate to the sacred acts of actual vampirism. The music on this album is heavier than anything ACHERON has ever done before, yet it or “Fuck God.” This in no way is selling out. It is just expanding our lyrical content... There is no way a band like this can change and all of a sudden become the new MARILYN MANSON. We are too over-the-top for the mainstream. And this album is based on real occultic vampirism, not Hollywood antics. I’m sure our fans will evolve with us.

Your band was one of the few that CHURCH OF SATAN founder Anton Szandor LaVey labeled as “the real thing.” How did his death in October of 1997 affect...
you and the band?

It was a sad day to lose such an important
concert and mentor. He will be missed. But I
also think we will now know who is serious
about this movement. Many people just wanted
to kill the Black Pope’s ass to feel important.
Now it’s quite to put our money where our mouth
is. If anything, his demise has made me want
to work even harder with the Satanic movement
and band. People like myself will help carry on
his legacy.

So you don’t think there is any chance that
the CHURCH OF SATAN will discontinue
without him as a figurehead?

The CHURCH OF SATAN is in members,
as I really don’t see that happening. There are
thousands of people out there who are striving
for a Satanic world and I am one of them. As long as
just one of us exists, the CHURCH OF SATAN
will remain alive.

You were first
appointed to the Priesthood of the
CHURCH
OF
SATAN in 1994.
Then in 1996 you
were promoted to a
Magister. What do
these titles mean to
you? Did you get them?

They are acknowledgments I
received from Dr.
Lav规模. I accepted
them and feel I represent them
with a sense of pride.
Basically, I was told I
represented Satanism
in an artistic way
and showed it in my life. This is how I
received the title Magister.

On your mini-album Anti-Christ, Anti-Celebrant, you
have a song called ‘Baptism for
Dwynlyw Alexandra’ which is about your
youngest daughter. How is fatherhood
treating you? Do you feel that doing a
Satanic Baptism is somehow forcing your
Satanic views on her?

I was divorced a year ago, and my ex-
wife moved out of the state I am now living in,
so I can’t see her on an everyday basis. But I
do keep in close contact with her and try to see
her as much as possible. My ex-wife and I get
along, so there is no problem staying close with
Dwyne. As for the song, if you read the lyrics I
am celebrating her birth using my metaphors
and informing her that her path will be up to her,
for her to use knowledge and not bend mentally
for her chances. I would never force
my beliefs on a child. My parents did that to me
and that’s why I have such a hatred for the
Nazarene cult. Children should grow up study-
ing all kinds of philosophies and religions and
then come to their own conclusions.

Now that you are single, will you indulge in
all the flashy pleasures of female groupies
or do you want to get married again?

I have women, but I’m in no way looking
at getting married. I’m enjoying being myself
in my own domain. Groupies who are into this
type of music are very rare. We’re not some
pretty boys like SKID ROW or POISON.

In 1998, ACHERON released an album
called Rites of the Black Moon, which set to
music the actual events of La Noche Infierno.
How did the public react to this?

We were the first band to do this, so we
did attract some attention. I think that’s when
almost all of our releases. I’ve worked with
many musicians, but Peter has always stuck by
my side. He is always welcome to hang out on
our albums. His “Nosferatu Prelude” on These
Who Have Been is amazing.

ACHERON has had many problems with
record labels. I recently heard that the UK
label BLACKENED RECORDS did just that. It seems like these
labels like making money off us, but they
ever want to pay. They will get theirs in the
long run. They better hope I never meet them
in person, because I’ll bust their fuckin’ heads
open. That’s why we signed to FULL MOON
PRODUCTIONS.

They are located 40 minutes from us and
we are first hand/what
they are doing for us.

Another ACHERON trade-
mark is the album
cover art by Diabolos, Ren, who
is also a CHURCH
OF SATAN Magister.
Do I detect a cer-
tain theme with
ACHERON?

I have always
been a big fan of bio-
mechanical artwork.
Since Ren creates his paintings ritualistic-
ally, I thought, “who’d better to do our cov-
er?” And yes, I do try to work within the
framework of the CHURCH OF SATAN. I
guess that’s my fascist side.

Speaking of fascism, “CHURCH
OF SATANIC LIBERATION” leader
Paul Valentine has instigated that you, along
with Peter Gilmore and Boyd Rice, are
Satanic Nazis. What is your reaction
towards this comment?

Mr. Valentine is a little worm that has
nothing better to do than talk shit. He’d bet-
ther watch his fuckin’ mouth or I’ll slit him
back to the funery farm. I have always
maintained that I am a Satanist, not a Nazi. I
am intrigued by the occultic roots of the SS,
but that doesn’t make me a Nazi. I’m a mis-
trooper, not a racist. I hate everyone!

Do you get disgruntled with people who seem
to take cheap shots at the CHURCH
OF SATAN and its hierarchy?
I think it's more pathetic than anything else. They're just jealous and wish they could be on any level. These people mean nothing to me or the Satanic movement. They are all wannabees that most people ignore.

You left your previous label MORIBUND RECORDS, which just happens to be owned by a CHURCH SATAN member, Odin Thompson. Why did you leave/why will you work with them again?

We just needed a label that would push us more actively. Odin is a Satanic brother, but he didn't have the resources to push this album the way we needed it to bepushed. We left on good terms. In fact, we will be releasing an ACHERON history CD called Compendium Diabolicus, which will feature vintage ACHERON material, including unreleased demos and cover songs. It's due out in 1999.

What kind of bands are you listening to now or any level?

I always listen to bands like VENOM, CELTIC FROST, DESTRUCTION, RATHORY, and MERCYFUL FATE. Recently, I've been listening to a lot of THE EMINENT, SAMSEL, KING DIAMOND, RAMSEY, THE ELECTRIC VELLUM, FIRE CLUB, TYPE O NEGATIVE, DESIDE, MORBID ANGEL, NINE INCH NAILS, SEPULTURA, WIO, HYPOCRISY, INCANTATION, THE GENITORTURERS, RAHOUA, CANNABIL CORPSE, EMPEROR, and OCTOBER TIDE.

Is there any plans on doing any touring in near future?

We've been waiting to do one for years, as we will just have to see. I've been recording albums for a long time, and I feel it's now time to meet all the people who have supported us throughout the years by touring. This is a goal of ours.

You have debated Christian evangelist Bob Taron and were featured in his two videos, "The Devil and Death Metal" and "Highway to Hell." What was your experience like, confronting this jester of Christ?

The best comparison I can give is the example of professional wrestling. Bob knows how to put on a real entertaining show. There's more shock value than intellectual stimulation. If I could only body slam him into the crowd it would make his show complete.

He uses me and we use him. He's a joke.

MARILYN MANSON has become somewhat of an icon to the youth of today. What's your opinion on the Anti-Christ Superstar?

I may not agree with all of his opinions, but I totally support the way he has taken on the Christian groups in a mainstream arena. He is pushing buttons that need to be pushed. I personally enjoyed his last album, and hope he will continue down the same path.

Your latest album features guest vocal appearances by ex-MORBID ANGEL frontman David Vincent and CANNABIL CORPSE vocalist George "Corpsefucker" Fisher. How did you get members from two of the biggest bands in Death Metal to appear on Those Who Have Risen?

I just asked them and they both said "yes." It was a pleasure to include their assistance on the release. Both of them support the band and hope this album will do well.

What's the future hold for ACHERON? Any ideas regarding what the next album will be about?

As I mentioned, we hope to support the new album with a world tour. After that, we will start work on the next album which will appropriately be called The Apocalypse. My goal is to release this on January 1st, 2000, if all goes well. It's concept will be that of THE WOLFS SOCIETY, an extreme occultist elitist order. It will be somewhat of a call to war—another stage in our evolution.

That's about all the questions I have. Is there any final thing you would like to tell the readers?

We hope you all pick up our album, Those Who Have Risen on FULL MOON PRODUCTIONS and come and see us if we come to your town on tour. ACHERON will continue to be a threat to the sanity of modern music! Hal! Satan! At Maasori Satanice Gloria!
ATANISM IS A PHILOSOPHY OF the occult, of ideas and knowledge considered taboo or dangerous by civilized humanity and, above all, all of its so-called "cultural teachers," from Socrates and Jesus, to Buddha, Pope John, Schopenhauer, et al. In the twentieth century, perhaps no topic has been more maligned, distorted, and reviled by the theologians, moralists, scholars, and politicians in the Western world than the subject of Marxism, Communism, and the Stalinist Soviet Union. When these pretenders and professors speak out against something so unilaterally and with such rabid fervor, as they did with Darwinism and Marxism, it is almost a sure sign that there is something Satanic about it.

Three of the thinkers with the greatest influence on twentieth-century Western intellectual and popular culture are Sigmund Freud, Friedrich Nietzsche, and Karl Marx. All of these were noted atheists with damaging insight into the cherished social order and illusions of civilized humanity, and had much to say against humanity's embattled leaders and teachers. Freud disputed the teachings of Moses, Nietzsche attacked Socrates and Jesus, but Marx criticized Hegel. Jesus you name him! Despite this, it seems that educated Satanists are familiar with Satanic elements in the thought of Freud and Nietzsche yet unfortunately ignorant of such ideas in Marxism. Part of the reason for this is that American colloquialism, "socialism" has become synonymous with inefficient bureaucracy, state-imposed tyranny over the personal lives of citizens, the welfare state, and some have-brained programs that destroyed the educational system in this country, thanks to the efforts of certain self-hating American Leftists during the Cold War era (who are now known to have been funded by the post-Stalinist Soviet Union, which had openly vowed to "bury" the USA). It should be pointed out from the start that these characteristics are inaccurate representations and outright LIES about old-style Marxism and the social reality in the Soviet Union under Stalin.

The basis of Marxism is a hard-bitten analysis of human society, reducing culture to a manifestation of 'peoples' real-world physical environment and labor (e.g., what you think is determined by what you do), and the history of civilization to the struggle over resources (class struggle). Karl Marx is famous for his biting observation that "religion is the opium of the masses" in fact, Marxism has been the primary enemy of religion in history.

Of interest to Satanists, Marxist dialectical materialism takes the class, ethnic force in nature (Satan) as given. Dialectical Materialism envisages a cosmos of constant flux where even apparent stability is only a mask of ever-changing forces of creation, growth, and destruction (a model validated by modern quantum physics).

Karl Marx observed Europe in the midst of the Industrial Revolution, when Industrial Capitalism was just arising, a world where the old classes of artisan and talented workers were being replaced by machines, and down trodden masses increasingly groveled under the whim of a handful of parasitic millionaires (who often compensated for their despicable behavior with lopsided moralistic "philanthropic" platitudes), where life was shod and barely worth living for the vast majority of people, and when human society itself became commodities sold on the market as "slaves."

Marx's idea was that once things got bad enough, the workers of the world would wake up and unite to smash their arrogant overlords, and then establish a "dictatorship of the proletariat" where the people ruled, instead of lacking some anarchic, blacksheep, middle-class historical force for a pay raise. By then, capitalism will have developed technology, factories, etc., which can then be used by the majority under communism. Anyone who has watched the movie "Stargate" will recognize this scenario where the humans overthrow the parasite Ra using its own technology.

One point in Marx that might be of interest to Satanists is his definition of labor-power. In Das Kapital, Marx defines the value of a product biologically (or physiologically, as Marx termed it) as "expulsion of human labor-power." A product has no inherent value in itself; only by applying work (from humans) does the product attain a higher value. Work is worth the human labor-power expended. A capitalist is one that pays a person for doing work for him, paying the person for the value of labor-power is black and white, and instead needs to derive the labor-power from someone else. Exploitation then means to "steal" the black and white from someone. Satanism is a philosophy that honors that black hate above all superficial trinkets. That should put things into perspective in regards of what kind of people are capitalists and who aren't.

Many of the super-rich of the Capitalist world are hungry souls driven by an inner lacking, a black hole in their hearts, that they unsuccessfully seek to fill with material luxury and the trappings of the "high life." This infinite, insatiable greed is fundamentally different from the normal, finite biological desire for happiness and pleasure. They are truly damned people, unable to experience the innocence, Satanist joy a child feels eating a Red Delicious apple or recognizing the familiar smell and aroma of a Christmas tree. They are corrupted by jealousy, they seek out happy, creative people to enslave and torture. George Soros is an example. Christians believe that people sometimes speak deceptively beautiful but essentially empty maxims and doctrines (e.g., "freedom of the individual," an "open society") to fool people into believing them. As Satanists know, such real-life monsters can be known not by their words, but by the fruits of their deeds.

130: After The Communist Manifesto was written, Capitalist economists are gradually beginning to come upon the rudiments of Marx's thoughts, which Marx formulated before the American Civil War, without realizing it, and certainly not admitting it. Right now, the cutting edge of economics is finally incorporating empirical real-world data, with beginning to realize that many of the nightmares of "capital control" are dead wrong. Meanwhile, Marx's correct predictions about the inevitable tendency towards monopsony, class division (which will never be seen on a global scale, with "Third World" workers at the bottom of the barrel), and ever-worsening exploitation can be verified by a glance through the popular press. Nevertheless, Marx's pre-
The Big Lie of Western capitalism and its geopolitics is that only their system upholds human rights, rather than repressing them; a claim that cannot stand up to objective, intelligent historical scrutiny. Stalinists should remember that the period of the strongest and most adamant denunciation of Communism in the USA was during the nineteen-fifties and sixties, as when parents were shocked by the Beatles’ *Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band* and *The Beatles*. This is the Asian that Western history has tried to forget, until Vladimir Ulyanov, the son of a peasant, took the power in his own hands. This is the Asian that Western history tried to erase, until this day consider Stalin’s USSR the Devil with which Hitler had to make a deal! This ancient Western prejudice to the peoples of the Soviet Union, which dates back at least to Roman times, might explain some of the paranoia surrounding this nation.

Note: I want to make it perfectly clear that I am not talking about the post-Stalinist USSR that came into being after Khroushchev pulled a coup d’état and decapitated the NKVD. I will make it perfectly clear now that this NKVD, which, under Stalin, patrolled every economic sector to ensure the homogeny, is most definitely not the NKVD—a usually separate organization that existed alongside it, and who were as corrupt as any state police in the USA could be corrupted with out their own independent affairs being there to catch them. From the onset of Khroushchev’s took the economic sector, he became state capitalist—that’s not socialism, and it is certainly not Communism.

Ever since its inception in 1917, when Lenin and his gang of Bolsheviks overthrew Kerensky’s anti-tsarist government and said a big “FUCK YOU” to the Czarist royalty, Orthodox religious establishment, and the greedy, bloodsucking capitalists of the West, a Russian writer has been writing about the “Evil Empire,” claiming to expose the supposed failure of its famous Five Year programs, its suppression of “individual rights,” the horror of its prison camps, etc. However, the West should realize that the history of the Soviet Union has long been instinctively hidden away from the paying eye of the masses of the world by various forms of propaganda (from both sides).

The Stalinist inquirer should never forget that, contrary to foolish American perceptions, the realities of the Soviet Union are neither European nor Western, but rather, as the Nazis knew, Asian. They are not Asian as we (and others) find so essential to their flimsy grip on sanity. Marxian says that not only is American consumerism Capitalist not the “enlightened,” “moral,” “highest form of human civilization” it imagines itself to be, but, to that, the contrary, it is a chaotic, senseless, confused, inwardly destructive, and supremely wasteful society that not only relies on the exploitation of the less-developed (Islamic barbarians excluded) Third World for physical labor and places to sell its economy—but continued to destroy, frowning heart and lung, the earth, the planet, the species. Stalinists should imagine that the USA is really “helping” those people, but also to note that it is a danger, a threat, and a disease within its own borders. If, on the other hand, a repressed, Seppuku-society of Christian consumerism and black-handed capitalism (and I imagine that is what Stalinists imagine) that they cannot even enjoy the material wealth they drain out of the West, however, there is a subtler and more

Satanic reason why even a dirt-poor American will give a spirited defense of the virtue of capitalism; in a Capitalist world, Karl Marx’s theory dismisses all cherished illusions that we live in the best kind of society, that our wealth or poverty is in our just deserts, etc., the kind of rosy idea that many Americans (and others) find so essential to their flimsy grip on sanity. Marxian says that not only is American consumerism Capitalist not the “enlightened,” “moral,” “highest form of human civilization” it imagines itself to be, but, to the contrary, it is a chaotic, senseless, confused, inwardly destructive, and supremely wasteful society that not only relies on the exploitation of the less-developed (Islamic barbarians excluded) Third World for physical labor and places to sell its economy—but continued to destroy, frowning heart and lung, the earth, the planet, the species. Stalinists should imagine that the USA is really “helping” those people, but also to note that it is a danger, a threat, and a disease within its own borders. If, on the other hand, a repressed, Seppuku-society of Christian consumerism and black-handed capitalism (and I imagine that is what Stalinists imagine) that they cannot even enjoy the material wealth they drain out of the West, however, there is a subtler and more

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As for "thoughtcrime," people were not arrested for what they thought about the government, as the case of the Christian scientist Pavlov demonstrates: he was never arrested, nor were people who voted sincerely discrepant over hunger, war, etc. However, people were arrested for such crimes as scrapping up oil in impant jobs, wasting money (The People's resources), and other things that Westerners pretend to be "trivial, innocent mistakes." In an era of real subjugation to the face of a war at ascultation. Such mass, many people who were simply emotionally con

For the much-desired "brainwashing" attributed to the Soviet Union and other Communist countries, such as Nazi China, Stalinists should not be disappointed to hear that the official school of psychology in the Soviet union was Pavlovianism, which is famous for its drooling dogs and ringing bells. Stalin's regime tried to create a "New Man" by manipulation of the official Soviet Union removing stimuli that produce broken people and neurotic antisocial behaviors, and encouraging those that build healthy, functional humans. Despite what humanitarians imagine about the people in such regimes, the average citizens of the USSR in Stalin's time did not feel oppressed, because they were happy with their lives, which were affiliated with those in the West (unlike the average person in a stressful Hobbesian capi
talist society).

As for the Pavlovian school of psychology, the disassociative non-nimic "spiritual" types of people were considered insane, in contrast to this society. Because such types were consider
ed the "Norm," or even glorified as role models: savants and psychiatrists like Mother Theresa, Winston Churchill, Cardinal Spellman, etc. In the Soviet Union, those who showed a lack of interest in the carnal life, for example, teenage boys who weren't horny for girls, were suspected of "sleeping schizophre
nia." In fact, that Pavlovian school of psychol
ogy, which is so effective to human illusions of what B.F. Skinner called "freedom and dign
ity," is verified by hard science-neuro
ology findings, such as the work of Dr. Antonio Damasio, whose book "Descartes' Error" thoroughly discredited Western mind-body dualism, and sparked the recent fad in "Emotional Intelligence."
memoirs of Anatoly Dobrynin, former member of the Central Committee of the Party and Soviet ambassador to Washington for 24 years (1962-1986), Gorbatchev, the West's little "hero," is as much to blame for the collapse of the Soviet Union as Khruuschev. Dobrynin says that Khruuschev kept antagonizing the U.S. military (which doesn't work for a social-ist system) and misdirected Soviet energies to war, while Gorbatchev's "wonderful reforms" (as the West thinks) unleashed chaos and confusion that Dobrynin says Gorby, could not even understand or deal with. Gorby was too busy and did not understand economic problems (as Stalin did), and became increasingly helpless as "glasnost" progressed. According to Dobrynin, Gorbatchev did not know how to deal with "practical problems" (sound familiar?). Now Mikhail Gorbatchev works in Pizza Hut commercials.

Now that the Iron Curtain has fallen, the many detractors of Communism have loudly proclaimed the victory of "freedom of the individual" and "democracy." Meanwhile, the former Soviet Union has become a Hobbesian respite of massive starvation, crime, and all of the other Hellish results of confused humans struggling for survival (however, it is not nearly as bad as every single American inner city is of course, the capitalists won't be happy until it is). The notion that one can live from literary works of social and technological condi-tions to become a world superpower, to build the world's first space station, and to give hope of a better future for humanity, has been degraded to a level where its former General Secretary can be seen on American television peddling for Pizza Hut. This is where the "free market" rises to profit incen-tives and unnecessary "luxuries" (of cor-suer succu-rum—where people don't even enjoy the junk, such as the following $100 sneak-ern popular with schoolgo ghetto dwellers and their sell-off imitators) they buy has taken the people of the Soviet Union.

They, or more correctly, those fools and saviours who bought into the Western wheel of Capitalism (definition: the greedy, desper-ate searching after material rewards by those attempting to fill up a black vortex inside themselves), have brought the Soviet Union to utter degeneracy; real bread lines, a society without even medical care, and, of course, a resurgence of Christianity. Like most people, the citizens of what was once Genghis Khan's empire, the insipid wilderness unknown to the degenerate superpower zone civilizations, have been deceived by the ship, deceptively pret-ty or of the brown back holes, and tried to match up the shaggy and glamorous but illiterate "treasures" of Capitalism (just like the "treasures" of Christianity) they offer-er to find crumpled-up foil in their hands or at least some of them have bought into this nothingness. Perhaps when it is too late, once they are past the point of no return and are spiraling uncontrollably into oblivion, when they have long since sealed their own fate, they will look back and realize that they too have forsaken something more valuable than any ugly, overpriced "designer" suit or hip-hop skimp, bland "gourmet" cuisine in the world, normal creature comfort, good food, loving friendship and family, the kind of things NKVD chief Felix Dzerzhinsky called life, happiness, and inner liberty (Dzerzhinsky had never heard of Jefferson), and that we Satanists call vital animal existence.

Maybe they will realize that it is possible to live a life with material comfort and luxu-ry and real friends and family as jungle prim-ates do, except in a modern technological society, without enslaving someone else or scraping with your own brother over a piece of bread. And now that the greedy kleptopaths in the American capitalist world have had their wildest dreams fulfilled, their own big businesses are moving their operations over-seas, into the labor markets newly-opened by the fall of Communism, gradually depleting the once prosperous standard of living in even the so-called First World. A Satanist might have warned them. "Be careful what you wish for: you just might get it." ♠

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You'll Hear From My Lawyer.

By Blackjack

LIKE MOST SATANISTS, I agree that Lex Talionis is an idea with a lot of merit. Most know that the current system of justice is seriously flawed, and that criminals often have more rights than the victims. I have seen many people write about the criminal side of Lex Talionis, but nobody has mentioned the civil side. This is surprising, considering that this will be the more difficult aspect of the criminal code to change. Christianity might be mediocrity's best friend, but the lawsuit finishes a close second. With all of the lawsuits I see, I find myself consistently asking the same question: "What ever happened to just having a bad day?"

It's one thing to try to protect individuals from their own stupidity, but to let them profit from it is downright scary. Instead of encouraging people to develop something called self-responsibility, society rewards the opposite, and companies constantly have to come up with new and better ways to protect the mentally challenged from themselves. For instance, if you come across a construction site, you might see the following sign posted near a deep hole that they have dug:

"Warning! We have dug this hole because, well, we're construction workers, it's our job. While this hole should not be in your path, we realize that curiosity may get the better of you, and you may stumble upon it, any way. This hole is approximately 40 feet deep, give or take a few inches. Falling into this hole might be pleasant, and bring a premature end to your dreams of anchoring the 4 X 10 relay at the Olympics. Should you lose your balance, we have provided hand rails at the edge of the hole, hoping that you remember the purpose of opposable thumbs. Also, for your safety, we have provided a demonstration of pretty flashing lights approximately 50 feet away from the hole, figuring that your short attention span will get the better of you. If for some reason, you still feel the need to plunge into the hole, a medical technician will be with you shortly, being considerable enough not to laugh his ass off in your presence. At this time, feel free to call your lawyer and sue us for understimating the capacity for self-destruction."

This scenario might be funny, if you and I weren't the ones who ended up paying for it. Criminals might be frightening, but self-destructive ninjas are more plentiful. You are less likely to run into a mugger than an old lady who uses Starbucks because she failed to see how hot coffee and her vulva were not made for each other. In case you think that this doesn't hurt you, just wait until you are paying an extra quarter for your latte because Starbucks has to redesign all of its cups to say "Scrub the lid on really tight unless you want the worst hot flash of your life." Murderers grab the headlines, but lawsuits grab your money.

While I have no love for lawyers, I really don't blame them for the lawsuit frenzy. They are merely the tool used to continue this judicial version of the "I'm a victim" syndrome. Sure, lawyers may encourage the behavior; but, they figure as long as society continues to follow the mantra "Blessed are the dumb asses, for they can make a fortune," they might as well make a profit from it. As long as stupidity is profitable, common sense doesn't stand a chance. Therefore, I have created Blackjack's Pentagonal Civil Code, to be incorporated into Lex Talionis. The code consists of the following five addenda, in both regular and Blackjack versions.

Addendum 1: Punitive Damages

Regular Version: In any lawsuit where the defendant is found guilty, punitive damages will not exceed triple the actual medical costs incurred. To award punitive damages, a jury must prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant actually showed malicious intent or gross negligence towards the plaintiff.

Blackjack Version: Same as above, but, if the jury can prove that the plaintiff's harm was caused by pure idiocy, the plaintiff will pay all court costs and sit still while everyone in the courtroom laughs at him/her for no less than one hour. Also, plaintiff will be forced to relish all of the above in the span of one hour.

Addendum 2: "Good Samaritan" Law

Regular Version: Defendants will not be held liable for damages in civil cases when it is demonstrated that injuries occurred while the defendant was making a bona fide attempt to provide aid and assistance to the plaintiff during an emergency situation.

Blackjack Version: If you are such a dink that you try to use somebody who needs to save your life, I will personally spread bone marrow jelly on your genitalia and lock you in a cage with Otto, the starving rottweiler.

Addendum 5: Slander / Libel

Regular Version: In order to receive damages, a plaintiff must demonstrate that the defendant caused actual harm, in terms of physical/bodily, financial, or other tangible forms with their writing or speech. Claims of psychological harm must be verified by court-appointed psychiatrists.

Blackjack Version: If the jury finds that no tangible harm occurred, and that the plaintiff is merely a "wuss-box" with no sense of humor, then the plaintiff will be forced to walk down the main street of the town wearing only a diaper and screaming "Waahh, I'm a baby, change my diaper, I soiled myself again!"

Addendum 6: Criminal Liability

Regular Version: Plaintiffs will not be awarded damages in civil cases where it is demonstrated that injuries occurred while committing a misdemeanor or felonious criminal act.

Blackjack Version: Actually, I'm still shaking my head over the fact that I even need to write this addendum. Good news for the plaintiff: I will present you with a stylishly engraved plaque for possessing the gonads required to file such a lawsuit. Bad news for the plaintiff: I will also see to it that you spend the duration of your prison sentence "Crying in Farsi."
HOW IT ALL BEGAN

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DAMP AND chilly Tuesday on November 27th, when Pope Urban II mounted the pulpit in the French town of Clermont in 1095. "Christians," he was calling out, "terrible news has reached us. The peoples of the Eastern empires, wicked race, alienated towards God, have devastated Christian lands by fire and sword. They have desecrated the houses of God and His Altars. They have circumcised Christians and poured their blood into the wells. Peasants, knights, dukes and priests listened spellbound. "Who shall revenge these woeful deeds, if not you? You are the people God has given the courage and the spirit and the power to humiliate those haughty heathens."

Having carefully prepared his speech, the Pope made a well-timed break. "Go and fight those barbarians! Go and fight for the holy lands!" The crowd was frastic. "Remember God has died for you and now it is your duty to do for Him," Urban declared, holding a cross into the air. With the cry "Dios le vult!" ("God wills it!") thousands took the challenge. They took red stripes of cloth and sewed them on the right shoulder in the shape of a cross, thus giving the period its name. (There were but a few critical chroniclers who were just wondering where those stripes of red cloth came from all of a sudden.)

This was the beginning of the First Crusade. With his carefully staged scene at the Council of Clermont, Pope Urban II opened two of the bloodiest centuries in Christian history. The toll was paid in the form of hundreds of thousands of lives, the total number being unknown forever. Interestingly, if we would get a chance today to talk to one of those warriors and ask him about going on a "Crusade," he would not even understand the word. The term itself, although nowadays naming an entire period, is not mentioned in this form before the eighteenth century. Earlier French forms were "croisade" and "croisette," both from around the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century. Contemporary sources usually speak only about a "holy war" or an "expedition to the Holy Land."

Bands of poor and inexperienced pilgrims, poorly armed and equipped, set out for Outremer, the Holy Land ("outremer" meaning "overseas" in French). They were led by Walter the Penniless and Peter the Hermit. The latter rode a donkey and read letters which ostensibly had fallen from Heaven; these letters foretold of the Christian victory. He was even bold enough to distribute copies! Peter, probably coming from Amiens in the French province Picardie, was bearded with dirt and filth, and the chroni-
clers report he looked quite similar to his donkey. But they also report that he must have been a gifted speaker as not even abbots and bishops were able to withstand his banishing sermons.

One of Peter's companions, a certain Enrico of Leningen, a German count from Mainz, stated that Heaven itself had burned a cross into his breast. As one can clearly see, Heaven did not restrict itself to writing letters during those days. This Enrico was responsible for initiating a wave of pious un
known to Medieval times until then. His motto was, "We will all battle to the barbarians who have desecrated Christian lands, let us start with those who are responsible for the death of our Lord Jesus Christ!" So on their way to the East they were menacing Jews in the Rhine valley, starting in the town of Speyer, and working their way down, not leaving out one single town of considerable importance. Thousands of Jews were remained, robbed, raped, dead.

When they finally reached Constantinople, the Byzantine emperor Alexios shipped the mob over to Anatolia as fast as possible because he was in fear that they might pillage the city. And his fears were more justified than one might first think. It was deliberately that Pope Urban had not been more specific about those "Eastern Empires" in his speech at the council. The separation of the former unified Roman empire into Eastern and a Western part had also brought with it a separation of the formerly unified Christian church. So, if those reaching Constantinople should misunderstand him and turn to battle against the Byzantine empire, what could be done? (Never mind that Alexios immediately caused for all this was the cry for help against the Turks from the Byzantine emperor himself.) Maybe the poor mob would turn out to be without a spiritual leader afterwards. The Holy Father would then see it as his holy obligation to jump in, of course. But the quest of Constantineople did not happen before more than a century later, and by then the Crusaders were able to hold and secure the heavily walled fortress.

With the firm grip of the invaders, the Crusaders were able to move on to their final destination and arrived at Jerusalem in June 1099. Forewarned by what had happened at Antioch, all Christians were expelled from the town and the defend

IMPRESSIONS FROM OUTREMER

Both Crusaders and Muslims were forced to adapt to one another's military strategies to quite an extent. Turkish and Seljuk forces used to harass the Crusader armies on the move, without committing themselves to a full scale battle. So special attention had to be paid to the formation of marching units with vass, flank and rear guards getting a new important role. Usually the foot soldiers walked on the outskirts to protect the valuable mounts of the knights.
from enemy arrows. Logistical, a military art which had almost disappeared from Europe after the decline of the Roman Empire, had to be learned anew. And it was learned the hard way, with thousands of Crusaders dying of starvation and lack of water during the first two Crusades. But by that a set of well-supported supply bases was installed and main-
tained, proving its value already during the third Crusade. Concerning medical support, a contempo-rary source tells us that one was usually better off without medical assistance, considering the ill-developed medical sci-
ence of the time.

On the other side, the Oriental cavalry forces consisted mainly of lightly armed and armed riders on ponies and light horses to support their method of swift attack strikes with a quick retreat before the enemy was able to react. But they did not realize at first that in a full scale battle the heavily armored and armed knights would be more than a match for them. So during the first few of those battles, the knights with their full-
armor brought the threat of the attackers to a full stop by just standing it out. Then when they would charge, they practically leveled their enemies to the ground by sheer momentum.

Also, tactics in those wars were crude and bloody. At Nicaea the heads of beheaded Muslims were thrown into the beluging town with cauldrons. But the enemy did not fall behind, usually behead-
ing prisoners of war as a standard treat-
ment or at least treating them most cruel-
ly. As a result of this no-quarter struggle, both sides always fought to the bitter end.

With Christian warriors from Armenia and Syria joining the Crusaders, and French, Norman, and Byzantine mercenaries fighting on the Muslim side, it was sometimes difficult to tell who was the enemy in the thick of the fight.

Both sides also had their problems with envy and jealousy among the partaking barons. Muslim officers disclosed the military secrets of their own men during personal feuds with fellow commanders, or sometimes just in exchange for gold coins. And the most noble titles and barons of Frankly, accidents oc-
tionally spent their energy more on gaining new territories and properties in the Orient than on keeping the Holy War in motion; something which did not go unnoticed by the Muslim rulers.

After the fall of Jerusalem the Christians broke into all the houses, killing men, women, and children at random, regardless of confes-
sions. They took with them all they could and, many a knight was richer than ever after the Blood Night of Jerusalem. The crusaders even cut the guts out of citizens when they heard rumors that the Saracens sometimes

hid their gold coins from their enemies by swallowing them. The Jews of Jerusalem fled into their main synagogue. But this did not trouble the Christian knights of the Crusades. They simply burned the building down with all the people in it.

At least as cruel were the Shiite Assassins members of a secret order of Muslim fanatics who terrorized and killed not only the Christian Crusaders, but also laid hands (and blades) on other Muslims. Incited by drugs, they followed their leaders unques-
tionably.

The campaigns at a glance

The first Crusade (1096-99) was called upon by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095. During summer 1096 a large number of fanatical frenzied men, women and children reached Anatolia, where the "Poor Man's Army" was destroyed by the Muslims. The main army was mostly French and Norman knights under the leadership of Godfrey of Bouillon, Baldwin of Flanders, Raymond of Toulouse, Robert of Normandy, and others assembled at Constantinople at Christmas 1096. They captured Antioch in June 1098 and finally stormed Jerusalem in July 1099, forming several Crusader states along the Syrian and Palestinian coast, among them the County of Edessa, the Principality of Antioch and the Kingdom of Jerusalem where Baldwin was crowned king. Rivalries among the leading nobles impaired however the chance of consolidating these holdings. The Second Crusade (1147 - 49) was caused by the loss of Edessa to the Muslims in 1144. The German King Conrad III and King

Figure 1
Louis VII of France lead their armies separately through Anatolia, against the advice of the Byzantine Emperor. They lost most of their men. The remains joined in an unsuccessful attempt to take Damascus turning the operation into a complete fiasco and a terrible disaster.

The capture of Jerusalem in 1187 together with most of Palestine by Sultan Salah Al-Din Al-Afghani (pro. sah al-din gwon-yi; c.1158 - 1193) commonly known under the name Saladin, led immediately to the Third Crusade (1188 - 1192). King Philip II of France, Holy Roman Emperor Frederick I and King Richard I of England had initial military success, recapturing Acre in 1191. But Frederick drowned en route in Cilicia and Philip returned soon to France. King Richard was able to secure Jaffa and Cyprus but failed to reconquer Jerusalem. On his journey home, Richard was taken prisoner near Varna by Duke Leopold V of Austria and turned over to the German Emperor Henry VI who had a personal feud with Richard. But he was also in need of money and so he agreed to release the king in exchange for high ransom in 1194.

 Pope Innocent III tried to reorganize the Crusades with the Fourth Crusade (1202 - 04). But the Crusaders were unable to pay for the passage of a large number of Venetians. At the request of the Venetians they led sieges to Constantinople, conquering and looting the city in April 1204 when it was still occupied by a Latin emperor. A Byzantine army almost casually recaptured the city in 1261 under the lead of the Byzantine Emperor Michael VIII Palaeologus. The Venetian puppet king Baldwin II fled on a Venetian ship.

Ingres' canvases show the enthusiasm for Crusades gradually declined, despite several reviving attempts. The Muslims were in firm control of Syria and Palestine and the European leaders preferred to concentrate on their own affairs rather than fighting the devoted and fierce warriors of the jihād ("holy war"). In 1212 the most disappointing Children's Crusade (figure 3) took place. Thousands of children from German and Dutch states left to recapture Jerusalem "innocent and weaponless", led by Engelbert. Most died from hunger and disease en route, the rest being sold into slavery by unscrupulous mercenaries from Genoa.

Interestingly from here on historical sources as well as modern works on the subject begin to differ in the numbering of the crusades, further indicating their lessened importance. So some history books list up to eight Crusades, while others count only to seven. Therefore you might or might not agree with my remaining count, depending on what book you are looking at.

During the Fifth Crusade (1217 - 21) a papal legate took the harlot of Damietta (1219) in Egypt, but all further attempts were crushed by a Nile flood and Damietta was finally evacuated after only two years. The Sixth Crusade (1228 - 29) was a peaceful expedition into Outremer by Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II who was able to negotiate the return of Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Jaffa from the Muslims under an agreement. This lasted to 1244 when Jerusalem was recaptured finally.

The Seventh (1248 - 54) and the Eighth (1270) Crusades were led by King Louis IX of France in Egypt without success. He ruled the coast from Acre for four years but was captured at Damietta and released for ransom. A second campaign against the Sultan of Tunis in North Africa in 1270 was equally unsuccessful. In the meantime, Jaffa and Arsuf were lost to the Mamluk Sultan Baybars in 1268 and the last

![Figure 2](image)

Christian bastion, Acre (figure 2), was stormed by him in 1291.

During this period Crusades were also used increasingly by the papacy against states in the West. First against the Slavic pagan Wends in Germany in 1147 and later against Muslims in Spain, the Baltic Prussians and Lithuanians, and the heretic Albigenses in southern France, 1209 - 29. This use of Crusades as mere tools of papal power politics continued well into the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

CONSEQUENCES AND RESULTS

Basically, the expected religious benefits of the Crusades backfired. They hastened the Muslim attitudes towards Christians, at the same time raising doubts among Christians about God's will, the role of the papacy and the church's authority. Religious fervour yielded to deism, skepticism and a growing secularism as, for example, in the use of indulgences. On the other hand, the Crusades did stimulate religious enthusiasm on a broad scale. They inspired a great literature in Latin and in the vernacular, especially the Romance languages. Contacts with the Muslim world started to replace ignorance about other cultures and religions with a certain respect for them. The abbey of Chartres, Peter the Venerable, had the holy book of Muslims, the Qur'an, translated into Latin, an act which two hundred years earlier would have brought him to the stakes for heresy.

Politically, the consequences of the Crusades were even less significant. The Crusader states were rather short lived, leaving behind only the military orders founded in the East. The most important ones were the Knights Hospitallers, also called the Knights of St. John, the Knights Templar and the Teutonic Knights. They had a significant influence on the European politics. The strong Muslim forces which came out of the
isolated from the surrounding culture.) Also this was the reason for the increasing power and wealth of the Italian cities like Genoa or Venice, as for them the Crusades opened up the trade routes to the East thereby enabling their dominant merchant position in Europe for the next centuries.

A PRODUCT OF THE CRUSADES: THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AND THE HEAD OF BAPHOMET

One of the more important military and religious orders founded in the Crusades were the Knights Templar, named so because they originally were occupying a building on or near the site of the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. With full title, "The Poor Fellow-Soldiers of Christ and the Temple of Solomon" (Latin original: "Pauperes commilitones Christi Templique Salomonici"), they were founded by Hugh de Payns of Burgundy and Geoffroy de Saint-Omer, a Fleming (Hugh de Payns resp. Geoffroy de Saint-Afhem in other sources). The order was originally formed by its founders in 1118 together with seven other knights, as a voluntary association to escort and protect pilgrims on their way from Jerusalem to Jericho. In 1118 they swore an oath before the Patriarch of Jerusalem to protect the pilgrims and observe the monastic vows of poverty, obedience and chastity. Under King Baldwin II of Jerusalem, who was very supportive of the formation and gave them the quarters from which their name stemmed, they became in effect an unofficial police force.

By now, their numbers had grown and it was felt they should be organized permanently and officially in accordance with their vow and their special military role. Around 1124 Hugh de Payns went to Europe for guidance and support to the newly electedemas the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who was considered to be the greatest Christian spiritual authority of that time; he drew up the order's rules, confirmed by the Council which officially gave them their statutes, the Knights Templar were established as a military-religious organization—the first official warfare-monks. They took vows of poverty, chastity and obedience and wore monks' habits in chapel but rode to battle in mail and the distinctive cloak of their order, white with a red cross on the left breast and on the shield, displaying their black and white banner (figure 3). They were professional soldiers ruled by an iron discipline. Divided into knights, chaplains, sergeants, and craftsmen they were organized under a Grand Master and were responsible only to the pope.

Their seal shows two knights riding on the back of a single horse (figure 4 showing a photograph of a real seal; figure 5 outlining it in low for better recognition of the features), the inscription reads "SIGILVM MILITVM XRISTI," "The sigil of the soldiers of Christ." Some think that the symbol stems from their vow of poverty, indicating that not each knight could afford his own horse. But while they might have been poor as individuals, this certainly did not hold for the order as such. So another theory states that this is not to be seen as a sign of poverty but as a symbol of order initiation. The acceptance into the order was linked to merits and abilities of the candidate. One man, standing outside the order was not authorized to ride a horse. He is lifted up the horse by the other man thereby denoting him as becoming equal, by his own deserving.

The Knights Templar attracted many nobles and soon became an expert military force and a powerful, wealthy order, evolving into the finest fighting force in the Holy Land. In Battle they were always accorded the position of honor on the right wing, with the Hospitallers on the left. In November 1177 only 80 Templars together with 500 other armored knights smashed Saladin's army in a single crushing cavalry charge led by the Grand Master of the Templars. Throughout the thirteenth century their military role in Palestine was declining, partially because of difficulties in gaining new recruits (people became less enthusiastic about dying in Osmerefor the 'greater glory of God'), and partially because of the growing rivalry between the military orders which led to fights even among the different orders. So it happened that in 1256 the Templars and the Hospitallers took different sides in a fighting between Genoese and Venetians in Arce instead of countering the threat from Sultan Baybars— a brilliant muslim general.

After 1299, when the crusading forces were finally driven from Palestine, the Templar's main activity became banking, lending money even to kings. Their enormous landholdings and financial strength aroused great hostility among rulers and clergy alike. In Europe their churches were often round, and their commanderies served as banks (figure 6 showing a Templar church in Lombard). There they made a most grievous mistake, loaning vast sums of money to King Philip IV of France. The king, known as "Philip the Fair" (a reference to his appearance, not his nature), was always sorely in need of money and also in great dislike of his power, as they owed allegiance to Rome rather than any secular authority. In 1306 Philip thought up a pernicious plan to charge the Templars with heresy, the only crime which would allow him to seize their money. Charges of homosexuality and sodomy ensued. Pope Clement V was initially opposing the charges, trying to save the order (i.e., his private army) by ordering the last Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, to Rome and suggesting to him to save and form one order with the Knights Hospitallers and to go on a new Crusade. Both proposals were rejected by the Templars, who seemed to be unaware of the charges leveled against the order, and failing to see these proposals as a means of saving the order.

Being merely Philip's puppet, Clement finally was forced to support the fabricated claims. After all, the cardinal had gained access to the Holy See only because of Philip's manipulations. On September 13th, 1307, Philip had all members of the order in France arrested. Similar attacks were mounted against the order in Spain and England, and it was said that the Templars at the Templar by papal bull at the Council of Vienne in 1312. Grand Inquisitor Wilhelm Imbert unleashed one of the greatest character assassination campaigns of the time, using the Dominicans, the Franciscans, and the Augustinians to spread the lies about the Templars from all sides of Europe. With their rituals kept a secret, there was no one outside the order to contest those fabricated charges. The Templars had ignored and underestimated their powerful enemies for too long. They were put on trial, and confessions were extracted by torture. A fixed scheme of up to 127 questions was used to aid to this procedure but the results tend to reflect more the warped preconceptions of the inquisitors than what had actually happened. Here are provided a few excerpts of the voluminous protocols which are of some interest concerning the
Figures 4 & 5

origin and the earliest forms of the Baphomet symbol. (For those readers who can utilize it, I have also provided the Latin originals. Note that this is clerical medieval Latin, which differs from the ancient Latin of Julius Caesar and Marcus Tullius Cicero quite a bit. During the translations I have tried, partly by deliberately violating the correct use of tenses in indirect speech and partly by sticking to unusual wording and words, to capture the air and the emotions of the original documents. Comments for clarification of passages that refer to other parts of the texts are made in brackets.)

LES PROCÉS DES TEMPLIERS

From the interrogation of Hugues de Bure (M. IV. 1510)

ed. Michel I, pp. 265

"Item, dixit quod, immediate post praeda, dictus frater P. extraudit de quodam armario dictum capellae quoddam caput et postul supra altare, et cum quadam cordula circumdavit dictum caput; tradidit illam cordulam ipsi testi, et precipitavit ut ea continuo supra camissam cingaret; sed tamem dixit non possit re quae.

...Interrogatus de dicto capitae quae erat, respondit quod non est ligneaem, sed videbatur argenteum, vel cupreum, vel aureum; et erat ad instar capitae humani, cum facie et cum longa barba quasi cao. Interrogatus cuius erat dictum caput, respondit se nescire nec visisse postmodum dictum caput, quia non fut, ut dixit, ex tunc in dicta domo nisi duobus diebus, et dictus preceptor, facta dicta recepisse, repenitit ipsum capula in predicto armario.

"Interrogatus quae est dicta cordula, respondit quod de filo allo gracili, longitudinis tallis quod homine poterat inde cingi. Interrogatus quae non cingit dictam cordulam, ex quo fecerat alia graviera quae fuerant sihi precepta, respondit quia credidit esse precatio, quia viserat eam cingi dictum capulam, quod capulam non credidat significare bosum, ut dixit ...

"Also, he said, immediately after what was said before [a lengthy description of a ritual expressing disrespect for the holy Christian symbols and also showing unquestioning obedience to the order], said brother P: took a head out of a closet in the chapel, put it on the altar and wound a rope around this head, gave this rope over to the witness mentioned [earlier during the interrogation] and ordered him to gird himself with this rope over his shirt all time, yet that one said he never wore it.

"...Asked about how this said head was constituted, he answered it was not made from wood but looked like it was made of silk because, as he said, he had not been to said house ever since, but only on those two days, and the said teacher had put back the very same head into the aforementioned closet after said initiation ceremony had been performed.

"Asked, how the said rope was constituted, he said it was made of a thin white thread of such length a man could gird himself with it. Asked, why he did not gird himself with said cord while he had done other things much worse when ordered to do so, he answered because he believed it to be a sin as he had seen it girding said head, the head of which he believed to mean no good, as he said ...

From the interrogation of Jacques de Troyes (9. V. 1510)

ibid., pp. 265

"Item, ... de ydol a, respondit se audire vixissi unum plurium, neque tamun ubi nec a quibus, ante recepcionem suam per aliquos annos, quod quando capitulum Templarium celebraverat Parisium, apparecerit et circa mediarem nuncum, quoddam capulam quod vidimus verebatur. Post recepcionem suam de hoci nihil audivi, nec credit ... auditi tamen dicis, postquam fut sit in ordine, quod dictus frater Radulchus habebatur demonem privatim, cujus consilio erat supinae et dixerit.

"Also, ... according the idols, he answered that he had heard reports of several others - but he does not know where and by whom - some years prior to his initiation that, if a chapter of the Templars was held in Paris, a head appeared to them by midnight which they revered very much. After his initiation he did not hear any more about it and he did not believe ... but he has heard say, when he
already was in the order, that said brother Raoul had a private demon whose counsel was wise and precious."

All this, together with their secret blasphemies, which most of the interrogations cover [initiates were required to kiss the matter on the anus, the navel, the genitals, the vagina virilis in contemporary sources], and several other body parts. Then they had to spit on the cross and to abjure Jesus Christ.] might quite well indicate that the Knights Templar world indeed qualify as one of the first large scale Satanic organizations.

Down to this century scholars and historians alike have had heated discussions about how to view those confessions and any guilt of the order. Some think that these protocols show that the Knights Templar were representatives of a cathartic, dualistic leer and as such true heretics from the view of the Christian church while others heavily contradict them. Those others argue that it is highly improbable that a rich, worldly order like the Templars should have tried to secretly establish a new religion which would bring them no apparent advantages but definitely destruction on a most probable discovery. They say that the initiations rites might just be a test to put the unquestioning loyalty and strict obedience to superiors of the initiate on trial. Of course, clinging to the other extreme and attributing no value at all to those protocols would be too easy. It is most likely that the truth will never ever come, which is most probably a bit of the original documents, most of them showing a non-suched-away anyway, did not survive the almost 700 years in our time, especially those rare documents which might prove the accusations to be faked and just targeting the girdle they put around the head. These are all indications that the order did indeed put this head in a center place of its worship instead of the cross. By that time, although, it did not at all come close to the famous picture (figure 7) by Eliphaz Levi (Abbe Louis Constant, 1816 - 1875).

Scholars also think it probable that Baphomet was a symbol of the dark chthonic side of the 'Great Vritlita'. It is likely that additionally during the interrogations and trials a misunderstanding manifested itself with the Sufi term 'Head of Knowledge' (figure 8, bottom), stemming from the Arabic term 'alb fihamat' (literally 'Father of Knowledge'): figure 8, top).

When Jacques de Molay and other leaders of the Templars retained their forced confessions and declared their innocence and the innocence of the order, Philip had them burned at the stake at Paris on March 18th, 1314 (figure 9). Before the Grand Master died, he asked King Philip and Pope Clement to join him within the year. Clement was poisoned by a monk in April 1314, and Philip was put to death by force during a rebellion in November 1314.

While in practically all other European countries the order was found innocent of the charges, only being suppressed by the papal bull of 1312, in France the judges were obviously trying hard to picture the Knights Templar as Satanists, having fallen from Christianity under Oriental influences and converted to Devil worshiping. Finally their holdings were dispersed most to be passed to the Knights Hospitallers and some to secular rulers. It was probably no coincidence that not one single coin of the Templars' great wealth in France ever reached the Knights Hospitallers.

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TO ARMS

By Reverend K.S. Anthony

The challenges that face the Church of Satan are unlike any previously encountered. Our enemies come, wearing our symbols, with outstretched hands, thinking we do not see the knives they carry behind them. Old foes that have been long vanished have returned, still weak, to live vicariously through this new breed of vermin. Even the Infernal Empire itself carries the cancer of card-carrying dissidents who dish themselves mutineers. These people would have you believe that the Church of Satan is something you do, not something you are. These people would have you believe that the Church of Satan is about to fall after a mere 54 years of existence.

These people are wrong, and we have them in our sights.

The Church of Satan’s future was never meant to be a mass of occulting websites dripping with solipsistic mindness. It’s about deeds, not words; what you can do, not what you can talk about. We have somehow emerged as a truly revolutionary movement; a movement that has suddenly and violently captured the attention of the world again. If we were truly dying, there would be no rumors of our death from those who have fetishized what they can never be a part of. Those people who spend so much time “debunking” and criticizing us are merely trying to write themselves into what they know is history being made. They want to be remembered as the opposition. We’ve given them an identity for the past 54 years. They cannot create anything so they spend their lives desperately trying to undermine those who do. The truth of the matter is that they are dead, and have been for years.

Those who started out as Iron Youths have blossomed into men and women of steel. I’m glad to see the patriots of our ranks grow more unflinching, more fanatical and more iron-handed. What started as a Church has truly grown into an Empire. It is up to every citizen of this Empire to push forward toward the dizzying heights of Will and to strengthen every arm of our organization. At the same time, we must lure the traitors and dissenters out from under their rocks and kick them aside. No true patriot of the Empire should, for one minute, tolerate a traitor in their midst. If we are to have a future as an Empire then we must be prepared, as soldier-citizens, to fight for it and on behalf of it. Anyone who lacks the courage and audacity to stand behind our leaders 100% should get out NOW. Anyone who is interested in debating about most points should get out NOW. Anyone who doesn’t agree with our goals, our methods and our aims should turn in their cards and get out, NOW.

Your blood and soil are being threatened. The honor of the organization you’ve sworn loyalty to is being produced. People who have betrayed the sacred legacy passed on to us by Anton LaVey are trying to create division among our populace. Will you stand by? Will you turn the other cheek?

People who have betrayed the sacred legacy passed on to us by Anton LaVey are trying to create division among our populace. Will you stand by? Will you turn the other cheek?

There is an inner circle in the Church of Satan, though it has no name or formal organization. I have no idea how many it counts as members, but I know of more than a few. The Satanists who occupy this circle have one thing in common: a fanatical dedication to their Church, its leader and its philosophy. Not merely an interest, mind you, but a violent, unswerving, all-consuming love. Were you to put one of these treacherous Internet muggins in front of one of them in a locked room, the result would be undeniably catastrophic for the webhead. These patriots certainly don’t seek the martyr’s grave for themselves, but they don’t shy from them either. They are like Cofreman’s Legionnaires, still saluting the Captain, as he was called. While weaknesses bitter and debate about the future of the Church, they look to the source and find strength and direction. They salute the Doctor. They see in the Church of Satan and Satanism all it has been and all it can be. You cannot ever be the same once you have that vision in sight. I’ve given these patriots in this circle within the Church a name. It’s a name only they can truly deserve, a name that was always intended for them.

We are called Satanists. Ever shall we live.

This ends this broadcast of Yankee Rose.
SURELY YOU CAN UNDERSTAND our position in this matter. Brother Crawford. We bear you no ill will from this. We love you, and your daughter, but... the man's words trailed off into silence.

He was tall, thin man with sparse red hair. He habitually wore a severe expression on his face, but it was even more pronounced than usual this morning. His companion, a shorter, fatter fellow with a thick head of iron gray hair took up where the other left off...it's just that a man who cannot properly guide his own child can hardly be trusted to guide the children of God.

Matthew Crawford sank wearily back into the chair behind the desk that had been his for thirteen years. He nodded in numb acceptance of his fate. Both of the other men stood and left the room.

A few minutes later the redheaded man opened the door. "You'll need to be out of the office by tomorrow night. Brother Everett will be here Friday morning."

"Certainly, brother Hardwick," Crawford answered without looking up.

"Matt, you can stay in the house until the end of the month. Brother Everett will be staying with Ruth and me."

"Thank you, brother..." Crawford bit off his reply and looked at Hardwick. "Thanks, brother, that's very kind of you."

"Well, we thought it was the least we could do, under the circumstances. Hardwick passed for a moment, then asked "Have you heard anything from Sarah?"

Crawford closed his eyes, suddenly feeling even weaker. It did no good. He kept seeing his daughter storming angrily out of the house. "No," was all he said. "Well, Lord willing, she'll return to Christ." She will. I know she will. She was always willful and full of pride, easy prey for the Devil's temptations, but she will return to God's grace," Crawford looked around the room. Flapping on every wall were photos taken at a variety of church functions. In each of them he saw his own smiling face surrounded by the smiling faces of his flock. No, his former flock. There was only one photo of his daughter. It stood on his desk. It showed a pretty, but sad looking, young blonde. "I see now that in my concern for the church I neglected my own daughter. I will rectify that situation." A face down look came into Crawford's eyes as he spoke, "God has offered me a second chance to bring Sarah to him."

Bob Hardwick slipped away, leaving Matthew Crawford to his thoughts about his wayward daughter.

THREE YEARS LATER

SARAH CRAWFORD SOLE FUMBERED with her keys as she traversed the short distance between the driveway and the doorway of the house she shared with Richard Cain. She missed Richard, who had left town six weeks before to settle some business matters. It would probably be another week before he returned. As she inserted the key into the interior she heard Erik, their bulldog, shaking off its daily nap.

As she opened the door Erik leapt upon her, demanding that she return a bit of the affection that he levied upon her. Sarah dropped to a crouch, lest Erik knock her down, and accept the affectionate licks and nuzzlings of her beloved familiar. "And how is my darling tonight?" she asked the faithful hound.

"I thought I was your darling," said a voice from inside the house. She looked up to the man standing just inside the doorway. "Richard!" Sarah squirmed joyfully as she rushed into the waiting arms of the man she loved. "I didn't think you'd be back until next week."

"Neither did I, but I was able to get everything settled with Anderson last night, and D'Aquino was delayed. He won't arrive until next weekend. I'll have to go back then, but I didn't want to sit there on my hands when I had a hot little wife like you waiting for me at home."

Sarah looked up into his dark eyes, then settled her head upon his shoulder, nuzzling him as Erik had nuzzled her earlier. 'Tm glad you came back," she said. I thought I was about to have to conjure up an incantus or something. She smiled up at him.

"Or something."

PAUL WYKOFF PULLED INTO THE PARKING LOT of Most Holy, a block and parked in front of Room 13. The place was a dump, but it was good enough for his purposes. Inside the room he found his partner, Jim Dobbs, stretched out on his bed watching Gilligan's Island on TV. Wykoff tossed the notebook and flipped to another page. 'Let's see, yeah, boyfriend's name is Richard Cain."

Dobbs leered. "Looks like daddy ain't got his sweet little virgin girl back, huh?"

"To tell the truth, I don't give a shit. He never said we had to find her before her cherry got popped. Hey, turn that shit down. I gotta call her old man," Crawford answered on the third ring. "Mr Crawford? This is Paul Wykoff. I think I've found out where your daughter has been living for the last two years."

"Tell me."

"Montereville, Virginia. It's a small city near Alexandria. She's been living with a man there."

"Living with? She isn't married?"

"No sir."

"Can I speak to her?"

"Crawford said irritably. As Wykoff started to answer Crawford cut him off. "No, it's important. Have you confirmed that Sarah is living there now?"

"No sir. I came back to get my partner. I can call her tonight."

"Yes. Do that. Call me back as soon as you are sure that she is there. I'll be waiting."

Wykoff hung up the phone and turned to his partner. "OH, Jim. Let's get something to eat, then we'll go peeping tom."

The house was situated at the edge of a wooded area some quite distance from the road. Wykoff and Dobbs took up a position on a hillock facing the rear of the house. They set up their surveillance equipment Wykoff knew that someone was there. Eight cars were parked there. When he had the telescope set up Wykoff began scanning all the windows he could.

"Nothing. Not a soul in sight," he said disgustedly.

Dobbs removed his headset. "I don't hear anything either."

Wykoff sat at a mosquito on his
arm. "Maybe they're all in the front rooms. Let's wait awhile. If we don't see someone pretty soon we'll go closer and do it in the old fashioned way."

"OK, I'll see and won't do that any more."

After about an hour and a half of watch- ing and listening they had seen a few people moving through the front facing rooms, but Sarah Crawford was not one of them, nor did anyone mention her name. "OK, Jim, looks like you get your wish," Wykoff resumed the telescope from the tripod. "Let's go," he said.

Wykoff stowed most of her gear in the trunk of the car the two men slowly made their way to the house. About halfway there Wykoff drew a silletted .22 pistol out of a shoulder holster.

Dobbs stopped when he saw the gun. "Jesus Christ, Paul?" Dobbs whispered.

"What's that for?"

"I just stepped in some dog shit. Dog shit sure is dogs, so this little hush puppy might come in handy."

At the house they went from window to window cautiously peering into the empty rooms. On the east side of the house they thought that they heard something through a basement window. They were unable to see anything since it was covered on the inside, but they could make out movements within the house. Wykoff knelt and placed his ear against the glass. He heard what sounded like regular music and a man's voice. "Ginna the mock, Jim," Wykoff said, extending his hand. Dobbs pulled an amplifying microphone from his bag and handed it to his partner. Wykoff put on the head-set and placed the microphone against the glass and listened.

"Hear us, Lord Satan. We petition Thee, oh dread Infernal Prince, smile upon us in our search and bless our efforts. We come before you this night, who we have taken thy name-nyn," Wykoff drew back, pulling at the head-set and throwing it aside as if it were a snake.

"What is it, Paul?

"It seems to be God Almighty! They're devil worshippers."

"Shit," Dobbs smiled crookedly. "Her daddy sure talks like this little develop- ment."

"Tell me about it," Wykoff said, running his fingers through his hair. "Ginna that rust tape," Dobbs gave him the tape and covered the window with tape. He taped the microphone cord to it as well. After thor- oughly covering the glass with tape Wykoff and Dobbs returned to the bag and pulled the microphone cord to remove it from the frame. He reached in and felt the black bar- rier to front of the window. It was a heavy curtain. Wykoff pulled out his knife and snip a small slit, then pulled a small app- glass out of his shirt pocket and used it to see inside. The room was lit by candles. Several individuals in hooded black robes stood facing the far end of the room. At that end stood a man in a red robe and a black cape. His hands were raised and outstretched as he spoke in a language Wykoff didn't understand. In front of the man was an altar and a black-draped table. Wykoff could see at once that this dark haired woman was not Sarah Crawford. Since everyone else was hooded he couldn't tell whether Sarah was in the room. In the man in the front had stopped speaking and was now turning, and a bell. Wykoff focused on him as he turned to the others and said, 'So it is done.' At that the others began filing out of the room.

Wykoff collapsed into the appliance and stood up. "Ginna, they'll be coming back upstairs in a minute. Let's find a window to peep through."

Dobbs stood in his togs and peered into the kitchen. There she was. Sarah was taking something out of the refrigerator. Suddenly a snarling building entered the room and made a beeline for the window.

Both Wykoff and Dobbs ran for the woods when the dog began barking. As they reached the trees three men burst out through the front door. Two carried shot- guns over their shoulders and the third had a large revolver. Both men hunkered down in the brush. The men approached the woods, and Wykoff pulled out his .22, praying that he wouldn't need it. The girl came out holding the bulldog on a leash. The dog strained at the end of the leash, eager to pursue his quarry in the trees. The man with the pistol turned to the girl and said something. She turned, unsuccess- fully trying to pull the dog after her. The man, "Erk! I'm sure!" to an unmistakable tone of authority and the dog followed the girl into the house. The men took a few more steps towards the woods and looked around. One of those shotgun loaders looked directly at Wykoff for a minute or two, then they all turned and went back inside. The two detec- tives trailed out of their hiding place and made their way back to the car. They returned to the E-Z-Rest Motel where their rest was anything but easy.

"TORN LEFT HERE," PAUL WYKOFF INFORMED his partner. "You need to turn right on the next dirt road and the house ought to be just around the bend on the right."

Dobbs nodded, and soon the detectives saw the large old clapboard house that Crawford had mentioned. "Whatcha think he wants?" Dobbs asked.

Wykoff shrugged. "Hell if I know. All he said when I asked to him this morning was to be here at two. I guess we'll know in a few minutes," He opened the door. "C'mon, Jim."

Wykoff led the way onto the porch. It was pleasantly yielding when stepped on and Dobbs feared it would collapse any sec- ond now. In answer to Wykoff's knocking the door was opened by a gaunt man of medium height. His eyes were his most striking fea- ture. They placed out fanatically beneath bushy brows. He beckoned. Wykoff added a picture of a John Brown that he had seen once. The man looked both men over then turned his head. Dobbs had Reminded Dobbs of a picture of John Brown that he had seen once. The man looked both men over then turned his head. Dobbs had Reminded Dobbs of a picture of John Brown that he had seen once. The man looked both men over then turned his head.
annoyed at what he considered to be pettiness on Wykoff's part. "When this, Cain, Crawford said the name contemptuously. "leaves Sarah alone, go get her. But you must take no chances with Sarah life. If they gath-
er for another of their saboteurs you must get her out of that house, even if you must do so by force. 'Crawford said with finality. "If she dies in her sin she will be damned. She must return to God."

Wykoff was becoming increasingly uncomfortable. "Yes, very, something like that will cost quite a lot of money."

"Money is not important."

"Maybe not to you."

Crawford reached into his coat and removed a check-book. "I am going to write you a check for thousand dollars. As soon as I clear this I expect you to do all you can to get Sarah out of that evil house and bring her here to me. When she is here I will pay another thousand."

"As long as we don't have to shoot any-
one that will do. I won't commit murder for you, or your holy cow."

Crawford placed at Wykoff. "You would do well, young man, to commit yourself to my holy cause and seek the protection of the Lord. You may well need it in that house of horror."

I'd suggest that you get down on your knees tonight and pray that God gives you the strength to do what must be done. You too, Mr. Dobbs. Put on the armor of righteousness, gentlemen, and no evil may prevail against you."

Crawford stood and walked to the door. "Good day, gentlemen."

Sarah turned back on the gravel drive-

into the windows.

"See anything?" Dobbs asked when they met. "Nothing down there. I saw a light on upstairs."

"How about the dog?"

"Dobbs? He isn't in the room."

"I didn't see him. That don't mean he ain't down there somewhere. Well, let's get this done. Wykoff ordered. He opened the side door. "You got your picks ready?"

Dobbs pulled out a box containing his picks. "Yeah, I have one in one of those."

Dobbs was as good as his word and soon the door swung open. Wykoff pulled out the nite-cut, 25. teasingly weighing the charge of a bulldog. "Cain," he hissed, leading the way into the darkened hallway. Dobbs turned in his flashlight, playing its light around the room.

"Where's the arm?" he whispered.

"How the hell am I supposed to know? Just keep going."

Soos they came upon a locked door. It was obviously either a closet or a stairswell. "Open it," Wykoff whispered.

As Dobbs opened the door a black shape hurled out knocking Wykoff to the floor. He tried to raise the gun, but the dog's jaws clamped down on his arm. Dobbs saw a sword hanging on the wall beside the door. He took down the sword and backed at the dog until he let go of Wykoff's arm.

"Erlik!" Sarah called from atop the stairs. Dobbs threw down the sword and motioned with-stick of his heel for Wykoff to get out of the house. As Wykoff hurried out of the room Dobbs hid behind the door.

Sarah turned to the crowed street door as she reached the bottom of the stairs. She flipped a switch and the room was flooded with light, exposing the butchered remains of the beheaded dog. "Erlik!" she cried, rushing to the stairs.

She laid her hand upon his coiling flesh and began to cry. Dying in the corner of her eye she raised the .357 pistol in her hand. Dobbs clamped her hand aside. The gun discharged sending a bullet into the wall. Dobbs punched her in the jaw and she toppled over the body of Erlik quite unconscious. Dobbs picked her up and carried her out to the car.

Wykoff was sitting behind the wheel. He was: not merely driving, but Dobbs brought her out. "I heard a shot. You OK?"

"Yeah, you shot a hole in the wall."

He threw out a pile of bandanas. "Put those on her and throw her in the back seat."

He paused a moment. "Hey, Jim, you get my gun?"

"No. Be back in a sec."

Dobbs ran back to the house, returning a few minutes with the gun. "Let's go see Daddy."

MATTHEW CRAWFORD was overjoyed. "Take her upstairs the room at the head of the stairs."

"Father, if you don't let me go right now you will rage drunk," Sarah hinted angrily.

"Sarah, dear, you think I'll let you shine now, but someday you will thank God that I had you rescued from that den of iniquity."

"Rescued! Is that what you call it? I call it kidnapping."

"Host, child."

"I'm not a child anymore. I don't press charges the last time you tried this shit, but so help me this time I'll nail your self-righteous ass to the wall."

Crawford turned away angrily. "Get thee behind me, Satan! I will not listen to these devilish words."

Sarah laughed. "Satan? You haven't experienced Satan yet, you sanctimonious son of a bitch. Richard will turn all of Hell loose to get me back."

Crawford turned and slapped her face. "I am dressed in the armor of the righteous. No evil can harm me. I will drive the demons out of you. You will return to God's grace."

He turned to Wykoff. "Take her upstairs."

He followed them upstairs to the room he had prepared for Sarah. It contained only a bed, a bucket and a small nightstand on which rested a Bible and a lamp. Attached to one end of the bed was a light chain about four feet long with a shackel on one end. Wykoff and Dobbs held Sarah as Crawford attached the shackle to her right ankle. As Wykoff removed the handcuffs Crawford spoke. "Read the word of God and contemplate your sin, daughter.

"Get ready to die, Daddy."

"I'll be back in the morning."

Crawford said as he shut the door.

At SEVEN THIRTY THE NEXT MORNING, Crawford opened the door to Sarah's room. Sarah was asleep. "Get up! You must not sleep during the day. Only the wicked must hide their sins by sleeping during the day." Sarah sat up and glared at her father. "Fuck you," she sneered.

Crawford noticed that the Bible was no longer on the nightstand. "Where is your Bible, Sarah?"

Sarah looked at the bucket, then smiled up at her father. Crawford crossed to the bucket and looked inside. Lying in auddle of dirt was a small Bible. In a rage Crawford pulled off his belt and began to lash at Sarah. Though they be legions, I will drive out these demons." he screamed.

When RICHARD CRAWFORD RETURNED HOME THE first thing that struck him was the stench. When he saw the rotting remains of Erlik, and Sarah's pitifully thin form he, too, was overcome. In a rage Crawford pulled off his belt and began to lash at Sarah. Though they be legions, I will drive out these demons." he screamed.
Someone cut him with a sword. I need you to get in touch with everyone else...Yes. Tell them all to come over...No, I don't know. Maybe I will by the time you get all here...Thank you. Goodbye..." As he hung up, Cain noticed a scrap of cloth snagged on one of Eldric's teeth. He picked up the sword and the scrap of cloth and left the room.

Erika Berrysford was the first to arrive, the war was a tweaking, uneven-haired witch. As was her habit, she was dressed in red. When she arrived she did not see Richard. Only a large, dried bloodstain near the foot of the stairs, and a lingering stench of decay, remained to bear witness to what had happened. Assuming that Richard was busy downstairs, she sat down in the living room, put on some music and waited. In the next thirty minutes the rest showed up and joined Erika. After a further thirty minutes Cain joined them. He was haggard-looking with a grin cast on his features.

"Thank you for coming. I know what we need to know, Sarah was taken by two detectives, they killed Eldric and took Sarah to her father."

"I thought her father was dead," Erika said.

"He's dead to her. The fact is, he's a preacher, or at least he was."

"A preacher? Erika asked.

"A Christian preacher?" asked another incredulously.

"Yes. It wasn't something she liked talking about, and it isn't something. I want to talk about right now. Tonight we'll concentrate on avenging Eldric. I'll be dealing with the good Reverend Crawford tomorrow."

Cain led them all down to the ritual chamber. Erika approached the altar and laid her hand on Eldric's head. "Let's get these bastards!" she said.

Around Eldric's body on the altar were arrayed several objects: the sword that had been used to kill him, the bloody scrap of Wykoff's shirt, a small trowel of glowing coals, a small bowl, several bottles of reeze and a small dagger. Cain, having finished the preliminary investigations, approached the altar. With the dagger he scraped the dead blood from the sword, collecting it in the bowl. Next he cut a bit of Eldric's hair and added it to the bowl. Finally he added a mixture of incense to the bowl. Holding it aloft he intoned, "Satan, hear me! Send forth thy messengers of death upon an errand of vengeance. With these tokens, taken from this faithful friend, let us give shape to the destroyer we call for. We send him forth to wreak vengeance upon him who slew this beast. Eldric, we call to thee beyond the veils of death. Vengeance is thine!"

"Vengeance to thee!" repeated the others.

Cain poured the contents of the bowl on the coals. A thick smoke billowed up, filling the room with its pungent odor. "In the name of Abaddon, go forth on the blazing winds of Hell and visit death upon him who slew thee. Vengeance is thine!"

Again the others repeated the words.

Cain spread wide his arms. "Shemshanofash!" he cried. "Shemshanofash! He turned the others.

"Hail Satan!" he cried.

Again his words were echoed by the congregants.

Jim Dobbs had had a busy day. With his share of the Crown, he was able to pay off all his debts with a fair-sized chunk left over, but after days spent finding and paying down the house he was rather, a night it was nearly nine o'clock. As he climbed the stairs to his third floor apartment he was thinking about what to do with the five hundred he had left. As he dug into his pocket for keys he heard a low grovel that seemed to come from all around him. He peered into the shadowy halls stretching in other directions; he saw nothing. He took out the keys and again heard the grovel. This time it was definitely coming from the left. He turned and saw a big black bulldog, a bulldog with glowing red eyes, looking at him. As their eyes met, the dog snarled at him. Dobbs dropped his keys and ran for the stairs. At the top of the stairs Dobbs turned and saw the dog leap at him, furtively he drew back, and lost his balance. As he toppled backwards he saw the dog disappear, leaving only a cloud of pungent smoke. When he pulled to rest at the feet of the stairs. Jim Dobbs was dead.

Richard Cain picked up the bloody rag from the altar. "Satan," he intoned, "Great Prince of Hell. There is another who must face me this night. We call to thee the spirit of corruption and death to destroy this corrupt bearer of death. I call madness and death upon this one he is ready to call madness, has brought death to my house. Vengeance is mine!"

"Vengeance is thine!" shouted the others.

Cain threw the bloody rag upon the coals where it burned in flames. Spraying his arms he cried out. "Shemshanofash!"

"Shemshanofash!" the others echoed.

Cain cried, again echoed by the others.

Paul Wykoff was sitting in front of the TV watching a movie. Had you asked him what he had happened in the last few minutes, though, he could not have told you as he was being driven to destruction by an incite beneath the bandages on his arm. He had tried to scratch it through the bandages, to no avail. "God damn all to Hell!" he muttered. Getting up, he took a pair of scissors from a drawer in the kitchen.

"I'll be goddamned if I'm gonna keep on itchin' all night," he said inwardly as he began to cut off the bandages. When he had removed the last bandage he was astonished to see that the stitches were pulling apart, as if something were pushing through from the inside. One by one the stitches popped open before his rap gaze. The final stitch popped open and a fishlike eye opened to gaze out from the wound. The flesh around the wound rippled and a long, gray, wormlike tentacle emerged and began to peel more skin revealing a leprous surface beneath.

"Ohmygod!" he screamed as he ran out of the house and into his garage. Leaning against the wall was an axe. Reaching for the walkbehind, Wykoff raised the axe and began hacking at the wounded arm, chopping it off just beneath the elbow. Blood sprayed from the stump to spatter the walls. As Wykoff's sight dimmed he saw the wound on the severed arm was ink stitched shut. It was the last thing he saw.

In his royal chamber, Richard Cain said "So it is done!"

"In the name of Jesus Christ, before whom all evil must flee. I command you to depart this woman;" Crawford held a wodden cross over his daughter's face. Sarah was tied, spreadeagled, to the bedposts.

"She is impure to you, you sacrificial son of a bitch;" Sarah screamed at him. "Unite me now, or you'll be sorry." "Silence, demon, in Jesus' name. I command you to hold your tongue." "You and Jesus can both go fuck off! Let me go!"

Crawford struck her across the face with the cross. "Silence!" he screamed.

Sarah spat at him. "Yeah, you're real tough. Beating up a tied-up woman."

Again Crawford struck her with the cross. This time it broke. As he raised the broken wood he heard a car pulling up in front of the house. He peered through a gap in the boards over the window and saw a man step out of a black Mercedes. Crawford found a rag in his mouth and tied another around her head to hold it in. "I will be back, Sarah. Don't be afraid. I'll purge you of these demons," he said as he did so. As he left the room he heard a knock upon the door.

When Crawford opened the door he saw a tall man of medium build. He wore a well tailored black suit and a gray shirt. In his right hand he held a walking stick with a silver knob atop it in the shape of a ram's head.

"Me Crawford?"

"I am Reverend Crawford." "Very well. Reverend. My name is Richard Cain, Magister Richard Cain if you
insect upon formality."

Crawford was dumbfounded. "You dare to come here?" he asked incredulously.

"Dare? You should count yourself fortunate that I have not gone to the police yet."

"The police?" Crawford feigned ignorance, badly.

"Yes, the police. Kidnapping is a crime, is it not?"

Crawford, still attempting a façade of innocence, said "Kidnapping? Really, sir. I don’t have the slightest idea what you are talking about."

"Then, not to play games. Revered Crawford, I know that you hired two men to kidnap Sarah. These men, named Wykoff and Dobbe, broke into my house, took Sarah and murdered my dog."

"Murdered a dog?" Crawford asked derisively.

"Yes, murder. They murdered my dog. Those two gentlemen have already been dealt with."

"Dealt with?" Crawford’s eyes narrowed.

"Yes, they are dead. Both met with unfortunate accidents, last night."

"Accidents?"

"Yes, but enough of that. I know that you tried to kidnap Sarah once before. She told me. I know also that, owing to some misplaced sentiment, she declined to press charges. In deference to her wishes I did not go to the police. Let me have her."

"You are a Satanist. You wouldn’t dare go to the police."

"Yet why not? Unlike you, I am not a criminal. I have nothing to fear from the police."

"This is all ridiculous. I have not seen Sarah in two years, nor have I ever heard of these men, Wykoff and Dobbe."

"Then you should have no objection to me looking into that room at the top of the stairs. Cain pointed with the walking stick to the door to Sarah’s room."

"I do indeed. I will not submit to the impudent accusations of a devil worshipper."

Cain shook his head. "I had hoped that you would see reason. Perhaps that is too much to expect of a Christian. At any rate, you need not fear a visit from the police. I have other means at my disposal. I give you a final chance. Release Sarah and I will not act against you. If not..." Cain shrugged.

"Get out," Crawford said, opening the door. "Very well," Cain turned and walked to his car. As he walked away Crawford chuckled after him.

"And don’t come back!"

A smile played upon Cain’s lips as he was reminded of something. He turned and answered, "I won’t be back, but something will." Turning back to his car Cain said to himself, "That Charles Gray was one Hell of an actor."

"As he pulled away from the house, Cain called Erika Bartenford. He got her machine and left a message. "Daddy was uncooperative. We’ll deal with him tonight. Call the cops."

THE NEXT MORNING RICHARD CAIN AND TWO STEEFL’s DEPUTIES ARRIVED AT MATTHEW CRAWFORD’S DOORSTEP. WHEN KNOCKING GOT NO RESPONSE, THE DEPUTIES BROKE DOWN THE DOOR. Matthew Crawford sat in his chair, an open Bible in his lap. He stared through dead eyes at the opposite wall. His facial muscles were locked in a mask of terror.

"You know here Mr. Cain. We’ll look for your girlfriend," one of the deputies said. "C’mon, Joe, let’s go upstairs."

As the deputies went upstairs, Cain looked at what Crawford had been reading. The Bible was open to the ninety-first psalm. Cain read it and smiled. Kneeling beside the body he said, "Poor boy. Your trust was misplaced. You did fear the terror that came by night; the terror I sent to you. Your pathetic God did not deliver you, nor give you long life. You backed the wrong horse, Crawford."

He heard footsteps hurrying down the stairs, and as he stood up Sarah rushed into his arms. "Oh, Richard. I knew you’d come," she said as she began to cry on his shoulder. Sarah looked down at her father’s body, and spat on it. "I told you to get ready to die, you old bastard."

The two deputies entered the room. "Thank you, officers," Cain said, shaking the deputies’ hands. "May I go outside?"

"Yeah, sure. Don’t leave us until we can get a statement though." They all left the house. The deputies returned to their car to call for the coroner, and get the paperwork for the report. Cain led Sarah to his car.

"What about the two men who kidnaped me and killed Erika?"

"Dead. All dead. Erika is avenged. I am avenged. You are avenged, and most importantly, I’ve got you back."

Sarah squeezed his hand. "And I’ve got you."

"Damn. I almost forgot," Cain said, reaching into his pocket. "I picked up something for you while I was away." He handed her a small box. Within was a meticulously detailed silver ring depicting a demon holding its mouth. It was a diamond. "Oh, Richard, it’s beautiful."

"It ought to be. Anyway, I thought it was time I married you." Sarah looked up from the ring. "Well, what do you say?"

"What do you think? Of course I’ll marry you." Sarah reached past him into the car and called Erika, "Erika? Yes. I’m fine. I’ll tell you about it later. Do you still have that red wedding dress?"
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