MUSIC & ART INTERVIEW ISSUE

NUMBER #16

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THE BLACK FLAME

INTERNATIONAL FORUM OF THE CHURCH OF SATAN

INTERVIEWS

MUSIC:
Jimmy Vargas
David E. Williams
Peter Mlakar

ART:
Steven Johson Leyba
Trevor Brown

PUBLISHING:
Adam Parfrey

DE FACTO SATANISTS:
William Blake
Giosue Carducci
Aristotle

HUMOR:
Benny Hill
Science of Insulting
Practical Jokes

FILM:
The Doll

LITERATURE:
The Wanting Seed
Hymn to Satan

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THE BLACK FLAME

WHOLE NUMBER 16
ISSN 1523-410X

INTERNATIONAL FORUM OF THE CHURCH OF SATAN

WELCOME

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Peter H. Gilmore

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Peggy Nadramia

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COVER:
Robert A. Lang

Any and all articles, letters, essays, or commentary submitted to this publication yet demonstrating an ignorance of the principles and ideas in *The Satanic Bible* by **Anton Szandor LaVey** will be ignored.

ABOUT OUR COVER IMAGE

Magister Robert A. Lang

Amon: The Kemetic Ram or The Gate of Baphomet Tarot Card

Unlike the sheep, which was considered impure in ancient Egyptian culture, the ram was venerated for its fertility aspects. The earliest forms of ram deities in Egypt were fashioned after the first domesticated ram (*Ovis longipes palaeoaegytiaca*) species. These creatures were renown for their long wavy horns and heavy build. The most familiar deities personified in this manner were: the neters Khnum and Banebdjedet, worshiped at the Delta town of Mendes. The second species introduced around the 12th Dynasty was the *Ovis aries platyra aegyptiaca* which had a lighter build and curved horns. This species we see in the form of Amon or Amun whose name means the "hidden one" or "that which is hidden (occult)." From the New Kingdom onwards Khnum was largely synthesized and worshiped in the form of Amon. Banebdjedet was still worshipped at Mendes, however, this image in time was largely synthesized with that of the image of Amon as well. The Greek historian Herodotus, who visited Egypt around 450 BC, claimed to have witnessed the sacrifice of goats at Mendes. These goats were likely not goats at all but more likely the *Ovis longipes* rams with horns that could have easily been mistaken for that of a goat. From these accounts the goat of Mendes sprang forth, the ram/goat fertility symbol we use to this day in the form of our Baphomet (a derivation from the term "abu fihamat " meaning father of wisdom) symbol. Aside from wishing to get away from the overused Eliphas Levi imagery of Baphomet, I chose the image of Amon for this card as it was the dominant fertility symbol of ancient Egyptian times. The dominance of the deity can be deduced by the fact that the beard of Amon is long and thin near the chin and wider near the tip. Yes, a trapezoid! Beards of lesser deities were depicted with a tuft or a small beard as was Khnum and Banebdjedet. Also the word Kemet means "black land" which is the word the Egyptians used to describe Egypt itself. The term "black land" refers to the fertile Nile silt which was annually spread across the land by inundation. Since the history of the Baphomet is thoroughly covered in High Priest Gilmore's essay "The History of the Use of the Sigil of Baphomet in the Church of Satan" at www.churchofsatan.com and by Reverend Paulis within the last issue of *The Black Flame* magazine, I will conclude this brief history of it's most intriguing beginnings.

The Gate of Baphomet: To gain the undefiled wisdom. Symbolism of the card

The Kemetic Ram wearing its Nemes, head dress, (a symbol of royalty), raises it's hands assuredly over two black flame pots symbolizing mastery over the world and acceptance of one's true nature and the realities of the world. One trapezoidal flame pot pillar on the viewer's left points downward and symbolizes the carnal path. The other on the viewer's right points upward symbolizing the spiritual path. For ritual purposes I placed the flame pots to be defined by the users point of view. The ram sits upon the trapezoidal throne which is the Abraxis, neither left nor right, good or evil, but both; the third side, the rim of the coin, the pragmatist, the balance factor. The seal of the Ninth Gate emblazoned on the front of the trapezoid will be detailed in the booklet, which will be available with the deck. Upon the pillars are the images of Typhon who, as well as Leviathan, represents the essence of the Dragon of the Abyss; that chaotic force in nature which spawns destruction and creation. The Pythagorean star denotes the perfect balance of all the elements in the universe: two points upward in defiance and three points downwards in denial of the Holy trinity with the center point also representing the Excalibur, binding it to the earth. The duality of the sexes is represented by the female breasts (the earth mother) and a cobra phallus for the male elements. The cobra carries a double-edged meaning for this card, as it was also worn by the Pharaohs of antiquity and symbolized the power to strike out at will; in this case to uphold natural law "Lex Talionis" as well as the 11 Rules of the Earth. The silver bat winged moon (a variation of the Temple of the Vampire winged skull of UR symbol which is wonderfully described by Nemo at www.vampiretemple.com) represents sovereignty and mastery of the powers of darkness, the Nine Gates, and influence over the real world. The two cobras to either side of the moon, depict the understanding that man is a creature of conceptual consciousness, one cobra representing the conscious (the material world), the second cobra representing the subconscious (the magical world), and the moon is "the true self." The entire background wall of this chamber is a rendition of the ancient Egyptian spell on how to become a snake (another Satanic symbol). The upper left-hand corner partially shows the slithering body of Apophis with the legs of a human. The mastery of this card (that which is hidden/the hidden one) is only possible by possessing the ability to pass through the gates before it. This is the hallmark of the true Satanist. The concepts of the other gates will be made more broadly known in the near future. **Hail Satan!**

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Editor–
Peter H. Gilmore

Associate Editor–
Peggy Nadramia

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Indulgence was the "watchword" chosen by Anton LaVey when he founded the Church of Satan in 1966. I think a case may certainly be made that this concept has in the interim made a lasting impact on human society. As we look through the landscape of what is currently offered, we see that Dr. LaVey's vision has had broad cultural effect, as the amount of freedom for personal pleasure has abundantly increased on all levels of social strata.

Dr. LaVey also noted that a prime danger was that the old concept of finding a "scapegoat" to blame for one's actions is becoming part of the weft and weave of our society. The escape clause that some "Devil made me do it" is behind the current victim-culture of "political correctness" that has seen full fruition in the extant laws of many nations.

Criminals who commit reprehensible acts are often deemed blameless, while nebulous currents in society itself are given the mantle of responsibility for demented, irresponsible behavior. We see our judiciary tacitly accepting the idea that people are automatons, who must of necessity be programmed from without by societal influences. This absolves criminals from blame when they do what is consensus "evil," and seeks to put the responsibility anywhere but upon the heads of the perpetrators. Hence, we witness the widely-practiced twisted theory of injustice which mandates that "blameless" criminals must be offered mercy and forgiveness.

Satanists now call for a halt to this grotesquery. We do this through the advocacy of our current watchword: **Justice**. Our means for its implementation is "Lex Talionis"—that punishment must fit in kind and degree the crime. Such a dictum has been cherished in ancient cultures and is overdue for a full-scale rebirth. The doom which should be over every person is: "Let it be upon your own head." Only you can take credit for your successes, and only you must be at fault for your failures. It is high time to put an end to the perpetual whining, finger pointing, and begging for special dispensations. And the current of general opinion is now flowing towards our desired direction.

The recent terrorist attacks on the United States evoked a worldwide fervor that just retribution be meted out for these criminal acts. Mercy is being discarded in favor of a true Satanic passion for justice. We have reached a historical "fulcrum point," wherein the "mass" of widely-embraced values may now be leveraged in our desired direction. The time is now for Satanists, and others who cherish individual liberty, to expose the madness of religious fanaticism, wherever it may arise, and show the world-at-large that freedoms are threatened by those willing to die for their immaterial deities. We may see a continued societal transformation, if the understanding of the nature of the current situation is kept in sharp focus. The former days of forgiveness will be ended as aroused nations visit their wrath upon those who are enemies to the freedoms offered by secular civilization.

To conclude this address, I stress that our organization and philosophy are both "organic," ever evolving, for they are predicated on the continued deepening of our understanding of the beast called Man. Such knowledge may be utilized to broaden the horizons of freedom and responsibility—but this practice demands virtuosity. Anton LaVey established an insightful foundation which stands us in good stead as we further explore the implications of his ideas while we elaborate the applications of Satanism in our current cultural milieu, setting the stage for future permutations. He sounded the "fundamental tone," and we now compose exquisite symphonies from the resultant overtones, provoking "sympathetic vibrations" in those of like nature. We shall never become hidebound, as the natural progression of evolution and revolution are axiomatic to our philosophy. Satanism's essence is to flow with Nature—ever forward!

So, my Epicurean comrades, we are in exciting times. Indulge, innovate, and celebrate the unique life that is your precious treasure, as well as the lives of those dear to you, who enrich your days by their very existence. The world is ours, so go forth and fill your experience with satisfaction. As you flow with the eternal now, may it be in exquisite pleasure. **Hail Satan!** ⛧

Walpurgisnacht of XXXVII A.S.
Magistra Blanche Barton

On the last page of *The Satanic Rituals*, Dr. LaVey highlighted the common year 2002 as being significant to the evolution of Satanism. It is now the end of the second Working Year in this new Age of Fire which he established in 1966. "Meaningful and portentous messages are cast forth each eighteen years," our Magus wrote, "and are acted upon for the eighteen years which follow, at the end of which a new statement appears." So it is particularly appropriate that, on this night, I announce the final stage of our transition in leadership. One year ago, Peter Gilmore became our High Priest. Tonight, his wife, Peggy Nadramia, is hereby appointed to take her rightful place at his side as High Priestess of the Church of Satan. I will become the Magistra Templi Rex, and maintain my position on the Council of Nine. High Priestess Nadramia, as you read in my Walpurgisnacht greeting last year, is an accomplished and astute woman who doesn't suffer fools well. She elegantly blends a gracious heart with an iron fist, and has been applying both in her many years of online and in-person interaction with members and media. Together, High Priest Gilmore and High Priestess Nadramia have generated potent magical energy between them as husband and wife, and will now be able to apply that same balance, cooperation and vitality to the Church of Satan.

We have already seen the positive results of the eastward shift in our administration over this past year. Memberships and inquiries are being processed more quickly, our grotto system has been weeded out and strengthened, new Grotto Masters have been approved worldwide, our email contact has broadened, and we are reviewing active applications in order to welcome carefully selected individuals into the core of our dark cabal. Satanists continue to discover this wicked philosophy through our website, our publications, and our dedicated representatives. The new Age of Fire—this age of indulgence, ego, and self-exploration—is well underway, with the Church of Satan as the vanguard. Dramatic social, artistic, political, aesthetic and magical changes throughout the past decades have been triggered by those who have embraced the Devil's dictums as recorded by Anton LaVey in that unassuming little black book published in 1969. Whether they broadcast their allegiance or not, the results remain...and those who carry out the infernal plan hide in plain sight. So it has always been.

To guide your life by the Nine Satanic Statements, to strive to fulfill your own ego, your own indulgence and to forever seek undefiled wisdom, is a potent brew. Those who are not Satanists cannot see how such a hedonistic philosophy could be practical, with everyone seeking only his own pleasure, his own selfish ends. But we in this sinister alliance know the truth, don't we? That is precisely why this is such a self-selecting religion. Those who don't understand Satanism are either repulsed by it, or misapply it to their own detriment or destruction. Those who truly do understand it, and who are attracted to it for all the right reasons, apply the principles responsibly and gain all they desire. It is a sword which destroys those who misuse it and insures victory to those with the courage and depth to wield its power.

This is the religion that constantly reveals itself anew to each of us. Because of the complexity of the Left-Hand Path, even after 28 years as a devout Satanist, I am intrigued by the permutations I create and discover, hypnotized by the siren-song of my own relentless demons. For us, this is the only way to guide our lives—through those twilight whispers from our own condemned, selfish souls. Though the last 4 1/2 years without Dr. LaVey have been difficult, and the pain after his death was wrenching, I would not alter one moment of the past 18 years of my life. What I learned from him and experienced with him in our years together was well worth the tormenting aftermath. I am more determined than ever that the secrets he entrusted to me, the madness and passion we explored shall not be wasted.

When we make significant life-decisions, we try to place ourselves ten years in the future and ask ourselves, "What if I don't do this? Will I regret it? No matter what happens as a consequence, could I live with myself if I miss this opportunity?" And, as Shana Alexander wrote in her excellent article about Anton LaVey so many years ago, when it's right, you hear a little "ping" in your head. It doesn't require the destruction of others; it doesn't lead to social anarchy and the decay of civilization, this idea of indulgence and ego supreme. On the contrary, the changes we feel destined to make are often advantageous to others of our kind, as well. The pieces mesh together perfectly, as in an intricate watch. Ultimately, Satanists have the long-range good sense to understand we all must contribute to civilization and protect our Earthly

resources in the best ways we see fit. It is often the Satanic forces within a society who see most clearly the distasteful sacrifices that must be made to preserve our comforts. On a more personal level, we recognize that to be offensively self-absorbed means to alienate all friends, family and possible business allies—so Lesser Magic comes into play to balance our ego needs. But that's one of many secrets Those Without will never understand. And it's just as well we keep them to ourselves. They need their menacing monsters and Puckish imps and reckless adventurers—and we do it so well, whether in jackboots and leather or a jingling fool's cap. As the Ninth Satanic Statement implies, what would they do without us?

So each of us has his or her assigned roles, shifting kaleidoscopically, as we progress through our lives. I met Anton LaVey on May Day 1984, the day after the previous High Priestess, Diane, walked out of the Black House for good. 1984 was the first Working Year of the Age of Satan. Dr. LaVey and I had our son, Xerxes, in 1993, at the apex of the second Working. Now, the second Working is complete. We enter the third Working guided by the sure hands of our new High Priest and High Priestess, looking to future expansion and connection, utilizing new technologies to actualize ancient goals. The source of the energy we raise and focus remains the same; our dark Frequency remains as constant as polar north. Do not be confused or distracted by those who would dilute our strength. The game remains the same, but the distractions and challenges are multiplied, making it all the easier to dispose of the dross and deadwood (efficiently allowing them to think they are rejecting us). Choose carefully, listen well to those demons within and never falter. It's all part of the Devil's game. On this night of wickedness and remembrance, may you continue to conjure forth as much satisfaction and indulgence in your role as I do in mine. **Hail Satan!**

Walpurgisnacht, XXXVII A.S.
Magus Peter H. Gilmore

On this triumphant anniversary of the founding of the Church of Satan, we administrators take time to celebrate the vitality of our extraordinary members, who make up a world-wide body that is enjoying self-satisfaction and moving our culture in directions felicitous to our values.

I take great personal pride this night in welcoming Peggy Nadramia as High Priestess of the Church of Satan. Our previous High Priestess Blanche Barton details this completion of our transition begun a year ago today in her moving message on this Walpurgisnacht of XXXVII. As noted in this message, Magistra Templi Rex Barton is exchanging positions with previous Magistra Templi Rex Peggy Nadramia, so she now assumes the chair of the Council of Nine and will continue to contribute her wisdom towards the evolution of the Church of Satan, as well as pursuing her own projects that continue to expound her insights gained during her many years working at the side of Dr. LaVey.

This past year has been one of great pleasure for me, and I wanted to share a metaphor I have used to explain my conception of my position and duties as your High Priest. Since I am a musician, having studied both conducting and composition, I often tend to cast my imagery based on this significant part of my creative practice. I see the Church of Satan as resembling a vast symphony orchestra of diabolical virtuosos, each with skills in playing their unique "instruments"—their talents. I am now the conductor and music director of this esteemed ensemble, and the "score" of which I lead us in performance is the philosophy of Satanism created by Anton LaVey and embodied in his many works. As is the regular practice of conductors, I have studied both the historical context as well as made an in-depth analysis of Dr. LaVey's "score," so that my interpretation is authoritative. Having worked for many years directly with "the composer" has also provided me with necessary insights into his unique methods and means. This *Sinfonia Diabolica*, which we perform with the maximum engagement of our passions, is one with many concertante passages, calling for players to come forth from the texture of the ensemble and "sing solo" with great ardor. It is a score that also allows for cadenzas—passages wherein soloists soar in brilliant improvisation based on the materials of the score itself. And also it is a score which allows for continued expansion—ever more colorful elaborations of its orchestration as conditions change and evolving possibilities present themselves. Those who are not well-versed in classical music performance might not be aware that it has long been the practice of conductors to adjust the scores they are performing to take advantage of the continuing development of the instruments in the orchestra, facilitating greater expression of the intentions of the composer. And so it is my task to evolve the implementation of Maestro LaVey's philosophical masterpiece, as I do my utmost to inspire you all in this continuing "concert of inspired music" arising from the very heart of the Inferno.

The Church of Satan has always been a laboratory for experimentation in evolving an organization of radical individualism, and that process continues. Towards that end, our specific Special Interest Groups are soon to be announced via E-Bulletin to our members (we are completing our organization of the methods for their functioning), and will thus launch a new phase in creative exchange. While it has been our past practice to have small-scale gatherings of productive members, this last Halloween marked our first large-scale coming together of outstanding individuals. Reverend Ventrue, abetted by his talented cohorts Witch Hecate and Reverends Sprague and Kennedy, made it possible for a celebratory fellowship of hand-picked invitees to assemble in the Dallas area. It was truly an energizing time, galvanizing new projects as well as providing indulgence in many shared passions—promoting a veritable chain-reaction of reinforced ideas and goals. The security was very tight, and this contributed to it being a great success. We will continue with further such experiments, choosing participants with care so that our yield will be of the highest order.

We have been hard at work in acknowledging the many Active Membership Applications that have been pending, and many of you will have by now received your certificates welcoming you to the first degree as Satanists in the Church of Satan. We still have many more to process, and it is our goal to forge ahead and thus open the gates for those who patiently await.

In celebration of this Walpurgisnacht, Reverend Matt Paradise has released his first book, *The Book of Satanic Quotations*. Click on the image below to visit his site and order this excellent collection of Infernal ammunition.

My deepest thanks go to the treasured individuals who have added their strengths towards our shared vision over this last year—you continue to earn my love and respect, as you honor me as well as the work of Dr. LaVey, with your inestimable contributions.

So, in the name of High Priestess Nadramia, Magistra Templi Rex Barton, and myself, I send forth our darkest blessings to all of our members and true Satanists the world over. May you celebrate this night of nights with abundant pleasure and extraordinary satisfaction. We bear a legacy, crystallized and identified by our founder Anton Szandor LaVey, that has come forth from the shadows to claim its due—it is a glorious time to be a Satanist. Hail Anton Szandor LaVey! Hail Satan!

17 October, XXXVI A.S.
Magus Peter H. Gilmore

Yesterday, the infamous Black House—Dr. LaVey's residence for many years and the birthplace of the Church of Satan, was demolished.

For the past several years, The Black House at 6114 California Street sat empty and brooding, the quintessential "shunned house." Like the San Francisco lair of Dr. LaVey's mentor, Cecil Nixon, it was not meant to survive the death of the unique owner who had given it preternatural life.

It was the real-world equivalent of fictional "haunted houses" belonging to charming outsiders, like the Addams Family domicile of both cartoons and video. With Dr. LaVey as its *genius loci*, it became a nexus point for those who shared his Satanic sensibilities. It was truly an "unholy of unholies" for the select group of sinister individuals who were fortunate enough to be invited to cross its threshold and pass through the stygian pall of the entry hallway. Those of us who enjoyed many hours in its tenebrous embrace will never forget its charm—and its mysteries.

With its passing, it gains greater power as it moves into the realm of legend. Now it continues to exist as the archetype for lairs belonging to many of the members of the Church of Satan. And in the years to come it shall continue to serve as an inspiration for those infernal souls who have the will to construct their own dark sanctuaries.

Jimmy Vargas

tease... torch &... noir

AN INTERVIEW

BY PEGGY NADRAMIA

What musicians have had the greatest influence on your work?

As for our music influences and what we relax to, it's tantamount to the same thing. It is wise to categorize my musical philosophy as "tease... torch &...noir," hence the title of the first cd you received from us. That is our gospel of thought, faith, fetish, vision, and soundtrack. The tease side of us is heavily influenced by the 1930's and 1940's burlesque music peelin' out of the strip joints and pleasure houses of Americana "sin alley" of that period—the sinuous jazz, blues, and Tin Pan Alley hymns that were transposed to the burlesque stage away from their milquetoast pop leanings. I dug a lot of the serpentine tango and Latin music that was hugely popular in the underground cabarets around the war time—sweet copulatin' rhythms. As for names, Gershwin for those Jewish blue note symphonies that he was so adept at writing—highly sensual and melancholic strains in all his work. Lyrically, for their great sense of double entendre and triple rhymes, Lorenz Hart and Johnny Mercer, both American writers of the Broadway and Hollywood golden period. As for Europeans? Got to be Erik Satie for his misty melancholic piano pieces, Gorecki, and Rachmaninov—beautiful necromantic writers

As for torch, ditto the above plus of course Italian opera and the bel canto singers a la Sinatra, Al Bowlly (English, 1930's), and Benny More (Cuban 1930's singer).

Noir—German atonal masters like Schoenberg; Wagner, Gershwin again for his dark urbanity. His teacher Darius Milhaud (one of the famous "Les Six" of French cabaret composers of the early 20th century). Modern composers don't necessarily grab me. People get confused with the making of great records with great songs, Marilyn Manson and Trent Reznor being some—they are brilliant producers, however.

For the offbeat I always dug Harold Partch (American composer)—all theoretical, of course, however, inspiring from an arranging point of view.

What do you listen to when you want to relax and feel good?

Other music that I do dig is bop, jazz, Dizzy Gillespie and Parker, and John Coltrane during his free period in the early sixties where his jazz held rage and political attitude. They are the "high priests" on my turntable at five in the afternoon.

Your music is imbued with a hopeless longing for a love the singer knows will never return in this lifetime. I imagine him walking empty city streets, remembering her figure here on a corner, there in a doorway; he seeks her yet he knows he will not find her. As a listener I empathize completely because your music also inspires me with a longing for a past time that I never experienced; I think many Satanists feel this way and it's one of the things that characterize our "outsider" nature. We watch noir films, read old detective novels, collect artifacts and dream about an idealized past that may never have existed. What aspects of this past life do you miss the most, aside from Elizabeth? How has the present culture alienated you, if at all?

I'm not necessarily a Satanist—an outsider definitely. To be honest with you I don't know whether that makes me a Satanist. I always saw

Anton LaVey as not being strictly a Satanist—his lack of patience with stupid willful people in some way shares the same bed as Jesus when he was beatin' up schmucks in the temple. I always dug LaVey's separatism. As for the love interest observation you've made in your question, it isn't just Elizabeth Short that one misses, it's also the avatar that rebirthed her. We have released the enhanced CD "Shadow Bride Sunday Mourning," both the videos, voice-over and the hidden chapters not released in the book *My Shadow Bride* last year. It documents the Vargas and "Scarlatta" relationship—the woman who "birthed" Elizabeth back and Jimmy's affair with her. There are two other stories in the series that all link up and have nothing to do with Elizabeth, but it unveils a final testament to how this whole goddamn thing—and I do mean it is goddamned—hopefully we can get to release them within a year or so.

But getting back to the question, yes, I feel a total separatism. One always is searching for that other half and one has to brace oneself that one is never going to be graced by them in this lifetime. Well, it is better to walk alone in the midnight, my own shadow can keep me warm. Anyway, the songs that I am writing are female-driven, snapshots of her, and you can still make love to them via the playing of those songs. They are all loser taxi dance songs anyway.

How do audiences react to your performances? Do you find audience members dressing in period clothes as you do and also carrying a torch for a time when men were men and women were dames?

You know, we haven't played to an audience for some time. Either it's the choice of putting out records and videos and writing books or doing tours. Well, the concrete work at the moment is more important. In film and records, phantasms live forever—one never dies.

Swing, kittens! From my viewpoint, the youngsters who enjoy this fad have swing confused with everything from rockabilly to square dancing. I think it's great that people want to get dressed up to go out, sit in a real chair and be served a real drink. But how do you feel about seeing the outer trappings of your past lifestyle reflected back by trendy young club-goers?

As for the swing revolution, it has spiraled into squaresville territory—the swing market had no idea what the hell Jimmy Vargas was about... they just wanted to dance. That market was not attracted to the aesthetic of the forties, the politics of the era, nor understood the major sexual, social, and spiritual changes that gestated out of World War II. Ironically, the architects of that swing revolution in San Francosco such as Mick Moss (editor of *Swingtime*, the bible that did start it all and gave the growing community their own media outlet)—his offsiders like filmmaker Rand Alexander, cartoonist Fritz Starker, and photographer Mark Jordan (who shot reams of classic "teaserama" snaps of Dita—the new Betty Page who could be a Satanic icon according to the Lexicon of Dr. LaVey and Coop) were highly intelligent, articulate individuals. Many an hour we would spend talking about the spirit and the psychology of the 40's Americana culture and our deep transmagorical connection to it. These guys didn't start up a cultural revolution so they could have somewhere to dance—they were making a major point about a pop culture that had got away from a sense of roots (i.e. grunge) and in the swing sensibility there was a sense of connecting with a community, old-fashioned courtship, and real creativity using the benchpoint of 40s Americana culture. It was no attempt to recreate the forties, but simply take the aesthetic, the spirit, and the intellect of that time and place it in the here and now. It was an aesthetic movement. They were redefining masculinity, which had been greatly besieged by feminism and the homosexual revolution in the 70's and 80's, by understanding that past masculinity. They were a lot more aware of what was the feminine. They were also aware that the forties was an extremely political and sexually dislocated time, and the nineties in some way mirrored the same spirit of upheaval through the Reagan years. The leaders of the initial swing movement were also totally *au fait* with the gospel of noir—they knew exactly from where I was coming. They in their own search of the tease, torch, and noir aesthetic recognized certain identical rites of passage as my own. I had at least for a short time found a brotherhood.

But getting back to your earlier question about how I feel about club-goers treating it as a fad, well, I don't own a copyright on it either, nor am I a swing kinda guy as authorized by Madison Avenue. I'm more into... yes, you guessed it, tease, torch, and noir, burlesque and hard bop kind of soundtracks. Ironically, out of the swing scene has now gestated the neo-burlesque movement—a lot of it looks very ad hoc. Some of the gals and comedians have nailed the soul of it. It will be interesting to see how this turns out. At least the showgirl look is a lot more my kind of fetish—the swing chicks were all a little bit Doris Day for me. Mind you, some of my classic striptease soundtracks like "Tallulah's Boudoir" from "Tease, Torch and Noir" was totally misunderstood by the burgeoning burlesque scene in San Francisco and I suppose I don't really care. I don't want to belong to any movement; that's the liberating part of being a former ghost. You find nothing really matters except the songs you leave behind. Gee, you ask a simple question, guys, and I get right off the point, but I'm simply premeditating other questions that you might wanna ask as a result of my answers.

The Los Angeles you portray in your music is one that comes out after dark. I see streetlights streaking by outside car windows, smoky nightclub scenes, darkened doorways that lead into mysterious dens of pleasure, pain, and release. Are you a night person? What attracts you about the nocturnal?

Yes, undoubtedly I'm a night person. At night you can hear your dead loves a lot more easily, and you can be blessedly alone.

You describe "Shadow Bride" as a soundtrack. Has there been any attempt to market your novella as a film treatment? Any interest shown?

Yes, the albums are soundtracks, and as

stated previously in "Shadow Bride" there is a downloadable book of the same name. Also, I had stated this earlier, we are putting finishing touches to the videos to those two albums with a voiceover that tells about the Jimmy Vargas story, his connection with The Dahlia, and more importantly his relationship with his muse…Lily Scarlatta. In actual fact, the book that is connected to that enhanced CD is called "Shadow Bride… Scarlatta Salon." It's more about the bizarre relationship between myself and Lily rather than focusing on the Black Dahlia. We had a life and death beyond beloved Elizabeth. For too long have we been fighting off aspersions over our own Black Dahlia story, from both Ellroy and John Gilmore fans...sorry! Elizabeth was a pleasure hauntress of the night. She had many, many men—in both physical and literary ways. Nobody owns her—as also Elizabeth no longer owns me. As for anyone else wanting to make a movie of The Vargas/Dahlia/Scarlatta connection—well no, no offers as of yet. That's why were doing our 15 minute music "peep-a-loopa" production. Should be ready by end of 2001.

I'm a James Ellroy fan myself. I imagine the synergy between your music and his darkside Hollywood universe worked brilliantly. Please describe your tour with him.

As for Ellroy himself...a swell guy, a great showman, and one of the great American writers. The small dates we did with him were chaotic to say the least, but once we sat down pre-performances just to schmooze, I found him to be highly intelligent, and with a wonderful sense of self-deprecating humor. He was the least one to take umbrage of us doing both our own soundtrack and book about the Dahlia—it's only the literary square reviewers who voice proprietal assent.

Anton LaVey appears as a key character in your *roman a clef* and your portrayal of him is fairly sympathetic. What led you to your interest in LaVey? Did you ever meet him while you were living in San Francisco?

Met the Doctor in '46 in Hollywood...yes, regardless of other biographical allusions to him always being on the road with the circus. He knew Elizabeth Short. He knew why and who killed her—regardless of his media *volte face* about her demise, He was greatly dismayed by the ferocity and the true evil of her murder.

LaVey would have found your obsession with 40's California noir and your identification with the Jimmy Vargas persona completely fascinating and definitely in line with his own Satanic aesthetic. How do you feel about your work being labeled "Satanic"?

You know something...I'm a believer of Jesus... yeah...hold it...don't flip the page, kids. Jesus believed in the road less traveled, he was a separatist in many cases, just as I am, and inevitably exactly what the great Doctor LaVey became. Don't get the facts of Jesus confused with the propaganda of the church. They are two totally separate entities. If he came back today, they'd probably label Jesus as a Satanist and probably try to conduct an exorcism of him in St. Peter's Square! He was the true outlaw...akin to a great jazz musician who never signed to a multi-corporate record label, but finds after he has passed on, his side band has assigned his back gospel catalogue to squaresville Sony records and finds his records are racked alongside Sarah Church's in the easy listening spiritual section.

I believe in an afterlife. I have seen the veil between the Earth and the stars. We ain't here by accident. We have fated connections for being here that are repeated life after life. That's where I do differ from the great Doctor, however, and I do stress however, many things that he'd stated made hardcore sense to me. We both dug *noir*, he adored burlesque and the female pulchritude that was a feature of it. He was a fetishist of the first order—me ditto. His basic logical old-fashioned common sense was to me that he was against the restraining Victorianism and prudery of political correctness. As am I, he was a self-made man who didn't look to anyone to carry his water. His biography with Blanche was to me an affirmation of a lot of things I felt myself but could not find the community to express such revelations. I think he was a unique, inspiring individual, and that individuality found itself best served, best expressed from the creche of what we call Satanism. His departure is a national tragedy. You can't replace men such as Dr. LaVey. I grieve at his earthly departure. As for my work being Satanic, that's for your readers to decide. As for your other sub-question—yes, I met Dr. LaVey thrice in San Francisco, as in my book "Shadow Bride" one of the local promoters was trying to get him to do a show in North Beach with us in view of us to play support to him. It never came about. But too late, I had realized we had been playing support to him all the time. By the way, we had changed his name in the book to Zoltan in due respect to him, and his estate. We knew the people who really mattered would know who the head of the "Church of Baal" was, and that's all that mattered.

What are you working on right now? What is in store for a Vargas fan like myself?

We have released the DVD *noir* narrative and music video collection *My Shadow Bride*. Forthcoming is the sequel to the *My Shadow Bride* story called *Temple of Lily*, to be released in March 2005, and we have just finished shooting the final trilogy to the whole *Shadow Bride* series, a short dialogue movie and music video collection called *Scarlet Widow*, at the ready around July 2005. Our website, www.jimmyvargas.com, has made its debut.

Thank you! Yours in the tease, torch, and *noir*.
Jimmy Vargas

The photographs illustrating this interview are courtesy of and copyright © by Jimmy Vargas.

MY SHADOW BRIDE
…BLACK DAHLIA SHADOW AVATAR
© Jimmy Vargas 1996

The Dahlia raises her veil and offers kittenishly. "Do you wanna kiss the bride now?"

I take her china doll face and lower the netting. "Sorry baby… the veil's gone done…" I embrace her on the forehead with a final protective sign of the cross… then dismissing it all with a "See you next life baby…"

I turn away, flick the keys of the Swango '47 lounge over to Hartley, who stands bereaved slightly as if witnessing a suicide, his bottom lip phrased in a dope quizzicality, his visage then transmutating into the face of Zoltan Lavassy. "Lock up will you Zoltan…Do with the joint what you will, I just scored a permanent gig in a death cabaret, Damnationville."

I stumble down the steps of the Swango '47 out on to the North Beach strip…Dying … Burning …With each stagger I'm cremating myself…

I walk on, the sin syncopated cantilevered lights of the Garden of Eden strip-tease palace ha-ha's me with a halo of damnation.

"Yeah…See you next life baby."

Because now I'm haunting on a losers avenue back to the other side…once more, relooped like a suicide repeats his own death interminably and I don't know if this damnation will ever go away or whether I really want it to.

Liliana manifests, calling from behind me. She, alive once more, reclaiming her body and visage independent of Elizabeth Short, attired in sexotica gothica a-line and veil. I don't understand her mute implorations and move forward.

For I feel cocooned within this glorious melancholy you've left, Dahlia, in the hangover of our last and final kiss of crucifixion.

Lily calls out again, catching up to me, her bevelveted talons beseeching my zoot arm. "See you on the other side, Jimmy…through the veils of 1947... I'll be there waiting for you."

She lets go…

I nod to her.

"Yes, Lily. I'll see you next life, baby. I'll be waiting for you, my sweet shadow bride."

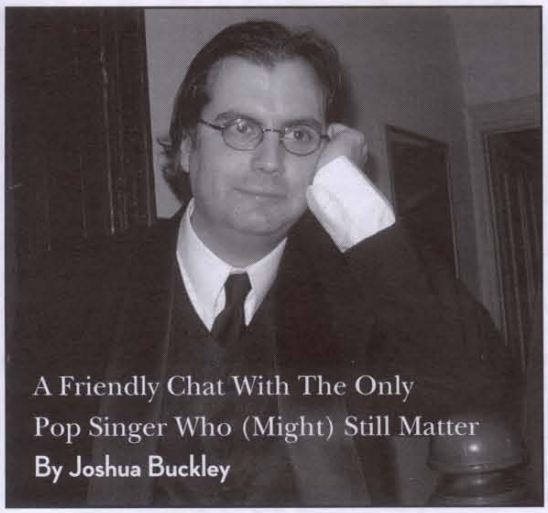
And I know what she means, for I've realized it is I who have been a phantasm all along. Dead the whole time, my relationship with Lily cemented en-seance. My intercession with the living as a wraith with my form pressed against a smokey window glass, outside the veil, only entering as an assassin from another sphere to avenge and redeem.

The Swango '47 stutters its neon behind me, a boarded up ghostin' cabaret all along.

And so my spirit is ebbing away over you Dahlia,

in a Beautiful dying,…

Ghosting…



Catholics, Goering, and Charlton Heston

A Friendly Chat With The Only Pop Singer Who (Might) Still Matter

By Joshua Buckley

Genius is seldom appreciated. It should come as no surprise, then, that David E.Williams—perhaps the greatest singer-songwriter currently plying his trade on these here shores—has spent virtually his entire career laboring in obscurity.

Spinning out catchy, musically accomplished Pop anthems with a vocal style reminiscent of Neil Diamond on Quaaludes, Williams deserves the appellation of genius more than almost any of his "underground culture"-racket inferiors. Emerging from the shattered ruins of Western Civilization like some wandering, postmodern *Minnesinger*, Williams tweaks his tunes with a perverse Romantic sensibility somewhere between the sublime and the absurd. Unlike the wan, opium-addled Decadents of ages past, however, Williams weaves his tales of horror and catastrophe out of the never-ending succession of personal and societal disasters lurking just behind the window-dressing of bourgeoisie reality. The priest who sodomizes the altar boy. The office-pool typist who slaughters his co-workers. The congenial hospice worker with a taste for geriatric poontang. Uncomfortably intimate glimpses of the abyss. Zap it all with Williams' gallows' humor and inordinately clever sense of irony, and you've got Pop music that deserves to survive.

If I were King, and you were all my boot-licking vassals, David E. Williams would be at the Top of the Pops. He'd have his own special on VH-1. Throngs of pre-pubescent girls would mob him in airport terminals. As it is, we live in a world of shit. The least you can do is buy his records.

Why all this gloom and morbidity? Couldn't you find more edifying things to write songs about, like feeding the homeless and ending racism?

What do you mean? I have plenty of songs about ending the homeless and feeding racism.

One reviewer commented that your music tends to "sexualize history." You seem to have a real penchant for juxtaposing the tragedies wrought by garden variety sexual predators with the more inspired conquests of history's real mass-murderers.

Surely, though, you must admit that "garden variety predators" are afforded limitless opportunities by history's ever-unfolding pageant of soft fleshy underbellies craving violation. In the past, individuals of a certain temperament have been able to positively express violent energies in noble causes like the spread of Western Civilization. Well, we just don't have that sort of thing anymore. But all that energy has to go somewhere. Unfortunately, heroism is perverted by the humanist ethos into crime, and then what happens? Some little boy is raped by the parish priest. Nice job, everyone!

Still, you seem to have a unique appreciation—or at least a different approach—to these sorts of subjects.

Well, I could argue that I have somewhat less of an appreciation than the typical goth/industrial/apocalypse culture dilettante. I've never, like, been inspired by a true crime book to go out and write, say, "The Ballad of Edmund Kemper." (In fact, I really don't have much true crime or horror on my bookshelf at all.) Regrettably, the murders in my lyrics sprang from troubled thoughts in a troubled mind during troubled times. Thankfully—at least from my viewpoint—things aren't so troubled any more and one of my latest songs is about a game warden.

Your lyrics are also filled with Catholic imagery. I'm guessing this was a big part of the atmosphere you grew up in.

Yes, that's correct. I attended Catholic school for six years, but left because of an incident where six boys held me down while a seventh boy squeezed my nuts. "Show me exactly where he touched you," Sister Leonore demanded afterward. It was all very embarrassing. I was also an altar boy for quite some time, though I can't recall (at least consciously) having my nuts squeezed during that endeavor.

The war between Christianity and liberal humanism can only be viewed as a catfight between simpering sister ideologies. Liberal humanism is merely Christianity in its most degenerate form. Who can fathom what awaits us in the next stage of human de-evolution? It's hard to imagine anything worse than this contemporary culture where laziness and poor personal hygiene are held aloft as the highest attributes.

Catholicism, on the other hand, represents Christianity in its least degenerate form. Growing as it did out of Rome, it has always allowed for continual manifestations of good old-fashioned European culture—you know, breathtaking cathedrals, homosexual geniuses and wars of Colonial conquest. Hello, Columbus! If only we could get this Polish pope to stop apologizing to everyone!

How would you characterize your typical listener? Are you aware of any particularly unusual reactions to your music?

Sweet young girls and sweet young boys with fantasies of murder. Some find the work absolutely serious and others find it utterly ridiculous. Each is absolutely and utterly convinced of his or her interpretation.

What about your own interpretations? What motivates you to actually sit down and write a piece of music?

In terms of the lyrics, there is no real "sitting down." My better songs get written in the back of my head, as I'm going about my daily business. I'll be mulling over these thoughts and feelings while I'm on the bus or sitting at work or something. Then, I'll run to, like, a public restroom and scrawl them onto a piece of paper which I'll shove into a shirt pocket. One notable exception is "Severed Hand Holding Daisies." I distinctly remember writing the lyrics to this song as I lay naked and in tears at the foot of my keyboard. I know it sounds kind of goofy...

So that was inspired by some kind of personal experience?

Well, yes. I had an unrequited love for this girl I was hanging out with at the time. Her big theory was that the conception of Christ was anything but immaculate...you know, that Joseph raped Mary. It's not all that brilliant a speculation...kind of obvious really. Anyway, she thought it was a great idea for a song, but never got around to writing it. So I did. In a song about her.

Who's your favorite Nazi?

You can always tell a lot about a person by his or her answer to this question. The egotist goes for Hitler. The wishy-washy intellectual goes for Speer. The vulgarian goes for Streicher. Who is my favorite Nazi? Reichsmarshall Hermann Goering! Fat and jolly and he got the last laugh at Nuremberg.

Has there been much of a furor (Führer?) over all the references to the Third Reich in your lyrics? The second CD was released in Germany, where they're a bit sensitive about such things...

Now, now, Joshua, let's not go giving people the idea I'm some sort of Nazi propagandist. Like most of my characters, the Nazis in my songs

come off about as heroic as Colonel Klink in Hogan's Heroes (or, maybe Dirk Bogarde in *The Night Porter*). I mean, "Legends of the S.S." is about a pair of homosexual lovers who go on a Nazi-inspired murder spree until one of them dies of A.I.D.S. And "Sarah's Booted Boy" is about an S.S. guard who falls in love with a female Jewish prisoner. "Oh, all the love that I have found/ in the manure and stony dregs./ I saw the ovens of Birkenau/ between your bony legs." This sort of thing would not go over too well at the Propaganda Ministry! "Entartete!" Anyway, to answer your question, YES, people get very bent out of shape. But not in Germany.

Tell me about your background as a musician.

I began taking piano lessons in the fourth grade and continued for eight years. At one point, I was practicing two or three hours a day. As a pianist, I was certainly a lot more dexterous back then.

In high school and college, I played keyboards in a band called Lemon Schubert. We composed all kinds of silly music—prog rock, pseudo jazz fusion, space rock. Portentously, one of our songs was called "Albert Speer." I miss those Lemon Schubert guys. Except for me, the other members were all related and they were all devoutly Russian Orthodox, even though Black Sabbath was their favorite band. I believe that one of them is actually a priest now.

I must also confess to having worked in cover bands. You probably can't imagine me playing "Born to Be Wild," but it happened. It happened quite a bit there for a while.

What does your family think about your music?

Well, my brothers are born-again Christians, and although they've never come out and said anything, I think they disapprove greatly. When they heard I was working on a movie soundtrack, they seemed very happy to hear that no lyrics were involved. "Oh good," said one. My sister and her husband claim that they like it, but it's so different from anything in their CD collection that I really think they're just trying to be nice. (And I guess they're succeeding). My mom seems to enjoy my live performances, but claims ignorance of the lyrics. She says it sounds like I'm just singing "blah blah blah" in a very deep voice. It upsets her to read about the lyrics in newspaper or magazine articles. When she hears a new record is coming out, she always asks: "It's not more 'dirty' songs, is it?" As for my father, he's particularly upset by "Severed Hand Holding Daisies." "That's not right," he says.

What about the women in your life? Are they worried about ending up as fodder for your lyrics?

They're more worried they won't.

What kinds of things do you enjoy reading? Your music seems far more derivative of certain Decadent and Expressionist literature, than it does of any particular music genre that comes to mind.

Well, thank you, I guess I'll accept that as a compliment. I was an English major in college—studying hard for 4 years—so the assumption is probably not entirely off the mark... (even though college was a long time ago!) I much prefer fiction and poetry to philosophy, that's for sure! My major influences growing up were Kurt Vonnegut, Charles Bukowski, Eugene Ionesco and Sylvia Plath. Sylvia's just the best, and I can't recommend her highly enough. Don't be scared off by the feminist propaganda of her other admirers. Of course, the most recent book I read was *The Courage to be Free*, by Charlton Heston.

Heston? You're not some kind of gun nut are you?

Well, I do belong to the NRA. Charlton Heston is my president. My personal belief is that one is irresponsible if one does not own a gun. That doesn't make me a "nut."

Also, Heston's monologues at the beginning of *Planet of the Apes* are some of the most poetic passages in the history of misanthropy. I believe that Rod Serling wrote them, but only president Heston could recite them in a manner that will make them live forever. (Or at least until the apes take over—WHICH WILL HAPPEN IF WE DON'T ALL HAVE GUNS!)

Ultimately, what is David E. Williams' message for the late, great planet Earth?

Catholics, Goering, and Charlton Heston.

david e. williams

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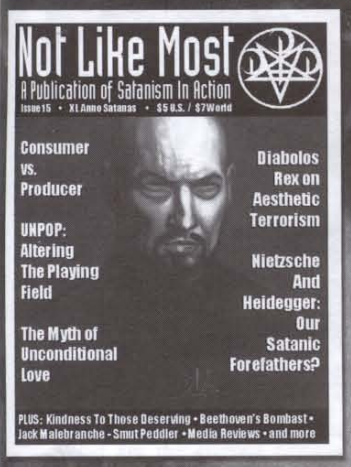

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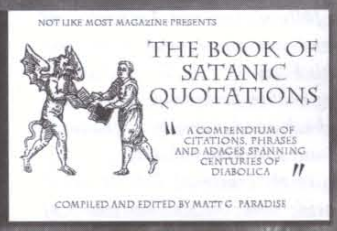

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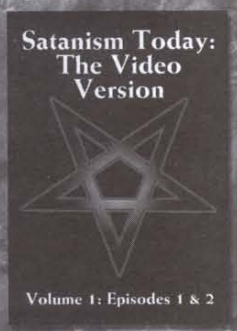

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PETER MLAKAR: NSK'S SATANIC TECHNOCRAT

Peter Mlakar, photo courtesy of NSK

By Michael Moynihan and Charles Krafft

Since 1980 the Slovenian musical juggernaut known as **Laibach** has been craftily exposing—while at the same time capitalizing upon—the weaknesses of pop culture for totalitarianism. Utilizing stylistic trappings from a half-century earlier, **Laibach** (whose name comes from the occupied German designation for their hometown of Ljubljana) marched onto the world stage and demanded that people take notice. And they did. But what still often remains unrecognized or misunderstood is the fact that **Laibach** is just one cogwheel in a greater machine, otherwise known as **NSK**. Short for **Neue Slowenische Kunst** (New Slovenian Art), **NSK** is a collective endeavor with an array of tentacles: an fine art group known as Irwin, a "cosmo-kinetical" theater company called Noordung, the "New Kollectivism" graphic design section, and most intriguingly, a "Department of Pure and Practical Philosophy." Furthermore, since 1990 **NSK** has declared themselves a sovereign, virtual state, or in their words, "a transglobal borderless state-in-time." They issue their own stamps, passports, and proclamations, and open temporary embassies wherever they go.

The representative for the philosophical branch of **NSK** is Peter Mlakar, a philosopher and writer of extreme erotic literature. For years he has spoken at the openings of **Laibach** concerts and other important **NSK** events; already a decade ago his early speeches were compiled into book form in *REDEN AN DIE DEUTSCHE NATION* (Speeches to the German Nation; Vienna: Verlag Turia & Kant, 1993). He has also published three philosophical works in the Slovenian language, *SPISI O NADNARAVNEM* (Essays on the Supernatural; Ljubljana: Analecta, 1992), *UVOD V BOGA* (An Introduction to God; Ljubljana: Zalozba NSK, 1997, and published in Croatian, Zagreb 2000), and *HRIBI IN DOLINE* (Hills and Valleys; Zalozba NSK, 1999). As one might expect, Mlakar's style is declarative and bombastic, but his form of rhetoric also illuminates existential conundrums of the sort that most people prefer not to be confronted with. In response to *Essays on the Supernatural,* a well-known Slovenian Catholic philosopher remarked that such a work "cannot be opposed with counter-argument, but only with prayer and fasting."

When not composing speeches or philosophical tracts, Peter Mlakar also pens perverse erotic tales under the *nom de plume* "P. Traven." Two books of these stories—which bear titles like "Confession," "Crime and Punishment," and "Living Bidet"—have appeared in his native language, earning him accolades as the "De Sade of Slovenian literature." Slavoj Zizek, the popular Lacanian philosopher, even extolled these writings as "great literature for all time," and urged that the stories "should be lectured in primary schools."

Peter Paracelsus is another of Mlakar's many names. When donning his Paracelsian cap he promotes "Satanic Techno" and in 1994 released an eponymous debut CD (on the Nika + Ropot label), done in collaboration with the **Laibach** subgroup 300,000 V.K. A new album is reported to be imminent. The music is electronic and Luciferian, but also embodies an entire philosophy of desire: "It is our wish that the pleasure we are now experiencing might not end, and we cannot imagine the pain that is unbearable lasting forever. ...Satanic Techno is that state when the pain or pleasure are no longer submitted to a process of their own natural determination, but are a matter of the will of the scientific mind, which is able solely for its own enjoyment to manage the psychological structure and has an effect on it independently of the subject's will, and which also abolishes a cast-iron law of nature." In a manner not dissimilar from **Laibach**, **Peter Paracelsus** subverts a pop genre to his own ends, injecting it with an overt ideology, in contrast to the insidious but covert commodity fetishizing of most music industry output.

The following interview with Herr Mlakar was assisted by Charles Krafft, an American artist from Seattle with longstanding ties with the **NSK** camp. Krafft has made his mark with DISASTERWARE™, a line of finely-wrought delftware pieces featuring poignant scenes from humanity's unending history of turmoil and distress. His work so impressed **NSK** that they commissioned Krafft to design all the porcelain flatware for their official state functions (these works, along with Krafft's Porcelain War Museum Project and other creations, are documented in the new monograph *Charles Krafft's VILLA DELIRIUM,* San Francisco: Last Gasp, 2002). By way of concluding this introduction to our interview, a few lines of reminiscence from Krafft will shed further light on our subject:

I first ran across the writings of Peter Mlakar in the extraordinary art book Neue Slowenische Kunst *(Los Angeles: Amok, 1991). Those dated translations of his short essays, aphorisms, edicts, and speeches reignited my waning interest in poetry. Years later, I still find myself copying and sending these bits out to persons who I feel can appreciate the subtlety of Mlakar's metaphysics and "totalitarian" balderdash. I am still waiting for translators to deliver his two major books (published in German and Slovenian) on Eros and spirituality. To date, my efforts to facilitate this here have been met with academic outrage.*

I got to know Peter Mlakar personally when I accompanied **Laibach** *on their "Occupied Europe NATO Tour" to Sarajevo in 1995. For an American to fully understand* **Laibach** *and the* **NSK** *enterprise you must spend some time with them and this I naïvely did. The highway to Sarajevo was being held by Serbs so we drove along the bombed-out back roads, through devastated Mostar, down into the besieged city for two historical concerts in the National Theatre which happened to coincide with the announcement of the Dayton Peace Accords. It was the rock'n'roll experience of a lifetime and Peter rose to the occasion with a series of official speeches delivered with his usual panache. One night, on the way back to our guest house overlooking the burned-out 1984 Winter Olympics facility, the taxi couldn't make it up the icy hill so we climbed out and started walking home. Halfway there he stopped in the full moonlight to access the ruined city and declared, "I love the smell of blood and snow! It's so Tolstoy. If I could bottle this scent I would make a new perfume for the 21st century and call it FORGIVENESS."*

What events led to your becoming a prominent figure in the NSK Dept. of Pure and Practical Philosophy?

The Department of Pure and Practical Philosophy (DPPP) was established in Hamburg, Germany in 1987. I was performing with **Laibach** there in a production of Shakespeare's *Macbeth.* As a result of our presence many philosophical issues emerged along with the need for a special philosophical department to address them. **Laibach** develops its own philosophy, but there are subjects which are not completely expressed in the language of this philosophy, and there arose a need to articulate the essence of the **Laibach** and **NSK** spirit in a more theoretical way. In this sense I can say that my "prominent role" is to explore the issues which emanate from the substance of **Laibach** and **NSK** in relation to classical theoretical and philosophical problems and their anomalies.

What are the greatest philosophical problems facing mankind today?

Among them, if anything is certain at all: what is the ultimate criterion of truth and certainty? Why is nothing better than anything (the reverse form of the most important question in metaphysics)? Is Being—which is "difference from *that*" (as Heidegger puts the form of ontological difference)—the only inhabitant in its dark country, or are there some other monsters beside it, which are not known yet, except for Nothing, or whatever supports it? Is there the One, or only a mass of particulars? And there's the question of the substantiality of mind: is the mind only a matter of symbols, words, denotations, language, logical operations, biochemical processes? Also we have the problem of the ontological value of logic, and we can pose the question, does the existence of the natural order of things lead to a deeper essence of reality (as Whitehead asks)? And there is the question of the sense of life—in other words, is there anything in life besides its finite chemobiological structure? Then, we also have the question of God: does he exist or not, and do existence and non-existence have anything to do with him? The meaning and absurdity of evil is another dilemma. Furthermore, does the technological development of man, his structural changes in body (via biotechnology and genetics) and mind (via artificial intelligence)—that is to say, the man-made construction of the human being and his consciousness—negate the basic philosophical and theological categories of God, mind, soul, and the Self? Finally, there is the question of the existence of the external world (and this is linked to the problem of virtual reality).

Does the DPPP offer suggestions on how such problems might be reconciled or solved?

The Department tries to investigate them, it searches for the answers, and it offers some answers that at the moment are to a larger extent about God, evil, and the infinite. But there are many epistemological and logical questions generally open to exploration, as well as those concerning certainty, and the different criteria of truth, which are some of the topics of our future work.

What role does this particular Department play within the totality of NSK?

The model is similar to that of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith in the Vatican. As I said, the prime role of the DPPP within **NSK** is to operate professionally on issues which form a sort of "ontological" basis of **NSK**, and which also create the objects that excite **NSK** most. These issues are the dialectic between eternity and death, enjoyment and evil, God and sex, the absolute and nothingness, the ethical and non-ethical, metaphysics through psychoanalysis, psychoanalysis and science through metaphysics, negative theology, and absurdity.

NSK temporary embassy, Sarajevo, 1995. Photo by C. Krafft

Can you define or give brief statements of what some of these terms you just used mean to you or the DPPP?

Death: Death is something bad because we experience the state of life as, first, a libidinal demand itself, and second, as a libidinal attachment to the Other. That means—in both cases—the manifestation of the pleasure principle. But in the magnetic field of the absolute, death is only an argument for its omniscience. There must be death if we can speak of something that is undefeatable. When we say everything is contingent, uncertain, and rotten; when we say at the end there is nothing—we've hit on a real winner which is not death, but its (the absolute's) own enjoyment.

Evil: Is there the possibility of everlasting pain? Can we experience this? If evil is the final cause, if there is nothing stronger than evil, we better finish our world right now. The existence of evil, in its essence, is the strongest argument, as I said, of the indefiniteness and boundlessness of God—that is of the absolute.

Absurdity: Let's ask in Leibniz's manner: how is absurdity possible? Absurdity is possible if there is a ground for its existence. The ground negates absurdity, but the problem is that even in this case some absurdity remains, which creates neurotic symptoms and signs of hopelessness.

God: Our statement is totalitaristic: if God does not exist, this non-existence is not a part of God. Even if God is manifest to us as non-existent, we cannot say that he does not exist. God as the absolute reveals that complete negation is possible, that total traumatization is possible (i.e., the death of God). We perceive God as "something" beyond Being and Non-Being.

Ethics: Goodness is external to ourselves. To be eaten by the Other. Freedom is slavery. This is hard to comprehend and is connected to suffering, but guarantees blessedness.

The Metaphysical: The empirical is not the only criterion of reality, not even the logical and mathematical truths. The metaphysical is something which does not exist in the concrete world, but we cannot say that it is unreal, wrong, senseless. The facts of this world are not the only view from its eyes.

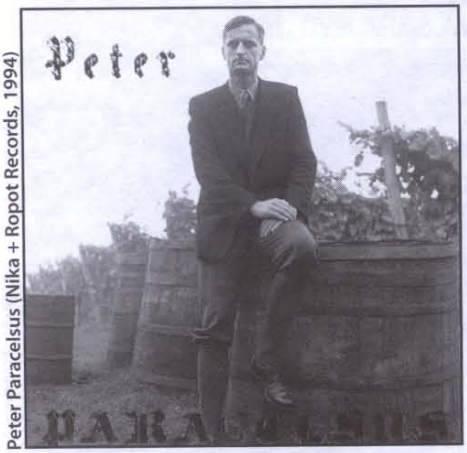
It would seem that NSK has always been very concerned with other issues, such as that of the relationship between the state and the individual, totalitarianism and the "free" world, art and the state, and the deliberate fabrication of culture. Can you comment on some of these issues from the perspective of the DPPP?

In relation to the other **NSK** views on these topics, the DPPP view is mostly identical. In the relationship between individuality, totalitarianism and the "free world," our position is that freedom is the freedom of those who think alike.

Does the DPPP attempt to document or explain the philosophy behind NSK activities, or rather direct them as they unfold?

The DPPP theory or philosophy is not the official philosophy of the whole **NSK** as an institution or a virtual state. It is a self-sufficient segment inside the **NSK** and its doesn't completely envelop the theoretical ground and possible philosophical statements of other **NSK** departments. In the spiritual sense of a polyvergent approach of one to another, it develops the material, which cannot, therefore, be negated by other **NSK** groups. There is always an enigma of a total enveloping, but this enigma shows us how we are different and simultaneously connected in the infinite.

NSK is often accused of having a totalitarian agenda itself. Does the DPPP look at the world "through totalitarian eyes" or does it simply comment upon—and, when appropriate, utilize—totalitarian methods?



Peter Paracelsus (Nika + Ropot Records, 1994)

Yes, we look at the world through totalitarian eyes. This is the form of the highest law of thinking, which must be totalitarian if it is to be consistent with itself. It should be stressed that we are more interested in the theoretical and spiritual, rather than the political and historical, meanings of this word.

Does the DPPP see the conflict between the individual and the totalitarian or authoritarian state to be a moral issue?

Absolutely.

Does morality exist in a real sense, or is it rather, as Nietzsche observed, simply a tool of control?

It does exist, but in a more strict spiritual or theoretical sense. When we read De Sade, Nietzsche is like a child. Nietzsche does not reflect the consequences of Justine, Juliet, and Sodom & Co.'s universe of good and evil.

Do good and evil really exist—and if so, in what way?

If you think that they do not, you are really a happy man. If they do exist, they constitute the world, life.

How has the philosophy of NSK attempted to move from the theoretical level to the practical or applied level?

The practical philosophy of **NSK** occupies the field which is more concrete, more sensual, more realistic, but also more metaphorical. It occupies the work, which in a not-so-abstract way shows the public the basic problems of our life (and non-life).

What have been the most significant examples of the DPPP's work?

There are a few works which establish context and meaning in the sense of the Department's existence. First I must mention the Department's participation in the *Neue Slowenische Kunst* book, then there are four other books: *Essays on the Supernatural, Speeches to the German Nation, Hills and Valleys,* and *An Introduction to God.* Inside the last book there is a lecture titled "German Sex Discipline and God's Face" which was delivered in Berlin in 1993, inside NSK STAAT BERLIN. There have also been many speeches given at **Laibach** concerts and other **NSK** events all over Europe and America (Berlin, Vienna, Sarajevo, Belgrade, Glasgow, New York, Turin, Dresden, Suhl, and Luther's town of Eisleben). The CD recordings by **Peter Paracelsus**, which have established a "Satanic Techno" style of pop music, are also an aspect of our work.

What is the impulse behind the creation of the Peter Paracelsus project?

The sexual power of healing.

How is Satanic Techno different from other forms of such music?

Satanic Techno is techno music, which besides furious rhythm and melody, contains the message of therapeutic effects through traumatic method. Paradox as a beneficial pill.

Does Peter Paracelsus believe in Satan—and God?

There is no Satan beside God in his definition of the absolute. That means there are not two gods. **Peter Paracelsus** believes in God, but also in Satan as an evil spirit. This spirit is connected with the touch of mortal flesh and its passion for perfection. Satan means to be equal with God in his attribute of ultimate enjoyment, which for terminal human beings is unbearable. This, however, must also be said: the existence of Satan is possible on the grounds of God as love and our free will; God allows something which limits him in his freedom—something that sets itself up as his opposition and then transcends this limitation, and out of this negation, re-constitutes itself as the absolute. This limitation, this pain (the death of God), this perfect evil, is the deepest mysterium of God, which only establishes the absolute—God.

Transcript of Peter Mlakar's speech—which he delivered bare-chested and wearing a butcher's apron—for the opening ceremony of the 1997 festival for Ljubljana as a Culture Capital of Europe. Upon hearing the speech, the Archbishop of Slovenia left the venue in protest.

Honorable Mister President and your wife, esteemed religious and secular authorities, respected diplomatic corps, visiting guests from abroad, citizens and members of **NSK**, gentle audience members!

If I look within and around myself, a light shines on me and I hear a voice saying: "Know that you've become such as you are, flesh and blood, an animal—for me, who seeks sexual satisfaction in a perfect woman, in a black hole; know that you're bereft of sulfur and electricity, that you've become uninteresting and dull. This sinewy creature and the world as it exists today no longer arouses any real excitement in me, they are past. Here I've already sucked and screwed it all."

Audience members, one must be attentive to this voice. But among us things are even simpler. The picks, shovels, axes and pliers, forks, knives and screwdrivers that help us through our lives are broken and rusting away: politics is a lame whore making nobody erect, the nation is dead, money is impotent and unable to enrapture modern man. Finances are for the poor—not for the likes of us. None of this satisfies the requirements of our origins, whose substance is a living unity of forces—living outbursts of sense and pleasure.

Yet, if the day is not far away when we'll be able to replace the head of you, you or you, to rejuvenate you in a process of cyber-treatment so that, centenarian, you'll give pleasure to a heifer, or make your copulation in the virtual world a reality, this doesn't mean that we've grasped God, and we know that this still isn't where real excitement lies.

What then? It has to be said that real satisfaction won't be attained if we do not fail first to arrange matters in such a way that panic and despair seize the human soul. The real world is that which doesn't exist, or it is a monster at odds with real life. This monster has no connection with culture. Culture, that isn't art. Every peasant can have a fat potato: that is culture. But what art is, only God knows. We don't need culture; what we need is God's ointment of endurance. (1) *Hominis tota vita nihil aliud quam ad mortem iter est.* (2) Real life is outside this life. It's beyond the reach of absolute woe. It dwells where evil becomes our patient. We need this ointment for such a life. Lubricated with it, dear audience, we penetrate through the fires of hell into Heaven's hole. That's why I'm telling you: the sense, the truth of everything, lies in something that is neither life nor death. This is a matter of orgasm.

(1) A reference to the Slovenian maxim, "What cannot be cured, must be endured."

(2) All of man's life is nothing other than a march toward death.

Laibach web site: http://www.laibach.nsk.si/

Paracelsus: http://www.laibach.nsk.si/l888.htm

IN YOUR CONFIDENCE:

A fragmentary history of the Socialites.

By Archangel's Suave Tiki

In my possession are a scant few documents, photos, and panties. They were my grandfather's, and luckily the panties aren't his size. No, friends, these were the panties of conquered ladies, women who laid down in the face of a seducer, a roustabout, and—more importantly—a Socialite.

Shortly after my grandfather's death, my father had most of his belongings packed up by professionals, driven halfway across the country and put into a storage unit. I care for my father deeply, but he has no sense of history or blood, as is the curse of his generation. After lifting the pass code to get past the security gate and into the storage area, I used a copy of the key to the lock on the metal door. When I forced the door open for the first time in so many years, I not only uncovered the world of a man that I hardly knew, but was going to take my first peak into a world I never even knew existed. I would also find out that it is a world wholly forgotten, and seemingly on purpose.

I have very few memories of visiting my grandfather Anthony in New York. But box after box brought recollections of his apartment back to me. Living in New Jersey, my grandfather had created a total environment for himself; he applied the concepts of sex, sentiment, and wonder into every niche and crevice—creating the most magical place for a boy of 12 to visit, even in my naïveté of sex and the more sophisticated aspects of the mature mind. There was a magical quality that overwhelmed one upon entering that domicile, powerful enough that I truly believe with such a limited exposure, it has shaped a better part of who I am. From the thick bordello red carpeting to the selective and disquieting lighting, one was simultaneously on edge and enraptured.

Anthony wasn't a real attractive man, but he had a charisma about him; he dressed like he was in a movie, all the time. Being young and shy and knowing my father regretted having to bring me along to be "exposed to his bastard father," I remember spending a lot of time looking at the floor. I saw the pointed-toed shoes and velvet slippers that Anthony wore. I'd never seen a pointed toe on a man's shoe before and at that age I thought it was pretty fruity.

I understand why my father distanced himself from Anthony, as he was definitely considered a "mistake," and from the bits I've wrenched out of him over the years, he and his mother were left on their own for most of his life. An unfortunate situation to be sure, but certainly not uncommon. I'm certain that both he and Anthony would have been less fulfilled as individuals had they tried to play family, and by following the natural instincts and inclinations, it seems both men have seen the highs and lows, from their own natural perspectives.

Opening dust-laden boxes of old records, countless newspaper-wrapped highball glasses (and some pretty wild clothing), I found a treasure. I remembered, while on one of the three visits to Anthony's with my father, he would steer me away from just about everything, but especially the bookshelf. *The American Way Of Sex*, *Story of O*, and *Nymphomania* are titles I can remember. If I'm not mistaken he had some Freud, Havelock Ellis, and other more "scientific" sex books mixed in with the more sensationalistic. On the shelf below, and below it as well, were his magazines. I never got to see the magazines on the shelves because of my father's ever present and dissuasive arm and voice, but luckily there was a small but select collection one place I was safe—the one place you're always safe—the bathroom.

And now here they were, in all their glory; *Sir!*, *Dude*, *Adam*, *Nugget*, and others I can't recall. And lo-and-behold, within the remnants I was now sifting through, tucked inside a copy of *Adam* was a smaller saddle stitched magazine. The wrapper was plain off-white with a letter "S" inside a playing card style diamond and the text "IN YOUR CONFIDENCE" written beneath.

"Welcome brothers," the article began on the first page of this slim newsletter, *"we have now entered our 5th year of activity and I must say that things have never been better. There are Socialites being brought into the fraternity on a selective basis internationally now, but with the care and discrimination we have always used to choose who is honored to wear the pin of the Socialite.*

"We are few, and for that we are proud. As every Socialite knows—it is not the mass that decides, but the leader. Many of us are predominant in various vocations and avocations, and many of us are indiscreet in our activities. I applaud all Socialites for upholding our standard: Live, Love, and Be Merry!"

I sometimes get a bit dramatic when I present my words here for you, but it is only a natural pride that I cherish when I know that all of you are pursuing the important things in life, that the Socialites count among its membership the finest and brightest, the best dressed and the sharpest wits of our age."

I was floored. I could not believe what I was reading, what I held in my hands. It was like reading *The Satanic Bible* for the first time, and learning that there are people who enjoyed life, who did not deny the pleasures it had to offer. More importantly here was a group of men who embraced these things, as any sane animal should! I was ecstatic and confused, bewitched and bewildered. What was I to do? Who was I to talk to?

I loaded up my car with a few boxes of Anthony's belongings, not enough that would probably be noticed if my father did actually check up on these things, and drove back to my apartment. Although I must admit now that I never intended on bringing home panties of strange and probably now dead ladies, there they were in a little velvet bag. It was a trophy case of an unusual sort, but probably a little bit more decent than a headhunter's prize sack. At least I know I'd rather be caught with a bag of ladies panties than a sack of decapitated human heads! This particular item both aroused and repulsed me. Every time I looked at the black and white snapshots of sexy bed kittens, I would think that maybe these panties belonged to one of them. Unfortunately my overactive mind would age these ladies about 50 years and proceeded to throw me off completely. But, now I do understand why Anthony had such incredible cameras!

I called my friend C.S., who is a pretty well accomplished tattoo artist—and known for a bit of debauchery himself, to ask if he'd ever heard of the Socialites. He hadn't. Since he tended to be an excitable boy, he took it upon himself to find out what he could. We both searched independently and every time we saw one another we would have nothing to report. I was desperate, and started going to older men that I knew were into interesting things, professional bachelors now in their twilight years.

The magazine showed no date of publication, and the printing and binding looks pretty generic for something published over 20 years ago. Unfortunately the techniques of printing have changed very slightly over the last century. The magazine that it was tucked inside was from July of 1975, but he could have hidden it in an old magazine, or placed it back into a new copy after rereading. No return address, and only smudged illegible postal mark. The names used are clearly fictitious, of course I suppose there *could* be a guy named Ima Grandguy or Dr. Horus Drinkus.

Still, nothing to move forward on though. I often still wonder if I was talking to any Socialites or not, and that they just did not want to take me into the ever elusive Socialite "confidence." Do the Socialites now just cause terror in the nursing homes, or are they taking in fresh faced and swinging young gents with a lust for life and a strong will to boot? Did they number in the dozens or thousands; are they Masons gone bad or evolved hedonists (my mind reels in thoughts of true American Hellfire Club Friars)?

The whole thing is magical, and it's quite possible that if I do run across more information, it might turn out to be less than I imagined. It's also possible that Anthony wasn't an exception, but the norm—a true swinger who was part of a brotherhood, a secret brotherhood, whose goals were to make the most out of the here and now, Heaven Be Damned!

I hesitated at great length before writing this article to share with you. Was I given the gift of "Confidence" after all, if only by default? Was I now breaking the oath that a man whom I admire held dear to himself? I'm sure after sending this away to be printed I'll still struggle.

If you are familiar with the Socialite Party, please get in touch with me care of this magazine.

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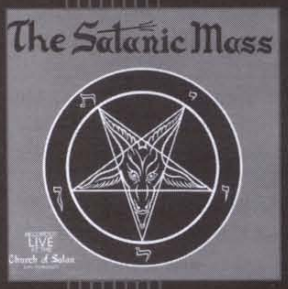
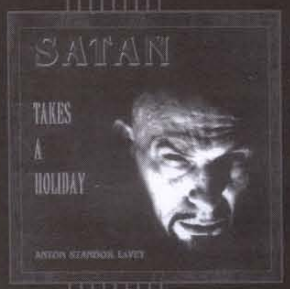


Church of Satan "The Satanic Mass" CD ADV002

In 1968 Anton LaVey and the Church of Satan released the first recording of a Satanic Ritual. The first track is The Satanic Mass, performed in the building that served as the home and original location of the Church of Satan led by Anton LaVey on Friday the 13th in September of Year III Anno Satanas (1968). Tracks 2-7 are of LaVey reciting selections from *The Satanic Bible*, much of which was inspired by Ragnar Redbeards book *Might Is Right*. There is a bonus track not on the original vinyl release called "The Hymn of the Satanic Empire, or The Battle Hymn of the Apocalypse". You can find the score of this song in LaVey's *The Devil's Notebook*.



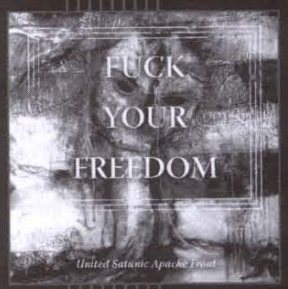
Anton LaVey "Satan Takes a Holiday" CD ADV003

Former High Priest and founder of the Church of Satan, Anton LaVey may surprise you with his selection of tunes that he plays and sings with close friends. The songs come from the early 1900's, suicide songs and sentimental stirrings. Short descriptions for each track lend some significance on each song, but as with most of the work that Anton LaVey has done, it's a small door to a sometimes unseemly and Satanic world. Applying the true definition of "occult" to these songs is probably most appropriate, as they are hidden wonders.

Peter H. Gilmore "Threnody For Humanity" CD ADV004

This CD is comprised of music composed and performed by the current High Priest of the Church of Satan, Peter H. Gilmore. The tracks were originally for various projects, from b-grade horror movies to a ballet. Some of the tracks are featured in Nick Bougas' documentary "Death Scenes."

Magus Gilmore's music is an electronic symphony, playing on the themes of misanthropy, destiny, and triumphal marches. The artist Stephen Kasner has produced all original artwork for the cover, booklet and traycard of the release. This work is quite impressive, and a fitting accompaniment to the music.

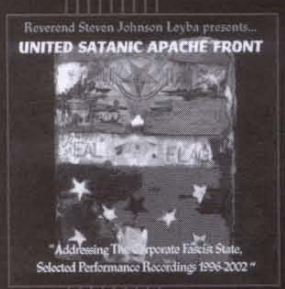


USAF "Fuck Your Freedom" CD ADV006 NEW!

Reverend Steven Johnson Leyba and the United Satanic Apache Front exhale a litany of barbs at the established tyranny. "Fuck Your Freedom" decires the hypocritical stance that Rev. Leyba has found himself confronting while persuing his art. Extensive liner notes detail his confrontations and performances, including his rejection from long time friends who thought he had gone "over the line", especially in a time of war.

The lineup has changed a bit, this release featuring spoken word artists Raymond Lafferty, Monique Lorraine Everhart and electronic musician L X Rudis. Also featuring contributions from Danish musician Hansen of Brigagild.

As Steve says on track 11, "I hate the christians, Fuck the christians."



USAF "Addressing the Corperate Fascist State" CD ADV001

The infamous performer and artist Rev. Steven Johnson Leyba has cursed his enemies and glorified his comrades. This CD is the first collection of his audio performance work with his group United Satanic Apache Front. The subtitle "Addressing The Corporate Fascist State: Selected Performance Recordings 1996-2002" not only gives you an idea of the time frame but the tone of the recordings. A politically outspoken, religiously defiant and thoroughly iconoclastic man, he has made friends with such diverse crowds as the Black Panther Party, Tom Of Finland Foundation, and H. R. Giger. He's made enemies with powerful individuals, both "sacred" and "secular".

"UNSPEAKABLE: The Life and Art of Rev. Steven Johnson Leyba" VHS ADV005

Reverend Leyba is known in the underground art world as the "Father of Sexpressionism". The man views every kind of bodily excretion as a viable medium with which to paint. He is deeply in touch with his Native American ancestry.

For nearly two years, Reverend Leyba permitted the filmmaker's cameras to observe his life, his art, and his infamous personal rituals. Some of this extraordinarily unique footage charts a terrain of human behavior that has rarely, if ever, been explored within the documentary form.

The Reverend's prolific and varied artistic output reflects his unyielding political and religious opinions. "UNSPEAKABLE" captures the unusual behavior of this Satanic Priest and takes a firsthand look at the issues that propel his work. The film hops from one inimitable character to the next as they grapple with topics ranging from the denial of the "American Holocaust", to the discovery of new ways to make an explosively sexual/political statement with a whiskey bottle.

Such luminaries as Church of Satan High Priestess Blanche Barton, photographer/anthropologist Charles Gatewood, and President of the Tom of Finland Foundation, Durk Dehner, guide us through a journey of Sex and Satan...a sneak peek of Radical Art and Raging Performances.

The resulting portrait is of an artist with a perversely brilliant vision. He is both humor and fury. He is grotesque, yet possesses the UNSPEAKABLE beauty of a man free enough to confront and embrace his own humanity.

DIRTY BOOKS:

THE INSOLENT DR. BOWDLER, HIS COMPATRIOTS, AND THEIR FEAR OF BLUSHING

By Warlock Kevin I. Slaughter

In the foreword to his classic erotic autobiography *My Life and Loves*, Frank Harris states:

> "There are two main traditions of English writing: the one of perfect liberty, that of Chaucer and Shakespeare, completely outspoken, with a certain liking for lascivious details and witty smut, a man's speech: the other emasculated more and more by Puritanism and since the French Revolution, gelded to tautest propriety; for that upheaval brought the illiterate middle-class to power and insured the domination of girl-readers. Under Victoria, English prose literature became half childish, as in stories of "Little Mary," or at best provincial, as anyone may see who cares to compare the influence of Dickens, Thackeray and Reade in the world with the influence of Balzac, Flaubert and Zola.
>
> "Foreign masterpieces such as 'Les Contes Drolatiques' and 'L'Assommoir' were destroyed in London as obscene by a magistrate's order; even the Bible and Shakespeare were expurgated and all books dolled up to the prim decorum of the English Sunday school. And America with unbecoming humility worsened the disgraceful, brainless example. All my life, I have rebelled against this old maid's canon of deportment, and my revolt has grown stronger with advancing years."

Frank Harris worshipped at the feet of both Christ and Venus (a distinct digression from many erotic authors who take great delight in sacrilege and fill their work with anti-clerical tirades), damning the epistles of the emasculated Paul as being a great destructive force in Christendom. He admits that his erotic urges are much more akin to the way those who came before Christ believed and lived, the Pagans.

In the extract above, Mr. Harris introduces my essay perfectly, and my job here is only to illustrate the statement he made so well. It is the willful expurgation or Bowdlerism of works of literature that he is talking about, the rewriting of popular written works to lessen what is seen as harmful effects of sexual or unorthodox writing on the lives of children. These *livre châtré* (castrated books)* that were produced by various persons had but one simple goal, to stop what was clearly a viciously crippling and humiliating debilitation: blushing. 1780 found the publication of anonymous authorship titled *The Delicate Jester; or, Wit and Humour Divested of Ribaldry*. It contained a statement that the book was prepared "with such particular care as not to offend the Ears of Chastity, or infringe on the Rules of Morality, Decency, and Good Manners."

Noah Webster, of dictionary fame, was a lifelong expurgator of literature here in America. Across the pond, the same work of securing the chastity of those influenced by the printed word to do evil had been in the works for some time. This came in the form of an entire family of revisionists, the Bowdlers.

Oh, what we do for our children. If you are, as I am, quite jaded to pleas of mercy for the sickly children of third-world countries, or exacerbated by relinquishing more of my personal freedoms so that they might not offend the eyes of a child, then it will probably not come as a surprise that this situation is not exclusive to our current sensitive generation. Some of the greatest literature had been gutted and perverted, so that they can be read to virgins. How horrible would it be if those little sainted angels might get the idea that fucking is fun!

Bowdlerism is a sort of voluntary act though, and discernable from censorship by that fact. The books "castrated" were done not through pressures of governmental or ecclesiastic bodies (though this has happened far too often as well), but through the social engineering efforts of individuals.

Shakespeare has been a long time victim of these do-gooders, being snipped and washed and polished and purified time and time again. There was a positive sign from Boston in 1807, when the first edition of Shakespeare was published in the U.S. It was aimed at college students and was such a success that 99 of 175 graduate students at Harvard bought a copy (with similar results at other schools). This is when Shakespeare wouldn't be included in the curriculum of schools for another 50 years. Moreover this was at a time when the typical boy entered college at the age of 14 and took his Bachelor of the Arts at 18. These "children" (by today's standards) bought the book for their own amusement, and not "because they had to."

Conversely, in the very same year *The Family Shakespeare* was printed in Bath. This was purported to have been edited by Dr. Thomas Bowdler, with the intent to remove "everything that can rise a blush on the cheek of modesty." This edition had a particularly Protestant slant in its editing, insomuch as the most steady mutilation was to protect the name of the Christian god. The name Jesus was reserved for only solemn prayers in the "improved" Shakespeare, whereas references to the Virgin Mary or Catholic affectation were left largely untouched.

This edition of Shakespeare appalled a magazine of the time, the "Christian Observer," as they believed the expurgations hadn't gone far enough! These more puritanical folks felt that the blush factor was still present in the studiously scrubbed words of the Great Bard. It was the reviewers' opinion that the job could only be properly complete when there was nothing but blank pages left. On top of this insult, it is implied that the job of expurgating Shakespeare should not be attempted at all, as it might tempt their precious virgins to search out and actually read his work!

One of the real secrets of the *Family Shakespeare* was not in the text at all, but its authorship. Though attributed to Thomas, it was actually written by his sister Harriet. The brother's name was used for a number of reasons. One was the common idea that female writers generally had very little to contribute, and the other was the idea that if a female was to edit such language, she would have to be familiar enough with it to know what was bawdy and improper in the first place.

What has to be the peak of hypocrisy is that these people (most often of Protestant background) have taken such great measures to insure that the founding document of their own faith is cleaned up so that it doesn't offend those poor virgins it demands be chaste. The Bible, a book that many of them consider to be of divine dictation (though how this claim can be made with a straight face is beyond this writer), is seen to be impoper for children by many. Thus we see today special "children's editions" of it, along with every variation from every splinter sect.

Mark Twain (himself known to have written a number of bawdy works) is quoted from 1907 as saying: "The truth is, that when a library expels a book of mine and leaves an unexpurgated Bible around where unprotected youth and age can get ahold of it, the deep unconscious irony of it delights me and doesn't anger me."

The Song of Solomon was a difficult section of the Bible for these civic minded folks to handle, making one expurgator to only list its title and add a perfunctory note that children shouldn't view the material "lest in the fervor of youth they give too wide a scope to fancy, and interpret to a bad sense the spiritual ideas of Solomon." Another (Dr. Boothroud) stated "I cannot recommend the reading of it in families."

Mr. Webster considered his Bible to be his greatest work. He began working on a sample chapter in 1821, but was stopped because his work was deemed "too clean" by the faculty of the Andover Theological Seminary," though they agreed his intention was good, and should be pursued. He began working on the full expurgated bible in 1830. In it he showed a curious distaste for the word "stink," substituting other descriptive language wherever it appeared

in the original.

Translators can be found churching up the works of foreign devils; the works of Gabrielle D'Annunzio suffered this fate. In 1898 Georgina Harding removed any serious subject from the work of this novelist and dramatist. Her version of *Il piacere* not only excised a few sexual items but also anything of any intellectual merit. Two years previous to that, her hatchet work of *Il trionfo della morte* reduced it to a mere romance novel by the removal of references to Nietzsche and Nietzschean philosophy. What makes this doubly worse is that her translations have been reprinted as recently as 1999.

Luckily, human nature has always pulled us through these times of prudery. With few exceptions all males masturbate and humans have sex without concern for procreation (constantly). Humans discover that their "special places" really are special before they can talk, and if we all grew up to become the games we played as children, there'd be way too many doctors and nurses in the world! Most people have sex before they are 18; most white males have had sex with a prostitute. The problem of teaching children about sexuality is a difficult one, but shielding them from the realities of life only creates trouble for people emotionally and culturally. By pretending that we as humans are not essentially sexual animals, we are lying to ourselves and to our children. To tell a child or anybody that something that is as natural and pleasurable as sex is somehow wrong is to immediately ensure that they will forever feel a sense of guilt and shame about who they are.

Take a cue from Mr. Harris and myself: enjoy living while you're doing it, 'cause you're gonna be a long time dead!

*The term "castrated books" is itself very similar to other misguided efforts by social reformers. In the early 1700's a book entitled *ONANIA, or the Heinous Sin of Solf-Pullution and All Its Frightful Consequences in Both Sexes* was published. This was a a pamphlet, penned by an anonymous author, that brought about the notion that the loss of seminal fluid could result in physical, emotional and intellectual degeneracy that could actually be passed down to offspring (well before Galton or Darwinian theories of heredity). Because of the fear of children becoming cretinous or idiots due to overactive masturbation, such drastic measures as castration were practiced to prevent the possibility. Tied in directly with religious notions (and a poor interpretation of the Bible), this theory has been a bedrock of European and American puritanism. These abjectly false and psychologically devastating ideas are repeated in schoolyards over 300 years later, even after it has been proven beyond a doubt that not only is male and female masturbation a harmless activity, most people find it pretty enjoyable!

RENFIELDS

By Magister Michael Rose

One thing that inspires more contempt and loathing on my part than almost anything else is the spectacle of someone trying desperately to horn their way in where they are not wanted, and do not belong. I hear the pathetic whinings of homosexual Republicans or Christians that the group they want to be a part of will not accept them, or women griping that the Roman Catholic Church will not ordain them and I am filled with disgust. Perhaps it is the fact that such a desperate need to belong is alien to me, but I just don't understand it. If you must belong to a group, why not find one that you actually agree with?

Unfortunately, we too have these dregs knocking on our door and seeking entrance. I like to refer to them as "Renfields." This, of course, is a reference to *DRACULA*. Renfield wanted so very badly to be like Count Dracula, but he just wasn't up to the task. Let's take a look at this varied rabble...

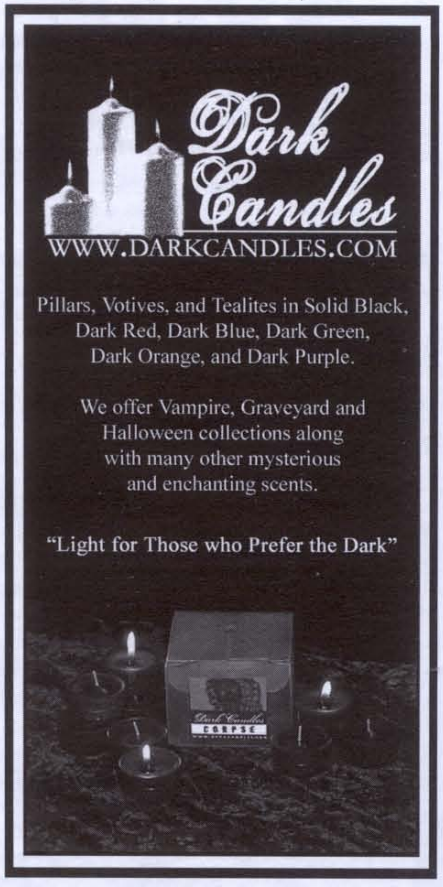
- Devil-worshipping Christian heretics drawn to the name
- Hardcore "atheists" who cannot wrap their heads around the concept of magic, but are drawn to Satanism because they really, really, really hate Christianity and can think of no better way to stick their finger in God's eye than to deny his existence while being a part of a church dedicated to Satan
- Authoritarian racists secure in an empty pride in their skin color
- People so anarchistic and non-discriminating that they have blinded themselves to the fact that all of nature is hierarchical.

What all of these people have in common is the fact that while none of them are Satanic, all of them want to be a part of the Church of Satan.

Satanism is more visible now than ever before. Our foundational texts are available in book stores all over the world. Anyone who is interested in finding out what Satanism is can do so quite easily. You would think that this should pretty much eliminate these idiots from seeking affiliation. Unfortunately, it doesn't seem to work that way. No doubt some of these are just "eviler than thou" types who want a red card to impress their gothy friends, but others seem to think that they are going to come in and "reform" the Church of Satan. Do they imagine that if only we hear their lame theories, which we've all heard a thousand times before, that we will suddenly recognize their "superiority" and change our policies? How many of these morons have a grand vision of all "Satanists" (and their definition of Satanist is always pretty fuzzy) uniting against Christian oppression, or of an alliance between Satanists and Pagans against Christian oppression. Notice the similarity of these themes. Acceptance is desired by these dolts because they long for acceptance on a personal level. The inner-directedness of the Satanist is utterly alien to them. The other theme is the fight against "oppression." They feel powerless and victimized. Again, the precise opposite of the Satanist. Maybe it's just that they are masochists who need to feel "oppressed" to validate their existence. They are certainly creatures of the herd and herd thought has embraced the cult of the victim. Whatever the case may be they are all barking up the wrong tree.

Still others ridiculously proclaim themselves to be the "real" successors to Anton LaVey. I must confess that this idiotic rabble is the most disgusting of the lot. They spout their nonsensical claims that if only Anton LaVey was alive he would support them over the current leaders of the Church of Satan. They will never admit that when Anton LaVey was alive he dealt with idiots just like them, and rejected them. Some left the Church of Satan when Doktor LaVey died because it was never about the philosophy to them, it was only a personality cult. Now they try to badmouth the people who are dedicated to promoting, and more importantly, living the philosophy that Anton LaVey bequeathed to us all.

While all of these assorted numbskulls, dimwits, social retards and other assorted dross and flotsam are occasionally amusing, I would much prefer it if they would just go away, crawl back under their rocks or slink off to whatever dismal place they came from.



MANNEQUIN OF MADNESS

THE STORY OF "THE DOLL"

By Reverend Carl Abrahamsson

If you mix Ingmar Bergman with Mario Bava, what do you get? A stylish, atmospheric film of anguish and anxiety, bordering on mayhem and madness...beautifully shot in high contrast and suggestive dolly sweeps. Sounds good? Well, that's the Swedish film *The Doll* for you.

There's a reason why Dr. LaVey mentioned this 1962 film in his list of recommended screen gems in Blanche Barton's excellent *The Church of Satan* book. Not only did it arouse his own aesthetic taste and fetishes, for instance that of creating humanoid companions in wholly self-designed inner chambers of one's own existence, it's also a masterpiece in subtle filmmaking and old-school cinematography that certainly still packs a psychological and emotional punch. In this ultrarapid, image-frenzied era we live in today, it's truly a blessing to watch a 40-year old film that has a stronger fear-inducing potential than all the *Screams* or *I Know What You Did Last Summers* put together. Less is quite often very much more!

In essence, *The Doll* is a simple Galatea story. We follow the slow-paced life of a watchman, Mr. Lundgren (excellently portrayed by veteran actor Per Oscarsson), who works the night shift at a department store in Stockholm. He's a loner, an outsider and can't seem to connect with the regular folks around him. His dreary, solitary life creates an ever growing frustration and his longing for love and resonance finally makes him bring a mannequin (disturbingly well played by Gio Petré) home. His lust miraculously brings the doll to life, and they immediately engage in conversation and romance. "I can do whatever I want!", Lundgren realizes in bliss after her sudden incarnation. He realizes not only the immediate feeling of love and lust but also the potential of a lasting relationship.

As the film progresses, Lundgren also realizes that she's not only made out of sugar and spice (and plastic). Her demands increase and Lundgren soon crosses the borderline of both crime and insanity when he steals an expensive fur coat and a necklace to make her happy, to prove to her that he really loves her. The roles of dominance and submission have quickly been reversed.

The neighbours in his eerie apartment building start wondering who Lundgren is addressing in his audible conversations. His next-door neighbour, a sleazebag Casanova, bears a grudge against the loner and starts prying more than he should. Eventually he storms in together with other neighbours to confront our gallant anti-hero, and the bizarre truth is unfolded. The brutal neighbour throws the mannequin to the floor and states that "It's just a doll!"

After this rude awakening, Lundgren desperately tries to revenge his humiliation by shooting the neighbour, but only manages to injure him. He then escapes and tries to rid himself of the mental and emotional madness by throwing the smashed up pieces of the doll in a suitcase and into the sea. When he returns home though, the vision of her is still there. Only madness remains...a broken doll, a broken dream. But a lurid dream that refuses to leave Lundgren's tormented soul. "You thought you were free now, but you'll never, ever get rid of me!", the doll exclaims in the haunting ending sequence.

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Director Arne Mattsson must have been happy about the film's success in Sweden. His films seldom received good reviews, but people most always flocked at the cinemas. He declared himself to be a deliverer of entertainment only and stated his main inspirations as Alfred Hitchcock, John Ford, Billy Wilder and John Huston. When looking back at his career and body of work, it's easy to see that *The Doll* is definitely the odd one out. Mattsson directed series of conventional detective films and lighthearted comedies, but nothing ever came close to this film in strange visual intensity and profound insight into a distorted mind.

When released in the US, the film mainly found its appreciation at art theatres. Swedish films were in demand and art houses were the only places that really dared play the movies in question—not only the violent psychology of Ingmar Bergman's 1950s and 60s masterpieces but also newer experiments, quite often dealing with matters sexual. A somewhat later example of this is Vilgot Sjöman's *Jag är nyfiken—gul* (*I Am Curious—Yellow*) from 1967. This is a weirdly zeitgeistish mix of Godard and liberated sex, and it turned out to be a huge success in the US. It thereby paved the way for much cinematic sexploitation between the shores of Northern America.

Reviewers were somewhat undecided. Bava's visual elegance hadn't quite yet had its full impact in and on the US, but most reviewers actually liked the style of *The Doll* more than its Galatea-cloned content. "Bizarre, yet faintly unpleasant Swedish erotic caper" wrote the *Kinematograph Weekly* in late 1962. "...It would be a pity if these faults were to obscure the value of the film in its successful portrayal of a delicate and difficult relationship" was the verdict of the *Monthly Film Bulletin* in April, 1963.

There are many other fine films dealing with mannequins in one way or another. Some dealing with the Galatea myth and some not. Fernand Leger's brilliant sequence in Hans Richter's compilation film *Dreams That Money Can Buy* (1946), for instance, includes a wonderfully surreal dance of mannequins. William Lustig's *Maniac* (1980) delves pit-deeply into a deranged and psychotic mannequin lover. Another stylish mannequin-spiced thriller is Mario Bava's *Lisa and the Devil* (1973). Also worth mentioning is Bava's earlier fashion slasher *Blood and Black Lace*. And I'm sure there are many, many more. The theme and myth of Galatea and the human fascination for mannequins as emotional and sexual *tabulas rasas* will probably always be around as long as there's a yearning that can't—or won't be allowed to—be fulfilled.

Dr. LaVey guided the development of humanoid companions into the present general Zeitgeist. Amazing references abound in the news, for instance, progress in robot development, Spielberg's *A.I.*, the Real Doll Company (presented in Adam Parfrey's *Apocalypse Culture 2*) and the overall realization that genuine humans quite often aren't what they seem—they're even worse.

LaVey's active advocating of "total environments" and non-human friends has undoubtedly helped create psychic breathing spaces for outsiders in a technocratic as well as human morass. To what extent *The Doll* inspired him in these conceptualizations we can only speculate about. I wouldn't be surprised though if the film was very, very influential indeed.

There's also some good old Satanic wisdom in the film worth mentioning. There's a line in the film where Mr. Lundgren dreamily drifts off into philosophy: "The human being would be so much happier if she would only realize how unhappy she actually is..." Another gem is also presented, in reference to the bizarre development of the relationship at the end: "We can't live without our dreams, and they can't die without us..."

Create by all means, to build a unique and better universe for yourself. Use what you create, enjoy it, toy with it, abuse it or do whatever you fancy with it, but, for the Devil's sake, don't allow the situation to be reversed!

An interview with Reverend Steven Johnson Leyba

By Reverend Carl Abrahamsson

Some people are quite content with being controversial on just one level. It could be the way they dress, what they like to indulge in, what they do for work or just simply their courage in embracing a perspective different from most other people. American artist Steven Johnson Leyba couldn't settle for simple solutions like that. His integration of the term "controversy" permeates every level of his existence.

As an energetic multiplatform artist, Leyba successfully works with performances, drawing, painting, bead and textile work, as well as with writing and music. The public display of his work usually contains some or all of these elements in a colorful mix of disturbing potency. The fundamental private Leyba works are several handmade, oversized books that defy description. One way of attempting this could be to call them weighty, voluminous three-dimensional collages packed with darkside vistas of an almost clinically perverse nature. Plus, not forgetting, the books are anthologies of intense and highly personal magical sigils with a decidedly Satanic twist.

The following interview with Steven Johnson Leyba took place in 2001 in Copenhagen, Denmark, just a few weeks after "9-11". Not surprisingly, the attack on New York was heavily featured in Leyba's Copenhagen performance as a matrix or container for his vitriolic criticism of many recent as well as historic American policies.

Over the years that passed after this meeting, I also had the chance to meet and talk to Leyba in San Francisco and Stockholm. The substance of what was discussed during those meetings is more or less also contained in this interview.

Had you foreseen effects like this (9-11) from your curse on the US?

Not at all. When you do a curse or when you do magic you can expect that things will happen but you can't really control how it will happen. A curse isn't always a negative thing. Americans are going to be forced to reinvent themselves. Our mythology is dying and it needs to be re-mythologized. It's up to the artists. I don't have that many peers. Obviously, there are many artists in America, but there are very few that question the government of the United States. A lot of people in America are very nationalistic. It's bizarre for other people in other parts of the world because it's just like before World War One.

A good time to legislate against civil liberties?

People want more surveillance. They use the terms "liberal" and "conservative" but they're both the same. The same people, the same country clubs. Even the liberals in California are going "We need to be giving up some of our freedoms for our own safety." And they're not specific. If it means spending another two hours at the airport, fine. If it means "You can come into my house anytime you want...", it's not fine at all. That's very scary. The American people believe in fascism and contemporary fascism is corporatism. I think even Mussolini said that. People want controlled shopping malls and plazas. They want to meet the same people and make sure they watch the same TV shows. They can have conversations that they already know.

Generation shifts...The mid to late 90's saw the demise of an old guard: LaVey, Burroughs, Leary and many others. Do you see yourself as taking on some kind of heritage?

Very much so. I first felt that when I befriended the Swiss surrealist H.R. Giger. He is a fan of my art and a collector of my art. He passed the torch from the surrealists and Salvador Dali. Both LaVey and Burroughs were very appreciative of what I was doing before anyone knew who I was. They considered me a peer and that encouraged me a lot. I feel that I'm continuing the torch. But I do feel alone. Burroughs had his contemporaries, with Ginsberg and a lot of the other Beats. I don't feel that I have that. I definitely have a lot of support from a lot of people, but not really among artists that can push buttons. When I did the tour

for "Coyote Satan Amerika" (Leyba's impressive book of graphics, published by Last Gasp in early 2001), I met a lot of young people. They have a pretty good understanding about what's going on in the US. They question a lot of things and are pretty hip. A lot of them came up to me with an absolute understanding of Satanism as it's presented in *The Satanic Bible*. My generation has flirted with Satanism in the mainstream. The fashion's there. But the new generation seems more interested in the philosophy and the applications.

Would you say that courage and attitude are more important for you than technique?

Yes, absolutely. In the 60's and 70's art schools, skill was suppressed and content and emotion were stressed. In the 80's and 90's discipline wasn't stressed and content wasn't stressed. In America, abstract art was promoted from the government, almost as propaganda. So now there's no content in American art. In my work I like to have both. Emotion, aggression and content all backed up by technique.

How do you come up with ideas, inspiration, visions for your performances?

Initially, there's a speech that I've prepared, which is probably a curse or a statement. Like tonight I'm addressing the President of the United States. I don't want the performances to become theatre, so I leave room to improvise. I've never memorized any of my writing. I leave a little bit open for chance and stumbling and awkwardness. In my paintings, I'm a little bit more specific and tight so I like to be more loose and spontaneous in the performances. Basically there's an overall intent or a theme.

Specific intents, like rituals?

Yes. I'll do blood rituals in a performance. People are watching the blood. I might also have a painting that I'm beginning on, so I'll use some blood for that. They won't have any idea of what I'm doing with that. The energy from the ritual is put into the painting. Then I'll finish it in oil later on. So there are two purposes: One political statement and ritual and then later the artifact is produced.

Do you feel a great difference between performance-based rituals or private ones?

When you perform in front of an audience you feed off their feedback and energy. But as in all magic, you can only go so far in a group. The individual always loses in a group. Modern art is and has been the individual's interpretation and will pressed upon the world. One doesn't get that kind of introspection in a group. When I finish the painting alone, it's like putting the finishing touches on the ritual. You can't get that in a group.

I see your books as healthy and substantial works of art in a world that's becomig more and more superficial, fragmented and digitised. Are you going to continue with this kind of book-making?

Yes. I think it's important to steal back art from the Western philosophy of turning art into an intellectual chess game. It should be brought back to artefacts and ritual objects. My books are something people will have to touch. It's a book, it's a sculpture, it was used in magical ritual. I want to put the function back into art. Away from the mental tricks and rhetoric crap. I learned that game in school. It's certainly not valid in today's world.

You've never broken up the books?

I sold one page from Book 2 to the Museum of Pornography in Zürich. Two pages from MAIM (*My American Indian Movement*) are in the H.R. Giger collection. He plans on putting them on permanent display in his museum. I find it really difficult to take out the pages…The new book comes apart completely though. It can come apart and come back together easily without tearing the pages. Selling the pages, that's another thing. Once I start selling the pages, the book starts falling apart. One artist friend of mine said "Book 6 could be an everlasting book, because you could sell pages and keep adding pages…" That's a great idea. But then that would be my last book…unless I do two simultaneously. If I sell pages or entire books, I have to have agreements and contracts saying that I can borrow things for exhibitions. I don't want it to disappear in some rich person's perverted collection.

How did you come up with the idea of making the books in the first place?

When I was in school, I had a great instructor, Barron Storey. He kept journals that included collages. I thought that was a great way to document your life. At the same time, my uncle, who doesn't have many great things to say about my art, said when he saw "Coyote Satan Amerika," that "There's nothing wrong with pornography, but this stuff is sick." And this comes from a man who used to be an obsessive Brooke Shields fan… ever since he saw *Pretty Baby*. He made these massive collages of Brooke Shields and was completely obsessed! So I thought that I could do a book just on asses, so that turned into *My Stinking Ass*. I like to see how far you can take an obsession.

Where would you say that you're headed?

All the way to the top. I'm still very much an outsider in the realms of the art world. I'd like to transcend the ghettoes of native American art and Satanic art and be a contemporary artist. The number one thing is to continue to comment on our life as a species.

Do you have any objections to being invited more into the so-called fine art world?

I can see that happening. I'm positive to it. I've had good luck in being embraced by a group that once didn't want anything to do with me and I've still maintained my identity. The worry is to be assimilated by the culture. The worst thing would be to become some kind of popstar. A world where everyone wears a Leyba T-shirt. That'll be the end.

How did you come across Satanism?

Ever since I was a child I was interested in the occult. I had an uncle, another uncle who married into the family, who said that I should read everything. We were in an occult shop and I saw *The Satanic Bible*. So I read it, and I read it again and again. It influenced me. When I was going through art school, I was writing letters to other artists and people I admired. So I wrote Anton LaVey. He responded and we met for dinner and talked. It just stuck. We became friends and I dropped by every year to show him new work. He ordained me as priest because he liked what I was doing with my art. Someone asked me an interesting question in Holland, when we were staying in a hotel where each room was attributed to a specific philosopher. She asked me "Has America ever produced a philosopher?" and I answered "Yes, one…Anton LaVey." It's a fluke in American culture, as it tends to not try and become too sophisticated. It just wants to over-simplify things. Thus they had no understanding of Anton LaVey and painted him as a charlatan and a trickster. In native American culture, the trickster is a very religious and serious figure. Of course they mocked society and complacency. That's a good thing! That was what art was, beginning in between the world wars. Picasso, Duchamp and Dali were tricksters. They questioned society and then they were assimilated into the culture. Who's doing that now?

When you were younger and felt the inclination towards occultism, did you ever feel attracted to a specific school or system? Did you feel an affinity with something that wasn't expected of you?

I knew that I had some Indian blood but I didn't know to what extent. The Apaches were the darkest and most Satanic of them all, so it was fitting to find out that I stem from Apache Mescalero blood. The Christians considered them very occult and Satanic, doing rituals by the fire. I was drawn to Native American culture and its religious aspects even before I knew. As for other things, I was somewhat interested in Crowley. But I was always more interested in creating my own rituals, my own system.

In terms of art as a conscious pursuit, as work, have you had any significant mentors or inspirations?

Certainly, Anton LaVey was one. William S Burroughs. The early surrealists: Dali, Max Ernst. As for contemporaries, there are very few. I've been fascinated by Hermann Nitsch's work and I certainly consider him the father of performance art. I can understand and appreciate his ritual aspects.

Do you think the interest to work with fecal matter or the body as such only has something to do with personal fetishes? How did you come across those ideas?

Initially, I had an interest in what was called "primitive" art by anthropologists. Native American things, African masks being smeared with excrement, hair put into it. It's probably what Carl Jung would call the Universal Subconscious.

Perhaps something in our DNA remembering what our ancestors used to do. To me, it's purely Christian arrogance to think that artists only use shit and piss for shock value. They used it long before that, when it wasn't even a spectacle. There's power in that. It's an offering. When I do blood rituals, I give an offering. I want the ritual to do something in the world. I want an effect. I call it the opposite of prayer. When you pray for something, you want something for nothing. When you give an offering, hair, shit, piss…That's physical material. You're giving something of yourself in exchange for that. When modern performance artists are doing that, it's just Christian arrogance to think that they're doing that just to be *avant garde* and shocking. There's something spiritual about it. It's going back to pre-Christian paganism. It makes people feel uneasy, because it's sexual. That intimidates people. In performance art specifically, as you're doing it in public. It's like fucking in public. It makes people very uncomfortable, whether they're sexually liberated or not. It's taking something out of the cultural context. I think it's very valid. One of the most valid things in contemporary art is bodily fluids. And there's a humourous side to it too…

Do you perceive different reactions to your art in Europe and the US?

Absolutely. You're not a successful artist in America unless everyone has heard of you and likes you. And if everyone loves you, you must have something to say that's nothing to say. Oversimplification. In Europe, there's a history of art and knowledge. There's appreciation for content. There's also a lot of questioning of society. There's an interest because there's a history. In America, there's a history where the puritans thought of images as Satanic. There's this thing in the American psyche that visual art is very Satanic and very outside American culture. There's no real understanding of it. I make things even worse by having my work be sexual. What gets to me is that Americans always tend to think that my work is reactionary because it's sexual, because of the blood and the shit. On the contrary, the sexual experience is the final frontier. It's the human experience, just as art has always expressed it.

Have you felt a different kind of response now than on your American tour?

They've had an understanding of the blood rituals as an offering here in Europe. I was glad that they did. Certainly more questions are asked here in Europe. I've received more feedback. But, then again, I tend to draw a very concentrated audience who already knows my work. So on the whole it's been almost the same.

LaVey came up with the concept of Erotic Crystallization Inertia. Would you say there are any moments in your life that applies like that? An artistic crystallization? A key moment that made you choose art rather than something else?

Just visual things. In the new book, there are a lot of panties. Particularly undergarments from the 70's. Colours and patterns. Native American beadwork. Certain colours, certain styles…Also the political stuff that was happening in the 60's, as I grew up. I try to put that in my work. I've even sexualized it and politicized it. And certain music. When I was a kid, my father took me camping in the deserts. He liked to listen to the **Eagles**. So it was camping, meeting Indians…And later on "Hotel California"… I had the pleasure of asking Anton LaVey about the reference in that song. He didn't deny it or say that it was specifically about the Church of Satan. I know Don Henley gets asked the same question over and over again. They were apparently hanging out at the same parties and having conversations with some of the same people. So at least, the **Eagles** were inspired by the Satanic philosophy. As for his participation on the LP-cover, the story goes that he was there, looking for the restroom… I found out about those things among the Baptists. They had all kinds of information about backwards masking and strange messages. As regards "Hotel California," they said that there were no backwards messages, only very straightforward Satanic messages! LaVey was called "The Captain" as he wore a Captain's hat. "So I called up the Captain…Please bring me my wine…" That was the Holy Spirit… "We haven't had that spirit here since 1969…" I like to use that reference all the time.

It's also a great song.

It's a beautiful song.

I asked Adam Parfrey recently why he decided to move back to LA. He answered that he wants to have front row seats to the Apocalypse… Do you share that gleeful approach or do you sometimes actually feel sad about the way the world is going?

I often feel sad. As a species, humans don't like to learn. It's so easy to repeat the same mistakes. It seems we're moving closer to World War III day by day. Yet the Americans don't question the government. As for the front row of the Apocalypse…I consider myself a documenter of the human species. It doesn't matter where you are. There it is… As for any kind of Biblical end of the world, I don't think it's going to happen. I think there's going to be some brutal, harsh lessons to learn…maybe another war, maybe a lot of deaths…probably forced out of human ignorance. In American capitalism, money comes before everything else. The lack of spirituality is remarkable. The next wave of technology is genetic science. In my new book, I have these ideas of creatures being made in laboratories in Stanford and Berkeley, like Frankenstein creatures…genetic experiments gone wrong. These man-made monsters are going to have a sexuality. They're probably going to prey on humans for their satisfaction.

It's even moved into the mainstream now. I'm thinking, for instance, of Spielberg's *A.I.*…

I don't like to go for conspiracy theories but I definitely think that *Jurassic Park* was propaganda for the "genetics." When that came out, nobody had any knowledge of genetic science. It's so far fetched that people just went "What? The scientists can't recreate the Dinosaurs…" It trivialized everything. It gets the word out there and then it trivializes everything. As propaganda for discrediting any potential criticism, it works. I think we're in for some rude awakenings. Science is completely and utterly concerned with profit. Things aren't looked upon as being beneficial if they aren't profitable. That's why we have the kind of American culture we do; that's why we're policing the world and everyone loves-hates America. We're not concerned with spirituality at all. There's no humility.

In what way would you say that masochism has been crucial in your artistic development?

As an American, I'm very masochistic! I tend to try to avoid the actual receiving of emotional masochism. When I was younger, I personalized everything. I took everything personally. I used masochism in my art in that I made it physical. I made it easier to deal with. There are certain indigenous rituals and native American rituals that focus on certain pains. If someone was dying and they wanted to deal with the grief, they would cut out pieces of their skin each day and put it in a gourd. That was a way of taking away the emotional pain by focusing on the physical. That turns it into a ritual. It's interesting because Americans tend to think of masochism as being very self-destructive.

Do you think that transcendence is possible through indulgence?

Absolutely. That's how I feel when I do a blood ritual. I transcend and am completely in myself. It's not escapist. It's not how I feel on drugs. On drugs, whatever happens happens. When in ritual, I'm completely focused and aware and inside myself. It's the opposite of being self-destructive. People don't understand that because they have no grasp of spirituality. The unofficial official religion in the U.S. is Christianity, and there's no spirituality there. Just dogma. They think religion and spirituality are the same thing. For me, spirituality is a personal thing.

Do you think that negative emotions and negativity are levelled when you're working with art?

They're put in a natural balance. Judeo-Christianity has thrown everything out of balance. You're supposed to live in the light and ignore the darker side. Either way is equally bad. You have to have a balance. When you put all the negativity into art, it's a positive thing. A lot of people seem to think it just promotes more negative things, but it doesn't. It's how we learn. If something's wrong, we want to fix it. Western philosophy likes to sweep everything underneath the carpet and let our trusted politicians, the Christian clergy and Hollywood tell us what to

do. It's completely pathetic.

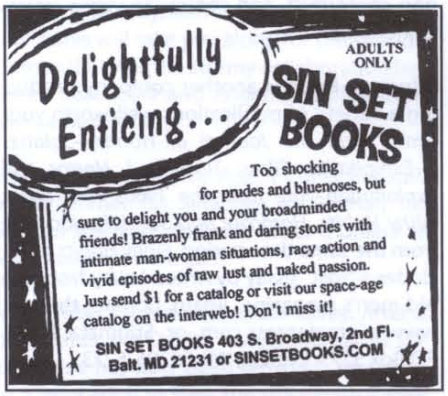
If you achieve this balance, don't you think you'd lose the creative edge?

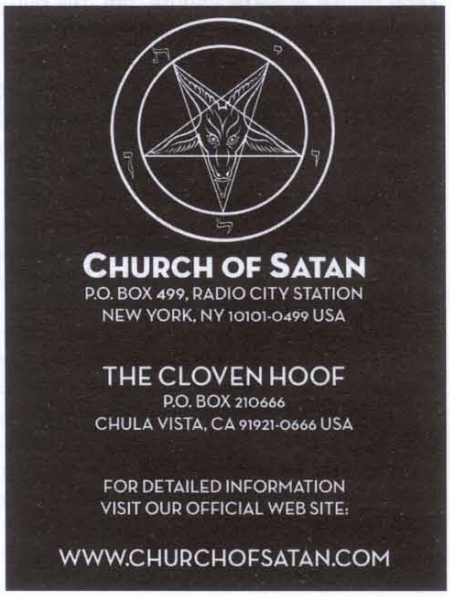
Actually, I often think that if you reach the perfect sexual peak, there'd be no more sex after that... When you reach it, you don't learn anything more. It's just frozen.

In your book *Coyote Satan Amerika*, you describe the role of the artist in American society... possibly one of the lowest ones there is. Do you see it as the highest role yourself?

Absolutely. In a non-spiritual, non-questioning, consumerist culture, one who leads the fight for questioning is the higher animal. LaVey said that there's nothing good about making a lot of money if you don't do anything with the talent or power you have. The seed of capitalism's fall is short-sightedness. The American disregard for history is not a good thing. They want artists to be entertainers, not enlighteners. That's the fall of Rome right there. It's the lack of aesthetics. It's not the job of the artist to be a popstar and be accepted by culture. It's to keep people on their toes.

Website: http://www.stevenleyba.com





Lessons in Online Stupidity
a "train-of-thought" essay

By Agent Cyanide

I rarely step up to the plate to voice my opinion on matters such as these since I figure that it's a waste of my time. Then I got to thinking... what can one time hurt? Maybe one person who reads this will realize what they're doing and turn things around. If not...oh well. I'm out the fifteen minutes it'll take me to say what I have to say. Sure, it's a gamble. I'm missing out on that chocolate popsicle in the fridge, but it could pay off. Either way...here goes.

"The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman."
William Shakespeare

Ol' Billy Shakespeare's quote is one of my personal favorites and one that I tend to use when I run across some "teenage-goth-bad-boy-satanist-wannabe." You know the type. Dr. LaVey aptly referred to them as "shit disturbers." These kids (and socially retarded adults) come to the multitude of online messageboards and chatrooms and play the cock-of-the-walk when it's obvious to anyone with half a brain that they are loaded with more bullshit than most politicians...well...almost.

I've been known to peek in on the Internet for about five years now and had more run-ins with these clowns than I really care to relate. On the bright side of these encounters, I've learned a few important things. These lessons are geared towards the online numbskull community (since that's where the majority of them tend to be due to the anonymity of the Internet), but a few of them can apply to many of the idiots that exist in the real world as well. The lessons I've learned are:

1. **If you say even *one word* to these people (it doesn't matter if you're being nice or telling them to fuck off), they will latch themselves onto you like ticks (and we all know how hard it is to get rid of those bastards).** This leads me to lesson...

2. **Ignore them and they will go away.** They may try to keep talking for a bit, but once they realize they aren't getting your goat (bad pun fully intended), they will look elsewhere for attention.

3. **Don't sit around and bitch about them.** I figure if you've ignored the first two lessons, then you deserve these "Lot Lice" (see essay by Dr. LaVey of same title in the previous issue). If you've ignored them, then they should be out of your mind completely. I've found that if one person bitches about them, then everyone else will just jump in and it'll be one big giant pit of bitchiness (is that a word?). Of course, I realize that what I'm doing here could be considered bitching...but it's not! I am doing this on the off chance that someone might actually be enlightened by it. Of course, if you think otherwise, feel free to bitch about me. I'm sure others will agree with you and join in.

4. **Be very careful what you read online.** Most writing on the Internet is done by people who can barely read, let alone write. I've always enjoyed the fact that anyone can voice their opinion on the Internet. Of course this freedom is a double-edged sword. 99% of sites relating to Satanism are either terrible goth poetry (and yes...all goth poetry is terrible) or a rehash of what's already been said by Dr. LaVey...or worse yet, one more site with a direct copy and paste of the "Nine Satanic Statements" and "Eleven Rules of the Earth." I would think that most online "satanists" would have these memorized by now (if their brains weren't filled up with remembering rules and errata of their favorite *Dungeons & Dragons* campaign). Of course, if you wade through the garbage there are a few nuggets amongst the shit and finding these is like finding a diamond in...well...shit.

That's it...my lessons. After reading back over this I've realized a few errors. Rather than change what I've written, I'll add a short list below.

The Short List of Error Annotations:

A. In lesson 1, I realize that this essay is saying a lot of words to these idiots. So, if you are one of the mentioned idiots and you're reading this, forget you read it and go away.

B. In Annotation A, I chose not to ignore the morons. Darn it! It's so hard to do. Oh well. From now on, they'll be ignored.

C. If you've read this far, you weren't very careful with what you read. This essay is similar to some of the 99% of stupid shit you are apt to find online. Some people figured that out when the subtitle was "a train-of-thought essay." That translates as: "too-lazy-to-edit-the-writing-so-that-it's-worth-reading." Oh well, what's done is done. You've already read it now. After having seen that you can find shit like this almost anywhere, even in a fine magazine such as this, perhaps you'll be more cautious next time.

Have fun, folks! I'm off to grab that popsicle!

ODDITORIUM

By Magistra Peggy Nadramia

Purging Talon Publishing is responsible for a host of products any Satanist would be happy to have in his lair. You may purchase the following products and learn about new ones at www.cosemporium.com or www.purging-talon.com. First among their offerings is *Not Like Most, a Publication of Satanism in Action,* appearing once or twice annually and always worth a read. You may also want to pick up *The Book of Satanic Quotations,* compiled and edited by Magister Matt G. Paradise; it is "a compendium of citations, phrases and adages spanning centuries of diabolica." Really handy to have at the ready. Purging Talon used to publish a guide to Satanism online, *Superhighway to Hell,* but it's now available—where else?—only online at the same web address above. A line of high-quality DVDs is also among the accomplishments of the media masters at Purging Talon, including *The Church of Satan Interview Archive* and two collections of the best episodes from the video version of *Satanism Today,* the first Satanic talk show. You may write to PTP the old-fashioned way at Purging Talon, P. O. Box 8131, Burlington, VT 05402.

Rule Satannia: The Voice of Satanism in the UK, has graduated to a slick, full-color newsstand magazine with its fifth issue. Don't miss this one; just webcrawl over to www.rulesatannia.com. Heldon Press, P. O. Box 27, Drakes Broughton, Pershore, WR10 2WB.

S-Magazine, the Satanic magazine with recipes, games, and lots of information about enjoying the here-and-now. Available at www.cosemporium.com or send them a note at smag@s-magazine.com. S-Magazine, P. O. Box 191, Broad Run, VA 20137-0191.

Bloodfire! Issue #4 appeared last year; it is the official publication of the busy Satanists of the Bloodfire Grotto. You may contact them at bloodfirehawaii@hotmail.com. Most of the time these guys are performing and recording as **The Quintessentials**; their first two CDs were *The Horror Never Ends* and *Pentagonal Revisionism.* Contact them at thequintessentials.com to find out more about their unique blend of Horror Punk Rock.

The Trident, The Magazine of Modern Satanism. This publication has appeared reliably every quarter for several years and is characterized by thoughtful writing and attractive graphics. Available from www.cosemporium.com or http://www.3tine.com/TridentMain.htm. 3 Tine Productions, LLC, Attn: The Trident, P.O. Box 140085, St. Louis, MO 63114, USA.

The Ghost #1, an interesting little Satanic 'zine from Canada, contains writings by Magister Robert Lang and an interview with Satanic martial artist, Colonel Akula. Future issues will appear in both English and French. The Ghost, P. O. Box 1285, Sept-Iles, Quebec, G4R 4X7, Canada.

The Dark Corner, Finnish Reflections on Satanism, Issue #1. Nicely-produced magazine entirely in English; contact them at tdc@satanismi.net.

Skratte #1, auspicious first issue included interviews with Magister Matt Paradise, Rev. Thomas Thorn and Warlock Kevin I. Slaughter. Contact them at P. O. Box 5072, Louisville KY 40255. While you're at it, take a listen to **The Revenants** CD, with Drew Watkins on guitars, and you can follow his more recent musical project **Illuminacht** at http://geocities.com/illuminacht.

Lifeforce: The International Vampire Connection to Cabal, is a newsletter available only to members of the **Temple of the Vampire.** The Adepts offer progressive revelations and testimonials among the membership. If you feel you are one of Them, make contact at www.vampiretemple.com, or P. O. Box 3582, Lacey WA, 98509.

The Devil's Diary is up to their seventh issue of Satanic thought; contact them at 2775 E. Valley Blvd., P. O. Box #119, West Covina, CA 91791, or DBlackthorne@yahoo.com. They have also published *The Dracomeroth: The Draconian Bible,* a ring-bound volume of rituals and spells, as well as *The Vampiricon,* both by Draconis Blackthorne. *Narrations From The Abyss, Volume 1* is a CD with six tracks of moody music as a background for spoken ritual text by Mr. Blackthorne.

Sinister was Magister Michael Rose's follow-up magazine when he ceased publishing the legendary *From the Pit. Sinister* #1 and #2 are chock-full of the usual incisive observations, wit and wisdom. See if you can obtain them from eBay or abebooks.com. You might also look for *Infernalia,* a collection of Magister Rose's writings from *From the Pit,* published the same year with cover art by Timothy P. Butler and an introduction by Magistra Diana DeMagis.

During the last few years, **Predatory Instinct Productions** has released several small volumes with the intent of bringing lost theories and philosophical ideas to a wider audience. Included are *Man and Technics* by Oswald Spengler, *The Crowd: Book One* by Gustave Le-Bon and *Man into Wolf* by Robert Eisler, with an introduction by Adam Parfrey. Contact the publisher at SIN SET BOOKS, 403 S. Broadway, 2nd Fl., Baltimore, MD 21231. Kevin also sells some very suave and swanky vintage paperbacks via SinSetBooks.com.

Anti-Krist, Issues #1 through #4, a Satanic magazine in Swedish. Contact them at www.belial.org.

Bloody Beautiful #1, #2. Legal-sized folios, foil-stamped, and elegant, exploring things old-timey and beautiful. Both include recordings on vinyl: #1 has two songs by Ian Whitcomb and #2 includes a selection of fine tunes by Al Bowlly and others. Contact the publisher as he has a few of these gems left, and stay in touch for future issues. BUA Productions, 1701 Broadway #347, Vancouver, WA 98663.

Zinnober #6, "Aesthetic Mobilization," a German publication documenting the heretical cultural underground in Europe and throughout the world, depicting a variety of eclectic, non-conformist, and contrarian views. www.zinnober.net

Stigmata Press is another company producing a variety of publications well worth your time. *Gick! The Journal of Horror—Splatter—Exploitation Films; Trashfiend, Horror and Exploitation Fare from the 1960s and 1970s; Filthy Habits, Hardcore and Sexploitation Fare* from the same time period. *Filthy Habits #2* includes a "lost" essay by Anton LaVey from the old men's magazine, Adam. Contact them at www.stigmatapress.com or Stigmata Press, PO Box 5273, Everett, WA 98206-5273.

Feral House, www.feralhouse.com. The publisher of much that is forbidden continues to bravely mark its territory in a new age of censorship. Important titles on traditional "occult" subjects include *Sex and Rockets: The Occult World of Jack Parsons, Erik Jan Hanussen: Hitler's Jewish Clairvoyant,* and *Sexuality, Magic and Perversion.* See the interview with its founder, Adam Parfrey, as well as their display ad in this issue for a selection of items of that you will want to include in your library.

Dominion Press, PO Box 129, Waterbury Center, VT 05677, USA, dominion@pshift.com, brings us the following, which they have either produced or distribute:

—*Runa: Exploring Northern European Myth, Mystery and Magic.* Now at Issue #15, this academic journal provides a wealth of knowledge you can't obtain elsewhere.

—*Absinthia Taetra,* **Blood Axis** and **Les Jou Aux de la Princesse.** This new CD release con-

tains all the material from the Absinthe box set which was previously only available on vinyl.

—*Hans Bellmer: Little Anatomy of the Physical Unconscious, or The Anatomy of the Image.* Foreword by Joe Coleman. Bellmer's own words introducing you to his word of dark fetishes in a book that is an aesthetically superior production.

—*TYR, Myth · Culture · Tradition, Issues #1 and #2.* Bonus CD music sampler in #2 includes: **Allerseelen, Blood Axis, Coil, Fire + Ice, In Gowan Ring, Primordial, 16 Horsepower, Waldteufel,** and many other innovative, contemporary music artists inspired by tradition. A must for all interested in Northern European culture, these are both hefty volumes with rich material.

—**Sangre Cavallum:** *Barbara Carmina.* This is the debut CD album of the Northern Portuguese traditionalist music group, **Sangre Cavallum,** released on the Storm Records label, with distribution worldwide through Tesco, P. O. Box 523, Easton, PA 18044-0523, or http://www.tesco-distro.com/catalog/strm10.html.

—Soundtrack, *Lucifer Rising.* The ultimate audio documentation of the music created by **Bobby BeauSoleil** for Kenneth Anger's ground-breaking film/Working, "Lucifer Rising." Michael Moynihan's poetically evocative liner notes will take you along for the strange journey that was the stormy collaboration between BeauSoleil and Anger. Available from www.amazon.com.

Greetings From Hell, by Agent Christ Redstar. A fine primer on Satanism in German for German speakers. You may order it online at www.cosemporium.com.

Satans Bibel, by Anton Szandor LaVey. After a long hiatus, the Danish translation of *The Satanic Bible* has now been reissued. You must be a legal adult to view the site where it may be ordered: http://www.darkrose.qxlstorcenter.dk/shop/productinfo.asp?id=1269

Den Sataniske Bibeln, the Norwegian translation of LaVey's *Satanic Bible* is now available at www.cosemporium.com.

The latest from the folks at **Evilnow.com** includes a DVD, *True Crime Warped Minds,* and a book, *Cooking With a Serial Killer: Recipes from Dorothea Puente.* Be sure to visit them for quite a selection of items to outrage and stimulate.

Occult Investigator: Real Cases from the Files of X-Investigations by Bob Johnson. A must for any who enjoy exploits along the lines of series such as *The X-Files* and the earlier *Kolchak: The Night Stalker.* Johnson details his founding of a paranormal investigative branch of a licensed detective agency, and then invites us along with he and his lovely psychic partner Silvana for vividly described exploits. And don't forget his previous book, *Corporate Magic: Mystical Tools for Business Success* which details diabolical means for magical manipulation, free of the usual white-light sanctimony. Order from www.amazon.com.

Goth Chic: A Connoisseur's Guide To Dark Culture. Published by Plexus in London. Our "Irreverend" Baddeley provides a thorough view of contemporary "Goth" culture as well as a detailed examination of historical, literary and media materials upon which it is based.

Sexcats, edited by Christopher R. Mealie. "Father Christopher" has put together a private peepshow of the highest quality, a compendium of old-time naughty pictures from the 50's and 60's. Order at http://www.goliathclub.com/V1/SexCatsPage.html.

Fang and Claw by Colonel Akula. The first foundational treatise on practical combat taken from a Satanic perspective. Foreword by Magister Nemo and an afterword by Reverend Svengali. Available at www.cosemporium.com.

Matt R. Jones' collection of his contemporary vampire short stories *Hollywood Vampires: Sex, Blood & Rock 'N Roll* (ISBN: 1-4184-1938-9) features a cameo appearance by Anton LaVey in "Hunter Hunted." His other characters also appear in the novel *Hollywood Vampires: Unholy War* (ISBN: 0-75965-637-1).

H. P. Lovecraft's tale "Cool Air" is now a masterfully-directed film on DVD by Bryan Moore. Obtain it at www.lurkerfilms.com.

Adversary Recordings is lately offering a DVD documentary, *Unspeakable: The Life of Rev. Steven Leyba.* Contact them at http://www.reptilianrecords.com/adversary/releases.html. Also see their full page ad in this issue for quite a selection of "must have" music.

Moribund Records continues their onslaught of metal music billed as "cold, grim, evil." There are far too many to list, so visit www.moribundcult.com, or write to the Marketing Department at MDN / Moribund Records, 530-A 19th Street, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

Reverend Schlesinger's band **Maninblack** debuted live as his former band **The Press.** Visit www.maninblack.org to get with the program.

Hope Springs A Turtle, music CD. Misanthropic troubadour **David E. Williams** has released his first full-length album in eight years. David E. Williams, P. O. Box 2422, Philadelphia, PA 19147, or www.davidewilliams.com.

Reverend Thomas Thorn of **The Electric Hellfire Club** continues to cut a swath through the music world. You can keep up with his present doings at http://www.electrichell.com/, and keep your ears peeled for his most recent album: *ELECTRONOMICON.*

Chris McCarter's Goth band **IKON** has released *Psychic Vampire,* their vocal exploration of Anton LaVey's concept of the "Psychic Vampire" on two CDs: an 8 track EP as well as a CD single with 3 remixes of this song and 3 live tracks. The song will also appear on their forthcoming full length CD, *Destroying The World To Save It.* Their tours and upcoming albums are documented at http://www.ikondomain.com/

Musician and film-maker Scotty Stets has been a busy fellow, with his band **Phoenix Rising** (www.angelfire.com/band/phoenixrising) and his feature length independent neo-noir film, *Cricket Snapper.*

We suggest that you visit the "Musicians" heading on the Links page at www.churchofsatan.com to keep up with current albums by our talented members too numerous to be listed here.

The ***Odditorium*** will be moving online to www.churchofsatan.com, and Church of Satan members may submit reviews for consideration to HPNadramia@churchofsatan.com. Be sure to look at the News page there for the announcement of many other items of interest.

This entire column was written by the light of **DarkCandles.com.**

GUEST BOOK REVIEWS

100 Artists See Satan. Grand Central Press and Last Gasp; ISBN: 0-86719-666-1.

Reviewed by PWG.

Humans have widely differing perceptions of who or what Satan is. Some view him as the supreme demon, fated to cause all the ills of the world. To others, he is a force of nature, a well to be tapped for our use. However you may define Lucifer, one thing is for sure; He has some of the best art.

And that is what I expected to get out of 100 Artists See Satan. The art show of the same name was run in response to a similar exhibit, "100 Artists See God." I ran across this book in Last Gasp's catalog. For those of you unfamiliar with Last Gasp, they are a San Francisco based bookstore/publisher/distributor specializing in the esoteric, exotic, and truly non-mainstream. I can definitely state that I have found some wonderful collections in their catalogs. So I was understandably ecstatic to find this volume. Here now is a collection of works that would be intelligently humorous, blasphemous, cheeky and clever. However this was not to be the case.

The volume itself is bound in soft cover, nicely done with reds and blacks. The inside

covers are adorned with the many names of Satan, in foldout. There are quotes present from John Milton, Aleister Crowley, and Baudelaire. All of the pages are in high gloss with a heavy stock. Upon first inspection, I thought I was in for quite a ride.

Mike McGee, an individual only familiar with Satanism on a most elementary level, wrote the introduction to the volume. Dr. LaVey is mentioned briefly, but only as an afterthought. Mr. McGee sees the Church of Satan as "more sideshow than religion". In reading the introduction, it becomes clear that any Satanic representation is going to be on a Judeo-Christian bent at best. If you are hoping for a Church of Satan interpretation, it is not contained here.

The works run from mildly amusing to just plain awful. When I peruse a collection like this, I can quickly tell what pieces resonate with me, and which ones are just detritus. Out of the whole volume, there were only a handful of works I found stimulating. "The Western God Almighty" by Mear is a nice play on Western Christian values; "Strange Attractor" by Laurie Hassold is a goat's head like sculpture the form of which is wonderful; "Old Glory" by Llyn Foulkes details a blasted landscape with the Golden Arches standing supreme.

The collection has a few works that I would term classics. "The Church of Satan Recruitment Poster" by Coop is here. Shag makes a nice contribution with his "BBQ." Even The Pizz is here to grace us with his brand of "cartoon brute" art. But these are the exceptions.

The rest of the book is taken up with works that are grasping to find any diabolic tendencies, much less the Devil himself. There is a card from a library catalog that has the words "devil worship" scrawled across it. The card is for *The Compleat Witch* by Anton LaVey. Call me narrow-minded, but the Dewey Decimal System is not Satanic. A picture of an old oil company "Keep Out" sign ("Keep Out" by Michael McMillen) is not Satanic, even if it is Lucifer Oil.

I left this book feeling let down. Where was the blasphemy? Where was the tongue-in-cheek humor? The Church of Satan has a lot of very talented artists on board as members, and they were not tapped (Rex Church, for example). My wife was disappointed also. She was hoping for at least a few of the ancient woodcuts of apocalyptic nature, as you would encounter in medieval texts. None of those were to be found here.

I also have to say that the book's overall tone and feeling left me with no impression of diabolism. With few exceptions, I felt no Satanic energy in most of the works presented here. Overall, they seemed flat and lifeless, lacking those dark forces that many of our more talented members possess. That energy is what makes viewers resonate with admiration or revulsion for a particular piece. It is the energy of creativity that Anton LaVey mentions in *The Satanic Bible*. Sadly it is conspicuously absent.

If you were looking to add to your infernal library, I would actually advise you to move past this book. Outside of an attractive wrapper, not much is offered here. Save your money, and contribute to those artists who can actually help celebrate your Satanic nature.

Erik Jan Hanussen: Hitler's Jewish Clairvoyant by Mel Gordon. Feral House, 2001; ISBN: 0922915687. 274 pages, hardcover.

Aaron Garland, reviewer.

Here is a book whose title is guaranteed to evoke double takes and gasps of disbelief. In today's politically correct climate, it's a huge irony of sorts that one of the most reviled men of the 20th century had a Jewish astrologer. This is an amazing, in-depth biography of Herschmann Chaim Steinschneider, better known to most of Europe in the 20's and 30's as Erik Jan Hanussen. Although most people today have probably never heard of him, he was very well known in most of Europe during the post WWI era. Being a natural-born performer and perhaps the ultimate chameleon, Hanussen wore many hats throughout his tumultuous career as a mind reader, hypnotist and clairvoyant. His rise to fame from a nomadic nobody to one of Berlin's highest paid entertainers and sudden, violent death is the stuff of noir film. In fact, two movies have been made about him, although their depictions are purported to be inaccurate. In contrast, this book is the first and only one published in English that gives the low-down on the man many referred to as "Hitler's Nostradamus."

Hanussen's story begins in a poverty-ridden area of Vienna, Austria where he was born—his birth certificate being the first of many documents he would spend the rest of his life covering up. His ambition to perform and entertain was already in place at an early age, through which Hanussen spent years of struggling to scrape out a living with the circus. No matter what professions he embarked upon during his formative years, be it singer, actor, or journalist, he always bluffed his way into them. His penchant for deception eventually paved the way for his ultimate career as a master clairvoyant. Coupled with brilliant showmanship and a host of confidants, Hanussen began stage performances of his "paranormal" abilities all over Europe. Scandal and awe consequently followed him everywhere he went. As such, law enforcement officials and rival performers were always trying to expose him as a charlatan. Most audiences, however, reveled in his seemingly superhuman feats, even convincing a jury of his paranormal prowess in a court case against him. He often received the most flak from the authorities in European countries under the influence of Bolshevism and Marxist governments. The materialist doctrine inherent in their communist ideologies denied most anything considered supernatural and/or spiritual. Berlin, Germany on the other hand, was Hanussen's Mecca to stardom. Audiences in cities such as these were fascinated with mysticism and the occult, guaranteeing Hanussen the perfect environment for his performances.

Ironically, he even furthered his reputation as a true clairvoyant by his own denouncements and exposes of other mystics and psychics, who he claimed, weren't the real thing but used props and other phony means to deceive their audience. Naturally, he knew these tricks all too well since he used them himself. Even if he didn't possess true paranormal abilities as he claimed, he owes much of his success in his uncanny ability to "retain complex images and word sequences with remarkable ease." One can only fathom that an incredible stroke of luck also aided him in some of his predictions.

Unsatisfied with his success and wealth as one of Europe's top performers, Hanussen made his final move into the volatile world of politics. He eventually rubbed shoulders with prominent members of the burgeoning National Socialist party in the early 30's and went so far as to produce phony adoption papers revealing his Danish origins when it was leaked to the press that he had Jewish parents. His master-stroke occurred on March 25, 1932 when a headline in his own esoteric newspaper, *The Berliner Wochenschau*, revealed his prediction that Hitler would be appointed Reichschancellor of Germany in one year's time. Hitler's political career at this moment was precarious at best so naturally the soon-to-be dictator reveled in Hanussen's proclamation. Earlier, Hanussen had eerily predicted the burning of the Reichstag in a "visionary" moment. It's perhaps little wonder just how connected he was to these occurrences, or for that matter, his role in gaining mass acceptance for the fledgling Nazi party.

Inevitably, Hanussen's enemies caught up with him, namely vengeful Communist papers revealing his Semitic background. He subsequently died at the hands of three SA officers. His career as a Jewish "clairvoyant-come-champion" of the Third Reich had abruptly ended.

After reading this book, it's not hard to imagine television producers perusing its contents for a future edition of A & E biography. Although the text alone would have made a fine paperback pulp of political and occult intrigue, author Mel Gordon goes above and beyond the call of duty by including numerous vintage photographs (several of which feature Hanussen hypnotizing women), instructions for many of his routines, and original essays by Hanussen himself. Fans of this often-overlooked era to which Hanussen belonged may wish to check out Gordon's much-acclaimed *Voluptuous Panic: The Erotic World of Weimar Berlin*.

Hand of Death: The Henry Lee Lucas Story by Max Call. Prescott Press, Inc.; ISBN: 0-933451-00-8. 187 pages, hardcover. [To my knowledge this book is out of print]

Sir Chaos, reviewer

Deep in the Florida Everglades, a hoary old man leads a secretive, nomadic cult of Devil worshippers Hell-Bent on world domination via hideous criminal acts. Here they train madmen to be vicious murderers, rapists, kidnappers, terrorists, drug dealers, cannibals, and anything else that sounds evil. None escape the Hand of Death. Sound familiar? Here is the root of dozens of horrific tales of evil Satanic conspiracies. Henry Lee Lucas confessed to killing 175 women while participating in a total of 360 murders at the time of this book. Somewhere between bragging that he had done it all himself and denying everything but the murder of his own mother, Henry Lee Lucas, perhaps the most prolific of serial killers in history, declared himself a "born again Christian" and came up with this yarn. But of course: The Devil made him do it, and the real culprits are this evil, if anonymous, cult.

There are some unsettling aspects of this tale. Somewhere, Henry Lucas got a lot of money, guns, drugs, information, and accessories for his crimes. He claims much of it was contracted murders and hauling kidnapped babies across the Mexican border for adoption, slavery, and sacrifice. All implausibilities and contradictions aside, he still got a lot of dough on short notice, he did indeed escape the law for a surprising length of time, and his confessions did indeed lead authorities to find a considerable number of corpses, often with details no one but the killer would know, and many committed while he was incarcerated! There are a lot of mysteries in his case, but it is the story of his association with the Hand of Death that is most fascinating.

This book is referenced by more "Anti-Satanic" books than I can count, and stands as the perfect indicator of biased zealotry. Anyone crazy enough to lean on this book as "proof" of anything is obviously struggling desperately, as Big Bird has more credibility than this nut. If you are half as entertained by the asinine as I am, you will love this one—I guarantee it.

The Jesus Mysteries, by Timothy Freke and Peter Gandy. Harmony Books; ISBN 0-609-60581-X. 343 pages, hardcover. $24.95.

Magister George Sprague, reviewer.

"This astonishing book completely undermines the traditional history of Christianity that has been perpetuated for centuries by the Church. Drawing on the cutting edge of modern scholarship, authors Timothy Freke and Peter Gandy present overwhelming evidence that the Jesus of the New Testament is a mythical figure."

So reads the first paragraph of the inside cover flap of this book, subtitled "Was the Original Jesus a Pagan God?" And the claim that the authors present overwhelming evidence is quite accurate. This book is chock full of information and sources, and the evidence is presented in a logical sequence. Pertinent questions are raised on every angle, from virgin births, to multiplying fishes and loaves of bread, to crucifixions and resurrections.

Freke and Gandy go into meticulous detail on the subject of pagan myths and how they were usurped by christian theologians to make up their own "true" story. Egyptian Legends, Greek, Mythras *et al* are examined closely and parallels are presented, leaving no doubt as to where all this Jesus nonsense came from.

One neat feature of this book is the way in which each chapter ends. They end with a synopsis of the chapter, delineating the questions asked, listing what was found and what conclusions the authors devised from their findings. The bibliography and chapter notes are extensive, leaving very little doubt as to where all this information is coming from. And very little doubt that the xtian church has done its level best to hide the truth. One fine example: Chapter Three, "Diabolical Mimicry." Here we find out that from the second century forward church leaders, being aware of the pagan origins of Jesus, decided to explain the horrible coincidences as follows: it was the work of the Devil! The Devil plagiarized xtianity in anticipation and created the pagan legends in order to lead people astray! Who is the REAL Father of Lies, hmmm?

With all of this evidence one would assume that the authors finally come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as Jesus, or Osiris, or God, or any other such beasty, right? WRONG! The dedication page gives us our first clue as to how the two authors will decide in the end. The dedication reads as follows: "This book is dedicated to the Christ in you." At first I gave them the benefit of my doubts. I thought this might be a little bit of sarcasm. But no. Right at the end the authors conclude that although Jesus is a myth and so are the people in the original stories there still remains the "divine" in all of us. In other words Papa God and Mama Goddess. Freke and Gandy write: "The ancient Mysteries taught that we are all sons and daughters of God and by understanding the myth of the sacrificed godman we also can be resurrected into our true immortal, divine identity." What?! Guys, you write an entire book showing us that all of this is nothing but a myth then you turn around and try to appease the xtian inquisitors by stating that god is real and living in us blah blah? What is it with these cowards? It's like writing a book about Santa Claus, expounding on the legends surrounding this figure and then concluding that it's the idea that counts, therefore he is real because we choose to believe the idea!

Wrongful and stupid as their conclusion is, the book is still an irreverent source of facts to set any xtian into a tailspin. If you wish to arm yourself with information and facts that prove what any Satanist knows intrinsically and feels in his or her bones, then this is an excellent addition to your arsenal. Well written, well laid out, well explained, well documented, very poor and wrong conclusion. Amen.

Lucifer Dethroned by William and Sharon Schnobelen. Chick Publications; ISBN: 0-937958-41-7. 350 pages, paperback.

Sir Chaos, reviewer.

Mike Warnke has nothing on this guy. William Schnobelen's extended trail of bullshit is by far the wildest "I was a Satanist" tale I have heard yet. He played with witchcraft, met several demons personally, became one of "the Illuminati" via very colorful tale of meeting Lucifuge Himself in a weird astral "Temple of Pain," even played with some oh-so-Satanic Mormonism (no, I'm not kidding) and much more. Somewhere in there, he claims to have joined the early Church of Satan, but found it "too tame" and wandered off to the more bloodthirsty "Order of the Black Ram." William (like everyone else in this genre) would have you believe he's done every cliché possible in the name of Satan. Eventually, goes his story, he found himself a vampyre craving for human blood—but then, out of the blue, some damn anonymous Christian started praying for him—and all his demonic powers suddenly failed! Then he apparently found enough "salvation" to write and sell this book. Really an amazing piece of fiction if you can handle all his self-righteous patronizing and "how to convert Satanists" line of tripe.

Romantic Satanism by Peter Schock. Palgrave Macmillan, October 10, 2003; ISBN: 1403911827. 224 pages, hardcover.

R. Merciless, reviewer.

Anton LaVey created the religion of Modern Satanism nearly four decades ago but he did not conjure it from thin air. Rather he constructed it by adding his own unique original insights to the mythological, magical and literary components of Satanic tradition that had been developing over centuries.

While the study of the magical component of the Satanic tradition is somewhat hindered by a relative scarcity of documents—many presumably destroyed by the inquisition—the literary tradition is more recent, better documented and thus much richer.

In his 2003 book *Romantic Satanism: Myth and the Historical Moment in Blake, Shelley and Byron*, Peter A. Schock, chairman of the Department of English at the University of New Orleans, has produced a major scholarly contribution to the world's understanding of the development of the literary roots of today's Satanic tradition.

The book is written in the dense academic style of literary criticism and thus may not be a particularly gripping read for non-scholars. Even so, most Satanists and students of Satanism can gain some interesting insights by plodding through it. The book is mercifully short at 175 pages of text. Given this happy brevity, the little hardcover book's $69.95 price seems almost ridiculously high. For the true student of Satanism, however, it's worth it.

Read in isolation today, the works of Blake, Shelley and Byron may not strike the Modern Satanist as being remarkably "satanic." To sample their most devilish works, one might try Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, Byron's play *Cain: A Mystery* and Shelley's essay *On the Devil and Devils* and perhaps his *Queen Mab* and *Prometheus Unbound*. For their time, however, such writings were extremely radical, bringing vitriolic public condemnation and even legal punishment down on the authors. Their enemies called them "satanic" and, in their day, they were. The great value of this book is that it sets the authors' "satanic" works in their historical context—a period of virulent literary attacks upon Christian tyranny in the public press and, in response, equally virulent governmental suppression of blasphemous publications.

John Milton may be seen as the father of literary Satanism. This apparent Christian's heroic and sympathetic portrayal of Satan in his 1666 epic poem *Paradise Lost* was a powerful source of inspiration for infidel blasphemers Blake, Shelley and Byron just over a century later. Each in their own way, and during a certain phase of their career, built upon the figure and persona of Milton's Satan by even more explicitly highlighting his heroic aspects. They did so, however, as part of their broader purpose of attacking the mythological basis of Christianity which they saw as a pillar supporting oppressive government. Sometimes they used Satan as a positive character in their writings and sometimes a negative one. Certainly they never approached the Modern Satanist's position of embracing Satan as a wholly positive symbolic hero and role model. They did not go that far. Later writers such as Baudelaire and some of his fellow French romantic poets, Giosue Carducci, and Anatole France would take the next steps in that direction. But for their time, Blake, Shelley and Byron went further in raising the Devil's literary banner than any before them had done. In so doing, they represent an important part of our Satanic tradition.

Peter Schock web page
http://www.uno.edu/~engl/schock.htm

Turn Off Your Mind: The Mystic Sixties and the Dark Side of the Age of Aquarius by Gary Valentine Lachman. London: Sidgwick & Jackson, 2001.

and...

The Shadow Over Santa Susana: Black Magic, Mind Control and the "Manson Family" Mythos by Adam Gorightly Lincoln, Nebraska: Writers Club Press, 2001.

Michael Moynihan, reviewer.

Since both of these titles concern themselves with the sinister underbelly of the Sixties, it seems fitting to discuss them side-by-side. And while Gary Lachman's book is not solely concerned with Charles Manson, the latter's presence looms large across its pages, becoming a prime embodiment of all things mystical, dark, and deadly.

Turn Off Your Mind is a pop study of the occult-oriented tendencies that manifested widely during that tumultuous decade—tendencies which Lachman, an early member of the rock group **Blondie**, takes a dim view of in retrospect. Alongside predictable reference points such as the legacy of Aleister Crowley, the activities of the mysterious Process Church, and the early days of the Church of Satan, Lachman also discusses famous psychedelic pathbreakers (Aldous Huxley, Timothy Leary), the spurious anthropologist Carlos Castaneda, modern-day witches and warlocks (Gerald Gardner, Jack Parsons), various California-based preachers of eastern mysticism (Gerald Heard, Alan Watts), the authors of newly popularized fantasy literature (H. P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, J. R. R. Tolkien), the revival of Herman Hesse's novels, and sundry rock bands (**The Beatles**, **The Rolling Stones**, **The Doors**, and a host of lesser outfits). Cameo appearances are also made by innumerable fringe characters in the form of beatniks, hippie occultniks, Nazi "Satanists," visionary prophets, and plain old freaks.

As a catalog-type survey, the book has its uses. It covers much ground, helps to situate disparate people and countercultural events into rough chronological perspective, and is decently written. The fact that it focuses on both the U.S.A. and England is also informative in a comparative sense. But in trying to tackle his subject, the author has cast such a wide net that he is unable to offer much substantial or thoughtful commentary on any one thing in particular, and what he does come up with often consists of little more than a regurgitation and condensation of material from other books. Given its subject matter, *Turn Off Your Mind* can't help but make for generally interesting fare, and occasionally tidbits of information will come across that have not received much prior attention, but an informed reader is unlikely to find anything here of a revelatory nature. In overall effect it is akin to a long, drawn-out alternative weekly newspaper feature.

In lumping together everything that bears the slightest connection to mysticism or the supernatural, Lachman tries to give the impression that it somehow constitutes a single continuum. His subsequent contention is that the Sixties were unique in the degree to which such elements permeated popular culture—but even more worrisome, that the "darker side" of it all eventually won out. Even if this were true (and it is highly debatable), he makes no effort to offer explanations why it might be the case. Largely ignored by Lachman is also the fact that there have been numerous periods in the modern "rational" era when strange fascinations took a strong hold of the popular imagination, and in which spiritualistic elements often played a leading role—not to mention, of course, that there is nothing new about the attraction of people to the so-called dark side.

Being unconvinced that there's anything inherently dark—or even particularly unusual—about all of this in the first place, my question would be: what is Lachman actually complaining about? And if he's sour on how the Sixties played out, what he would have preferred in their stead? Presumably not a continuation of the Fifties, with its fetishizing of generic commodities and extolling of uniform suburbia as the predominant human residential ideal.

While he does not address these sorts of larger issues, at the conclusion of his book Lachman pinpoints with displeasure that "Strangely, out of the many gurus we've encountered, LaVey and Manson have the greatest appeal for many of the millenium's younger generation." (p. 387) Considering that he sees these two infamous men as the figureheads of the "victorious" dark side, you'd think he might have something—anything—insightful to say about each of them and, as importantly, about the reasons for their alleged mass appeal. No such luck. Instead, we get paraphrased, snapshot histories that are just warmed-over rehashes of material which is widely available elsewhere.

Rather than recognize that there is—and always has been—a dark side by necessity, his attitude mirrors a common liberal humanist impulse that is in continual denial of reality and prefers a cushion of wishful thinking instead. Lachman also fails to see that acknowledging, and even indulging, an interest in the dark side does not necessarily translate into destructive or criminal behavior on a personal level. By the reverse token, it need hardly be mentioned that those who most loudly proclaim their allegiance to the side of the "light" are often the first to behave otherwise.

On a metaphysical level, such denials of the nature of human reality smack strongly of Christianity, regardless of whether or not their proponents would admit how dualistic their thinking really is. Astute observers of human history, on the other hand, are aware that a balance factor exists, and what is "here today" may well be dashed away tomorrow—especially when it goes too far in one direction. This is a dynamic that the various types of

millenarian monotheists—be they religious (Christian, Jewish, Muslim) or secular (humanist, fascist, communist)—are intrinsically unable to grasp, and it is the reason why they will never cease bashing their heads against the same walls.

It was interesting, and not so surprising, to see Paul Krassner attack Lachman's book in the pages of the *L. A. Times Book Review* last year. He griped that Lachman was a party pooper out to despoil the noble legacy of the Sixties, and ended his review suspecting that "unless you are a hard-core enthusiast of occult esoterica, you will find reading this book a chore rather than a pleasure." Krassner's rose-colored lenses aren't necessarily much clearer than Lachman's fogged-up telescope, but he could be right—except that if you're truly a hard-core enthusiast of the subject, you will already be familiar with most of what's in the book, and might even find it more of a chore than would an uninformed reader.

Where Gary Lachman has spent his time groping in myriad directions, all loosely canopied under the "mystic Sixties" category, the pseudonymous Adam Gorightly takes one topic—the saga of Charles Manson and his so-called Family—and leaves no stone unturned in his search for an exciting fact, alluring tidbit, or seamy allegation. The writing style of his *The Shadow Over Santa Susana*, which clocks in at nearly 600 pages, is much more lively than that of *Turn Off Your Mind*, but this is a mixed blessing. Gorightly's prose can be engaging, but his ceaseless effort to conjure up hip and witty phrases often feels strained, with the situation compounded by the absence of professional editing.

Focusing specifically on Manson's life, Gorightly has composed a lurid biography that also addresses nearly every peripheral figure who crossed paths with Charlie (or claimed to) during the latter's brief rise-and-fall while outside of prison system. The book mainly covers the period from 1967–1974, although Manson's early years are discussed briefly, and the closing chapters of the book provide some details on various Manson-related events of subsequent decades, as well as a "where they are now?" rundown of the main protagonists.

There is no question that a balanced and sober history of the Manson story and its surrounding cultural features deserves to be written. Unfortunately, this clearly is not it. Gorightly, a contributor to various fanzines and fringe media publications, has—similarly to Lachman—bitten off more than he can adequately chew, and the result often has the consistency of an undigested stew.

There are two main problems with his approach. First, Gorightly did not speak to any of the primary people he was writing about, and thus relied mostly on already existing sources. This leads to the second, and most obvious, failing: a general lack of discrimination in handling these sources. While Gorightly is rightfully dismissive of key aspects of Vincent Bugliosi's self-aggrandizing *Helter Skelter*, he accepts other equally dubious sources—like Ed Sanders or Bill Nelson—largely at face value. The more lurid the story, the more space Gorightly is likely to give it. This makes for consistently titillating reading, but probably for a wide rift with reality at the same time.

Similarly problematic is Gorightly's tendency to reconstruct vignettes, complete with dialogue, from the "Family's" history. While much of this dialogue may derive from existing contemporary accounts, when combined with the author's exuberant style the result is often hokey and further nudges the book toward potboiler fiction. When providing outside perspectives on the Manson affair, Gorightly doesn't necessarily fare much better, since most of the new material here comes in the form of tenuous and often contradictory conspiracy theories. These can be intriguing, but rarely appear to be based on anything more than innuendo and weakly linked associations. Those who look forward to convincing or coherent evidence of the "black magic" or "mind control" mentioned in the book's subtitle are bound to be disappointed.

Both *Turn Off Your Mind* and *The Shadow Over Santa Susana* had the potential to be important studies, but unfortunately neither book merits that status. Perhaps part of the reason lies in the fact that—despite the sacrifice of so much time, effort, and paper—the authors are covering subjects they seem to actively dislike, and take pains to distance themselves from. Gary Lachman's hazy moralizing about the dangers of countercultural mysticism hardly justifies his production of an entire treatise on the subject, and Adam Gorightly has spent years plugging away at a massive book about a guy he clearly finds to be a distasteful criminal.

Which brings us to a bigger question: financial reasons aside, why do people set out to write these sorts of books? I suspect they're not likely to reveal one possible answer, lest it blow their "good guy" cover: they're a lot more excited by the dark side than they would have you believe.

GUEST MUSIC REVIEWS

Ten Years of Madness (1988-1998)—Behind the Iron Curtain (2 CD Various Artists).

Aaron Garland, reviewer.

The subversive folks from Russia-based *Achtung Baby! Productions* have spent the last decade or so promoting independent music via pirate radio and underground newspapers. This double CD presentation commemorates 27 of these artists from around the globe, including locales such as the U.S., Europe, Japan and Russia to name a few. This compilation marks territory somewhere between Cold Meat Industry and Slaughter Productions with an ominously beautiful 6" x 9" black cardstock booklet with silver text and graphics. There are pictures and information for each artist along with various gothic-tinged images and artwork, including some fitting quotes from the likes of Goethe and Qadaffi to name a few. Credits go to Peter Sotos and Trevor Brown for inspiring the bizarre cover-art of a broken doll.

Disc A is definitely on the noisier side of the musical spectrum with selections from 12 different artists. The best moments come from **Inade**, with deep Gregorian chanting and drums played at 16 rpm. **First Law** deliver a track with a deceptively quiet beginning, gradually ascending to a louder and more terrifying conclusion. Kind of like **Whitehouse** on LSD. **Dissecting Table** are the most prolific with a 13-minute mish-mash of electronic dance beats and death metal growling. Disc 2 is even better with 15 bands beyond any easy categorization. Highlights include a poignant instrumental by **Argine**, a raw and rare live track from Italy's **Ain Soph**, and a polished new version of "The March of Brian Boru" by **Blood Axis**. Best of all is **Novy Svet**'s charming "polkaesque" number which sounds as if it were taken from an old phonograph.

This is a one-of-a-kind release that is well-worth seeking although it may be difficult to find. For those who are interested, the website www.drugie.ru/achtung should provide more vital information about this CD as well as other projects of these dedicated individuals of the Russian underground.

The Court Composer, by Le' rue Delashay. Root of All Evil Records (www.theatrikil.com).

Magister Lestat Ventrue, reviewer.

Le' rue's first solo CD comes to life producing rich, dark music for the Satanic ear to behold and the Satanic mind to embrace. Here we get our first taste of Le' rue Delashay's abilities, the power of his musical vision. Regarded by his devotees as one of the best composers of our modern time, Delashay has never disappointed listeners of his compositions. For those who are looking for something amazing, something different, this CD is a MUST!

Musick in Theory and Practice, by Le' rue Delashay. Root of All Evil Records (www.theatrikil.com).

Magister Lestat Ventrue, reviewer.

Evoking images of dark rituals in haunting cathedrals, Le' rue's second "Dark-Classical" CD creates a great magical mood for just about any ritual setting. This CD leads more towards the mood of a solitary composer echoing out his magic through dark tones played in a large cathedral for an unknown audience with no regard for their enjoyment, he plays for no one but himself!

The Law of 8ve, by Le' rue Delashay. Root of All Evil Records (www.theatrikil.com).

Magister Lestat Ventrue, reviewer.

Le' rue Delashay's latest release contains 14 tracks of new classically horrifying music, which complement his previous releases. Delashay showcases the true versatility of his classical music, utilizing a variety of orchestral instruments that each seem to tell their own tale in this dark story. Incorporating elements of Gematria and Occult numerology into a unique ritual of sound and melody, these works bestow a glimpse into the vibrant mystery, the pain, and true horror that is Le' rue Delashay.

Threnody for Humanity, by Peter H. Gilmore, Adversary Records (www.reptilianrecords.com/adversary).

Bryan Moore, reviewer.

When one listens to music there are usually two immediate responses expected. The first is familiarity for favorite tunes, listened to for pure enjoyment. The second is a sense of adventure for musical territory uncharted. *Threnody for Humanity* offers both. For the first time listener, the obvious sense of adventure is evoked. For all subsequent listening, that sense of enjoyment walks hand in hand with the adventure, as there are new musical surprises with each successive excursion in the world of Magus Gilmore.

Although most of the selections were included in Nick Bougas' *Death Scenes* series, these works stand on their own and proudly so.

The first time that I listened to these infernal tunes I did not associate the music with the then unseen Bougas' films, so it was (as Willy Wonka imparted) "pure imagination" as Maestro Gilmore took me to places within myself, accompanied by his stirring and emotion-laden tracks.

I prepared for battle as "Eternal War" ushered forth haunting refrains which led up to operatic indulgenge on a grand scale, the moving "Requiem To Morrow" and "Fate and Folly" were the perfect aural companions as I wandered somberly through the fog shrouded graveyard in my minds eye, and "Rise" gave the perfect ambience as I crossed over to the other side, accompanied by visions of being escorted there by Mr. Brink for my mythical final reward.

Gilmore's influences run from the great composer Mahler to more current masters like Bernard Herrmann, evoking great, sweeping and dramatic backgrounds to moments so quiet that they defy words. There ARE no words. Gilmore also shows a mastery of the keyboard, calling to mind the musical fancies of our own beloved Doktor. In many ways Gilmore has carried the torch and carries it well, his own talent notwithstanding!

Gilmore's works, like life itself, have many hills and valleys to tread, but as the old catch phrase went, "Half the fun is getting there." That's the beauty of this wonderfully evocative collection. There are only ten tracks, so the road traveled might be short, buy look either way and enjoy just how wide the journey really is!

Word has it that Magus Gilmore has more musical, magical works forthcoming, one in particular that this reviewer is looking forward to putting to good use in the ritual chamber. Hopefully our stereos will be graced very, very soon. For fans of Gilmore, put this CD on again. You'll be glad you did. For those who haven't met Gilmore musically, pack your bags and let the adventure begin. Your passport will be along shortly.

GUEST FILM REVIEWS

The Abominable Dr. Phibes, 1971; starring Vincent Price, Joseph Cotten, Hugh Griffith; director: Robert Fuest.

Draconis Blackthorne, reviewer.

A tortured dark soul grieves for his lost love who perished at the hands of nine physicians who could not save his beloved wife, so he becomes determined to avenge her death in this perceived wrong-doing. "Dr. Anton Phibes," a genius in theology and an expert organ player, formulates just punishments to deal with incompetence, using the Old Testament's theme of the plagues, and engineers their consecutive deaths in kind, inclusive of employing talismans bearing Hebraic symbols representing each plague. In quite a ritualistic manner, using a torch, he melts the faces of their various waxen effigies to seal the deed done. With the precision of a veritable master Ninja, and with the aid of the silently succulent Vulnavia, a graceful creature who provides the charmingly seductive misdirection of a Satanic Witch to render victims agog, Phibes moves in for the kill—a wonderfully complementary relationship. Also of remarkable note, she plays the violin as the doomed meet their demise; and at one point, Phibes applaudes the spectacle of a plane swirling down towards destruction after the pilot is attacked by a legion of rats in the cockpit. Personally, I found the rats, as well as the bats in an earlier scene, to be absolutely adorable, actually.

Phibes is a man haunted by his past, which he lives as the present, presiding in his total ballroom environment with automatons to create a wonderfully eerie atmosphere reminiscent of Dr. LaVey's Den of Iniquity. His throne is seated before a beautifully ornate crimson-phosphorescent organ, which he plays with diabolical flourish into the night, channeling his pain through his music. He vows to avenge her death as well as join her by her side when the task is completed, and so it comes to pass in a glorious ending scene wherein he traverses the living realm, and is reunited with his beautiful wife in eternal darkness. For Phibes, a romantic in his black heart, this last noble gesture was indeed worth the world. He remained the god of his existence and lived completely on his own terms. He himself fulfills the final element, whose death became just as mysterious as his life.

This is an aesthetically-beautiful film, replete with Satanic architecture as well as ideology. Those who know will recognize these subtle, and sometimes rather blatant displays. Obviously, to those familiar with the life of our Founder, there are several parallels between the Dr. Anton Phibes character and that of Dr. Anton LaVey—they even share the same first name, and certain propensities. It is no wonder this film is recommended on The Church of Satan Video List.

The Black Cat, 1934; starring Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, David Manners, Julie Bishop; director: Edgar G. Ulmer.

Draconis Blackthorne, reviewer.

A newlywed couple are travelling on the Orient Express for their honeymoon when they meet a mysterious man on, "Vitus Werdegast" portayed by Lugosi, who regales them with local tales of intrigue and superstition. He weaves them in his spell while, unbeknownst to the honeymooners, is himself on his way to confront his arch-nemesis, who caused Werdegast's unjust imprisonment many years before. Eventually, they find themselves accompanying him to a futuristic mansion in the hills above Gömbös where they meet with the elegant, though strange, "Hjalmar Poelzig" (Karloff) who turns out to be the High Priest of a Satanic group awaiting a suitable sacrifice for the night's rites—and they find her in the naïve writer's wife.

The mansion itself is built atop a ruined military fortress, and the Ritual Chamber is designed to gothic-modernist standards with sharp angles and shard-like projections which makes for quite an impressive spectacle. Nefarious situations begin manifesting when Lugosi is horrified by a sleek black cat who slinks into the room, at which he tosses a knife (it is implied that the cat may have been a demon in feline form). Ironically, Lugosi plays a rather "VanHelsing"-like character who must battle the sinister minister Poelzig (said to have been partly modeled after Aleister Crowley and German Schauerfilm architect Hans Poelzig) for the life of the girl.

Now, the Lugosi character would have probably included these two as part of his revenge, considering they were basically pawns in the overall scheme. However, he caressed the wife's hair as she slept on the train, prompted by memories of his deceased wife. This is why he chooses compassion. Eventually, his own dark side is displayed when he initiates a sadistic plan to skin his opponent while tied, crucifixion-style. He finally decides to end the entire decades-long battle by exploding the entire house with dynamite which had previously been set to self-destruct. The helpless honeymooners eventually escape the

blast and embark upon the train to get as far away as possible. The ending humorous scene has the writer and his wife reading a review of one of his stories, which the reviewer claims is too fictional to be accepted.

The Black Cat featured the first-ever production in which horror giants Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff acted together, and their rapport is quite engaging—their stage presence is tangible even through the screen. It was filmed in one of Frank Lloyd Wright's houses, which according to director Edgar G. Ulmer, contained an asylum's ambience. This film is psychological in nature, with an elegant deportment which is most fitting.

According to Dr. LaVey, *"The Black Cat* and *The Seventh Victim* are certainly two pre-Church of Satan movies I would consider worthwhile examples of the way true Satanists behave." (from *The Secret Life of A Satanist*, by Blanche Barton).

I fully concur—for they are indeed exemplary in etiquette and aesthetics. (Special thanks to Magister Rose and Reverend Svengali for their contributions to this review.)

Sources: Early Deviltry (www.churchofsatan.com), Church of Satan Video List, "Satanic Cinema" chapter in Magistra Barton's book, *The Church of Satan*

Chocolat, 2000; starring Juliette Binoche, Alfred Molina, Johnny Depp, Judy Dench; director: Lasse Hallstrom.

Mike ReCasino, reviewer.

Don't let the fact that this film was actually nominated for awards put you off; it is a Satanic story in the truest sense of the word. I was actually quite taken aback by the lack of compromise in this film.

Setting: A quiet French town, totally Godfearing, with a few exceptions. Enter the traveling chocolate maker. She sets up shop in town (just in time for Lent!) and blasphemously tempts the villagers into giving in to their forbidden desires. Of course, this sets the righteous on a crusade to protect the villagers from immorality and sin. A few are converted, however, and one even needs no conversion (a tough old bird of a woman, who headstrongly refuses life in a nursing home, and is determined to enjoy every last minute of life she has left by indulging her appetites).

In a nutshell, the chocolate maker gives the town a much needed Satanic enema, complete with colostomy bag. As Doc LaVey has observed, the nicest people you would ever hope to meet are these people on the fringes, and the most rotten, cruel, intrinsically evil people are those that cloak themselves in goodness and righteousness. Never have I seen a finer example of the whole concept (besides real life, of course) than in this film. The chocolate maker is the friendliest, most charming and accommodating person you could ever hope to meet, with deep feelings and a great love of life. The "crazy" old woman (even ostracized by her own daughter) is wise in her years and knows a great many things about the Christians' true nature ("Sin: Self Imposed Nonsense"). The river rats (considered scoundrels by society, with a freewheeling lifestyle resembling the Gypsies) are also an agreeable, fun bunch. The religious nuts are hypocritical assholes who basically act like Anton LaVey portrayed them in "God of the Assholes." Of course, at the end, we are treated to some "running scared reinterpretation" on the church's part, but neither the chocolate maker, nor the tough old woman make any last ditch conversions. I wouldn't be here if that happened. Such an ending would have ruined the whole thing for me. Rest assured, it doesn't happen!

Freaks, 1932; starring Wallace Ford, Leila Hyams, Olga Baclanova, Roscoe Ates; director: Tod Browning.

Colonel Akula, reviewer.

Gooble gobble gooble gobble one of mine, one of mine! Now that this undisputed classic of Satanic cinema is finally available on DVD, I am happier than Geek in a room full of mice.

This is a must have for "one of us" and now that it has finally been preserved on DVD, its legacy is ensured in digital immortality. *Freaks* has been cleaned up, polished and is now much clearer and crisper than before. The sound has been restored so that certain scratchy or cryptic dialogue that plagued the VHS release can now be fully understood.

The DVD comes with incredible special features that are educational and entertaining. One section contains information on Browning's preferred ending to the film. Originally Hans the dwarf was written as a far more hostile and vengeful character. His vengeance on Cleopatra and Hercules was intended to be much more severe. During the film's finale as Cleopatra is seen tearing off through the woods in the rainstorm, lightning was to strike a tree causing it to crash down upon her and sever her legs.

The freaks would then swarm over her body as Hans giggles maniacally from a distance. Hercules also meets a more terrible and befitting fate at the hands of the freaks. In the original script, they were to swarm over his body and castrate him. In the final carnival scene as Cleo is presented as the Human Duck, Hercules is shown singing in a high-pitched voice as Cleo quacks along in unison. This was Browning's original vision and was rejected outright by the studio that was all but scrapping the film altogether.

These scenes were in fact filmed and the prints have unfortunately been lost yet the oral descriptions are quite detailed.

In addition, the DVD contains a 40-minute documentary on the making of the film that is packed with interviews by surviving cast members, fellow sideshow performers and a few enthusiastic film historians.

What is most impressing are the detailed biographies that are provided on each of the film's major actors. Each freak's life and achievements are presented in turn and Browning's ideas on humanity and herd behavior are also addressed, albeit *sotto voce*.

There are also a few surprises here and there. For instance, I never knew Schlitze the Pinhead was a man.

I first saw *Freaks* during a midnight showing at an art gallery when I was eleven years old and never forgot what I saw. Now it is forever in my collection and it's mine, all mine. And if it is not yet yours, all I can say is what kind of a freak are you?!?!

The Ring, 2002; starring Naomi Watts, Brian Cox; director: Gore Verbinski.

Colonel Akula, reviewer.

The Ring is a Western retelling of the Japanese film known as *Ringu*. The plot revolves (no pun intended) around the discovery of a mysterious VHS cassette that depicts strange, seemingly unrelated, grainy black and white images ranging from dead horses to toppling ladders to quivering maggots to flies buzzing near lighthouses and to a comely woman brushing her hair. The final, most puzzling image is that of a dark black orb encircled by a thin ring of light. The discovery of the tape is tied to a string of equally mysterious suicides that all occur seven days after each viewer watches the tape.

Scared yet? You will be.

Naomi Watts plays Rachel Keller, a young, sexy single mother and hotshot journalist who investigates the legacy of the tape after her niece is found dead in a rather grisly manner. With the aid of her boyfriend Noah, played by Martin Henderson, Rachel embarks on a good old fashioned seven day whodone-it investigation in which she not only views the tape but gradually pieces the macabre jigsaw of images together as her own death approaches.

This film borrows heavily from *Stir of Echoes* and *The Changeling*, a personal favorite of mine. Terrifying scenes are flashed across the screen with lightning speed while remaining just out of sight...something I think Lovecraft would be proud of.

Just when you think there will be some kind of closure, Verbinski rips you not only off your seat, but also out of your sense of security and bombards your senses with newer, deadlier pictures. This man's sense of timing is truly impeccable.

I highly recommend seeing and owning this film. I remain fully convinced that it will find a home in the musty, old vault of horror classics, returning from down below to scare the proverbial shit out of you.

A Satanist's Introduction to William Blake

By a sympathetic reprobate

William Blake (1757-1827ce) is widely recognized as the earliest and wildest of the English Romantic poets. He mastered the literary and visual arts as a professional engraver and classically trained painter. During a golden age of European civilization, he studied literature, philosophy, and the classics on his own initiative. Blake also lived in a world of political and cultural transition. A corrupt aristocracy and a newly rich industrialist class manipulated national affairs to suit their own business, by means of public policy, courts, and the established church. But they held their position tenuously as violent political radicalism, inspired by the American and French Revolutions, threatened to overwhelm the country in a torrent of blood. Blake looked forward to that prospect.

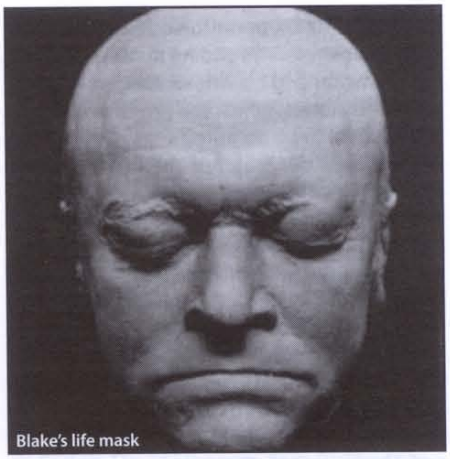
Blake's place in the canon of English poetry is undisputed today, but for well over a century his work was simply too difficult for Christian commentators to approach. He drew upon mythic elements of Christianity, the occult systems of Swedenborg and others, and the legends of northern Europe, as well as inventing a whole pantheon of his own gods and goddesses (he called them "emanations"), rehashing them at will in order to articulate a bold and dizzying vision of the human being's relationship with oneself, one's peers and one's world. He believed the sacred and infinite could be experienced in this life, here and now and by one's own power, not in an after-life or at the dispensation of a controller-god. Blake also described visions in which he would see the dead, or angels and devils. His contemporary critics gave superficial praise to Blake's less provocative works, and ignored as best they could his more fiery "prophecies" suggesting the destruction of church and empire. Later critics would write him off as a schizophrenic, or claim that his "visions" and "fancies" were hallucinations or delusions. Blake's work would only come into its own during the modernist cultural revolution of the twentieth century of the common era, when he would influence artists like William Butler Yeats, Aldous Huxley, and Jim Morrison.[1] In other words, as the influence of Christianity over our culture waned, Blake was re-discovered as an important thinker for those who craved to stimulate their spiritual impulse, but who were uninterested in myths.

He was arguably the most innovative artist in the English language. When prevailing genres chafed him, he integrated poetry, philosophy, calligraphy, graphic design, and painting to render his vision;[2] and when existing technology disappointed him, he invented his own mechanical technique, "illuminated printing," to commit everything to a material form. As a person he was also remarkable: a freethinker, a recreational nudist, a radical federalist, tried for sedition (and acquitted)—Blake delighted in flouting political establishment and cultural mores. As a young man, he watched with rapture the fires of democratic revolution spread across two continents, and hoped that this event would free people to enjoy their own pursuits and respect one another's differences without being judged by a repressive church or an oppressive state; and when the revolutions failed to make changes as radical as he'd hoped, he sought the cause in men's psychology—in the little god-dictator that the church and state had fostered at the center of our self-conceptions.

If any thinker can be said to really anticipate the real spirit of Satanism, it's Blake. He celebrated worldly pleasures and encouraged people to find meaning and satisfaction in their present lives. He saw devils and demons as symbols of this psychological and spiritual liberation, and God as a figure of artificial constraints that were about to be outgrown. But his psycho-mythological system, drawn piecemeal from so many influences, can be difficult for the casual reader to understand. There are a few good sources that can help put the different elements and figures into perspective,[3] but this makes for an imposing reading list, and many who might otherwise be stimulated by Blake's works might be discouraged from slogging through the stack of books that might be necessary to get the most out of it all. So, I decided to put together this "Satanist's Introduction" to the works of Blake; I want to highlight some key parts of his works that might be of particular interest to Satanists, while putting into perspective some of Blake's symbols that might put off or mislead the Satanic reader.

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell

This little book, published in 1790, is definitely the modern Satanist's gateway to the world of Blake.[4] It is an announcement, in prose, of his philosophical conception of human vitality as the center of life. After a brief poetic "argument" to set the prophetic tone of the discussion to follow, the main body of the work opens with "The Voice of the Devil," who announces three defiant propositions, the "Contraries" of theistic dualism:



Blake's life mask

> 1. Man has no Body distinct from his Soul for that calld Body is a portion of Soul discernd by the five Senses....
> 2. Energy is the only life and is from the Body and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.
> 3. Energy is Eternal Delight. (34)

Blake's Devil also explains the repression from which all past religions and philosophies have derived:

> Those who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place & governs the unwilling.
> And being restraind it by degrees becomes passive till it is only the shadow of desire. (*ibid.*)

In Blake's vocabulary, "energy" means the power or profundity of our emotions, and their vivid expression in the products of our imagination. "Reason," on the other hand, refers to the rationing of personal energy. An exclusive focus on this faculty tends to make the world less like a place we can make our own, and more like a fundamentally entropic sysem in which positive human action is futile.

The world as "reason" reveals it (at least "reason" as it was meant at that time) is a place in which human goals, ideals, and fantasies are utterly in conflict with the prevailing order underlying reality. Thus, we are told we ought to restrain our desires in order to be able to get by in a world whose order is pre-given. In Blake's era, as in our own, science was often used as a pretense for repudiating the beauty or worth of something; it claimed to reveal things to be "only" or "just" what they are. For example, 18th century materialism suggested that man was *just* an animal, a "worm of sixty winters" as Blake puts it. This way of doing science didn't undermine religious authority; it actually strengthened it. It portrayed human beings as automata that needed a higher God to create and sustain them, and it situated the human being in a world fundamentally indifferent to him, while at the same time fostering his craving for something more. It also encouraged complacency in the face of tyranny; just as we

are expected to modify our behavior to conform to "reality" (conceived as the lowest common denominator in nature), so too should we submit to traditional authorities and hierarchies.

For Blake, this attitude was condescending and hateful. Reason can play a positive role when it allows us to economize at the limits of our powers, but it finds its source in those powers themselves, and their goals and ideals. It is our own desires, fantasies, ideals, interests, and objectives that ultimately legitimate any "rational" decision; it is in our nature to transfigure the world in which we find ourselves. There is no "only" or "merely" to this so far as Blake was concerned. To his mind, the fundamental similarity between humans and other animals didn't mean that humans were *just* animals; it means that everything great about the human being is an animal property. This doesn't denigrate humans; it makes animals more exalted. Even the beasts may have their own worlds of experience, comparable at least in principle to those of humans: Blake asks us to consider, "How do you know but ev'ry Bird that cuts the airy way,/ Is an immense world of delight, enclos'd by your senses five?" (35) Blake rejected the dualism that set a abstract immaterial soul of pure logic into a mechanistic world-system that blindly ground humans to nothing like a mill grinds corn. This is why Blake's attack on prevailing intellectual traditions necessarily brings him into conflict with his century's notion of "reason".

The rest of the *Marriage* consists of a number of "Memorable Fancies", in which Blake imagines himself conversing with demons, angels, and prophets.[5] Blake describes himself as "walking among the fires of hell, delighted with the enjoyments of Genius; which to Angels look like torment and insanity." (35) He insists that the gods and spirits of priests and prophets are derived from the poetic visions of poets, and that "All deities reside in the human breast." (38) He suggests that Isaiah and Ezekiel were moved by a poetic inspiration, rather than a literal voice of God, and compares them to Diogenes, the original performance artist, and to First Nations peoples who use physically demanding rituals to alter their consciousness. (38-39) He tells us that God consists only in the actions of existing creatures (40), and that "worship" means honoring human genius. (43) In one especially mischievous passage, Blake describes hell as a pleasant riverbank with a harper who sings by moonlight to celebrate the faculty of doubt. Heaven, though, is a house of chained monkeys eternally raping and devouring one another, their sanctimony but a transparent pretense failing to mask the basic, cynical incivility of their bishoprics and magistratures. (41-42) In another passage, a devil and an angel debate theology—and in the end, the angel converts to become a devil. (43-44) Blake also offers several pages of "Proverbs of Hell", many of which will appeal to Satanists:

The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

A dead body. revenges not injuries.

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword. are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.

The cistern contains: the fountain overflows.

As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.

You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.

As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.

Exuberance is Beauty.

Improvement makes strait roads, but the crooked roads without Improvement, are roads of Genius.

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires. (35-38)

The whole of the book is dedicated to "[expunging] the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul". Blake says that when this notion is properly abandoned, "the whole creation will be consumed, and appear infinite. and holy whereas it now appears finite & corrupt./This will pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment." (39) Blake implies that the *Marriage* is a "Bible of Hell: which the world shall have whether they will or no." (44)

The heroes of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* are the devils; the angels are hypocrites, in major need of being taught to enjoy life rather than to constrain it. But the "diabolical" character of *Marriage* has confused a lot of scholars, who are tempted to suggest that Blake is being ironic. If the name of the book is the "marriage" of Heaven and Hell, then surely the angels can't be all bad? Besides, Blake says that life exists in the tension of equally necessary contraries, so surely the angels must be the necessary counterpoint to the devils? But these scholars misunderstand the real thrust of Blake's point, and end up whitewashing him. We can get a better appreciation for what's going on here if we consider Blake's doctrine of "contraries" and of the "negative". The angels and devils in *Marriage* don't represent two contrary terms; rather, the devils alone celebrate contrariety, diversity, and the enjoyment of life, whereas the angels defend negation, repression, and traditionalism.

The Doctrine of Contraries and of the Negative; Three Classes of People

The underlying point of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is the doctrine of contraries that Blake introduces here.

Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.
From these contraries spring what the religious call Good & Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the ative springing from Energy.
Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell. (34)

That is why Blake calls for a "marriage" of Heaven and Hell: he believes that both the "good" (reason) and the "evil" (passion) are necessary parts of life, and their tension within an individual spirit form the condition of personal excellence. This is not a doctrine of moderation or the "golden mean": reason and energy are not extreme poles of a spectrum in which we find ourselves in the middle of. Rather, reason is the "bound or outward circumference" of energy; it is simply the point, wherever that may be, at which our passion fails us. Reason means recognizing your real limits; energy means exceeding false limits.

The doctrine of contraries and of the negative is further elaborated in the later "prophetic" works, especially *Milton*. In this work, Blake describes the ghost of Puritan poet John Milton entering his body through his big toe, and guiding him on a psychological vision-quest. The main content of this vision quest is the importance of contraries and the threat of the repressive negative.

Reason is just as necessary as passion. The problem is when reason "usurps its place"—when reason becomes *reductive*, constraining our energy according to preconceived notions about good and evil instead of guiding our "evil" energy to its fullest growth. When this happens, reason ceases to be in contrary tension with energy, and comes to negate it instead. This means that, although contraries are opposites in one sense, they also have a third, mutual opposite: the negative. Contraries exist in tension, but don't contradict or exclude one another. "Contraries are Positives," Blake writes (backwards) on a plate in his epic *Milton*; "A Negative is not a Contrary." (129) A "negative" is the denial of one or both contrary terms; it is repression. Contrariety occurs along humanity's dynamic dimensions: imagination/reason, vigor/repose, wrath/pity. To oppose this dynamism, as the angels in *Marriage* do, is not to be contrary; it is to be negative. Inspiration (imagination *and* reason both) vs. stupidity, life (vigor and repose) vs. death, sincerity (wrath or pity) vs. hypocrisy—these are not contraries. Each latter is the negation of the vibrant diversity, the beautiful contrareity, of its respective former.

For Blake, to be equally capable of imagination and reason is a blessed state; but stupidity is the negation of both. To be equally capable of vigour and repose is blessed; but death is the negation of both. To be equally capable of wrath and pity is

blessed; but hypocrisy is the negation of both. The *Marriage*'s angels, like their earthly spokesmen, advocate that we should be rational but not enjoy our fantasies; that we should be meek and mild, never brusque or sensual; and that we should be ruled by pity, that wrath or hatred are sins. For Blake, by denying contraries, the angels are really preaching stupidity, death, and hypocrisy. They are not at all a part of what one celebrates when one celebrates the mutual possibilities and diversity of contraries.

So we can see now the mistake of those academics who think Blake is only pretending to be hard on angels. In the *Marriage*, it is devils who stand up to celebrate contrariety. The angels, however, represent artificial constraints. It's worth noting that, when one angel becomes convinced of the truth of Blake's ideas, he becomes a devil. This suggests that when Heaven and Hell are "wed", it won't mean angels and devils living in harmony; that would mean that repression coexisted with spiritual freedom, which is absurd. All the angels will have to become devils!

Blake's most famous work, *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, is itself an example of contraries. The main theme of this work is that innocence is not naïve inexperience, but rather an ongoing affirmation of life; and experience is not sinful loss of innocence, but rather life itself, the world in which we learn our lessons and take our pick of delights. When we confuse these states with stupidity and jadedness, we come to repress our desires and stultify our powers.

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell is about the reciprocal importance of contraries as social and cultural forces. In one passage, Blake introduces the idea of a conflict between creative geniuses and their contemporaries, which he defines in terms of contrariety:

> [O]ne portion of being, is the Prolific. the other, the Devouring: to the devourer it seems as if the producer was in his chains, but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence and fancies that the whole.
> But the Prolific would cease to be Prolific unless the Devourer as a sea recieved the excess of his delights.
> ...
> These two classes of men are always upon earth, & they should be enemies; whoever tries to reconcile them seeks to destroy existence. (40)

The prolific are the poets and artists that Blake described as creating the gods (38), but they are also godlike in their own respect: "Some will say, Is not God alone the Prolific? I answer, God only Acts & Is, in existing beings or Men." (40) "God" only creates insofar as the prolific create. Creation is a divine activity, and by using one's imaginations, one becomes divine. It is clear that the only Gods Blake thinks are worth talking about are you and me, here and now, united in celebrating our visionary power or "Poetic Genius," the imagination. To celebrate God is to do exactly what one does in celebrating society, be it local or universal: to pay honour to the greatest among us.[6]

A pair of contraries, and their negation, form a triad. In *Milton*, Blake refers to "three Classes of Men [who] take their fix'd destinations/They are the Two Contraries & the Reasoning Negative." (98) These three classes are named "The Elect," "The Redeem'd," and "The Reprobate." (100) Two of these correspond with the two classes given above; one is a new introduction.

These names are a play of diabolical irony: "elect" is a pejorative for Blake, and "reprobate" is an honorary title. The elect represent the negative; they are the self-elect, self-righteous, self-appointed guardians and judges of public and private virtue. They are the ones who try to "reconcile" the prolific and the devouring, and who therefore "[seek] to destroy existence." Their figurehead is Jehova, whom Blake also calls "Satan" (a term Blake uses with the traditional connotation of being the enemy of life—in Blake's mythology, Satan is not a devil, but God himself, enemy of the devils). Blake also calls this character "Urizen," which is believed to be a play on "your reason," ie. reductive hyperrationalism, and on the word "horizon," ie. the "bound or outer circumference" of energy, taken on a life of its own.[7] The sin of the elect is what Blake calls "selfhood," meaning solipsism and hypocritical self-deceit.

The Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed in Sun

The redeemed, what Blake calls the "devouring" in *Marriage*, represent the vast majority of people, living under the yoke of the elect's moral concepts, but finding vicarious liberation in the art and vitality of the third class, the reprobate. This group, which Blake calls the "prolific" in *Marriage*, consists of iconoclasts and creative geniuses. The reprobate are always at odds with the redeemed, but this is the condition of their creativity. These two classes are enemies, but their mutual antagonism is the engine of cultural development and personal achievement. They need each other. Their real adversaries are the elect, who pose as teachers and holy guides, founders of servile religious customs and self-appointed censors of morals.

Blake's Christianity: An Apology

Blake considered himself a lover of Christ and a hater of Satan. But he also considered himself a lover of devils and a hater of the Jehovah figurehead.[8] He advocated luscious indulgence in sensual pleasures and the destruction of moral codes. Obviously, his idea of what "Christian" means is a little different from what's being sold in church sermons and political speeches. Is there any way to reconcile this seeming contradiction?

Blake didn't consider Jesus to have any credible claim to miraculous birth. He denied immaculate conception, and suggested that Jesus was conceived in adultery. This makes Jesus the product of an enlightened household: to Blake's mind, it meant that Joseph had learned not to treat Mary's experience as a sin that negated her innocence (her figurative virginity—a quality Blake attributes even to whores if they want it). Blake also didn't comment on any of Jesus's other alleged miracles, but refers lightheartedly to him in passing as a "wine bibber." But if there was nothing especially miraculous about Jesus, what's Blake's attraction?

A clue to Blake's understanding of the Christ myth can be found in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. A devil and an angel are engaged in debate—the passage is worth quoting at length:

> [The devil says:] The worship of God is. Honouring his gifts in other men each according to his genius. and loving the greatest men best, those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there is no other God.
> The Angel hearing this became almost blue but mastering himself he grew yellow, & at last white pink & smiling, and then replied,
> Thou Idolater, is not God One? & is not he visible in Jesus Christ? and has not Jesus Christ given his sanction to the law of ten commandments and are not all other men fools, sinners, & nothings?
> The Devil answer'd; bray a fool in a mortar with wheat. yet shall not his folly be beaten out of him: if Jesus Christ is the greatest man, you ought to love him in the greatest degree; now hear how he he has given his sanction to the law of ten commandments: did he not mock at the sabbath, and so mock the sabbaths God? murder those who were murderd because of him? turn away the law from the woman taken in adultery? steal the labor of others to support him? bear false witness when he omitted making a defence before Pilate? covet when he pray'd for his disciples, and when he bid

them shake off the dust of their feet against such as refused to lodge them? I tell you, no virtue can exist without breaking these ten commandments: Jesus was all virtue, and acted from impulse: not from rules. (43)

This is obviously an idiosyncratic interpretation of the New Testament, but that's beside the point:

the conventional gods. This is Blake's way of tacitly connecting Albion's power with that of the devils in *Marriage*. Blake didn't believe in any God to judge sins or absolve sinners; he believed that it was up to human beings to understand the problems destroying their culture, and to redeem themselves by learning to celebrate difference and conflict.

All of these propositions are found within the covers of *The Satanic Bible*, and together they define the core dogmas of modern Satanism. And we need not let Blake's avowed Christianity dissuade us from claiming him as a forebear;—for, whereas Blake said fondly of the poet Milton "he was…of the Devils party without knowing it," our friend Blake was of the Devil's party and he

ARISTOTLE:
The Satanic Philosopher

By Warlock Draconis Blackthorne

"Dear to me is Plato, but more dear to me is truth." *Aristotle*

Amongst the great pillars of ancient Greece, while other notable philosophers were discussing a "Third Realm" which was the predecessor for the idea of the Christian "Heaven" (as subsequently and typically plagiarized by the likes of St. Thomas Aquinas and criminals like Constantine), there arose a wizened Magus from Strogira who was to be known as "The Father of Science and Logic" who founded a philosophy devoid of sanctimonious fantasizing and presumption, earth-based on Empiricism. He did not believe in a heaven nor a hell. ("There is no heaven of glory bright, no hell where sinners roast." *The Satanic Bible*, Book of Satan IV, 2.)

As a young student in Athens, he quickly established himself as being outstanding, and eventually studied under Plato for twenty years, who became both his teacher and friend. He learned, then pioneered, not only philosophy, but human anatomy and astronomy. As he evolved, he would come to develop differences of opinion with Plato's and Socrates' Absolutism; becoming more akin to The Sophists, who were Objective Relativists, asserting that truth changes over time.

The Sophists: Ancient World Satanists

I contend that the philosophies of Sophism are an equivalent with that of Satanism. While Socrates and his ilk were Absolutists—believing in an unbreakable standard of virtually unknown criterion, an ideal ultimately fashioned by his own ego as it could never really be known—his methods for thinking would be continually used, establishing an indelible impression on history. The Sophists believed that anything and everything had a relative consideration according to each individual. The Sophists essentially practiced and propagated individuality over herd consciousness. They were the classic "travelling Magi," charging listeners money for their wise contemplations in order to survive and gain comfort, and that is as it should be.

Socrates' Absolutism is akin to the Judeo-Christian ideals of mental slavery. Take the example of the contemplation of a piece of artistry. Its beauty is experienced through each individual's perception, but Socrates' perception was to strive towards a phantom "ideal" that could never be realized. As a matter of fact, the legend of Socrates can be quite readily compared to that of the Nazarene myth, as both were tragic figures. Socrates was executed by the state with poison, whereas the Jesus character masochistically committed suicide via the Roman state. The Nazarene legend may be derived from the Socrates legend. It has served as an archetype which, as Joseph Campbell would assert, serves as a metaphorical moral of subsequent mythologies. One emerges from the other.

While Plato and Socrates believed all manner of beauty was a reflection of an ideal set forth in some immaterial celestial *Third Realm*, Aristotle observed what actually existed, judging impressions on a selective basis as well as analyzing human motivations and deeds through ethical evaluation, not moralistic presumption.

He utilized Syllogism, a fact-finding process based on pure sense. Example: "All persons are mortal. Socrates is a person. Therefore, Socrates is mortal." This may seem a bit simplistic these days, but it must be understood that he was born into an era when many philosophies consisted of "pre-Christian Christianity", as it were, where people were worshipping gods who were depicted as being avaricious, cruel, and tyrannical, and whose followers adhered to absurd metaphysical posturing and delusional points of view, similar to what could now be referred to as "mandated archetypes" imposed upon all matter, including human form. So it was revolutionary to bring a semblance of hardcore reason into a daydreaming climate of intellectual meandering. One might think that Aristotle could have been the first atheistic philosopher. However, as rational as he was, he also asserted a belief in a "God-form"—what Jung would eventually refer to as an *archetype*—a Force in Nature serving as a model of perfection for the universe. Satanism joins the gap between psychology and religion and Metaphysics can serve as the bridge to connect us to the Abyss of the Subconscious, as Freud would label it. Jung would assert it assists one to understand the Shadow Side of the mind.

This force Aristotle named "The Unmoved Mover", which only thinks of itself—the perfect mind/psyche, an ideal to personify. One was to resonate with it, to become the incarnation of that wholeness. (St. Thomas later usurped it as the Catholic god, as Catholicism capitalized on Aristotle's science.) All outside this consideration is pure empiricism. And here is the attitude taken within and outside The Ritual Chamber. That is, during The Satanic Ritual, all is possible, as one is omniscient, omnipresent, and omnipotent—the total god.

While others supposed that the *soul* (The *psyche* and the *soul*, were seen as one in the same) ascended into a spiritual realm, Aristotle recognized that death is the end of the soul/psyche in a tangible form, except for what is left behind in the form of accomplishment and innovation. And so, since there was no afterlife per se, it makes this life all the more precious.

He believed in potentialities and transformation, that everything is a combination of what it is, and what it could be—in short, evolution. No "good" and "evil" concept, but that the soul/psyche is the same from the day we are born until the day we die. This meant that there is no moral implication, but rather ethical applications, as everything is judged according to a subjective sense, not a blanket of superficial piety.

Aristotle was invited to Pella by King Phillip of Macedonia to tutor his son between the ages of thirteen to seventeen, who was none other than Prince Alexander The Great, who eventually embarked upon his conquests at age twenty, lasting until his death at age thirty-three. (This could very well be more evidence of plagiarism by Christians from the Ancient World to form the Jesus-myth as Jesus was said to have died at age thirty-three.)

Aristotle returned to Athens, but did not rejoin Plato's Academy; instead, he founded his own school called "The Lyceum" in 529 b.c. (which literally translates into "Path of The Wolves," and wolves are an established Satanic icon of grace and strength), where he and his students would walk through the wilderness teaching and discussing amongst Nature for mind and body interaction, instead of being contained within a particular room. Aristotle thought the mind would be more receptive in this manner, and I am inclined to agree. He called this group the "Peripatetics," which translates into "to walk around." The Lyceum thrived until Justinian closed it down calling it "a school for pagans and heretics," which may have been accurate from his point of view.

The Key to Aristotle's philosophy can be demonstrated in the following graph:

Actuality > Form > Immaterial
Potential > Matter > Material
= Combination of Both.

What is, and what can be. Ergo, Transformation. What Dr. LaVey observed as positive thinking and positive actions adding up to results in *The Satanic Bible*. Thought + Action (Magic Will) = Totality, completion (Pro-Action).

Additionally, Aristotle identified *The Four Causes* with which to claim scientific Knowledge. *The Four Causes* are four questions:

Process of Empirical Dialectics

Formal: What is it?
Material: What is it made of?
Efficient: What is it made by?
Final Cause: What is it made for?

And so, instead of accepting anything at face value, mental or matter, or because of some spiritual platitude, much less chalking it up to some "god/s, goddess/es," here is that wonderful Luciferian element of doubt opening the gate to truth and mental emancipation/liberation.

Contingent with "The Unmoved Mover," which can be seen in more of a macrocosmic sense as an outward example to evolve towards, Aristotle also revealed an internal element he called *Entelechy*, the dynamic of growth and development which is comparable to The Dark Force in Nature Satan whose vibration permeates all evolution/matter and ether.

"The Unmoved Mover," a paradox in itself, a reconciliation of apparent opposites, was said to have operated according to desire in whatever form. Lust, the exercise of The Will—whether for vengeance, justice, compassion, sexual yearning, desire for wealth, authority, fame, prestige, and other selfish motivations/natural dispositions and inclinations—is directly resonant with the Satan-Force, with characteristics of same. It is whole in and of itself, yet to the Satanist it is potential force, an ethereal connection which may serve to magnify one's Sorcery and knowledge/wisdom.

To Aristotle, the meaning of life is happiness, which is equated with "excellent thinking" or "Arete." Actuality of the soul/psyche in accordance with virtue and happiness is the result of good thinking, as in "Strength Through Joy." To achieve virtue, there must be balance (Balance, The Center = The Third Side). This is best exemplified by "The Golden Mean."(Which has nothing to do with the so-called "Golden Rule," which became more Christian terminological plagiarism.) I quote: "Virtue carried to an extreme is vice." In other words, "Indulgence, not compulsion."

BALANCE

Left: VICE <—VIRTUE—>VICE: Right

Works in every case with two exceptions—that of murder and rape. All forms of indulgence except that which may encroach upon the free will of another who may not desire nor appreciate it. There is no scenario which justifies these crimes, which is not to be confused with personal or national self-defense.

Ultimately, this analysis demonstrates that the Satanic type and the "blindlight" type have been present since the dawn of history. Aristotle was the de-facto Satanist of the Ancient Greek world, as virtually everything he taught is comparable to Satanic Philosophy. The concepts and methods of Aristotle are yet further additions to our "occultural roots" to consider and apply in theory and practice.

Delusions of Godhood

By Agent Cyanide

"You are your own God."

Okay. It's a common quote from "satanists," I know. But have you ever really sat to think about it for a second? I think two things must be noted about that quote right off the bat.

First off is the word "you." "*You* can be your own God." This is so misinterpreted, it's almost not funny. Sure, some people have the potential to shake the herd mentality and become ruler of their own lives. It could even be figured (on an optimistic day) that *everyone* has that potential, even if it's unrealized.

If we follow that train of thought out (or at least in my slightly askew way of looking at it), we need to connect the words *you* and *God*. If *you* are your own *God*, then you're just being yourself and running your own life. Easy enough right? Common sense to any Satanist, right? Sure…but what if *you* are a loser who's incapable of running a toaster, let alone an entire life? It stands to reason, then, that your *God* is a loser as well. Not all men are created equal, so not all Gods are equal either.

I think the error I've seen with this quote is that people tend to read it as "You are God." Then, with their minds still unable to break away from the herd's mental picture of *God*, they think that they have it in themselves to be (at the very least) great people. The sad truth is, if you're a loser, you'll most likely be a loser for the rest of your days. Call yourself a Satanist. Hell, fork over your hard-earned burger-flipping paycheck and get yourself a red card. Does that make you special? No.

I've seen people calling themselves Satanists (some even card carrying) whose arrogant posturing is so empty that they'd only be useful as a piñata…only without the benefit of the swell candy after someone finally does take a stick to their shit.

Why? Well…because they are all Gods. But think of this before claiming to be a God: Even the Christian God supposedly backed up his bullshit with something (in his case it was said to be plagues and fireballs). If you're a God…don't be an empty one.

The other thing about the "You can be your own God" quote that I want to mention (and I'll make this one shorter...I promise) are the words "your own." That means you are God of *your* life...not anyone elses. If you want to worship yourself and praise yourself...fine. Just don't get so wrapped up in your "divine grandeur" that you don't realize that the God next to you is about to kick your ass if you don't sit down, shut up, and act like a gentleman.

This is especially true when you're in another God's temple. If we're all Gods, a little respect and foresight might save us from having another God's trident / lightning bolt / pitchfork shoved in our *tuchas*.

In the end, I guess I'd amend the "You are your own God" quote a bit for clarity. "I am my own God. There is a slim possiblity that you could be your own God if you want. But you won't get there by looking to the 'Satanic community' for support, as all Gods are self-centered and interested in their own worlds. Turn around, walk away and forge your own path."

KISS MY SATANIC ASS!

A Guide to the Science of Insulting

By Blackjack

Welcome, readers, to the glorious world of the insult. Insulting people, like many other talents, is a skill that takes patience, practice, and diligent study to perfect. As a form of communication, the insult has been around since the beginning of man. Well, I'm pretty sure it has. Come on, do you actually expect me to research this? Anyway, I'm sure if one was to closely examine the writings found on cave walls, they would find an exchange similar to this one:

"Blargh"

"Ughh"

"You suck off mastodons!"

"With your mouth!"

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah!"

"Plarg!"

"Glinth!"

At this point, they beat each other senseless with clubs

As universal as the insult is, it can often be ignored by historical scribes. Take, for example, the omission of this gifted heckler during Abraham Lincoln's famous Gettysburg Address:

Abe: "Four scores and seven years ago,"

Heckler: "Hey, Lincoln, I had four scores with your wife last night!"

Abe: "Our forefathers,"

Heckler: "Speaking of four fathers, ask Mary Todd why your son has my eyes!"

Abe: "umm...err...dedicated to the proposition,"

Heckler: "I propositioned Mary Todd to perform the "Chinese basket trick" on me. Damn it was good!"

Abe: "Somebody get this asshole out of here!

Heckler: "You're a bum, Lincoln. Somebody ought to shoot your ass!"

Despite their omission from the pages of history, a true Satanist knows that the insult is often a necessary tool to get through daily life. In a perfect world, adversaries would disdain the insult, and settle disputes strictly based on the issues at hand. However, experience has shown that this rarely happens. So, it would be in your best interest to be able to defend yourself against a barb-hurling opponent. Luckily, for you, I have spent many years fine-tuning the perfect way to inform a nemesis that his or her heritage involves livestock. So, relax, grab a beverage, and allow Professor Blackjack to teach you Insult 101!

One of the most common comparisons to insult sparring is professional wrestling. Therefore, to be proficient in hurling insults, it helps to think of your verbal arsenal as "wrestling holds." Like wrestlers, you will find certain insults (or holds) that you are proficient at, and ones that you are not.

Lesson 1: Be Creative

Creativity is generally what separates an "insult bad-ass" from a pretender. Signs of a pretender include

—Cliché retorts like "Fuck you", "Suck my dick", "Your mother"

—Excessive profanity

—Emphasizes volume and vehemence over substance

To show you what I mean, here is an example between a "pretender insult" and a "creative insult":

Pretender: "Your mother sucks dick!"

Creative: "Your mother gives rim-jobs to drunken rugby fans!"

Now, see how the use of creativity makes the insult more effective? "Your mother sucks dick" is trite, and doesn't allow the listener to paint much of a visual picture. Besides, is it really that much of an insult? Assuming your mother is a fairly sexually-liberated woman, it is highly possible that she does, in fact, suck dick.

On the other hand, the creative version (besides using the funnier sounding "rim-job" to denote oral sex) allows the listener to visualize the opponent's mother as an inebriated rugby player's sex toy. Much more effective and guaranteed to cause much more damage. Remember, as insults often happen in a public forum, use your creativity and humor to get the spectators on your side.

Lesson 2: Finding a weak spot and exploiting it

This technique is really no different from what might happen in a physical fight. For instance, a boxer might notice that his opponent drops his right when he jabs. That fighter then would exploit that weakness to his advantage. In an insult battle, the same principle applies. When you have verbally sparred with an opponent long enough, you will notice areas that they are particularly sensitive to. Here are some examples:

—If your opponent is proud of their intellectual prowess, constantly attack it. Don't just say, "you're stupid." That would fall into the "pretender" category. Use creative scenarios to highlight your opponent's lack of intellect. Suggest that they think Enochian keys are found in hardware stores. If your opponent is female, suggest that she needs an abacus to count her breasts. Also, if the opponent has a specific area of expertise, then exploit that. For instance, if your opponent claims to be a master of Chemistry, suggest that the most complex form of Chemistry he or she understands is making a glass of Ovaltine. It doesn't matter if the opponent knows more about the subject area than you do. Skillfully crafted insults can eliminate this deficit.

—Of course, there are many more subjects to exploit than intellect. Sometimes, they can be gender-based. If your opponent is a man, then attacking sexual prowess is often very effective. Again, creativity is the key, here. Simply saying something like "you have a small penis" is in pretender-land. However, if you hint that the opponent is so sexually deficient that his hand

requested a platonic relationship, you will score many more points. As for women, the most common technique used is to paint them as "easy." By now, you should understand that saying "you're a whore" is a pretender insult. Instead, suggesting that the woman gets used more often than hair gel at a Backstreet Boys concert is the way to go.

—Believe it or not, some techniques are specific to Satanists. The most common of these is to suggest that your opponent is not a "real" Satanist. Keeping with the theme of this lesson, use your creativity once again to exploit this weakness. Tell everyone involved that your opponent's Satanic hero is Count Chocula. Claim that your opponent thinks "Hail Satan" is something to be found on the Weather Channel. However, a word of warning—have patience. Dialogues about who is a "real Satanist" can go on forever.

Lesson 3: Find techniques that work for you and keep at it

One of the most common comparisons to insult sparring is professional wrestling. Therefore, to be proficient in hurling insults, it helps to think of your verbal arsenal as "wrestling holds." Like wrestlers, you will find certain insults (or holds) that you are proficient at, and ones that you are not. Here are some of the most common holds in insult fighting:

The Rainstorm: This hold is simply is a constant barrage of cheap insults. Insult novices often use it liberally. For this to work, you simply fire away as much as you can for however long you can. Here is a typical "Rainstorm":

> "Fuck you, you piece of shit. You're a bastard. Everybody you know is a bastard. The tennis partners of everybody you know are all bastards, too. You suck! You suck a lot! Did I say you suck? I did, because you suck! Piece of crap, you suck!"

I personally am not a fan of Rainstorm due to the lack of creativity. However, even a novice can use it to wear an opponent down. The trick with this is to never stop—keep rambling like a mental patient. Your goal is to frustrate your opponent and make them give up.

The Sarcasm Slingshot: This hold is simply taking what is thrown at you and responding with sarcastic remarks. Sarcasm's effect can vary, depending on the (ta-daa) creativity involved. A typical use of the Slingshot would be like this:

Opponent: "Satanism is about sexual freedom."

You: "Yeah, like you've been laid this century!"

A better use of the Slingshot would be like this:

Opponent: "Satanism is about sexual freedom."

You: "Yeah, from what I understand, Japanese tourists ring your freedom bell all the time!"

Overall, though, the Slingshot is a better defensive hold than anything else. Its effect wears off quickly if overused.

The Absurdity Powerslam: This is a good, and underused hold. Remember that the best insults leave an impact. Absurd references leave a more lasting impression than common ones. However, a word of caution—the Powerslam must involve an absurdity that the audience can relate to. If nobody gets the reference, it is ineffective (ask comedian Dennis Miller about this one). Here is a good Powerslam:

Opponent: "Kiss my ass, you bastard."

You: "How can I take you seriously when you are sitting on a chair made of Legos?"

Now, which one made a larger impression on your mind? The absurdity of the "Lego Chair" makes your opponent seem silly, and is bound is confuse him or her. After all, how exactly do you respond to that charge? If nothing else, it will give you more time to come up with another insult. Since Powerslams are hard to respond to, the opponent often counters it with a Rainstorm. Which, you should take as a victory in itself.

The Dual-Alliteration Death Drop: This one happens to be my favorite hold. For those of you who do not know, alliteration is a literary technique where you combine words that begin with the same first letter (such as the title of the hold). My experience has shown that alliteration gives an insult more impact. Here are some examples of the Death Drop:

> "You manchowder-swilling moo-cow."
>
> "You tourette's syndrome twat." (Actually used against a practitioner of Rainstorm.)
>
> "You dolphin-flogging dimwit."
>
> "You reptile-fucking retard."

As you can see, the use of absurdity greatly enhances the Death Drop's effect. Of course, alliteration is not limited to the dual mode. Feel free to use it for as long of an insult as you wish. For instance:

> "You dog-fucking, desperately seeking attention, doesn't know shit, dirty-dances with domestic animals dickhead."

Obviously, the possible holds are not limited to the ones I've listed. Feel free to create your own, and give it a cool-sounding name. Let your opponent know that they have just felt the wrath of your "tilt-a-whirl momma slam!" I will be sure to salute you, assuming I am not the recipient.

This ends today's class on Insulting 101. While you might not be an "insult bad-ass" just yet, properly incorporating the techniques and suggestions given above will give you a good start. This class certainly does not suggest that you let every discussion degenerate into an insult fight. However, when it does happen, fire away, and pin your opponent for the 1-2-3. Perhaps, someday, you and I might find ourselves on opposite sides of the insult ring. Until then, study hard, and take care!

You waste of carbon, wanna-be somebody, who's my mother?, whacking off non-stop, whining, worthless hair on a wolverine's testicle! ✶

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THE SATANIC HUMOUR OF THE GREAT

Benny Hill

By Colonel Akula

"What's that in the road...a head?"

And with that, I was hooked.

April 20, 1992 was a dark day indeed. It was the day that the last of the world's truly great funny men died of a heart attack while watching television in his small, London flat.

I had been a fan of his work even before I was old enough to understand it. As a young rascal of five years of age, I took my cues from him and learned how to peek up a sexy lady's skirt with skill. His suggestive eyes and masterful facial expressions conveyed more than catch phrases and one-liners ever could.

His comedy crossed the boundaries of language and nationality and struck a chord with an international audience, even us wee children who were punished by Mum for watching him. He gave me more laughs than Bugs Bunny and more of an education on the true nature of humanity than any university prof ever did. He was the closest thing to a hero that I have ever had.

He left behind a fortune estimated at nearly a billion British pounds and a legacy of over forty-seven years as the most internationally recognized comedian since his idol Charlie Chaplin and the only man whom Chaplin himself deemed worthy of his mantle. On the day of his passing, the national television service in China halted programming to broadcast his obituary and comedians around the world—well, the good ones anyway—knew that an age had ended.

By the time of his death he and his craft had fallen prey to the most embarrassing assaults, jeers and criticisms that the left wing, crystal-wielding, self-hating, Oprah-induced army could launch. His humour was deemed out of place and inappropriate in the new era of political correctness. In short he had become a dinosaur; one that was quickly buried and dismissed as a mere misogynist pig by the humourless, effeminate rhetoric treasured by the dregs of the "Self-Help" herd.

Yet for those of us who remember him, he was undoubtedly the most creative, gifted and Satanically insightful comedian ever to grace the stage.

Do you remember him?

NO?

Well let me paint you a picture:

"Lolita was rich when I met her but she went and she threw it away. She invested it all in a chicken farm and then found out the rooster was gay."

Its 10:00 on a weeknight, Dad has had a few and is sitting in his reclinable leather throne eagerly preparing himself for a *boobuliscious* adventure. You wander into the room and your senses are instantly bombarded with hot, jazzy saxophone music and images of what I call a Carnival of Carnality.

Half-naked women are pursued by chubby, bald, dirty old lechers. Transvestite bishops in black, frilly lingerie whiz by at triple speed. Bottom-pinching, red-devil sock puppets and face-slapping burlesque girls dance aboard a cruise ship while a tiny, bald dwarf-like codger is repeatedly hit on his melon-shaped head with just about anything imaginable including fish, salami and severed clown feet. Bras and panties rain down from above while a gorilla plays the violin. Dancing clowns, bicycle-riding skeletons, and a troupe of werewolves skip by in a kick-line as a bear performs Kung Fu. Chubby, tall pensioners with a passion for pink knickers fry eggs on Marie Antoinette's ass and dead pigeons fall from the sky as a turtle jumps through a ring of fire.

Outhouses explode as a five year old school girl feeds both mouths of a two-headed dog followed by a string of Royal Canadian Mounted Police officers riding by on the backs of withered, old washer-women. And to top it off, some of the most titillating and beautifully exotic dancing girls ever to appear on-screen gyrate for your viewing pleasure while singing "Runaway."

Now don't tell me that this is not a work of sheer genius.

"I'll hide and if you catch me you can steal a kiss from me. And if you cannot find me I'll be right behind that tree."

The term "genius" is too light of a title to bestow upon this legend of laughter. Benny Hill could channel more talent, creativity and insight into a single pat of a blonde lady's arse than any today's painfully bland and cumbersome, modern "comics" ever could.

The raw, burlesque humour that Benny let loose like a cannon blast of giggles from a hot pink howitzer obliterates the popular stand up "observational humour" that bores me to tears. No situation makes me appreciate the scope of the loss left by Benny's death than by witnessing the endless parade of untalented, badly dressed whiners standing in front of a brick wall in some smoke-filled club as they spew out mindless diatribes about their personal ineptitude, bad sexual encounters, the state of the city's cab-drivers and embarrassing menstrual incidents. Sorry Mr. Seinfeld but you just don't measure up.

Benny Hill could not only poke fun at everyday stupidity but he also offered a smorgasbord of comedic talents that ranged from political satire, slapstick humour, song writing, burlesque, puppetry, sight gags, prop comedy, masque performance, parody, mimicry, costume comedy, and cinematic sorcery not seen since the Silent Era.

If it was funny, he could do it and now all we have is Jeff Foxworthy.

"You know my dear, you really are very... pathetic."

Throughout his life and career, Benny, (or "King Leer" as he was later dubbed) demonstrated a keen understanding of human nature and possessed a talent for finding the Satanic in everyday life. He drew the audience into his madcap menagerie with his cherubic face and sexually suggestive eyes in a manner that was almost entrancing.

Born Alfred Hawthorne Hill in 1924 in South Hampton, this energetic son of a circus acrobat-turned-pharmacist ran away from home at sixteen to joint a travelling carnival. (Where have I seen that before?)

After a stint in the Service Corps during World War Two, "Alfie" as he was known back then travelled in an assortment of circuses, carnivals and worked odd jobs as a milk cart driver while also working nights as a clown and prop comic as he perfected his off-beat sense of comedic timing, physical comedy and genetic knack for finding an audience's funny bone.

But it wasn't until the advent of television in the early 1950s that Benny let the beast out of the bag, so to speak. With a new forum that allowed him to be seen by people beyond the first five rows, Alfie adopted Benny (after comedian Jack Benny) as his new moniker, left his Big Top roots and began a career in the new medium; one that he would later re-define the limits of and expand to new heights of wonder and amazement.

"Gentlemen, wouldn't you like to see your wives in something long and flowing?"

"Yeah the river!"

The Benny Hill Show quickly became the most popular program on the BBC, eventually leading to a career with Thames television that would last for over thirty years. The success of the show was due to Benny's ability to tap directly into the

primal instincts and long-repressed carnality of British society.

A master of the sexual double-entendre and a gifted, self-taught musician, Benny brought the peep-show voyeurism and burlesque shenanigans of Britain's docks and back alleys to every "respectable" living room. His bawdy, slapstick humour simultaneously tickled and attacked the common man, a being whom he despised and mocked whenever possible.

His sight gags, double takes, satires, parodies and high-speed antics paid homage to such masters as Chaplin, Keaton and Lloyd. Only these gags were peppered with Benny's secret, sexy spices.

"This summer in fashion, see-through blouses are in."

"I'll look into that!"

But seriously now folks, the man could create a sexual theme out of anything. Just look at the way he portrayed jiggling custard tarts, cherry muffins, wine cakes and modelling clay. His sense of physical comedy was strengthened by his creative manipulation of the camera lens. Sketches were often filmed and later played triple speed or sometimes in reverse to create utterly ludicrous images and gut-bustingly riotous gags.

His puppeteer's skill at cinematography gave Benny the seemingly magical ability to re-light a candelabra with one flick of a dominatrix's whip or to send a French Musketeer flying up the side of *la Bastille* with one left hook. His experience as a prop comic allowed him to craft the most insanely hilarious contraptions including those that made him appear to ride on the back of an ostrich, police officer or British housewife. This was all done without the use of CGI or any special effects, which often give more creative power to the mouse pad than the mind. Television was still in its infancy. There were no rules. Nothing was "simply not done" and Benny was free to take the potential of television to its utmost as he broke the fourth wall, crossed the line of sexual innuendo and made a statement on what truly drives human interaction. He also made it funny and just possessed a gift for mocking the stupid, idiotic and moronic in human nature.

"For decades now, scientists have been searching for the Missing Link. That is the creature that lies between the brutish, ignorant animal and the cultured, refined, civilized man. And have you ever stopped to think that...maybe it's us?"

In addition to his singular talent, Benny had an all-star cast that accompanied his meteoric rise to fame. Little Jackie Wright, a former Vaudeville clown who stood barely over four foot six provided Benny with an ample target to smash, slap, kick or squirt a collection of fluids and hurl objects at, specifically his garlic-clove-shaped head.

Bob "Toddy" Todd was a former Royal Air Force Colonel-turned Essex farmer with a fetish for women's clothing who played the parts of horny Archbishops, gay French border guards and the common, fat, hairy, buck-toothed gargoyle of a wife to Benny's various characters perfectly.

Henry Magee was the quintessential straight man whose stiff-ass posture and bad comb-over were the perfect *doppelgängers* for Benny to play off of during their renowned on-camera exchanges.

"Tonight we present the seven foolish virgins! Well six anyway."

Finally, who can forget the Hill's Angels? These buxom beauties not only mesmerized and captivated Benny's audience, but truly revealed the extent to which Benny understood the power of the feminine form, man's basic instinct, and the Law of The Forbidden. Benny's troupe of ripe, vivacious, scantily-clad vixens kept the fellas' eyes on the set and their boners on the ceiling for thirty years. I will tell you now that Sue Upton, the blonde beauty with the "come hither eyes" and Louise English, the raven-haired chanteuse were among my first ECIs.

Just like Charlie Brown and that fucking football, Benny's sketches illustrated the desire of every man to cop a feel, catch a glimpse or pinch a firm, round bum only to get slapped in the face. So while Benny recognized the base desires that drive human behaviour, he also understood the natural, Lesser Magic possessed by women to turn even the most pious and conservative of men into horny, mindless animals. The ladies always won and Benny always lost only to try, try again to just get a taste of real honey. The ladies were not mere objects but flirtatious, erotic goddesses that he could never, ever have. In Benny's world, women had the power. It just lay in a different place.

"I've been fighting for peace. Now I am home I want a piece of what I've been fighting for."

Benny's brand of comedy was not only hilarious but ravenously spiteful. It liberated human sexuality and exposed the carnal desires of mankind. It also attacked the reserved and joyless drudgery of religion and conservative, modern society. Nobody was safe. Benny attacked all sacred cows using his humour like a blunt mace that caused the enemy to roar with laugher as his idols were smashed by something as simple as a priest with his fly open. How can that ***not*** be funny!

"I heff been learning English for qvite sometime. Und vhen I get a new vord it goes straight up here...in my bum."

Among Benny's favourite targets were the Anglican Church, British high-society, feminists, moral crusaders, drunken buffoons and government officials. Laughter is always the best medicine, but it is also a powerful weapon. It is a mark of sheer brilliance to be able to relentlessly mock a target and have him wind up laughing at himself. That and he was just so damned funny!

Despite his brilliant cast of supporting characters, Spanish-speaking chickens, talking breasts, smiling succubae and three-legged nuns, the eye of the comedic storm was undoubtedly Benny Himself.

Not since Lon Chaney Sr. has there been a true man of a thousand faces. All Benny needed was a wig, moustache or a set of glasses and he instantly became another person. While most of the pathetically dull members of the *Kids in the Hall* and *SNL* cast adopt one or two alter egos, Benny had a new face for every scene. From Chow Mein, Emily Grimly, Dick Woodcock, Dr. Octer, Jimmy Dunny, Humphrey Bumphry, Super Teach, Henry McFudpucker, Otto Lotto, Chubby Dodds, Barry Normal, Chips Randal, Henrietta Jones, The Scarlet Pimple, Big Daddy Kincade to Patty Bottom or his maniacal portrayal of Mr. T or Idi Amin, Benny not only acted out these various roles, he ***became*** them.

The result was the most memorable television images that this century has ever seen and will never see again. Who can forget Benny's most well-known character, Sgt. Fred Scuttle with his crooked hat and Coke-bottle spectacles? These loveable characters brought Benny to castles, clubs and theatres across the world until the day of his death.

All of this amounted to a comedic formula that still gets me through a day with the mob. Many are the nights I spent laughing so hard that my bladder splattered against my kidneys and cut off the blood flow to my brain. During my teenaged years, Benny gave me hope that someone else out there thought as I did. Trust me folks, if it wasn't for him there would have been more school shootings when I was a teen.

I guess you could divide the world into those who love Benny Hill and those who are ignorant. True, his humour was base, bawdy, raunchy and sexist (completely and totally anti-men) with nymphs and curvy goddesses who held the power to entrance men with but a flick of the hips, it was also a work of pure, comic brilliance that NO comic to date has ever been able to match. Not since Charlie Chaplin has any comedian conveyed so much skill and a mind-boggling sense of timing.

Beneath his delightful, cherubic smile was a man with a venomous hatred for conformity, denial of the senses and organized religion that even I cannot match.

He made the lowest common denominator and raw instincts the subject of laugher and charm, all while pointing the finger at the dregs of humanity and its most hypocritical altruisms in a manner that was so funny, his targets could not notice that their throats were being cut. For whom the saxophone tolls? It tolls for thee!

I recall one sketch that encapsulates all that I and apparently the Doktor himself recognized in the great Benny Hill. It involves a priest asking for directions to the post office from the drunken, lecherous, Benny who is busy grabbing and gallivanting with his flock of gorgeous ladies. After aiding the confused and arrogant vicar, Benny is asked to give up the sinful life and follow the moron's blind example.

"Give up this evil life of sin and lust. Follow me my son, and I will lead you into the Kingdom of Heaven."

To which Benny, blonde in one hand and a beer in the other replies:

"Kingdom of Heaven? You can't even find your way to the bloody post office!!!"

I think that says it all.

AFTER THE ABSURD

By Father Christopher Mealie

"He was born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad"—*Sabatini*

Years ago I spent time as the manager of a New York junk store. It was an establishment made up of equal parts treasure and trash; an organic mess presenting a cross-section of oddball relics and forgotten refuse. All rotting and for sale.

A couple entered one day with the usual look of overwhelmed astonishment upon seeing the falling heaps of random stuff. The fellow exclaimed to his partner while pointing to the wall, "Oh look! It's one of those huge gag rubber cockroaches!" When it moved he screamed almost as loudly as she had. I marveled; not only was the moment funny, but it struck me as an important exemplification of how deeply embedded the mass-marketed practical joke was in our culture.

During the early part of the last century, patented practical jokes flourished into a large industry. A huge chunk of the comedy behind them was based on the absurdity that objects such as

whoopee cushions, dribble glasses and joy buzzers (patent #1845735) even existed. The mass construction of such seemingly non-utilitarian devices for the sole purpose of pranksterism added to their marginal peculiarity.

At the time, this type of jocularity was considered not only immature, but distinctly low-brow. Years later this designation has had the addition of a history that ensures that most of the world knows the punchline. With rare exception, most members of modern civilization know about the black-eye telescope, exploding matches, bugs-in-ice, black-face-soap and garlic gum. This is precisely why the populace consistently refers to these ancient ritual objects as corny. Old objects and ideas that do not correspond to one's personal morality are typically regarded as trite or cornball by the rubes, particularly if they involve the employment of antediluvian methods of mirth.

This is not to imply that the use of the traditional prankster's tools is pointless as a result of popular awareness. The true devil is conscious of this mainstream awareness and uses it to his advantage, whether the intention is conventional antics aimed at the ideal unknowing victim or calculated comedy based on the widespread recognition by the populace.

An example of the use of widespread recognition for a calculated reaction is the hilarity of Rupert Pupkin presenting his pride and joy to Jerry Langford in *The King of Comedy*. Here is a gag that is so widely known, particularly to those interested in comedy that the use of it becomes ludicrous.

Soren Sorenson Adams was one of the most influential individuals in the development of the practical joke. In 1904 he invented Cachoo sneezing powder and in 1932 he jimmied open the gates of Hell to unleash the Joy Buzzer. He devised hundreds of classic practical jokes over his long career and adhered to one basic philosophy: "Naturally the reaction should be unexpected." "What is the opposite reaction I want to create from what Mr. Average would normally expect?"

One may extrapolate from Adams' statements that the nucleus of the practical joke is the exertion of control over a situation or individual/s by creating a situation of absurdity. The prankster alters reality and events to suit their whims with the specific goal of power play and amusement. Had I planted a fake cockroach on the wall of the old junk store, the result would have been mild amusement on the part of the shopping couple and not the beautiful tragedy that it was.

Prior to the cockroach escapade I indulged myself in a barrage of post-practical-joke-practical-jokes while one of my closest comrades was the proprietor of a magic shop. Upon entering a magic or joke shop the average schnook suddenly becomes as aware as an alley cat and totally in-the-know. They will watch where they step, they will not shake your hand, they will not use your pen and they certainly will not take gum from you.

How does the practical joker in this situation exert control and turn normal expectations into the bizarre? In a place where two people wearing joy buzzers shake hands what becomes the unexpected? Giving folks exactly what they expect is a sure way of making them comfortable; this was of course avoided. A deadpan atmosphere was generally prevalent in order to dispel the expectations of those seeking amusement. An assortment of innocuous pens, lighters and candy were always kept in plain sight. They were rarely used but were often examined quietly. Instead of the hit-parade of usual prankster favorites, exit handles and counter-tops were rigged with an electric current. A marked collection of non-dribbling glasses in dribble-glass packaging was kept on hand for the occasional obnoxious buyer. When any kind of prank was enacted it was done in either the most flat or most bombastically malevolent way possible. Dour and un-charismatic individuals would come in the store to learn magic tricks; after careful instruction and sale they were coaxed to demonstrate. The results were hilariously inept and they were always encouraged wildly to pursue their endeavors and beautify the world with their gift. Only when a rare individual exhibiting a sincere interest and sharp humor showed up would the expected carnival resume.

When gags were used on the premises for uses other than demonstration, they would be more unusual examples that were totally unexpected. Coffee mugs of sodium polyacrylate powder, or Super Gel were kept ready for demonstration. When the powder comes into contact with liquid it turns to a thick gel; the glass can be shaken in the person's face without liquid leaving the cup. On one occasion the powder disappeared before a demonstration and left an annoying middle aged woman covered in water asking "What's the magic?"

Once the unexpected becomes expected by an audience or a victim the greatest way to exert control over them is by devising exactly what they would never imagine, especially when it seems most ridiculous. It is in this exact way that nations have been conquered, palms have been buzzed and ego's deflated ✱.

S.S. Adams quotes from *The Saturday Evening Post*, June 1, 1946

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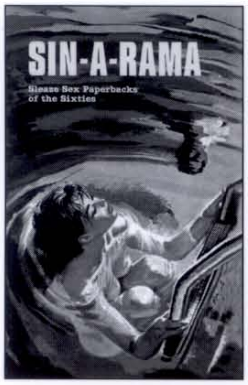

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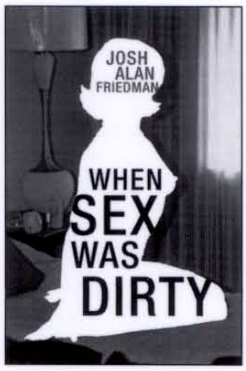

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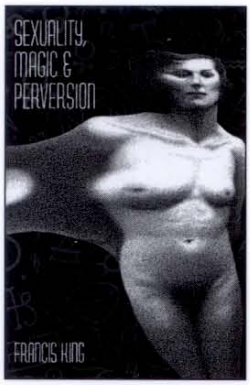

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