The Black Pope

by Burton H. Wolfe

The Authentic Biography of Anton Szandor LaVey
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The Black Pope

Part One
Introduction

In the wake of a shattering divorce, I searched during the late 1960’s for a way of life different from the one that had failed me. It was during those days that I grew a full beard, moved into the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco, and wrote The Hippies (New American Library, 1968). It was also then that I indulged in some sexual experimentation, partly within the Sexual Freedom League.

The mindless promiscuity entailed in Sexual Freedom League gatherings was not for me. One of its sponsored lectures, however, caused me to produce several magazine articles and a book which in turn led to this present book. That one lecture was an explanation by Anton Szandor LaVey of modern Satanism as a philosophy and way of life.

During the late 1960’s numerous stories about Anton, dressed in devil garb featuring a horned cowl and black cape, were appearing frequently on the front pages of daily newspapers and the covers of national magazines. I was intrigued by his audacity in appearing that way in public and by the title of the organization which he had created: Church of Satan. I wondered if his act was just a money-making scam. Was Anton a mere showman? Or was he seriously mocking Christianity and creating an antithesis to its religions and churches?

To my surprise, Anton’s lecture revealed him in a light different from what I had expected. He came across as an intellectual who was serious about what he was doing. His lecture fit its billing. It was a dissertation on Satanism as a way of life and the underlying philosophy leading to that way of life: a philosophy that was grounded upon a rejection of deity worship within a faith-based religion and devotion instead to a materialistic existence based on a perverted reading of the Darwinian survival-of-the-fittest concept, accompanied by a view toward uninhibited reveling in carnality.

Though Anton’s lecture was philosophical and it was filled with literary references, I was not convinced that he was as serious as he sounded. If he rejected deity, why dress as The Devil, a deity in biblical lore, albeit named differently as Satan and Lucifer? Were he and his flock actually worshipping that deity in a church of some kind, or were the Devil and a church as popularly conceived merely being used by them symbolically or as gimmicks?
I approached Anton after he had finished talking and the Sexual Freedom League officer had closed the meeting. I introduced myself as a free-lance writer whose work had been published in many newspapers and magazines, and told him I was interested in writing an article, or maybe more than one article, about him. Until then, given my credentials, anyone I offered to write about, whether for ego satisfaction or for a chance to gain publicity, offered immediate cooperation. But Anton, though no less driven by both of those characteristics than anyone else depending upon public image, had another surprise for me. He was willing to be interviewed, but only under one condition: that I show him an assignment from the editor of a periodical with substantial circulation to write about him.

“I do not provide my time to writers working on mere speculation,” Anton said. “Show me an assignment. Then I will talk to you.”

Not only did I wind up showing him one assignment, but also I produced letters from editors of several magazines who were eager to publish articles about Anton Szandor LaVey and the Church of Satan. So it was that I gained entrance to the “black house” on California Street in San Francisco which has been a subject in scores of articles about Anton and his “church.”

As I talked with Anton, I became interested enough in the subject of Satanism past and present to develop an idea for a book about its history and famous individuals identified as Satanists. Since Anton had acquired the largest collection of books on Satanism to be found anywhere, I asked permission to read them in his library, promising to treat them with the same delicate care that he took in handling his books. He told me how very unhappy he had become when friends he had allowed to read some of the books turned the pages of them with sweaty or dirty hands. Assuring him that my hands would be clean and dry, I obtained permission to conduct research via the books in Anton’s library, and so it was that I became a daily visitor to the “black house” at 6114 California Street in San Francisco.

There was one problem: When Anton arose from his 6 a.m. to 2 p.m. sleep, or sometimes later, he wanted me to join him in the kitchen so that he could talk to me as he ate his breakfast or snacked on some kind of soup that he liked to slurp in the manner of Geezle in the Popeye comic strip which was popular at the time. I was freed for my research after an hour, but later Anton asked me to join him for philosophical discourse that continued to midnight.
The discourse was followed by Anton’s insistence on my joining him in his basement “Den of Iniquity” (to be described later in this book) for music making – Anton on organ accompanied by me on his drum set – and competition for most games earned on his pinball machine. The result was that it took me much longer to complete my research than if he had left me alone, and staying up with him until 3 or 4 in the morning exhausted me. They were not my usual hours.

In the course of spending more than a hundred days and nights with Anton in the “black house,” I became what I had not intended to be: a close friend of his. Together, we visited book stores and newsstands, fired weapons at two rifle/pistol ranges, and dined at his favorite restaurants – sometimes the two of us alone, at other times with our women.

There were rewards and adversities that resulted from my close relationship with Anton. The major reward from consistently close contact with him was that I came to know more about the man than anyone else with the exceptions of the two women who were his primary live-in companions and his two daughters. It was that useful reward, however, which led to errors in the biography of Anton and description of the Church of Satan I eventually put together.

My history of Satanism from ancient to modern times never saw print. It was rejected by more than 30 editors of major publishing houses. A few of the editors offered advice. Two of them told me that I had produced two books in one: a history of Satanism and a biography of Anton LaVey along with a study of his Church of Satan. I needed to separate them, the two editors advised.

It seemed all but certain that I was not going to be able to sell the history of Satanism, because I refused to meet the demands of editors to repeat the tortured tales of witchcraft, human and animal sacrifices, characters such as Bluebeard alleged by Christian church leaders to have been worshippers of the Devil, the fake satanic practice of the drug-addicted quack and poseur Aleister Crowley, and a lot of other nonsense that has no relevance to the subject of true Satanism. If I was not willing to include that hysterical claptrap in the book, editors told me, they were not willing to provide a contract. Since I was not willing to prostitute myself in that manner, instead of producing the history I had originally planned, I wound up writing a relatively short book about Anton and the Church of Satan. After a dozen rejections, it was accepted by the editors of Pyramid Books, which published it as The Devil’s Avenger, a 222-page, 4x7-inch paperback, in 1974.
To my shame, in writing the book I committed one of the cardinal sins that all biographers, journalists, and writers of any sort are compelled to avoid: I became too close to my subject. The result was that after checking the first round of stories Anton related to me, those that were used for magazine and newspaper articles, I stopped taking steps to make sure he was not inventing or embellishing episodes in his life, and I repeated some of his inventions.

This is not to say that my 1974 biography of Anton contains more of his inventions than fact. To the contrary, more of what he told me is true than untrue, and then there are the substantial parts of the book containing what I myself observed and my talks with Church of Satan warlocks and witches and others who hobnobbed with Anton. Those parts of the book are reliable. But there are too many stories in *The Devil’s Avenger* that contain Anton’s fabrications.

For that reason, the fate of the book turns out to have been a blessing rather than what I and Anton considered at the time to have been a disaster. When self-professed Christians spotted the book, they threatened to boycott the newsstands and book stores where it was being sold. So, the frightened proprietors returned all copies of the book to the distributor, which in turn shipped them back to the publishing house. Instead of attempting to find a way to defy the self-professed Christians who caused the problem, the top dogs of Pyramid Books decided to give in to them and to burn all copies of the book remaining in their warehouse.

They proceeded with this replica of the early Catholics’ and the Nazis’ mass destruction of literature in huge bonfires without informing Anton or me. The result was that we were bereft of a chance to buy as many of the books as we could to put in the hands of another publisher or a distributor, or to sell them ourselves if that was the only possibility left.

Consequently, just a very small percentage of the 150,000 copies of the first and only printing of the book became available; and, since neither Anton nor I managed to find a way to produce and distribute the book on our own, *The Devil’s Avenger* became a “collector’s item.” The price on the cover of the book was $3.50 (remember, this was 1974). Today, if you can manage to find a copy of it somewhere, you will have to pay an exorbitant price for the book (except for an edition in German). Amazon.com, for instance, has been selling the few used copies its buyers managed to acquire for prices ranging from $125 to $245, depending on the condition of a given copy.
In 1990 Feral House published a biography of Anton by “Blanche Barton” (Sharon Densley) titled *The Secret Life of a Satanist* and, in the same year, she self-published *The Church of Satan: A History of the World’s Most Notorious Religion* under the name “Hell’s Kitchen Productions.” But those books have not provided a true story of the man who played the role of the Devil on earth or a bona fide account of the organization he called a “church.” The subtitle of *The Secret Life of a Satanist* is “the authorized biography of Anton LaVey”: a veritable admission that “Blanche” (Sharon) wrote whatever Anton told her to write during the time when she was his mistress and amanuensis as well as the mother of one of his children – although it is true that what she also did was repeat stories from my book and expand upon and embellish them.

Though there have been numerous articles and book chapters about Anton and the Church of Satan, none of them are reliable; mostly they are hogwash. To the extent that they depend at all on the writings of “Blanche” and on the web site of the Church of Satan, or on the information that appears in Wikipedia, they are in many ways fiction rather than fact.

Inasmuch as *The Devil’s Avenger* has remained a major source of information about Anton and the Church of Satan since it first appeared in print in 1974, I have felt compelled for a long time to correct whatever is untrue or unverified, and also to update the story I told. The title I have chosen for my corrected and updated biography of Anton, *The Black Pope*, is not my invention, but rather an appellation that writers of the mass miscommunications media gave to Anton.

Although this new biography exposes flaws in Anton’s character, especially his propensity for inventing claptrap about himself and his origins, what remains is the story of an extraordinary innovator, prankster, satirist, and musician: a unique individual who had the effrontery and courage to play the bugaboo of Christianity and to confront purportedly religious, proper, conformist human beings with their hypocrisy. Upon his works and how they strike you, and upon his influence on thousands of men and women who continue to admire and even revere him, rests the final judgment of the man who played the role of the Devil’s avenger and the “Black Pope”: Anton Szandor LaVey.

*Burton H. Wolfe*

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On a foggy, Friday night in San Francisco, inside a black Victorian style house standing incongruously amid a row of pale and unremarkable homes of ordinary people, the hands of the ancient wall clock meet at twelve. It is the hour of the warlocks and witches, and of evil spirits. Time for the Satanists to begin the most vital part of their day, when no sunlight can shine upon them and there is little noise to disturb their work.

Within the sharply gabled house, a short distance from the cliffs along San Francisco Bay, three dozen members of an assemblage which is identified by their leader as a grotto are gathered in the antechamber to a chapel of infamy. Some of them stand in front of bookshelves filled with works on black magic, satanic lore, witchcraft, ghosts, werewolves, vampires, the occult, and the supernatural. A stuffed Indian bandicoot hangs from the top shelf by its tail, its mouth curled into a sardonic smile. Beneath it there is an old-fashioned black-and-white dentist’s chair, occupied by a dark-haired young woman who wears a skirt hiked well above her knees and a flimsy blouse exposing half of her breasts that are adorned with a pentagram-shaped amulet dangling from a gold chain wrapped around the pale white skin of her neck.

Across the room from the young woman, two men clothed in black turtleneck shirts, both fronted with amulets identical to the one worn by the provocative young woman in the dentist’s chair, converse intently beside a skeleton housed in a glass case. Along another side of the room, three painted women, also adorned with the pentagram-shaped amulet, chat on a sofa in front of a white marble tombstone slab fashioned into a coffee table.

Most of the men in the antechamber are conservatively dressed in dark suits, white shirts, and ties of solid colors, although a few wear red sweaters or leather jackets and black boots. The women are more flamboyant. Their faces are painted heavily with makeup, they are scented with exotic perfumes such as Jungle Gardenia, they wear lavender and orange miniskirts with tight-fitting blouses tucked into them or silk gowns, and both garbs are arranged in a way to expose much of their breasts.
The men and women chatter quietly, eyes wide with anticipation, until a figure in a floor-length robe, hooded and black, enters the antechamber. The figure is that of a tall man who has been designated an assistant priest. He announces that a midnight mass is about to begin. At once the men and women put out their cigarettes, stop talking, and line up at a door leading to an adjoining room, as previously instructed. They are a well-disciplined congregation.

Following behind the black-robed man, they file into the adjoining room that will be used as a chapel and take seats barely visible in the light that filters in from the antechamber. As soon as they are seated, the door is shut and they are immersed in total darkness. Suddenly the silence is broken with organ music that sounds like a combination of corrupted Bach, church hymns, and Teutonic airs mingled with some electronically produced effects that are reminiscent of those used for horror films. The sinister sounds from the organ continue amid the blackness for five minutes, and then a heavy knock is heard on the door and a woman clothed in the habit worn by nuns enters, carrying a burning candle in front of her. She uses it to light other candles on a stone fireplace and the lid of the organ.

Now the scene is illuminated. Facing the congregation is the organ, draped in black and topped by a human skull. The organist, too, is covered by a hooded black robe. Next to him stands the woman in nun’s habit, candle held before her face in a holy, almost angelic-looking pose. But the face is that of a blond-haired minx who looks like a miniature Jayne Mansfield and who, just half an hour before, was walking around the macabre house in a flashy dress cut to expose half of her breasts and to reveal her thighs to the edge of her panties, in the style of the actress she mimics.

Behind the nun-mocker, a black coffin stands on its lower edge, forming a hexagon. On the top of it there is a stuffed great-horned owl, eyes glowing lifelike in the reflection of the candlelight.

The walls of the chapel are black; the ceiling is blood red. Painted on the main wall to the right of the organ is a replica of the Baphomet sigil as depicted in books dealing with the occult: a goat’s head in an inverted pentagram within a circle, representing the Powers of Darkness, the generative fertility of the goat, and the carnal instincts of man. It is the Baphomet sigil that forms the face of the amulet dangling from chains on the necks of the members of the congregation.
Below the replica of the Baphomet sigil, along the mantel of a large stone fireplace, a fleshy female lies draped only in a leopard skin. To her right a pale-faced young woman, with long blond hair cascading down her black velvet robe, stands rigidly at attention with a sword held upside down in front of her. She is the High Priestess. Next to her, wearing the standard hooded black robe, an assistant priest mans a brass Chinese gong.

On the other side of the room there are three more hooded assistant priests and two naked female acolytes. A Nineteenth-Century chamber pot is concealed between them.

Beside the hooded assistants stands a powerful-looking man whose face, unlike the other male faces, is bared. Only the top of his head is covered, with a skintight cowl pierced by horns made of bones. He is the High Priest. His garments are a black cassock covered by a black gabardine cape with scarlet lining. His barbed beard and mustache are Mephistophelean. His squinting eyes, glittering in the candlelight, are satanic. His manner is solemn and commanding, his air one that seems to proclaim: “I am He.” For this is Anton Szandor LaVey, the first man in American history to organize a religion based on Devil worship and to declare himself, as the founder and leader of it, to be the emissary of Satan on Earth.

Now one of LaVey’s assistant priests, the tallest, steps away from the group and removes the leopard skin from the woman lying on the mantelpiece. Her naked white flesh is offset spectacularly by her long black hair and thick, highly arched, painted black eyebrows. A necklace supporting the Baphomet amulet hangs almost to the valley of flesh formed by her billowing breasts that shimmer wax-like in the glow of the candles. She lifts one leg, doubling it at the knee, positioning herself so that the black triangular mat of her pubic hair is barely visible. The hair from her head flows over the edge of the fireplace.

All eyes in the room are fixed upon her. She has become the altar, an altar of flesh, an altar of carnal celebration.

The tall assistant priest picks up a big brass bell, waves it over the naked altar for sanctification, and begins to ring it. Immediately the organist starts playing *The Hymn to Satan*, a corruption of Bach’s *Jesu Meine Freude*. The assistant priest revolves himself in a circle, counterclockwise, ringing the deeply-toned bell
nine times, the magic number of Satanism, to purify the air. When that is done the
High Priestess offers him the cased sword she was holding. He unsheathes it,
points it over the altar of naked flesh, and intones a somber supplication, snapping
out the words and hissing the s’s in them in simulation of a serpent.

“In nomine Dei nostri Satanas Luciferi excelsi,” he chants, as the organist
improvises low-pitched, rumbling trauma and terror music. “In the name of our
exalted god, Satan, Lucifer, Ruler of the Earth, King of the World, I command you
to come forth from the Gates of Hell and bestow the blessings of the Power of
Darkness upon us. Come forth. Come forth by the names [a pause, followed by the
biblical names for the Devil]:

“Satan [he turns to the South], Lord of the Inferno.
“Lucifer [he turns to the East], Bearer of Light.
“Belial [he turns to the North], King of the Earth.
“Leviathan [he turns to the West], Great Serpent of the Abyss.”
“Shemhamphorash!” he shouts.
The congregation shouts the Name of Names back at him: “Shemham-
phorash!”

“Hail Satan!” the assistant priest cries.
In response the congregation shouts in unison: “Hail Satan!”

The hooded functionary who has been manning the brass gong pounds on
it. The tall assistant priest returns to his assigned place, and High Priest LaVey
steps forward to begin his role in the Black Mass he has reconstructed. He picks
up what he has dubbed the Chalice of Ecstasy, a silver goblet filled with his
favorite elixir: not blood or nectar, but bourbon whiskey. He drinks deeply and
then passes the goblet to his hooded assistants for them to share in his version of
the legendary brimstone. After the assistants have partaken of the elixir, LaVey
retrieves the chalice and waves it over the naked altar while an assistant moves
toward the congregation with a Byzantine phallic image that serves as the
aspergillum or “holy water sprinkler.” The liquid that has been poured inside the
aspergillum is seminal fluid mixed with milk. The assistant dips the phallus into
the fluid and extracts it, letting it drip onto the floor. Then he shakes it at the
members of the congregation. Some of them are hit in the face with the fluid that is
dripping from the phallus, but they make no effort to avoid it and they do not try
to wipe it off.
Now High Priest LaVey is ready for his major function in the Black Mass. While the female in nun’s habit holds a candle in front of him to provide light, he takes the sword left by the High Priestess with the tall assistant priest and holds it aloft. Then he reads from a book that has a thick black cover, spitting out the words in a harsh, guttural voice:

“Oh, friend and companion of the night, thou who rejoiceseth in the baying of dogs and spilt blood, who wanderest in the midst of shades among the tombs, who longest for blood and bringest terror to mortals – Gorgo, Mormo, thousand faced moon – look favorably on our sacrifices.

“Open wide the gates of Hell and come forth from the abyss to greet me as your brother and friend.

“Grant me the indulgence of which I speak.

“I have taken thy name as a part of myself. I live as the beasts of the field, rejoicing in the fleshly life. I favor the just and curse the rotten.

“By all the gods of the Pit, I command that these things of which I speak shall come to pass.

“Come forth and answer to your names by manifesting my desires.”

Next comes the invocation of infernal names. As deep, rumbling chords from the organ chill the room, LaVey snarls each name, and the congregation responds by shouting it in unison: “Asmodeus” [Hebrew devil of sensuality]. “Balaam” [Hebrew devil of avarice]. “Beelzebub” [Phoenician god of the flies, chief devil of Christianity]. “Hecate” [Greek goddess of witchcraft]. “Ishtar” [Babylonian goddess of fertility]. “Mammon” [Aramaic god of wealth and profit]. “Pan” [Greek fertility god]. “Shaitan” [more or less the Satan of the Yezidi devil-worshipers]. And a dozen others. Once they were highly exalted deities. Now they are infernal names antipathetic to Judaic, Christian and other religions. Fallen, debased gods, they are beneficent only to Satanists.

“Shemhamphorash!” LaVey shouts. “Shemhamphorash!” the congregation responds in unison. “Hail Satan!”

After completing the invocation of the infernal names, LaVey chants a spell in the ancient tongue of the magicians known as Enochian. It has a guttural, ugly, sinister sound. LaVey snarls the words as he recites them: “Micama, goho Pe-IAD zodir conselahe azodien biae os-ton-dohe. Norezoda cahisa otahila Gigipahe; vaunud-el-cahisa ta-pu-ime quemos-petehe telocahe; qui-i-inuoltoregicahisa I cahisaji em ozodien.”
So that his flock can understand what has been said, LaVey translates the Enochian into English: “Behold, sayeth your god, Satan. I am the circle on whose hands stand the Twelve Kingdoms. Six are the seats of living breath; the rest are as sharp sickles, or the Horns of Death wherein the creatures of Earth are and are not, except in mine own hands, which sleep and shall rise.”

Now LaVey is ready for the major deviltry of the night: the psychodrama. On past Friday nights for the last two years he has conducted a phantasmagoric variety of ceremonies: Fertility rites designed to correct sexual problems, induce lust, and evoke orgasm. Madness rituals to consecrate the insanity in all human beings. Shibboleth rituals to vent anger and hatred of obnoxious people and exasperating social customs. Destruction rituals to curse or hex despised enemies.

Tonight, for the entertainment of his flock, LaVey has decided to conduct his arrangement of the traditional Black Mass, ceremony of blasphemy designed especially to mock the Mass of the Catholic Church.

A large plaster replica of Jesus Christ on the cross, blood streaming from his wounds, is dragged from a corner of the room and hung upside down on the wall over the replica of the Baphomet sigil. Condoms are draped over Jesus’s torn, outstretched arms. An American flag is unfurled from the naked altar.

To open the Black Mass, LaVey leads the congregation in the recitation of the Lord’s Prayer backwards. Then he picks up a triangular “holy wafer” [a crusty piece of cake]. The naked female altar pulls down her one uplifted leg and lies spread-eagled. LaVey inserts the “holy wafer” into her vagina for sanctification. When it is sufficiently moistened and sanctified, he and his naked female acolytes break it into pieces that are placed on the tongues of half a dozen parishioners. The naked acolytes then lead them into the center of the chapel for confessions.

The sin of a slender, red-haired male parishioner, asceticism during recent years, is construed as being so great that he agrees he should be scourged. He is placed across the lap of one of the acolytes. Another pulls down his pants and flagellates him with a cat-o’-nine-tails, as the organist plays When You Wore a Tulip.

When the scourging is finished, another member of the congregation, dressed in the miter and holy robes of the Pope of the Roman Catholic Church, tramps around the room as the organist plays Entry of the Gladiators, until he is seized by the men in black robes.
Careful not to do it in an injurious way, the men in black hurl the mock Pope to the floor, pull down their pants, stoop over him, and pretend to defecate on his body. A preparation of brown, brackish mud is splattered on his vestments. When he is adequately covered with it, he is dragged out of the room to the strains of a Eucharistic chorus from Wagner’s *Parsifal* and shouts of “Hail Satan.”

Next, a frail man clothed only in a white sheet crawls around the room with a cross tied to his back. Members of the congregation kick him. One of the naked female acolytes slaps him with the cat-o’-nine-tails as the organist plays *Onward Christian Soldiers* while the congregation jeers mightily. Another naked female acolyte grabs the crawling Christ by the hair, pulls his head close to her waggling backside, and drags him out of the chapel.

As the Christ is dragged out, the men in black robes haul the Nineteenth-Century chamber pot into the center of the room. While the organist plays *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, LaVey shouts toward the ceiling of the chapel as if directing his words toward Heaven: “Without the men of the black path, the white light could never shine. We created your God. Therefore, we may destroy your God. Your anemic saints we shall smash as we have smashed that pallid monstrosity that hangs limpid upon the cross still.”

With that LaVey pulls out a plastic figure of a saint, throws it onto the floor, grinds it under the heel of his boot, picks it up, and tosses it into the chamber pot, as the organist plays *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. “Thus we drown him,” LaVey proclaims, “and prove that he hath never walked on water and never shall again.” LaVey stands over the chamber pot, zips his fly open, and attempts to urinate. He has difficulty; so, he calls to the organist: “Will you please play me some water music?” The organist complies with a rendition of *How dry I am*. Throughout, the congregation has remained mostly solemn; but now they give way to laughter.

Becoming serious again, the organist shifts his playing to a selection from Handel’s *Water Music*, and that works for LaVey, a lover of the classics. His act of vilification proceeds. “Ah!” he exults as his urine rains down on the image in the chamber pot. “I see some of the saints screaming for help in the whirlpool.” The organist plays *I’ve got a lovely bunch of coconuts* (“here they are all standing in a row”). “There’s one lurking by the shore, trying to evade my holy waters,” LaVey continues. He fires another stream of urine into the chamber pot as his parishioners laugh in appreciation.
When LaVey is done with his watering, the naked female acolytes take their turns squatting over the chamber pot and peeing into it, as the organist plays selections from Respighi’s *Fountains of Rome* and *Singing in the Rain* to help them along. One of the acolytes pees and pees. “I can’t stop it,” she says, looking helplessly at LaVey. The congregation is convulsed with laughter.

After the acolyte is able to turn off the faucet, concluding the desecration of the saints, LaVey faces the naked altar and proclaims: “Thus, Satan separateth the just from the rotten, as Satan and Nature always have.”

There follows a bit of revelry consisting of the naked female acolytes joining hands with the men in black robes and dancing back to back as the organist provides a rendition of the Bacchanal from *Samson and Delilah*. After a few minutes of what has been construed over the centuries by Christians as the kind of devilish dancing practiced by witches, the woman who took the role of a mock nun performs a bump-and-grind routine while the organist produces strains from *Vision of Salome* followed by some burlesque theater music. The nun’s habit comes off, revealing a harlot miniskirt that had been hidden beneath it. Blond hair falls down over bare shoulders. The mock nun, defrocked, writhes in ecstatic enjoyment of her freedom as the congregation cheers lustily.

Moving her gently aside, LaVey raises his hands in supplication. “The sagging spirit of guilt and repression is cast off,” he chants. “The carnal nature of the beast is bared. Heaven shakes and Hell laughs. Ecstasy triumphs over the decadent self-denial preached by milksops and eunuchs. The way of the flesh encompasses humanity in its folds of pleasure. Satan rules the Earth. Hail Satan!”

“Hail Satan!” the congregation shouts in unison.

Pleased with the way his resurrection of the Black Mass has played out, LaVey is in a bountiful mood. Before closing the Mass, he decides to let his entire flock share in a dispensation from the High Priest. “Come forth to declare your wishes,” he invites.

The first to respond is a writer of popular magazine articles and books. He asks for greater acceptance of his work, more sales, more popularity, more dollars. So far as he is concerned, there is only one deity that will be receptive to that kind of prayer; and, besides, he holds with Voltaire, who wrote: “You must have the Devil in you to succeed in any of the arts.”
Nevertheless, the writer is skittish about letting the members of the congregation hear his deep-seated, ego-based, materialistic desires emerge; hence, he utters his wishes softly to LaVey so that no one else can hear.

“May all that you wish be bestowed upon you by our god Lucifer,” LaVey intones. “You shall be thrice blessed and enjoy great fortune. Oh, Satan, hear these desires and grant them thy bounteous gifts. Shemhamphorash! Hail Satan!”

“Shemhamphorash!” the congregation responds in unison. “Hail Satan!”

Emboldened, other members of the congregation, previously too shy to express blatantly materialistic wishes before a group, come forth with their requests. “Bring my girlfriend to me in heat...May the young corporation executive be attracted to me...Grant that the pay raise I seek shall be approved...Cause my competitor to make mistakes so that I can triumph over him.” As Satanists, they do not seek salvation. Their requests for the blessings of Satan represent their purely self-oriented, materialistic wants. In the spirit encouraged by LaVey, they give way to their innermost desires with abandon and return to their seats feeling unburdened.

To conclude the Mass, LaVey opens his cape wide in front of the naked altar while using one of his hands to form the Sign of the Horns: the two outermost fingers, representing the goat, thrust upward in defiance of Heaven, the two innermost turned down in a denial of the Holy Trinity.

“Oh, Harlot of Abominations, Mother of Empires,” LaVey invokes. “Oh, Great Beast which rules the Earth. Come forth out of the darkness and sweep the world. Rise and give the Sign of the Horns.”

The members of the congregation rise from their seats, each lifting her or his right arm heavenward with the sign. LaVey cups his hands in the traditional magic Sign of the Flame over the naked female altar. Then he shouts “Hail Satan” three times while the congregation echoes each.

Once more the tall assistant priest rings the bell nine times. Again the organist plays The Hymn of Satan. On the final ring of the bell, the ceremonial sword used in the Mass is sheathed, and LaVey proclaims: “And so it is done.” He blows out the flame from the candle on the fireplace, covers the naked altar with the leopard skin that had been removed, lifts the woman from the mantel, and carries her from the room he uses as a chapel in his thick, strong arms.
When LaVey and his assistants have filed out of the chapel, the men and
women of the congregation get up from their seats, chattering and ambling slowly
back to the antechamber for cakes, coffee, and tea. In a few minutes LaVey, now
defrocked, emerges from a hidden room to shake their hands and chat with them.
“How’s the baby, Marianne?…Did your deal come through, Jack?...Hello, Joanne,
nice to have you with us again. How was your trip?”

There is no sign to indicate that these people have just participated in a
ceremony that has terrified Christian priests and ministers, scandalized churches
and nations, and caused a million souls to be burned at the stake. A few of the
men are intent on lining up assignations with the women whom they consider the
most alluring. Other men are merely absorbed in everyday conversation typical of
Americans’ small talk or the enjoyment of the cakes, coffee, and tea: tame stuff for
Devil worshipers engaged in a Black Mass.

But this is the Twentieth Century, a time for reality. The myths are gone
along with the clean wind that once blew in the city. Devil hysteria is mostly
consigned to a bygone era. Self-professed warlocks and witches need not fear
execution. They can follow the Dark Path they have chosen through an
organization founded by Anton Szandor LaVey: the Church of Satan. They can
form grottos (as Anton has named them) and conduct their antithesis to Christian
church services without interference, so long as they are not harming outsiders.

It is 1968. There are newspaper articles about Anton’s using his legalized
status as the priest of a church to perform marriage and baptism ceremonies. Some
of the Christians in white houses surrounding the black house headquarters of the
Satanists cross themselves as they walk past what they consider to be the
underworld enemy of the true faith. But most of Anton’s neighbors view him as a
harmless though awesome celebrity who has been responsible for “putting their
neighborhood on the map.” Some of them have kept scrapbooks of his activities
to show off to their relatives and friends.

In cities and towns outside of San Francisco, in the U.S. and other parts of
the world, there are many men and women who have adopted a genuinely serious
view of Anton as the embodiment of satanic belief and the spirit of the Devil, just
as “Jesus Christ” is construed to have been and still is considered to be the
embodiment of the Judaeo-Christian “God” (originally Yahweh, the name scrapped
by the early Catholics to avoid identification of “God” as a Hebrew).
Those men and women who have welcomed the new form of embodiment number in the thousands. Unafraid of the “eternal damnation” that claimed Dr. Faustus, they have affiliated themselves with the Church of Satan. The number of those who have chosen to formalize their beliefs by joining the Church of Satan is small, dwarfed by the affiliations of men and women with Christian churches. But the number of unorganized Satanists, if that term is defined in its broadest sense, is nothing less than massive. Unorganized Satanists consist of men and women who lack belief in deity and/or sin against deity, and express their disbelief in what amounts to worship of things material rather than of whatever might be construed as spiritual. Carnality is their choice, wealth and power the objects of their pursuit. Who will deny that in reality their numbers run into the millions?

So it is that Anton Szandor LaVey and his followers are confident that god-based religions will disappear and there will be a willingness of millions to join the Church of Satan.

“The Satanic Age started in Nineteen Sixty-Six,” LaVey announces to all who listen. “In that year, God was declared by public figures to be dead and the hippies developed as a free-sex culture. Now, more and more people are realizing that Christian churches are based on hypocrisy, that they preach spirituality and morality but practice the same materialism that governs our entire society. Church officials are trying to change their rituals so as to accommodate the new mood. But that is trying to patch up a dead horse, and I believe in going with a winner. If God isn’t completely dead, I hope at least He’s got Blue Cross. Eventually people will become honest with themselves, recognize the true basis of their lives, and join the one religion based on carnality instead of spirituality.”

This is still 1968. Anton prognosticates on the basis of developments that are limited. If he proves to have been correct, then the history of humanity will have taken its strangest turn yet in a ceaseless evolution of maddening change, and Anton Szandor LaVey will be the new Pope in a reverse Vatican, presiding over an anti-Christian empire. If it turns out, on the other hand, that he has failed to see that what is coming is a worldwide resurgence of deity-based religions emanating from the beliefs of ancient tribal leaders who took advantage of ignorant people by claiming to have received “the word of God and his prophets,” the Church of Satan will be relegated to a freakish abnormality of the latter Twentieth Century.
Contrary to Anton’s invention passed on through newspaper and magazine articles as well as books or book chapters, and repeated in many web pages on the internet, his mother and father did not name him “Anton Szandor” at birth; and their last name was not LaVey. Neither did Anton’s mother and father nickname their son “Tony.” On his birth certificate, issued by the Cook County division of the Illinois Department of Public Health’s Vital Statistics office, the “full name of child” who became Anton Szandor LaVey is Howard Stanton Levey. The date of birth of Howard/Anton provided on the certificate, March 11, 1930, is incorrect. It was corrected, via an attachment to the certificate, to April 11, 1930.
After the question as to what treatment “was given to child’s eyes at birth,” the answer stated is “Crede.” It would have been more properly stated in the form commonly used: Credé’s Treatment. It refers to a treatment for an eye disease, neonatal conjunctivitis, introduced in 1880 by Dr. Carl Credé (pronounced “Creh-day” with emphasis on the “day”). The disease can cause damage to the eyes, and even blindness or death, if not treated promptly. Though no longer common, it does occur at times, and when it does the treatment introduced by Dr. Credé is still used. Apparently it worked well for baby Howard who became Anton, whose eyes were not permanently affected in any way.

Since Howard changed his name to Anton early in life, I will use that the rest of the way, even though, so far as I can determine, he never changed it legally. That makes no difference. The courts have held for more than a hundred years that there is a common law right to change one’s name and to use it for all purposes, provided that the non-birth name is used consistently, openly, non-fraudulently, and does not interfere with the rights of others.

As shown on his birth certificate, the name of Anton’s father was Michael Joseph Levey, who was born in Chicago.

The maiden name of Anton’s mother on his birth certificate is Gertrude Coulton, who was born in Cleveland. On her birth certificate, the stated name of her father is John S. Coulton, and the stated maiden name of her mother is Bernadette Crotty. Unfortunately, the birth certificate does not provide Gertrude’s name at birth. So, whether or not she had the middle name Augusta, the name that Anton used for her, is unknown. On a grant deed to be discussed later in this book in the part that deals with the origin of the “black house,” her name appears as Gertrude A. Levey. So, maybe her middle name was indeed Augusta.

In regard to Anton’s claim that his family roots are to be found in such places as Transylvania, and also in regard to the question of whether or not he could be identified in any way as Jewish, the available information on Michael and Gertrude becomes significant. Because it shows that Anton’s parents on both sides were born in the United States and did not have family names indicative of roots in the countries identified by Anton as his grandparents’ native lands, there would have to be some kind of evidence to support his claim of exotic heritage; and there is none. The issue of Jewish identification is more complex.
To begin with, there is no common definition of “Jew.” Even the origin of the term is clouded. What scant evidence there is indicates that from the earliest times people who are now called Jews intermarried with people called gentiles, and that situation has escalated en masse. Every statistic on the subject shows that more than half of the persons in the U.S. identifiable in some say as Jewish are wed to persons commonly identified as gentile. The result is that it becomes difficult to say who is purely Jewish and who can be called purely gentile.

In discussions of this subject with a number of scholars, after I have hit them with questions they cannot answer, they have thrown up their hands and said that the only way that a person can be identified as Jewish or not Jewish is to examine her or his family background. If parents are identified as Jews, they say, then their children are Jews.

Where does that leave Anton? Since his father’s name is so very Jewish, and since the information about him from Anton’s stepbrother, Owen Mayer, seems to point so conclusively to identification of Michael as a Jew, it is virtually certain that Anton was the son of a Jew. The available information about Anton’s mother, on the other hand, indicates the opposite: she was gentile. Gertrude was at one time a fairly common name for Jewish women. My mother was named Gertrude, and her entire family consisted of Jews. But Coulton is not a Jewish name. Coulton is a name that traces back to English gentiles, mostly Protestants. I have never come across any Jew named Coulton.

So, maybe the answer to the question of whether or not Anton should be identified as Jewish or gentile is that he was half Jewish and half gentile. It would have made no difference, in any event, had he stated openly that he is part Jewish so that the question about it would not have persisted.

Anton’s birth was not, as he claimed, one that “occurred in a block of Chicago now occupied by the big black John Hancock Insurance Company building.” According to his birth certificate, Anton was born at the “Franklin Blvd Hospital” several blocks away. The “big black” building Anton referred to, bearing the postal address of 875 North Michigan Avenue, was never called the “John Hancock Insurance Company building.” From the date of its construction in 1970 to the present, it has always been identified as the John Hancock Center (image to your viewing left).
Nor is there any evidence to support Anton’s claim that he was descended from “gypsy” and “Mongolian” grandparents, or from a “Transylvanian grandmother” named “Luba Kolton,” who were in some way responsible for Anton’s father being a “gypsy.” The name “Kolton” is suspiciously like Coulton, the name of Anton’s mother. And Anton’s father, born in the U.S., was in no way a gypsy.

In an attempt to explain away his name deception by characterizing it as merely a change from Levey to LaVey, Anton posed for a photograph, reproduced in *The Secret Life of a Satanist*, of himself standing next to a sign containing the capitalized letters “LE VEY” beside an unidentified road in an unidentified village or town. According to the caption under the photo, the name LeVey was assigned by immigration officers to Anton’s father at Ellis Island, where “officials characteristically renamed” an immigrant by her or his last place of residence. That is more nonsense. It is only true that when immigration officers at Ellis Island could not ascertain the name of an immigrant because it could not be read and the immigrant could not speak English, the officials supplied a name from a list. But the names were people names, not place names. The LeVey tale was concocted by Anton so that he could claim that he merely changed his name to LaVey by substituting an a for the first e. That story falls apart because the original name for his family used by Anton before he switched to “LeVey” was “Boehm,” that name was perfectly readable, and so there would have been no reason for an immigration official to change it to LeVey. Moreover, there was never any capital V in the name, and the place in France is spelled Le Vey, with Le separated from Vey.

(The place in France called Le Vey is a commune in the “department” of Calvados in the region of Basse-Normandie. In the French Revolution, the country was divided into 83 “departments,” each containing communes, which can be of any size. Paris is a commune. Le Vey is one of the smallest communes in the country, with a population of less than 100. No relative of Anton’s can be traced to this commune. Nor did Anton ever mention Le Vey as the origin of his family until there were challenges to his account of his origins.)

So, what was the true reason for Anton’s changing his name from Levey to LaVey? Anton’s stepbrother, Owen Mayer, an attorney practicing law in the San Francisco Bay Area, offered this conclusion in an interview with me: “Anton changed the spelling and pronunciation of Levey to LaVey for theatrical reasons and to conceal his Jewish roots.”
Though Anton’s father is described on Anton’s birth certificate as a “purchasing agent,” Mayer told me that the stepfather he always called Mike was for the most part of his adult life a liquor salesman. But the woman who was the companion and practically the common law wife of Anton’s for more than 20 years, Diane Hegarty/aka Diane LaVey, has insisted that Mike was a real estate broker for a much longer time than he was a liquor salesman, and she has vigorously denied that Anton deliberately tried to conceal his Jewish roots. Indeed, he told a number of individuals, including me, that he had a Jewish grandmother. And Diane told me that when she questioned him about the issue of his Jewishness that had come to her attention, Anton laughed and said of course he was partly Jewish.

“Mike was a good guy and he was good to my mom,” Mayer recalled. “He had an amazing memory for jokes and told them on the spur of the moment. I was fond of him because he protected my mom [also Anton’s mother] and concealed her Alzheimers for several years until it became too obvious to conceal.”

I wanted to know something about the relationship between Anton and Mike, since Anton never mentioned his father to me as Mike Levey, but only as his “gypsy father,” an untenable identification. “He [Mike] was proud of but very disappointed in Anton,” was Mayer’s response. For what reason was Mike disappointed? Because, Mayer explained, Anton “shunned him [Mike]…except that he [Anton] took money from him.”

Diane also has heatedly denied that statement, insisting that while Anton did not go out of his way to talk much about his father, nevertheless they were always in close contact, and that Anton had more money than Mike did, and it was Anton who gave money to Mike, not vice versa.

Can we be certain, I asked Mayer, that Mike Levey is properly identified as a Jew? “Let’s just say,” Mayer replied, “that maybe it takes a Jew to know a Jew. Mike had a Jewish schnozz, he looked Jewish, he told Jewish jokes, and he could effect Jewish intonation in his speech quite well.”

So much for Anton’s ancestry, which might be as he conveyed it in some ways, but certainly consists of inventions in other ways. Examining it to get at the truth, in any event, serves only one purpose for those who think it matters: to reveal Anton’s propensity for inventing tales that he devised in order to enhance his image at times. Of much greater importance is how Anton’s cynical attitude toward humanity, and his philosophy, were shaped in his formative years.
A precocious child

Exactly when Michael and Gertrude moved with their son Howard to San Francisco is uncertain. Suffice it to say that the move occurred when their son was in early childhood.

Anton described himself to me as a “precocious child” who wanted to explore, to seek out some sort of dark secrets that his mother purportedly was hiding from him. At the age of seven he began reading books about the occult and the supernatural. Until he was twelve, his readings on the subjects were confined to literature such as Bram Stoker’s Dracula, Mary Shelley’s Frankenstein, Weird Tales magazine, and Montague Summers’ and Arthur Edward Waite’s writings on magic and witchcraft. Deciding all of that was hocus-pocus, Anton turned instead to such books as Practical Lessons in Hypnotism by Dr. William Wesley Cook and other writings that offered practical applications. (I doubt Anton’s claim that he taught himself to be a hypnotist by reading Cook’s book; but Diane, one of the few persons who knew Anton better than I did, insists that his claim is true.)

Anton’s interests and lifestyle set him apart early in life from the children with whom he had to mingle in school, and his abhorrence of those children also began to shape what eventually became his bleak view of humanity. In our conversations he spoke of how intensely he detested the noisy boisterousness of school children and the kind of activities that consumed a major portion of their time. While the other children played ballgames and immersed themselves in forms of “pop music” that Anton viewed as “noise,” he concentrated on the classics, and that caused him to begin playing the violin.

During World War II Anton became interested in things military and visited a public library to read articles and books about armies, navies, and ordnance. He was especially intrigued by advertisements from some of the world’s leading weapons manufacturers in Jane’s Fighting Ships, the naval munitions catalogue and roster originated in 1897 by Fred T. Jane. The ads offered, for unrestricted sale, all of the necessities for waging war: guns, ships, armadas, etc. As Anton studied the specifications from munitions lords such as the Krupp family that supplied the Nazis in World War II with armaments put together by forced labor, he began to think about the cause of wars and how they are financed. His thoughts, as conveyed to me, were these [in italics to indicate that this is a summary of his thinking, rather than what he said word for word].
It seems that if you want to start a war, you can buy an army or navy to do it. Look, here’s this guy Francis Bannerman who buys an island along the Hudson River and stocks a castle with enough weapons for the annihilation of the whole world. If there’s a conflagration somewhere, he supplies whichever side has the money to buy his stocks of armaments. It’s so cut and dried. The warlords order enough equipment for an army or navy from Bannerman’s Arsenal, and just like that gain control over the destinies of millions of people. For these munitions makers it’s just a commercial proposition. Whole populations are engaged in wars on the assumption that there’s one side against another side. Yet here are these arms outfitters, right in the middle of it all, even in places where people are fighting on behalf of an ideology, and they’re selling armies and navies over the counter to the enemies trying to overthrow the very countries in which they, the arms people, are living.

Ironically, Anton himself ordered from Bannerman’s catalogue: an Afrika Korps hat and a French kepi that he wore in high school. But, he insisted, the garb did not indicate any compulsive inclination to effect a passion for things military. To the contrary, he wanted no part of military life, even declining to take the ROTC [Reserve Officers’ Training Corps] course offered in the public school system. He also loathed and sought ways to avoid exercise and games in the school gymnasium.

“I hated these latent homosexuals and gung-ho squares you have to rub bodies with in gym,” Anton quoted himself as having said to one of his few high school chums. But, he added, the friend could not understand that attitude, and most of Anton’s classmates, he realized, thought of him as some kind of “nut.”

Anton, on the other hand, thought of himself as “an island of sanity surrounded by the noise and savagery of cretin-like teenagers constantly charged up with energy repressed at home,” as he put it. On the school bus, he felt as though he was “in a cage of Barbary apes.” Forced into gym classes over his protests, Anton grew increasingly resentful, and that resentment exacerbated his detestation of “over-exuberant, towel-slapping, game-loving boys.” He despised football, baseball, and basketball, the all-American sports; and even donkeys had too much sense to run around a track, he thought. Anton wanted to study judo. With no such class available to evade gym, Anton resorted to inducing a physician to write a note stating that he was sickly and needed rest: an early sign that he was willing to fabricate in any way necessary in order to obtain the goal he sought.
Eventually Anton did manage to take up judo. But, contrary to tales of his having used it when confronted with men seeking to challenge him physically, he preferred non-contact methods of defense. During one of his many candid, self-revelatory talks with me, he spoke of how adverse he was to physical contact with men he construed as “human garbage.” He packed a gun at all times, and he assured me that if he were ever attacked, he would not hesitate to use it to keep the attackers off of him rather than tangle with them. There was, however, an incident at a party when two belligerent drunks threatened Anton, and, not wanting to reveal that he carried a gun and loathe anyway to firing it in a crowded room, he handled that situation by breaking the top off of a wine bottle and using the jagged edge to slash at the two drunks, who decided to withdraw.

Along with reading, music became a passion of Anton’s early in his childhood. He did not continue long with violin; oboe became his preferred instrument in his teenage years. His story of playing oboe in one of the orchestras that produced music for the San Francisco Ballet has been challenged; but the fact is that he did play oboe, when he was sixteen, in one of the orchestras used by the Ballet (but not named specifically the “San Francisco Ballet Orchestra”).

By the time he was seventeen, Anton had become dissatisfied with oboe playing and began concentrating on keyboard instruments so that he could produce music of multiple voicings. Without teachers or sheet music he mastered piano, the most complicated varieties of organs, and that bitch of a mechanical contraption which few musicians have been able to play, the calliope.

**Life in the Circus and Carnival**

It would seem anachronistic that at the same time he was delving into classical literature and music, Anton was becoming enamored of gangsters. But so it was, and the explanation is not difficult. Anton viewed himself as a rebel who was determined to resist conformity, determined to resist being “one of the boys.” Gangsters or mobsters, he thought, were also rebels. They were rebelling against the nine-to-five work routine which was the lot of most Americans. This is the way Anton envisioned the “philosophy” of a typical mobster [as before, this is a summary of his thoughts rather than what he said word for word]:

> Everybody is on the take – heads of state, executives of the biggest corporations, presidents of labor unions. Everything is a racket, including the church. The superior man recognizes these facts and lives accordingly.
The fool continues to go straight for God and country. The crafty man figures out how to work the rackets himself so he does not wind up a slave to the crooked politicians and bosses. He refuses the life of the millions of people in offices and in factories tied to the routine of going to work at eight o’clock every morning, stagnating at a deadly dull job, having lunch at the time they are told, coming home at five every evening, and for all this drawing a wage sufficient only to sustain a humdrum existence.

It is absurd to think that gangsters, or mobsters, were literate enough and analytical enough to formulate such a philosophy in those terms, though their attitude can be detected in the words Anton chose for them. In reality, though, his conception of the motivating philosophy that has driven criminals was highly romanticized. In reality, the thoughts he put together as their philosophy was the philosophy of Anton himself.

For example, one night we were discussing the routine lives characteristic of office and factory workers, and that led to the famous quote from Henry David Thoreau: “The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.” (It is found in the part of Thoreau’s book Walden where he comments that most men are slaves to their work and are enslaved by those they work for; and, of course, if Thoreau were writing on that subject today instead of in 1854, he would use “men and women” in lieu of just men.) It was interesting to hear Anton using that quotation from a philosopher and naturalist who advocated civil disobedience: much the opposite of what Anton advised, since he was to a considerable extent a “law and order” person, much in favor of punishing offenders for their criminal acts. But there is an explanation for the seeming dichotomy.

Anton was a philosophical integrationist somewhat in the mode of William Blake. He would incorporate thoughts from many deep thinkers into his overall philosophy, and in this case he related the quotation from Thoreau to salaried workers filling routine jobs Monday through Friday so that they can begin to enjoy life on Saturday and Sunday, and his image of gangsters rebelling against that. “They would never get me to do it,” Anton told me, more than once.

There are photographs from Anton’s youth which offer reason to believe that he was indeed enamored of gangsters, or the philosophy he attributed to gangsters, to the extent that he began trying to look like one. The photograph on the next page – from an unknown source, as are so many of the photos to emerge from Anton’s memorabilia - will serve as an example.
This photograph shows how Anton, at age 16, effected the dress mode, facial expression, and dangling cigarette stereotype, that characterized the way in which gangsters were depicted by Hollywood in a bygone era.

The photograph above shows Anton holding what he claimed to be a Thompson submachine gun he was using for target practice. He also claimed that it was given to him by his Uncle Bill, who was a gangster with ties to famous crime lords such as Bugsy Siegel. That story has no credibility. Anton’s daughter Zeena has said that there was an Uncle Bill who served time for minor offenses in the McNeil Island Corrections Center at southern Puget Sound, Washington; but there is no evidence to support that tale, either, and Zeena has told many stories which have turned out to be untrue.

From the private collection of Anton Szandor LaVey.

According to the story Anton told me, he was on the verge of either seeking adventure by joining the French Foreign Legion (a contradiction to his feigning an alleged loathing of things military) or by earning a living through some sort of racket, when he was diverted via a chance meeting in a pool hall with a former employee of the Clyde Beatty Circus. Liking what he heard from this guy, in 1947 Anton sought and obtained a job in the Circus as a roustabout. [A roustabout is a general laborer. Specifically in regard to circus work, the roustabout rigs tents, wiring, nets, and platforms; sets up the rings; pours out the sawdust; sets up the spectator seats; and does any other job necessary to get the miniature village that comprises the circus ready for performance.]
Eventually Anton talked his way into a job as a cage boy who watered and fed the lions and tigers. He often felt safer and more comfortable among the big cats than he did in a city bar or pool hall. Anton’s boast, however, that he was able to talk Beatty, who began his own career as a cage boy, into elevating him to an assistant trainer, has no credibility. But, on the other hand, Anton learned how to handle the big cats as the result of his experience in the circus, and without that experience it would have been unthinkable for him to risk keeping a leopard and then a lion in his house, as he eventually did.

Anton might have been no more than a cage boy in the circus had not the calliope player remained sober. Because he could not lay off the booze and his drunkenness caused him to be unreliable, he was cashiered; and, since Anton’s keyboard abilities had become known, Anton was given a shot at the job.

Not only did Anton master the calliope, but also he tinkered with a band organ and other exotic instruments that have been used mostly for circus and carousel (or merry-go-round) music, until he became proficient on those as well. There is a recording of his brilliant performance on a band organ, using gadgets on it to replicate sounds from the circus, carnival, and carousels.

On the next page there is a reproduction of a handbill advertising the music Anton produced on instruments for one of the carnivals where he performed after leaving the circus. Unfortunately, I have lost track of which carnival it was.

More important than the exact name of the carnival where Anton played is the handbill’s announcement of the arrival of Anton Szandor LaVey as a professional performer, under that name, on keyboard instruments that not many musicians have been able to master.

There have been allegations by various individuals who, motivated by their hatred of Anton or by their anger over his purportedly having failed to deliver on promises of offered favors, that stories of Anton’s life in the circus and carnival are fabricated. The major source of the misinformation used to attack Anton over the years has been his daughter Zeena. Her falsifications have been far more outlandish than any of Anton’s; but she has been accorded credibility because of her status as Anton’s daughter. Journalists of the kind who salivate at the chance to attack celebrities, and Christian clerics and church leaders, have pounced on the opportunity to denigrate Anton by relating the allegations as though they are established fact. Available evidence, however, gets in their way.
This a copy of a handbill from Anton’s memorabilia. It serves as a refutation of LaVey detractors who have claimed that he did not perform, either in the circus or at any carnival, on the instruments listed on the handbill. It is clear that he did and that by this time he was being identified via the name which he would use as the Devil’s representative on earth and as the leader of the Church of Satan. – Source: private collection of Anton Szandor LaVey.

Along with the handbill reproduced above, the photos below from Anton’s collections provide documentation to support Anton’s account of his past life.

Anton, to the right in both photos, poses with headline circus performers: Human Cannonball Edmundo Zacchini and his assistant standing in front of the truck carrying the cannon used to fire Zacchini through the air; famous circus clown Lou Jacobs with his midget sidekick Jimmy Armstrong. – Photos by Diane LaVey.
If the media and online writers who have devoted a substantial part of their misdirected lives to bringing down Anton had been trying to produce a balanced story, there would be the question of why they did not accept these photographs, published years ago, as possible evidence that at the very least Anton played some role in the circus. But, of course, balance was not in their repertoire. The purpose of these LaVey attackers who are worthless nobodies has been single-minded: to undermine every story about Anton and his career that has ever been publicized, until he appears to have been such a fraud that he is relegated to the trashcan of downfallen idols and his views are utterly discredited.

It is fascinating to examine the way that the demolish-LaVey writers have purported to find evidence of fabrication. Because the name Anton Szandor LaVey does not appear in circus archives on past performers, the conclusion must be that he was never with the circus. There are two basic problems with that “reasoning”: If Anton was nothing more than a cage boy, his name would not appear in the archives as a performer; and even if there were some reason for his being listed in the archives, the name he used in his circus days would have to be ascertained. He was not using the name Anton Szandor LaVey until he left the circus.

When the circus season ended, Anton hooked up with Crafts 20 Big Show in Los Angeles and the Pike Amusement Park in Long Beach where he performed on the steam calliope across the street from Professor Theobald’s flea circus. Professor Theobald, an eccentric German who liked to roll up his sleeves to let his fleas dine on his bared arms, was constantly complaining to Anton about the noise from the steam calliope: “It disturbing my fleas; they will not performing right.”

There were many fascinating characters on the carnry circuit, such as Jacob Heilberger, the Human Ostrich, a Jewish engineer from Berlin University who had to flee Germany because of the Nazis’ murderous campaign to annihilate Jews. Though Heilberger was a man of considerable intellect and engineering ability, he found it difficult to obtain work in the United States where, let it be known, there was also widespread prejudice toward Jews. To earn a living, Heilberger used his ability to master his stomach reflexes in such a way as to be able to regurgitate objects that he swallowed. Like other carnival performers, Heilberger disguised his intellect so that his audience would view him as nothing more than a freak who swallowed live mice, golf balls, and eggs which hatched into chicks, and then caused them to pop out of his mouth.
A more famous freak was Francisco (Frank) Lentini, the three-legged man, who made something positive out of his handicap, using his third leg as a stool when he went fishing, and whirling pretty dance hall women around the floor in a unique waltz that made them the center of attraction along with him. And there was Professor Zomb, who staged midnight horror shows, terrifying young boys as an assistant threw wet spaghetti from the darkened balcony into the audience, screaming: “Worms! Worms!” And there was Dr. Hart the sex doctor, who used sexy women in scanty nurses’ uniforms to point out various parts of the anatomy on larger-than-life charts, or showed Army training films on V.D. and billed them as serious studies for medical students – anything to avoid being stigmatized, harassed by the clergy, or pinched by the cops. Anton delighted in playing *Claire de Lune* and other classic mood pieces as accompaniment for scenes of the decaying noses of men in the advanced stages of syphilis.

The carnival proved to be more fun than the circus and a more varied school in the study of human nature; so, Anton decided to stick with it rather than return to Clyde Beatty’s show. He played on the big Wurlitzer band organ on the bally platform, the stage above the Midway featuring exaggerated paintings of what was inside the big tent. He experimented with the Wurlitzer’s combined theater and merry-go-round contraptions: horses’ hooves, trolley bell, gong, drums, bird whistles, horns, a whole barrage of sound effects.

Inside the big tent Anton played Hammond organ for girls who danced the hootchy-kootchy and hula-hula and allowed gaping males to insert coins in their vaginas. Occasionally Anton also worked the rides and the Ten-in-One, the freak or sideshow featuring the Human Pinhead, the Sword Swallower, the Glass Swallower, the Indian Rubber Man, and the Alligator Boy. But eventually Anton’s favorite part of the circus became the Mitt Camp.

It was in the Mitt Camp, where the so-called “magicians” worked, that Anton learned the secret of billet-reading – describing the contents of a sealed envelope while blindfolded – from Joe Calgary. From Johnny Starr, an old carny pitchman in a checkered coat, Anton learned how swamis work.
Starr, as the swami, would sit behind a table in a turban while a pretty woman would drop folded messages from members of the audience into a clouded crystal bowl. The messages would fall through the crystal bowl down a chute below the platform where the swami was sitting, into the hands of an assistant who would open them up, shine a flashlight on them, and display them through a magnifying lens to the turbaned Johnny Starr. Then the great swami would gaze into the crystal bowl and read off the messages to the wide-eyed, applauding rubes in the audience.

Anton was being schooled in what amounted to a confidence man’s college of education in humanity’s carnal nature, and it was this kind of education that he found the most useful of all. He identified with “carny con men taking saps who were to be taken” [quoted from Anton] – the ghouls looking for the ghastlier side of human nature, the voyeurs trying to see the forbidden, the credulous searching for miracles, all disappointed if they were not fooled enough. The carny magician knew that there are no miracles and that a man only gets out of life what he puts into it. But the rubes who came to the carnival would throw away a week’s wages trying to win “flash,” as the carnies referred to it – an illuminated chalk castle or a rhinestone necklace worth seventy-five cents – because it was “something for nothing.” Anton was confident that no academic education could teach him what he was learning in the carnival.

Notes on the Carnivals

Crafts 20 Big Show, circa 1955, at the Los Angeles County Fair. Photo from the Frasher Foto Postcard Collection. Among the attractions that drew males were the strippers, whose acts were accompanied by Anton on theater organ.
The Pike Amusement Park in Long Beach was closed and demolished in 1979. There were many residents of Long Beach and other places who were sad and even in tears over the loss.

Flea circuses have been in existence at least since the 19th Century, and maybe earlier. Literature on some of the most well known flea trainers, such as “Professor Marvel” and “Doc Wilson,” does not include “Professor Theobald.”

Here are some definitions of carnival terms that were used by Anton in the descriptions he passed on to me.

**Midway** – The place at a fair or carnival where sideshows are located.

**Bally platform** – An elevated stage used by “talkers” to lure carnival goers into the midway.

**Ten-in-One** – A sideshow offering ten sequential acts under one tent for a single admission price.

**Mitt camp** – A fortune or palmistry booth.

**Billet reader** – A carny or “magician” who reads messages enclosed in envelopes, or otherwise sealed.
As it was from his view of gangsters, it was from his experiences in the carnival that Anton began to formulate the philosophy that he adopted and called Satanism. Some of his cynicism, his disdain for the “masses,” his feeling that individuals who wind up swindled and impoverished get what they deserve, stemmed from his study of gangsters and carnies and their prey. If you want to fault Anton in some way beyond his propensity for inventing tales about himself and his origins, the valid way to do it is to focus on how he turned the worst characteristics to be found in humanity into his cynical conclusion that it is the way of all human beings except Satanists, to be construed as superior creatures above it all.

Anton as he looked in 1948. I believe he copied this mode of apparel from Dashiell Hammett, whom Anton admired. But Hammett did not sport the devil’s mask ring that appears in this photo on the middle finger of Anton’s right hand. Note what appears to be a “scar” on Anton’s right cheek. Anton claimed that this “scar” resulted from a lion’s claw or a fight with a knifer (varied from time to time). But this purported “scar” mysteriously “disappears” in subsequent photos of Anton, and there is no record of his having undertaken plastic surgery. From the private collection of Anton Szandor LaVey.
An Interlude with Marilyn Monroe

Since Anton was performing in southern California, some of the people in show business learned of his versatility on organ. Either directly or indirectly, one of them was the director of the Mayan Theater in Los Angeles, Paul Valentine, who had added burlesque to shows there. Because Anton had been accompanying strippers on organ at the 20 Big Show, he was a natural choice for the same job at the Mayan. The Mayan, shown at your viewing left as it looked on opening day in 1927, was constructed and decorated so as to make it appear to be the replica of a temple of the ancient Maya civilization. At first it was a legitimate theater for live shows. A few years after it was opened, the live shows were discontinued in favor of motion pictures. In the late 1940’s, however, Paul Valentine followed the lead of other movie house directors who had found that they could increase attendance by giving patrons a mixture of films and vaudeville. By 1948 Valentine had added burlesque to the mix, and among the strippers he hired was the woman who was to become known two years later as Marilyn Monroe.

In recent years, Valentine has denied that burlesque was ever performed at the Mayan and that anyone named Marilyn Monroe worked there in any capacity, and therefore tales of Anton’s having accompanied a stripper by that name or any other name are false. His motive is unclear. Perhaps it was to protect Marilyn’s image at the request of persons who were close to her. If so, the way he chose to go about that task was foolish, because what he has said is so easily refuted.

To begin with, the reason why no one named “Marilyn Monroe” could have performed at the Mayan in 1948 was because no one by that name existed in until two years later. At birth the woman who became “Marilyn Monroe” was named Norma Jeane Mortenson, because her father’s name was Mortenson; and her middle name was spelled with an e that has been eliminated unjustifiably in the millions of articles and many books and book chapters about her.
Because her father did not marry her mother, and he abandoned mother and daughter when Norma Jeane was three years old, either her mother or her grandmother had her baptized under the name Norma Jeane Baker. Both the names Baker and Monroe stem from her mother’s combination single and married names: Gladys Pearl Monroe Baker.

After Marilyn married James Dougherty in 1942, from the limited evidence available it appears that she used two names: Norma Jeane Dougherty and Mrs. James Dougherty. It was not until eight years later that she began using “Marilyn Monroe” as her stage name.

As for Paul Valentine’s assertion that burlesque was never performed at the Mayan Theater, that is undone by evidence to the contrary such as an article from the Los Angeles Times of March 8, 1948, that I was given permission to reprint. The tiny print below the article cautions: “Further reproduction prohibited without permission” from the “copyright owner” (i.e., the Los Angeles Times).
Denials of association with Anton or the Church of Satan exist by the dozens. Time after time I have watched persons who became involved with Anton and the Church of Satan, in one way or another, deny that they ever had any contact with Anton, that they had ever been in the “black house,” that they even knew him personally. There are photos of actress and singer (now dead) Barbara McNair cavorting in the “black house”; but when she was asked about it, she denied that she was ever there. Among the first men and women who participated in Anton’s rituals were investment broker Donald Werby and his wife Willy, daughter of the owner of the Chock Full O’ Nuts chain in New York. I was there and saw them shouting “Hail Satan!” But when my account of their participation was mentioned in a San Francisco newspaper article, Willy denied it vehemently. There is documentation available to prove that one of the ways Anton earned a living, before memberships in the Church of Satan and his books and lectures and technical support for films made it unnecessary for him to do any other work, was to supply photographs of automobile accidents to the San Francisco Police Department. But top brass of the Department deny that Anton ever did any work for it. There are photos of Anton conducting private rituals for Jayne Mansfield and of Anton together with her and her children in the “Pink Palace,” as her home at 10100 Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills was known. I myself saw steamy love letters that Jayne sent to Anton. But members of Jayne’s family deny that any relationship between the two existed, and one of her press agents dismisses the entire affair as a “publicity stunt.”

Why all of these denials? I take you back to the story of what happened to The Devil’s Avenger. That was 1974. Since then the situation has become worse. The United States of America has become increasingly “Christianized.” Of the 535 members of the U.S. Congress, 478 identify themselves as a Christian of one kind or another. Seven of the nine U.S. Supreme Court justices identify themselves as Christian. Being a Christian of some sort has become nothing less than a litmus test for election to public office. As I wrote this, it was a major factor in the 2008 presidential election campaign. And perhaps more worrisome than any other factor, millions of self-professed Christians are demanding more than ever that American government and society be governed by Christian “values” that have no relevance to the precepts attributed to “Jesus Christ” in the scriptures that comprise the bible of the religion and thus its organic law.
Amid the undermining of the secularism – that is, the separation of church from state – upon which the American government was founded, there is fear in politics, the media, and business, of the consequences from offending Christians. How many individuals are willing to be associated, even in the most trivial way, with a man who took the role of the Devil’s advocate and an organization of brazen men and women who announce their dedication to Satan and dare to characterize their assemblage as a church? The relatively few individuals of public prominence who have dared to enter the association in some way despite the risk, because they thought it would not become public knowledge, have backed off when they were exposed. In the wake of that result, they were quick to “swear to God” it never happened.

It is not only fear of reprisal, however, that is responsible for the rush to deny relationships with and stories about Anton Szandor LaVey. You must factor in personal grudges that often erupt into attacks on Anton motivated by a burning desire for revenge. A former member, kicked out of the Church of Satan by Anton, forms his own cult and devotes his life to defaming his former hero. A daughter of Anton’s, bent upon replacing her mother as High Priestess of the Church of Satan, is finally disowned by Anton, and after he boots her and her alleged “husband” out of the Church altogether, she spreads her vitriolic attack on Anton, full of outrageous lies, all over the internet. The friends and relatives of actresses who have indulged themselves in sex with Anton, determined to prevent the image of these women as having been sinful to the extreme of copulating with the Devil personified, deny by every means possible that it ever happened. A prominent business woman, involved in a horrific divorce proceeding, feels compelled to deny the story of her involvement with the Church of Satan, lest the jury in her case somehow get wind of it and become so inflamed that a verdict goes against her. The director of a theater lies about past use of the theater in what seems to be an effective way of avoiding any connection with devilish acts.

Time after time, however, evidence not only works against those bent upon attacking Anton, but also causes anyone who investigates their accusations to take Anton’s version of events as the truth, even when the story he has told seems to lack support or veracity. So it is with Anton’s account of his brief fling with the woman who became known as Marilyn Monroe (to be called “Marilyn” from here forward). His account cannot be verified; but neither can it be refuted.
According to Anton, Marilyn turned to stripping at the Mayan because her contract with Columbia Pictures was suddenly canceled and she had only been earning money as a bit player. As Anton related the story, Marilyn’s contract with Columbia Pictures was canceled by head mogul Harry Cohen (“King Cohen”) because Marilyn would not submit to his demand for sex: the price he exacted from a number of the actresses which came his way for boosting them toward stardom. That story is certainly credible, since it was well known in Hollywood that if an actress did not submit to Cohen’s demand for sex, he not only canceled her contract, but also used his influence to prevent that actress from finding work anywhere in the film industry.

At Marilyn’s first appearance as a stripper, Anton told me, he had to accompany her on organ without there having been time for a rehearsal. After the show she thanked Anton, he said, because the way he had played helped her move through her act with ease.

As Anton described Marilyn’s “bump-and-grind” routine to me, she feigned copulation but did not display her pubic hair or the nipples of her breasts, because that was illegal in 1948; and so she did not strip beyond her pasties and g-strings.

After working two performances together, Anton told me, he and Marilyn became friends, and after the third they became lovers: not unusual in the part of show business that is sexually oriented.

As Anton described them, their pleasures were simple. They drove in Marilyn’s dilapidated 1940 Pontiac convertible to Venice, Santa Monica, Ocean Park, and Malibu; took walks along the streets and beaches; dined in hamburger joints; and made love in a motel room or in Marilyn’s car.

For the rest of the way I relate Anton’s account of his fling with Marilyn sans attribution to him, with the understanding that this is strictly Anton’s story, only he and Marilyn know how true it is, and it is too late now to ask them if denials which did not surface until after Anton’s death have any validity.

Marilyn, as anyone close to her learned, was a sloppy housekeeper. She lived out of suitcases and cartons. Instead of hanging up her clothes when she had finished wearing them, she strewed them around her motel room or left them balled up in suitcases in the trunk of her car. Anton did not mind – he was not looking for a housekeeper or cook; he needed a sex mate, for his life was lonely and devoid of much fun.
Though Marilyn was twenty-two and Anton only eighteen, he felt as though he were the older. In fact, he was passing himself off as twenty-five. That may have explained how deferential Marilyn was to Anton.

Marilyn was passive in her lovemaking, allowing Anton to determine position and movements. She asked questions with the simplicity of a sixteen-year-old high school student, pestering him to reveal what he had learned as a carny magician. The dark side of his life fascinated her; she wanted to hear about loneliness, death, telepathic communication, magic, mysteries of the occult. She was not yet much of a reader, so she had to learn by listening. On their lengthy drives around the suburbs of Los Angeles and along the beaches, Anton related some of the elementary lessons in magic he had learned, even tried to practice some of them in a way that might prevent Marilyn from adding another dent to the Pontiac convertible, already battered and rattling from loose parts. She was an awful driver, constantly running red lights, banging the bumper and fenders of the car into objects, and accumulating traffic tickets. One day she even rammed the Pontiac into the rear end of a car driven by a minister as he waited in an intersection for the light to change.

It was a curious coincidence that Marilyn’s car struck that of a minister at this time of her life. She had just told Anton she had abandoned Christianity after her last effort to compromise with it. Already she had stopped attending church services. At the suggestion of a friend and out of deference to her adopted “aunt,” however, she agreed to try Christian Science. But after spending two hours in a Christian Science reading room examining the philosophy and trappings of the Church of Christ Scientist, she became more disenchanted than ever. Marilyn told Anton she was utterly disillusioned with the religious teaching that had haunted her since childhood. She said she detested the repression inherent in Christianity and the fanaticism of its preachers who had traumatized her when she was a girl.

Marilyn was struggling to be sexually free, but she was experiencing difficulty in balancing her sexuality with her indoctrination in Christian ethics and morality. She was especially troubled by her feelings toward the whistling and clapping men in the Mayan Theater audience. On the one hand, she wanted to revel in their admiration of her body and her sexually provocative act. On the other hand, she felt embarrassed and perhaps even a bit guilty about her arousing their unrequited passion.
In her intimate, self-searching talks with Anton, Marilyn revealed her awareness that as she performed her bumps and grinds, thrusting her pelvis toward the audience of cheering and whistling men, there might be some tormented individuals in the darkened theater rubbing their genitals or masturbating. She had heard stories about such men from the other strippers and was confused over her feelings toward them. She told Anton that she enjoyed men ogling her, whistling at her, even following her down the street; but she hated it when they actually confronted her and asked for her favors. Consequently, she knew she was amounting to a tease, and that bothered her.

Anton had been keeping company with Marilyn for two weeks when he met the daughter of a wealthy Los Angeles businessman. Suddenly he was overcome by opportunism. The daughter of that rich businessman represented a way to acquire an automobile, expensive clothes, and other desired possessions far beyond the earnings of a carnival and burlesque theater organist. With little sense of shame, Anton abandoned Marilyn for the businessman’s daughter.

Within a month he regretted it. Though the daughter was pretty and her father did indeed bestow gifts on Anton, including the use of an expensive automobile, Anton found his new mate intellectually and sexually boring. The amorous part of his thought processes at least, and perhaps even a little of the philosophical, revolved more and more around Marilyn. But by the time he considered the possibility of a renewed romance with her, it was too late. They were both moving on, she to new contacts in modeling and the film industry, he to the exploration of the mysteries that haunted him. Though they would correspond occasionally for another decade, and consider themselves friends, Anton and Marilyn would never see each other again.

It must be understood that the question of whether or not an alleged note from Marilyn to Anton should be construed as authentic has no relevance to the story of their brief relationship. The note consists of an inscription, purportedly from Marilyn, on a copy of the famous calendar highlighted by a pose from her in the nude. It reads: “Dear Tony, how many times have you seen this! Love, Marilyn.” Diane has admitted that she, and not Marilyn, wrote the note. It was only one of her pranks (she has pulled off some dandies) that she has described as stemming from a spur-of-the-moment inspiration. It has no relevance to any attempt to prove or disprove the story of Anton’s relationship with Marilyn.
Two versions of the photo shot by Tom Kelley in 1949 that was used on various calendars such as the one shown here.

In the final analysis, only Anton/Tony and Marilyn/Norma Jeane can know whether or not the story told by Anton is true in all of its details. The rest of us cannot know and will not know unless the greater story of an afterlife is true rather than a fairy tale.

*On the left:* Norma Jeane Dougherty. *On the right:* Marilyn Monroe (by whatever name she may have been using then) on the set, in 1948, at a Columbia Pictures studio.
Anton as he looked in his early twenties. If you view the label on the right magnified, you will see that this is a Wurlitzer being played by Anton. If you have heard George Wright on organ, you have an idea of Anton’s style of arranging and playing. Anton was a master at switching from keyboard to keyboard while, simultaneously, operating foot pedals and pushing buttons that produce imitations of various instruments, drums, cymbals, whistles, bells, and so on. He could do all of that without missing a beat. He was a phenomenal organist, and he was self-taught.

From the private collection of Anton Szandor LaVey.
Nights in Haunted Houses

For whatever his reason may have been, in 1949 Anton returned to San Francisco. One possible reason, that in San Francisco he was able to enroll in the City College without a high school diploma so that he could evade the Korean War draft, does not hold water. There is no record of his having been a student at the City College of San Francisco under any conceivable name that he might have used. It is true, however, that he managed to evade the draft. How he did so is unknown. I only know that he viewed the conflict in Korea with utter contempt and he was determined not to be recruited by any branch of the Armed Forces.

In Anton’s view, the leaders of the U.S. government did not send troops to Korea for the announced purpose: to prevent a “communist” takeover of the country. (I place the term “communist” in quotation marks because there has never been a true communist regime anywhere. What the politicians and the mass communications media have identified billions or trillions of times as “communist” regimes are state socialist dictatorships.) Anton was not buying the announced purpose. He was convinced that economic interests overrode any crusade against communism. But, even if there was a crusade against the atheistic materialism of the Russian, Chinese, and North Korean leaders, Anton was not about to have any truck with it. “If the U.S. Government’s leaders want to make a war against communism appealing enough for the sacrifice of this young man,” Anton told a friend at the time, “they had damned well better build a better mousetrap. The hell if I’m going to Korea.”

Underlying that attitude was Anton’s view of political leaders as “the rottenest characters in the barrel of human stews,” as he put it. That U.S. political leaders were acting as public benefactors by “fighting communism” was just one more way of their lying to the public, Anton thought. Communism had become the latest form of the Devil on earth. Anton identified the 1950’s “communist hunters” with Roman Catholic demagogues such as U.S. Senator Joseph McCarthy who, posing as “good Christians,” were in fact the same kind of tyrants as those of a past era engaged in a purge of “witches” and “sorcerers.” Anton was in full agreement with the term used by opponents of the latter day crusade, this one purportedly against communists: “witch hunt.”
In San Francisco Anton survived financially through part-time jobs playing organ and piano, and by shooting photos of damage caused in traffic accidents, fires, and street brawls. For pleasure he sometimes visited the miniature Coney Island called Playland, along Ocean Beach. On one of his jaunts there, Anton met a young woman who attracted him: Carole Lansing, the daughter of a Wells Fargo Bank department manager. Anton proved to be as attractive to her as she was to him. In 1951 they married.

Carole Lansing, first and only wife of Anton (Tony) LaVey, as she looked circa 1952.

Anton and Carole were married for nine years and had one child, by Carole, Karla Maritza. They were divorced in 1960. Carole never remarried. Neither did Anton.

Photo from the private collection of Anton Szandor LaVey.

As Anton traveled around San Francisco looking for opportunities to sell photographs to insurance companies and the police, he sometimes came upon the results of humanity at its worst: homicides, suicides, damage from arson-caused fires, wrecked vehicles with injured or dead drivers or passengers immersed in blood, bodies hauled out of the San Francisco Bay where they had been tossed after murders or where they had wound up in a submerged automobile, the bodies of women maimed or killed by jealous lovers, men stabbed or shot by their “best friends,” children whose bodies were splattered on the sidewalk or street after being blasted by hit-run drivers. What sickened Anton almost as much as the disgusting scenes were the usual hordes of gawkers sucking sadistic pleasure out of the tragedies: sometimes after they had the opportunity to help prevent the outcome, but did nothing.
Constantly being exposed to the worst of humanity had the unfortunate
effect of clouding Anton’s thought processes. Instead of balancing the worst with
the best of humanity, Anton often formulated his thoughts only on the basis of
conduct he observed that was mindless and destructive. The consequence of that
imbalance was a set of thoughts such as the following which he conveyed to me:

*Christianity has dominated western man so thoroughly over the last nineteen
hundred years that whole nations are referred to as Christian, and yet man’s basic nature
remains unchanged. Socially and culturally, man has not advanced much beyond the state
of his bestial ancestors. Only in science and technology, opposed by the Christian Church
throughout the centuries, has there been any progress, and that in spite of Christianity
rather than because of it.*

That set of thoughts is an unbalanced version of sociologists’ use of the
term “cultural lag” during the early and middle part of the 20th Century. Toward
the end of that century, and even more so today, sociologists and many other
types of societal analysts have offered an even bleaker assessment: that humanity
is regressing into a new kind of Cultural Dark Age. So, Anton’s thinking was not
exactly unique; but it was unbalanced.

One particular hit-run case stirred Anton more than any other which he
photographed: that of a little “black” girl (probably dark brown-skinned, since few
so-called “blacks” actually are black) who had been on her way home from her
first day in school. Her mother was standing on the porch of their home watching
her child laughing and skipping across a nearby intersection when an automobile
whizzed past a stop sign, knocked the girl forty feet through the air, and sped
away. Anton did not witness the tragedy. This was the account of it that he heard
after arriving on the scene to shoot pictures. The child’s body, Anton told me, was
already covered with a blanket that did not hide the blood oozing from under it.

The story of the little “black” girl’s death, Anton told me, left a stronger life
impression on him than other scenes he photographed, because it was in a part of
the city that was to a certain extent segregated and characterized by poverty, and
because it entailed terrible deprivation: a husband-less mother losing her only
child and home companion. So it was that Anton concluded:

*There is no God. There is no supreme, all-powerful deity in the heavens that cares
about the lives of human beings. There is nobody up there who gives a shit. Man is the
only god. Man must be taught to answer to himself and other men for his actions.*

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The problem facing prior American rebels seeking to become a kind of god, Anton told me – and he certainly must be described as a form of American rebel – was that they did not understand how to manage the job in their own country. Adolf Hitler achieved the status of a god in the last century in Germany, as has North Korea’s “dear leader” Kim Jong II in the present era, by becoming a stern, patriarchal figure who, like the “God” of the Old Testament, would mete out harsh punishment to all that did not obey his commands. While it might be possible to whip the older American generation into line via that method, Anton reasoned, it will not work with younger men and women who have become somewhat more resistant to authority. They will only follow a god, or godlike man, Anton thought, if he were presented as potentially like them, only wiser and stronger. “If this figure appeared to the younger generation and to oldsters not inclined to accept total obedience to authority as one who had experienced the same emotional desires and tribulations characteristic of all human beings instead of as a being removed by virgin birth and/or original residence in heaven,” Anton explained his thinking, “then he would be accepted. This figure would be not like a father, but rather like a big brother.”

What symbolic figure might fit that bill? Well, what was the one deity, in literature (or at least in literature as interpreted by Satanists), presented not as “our Father who art in Heaven,” but rather as a powerful brother? To Anton, and eventually to those who followed his lead, that deity could only be “Brother Satan,” a dark force, if not really a figure, that moves among people and becomes involved in their affairs. Hence, the man who presented himself as Brother Satan’s representative on earth might capture the imagination of the younger generation and of oldsters questioning the prevailing view of Judaeo-Christian religion.

Anton was ready to join any kind of group that could be identified as a Satanist organization. The trouble was that he could not find one. Investigating a California organization reputed to be a satanic den of devil-worship, the Thelemites, Anton discovered that they were, as he put it, “a bunch of occultists sitting around scratching their navels like the ‘wise men of the east’ as they contemplated the universal one.” Reading mass media stories about these so-called “Satanists,” Anton laughed and thought: You could have a Greek dance group in diaphanous robes with hyacinths in their hair, and if there was a symbol of Pan in the background, the press would play it up as a devil-worshiping outfit staging a sex orgy.
Pan was on Anton’s mind at this time because he had just read John Symonds’ biography of that horrible, wicked devil-worshiper, Aleister Crowley, who turned out to be, as the result of Symonds’ research, a fake, a poseur, a weak and harmless man stoking himself on drugs. There was one piece of Crowley’s writing, however, that Anton valued: his beautiful, moving Ode to Pan. But that was not enough to offset Anton’s disappointment in coming to still another dead end in his quest.

After the birth of Anton’s and Carole’s daughter Karla Maritza, Anton began a kind of police work that was to lead him, in lieu of trying to find a satanic cult, to create his own. The work consisted of his handling the “800” or “nut” cases that police were asked to investigate at times: hooting sounds in attics, objects dropping mysteriously from ceilings, rays and radiation hitting people, dead dogs howling after they were dead, and ghosts and more ghosts.

Since police officers did not want to investigate these types of cases, Anton explained, they turned them over to him. Detractors have scoffed at Anton’s tale of his ties with San Francisco Police Department officers. But those detractors do so without knowing how close the ties were between Anton and San Francisco Police officers. On many nights when I was in the “black house,” police officers would stop by to visit, chat with Anton, and ask him if he needed any help with the rowdies who frequently blew horns and screamed on the street in front of the “black house,” and who threw objects at the windows or at one of Anton’s dogs that might still be outside. The officers were served coffee and doughnuts, and Anton told them he did not need any help in handling the “human trash” who had nothing better to do with their time; and, indeed, Anton was perfectly capable of dealing with the problem on his own. He had carved an extra large peephole in the front door of the house that he used to fire an air pistol at the intruders. Anton was an excellent shot, as I found out for myself at the rifle/pistol ranges where we fired our weapons. I am a fairly good shot myself, but he placed his bullets in the bull’s-eye many more times than I did. He was equally adept at aiming through the peephole accurately enough to knock out the window of an automobile with his air gun, and that was all it took to scare the bejesus out of the miscreants. The tires of their car screeched as their driver floored the accelerator pedal for a fast getaway. I know. I saw it happen.
I point out, incidentally, that Anton could have used his .45 Magnum or .38 Smith and Wesson, or any of his other guns capable of penetrating a car window so that someone inside would catch the bullet. The pellet from Anton’s air gun merely cracked the window. It did not go through the window, and that is the result Anton wanted, since he did not care to kill the rowdies. His intent was to frighten them enough so that they would not come around again, and his method worked, it must be said, to the benefit of everyone involved.

To return to the story of Anton’s undertaking the “800” or “nut” cases, an underlying reason as to why some of the police officers did not want to handle the cases they turned over to Anton is that they themselves believed in ghosts, did not think the reports of spooks were bogus, and feared just enough to prefer avoiding any confrontation with them. I cannot say to what extent such police officers exist today in these somewhat more enlightened times; but during the late 1960’s I came across a few of those types. For example, in that era I was involved romantically with a devout Catholic woman whose father, an officer in the San Francisco Police Department’s Intelligence Section, believed in the supernatural. In one of our talks he described the invasion of his house by a poltergeist which had shaken the place so severely that he and his family, along with objects in the house, were knocked down. As he told this story while his wife and his daughter listened along with me, his wife kept nodding her head in agreement while his daughter, who had been too young at the time of this alleged happening to know if it was true, remained neutral in evaluation – to my relief.

As Anton told the story, he would take his sleeping bag with him to a “haunted house” and spend the night in it so that he could locate the precise sound or presence disturbing the occupants. One of the cases Anton described to me was that of a “Mrs. Atkins, a short, pigeon-breasted, frizzy-haired woman, and her husband Samuel, a big hound dog type in work pants held up only by his suspenders” (Anton’s exact descriptions). Mrs. Atkins did all of the talking, aided occasionally by a “yep, that’s right” from Samuel. She complained of a moaning sound emanating from the attic of the old frame house she shared with Samuel: a house that had once belonged to an elderly woman whose photographs and mementoes were found there.

“So, you just know,” Anton quoted Mrs. Atkins, “it was her moaning like that nights.”
Anton assured Mrs. Atkins that he would do everything he could “to detect her presence.” And so he sat alone on his sleeping bag in the dark attic for several hours, hearing nothing but his own breathing and on the verge of falling asleep, when a wind arose and the “moaning” sound began. Anton climbed over the eaves through cobwebs and dust, trying to reach the source of the sound, but when he reached the apex of the house he realized that the “moaning” was coming from a point beyond the attic that turned out to be the roof.

On the roof Anton found a “rusty old can, somewhat like the kind that is used for olive oil, with the cap off” (Anton’s description of it), lodged beneath the cornice of the house. The wind was hitting it in such a way that it created a whistle through the spout of the can, and that was the “moaning” sound which was reverberating from the attic down through the rest of the house.

Having completed his investigation, Anton tossed the can he had found at the feet of Mr. and Mrs. Atkins and told them: “There’s your ghost.” He was only slightly amused, actually more disgusted, to see the extreme disappointment registered in their expressions. “Was that all?” Mrs. Atkins asked. “Oh, that little can couldn’t possibly have made all that noise.” It was obvious they wanted to believe it was a ghost, so Anton told them, with as little sarcasm as possible, “of course the old lady’s spirit added depth to the vibrations through the can, but you needn’t worry about her any more; I’ve done something to take care of that, too.” Ah, now that was more like it. Now they had been given what they wanted, an exorcism - only in part, but they saw they would have to be content with it.

If the “800” cases ever deviated from that pattern, and the cause was not psychoneurosis, the explanation was a prankster playing a trick, maybe to help generate belief in supernatural presences. One of the most prominent among the warped tricksters that Anton came across during his investigations of the “800” cases was the proprietress of a well-known hotel-restaurant near Half Moon Bay down the peninsula from San Francisco. Her employees were complaining about a spirit projecting itself into the dining room, causing glasses to fall off shelves in the bar and eerie lights to flash on the walls. As Anton poked around the place, he discovered a tiny alcove behind the bar that opened the door to the eventual unraveling of the mystery. The proprietress, a self-proclaimed spiritist, had been shining ghostlike images through a projector from the alcove and knocking the glasses off the bar shelves with piano wire inserted through the pinholes.
Whether self-professed spiritists playing tricks on the gullible or just lonely individuals claiming that they had been “irradiated from outer space,” the 800’s all wanted to believe in ghosts. They did not want to hear Anton’s practical, logical, scientific explanations of their problems, or anything that interfered with their fantasies. Anton thought: “Hell, this is why people need religion, need to believe in the supernatural. They can’t be self-responsible, can’t rely on their own bodies and minds. They need some outer force to lean on so that their fate can be explained. If they accepted absolute answers in the here and now, then they would have to accept their inadequacies, the failures of their own lives; but they are unable to accept.”

Anton loved hats: straw hats, Stetsons, derbies, cowboy hats, Greek fishermen’s caps, police caps, taxicab driver caps, helmets – you name it, Anton had it. He also loved the woods. He remarked to me more than once that if he had not become a Satanist he would have been a naturalist. One of the reasons why he admired Henry David Thoreau was that Thoreau fled a society he detested to live in the woods in a cabin he built himself. Anton fantasized doing the same, but he was too deeply wed to urban organizational life, music making, and sex with a lot of witches, to seriously consider it. Even on walks in the woods, he was never solitary.
The Magic Circle

From what he observed in his street photography and his investigations of “800” or “nut” cases, Anton found certain parallel events in ghost or poltergeist invasions, beatings, mutilations, inexplicable strings of bad luck, and the murders of victims, that occurred in buildings of the same basic structure. They seemed to have one geometric design in common: that of a trapezoid. Anton had noticed, in his studies of what is passed off as “black magic,” that trapezoidal shapes were frequently involved. For example, that was the shape of the castle purported to have been inhabited by Gilles de Rais, the original Bluebeard who was accused of practicing satanic rites in the 15th Century.

By 1956 Anton had decided to find out whether or not he himself could practice some sort of magic. He also decided that the flat he was occupying with Carole and Karla was not an appropriate place for it. Already Anton had been drawing disapproval from neighbors for harboring a leopard in the flat. Even though he tried to avoid scaring them by taking the leopard out for walks only late at night, some of the neighbors either watched from windows or took strolls themselves near or shortly after midnight, and they were frightened.

Anton claimed that he hit upon the house at 6114 California Street, as the place where he wanted to try practicing magic, because it had been “owned by an eccentric black woman who had fitted it out with trapdoors, secret passages, ladders, and other madhouse contraptions” (Anton’s words) when she was acting as a concierge for Mammy Pleasant (Marry Ellen Pleasant), who was purportedly the operator of bordellos and who had used the house as a speakeasy. That was another of Anton’s image-enhancing inventions. Mammy Pleasant, a prominent figure in the early civil rights struggles who helped ferret slaves out of the South via the “Underground Railroad,” owned boarding houses, not bordellos. None of them were near 6114 California Street, and none of them was a speakeasy.

The fact is that the “black house” at 6114 California Street was not black when Anton moved into it with Carole and Karla; and it was owned by Anton’s father, Mike.

Here is a true history of the “black house” that was provided to me by Thomas (Tom) Carey, librarian of the San Francisco History Center:
“A 1906 block book indicates that Lucy Haryett was owner of the 6114 [California Street] property. The May 1903 San Francisco city directory gives the first listing for William Haryett at this address. Rev. [Reverend] William Haryett was listed in the 1907 city directory, and Haryett was preaching at the First Baptist Church in San Francisco in 1917.

“The 1900 U.S. federal census for San Francisco listed John W. Johnson and another family at 6114, though Johnson was a renter. We cannot research complete building histories for individuals, and tracing titles is no small effort. Who built the structure is another research project; in that period at the turn of the century, I see many carpenters living in the area.”

The best scenario I have to offer, other than what Tom Carey provided, begins in 1946, when an apparently married couple, David and Gladys Haskell, bought the house at 6114 California Street. They did not hold onto the house long, and neither did the next owner, Gladys Logan, who went to her death sometime in 1950. It appears that the property then remained in probate until 1956, when Anton’s father and mother bought the place, according to Diane, as a “cash cow,” refinancing it three times and taking out the equity to pay off Mike’s gambling debts. In September 1971, Mike and his wife Gertrude sold the house to Anton and his companion Diane jointly for what appears to have been a token one dollar in return for their assuming the mortgage payments on it. The records in the Assessor/Recorder’s office show a deed transfer to “Anton and Diane LaVey” as “husband and wife,” though Anton and Diane never married.

Diane’s excuse is that she was told by an attorney whom she and Anton trusted that they could be construed as a married couple under common law. That is another example of why it is unwise to accept the word of an attorney and to act on it without doing your own checking. There is no such common law.

This is not to say that Anton and Diane were illegally identifying her as “Diane LaVey” generally. As I mentioned in the chapter of this book titled “The Great Szandor,” there is a common law right to use a non-birth name – but not for any fraudulent purpose. In this case the purpose was to indicate that Anton and Diane were married. Even if Anton and Diane identified themselves that way on advice from an attorney, that would not excuse them. You cannot act in an illegal way just because an attorney tells you it is okay.
Part of the Joint Tenancy Grant Deed conveying ownership of the house at 6114 California Street in San Francisco from “Michael J. Levey and Gertrude A. Levey, his wife,” to “Anton S. LaVey and Diane E. LaVey, his wife in joint tenancy.”

Not long after Mike and Gertrude bought the house in 1956 (for $9,500), Anton moved into it with his wife Carole. So far as I can determine, they paid no rent to Mike and Gertrude, while Mike continued to make the mortgage payments on the house.

Living in the house with Anton and Carole, beginning in 1956 and continuing to do so after they were divorced in 1960, was Karla Maritza. Karla has been unwilling to explain why she chose to live with Anton, and then with Anton and Diane, rather than with Carole. There must have been a serious rift between Karla and Carole. In all of the times I talked with Karla, she never would mention her biological mother, and she seemed to view Diane as her surrogate mother.
The “black house” at 6114 California Street, as it looked before and after Anton had it fenced to keep intruders from knocking at the door or causing some kind of mischief.

The color of the “black house” when Anton and Diane became its owners was slate gray. According to Anton’s neighbors in the 6100 block of California Street, it is true, as he claimed, that he himself painted the house black. It was from some of the neighbors, Anton told me, that he pieced together a story of the original construction of the house in 1887 by a “Scottish sea captain” who built it from “timbers brought around Cape Horn on ships that used them for ballast.” Anton told me he believed that story because “the nails in the wood were the square-cut kind once standard for seamen.”

The most puzzling question about the “black house” was the origin of its hidden passageways.
There were trapdoors and panels in the house that enabled Anton to emerge from a bookcase and through the floor, or to walk from parts of the house to other parts of it through walls that were false. If that was not the product of a “black madam” who had acted as a concierge for Mammy Pleasant, as Anton claimed, then what was the origin? Anton’s daughter Zeena has accused Anton of constructing the hidden passageways himself to buttress his story of the Mammy Pleasant connection. That is possible, I suppose, since Anton had a knowledge of architectural draftsmanship, and he was gifted at crafting objects made of wood, plastic, and other materials. But why would he go to the trouble of tearing up walls and floors so as to create a means of moving through the house more difficult than it need be? The only answer I can come up with, if in fact he alone was responsible for the devices enabling him to walk through the walls and emerge from trapdoors, is that this was another in his stratagems for the creation of an aura of mystery around “The Great Szandor,” practitioner of “the black arts.”.

Anton emerging from a trapdoor in the room of the “black house” described in the foregoing part of this book as the “antechamber” where members of his “congregation” gathered before and after the Black Mass that Anton performed in 1968. In this photo Anton wears the costume that he scrapped later in favor of a Christian cleric’s frock.
For a possible explanation of why Anton felt a need to create a mystical setting for himself to accompany his public image, I turn to observations formulated by Steven Pinker and Joseph LeDoux. Pinker is a professor in the Department of Psychology at Harvard University and the author of books on how the mind works. LeDoux is professor of neuroscience and psychology at New York University and the author of the book *Synaptic Self: How Our Brains Become Who We Are*.

Pinker theorizes that the brain harbors what he calls a “baloney-generator” which offers up explanations for human behavior beyond reality. They are stories that we tell not only others, but also ourselves, in order to make ourselves comfortable with our positions in society. Thus, in effect, the brain becomes a “spin doctor.”

LeDoux’s view of the brain, more or less in accordance with that of Pinker’s, is that people act and formulate ideas in ways not consonant with the truth for the purpose of keeping their lives tied together in what to them comprises a coherent story.

In Anton’s case, whatever he invented for background information became a kind of reality through members of the mass miscommunications media who repeated the prevailing stories about him. Early in Anton’s career as the pretender to the Devil’s throne, the most popular society columnist on the West Coast, Herb Caen, began publicizing, in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, accounts of the leopard that Anton kept as a pet, a tarantula crawling through passageways in the “black house,” and other weird happenings there; and the tales were picked up by news services and spread across the U.S. and elsewhere.

While Anton was preparing his experiment in the practice of magic and generating publicity about his mysterious ways, he was generating some of the income he needed by playing cocktail music on a padded Wurlitzer theater organ several nights a week at the Lost Weekend nightclub in the Parkside district of San Francisco. He was known to the patrons as “Tony,” not Anton. I talked to several patrons of the nightclub who described how enthusiastically Anton’s playing was received. He knew what pieces to play for any given audience, and the numbers he chose for the men and women hanging around the bar and the Wurlitzer were those they grew up on and especially those they could sing.
In 1959 Anton found more part-time work performing on organ, though only on Sundays, at Mori’s Point Inn, also known as Mori’s Tavern. The name for it was taken from Mori Point, a stretch of headlands near Pacifica, California. During Prohibition it was used by bootleggers as a hideaway. That activity ended in a blazing gunfight on the nearby beach between government agents and rum runners. The inn (or tavern) was condemned in 1965, but before it could be torn down it burned down. Arson was suspected, but not established.
On a flyer describing what the inn or tavern had to offer, Anton’s name was either misspelled “Antone La Vey” or spelled that way because Anton presented it that way to the owner of the place. Throughout his life Anton used names at times that were not Anton Szandor LaVey, though that was his staple.

One Sunday evening the manager of the Seavue Theater in Pacifica brought a seventeen-year-old usherette with long blond hair to the inn as his dinner date. One of the names by which she became known, along with Diane LaVey, was Diane Evelyn Hegarty, because her biological father was James Cornelius Hegarty, a jockey and trainer of horses owned by the Aga Khan and Colonel Robert McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune.

Had the theater manager taken Diane to the inn just that one time, she might never have become a part of Anton’s life. But he kept returning, and if he wanted to keep Diane for himself, that turned out to be a mistake. She became entranced with Anton.
Since Anton’s marriage to Carole was about to end, Diane’s attraction to him was more than welcome, especially since she was as lovely to look at as she was intelligent to talk to, and she expressed a keen interest in learning about Anton’s delving into “black magic.” It took little time for them to become lovers.

Diane Hegarty as she looked around age 25 (not at the time she met Anton, as identified elsewhere). As shown in this photograph, she was wearing a necklace with the traditional Baphomet sigil dangling from it between her breasts, and she was established as the companion and amanuensis of Anton as well as the High Priestess of the Church of Satan.

Around the same time that Anton and Diane became lovers, Carole filed for divorce, which became final in 1960. After Carole moved out of the “black house,” according to Anton, she went on to become a successful real estate broker. So far as I know, contact between Carole and Anton ceased after the divorce.

Anton’s ‘magic seminars’

With Carole gone, Anton was freed to begin using the “black house” for the purposes that he had envisioned, but that Carole would not allow. Her aversion to Anton’s growing obsession with magic had become one of the causes of the rift between them. When Anton told her that he intended to begin holding “magic seminars” in the house, Carole said she would not hear of it. When Diane moved into the house, Anton’s plans for its use not only ceased to be a problem, but also drew nothing but enthusiasm from Diane. She was ready to become a partner in whatever Anton proposed. And so it was. Anton formulated the events, and Diane made the arrangements.
The events that Anton described as “magic seminars,” held in the “black house” on Friday nights, are more accurately identified as lectures. Anton and Diane set a charge for them at $2.50 a head. Among the subjects or themes chosen by Anton for the lectures were ghosts, haunted houses, vampires, werewolves, zombies, monsters, human oddities such as homunculi, fortune telling, voodoo, extra sensory perception, telepathic communication, human sacrifice, and cannibalism. To create eeriness for his lectures that entailed horror stories, Anton had Diane shine green lights onto his face to indicate whatever was grisly, and red to show terror. That kind of enhancement of mood seemed to suffice for the lectures on most subjects. But it would not be adequate, Anton decided, for the tougher subjects; and especially it would not do for the session on cannibalism.

For the lecture on cannibalism, Anton chose to take a chance on a much bolder approach, even at the risk of losing patrons. He arranged for them to experience cannibalism by dining on human flesh. The main course for the meal was supplied by a Berkeley physician attending the Friday night seminars. It consisted of the upper thigh of a white American female, aged forty-two, who had died in an East San Francisco Bay hospital. She had been biopsied by the Berkeley physician who supplied the thigh. Diane was chosen to be the chef. She basted the thigh in fruit juices, Triple Sec, and grenadine, and served it with fried bananas and yams, just as the Fiji Islanders once prepared puaka balava (“long pig,” their name for the meat of humans). Diane served the dish with Tonka bean wine and caterpillars. The participants who shared the meal agreed that it tasted like a cross between pork and lamb: saltier than lamb, sweeter than pork, not as tender as lamb, rather tightly fibered like pork chops.

[One note of possible interest: According to John Elphinstone Erskine, in his book Journal of a Cruise Among the Islands of the Western Pacific (1853), the literal translation of puaka balava is “long pig,” but at least in the way the Fiji Islander cannibals used the term, it meant “human body.”]

As Anton developed further means of dramatizing his Friday night lectures – e.g., Egyptian style ceremonies to celebrate the virility god Osiris, séances to provide somewhat of a mood for a talk on spiritism – they became so entrancing that the individuals who attended them kept returning for more. So it was that Anton had succeeded in developing the “magic group” he had envisioned. He called it “The Magic Circle.”
Its first members included the heir of the Vickers munitions empire, a man who had known Zaharoff [i.e., Basil Zaharoff, born Basileios Zacharias, Greek arms trader, director and chairman of the Vickers munitions firm during World War I] in the days when that war profiteer had a mysterious black chapel in his chateau; Carin de Plessen, called “the mad countess” by her neighbors in Marin County (actually she was not a countess but rather a baroness who grew up in the Royal Palace of Denmark) because she kept a compound of Great Danes at her rustic, isolated house on a knoll in Woodacre; novelist Stephen Schneck, author of The Nightclerk; anthropologist Mike Harner; investment broker Donald Werby and his wife Willy, son-in-law and daughter of the man who owned Chock Full O’Nuts in New York; “underground” filmmaker Kenneth Anger; taxidermist Roy Heist; “the inscrutable Dr. Cecil E. Nixon”; and various physicians, attorneys, artists, writers, policemen, and policewomen.

Anton playing at one of his Friday night lectures on the first organ that he installed in the “black house.” Later he replaced this one with a large theater organ.

Anthropologist Mike Harner was teaching at the University of California/Berkeley at the time he became one of the original members of the Magic Circle. It should have come as no surprise to find him there, given the course he followed as a researcher and writer on the subject of shamanism. Sadly, he came to believe so deeply that shamans are real and possessed of special powers which he found within himself that he proclaimed himself to be a shaman. Once that happened, he was dismissed by scientists, especially those in his chosen field of anthropology, as a crackpot.
When I revealed that the Werbys participated in rituals at the “black house,” Willy denied it; but there was a motive for her doing so. She was enmeshed in a divorce proceeding with Donald and feared an adverse reaction to her by judge and jury for having participated in the scandalous, infamous Black Mass. It made no difference at the time to Donald, who had already disgraced himself by picking up young homosexuals in the upper Polk Street area of San Francisco, home of “gay bars,” providing them with cocaine, and paying them to perform some weird forms of sex. Among the youngsters was a 13-year-old boy. Donald was arrested, indicted on a number of charges, and convicted on four of those. Possibly because of critical illness that would cause Donald’s death before long, the judge who passed sentence on him let him escape prison time and, instead, ordered him to perform community service and to pay a $300,000 fine.

[Note re spelling of “Werby” – The correct spelling for the name of the brothers who established a real estate empire in San Francisco, Donald and Robert, is “Werbe.” Donald’s wife Willy changed the spelling to “Werby” because, she said, “it sounds more artistic.” Robert did not accept her change, continuing to spell the name as “Werbe,” while Donald’s sons Christopher and Todd have continued to use the y.]

To anyone who is aware of Donald Werby’s role in the demolition of the palatial Fox Theater in San Francisco, and the construction on the site where it had stood so majestically of a hideously ugly high-rise combination residential/office building, it might have seemed puzzling to find Anton embracing Donald as a member of the Magic Circle and the Church of Satan, since Anton harbored a reaction of fury to that disaster. Government officials’ decision to demolish the Fox was purportedly based on its having become an “earthquake hazard.” But Anton believed, along with many other San Francisco residents, that the Fox could have been saved had sufficient funds been raised for the project. Instead of using his money for that purpose, however, Donald, who had acquired the property, chose to use the site where the Fox had been for a strictly commercial purpose: to make money from rentals of offices and apartments. Anton needed Donald’s money himself, and he thought that if Donald could not be convinced to change course, at least he could be persuaded to erect a building of beauty on the site where the Fox had stood. Instead, Donald approved an ugly design based on the use of prefabricated blocks in order to save expense and rack up a bigger profit.
Exterior shot of the glorious Fox Theater in San Francisco. On the pretext of its having become an “earthquake hazard,” it was razed and replaced by an ugly monstrosity: a high-rise residence/office building that has the appearance of what is most aptly described as a giant inverted ice cube tray.
The Fox was considered by many admirers to have been one of the most magnificent live and motion picture theaters in the world. It was one of the crown jewels of an era when structures were built for beauty rather than just for profit. Today, the cost of recreating it – with the lavish materials, chandeliers, murals, plush seats, and pipe organ it contained – is considered prohibitive. That money dominates in lieu of esthetics in modern society is one of the factors that caused Anton to tell me a number of times: “I hate money.” But it was Donald’s monetary contributions to the Church of Satan that caused Anton to accept Donald as a member even while Anton despised what he characterized as “Donald’s ugly monstrosity” so intensely that secretly he “put a curse” on it. Anton was a Satanist. The curse, I must add, had no effect. “Fox Plaza,” as the building became known, remains in tact, making money for its owners.
One of the three most fascinating members of the Magic Circle was taxidermist Roy A. Heist. In an interview with *Hayward Daily Review* reporter James C. O’Neill, Heist described his customers as including “several lady witch doctors, a voodoo man from the South Seas,” and “a snake cult priestess.” He and Anton were well matched. Before his retirement in the late 1970’s, Heist either stuffed or restuffed at least one of Anton’s animal trophies.

An even more fascinating member of the Magic Circle was filmmaker Kenneth Anger (Kenneth Wilbur Angelmyer), known more for his book *Hollywood Babylon*, revealing scandals in the lives of Hollywood celebrities, than for his independently produced, experimental films. After making dozens of the films, he told an interviewer that he considered cinema to be an “evil force” designed to control people and events, adding that his films were produced for that purpose. Despite spending most of his work time on films, he said that he did not consider them to be his true “life work.” Rather, his life was devoted to what he called and spelled as “Magick”; and as long as Anton was alive, it was to him and the Church of Satan that Anger turned for assistance in that sphere.
Dr. Cecil E. Nixon was arguably the most fascinating of all of the original members of the Magic Circle. He was a dentist who abandoned his practice, telling friends: “I love beauty and it isn’t pleasant to look into someone’s mouth.” He filled his house on Broadway Street in San Francisco’s Pacific Heights district with rococco furnishings, rare clocks and musical instruments, ornate statues, a pipe organ that he built himself, and his various inventions: a doorbell that played taps, a door that unlocked at the command of a voice through the carved head of a satyr with an electrical connection inside it, a mechanical bird-call box that popped out of Nixon’s paneled living room wall at 20-minute intervals, and music systems featuring especially flutes that played from all corners of the house every hour.

Nixon’s major invention was Isis, a wood-carved robot that played around 3,000 tunes on a zither upon a given vibration of the human voice pronouncing one of the song titles. Nixon alone knew the correct vibrations; nobody else could turn on Isis. Nixon claimed that 150 scientific principles were involved in his construction of Isis, named after the Egyptian fertility goddess. Within her ample, dusky body Nixon rigged up 370 electro-magnets; 1,187 geared wheels; and a maze of cams, sprockets, and solenoids attached to 2,233 sections of wire. It took him 15 years to complete her. Within three weeks after she began plucking with wooden hands at the zither held in her lap, the young woman who purportedly had posed as the model for Isis, while Nixon carved her final shape, went to her death under circumstances which, so far as I have been able to determine, were never explained. Nixon’s only comment when asked about the cause of her death was as follows: “Isis is the only woman who does as she is told.”

Anton told me that he played on Nixon’s organ and piano at soirees in Nixon’s house, that he performed some private rituals for Nixon’s “lady friend” Onezoma Dubouchelle, and that Nixon made him “his adopted son of magic,” confiding in him the secret of how to turn on Isis and his future plans for a House of Mirrors he wanted to build in Calistoga. Nixon perished at the age of 82 in 1962, six years before I met Anton; and there is no one alive today who will dispute or verify Anton’s story of their relationship. There is one part of the story, however, which can be challenged: Anton’s claim that Nixon told him how to turn on Isis and that he, Anton, locked Nixon’s secret instructions in a vault and refused to let anyone read them. That is balderdash. There was no vault, and Nixon went to his grave determined that nobody would ever learn the means of operating Isis.
Isis plucking at her zither. The inscription at the bottom of the portable contraption holding her reads: “I am all that was, and is, and is to be, and no mortal hath lifted my veil.” As applied to Isis, that proclamation is incongruent. It appears to have been taken from an inscription on one of the temples to Neith, the goddess of war and weaving in Egyptian mythology. Isis was construed to have been the goddess of nature and magic.

Nixon adjusting Isis.
After Nixon’s death, William Fisk (Bill) Harrah, owner of Harrah’s Club in Reno, acquired Isis for his Pony Express Museum. The curator of the museum (whose name I have lost) vowed that he would take Isis apart, figure out the way to operate her, and have her play for tourists; but, like anyone else who may have tried, he failed.

Two years after Bill Harrah’s death in 1978, his attorney sold off Harrah’s Club to the Holiday Inn Corporation. In 1986 auctioneer Greg Martin, seeking a few rare guns from the Pony Express Museum collection, was told by Holiday officers that he would have to purchase the entire collection or none of it. So, he bought all of the artifacts in it for $1 million, took the guns he wanted, and gave the rest of the collection to the Butterfield & Butterfield auction house in San Francisco, where he was working at the time. In July 1986 B&B auctioned off the remainder of the artifacts; but the staff of the successor to that auction house, Bonhams & Butterfield, has no record of who bought them. Neither does Martin. Consequently, I lose track of Isis as of 1986. I can only hope that somebody who reads this book will tell me who has Isis, why that individual bought her, and what is being done with her.

After Nixon’s death, Anton changed his evaluation of him from praise and admiration to contempt. In his final description of the man who had made him “his adopted son of magic,” Anton dismissed and disdained “the inscrutable Dr. Nixon” as “a rather innocuous old man who spent a quarter of a lifetime building a woman who could not be laid.”

Though Nixon did not assign his secrets to Anton (perhaps the reason for Anton’s posthumous evaluation), the onetime dentist turned dilettante and inventor did leave him with a kind of gift. It was Nixon who brought Dr. Hugo Moeller to the Magic Circle. Since Moeller had achieved distinction in his work at the neurosurgery department at the University of California Medical Center, he added prestige to Anton’s act. Instead of contenting himself with that much, however, Anton pushed the association to the point of identifying Moeller as the physician who “turned over to me [Anton] various cases that might lend themselves to hypnotherapy,” for which Anton “charged ten dollars a session” and through which he “cured quite a few of Moeller’s patients.” That was ridiculous. Even if Anton had performed hypnotherapy (which I doubt), a physician would not refer patients to a layman for treatment. That would be medical malpractice.
Publicity galore

By 1964 Anton, his “black house”, and the Magic Circle, were engendering a lot of publicity. Monique Benoit, one of the two San Francisco Chronicle’s society columnists, described Anton to her readers as “a psychic investigator who spends nights in haunted houses and cemeteries, and who holds magic ceremonies in his own digs.” Herb Caen, the other and more prominent Chronicle columnist, began publishing more items about Anton’s pet leopard and pet tarantula. But soon the items about the leopard had to cease, because it somehow got loose, either from the “black house” (as Anton claimed), or from one of Anton’s automobiles, onto a street where it was bashed and killed by a hit-run driver.

But Anton was not long without a big cat in his house. In place of the leopard he acquired a lion cub that he called and that has been identified in many articles and in books as a “Nubian lion.” Since the lion cub was born and raised on the game reserve of Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie, that identification is not quite accurate. Ethiopia is a country in East Africa. Nubia, though its identification has been changed from a kingdom to a region and its borders also have been changed over the years, has never been considered as extending into Ethiopia. Rather, it has been delineated as extending from the Nile region or Aswan part of Egypt to the Sudan in Northeast Africa.

According to Anton, his lion cub was purchased by a former Clyde Beatty Circus animal trainer through the Serengeti Park Company, a game protection agency in Tanganyika (since renamed Tanzania), and was shipped to the U.S. as a gift to Anton when it was nine weeks old. Anton said he named it “Togare” after “the famed Eurasian lion and tiger trainer” who in turn had been named for the “Togarma tribe into which [Anton’s] grandfather was born.” That is more Anton claptrap, used to add to the mystique he self-created. The “famed Eurasian lion and tiger trainer” is one of the fictitious characters Anton invented. Nor was there a “Togarma tribe,” and so of course no grandfather of Anton’s could have been born into it. Togarma, also spelled Togarmah, is the name of one of the sons of Gomer in the Old Testament at Genesis 10.3. The scriptures which make up the Old Testament do not comprise historical fact. There is not a scrap of evidence that the characters of the Old Testament actually existed. In his book The Thirteenth Tribe, Arthur Koestler tied up, as purported fact, the so-called “Khazars” with “Togarma” as the origin of the Turks. But that, too, is fiction.
Even though Togare was just a cub when Anton acquired it, that did not mean it would be a domesticated animal. A lion remains a wild animal no matter what its origin and how it is raised, and it is always dangerous. You do not keep a lion of any kind or origin in your house unless you know how to handle it. One mistake, one lapse, and you or a member of your family, or a visiting friend, can be injured or killed. Anton was willing to take the risk of keeping Togare in the “black house” because, as a cage boy in the circus, he learned from whoever the lion trainer was at the time how to manage a lion. He would have been crazy to keep a lion in his house if he did not know how to manage it, and whatever else Anton was, he was not crazy.

Togare in the canopied bed that Anton shared with his lion cub.
Though I arrived at the “black house” after Togare had been sent to the San Francisco Zoo, I learned from a house guest of Anton’s that there had been some scary episodes wherein Anton had to use his guile to stave off an all-out attack. He was compelled to admit, even though he avoided a major incident, that he did sustain a few injuries in his close encounters with Togare, since he was allowing the lion to share his bed and was playing games with it oftentimes. One night, during what Anton described as “a playful sparring match,” Togare bruised one of Anton’s arms severely enough so that “The Great Szandor” had to check himself into a hospital for treatment. You can imagine what the staff on duty thought when Anton described the source of his injury. (“Uh, you say you were playing with a lion, Mister LaVey?”)

There were more amusing stories about Togare in the newspaper gossip columns: Anton taught Togare to retrieve a doll when asked “where’s your dolly?”. Anton called Togare to mess by playing *Onward Christian Soldiers* on the piano. Anton housebroke Togare as one would a kitten, using newspapers and a drip pan for the lion’s elimination needs. Diane used Tabasco sauce to brush anything she did not want Togare to get into. Togare liked to lie on the sofa watching television programs, especially those featuring the collie dog “Lassie,” whose plastic face he would lick. In an open house ceremony at Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco, officials of the Kaiser Corporation used Togare to dedicate their radio station, KFOG, by inducing the lion to make noises in front of a microphone. The cashier of the Modesto Poultry store, where Anton purchased seventy pounds of chicken each week, spoke up one day: “I’ve finally figured it out. You’ve got a Jewish mother with a lot of sick friends.” The gossip writers had a whole bunch of stories like those with which to fill up their columns.

More publicity was engendered when Anton, dressed in pith helmet and leopard skin vest, played calliope music atop a big truck for various holiday parades, accompanied by an assemblage of Anton-styled and self-styled “witches” dressed in traditional red, white, and blue patriotic colors. But that is where the tradition ended. To let all parade watchers know that these women were not your customary representatives of American patriotism, Anton had his “witches” wear dresses that were veritable blasphemies, because the red white and blue cloth was cut low at the top and high at the bottom, exposing substantial hunks of breasts and thighs bursting into the air as Anton played *The Stars and Stripes Forever.*
As the publicity built up, patrons of the Lost Weekend began pestering Anton with questions. One of them was a San Francisco police inspector whose name, believe it or not, was Jack Webb. “Tony,” Webb asked Anton one night, “why don’t you make some greater use of all this magic stuff and the philosophy you have spun around it? You know, you have enough material for the founding of a whole new religion. Do you realize that?”

Anton considered it. Why not formalize the practice of black magic as he defined it, he asked himself, into a philosophy of life, even a religion that would serve as the antithesis to white magic? To Anton, ever since pagan worship was outlawed, religions were all based on the alleged spiritual nature of human beings, with little or no concern for their carnal or mundane needs. Nevertheless, they were based on a kind of magic, and Jesus Christ, if he had been a real rather than a fictitious character, would have been in the final analysis nothing more than a magician.

What is magic? Anton defined it as “the change in situations or events in accordance with one’s will that would, using normally accepted methods, be unchangeable.” Was that not an accurate description for the purpose of Christian church rites? Consider. In the Catholic church, the high priest recites Latin chants, waves incense in the air, invokes an invisible holy spirit, mortifies the flesh, and by every means possible tries to change events by an extremely humble and self-abasing approach to deity. The approach is based on fear of that deity which has power over the entire universe and is viewed as a vengeful force that will wreak havoc if angered and not constantly assured of the devotion of the faithful. Only a trained priest, a kind of magician, is deemed capable of interceding to avert this supremely powerful deity’s wrath and events resulting from that wrath.

Except for the hidden purpose of social acceptability, Anton thought, people go to church on Sunday mostly to beg for mercy and salvation from eternal damnation by the feared deity. That, Anton concluded, is the driving inducement for people to follow a religion based on alleged spirituality and its leaders’ chicanery.

In keeping with that thought, Anton viewed religion as the application of a kind of stage magic to superstition. He reasoned that its use in white religion to appease a force no one can see or describe is as wasteful as the trick of rolling a pencil off a table without touching it.
“The amount of energy needed to levitate a teacup,” Anton thought, “would be a sufficient enough force to place an idea in the heads of people halfway across the earth and motivate them with your will.”

Black magic, then, would simply be a new religion devoted to earthly matters: a badly needed religion based on the natural instincts of human beings. Magic in such a religion would be used to work spells and hexes, to invoke demons, and to extol Satan, lord of flesh and all material things. The purpose of the religion would be to conjure up the hidden force in Nature called Lucifer, Prince of Darkness, and other biblical names, and then to employ the power gained from it to benefit those followers who believed in the efficacy of the force in any form of the Devil which they might imagine, whether or not in corporeal form. There would be no fear or trembling before this force. It would be conjured boldly to enhance the happiness and prosperity of human beings right now here on this earth rather than to gain eternal life in some future realm. It would be, in a sense, Faust’s bargain with the Devil portrayed in Christopher Marlowe’s fiction, without fear of or belief in the terrible consequences.

Such were the thoughts of the man who was to undertake the combined role of representative on this earth of the biblical “fallen angel” Satan, that deity’s defender and avenger, and the pope of a church wherein people could pray for fulfillment of their everyday material desires rather than forgiveness for their sins.

Anton, as he looked shortly before shaving his head and founding the Church of Satan. In my opinion, at this time he was more physically attractive than at any other time in his life.
The Black Pope

Part Two
The First Church of Satan

On Walpurgis Night of April 30-May 1, 1966, Anton shaved his head and announced the formation of the First Church of Satan. The date was significant to him and he had waited patiently for it to arrive, for Walpurgis Night is traditionally the time of pagan festivals, the occasion upon which demons and witches stage wild orgies to symbolize the fruition of the spring equinox. So it is told, at least, in the histories of magic lore and in works of fiction such as Goethe’s Faust.

Anton was fond of the legend and believed that there was indeed power to be siphoned from the onset of the spring equinox. And so it was during the dark early morning hours of May 1st that Anton finished the shaving of his head and proclaimed 1966 to be the year I A.S. (Anno Satanas) – that is, the first year after Satan reclaimed the earth.

It was to gain more personal power, Anton explained, that he shaved his head, as did medieval executioners and circus strongmen who believed the completely hairless head to be productive of strength. For everyday dress Anton abandoned his Devil costume and began wearing the black frock and white collar of a priest. Since he was calling his practice of black magic an organized religion and his place for glorifying Satan a church, he felt that the byplay should be continued in the form of vestments. Besides, there was justification for the blasphemy in the literature of both Christians and diabolists. In the play The Temptacyon of Our Lorde (c. 1538), by the rebellious clergyman and dramatist John Bale, Satan appears to “Jesus” disguised as a Catholic monk. Martin Luther said that Satan or the Devil first appeared to him in a monk’s cowl, and that in his view the garb of a Catholic monk was the true satanic livery. In the plays of both Marlowe and Goethe, the protagonist (Faustus or Faust) appears at times in the form of a Franciscan monk.

[Bale’s play has been mistakenly titled The Temptation of Christ. That is not the correct title, and it has no relation to other works of that title. Bale’s play departs dramatically from the story of Satan’s temptation of “Jesus” in the Gospels of the New Testament. And for a full explanation of the quotation marks around “Jesus,” a false name stemming from the treachery of the early Catholics, read my book The Case Against ‘Jesus’ (World Audience Publishers, 2008).]
In this painting (c. 1500) by the Flemish artist Juan de Flandes, Satan appears to “Jesus” in the hooded cloak of a monk, thinking he will deceive “Jesus” by means of this disguise. But Satan cannot conceal his horns, which poke through the cowl on his head.

One more step was necessary for the transformation of his image that Anton planned to effect in his new role as the High Priest of the Satanic Church. He quit playing organ at the Lost Weekend, where he was still called “Tony,” a name he was determined to scrap. (“Here’s a drink for ya, Tony old pal, and play my favorite tune again, will ya.”). There would be no cheapening of his new image as the High Priest of the Church of Satan. Even though there was a certain amount of prankishness in what he was about, that was not to diminish the seriousness of it. Anton had a fiery belief in what he was doing.

Diane accepted Anton’s new role, albeit with some trepidation. During the previous five years she had adapted herself to living in a house inhabited by a lion, cooking human flesh, and adjusting as best she could to life with a mate whose customary waking hours were 2 p.m. to 6 a.m., while hers were midnight to 8 a.m. Now she was going to find herself taking the position of High Priestess in the first “church” dedicated to Satan without being able to foresee what would be the consequences from Anton’s most audacious, blasphemous act yet.

Anton’s daughter Karla seemed to be at ease with the new adventure. She wore and flaunted a serpent ring to demonstrate that she was seriously in support of her father’s new “religion,” while on the other hand she enjoyed pranking students who asked her some sarcastic question about the work of Anton with a retort such as: “My dad’s a devil. What does yours do?”

And then there was Zeena Galatea. Her role, at least in the beginning, was not taken voluntarily. She was “baptized” into it.
The Birth and ‘Baptism’ of Zeena

On the birth certificate I obtained from the Office of Vital Records section of the San Francisco Department of Public Health, as reproduced below, there is puzzling information that requires explanation.

According to the birth certificate, Zeena Galatea LaVey was born on November 20, 1963, in San Francisco, at the University of California Hospital. Her father is identified on the certificate as Anton Szandor “La Vey,” with the La separated from the Vey. Anton signed the certificate after stating his age as 33, his birthplace as Illinois, his occupation as “organist,” and his “kind of business” as “San Francisco City & County.”

![Copy of birth certificate for Zeena Galatea LaVey on file with the Office of Vital Records in San Francisco.](image)

The first question which arises from the certificate is this: What did Anton mean in stating, in response to “kind of industry or business,” that his was “San Francisco City & County”? After all, that is a most peculiar way to identify an industry or a business. But there is a story behind that strange identification.

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Anton insisted to the end of his life that at one time he had been the official convention organist of San Francisco, performing in what was then Civic Center Auditorium on a monster Austin concert model pipe organ, equipped with five keyboards and eight thousand pipes, that had been built and used for the 1915 Panama-Pacific International Exposition (“World’s Fair”) held in San Francisco. There have been allegations by Anton’s detractors that there was no such organ and that there was never any such position in San Francisco as official convention organist. They are wrong on both counts.

To return to the point of this diversion, when Anton identified his “kind of industry or business” as “San Francisco City & County,” he was referring to his position as official convention organist.

More important to the part of the story that Zeena plays in the life of Anton and Diane Hegarty/aka Diane LaVey is why the “mother of child” is identified on Zeena’s birth certificate as “Diane Evelyn Joo.” Since “Joo” is not a name that Diane used in her life with Anton, when I first came across that puzzling name I concluded that either Diane Hegarty/LaVey was not the biological mother of Zeena, or Diane was married to someone named Joo before she met Anton, or this was yet another of Anton’s fabrications. When I put that conclusion in a writing of mine, Diane became incensed and told me the reason for the name even though she wanted to preserve the details for her memoirs. To accommodate her as much as possible by leaving all but the most essential detail for her memoirs, I correct what I wrote before by explaining that although Diane’s biological father was James Cornelius Hegarty, a jockey and trainer of horses for the publisher of the Chicago Tribune, Robert McCormick, a different last name became attached to Diane after Hegarty died when Diane was 18 months old and Diane’s mother married a man whose last name was Van Joo. That name was still in use for Diane at the time she gave birth to Zeena. It was shortened on Zeena’s birth certificate to Joo. Almost certainly, somebody other than Anton typed the information appearing on the birth certificate, and Anton did nothing more than sign it. Diane did not see it until after it was prepared and filed.

Diane told me that she will have details about her jockey father’s death, and how her mother met Van Joo in San Francisco after driving with Diane and her sister across country from Chicago. I leave the entire “cute story,” as Diane has labeled it, to her for her memoirs.
That Zeena was “baptized” (in the jargon of Anton) is a matter of record. The story of her “baptism” in the Church of Satan was publicized widely on the front pages of newspapers, accompanied by photographs of the event.

Notes re the photo of Zeena’s “baptism”: What looks like bandages or wraps on the body of the naked altar is either an identification mark of some kind or a flaw in the reproduction of the photograph. There are photographs that do not contain this mark or flaw. I have used this one because it shows more of the Baphomet emblem than others that were available to me.

The red flannel hood and robe used to cover Zeena were fashioned by Diane on her sewing machine a few hours before the ceremony. That was necessitated because the mother of the original child picked for the “baptism” suddenly decided not to go through with it.
Re the Baphomet sigil: In the Old Testament portion of the Judaeo-Christian bible, the goat is used on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement; a goat is driven into the desert as a scapegoat bearing the sins of the people and is then sacrificed. In ancient Greece, on the other hand, a goat-like satyr or faun named Pan became the god of fecundity and reigned over celebrations of the carnal side of human nature. For the medieval European Sabbat, in part a revival of ancient fertility rites, the goat was a natural choice for a symbol. Hence, in rites used for the practice of Satanism, it has been deemed appropriate to place the goat-head figure Baphomet within an inverted pentagram so that the three points turned upside down signify rejection of the Holy Trinity, and then to encircle that with the symbol for Leviathan, elevated from the biblical role of horrible monster of the abyss to the status of a beneficent deity.

Anton explained his concept of what may be called a “reverse baptism” in this statement he issued for publication: “Rather than cleanse the child of original sin, as in the Christian baptism imposing unwarranted guilt, we will glorify her natural instincts and intensify her lust for life.”

To that end, Anton recited the following litany that he wrote, with colleague Jim Moody, for Zeena’s “baptism” [excised here]:

“In the name of Satan and Lucifer...welcome a new mistress, Zeena, creature of ecstatic magic light....Welcome to our company, the path of darkness welcomes thee...Be not afraid. Above you Satan heaves his bulk into the startled sky and makes a canopy of great black wings...Small sorceress, most natural and true magician, your tiny hands have power to pull Heaven down and from it build monuments to your own sweet indulgence. Your power makes you master of the world of frightened, cowering, and guilt-ridden men. And so, in the name of Satan, we set your feet upon the left-hand path...Zeena we baptize you with earth and air, with brine and burning flame...And so we dedicate your life to love and to passion, to indulgence, and to Satan, and the way of darkness. Hail Zeena! Hail Satan!”

As you may imagine, Christians who read of this blasphemy reported on the front pages of daily newspapers, and illustrated with photos of the ceremony, were outraged. Some of them demanded that the coverage cease. But hey, folks, the editors and publishers of newspapers are closet Satanists. They publish that which sells newspapers. The more newspapers they sell, the more advertising they get. They sold a lot of newspapers with the story and illustration of the “baptism” of a child to Satan.
A Satanic Wedding and Funeral

It was not Anton’s idea, however, to stage a “baptism” in a Church of Satan ritual, complete with the naked altar and sword he used in his version of the Black Mass. Rather, the idea for the event came from John Raymond, who was hired by Anton to generate publicity.

Across San Francisco Bay, Raymond was editing the Berkeley Citizen, journal of the Berkeley Cooperative, when stories about Anton began appearing in the San Francisco Chronicle. Intrigued, Raymond asked for and obtained an interview with Anton, and then wrote and published in the Berkeley Citizen his own assessment of Anton and the Church of Satan. Liking what he read, Anton called Raymond to arrange another meeting with him, the second time around for the purpose of hiring Raymond to be Anton’s publicity agent.

“I liked the idea of doing publicity for the Devil,” Raymond reminisced during an evening chat with me forty years later in the apartment of his female companion. “It doesn’t get any better than that.”

Raymond agreed to work for Anton with the proviso that he be given a free hand. Anton agreed to that condition.

Raymond’s first idea was to stage a wedding in the Church of Satan: i.e., in the “black house.” Because neither he nor Anton could find a couple willing or daring enough to be wed in such a blasphemous ceremony, Raymond asked the woman he was living with, Judith Case, if she was agreeable to being married by the Devil’s priest in a “church” that was the antithesis to Christian churches. You might think, given her family background, that she would have been horrified by the idea and would have rejected it immediately. Judith is the daughter of a man who was, during the 1960’s, one of the directors of the New York Port Authority and the owner of several banks. But Judith beat her own drum. Her attitude toward the offbeat and non-conformist was favorable. She did not hesitate to accept Raymond’s proposal.

Mind you, this was not to be a mock wedding, but to the contrary a real one. The Church of Satan was (and still is) registered with the California Secretary of State as a corporation, and was (and still is) recognized as a legitimate church. Hence, anyone designated as a priest of the Church of Satan was (and presumably still is, in the State of California at least) authorized to perform any kind of legal ritual, including a wedding.
Raymond issued a news release, announcing that the wedding would be held in the Church of Satan headquarters – *i.e.*, the “black house” – with the High Priest, Anton, performing the rites. “Once that announcement was made and the date was set,” Raymond recalled, “hundreds of curiosity seekers flocked to the house. The crowd lined up on California Street waiting to get inside was so large that the Fire Department had to close half the block. Police officers were on hand to check ID’s of individuals not invited. After around a hundred and eighty invitees plus some crashers managed to get in, the cops had to cordon off the entrance to the house because it could not accommodate any more people.

“The house was packed with media people from many countries. Among the celebrities who joined in the ceremony were actress and singer Barbara McNair, *Chronicle* columnist Art Hoppe, and *Love Book* author Lenore Kandel. There was also a four-legged celebrity, Togare, roaring from the back porch. He was designated ‘beast man.’ The ceremony had to be repeated five times for the tv crews. And the wine was flowing.

“Lois Morgenstern, a member of Anton’s flock, served as the naked altar. A leopard skin was draped over her body. Some of the men, including members of the media, kept pulling it off of her. But she was not shown nude on television or in newspapers.”

Above: a copy of a picture shot by *San Francisco Chronicle* photographer Joe Rosenthal, famed for his photo of U.S. soldiers raising the American flag on a hill in Iwo Jima after defeating Japanese forces during World War II. Judith Case and John Raymond clasp a chalice as they exchange vows, while Anton consecrates the marriage with his “Sword of Power.”

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“After the wedding was over and the last guest and the press had left, Anton and Judy and I just burst into laughter,” Raymond remembered. “Anton said ‘we really pulled it off, and you can bet the rubes will come back for more.’”

And so they did. The wedding was followed by the “baptism” of Zeena, and then a funeral performed by Anton at the U.S. Naval base on Treasure Island between San Francisco and Oakland. The deceased was Edward Olsen, wrongly identified by the mass miscommunications media as a “petty officer.” Actually, he was a machinist third class stationed at Treasure Island. He and his wife were members of the Church of Satan, an unexpected development in their lives, because they had been enrolled by Youths for Christ in their earlier years and then they became Baptist church-goers.

“He believed in this church [of Satan],” Mrs. Olsen stated for publication, “and it is in this church that he would have wanted his funeral.”

Over protests from the Archbishop of San Francisco and other Christian church leaders, top officials of the U.S. Navy (whoever they may have been) decided that Olsen and his wife should receive the funeral of their choice. Sailors were assigned to place an American flag over Olsen’s coffin, to stand with warlocks and witches of the Church of Satan while Anton recited a eulogy, and to fire volleys from their rifles. After the Church of Satan members followed with shouts of “Hail Edward” and “Hail Satan,” a Navy bugler played taps.
The wedding, “baptism,” and funeral emanating from the brainstorms of John Raymond – who, via this book, is being credited for the first time as the mastermind behind the events - resulted in mass publicity for the Church of Satan in many parts of the world, oftentimes to an amazing extent. For example, the editors of the Los Angeles Times devoted three-quarters of the front page of one of the newspaper’s editions to the Case-Raymond wedding.

**Inside the ‘Black House’**

Artifacts and furnishings inside the “black house” provided a fascinating backdrop for the stories about Anton and the Church of Satan that were appearing in major newspapers and magazines: A stuffed jaguar at the door; macabre paintings by Anton on the walls; a big, red Devil head opening its mouth wide at the stovepipe outlet in the kitchen (a takeoff on a painting by Hieronymous Bosch depicting the Devil swallowing the world); the marble gravestone of a man named Adrian Marcado, serving as the top layer of a coffee table; a skeleton named Ruben in a glass case; several coffins; the skull of an early Egyptian (2,000 years old was the age of it according to a dealer in ancient artifacts); mummified viscera in a Canopic jar; and several death masks (plate images that had been used in courtrooms to reconstruct the possible or probable appearance of murder victims).

This is one of the macabre paintings by Anton that he displayed on the walls of the “black house”. Admirers of Anton’s artistry believe his paintings compare favorably with those of such famous painters of the macabre as Charles Burchfield, Edvard Munch, Demetrios Vakras, and Hieronymous Bosch.

As his reason for using death masks to “decorate” the walls of the “black house,” Anton explained: “Nobody paid much attention to these people when they were alive. [Pointing to the death mask of a child shot and killed by her father] Now she’s in a place where someone cares for her. Besides, she has a philosophical purpose: She serves as a reminder of man’s inhumanity to man.”
As depicted in the opening chapter of this book, Anton used the living room of the “black house” as a chapel. For his version of the Black Mass, Anton acquired costumes and stage props, and he rearranged litanies taken from the many books on magic and witchcraft in his library. His invocation to Mormo and Gorgo, for instance, was a rearrangement of a prayer supposedly recited by medieval witches to summon forth Hecate, the ancient Greek goddess of the moon. Having his congregation shout names and “Hail Satan” in unison was Anton’s answer to responsive readings in Christian churches. Some of Anton’s blasphemies of Jesus Christ were borrowed from writings of diabolists, such as the description of the Black Mass in Joris-Karl Huysman’s *La Bas* (*Down There* in the English version). In Anton’s “church,” old legends of devil worship came alive.

In time, however, Anton tired of revivals of the ancient and the mocking of Christianity. “This amounts to beating the proverbial dead horse,” he said to Diane one day. “I’m going to arrange rituals that take the negative aspects of the Christian Church service and turn them into rituals that are positive and fun.”

For starters Anton initiated new Church members via a ritual in which they were chained ala Prometheus, then unchained, symbolically freeing them from the bondage of Christian religion or influence. Then they were pledged to Satan: a parody of the Christian command to “have no other gods before him,” him being the God (Yahweh) of the Judaeo-Christian bible.

For further freedom from Christian influence, Anton devised a Strengthening Ritual in which Church members rid themselves of “sins” by the scourging of “The Vessel of Holy Pain,” one member selected by Anton to absorb the “transgressions” of the other Church members by being whipped – in effect, a kind of transference for “cure.” For The Vessel of Holy Pain, Anton chose a member who had to be hurt in order to be happy because of a personality containing a bit of the masochism at the heart of the devout Christian’s guilt complex, but whose senses at the same time caused her or him to be inwardly rebelling at the kicking around she or he was experiencing in daily life – and in Anton’s analysis that was happening in large part because of this individual’s own attitudes. The Strengthening Ritual, according to Anton, benefited The Vessel of Holy Pain by exorcising his or her masochism via ceremonial flagellation that would, if successful, free this bedraggled being from the kind of masochistic existence he or she was leading.
The first scapegoat to serve as The Vessel of Holy Pain was a night clerk for a California railway system from whom Anton derived some of his ideas on the positive value of flagellation. Ken Anger nicknamed the clerk “Spanky,” and so he was called in the Church of Satan after he became a member.

Spanky was the only child of a father in the fire extinguisher business and a mother whose profession was nursing. They split up when Spanky was six. After Spanky’s father lost most of his money during the Great Depression and stopped sending child support to his ex-wife, Spanky dropped out of high school to earn money by working in a CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) forest camp. There he was smitten with spinal meningitis and came close to dying. He was released from care after what seemed to be a recovery; but he still had a nagging pain in his leg.

Spanky kept pestering physicians about the pain. One doctor told him it was imaginary. Another said it was an after-effect of the spinal meningitis that would eventually go away. A third physician told Spanky that he had not been cured of spinal meningitis after all, that he was afflicted with the most serious form of the disease, that was the cause of the leg pain, and that he had only six months left to live. Meanwhile, Spanky was still in pain, and standard methods to alleviate it – mostly drugs - were not working. So, Spanky decided to turn for possible help to a chiropractor, who took some x-rays which revealed that a dislocated vertebra was causing the leg pain. After the faulty vertebra was reset, the pain disappeared, and the sentence of death from spinal meningitis imposed by a physician was relegated to quackery.

The fact that it had been a chiropractor who healed him when a regular M.D. told him he was going to die set Spanky to thinking that maybe it was among the offbeat that truth was to be found. Such is the making of a Satanist.

While working for railroad companies and traveling around the U.S., Spanky began to collect photographs of both historic and modern trains, ships, airplanes, and automobiles. These he sold to specialized magazines, art museums, public libraries, and book publishers. Then he took up collecting sex deviation photos, especially those depicting bondage, flagellation, and other forms of corporeal punishment. Those he did not sell. Instead, he traded with other collectors, because his interest in those types of photos was spurred not by monetary profit, but rather by a kind of sexual gratification he obtained from them.
It was another sex photo hobbyist, an organ repairman and amateur photographer, who directed Anton to Spanky in the first place. One night at a meeting of a photography club which Anton had joined, the organ repairman mentioned that he had met a collector of unusual photographs who had acquired a kind of “underworld” reputation as the “king of pornography.” That identification turned out to be nonsense, as Anton learned when this “pornography king,” Spanky, had nothing to exhibit but photos of men and women whipping each other.

While the flagellation scenes did not interest Anton, Spanky’s photos of ancient vehicles did. So, Anton invited Spanky to the “black house” to discuss his work and to attend costume parties. When Spanky came to his first costume party dressed as a “scarlet woman,” Anton finally understood the underlying motivation for Spanky’s obsession with flagellation: unrecognized by himself or anyone else, Spanky was a transvestite with masochistic desires. Anton advised Spanky of that analysis and suggested an experiment to “exorcise” Spanky’s fetish. Spanky would be farmed out to a dominant female member of the Church, Linda Stern. He would serve Linda and her husband, living in their house as “Fifi,” their “French maid,” working in an appropriate costume for that role. Spanky agreed to try it and performed as instructed by Anton. Linda, in turn, carried out her role by chiding Spanky when he missed some dust on a table or forgot to serve coffee or tea with sugar. “You have been a clumsy, forgetful thing,” Linda lectured Spanky, “and you are going to have to be punished.” She then produced a cat-o’-nine-tails, ordered Spanky to pull down his “Fifi” skirt and panties, and whipped him across his bared bottom.

Hence, when Anton had worked out the details for his Strengthening Ritual, Spanky was prepared to be and was in fact happy to be chosen as the expiator for others’ “sins.” In one of our talks he told me that he enjoyed the flagellation ceremony most when, wearing his “Fifi” French maid outfit, he was either tied to a post or held in place by a naked witch sitting on him.

I was surprised to find that for someone engaged in conduct construed by the society at large as bizarre, deviate, and even perverted, Spanky turned out to be a rather simple, folksy kind of middle-aged man whose speech was full of “goldurns” and “dern tootins.” Even so, his philosophy and self-analysis were expressed in ways which belied his lack of formal education.
“You know,” Spanky said, “I was raised as a Baptist, and all I ever got out of the Baptist Church was a conviction that the whole dadblamed religion is a big farce. It’s a bunch of consarned hypocrites trying to get money out of you for their own ends. If you follow the philosophy of any of the Christian churches, or any of the other religions, masochists like me are just going to have themselves made plumb miserable. There’s no point in going through that goldurned psychiatric stuff, either, because psychiatrists don’t have any cure for these desires. You’ve just got to practice ‘em and work ‘em out that way – you’re dern tootin’ you do – and if they want to call me a goldanged nut, let ‘em.”

Where flagellation existed, Monique von Cleef was bound to sniff it out. In October of 1966 the manager of the San Francisco Wax Museum, Bob Carr, made arrangements for Anton to stage what was identified as a “Satanic Mass” at that place of graven images. When Carr placed ads in newspapers for a “Miss Devil May Care” to reign as beauty queen of the witches picked for the ceremony, Monique saw it and called to apply. She also called Anton, asking to talk to him.

They hit it off immediately. She believed in enhancing her status as the queen of sadomasochism by claiming to be a baroness. Not being naturally beautiful, she used makeup and clothing in ways calculated to effect the appearance of a tough female sex bomb. She claimed to have been paid large sums of money to whip senators, judges, and corporate executives.

Monique von Cleef
(1925-2005)
“You want to know my real philosophy?” Monique remarked to Anton one day. “You have to be nasty to people who thrive on misery. I really believe that. I make money by giving these people exactly what they want and need, and then I’m condemned by society for doing it.”

On the occasions when Anton conducted a Black Mass, Monique donned a nun’s habit, cut so that it exposed her legs and breasts, and urinated into Anton’s chamber pot to make “holy water.”

It was to be expected that some of the males attending the Black Mass would envision an easy score with Monique and would act in an offensive way to achieve it. Monique was prepared for that, as poet-playwright Michael McClure found out quickly enough.

Ken Anger brought McClure, along with “Freewheelin’ Frank” (Frank Reynolds), secretary of the Hells’ Angels, to the Black Mass. The experience may have been one of the factors that caused Frank to include in his book *Freewheelin’ Frank, Secretary of the Angels, as told to Michael McClure*, the line “…nearer to Satan than the average normal being can be. I feel as though I am part of him.”

McClure had become enamored of the lion Togare and was writing poetry extolling both Satanism and lions. At the “black house” he met what he construed to be women who were truly satanic, his soul mates, and he made it obvious that he considered himself to be irresistible to them. And there before him, with bared breasts, was Monique von Cleef, arguably the most satanic woman imaginable. What could be more natural than for Michael McClure, the famous (in San Francisco, at least)“underground” poet-playwright, to stride boldly up to Monique, wrap his hands around her tits, and give them a hearty squeeze.

The speed of her reaction stunned him. It seemed to take no more than two seconds for her to push McClure away, grab Anton’s cat-o’-nine-tails and slash him across his face with it while spitting out what might be called a kind of verbal slash at him: “Nobody touches me that way unless I invite them.” McClure, stung and humiliated, meekly slinked away and came no more to the “black house” on California Street.

Anton also soon lost his favorite warlock, but not because of the incident with Monique. Ken Anger had suffered what he considered to be the most unnerving setback of his life while making a film called *Lucifer Rising*, in which Anton was to play Satan and Zeena the part of a fairy queen.
Anger was deep into the hippie explosion and planned to provide many roles in his new film to the longhairs. A dozen of them were living rent-free and food-free in a Victorian house Anger had acquired, and he was also supplying them with clothing, musical instruments, and whatever else they needed. Then one day Anger found that his film footage, camera equipment, and some of his most treasured possessions, had been stolen – by people he had befriended and trusted, people purportedly living by the creed that “possessions are hangups” and ought not to be a life’s pursuit. Anger burst into a rage. Even people supposedly in revolution against a corrupt society were not to be trusted. What hope was there for the American nation, Anger asked himself. It was so enmeshed in selfishness, greed, dog-eat-dog competition, Anger concluded, that nothing and no one could save it.

In such a dark mood, engendered by a feeling of having been betrayed, someone whose life has been lived altruistically will abandon altruism and reform. Instead of attempt to reform that which angers him or her, he or she escapes from it. He or she decides: “I will make myself as comfortable as possible in a place and situation best suited to my tastes. Let those who wish to remain, where there is no hope for improvement, rot in the shit stew.” And so Ken Anger, the most talented of the so-called “underground” filmmakers, left the United States for a retreat in Europe, vowing never to return - though he did, in 1974, to work with Anton on various projects.

Anger’s view of how a Satanist behaves in moments of disillusionment, however, did not match that of Anton’s. His take on men who reacted to treachery by flight from it was that they were governed by too much intellectual white light and expectations for more beneficence than possible in a kind of society based on capitalistic accumulation of wealth amidst ceaseless struggle basically for survival and, beyond that, for supremacy in competition with other creatures. Anton had adopted the cynical attitude of George Bernard Shaw toward humanity after that would-be socialist concluded that human beings were too corrupt for a cooperative society based upon equality and sharing; until their education and evolution have advanced, he said and wrote, he was “damned” if he “would be socialized with a bunch of yahoos.” Consequently, his advice to the superior individual whom he called “superman” was to tread among the mass of humanity as carefully as that individual would in dealing with wild beasts.
Anton’s thinking was much the same as that of Shaw. The idea was not to attempt escape from a given environment, since switching to another location was unlikely to change the human condition there. Instead, Anton developed a kind of faith that was the opposite expressed by Christians. It was Anton’s faith that by means of “black magic” circumstances could be changed in the immediate environment so as to create a singly favorable result for the magician, rendering escape unnecessary.

Every child knows that if it wishes for something hard enough, Anton reasoned, the wish comes true. White magic, which is prayer, is apprehension. Black magic, which is wishing, is desire. The scriptures of white religions have turned desire into lust, covetousness, greed. Desire is none of those perversions. It is a bodily need expressed through conscious or subconscious thought. Through black magic I will move the forces of Nature to gain the objects of my desires.

That is what Anton preached to his parishioners. In lieu of the “knee-tribute” and “prostration vile” [in Anton’s terminology] demanded by the Christian Church and ridiculed by John Milton in Paradise Lost, in lieu of the breast-beating and begging for forgiveness of sins, Anton had his congregation “pray” for fulfillment of their material, carnal desires: that is, he had them work ritual magic to attain their goals.

“We are building a temple for indulgence,” Anton told his flock. “The temples of the past have all been built for abstinence. But we, operating on a formula of nine parts social respectability to one part outrageousness, which is why we call ourselves a church instead of a coven, are going to change the nature of the cathedral. It will no longer be a barren place where you get down on your knees and beg for forgiveness, no longer a place to get out of as fast as you can, but rather a temple of pleasure where you go for fun.”

As Anton explained it orally and in writing, those were the goals that Satanists’ “fellow Americans,” at least the most successful of them, were praying for; so, why not admit to it, why not admit to materialistic greed, why not admit to carnality and even make a religion of it? Then there is no longer any hypocrisy that leads to a split personality.

Anton was rational about it. He promised no miracles. He explained in terms which he considered to be logical and practical what the members of his Church could and could not expect from magic.
“I do not mean to tell you that magic alone can attain anything for you,” he told his followers. “If you are a talentless person, you cannot be a great musician just by wishing for it or working a spell. If you are an ugly woman, you cannot expect to attract a handsome movie actor to you by magic alone. Magic requires working in harmony with nature.

“Bearing that in mind, I can assure you that I have stumbled onto something. Magic works. I would engage in it whether people attended the Church of Satan rituals and did it with me or not.”

Anton as he looked in 1966 after having shaved his head. Though he adopted the white collar worn by Catholic priests for his everyday appearances in public, note that he continued to adorn his otherwise “holy self” with the Baphomet sigil. For Church of Satan rites he switched to his Devil outfit: black cape and horned cowl.
Anton’s Warlocks...

What sort of man would cast his lot with the Devil for earthly wisdom, power, and profit despite so many frightening stories, such as the Faust legend, that warn human beings to stick to spiritual values or risk winding up in Hell?

On a foggy San Francisco night in June of 1956, Charles Huntley made a pact in blood with the Devil. He did not yet have any knowledge of Satanism or of a black house, just three dozen city blocks from his dwelling place, where members of a unique church gathered to celebrate the material side of life. The idea for the pact came to him while he was watching a television production of Stephen Vincent Benét’s story *The Devil and Daniel Webster*. Although Huntley remembered vaguely having read about the Devil pact legend, it had never been dramatized enough for him to consider it seriously until the magic medium called “the one-eyed monster” brought it home to him in his meager one-room apartment.

For many nights after Huntley saw the television production, he brooded over it as he stretched his lanky body on his sofa while rubbing his gaunt face along his sagging cheeks and over his hoot owl-like eyes. Was the story of a pact with the Devil entirely fiction, he wondered, or could there really be some dark force in the universe with which a man could strike a deal?

As Huntley surveyed past events in his life, it seemed to him that an existence based on the God of his parents was destined to produce only more misery. He dared to consider signs that the Christian God was not the only ruling power in the world and might not even exist, much less care about the fate of mortals. Yet Huntley felt a need, a craving, for a super human benefactor and protector that exerts complete power over the universe and the fate of men. Could he be so bold as to conjure up the Devil, make the Prince of Evil his source of such power? Why not? What was there to lose? In Huntley’s bleak view of life on earth, there was a tremendous amount of suffering that ended in the loss of life itself and burial of one’s body in a grave shared with insects or the cremating of it so as to leave nothing but ashes. That end to a brief existence full of losses was what there is to lose, in Huntley’s assessment.

To understand that assessment, you would have to be familiar with the losses in his life that Huntley was considering as he brooded over the past.
The first loss in his life was that of his father. Before Huntley was old enough to know or remember much about him, his father disappeared, never to communicate with his son or to send money for his support. Huntley grew up in a house shared by his mother and several aunts and uncles who all worked at menial jobs and required a combining of their joint incomes to obtain the basic needs of modern life. The household was dominated by Huntley’s maternal grandmother, who expected everyone to behave in the way she did as an orthodox Baptist. Huntley was forced over his objections to become a student at a Baptist Sunday school where the classes bored him and to attend services at a Baptist church where he had to listen to fire and brimstone sermons which made no sense to him.

One Sunday morning in the church, when Huntley was twelve, he was ordered to go to the altar to be “saved.” For some reason that Huntley could never recall, the thought occurred to him instantly that he did not want to be saved, and he said so to his mother. “Don’t be silly,” she told him. “Go on up there.” She pushed him into the aisle, where a stout female church elder grabbed him and dragged him, protesting all the way, to the altar. That marked the end of adherence to the Baptist or Christian way of life for Charles Huntley.

It was not until the U.S. Army sent Huntley to Korea in 1953 that he fully understood the reasons why he was not a true believer. He had ample time to learn what was troubling him, because he was stationed in South Korea for sixteen months, sixteen months in a country he came to think of as “one big hellhole,” a stinking mess of rice paddies fertilized by human excrement in the country, and an overcrowded den of sordidness in the city.

Unlike other GI’s, Huntley was interested enough in the Koreans whose lives he was supposedly defending to learn their language. On passes and leaves, mingling with them, he discovered that most did not want Americans in their country. Americans’ protection of South from North Korea did not impress them, since the governments of both sections of the divided country were corrupt and life under both was oppressive. The South Korean soldier favored the split and war because he was well paid by the Syngman Rhee dictatorship; but he wanted to conquer the North on his own, without American aid. So, there was a point of agreement among the rank and file of the civilian and military populations: neither wanted Americans on their soil any more than they wanted Chinese.
“Huntley, what are you doing in this place?” Charles asked himself. He asked himself that question when he was in barrooms where South Korean mothers sold themselves to American GI’s so they could pay rent and feed their children. He asked himself that question while on guard duty, walking along docks piled with charity food and clothing that never reached the poverty-stricken, undernourished natives dressed in rags, but instead were confiscated by South Korean government officials and U.S. and South Korean soldiers. One might have entered the U.S. Armed Forces in World War II with a sense of mission. But this? “Huntley,” Charles asked himself again and again, “what are you doing in this place?”

He witnessed men going AWOL or refusing to obey certain orders, and earning, as their reward for objecting to the intolerable conditions by those acts, a court martial ending in a sentence to the stockade. Such acts did not comprise any kind of constructive, effective rebellion, Huntley thought, but rather a kind of masochism. Consequently, his answer to the question he had been asking himself was this: “If I refuse to serve, if I refuse to obey orders, I will be thrown into the brig. So, I will not permit myself to become angry and object in any way to what I see happening in this farce called a war against communism. In the Army, unless you are at the highest level, and maybe not even then, you are not supposed to think, but only to carry out orders. Those who think deeply about what they see going on only get into trouble. So, I will not think.”

That is, he would not engage in deep thinking until he was able to escape the reach of the mindless military machine that sustained the police action of the Truman, Eisenhower, and Rhee administrations in South Korea. Once he finished his tour of duty and received an honorable discharge from the Army, Huntley thought day and night about what he had witnessed in South Korea. Even while operating a big offset press during the night-to-early-morning shift at the lithograph company where he found work, he thought about it. And the way he thought about it produced the kind of cynicism projected by authors of the Faust legend through the characters in their writing who sold their souls to the Devil.

Huntley, however, had a different concept of the ending to the Faust legend than the one depicted by the story tellers or morality play writers who oriented their fiction to Christian ideology or religion. Their fearful ending did not worry him the least bit. Nor did he consider their ending to be inevitable.
Mephistopheles or the Devil, presented as "Scratch" or "Mr. Scratch" in the Stephen Vincent Benét short story and tv play based on it, is cast as the traditional villain in black. In the end, the God-fearing Daniel Webster routs the slinking, cowering Devil. But that ending, to Huntley, was merely reminiscent of fire and brimstone Baptist preaching in a different guise. What occurred to him was that in real life, removed from the morality play that fiction writers seemed socially obligated to create out of any story involving the activities of the Devil, there might be material benefits to be gained from a pact with a deity different from the one Christians worshipped: a deity which might care about Charles Huntley.

After two weeks of mulling it over, Huntley typed out a pact, slashed his wrist, and signed his agreement with Satan in the blood dripping from his wound, thus bringing to life in Twentieth-Century America the medieval legend of Faust (or Dr. Faustus) as portrayed, among others, by Christopher Marlowe. In return for being invested with power, worldly possessions, and women, Huntley offered his soul to Satan. The deal was that he would live a bountiful life, beyond the dreams of his doleful Baptist family slaving away for the Establishment at their menial tasks with little reward offered other than a fairy tale afterlife in a fairy tale Heaven. Huntley cared not one whit for any afterlife. According to the pact he had signed with his blood, he would live bountifully until the age of 87, and then the Devil take the hindmost.

Shortly after Huntley drew up his pact with the Devil, he read a story in the morning newspaper about a Satanic wedding ceremony staged in the "black house" of Anton Szandor LaVey. He immediately looked up "Church of Satan" in the telephone book, called the number given to ask for information, and was told by a woman who answered that anyone interested in the practice of Satanism could join the Church by submitting a thirteen-dollar membership payment, attending several lectures, and undergoing a simple examination. That sounded fair enough to Huntley. He signed up, passed what amounted to an indoctrination course, never missed a ritual, studied the books recommended to him by Anton, quit his job at the lithograph company, signed out of his apartment lease, and moved into the "black house." Anton had found the chief assistant priest he had been seeking. It was Charles Huntley who became the priest that led Church members into the "chapel" of the black house for ceremonies and wielded the Sword of Power for the Black Mass.
Mr. Dooloo and the Homosexuals

A typical warlock in the Church of Satan’s first year was “Mr. Dooloo,” as the members called him: a mover in the Sexual Freedom League who manufactured sex aids. To most Christians, he was a pervert and a criminal. To his customers, however, he was a veritable god because he had the talent to fashion realistic aids for them in lieu of the melons and split pillows that men used as substitute vaginas, and in lieu of the bananas and hot dogs or whatever else that women used as substitute penises.

For Mr. Dooloo, the Church of Satan was a place where he would be welcomed and even venerated. Once he became a member, however, he was disappointed in the direction that Anton was taking his Church. Mr. Dooloo wanted everyone to strip, dance naked, and participate in orgies. But it soon became apparent that except for some initial posing of warlocks and witches for sex magazines, the only nudism practiced in the Church of Satan occurred in rituals wherein the only naked person was the female altar, and the only sex to be found was in private. So, Mr. Dooloo dropped out.

In the early days of the Church of Satan, for publicity, Anton had a few warlocks and witches pose in the nude for certain sex magazines. For this photo, the witch used had her breasts injected, as encouraged by Anton, with silicon implants, to make them big and firm. [The hand at the right of this photo, holding the hand of the “witch” for support, is that of Charles Huntley.]
In the place of fun-lovers, as Anton began to scrap his pranking, came individuals who were as deadly serious about the practice of Satanism as he had become: individuals such as Rex Kincaid, the organist described in the description of the Black Mass as performed by Anton. Rex had been ridden out of the Army because he slept with a pillow between his legs and was accused of kissing a lieutenant, and had lost his civilian job because of his undisguised homosexuality. Could anyone invent a more surefire way to create a Satanist than to subject him to the Christianity-based morality that condemns him for practicing what he considers to be his natural sex orientation?

Satanism is a vital force among homosexuals, even if they do not overtly acknowledge themselves to be Satanists. So it has been since the days of the Knights Templar, some of whose members were imprisoned and executed for onanism and oral sex. In recent years at organized homosexual masquerade balls, especially in San Francisco, revelers have worn Knights Templar costumes as well as traditional red Devil outfits with foot-long phalluses protruding from their loins in mockery of medieval tales about the Devil appearing at the Sabbat with a penis, said to be as long as a mule’s, bared for his worshipers to kiss. In the so-called “gay bars” of San Francisco, one of the most popular expressions to be heard is “fuck you, Mary.” And if there is any doubt about whether this is coincidental prankishness or deliberate mockery of the Virgin Birth story at the root of Christianity, it is dispelled inter alia by the literature to be found in the homes occupied by homosexual intellectuals. Mention to one of them that he lives like a Satanist, carousing all night and catching up on sleep during the daylight hours, and he is apt to show you some musty book from his library on the subject of black magic or witchcraft that he has studied.

Rex Kincaid was freed to live the life of a Satanist as he conceived it not through black magic, but rather through his music – though, like Anton, he conceived of music as magic. Rex was such a skilled performer on organ and piano that it was no longer necessary for him to seek any other means of making money, because nightclub owners and even Christian church leaders were eager to hire him. That freed him to seek sex partners via the method he preferred. He disliked the scenario in the so-called “gay bars” and liaisons with men arranged through newspaper ads. Rex preferred to walk the streets post-midnight, looking for men, on foot or in automobiles, also in search of male to male sex that way.
As I listened to Rex talk about his exploits, it occurred to me that he was not only flirting with men on the street, but also with danger. “Are you not worried about what could go wrong?” I asked him. “Worried about things I want someone to do to me?” he asked in reply. And he burst into laughter, as he always did after remarks of that kind, adding: “Oh, I do enjoy myself.”

It was in part fascination with black magic that led Rex Kincaid the organist and other homosexuals to the Church of Satan, and they were among the members who became the most influential. On occasion Anton even turned over leadership of a ritual to John Ferro, a young homosexual who taught medieval history at San Francisco Bay Area universities.

Ferro was the scion of a large Italian-American family in San Francisco. Roman Catholicism has been an ingrained tradition in their family since the first of them arrived in New York from the old country. But the tradition did not hold true for one family member, John, who preferred men to women as companions, who was inclined to dabble in crockery and fine paintings rather than play baseball or to engage in any other sport, and who liked to cook chocolate mousse à la Minnie Castevet in Rosemary’s Baby. Ferro told me that he felt oppressed by the humiliating pretense of relatives who knew of his homosexuality and felt compelled to conceal it from the family members who were unaware of it, by acting as though John was “normal.” Ferro felt similarly oppressed, he told me, when attending services in the Catholic church preferred by the family (strictly an accommodation to his relatives, since he did not believe in “Jesus” or the fables in the New Testament) because he was constantly aware that he would be excommunicated if his sex orientation was discovered.

As maybe inevitable, in his early twenties Ferro became fascinated with the purportedly evil, dark side of nature, and with the accouterments that Satanists have frequently used to express it. He grew a black Mephistophelean beard to go with his black hair and eyes. For dress he began wearing black high-neck jackets, black trousers, and pointed black shoes. At soirees he wore devil costumes. Every time I saw him, I thought of the way Cesare Siepi looked in the role of the protagonist in Mozart’s opera Don Giovanni, even though I was aware that Ferro, unlike the Don Juan character, cared not a fig for how any of the women reacted to his appearance or for how disappointed they were when he did not respond to their advances. And advance they did, because Ferro made a handsome devil.
Ferro was dressed in his customarily stylish black garb one afternoon in the elegantly furnished house where he lived with his mother as he served dry champagne with petits fours to me while we talked philosophy and religion. As usual, his conversation was spiced with references to ancient Assyrian, Egyptian, Mesopotamian, and Persian monarchies; to Athenian democracy and the Roman Republic; to Aristotle, Plato, Kant, Nietzsche, and other philosophers; to ancient legends such as those of Gilgamesh and Osiris; and even to characters such as “Jesus Christ” and “the Prophet Mohammed” that he considered to be fictitious. I was ready for all of that, because every time he talked to Anton, to me, and to anybody else in the “black house,” he rattled on as though we understood all of his references, though many of them were so esoteric that we had a difficult time trying to figure out what they meant and what kind of point he was trying to make.

As I jotted notes between sips of champagne and bites of petits fours – since on this occasion I was interviewing him for an article on Satanism – Ferro explained in response to a question about his image: “I wear black because it creates an air of mystery. I realize people think I’m trying to look evil, and I like to play up an image. But it is really part of a search for the dark, carnal side of life omitted from Catholicism. To see light without darkness, spiritual without material, pain without pleasure, is to miss essential ingredients of life. Satanism means to me a reassertion of the dark, earthly, sensual aspects of life that the Judaeo-Christian world has rejected or denigrated. It means a way to develop as a human being without any hindrance, because it is impossible to become a whole man until the body is recaptured.

“I feel that a dualism which sees dark and light forces at war is a harmful thing. It is part of the reason why modern man dislikes himself so intensely. If he does not accept his whole body as something inherently good, beautiful, and valid, then he will dislike himself, and disliking oneself leads to neurosis, and that is why there are so many neurotic people in our society. To feel that the worship of God and the adherence to a faith means the necessity to negate half of the self is to assert a deity that is asking of you that you destroy the very nature that the deity has implanted in you. And you see, this is not true religion, but rather false religion. The essence of true religion is acceptance of the entire being created by the deity that one worships.
“I have responded to Anton on this basis: my awakening to the wholeness of life. I am trying to integrate my body into this wholeness. You know, there is something in Hindu mythology that expresses this, to quote from it: ‘Creation is God’s joyous dance.’ I am trying to be aware of the total electric vision before us, and to plug myself into all of its sockets.”

To Ferro, the Hindu tenet holding that the way to overcome temptation is to give into it meant going on occasional food binges wherein he crammed himself with sweets until he was sick to the point of vomiting. It meant an occasional sex binge wherein he picked up several male partners in a single night, and indulged in lurid deviations from accepted American coital practice. It meant the recurring fantasy of a binge to end all binges in which he was rowed down the Nile River on a gilded barge, surrounded by cheetahs and by bare-breasted lesbians or unfrocked nuns wearing only veils who were being gently beaten by black slaves as the barge oarsmen sang “Row, daughters, on to Zion.”

If all of that was not enough to have Ferro excommunicated from the Catholic Church, there remained his black view of humanity that he shared with Anton. “I am filled with utter disdain for the majority of people,” he expostulated one Saturday night during a bull session with Anton and me in the “black house.” “They beg to be fooled, beg to be cheated and robbed. This is one reason why, when you try to extend anything to the masses, the best that can come of it is mediocrity. We put an automobile in each home and look what happened. If we taught everyone to enjoy Shakespeare, no one could get into the theater and the quality would deteriorate. Trying to teach most people the finer arts is a waste of time. If they burst their peapod brains, they couldn’t understand them.”

Unfortunately for Ferro, he loathed automobiles and would not even ride in a taxicab. So, he often wound up on public conveyances where he met the dregs of humanity, whom he dealt with as though an emperor in their midst. One day Ferro was on a crowded bus, filled with riders behaving like lower animals jam-packed in a pen, when a moronic-looking middle-aged man accidentally jostled the emperor of the bus. Ferro shouted at him: “How dare you touch me? Do you always behave as if you are a pig in a pen?” When the antagonized rider made the mistake of answering back, Ferro’s tirade grew more abusive. “You are a pig!” he shouted loudly enough for everyone on the bus to hear. “People like you deserve to be beaten in public!” He kept it up until the man got off the bus.
As you might imagine, Ferro was equally abusive toward women when he felt they were misbehaving. With me he relived an argument with a woman who suggested he get off the bus and take a taxicab if he did not like her conduct. Ferro snapped at her: “It’s easier for you. All you have to do is open the window and fly out on your broomstick.” And then there was the matinee performance in the theater, with one of the misbehaving children found there and in restaurants. This one kept standing up in front of Ferro’s seat, and the child’s mother was doing nothing about that. Becoming exasperated, Ferro asked the woman: “Would you please ask your child to sit down, madam?”

“Sit down, Josie,” the woman grumbled. “There are some people in this world who hate children.”

A mistake. With that Ferro began talking loudly to a friend sitting next to him: “No wonder there are so many brats in the schools. They come from homes where parents are unable to control them; so they bring their behavior problems to the classroom.”

The mother looked around sharply at Ferro. Another mistake. He wagged his finger at her and barked: “Don’t you dare turn around and look at me unless I address you. No conversation concerns you unless you are invited to participate in it, and I doubt if anyone is going to invite you to participate in any conversation unless he happens to be as stupid a creature as you are and wants to talk on that level.”

The woman moved to a different section of the theater. So said John Ferro as he recounted for me his various encounters with the hoi polloi.

I cannot resist this comment: I noticed that in all of these stories Ferro told me, he was confronting individuals of one kind, those who were unlikely to slug him. I wondered whether or not he was as truculent with a strong young man who happened to offend him. My guess is that as a Satanist he would keep quiet then, and he would be the one to do the moving away.

**Peter Papadopolous**

“Peter Papadopolous” I named him in my previous writing about him; and so he will remain because I do not remember his real name and now, like Ferro and Kincaid, he is gone. He was a swarthy, handsome Greek-American mortician who became one of Anton’s warlocks after he was not only threatened with excommunication from the Catholic Church, but was in fact booted from it.
You could not say it was without cause. Searching for a different mode of life from the one he was leading as a devout Catholic immersed in its orthodoxy, Peter grew a beard and appeared at the confession box that way. The priest who was to hear his confession was displeased. He told Peter to shave off the beard; otherwise his confession would not be heard.

“What’s the matter with a beard?” Peter asked. “Saint Peter wore a beard. And all the other apostles did, too.”

“The times are different,” the priest replied. “You must live within the confines of present society. The modern church considers beards to be dirty.”

“Then you can take the church and shove it up your ass,” Peter told him.

The priest ordered Peter to leave, and he never returned to that church or any other. Instead, he joined the beatnik community that had taken root in San Francisco and parts of San Mateo County. The beats seemed to Peter to have a more Christian philosophy than that of most Catholics, and a more loving one. But there was a drug problem. In a beatnik commune one day, a bearded young man announced that he could fly, climbed on top of a table, and proceeded to flap his arms mightily. The other men and women, sitting around the table, cheered him on, applauding and shouting “Groovy! Out of sight!” Encouraged, the bearded one took off and, just as he said he would, flew through the air – for nine-tenths of a second before he fell to the floor and broke his arm.

This is a crock of shit, Peter said to himself. It’s as nutty as the Catholic Church. He shaved off his beard and returned to work on his father’s ranch. The following fall, he enrolled for studies at City College, ran for president of the freshman class, and won.

He did it by means of his greatest joy: pranking. Or was it genius to bring a live donkey onto the campus with a sign laid over it: “You’re an ass if you don’t vote for Peter.” And maybe it was saner than anyone imagined to paste most of his campaign leaflets on the doors of the school lavatories. A principle of Satanism enunciated by Anton states that what seems maddest to society is often the sanest. What is read more thoroughly than graffiti on the walls of toilet rooms?

Regardless of whatever merit there may have been to his campaign, Peter was officially rebuked by the school administration for his scandalous tactics. That only made him more rebellious toward authority. He could not understand what could be wrong with a prank that harmed no one.
Peter decided to leave City College and, instead, go through a morticians’ training course. That led to a job at a funeral parlor and then management of the place. It became his custom to take breakfast at a nearby restaurant while he read the morning newspaper. In the paper there were stories about mad bombers. A prank came to mind. One morning he walked into the restaurant wearing a long black topcoat and black hat, and carrying an attaché case with a skull hooked over it by a chain. Inside the case was a loudly ticking alarm clock.

When Peter sat himself down at the restaurant counter, the diners nearest to him got up from their seats and either moved as far away as they could or left the restaurant. But no one, neither customers nor the waitresses on duty, asked Peter what was in the attaché case or called the police. Peter could tell that they were eyeing him nervously, but they said nothing, did nothing.

*What a bunch of stupid sheep they are,* Peter thought.

Peter was convinced more than ever that there was merit to pranking. There were fascinating revelations about human nature to be learned from it.

On municipal buses Peter and a co-conspirator would begin loud arguments on such subjects as whether or not a man should give up his seat to a woman, to see how the passengers would react. He kept up such pranking for a long time. But finally one of his pranks, more of an experiment than a prank, got him into trouble, though this one was conducted only for his own edification.

As a child, Peter had been afraid of spiders. One day, in front of a Health Department building near the mortuary that he managed, Peter noticed a web with a motionless spider in it and decided to see if the spider was as loathsome a creature as he had imagined. He looked around for an insect to stick in its web, found a butterfly, and placed it in the web. The spider quickly claimed it for food. Peter spotted a beetle and placed that in the web. This time the spider did not eat the trapped insect. Instead, it was dragged to what appeared to be a storage spot. Peter found another beetle, placed it in the web, and waited for the spider to act. But the spider did not move.

Peter mused over what he had witnessed, compared it to human characteristics as he had experienced them, and decided that the spider was much less loathsome than people, because the spider only went after what it needed for survival, whereas a human being would have grabbed the third offering whether needed or not.
While Peter was conducting his experiment, unknown to him, a few Health Department staffers had been watching him from windows in the upper floors of the building where they worked. They recognized Peter as the man who had been acting strangely at times in the nearby restaurant where they also took breakfast occasionally and who had been identified to them, upon inquiry, as the manager of the mortuary a short distance away. While they had said nothing before, this time they notified their supervisor that a mortuary manager they suspected of being dangerous, or at least weird, was engaged in a ghoulish activity in front of the building. [After Peter learned later of their reaction, he wondered if they had ever seen an animal dissected or if they had ever thought about the butchering of a cow that was the prerequisite for their being able to devour a hamburger.] The supervisor in turn phoned the owner of the mortuary. When Peter returned to his office, he was subjected to a stern lecture and was warned that if he engaged in such offensive conduct again he would be fired.

Having been subjected to that admonition, Peter knew he had to be careful, because he had married and was the sole support of his young wife, who was still in school. So, he kept a low profile even while he became more and more disgusted by what he was witnessing at the mortuary.

At the top of his nausea list was the kind of “comfort” given to the spouses of the dead by Christian clerics. For instance, a 60-year-old woman, who had just lost her husband of 40 years, was “comforted” by a minister, as she stood crying beside the coffin holding the body of her beloved, with these words (reconstructed approximately by Peter): “This is not a time for sadness, but rejoicing. Your husband has gone to a reward far greater than any ever known on this earth. Now he is in the best place to be, near God, where he can really start to enjoy life for the first time. So, wash away those tears and rejoice in his discovery of true bliss.”

Peter had heard much the same from clerics many times, as had Anton, whose usual comment was: “If it’s so wonderful up there and so horrible down here, why don’t these creeps dispose of themselves, get off this earth, and be done with it.” Whenever Peter heard this kind of advice from a “man of the cloth” in the funeral parlor, he wanted to shout at him: “You stupid fool! This woman has devoted a lifetime to this man, and you tell her that only now that he is dead will he find joy. I have a gun in my office. If it’s so joyful in the other world, why not use it on yourself so you can get there right away? Why stick around this one?”

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Peter was becoming more of a Satanist. He knew now, especially after coming close to being fired, that he could not engage in behavior considered outlandish or intolerable in a society governed by conformism, and get away with it. There would be repercussions. So, he kept his thoughts to himself.

In Peter’s view, the kind of sickening attitude toward death heard from “men of the cloth” stemmed from two of their obsessions, sex and death, that caused them to be schizoid. Sexual repression and denial of death were, as Peter saw it, the two major maladies of humanity.

If people did not repress their sexual desires and were fully aware of death and how soon it comes to all of us, Peter thought, there would not be so many atrocities. If Hitler had screwed some of the blond “Aryan” women he raved about instead of being the ascetic he was, if he believed he was going to die, he would never have been Hitler and there would have been no Nazi era. It is because men think they can be saved somehow that building up power and wealth, pursuing conquests and fighting for causes, become so vital and appealing to them. If they believed that life ends with death, there would not be so many martyrs and heroes, either. Instead of heroes, villains, and fools, there would only be compassionate people learning to live with each other for mutual protection and preservation of the one short life they have.

That philosophy is shared by some Satanists (though probably not many). But a panacea?

Peter’s great dream, he told me, was to build a fortune so that he could take giant-sized, powerful steps to create a wholly different society based on a recognition of the need for community living in an environment where the emphasis is on necessary ecological and biological balances so that there would be no overcrowding, no waste of natural resources, no pollution of air and water, no conflict founded upon class or racial strife.

Being a practical man, Peter recognized that dream as what is commonly known as a pipe dream. Nor had he been able to deal with the frustration from that recognition as he once had, by telling himself it did not matter because he had “found God within himself.” His former Catholicism-based belief in God had taken him nowhere. Now he decided upon a different course: an exploration of what he saw as the “dark side” of his nature. That side can be explored through carnal indulgence, Peter already knew; but it can also be explored, he decided, through religious experience.
That revelation came to him, Peter told me, in an incident that occurred when his search for the meaning of life took him to Bridge Mountain, a community experiment in the Santa Cruz mountain range where people were learning new ways of living with themselves and each other.

On a walk through the surrounding woods where he turned over rocks and picked up leaves to examine insect life, Peter noticed a small, nearly transparent spider. He was filled with wonder at the thought that he alone knew this creature existed. Or was he alone? Looking around, he saw that sunlight was being partially blocked by the thick clusters of trees everywhere except in one circular spot where the sun’s rays shone through an opening to form what someone might conceive as a sort of “holy glen.” On an inspiration Peter walked to the circular glen of sunlight, fell upon his face and prayed for the first time since he was a teenager. Though he had done some praying before, he had never asked for anything from deity, even as a child when he was stricken with glaucoma, shut inside his parents’ house for many months, forced to wear welders’ goggles for many more months when exposed to sunlight, and ridiculed for it by insensitive boys who tormented and bullied him. Even then he had not asked for help from deity. Now, though, as he lay upon the foliage in the sunny glen, he decided to have a go at it. He closed his eyes and asked God to make known his presence to this mortal human being, Peter Papadopolous.

When Peter opened his eyes, he was startled to see still another spider, this time a big black one, no more than an inch in front of his face. At first Peter felt dejected, even tricked. He had asked God to make known his presence, but instead he wound up with the biggest, blackest spider he had yet seen.

On the way back to the Bridge Mountain lodge, however, there was an event which changed Peter’s thinking. A bird swooped down to a nearby bush and grabbed – oh, my, Peter thought he would go mad from the coincidence – still another spider, and swallowed it. Peter changed his walk to a run. He raced through the woods with his head pounding and adrenalin coursing through his body, as spiders, spiders, and more spiders flashed through his mind. And then he stopped running and calmed down, because a new set of thoughts had taken root in his mind. A message had been sent to him, he decided, through a black, evil-looking spider. It had simply taken more spider observations for him to understand it. The message was: “We must consume our fears.”
Three months following that final spider episode, after hearing a lecture on a similar theme by Anton Szandor LaVey, Peter Papadopoulous joined the Church of Satan.

In *The Devil's Avenger* I revealed that Sammy Davis, Jr. was associated with Anton. In fact, Anton offered him an honorary membership in the Church of Satan, and Davis accepted. Friends of his have denied it, but Davis never did. I have come across articles purportedly based on interviews with Davis in which he readily admits his membership in the Church of Satan, but says that he regrets having dabbled in Satanism. Certainly his relationship with Anton was very brief, as were most of Davis’s relationships, except the one with the so-called “Rat Pack” that consisted primarily of Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, Joey Bishop, Shirley MacLaine, and Davis. That one appears to have been the most sustained relationship in the life of Davis.

*Photo by Diane LaVey*
...And His Witches

I’m not saying they’re really witches. I know they haven’t got real power. But there are people who do believe, even if we don’t; just the way my family believes that God hears their prayers and that the wafer is the actual body of Jesus.
- Rosemary in *Rosemary’s Baby*, by Ira Levin

After classes she liked to hop on her black bicycle with the label SATANA as a front piece and the Baphomet sigil as a rear reflector, pedal home to her all-black apartment room in Berkeley, eat a meal spiced with herbs, and practice magic. She was a sexy 20-year-old redhead majoring in English at the University of California/Berkeley and serving at times as the naked altar for Church of Satan rituals. If she had lived a few centuries ago, she would have been accused of witchcraft and burned at the stake. In the late 1960’s, however, she was free to work hexes or spells in her dwelling place even though her roommate was a devout Catholic; and she won the approval of her English instructor for her essays with satanic themes.

In my previous writing about her, I gave her the pen name Camilla-Marie Chatillon, and so she shall remain because I have lost track of her and her real name. If she was not flimflamming me in the way Anton did, her paternal grandmother was a gypsy traveling at age 14 in a caravan through Turkey and Russia when she was bought as a slave by the owner of an antique shop who liked her looks and decided to marry her. According to Marie, this grandmother introduced her to palm-reading and various gypsy witch legends.

At school Marie tried reading minds and palms, which led her classmates to call her “The Witch”: an appellation she welcomed. She was not like the other university women. They liked to hang out at the local pizzeria. She preferred to stay home and watch a horror film. She liked movies starring Boris Karloff the best, but she would eagerly watch any film featuring women who had become vampires because, she explained, they were able at one and the same time to be monsters and yet appear beautiful.
Marie’s semi-solitude changed, she told me, when she met a young man skilled at rigging electronic equipment for various uses. Together they fashioned séances by combining taped recordings of weird sounds with flashing lights which beamed replications of strange shapes across the ceiling. As her new friend worked the electronics equipment, Marie hid under a table where she manipulated a wire with a chiffon scarf on the end of it that floated around the room in the manner of a spirit.

While she was at home in New York, Marie told me, there had been problems with her mother, a devout church-going Episcopalian, not only because of Marie’s fascination with the occult, but also because Marie began performing as a go-go dancer at a nightclub. Marie’s mother warned her: “You are going to be doomed in Hell.” When that admonition had no effect, she issued strict orders to her daughter, as quoted by Marie: “You are to stop that lewd, disgusting dancing immediately. You are to stop this horrible witchcraft business and come to church with me this Sunday, and we will pray for you. I don’t know how long it’s been since you were in church. You used to be so faithful, singing in the choir, too.”

Yes, but her mother did not understand why Marie sang in the church choir. That happened, Marie explained, in her pubescent years when she first became interested in sex and enamored of a blond-haired boy in the tenor section of the choir. Marie believed that by singing in the choir long and ardently enough, she would attract the attention of that gorgeous boy and become his mate. But it did not work out that way. The boy’s interest turned out to be in baseball instead of girls. It did not appear that singing in the choir would be efficacious in dealing with that situation. There would have to be a more powerful means of attracting a male, and she was still considering prayer of some sort as that means, but not prayer in church.

“I don’t want to go to church any more because I don’t want to be a hypocrite,” Marie told her mother. “The Episcopalian Church is totally ridiculous. They’re asking you to be a saint. All they have to offer you is an afterlife. In the meantime they ruin your earthly life by getting you to forego pleasure for this flimsy hope they hold out that there will be something at the end of all the deprivation. They say love your neighbor, but they’re at each others’ throats all the time. I won’t go any more.”
But, in obedience to her mother, she did go – in a new dress bought especially for her return to church. Her mother also wore a new dress for the occasion. Why don’t they call it a social meeting, Marie thought as she stood for the singing of hymns. It’s who has the most expensive dress or suit that counts. That’s what people come to church to find out.

Church-going did halt for awhile, because Marie had to be hospitalized for a complicated illness. She thought it might be nice, since she had resumed church attendance, if her priest would come visit her at least once. But he did not. That’s just like God, Marie thought. He never comes to help, either. You’re in trouble, and the church tells you ‘abstain, abstain, pray, pray.’ But you find there’s only a slight chance, if any, that after all the long, tiresome prayer, you really are going to be helped. Usually there’s just misery piled on top of misery. I would sell my soul for a better life right now. Such were her Marie’s thoughts as she lay ill in a hospital bed.

And so it was that even though she still believed in the possible efficacy of prayer, Marie began directing her prayers to Satan instead of to the Christian God.

Marie’s first prayer to Satan called for that deity on the dark side to break down her mother’s stubborn resistance to Marie’s going to college away from home. That one succeeded – in the mind of Marie, who declined to consider other factors that might have swayed her mother to agree to Marie’s enrolling at the University of California/Berkeley.

On her own, Marie indulged her deepest desires. She painted her bicycle black, printed the name “SATANA” in all-capital letters on a piece of cardboard, and pasted it over the “Hercules” nameplate. She acquired an all-black wardrobe, hung black burlap over the walls of her room – in lieu of painting the wall black, since the landlord would not allow her to do that – tacked up black cat posters, and placed a bullwhip over the fireplace. The purpose of the whip, Marie explained, was not to practice sadomasochism, but only to frighten her male friends, if not her female friends.

After movies or dances with male companions, Marie talked them into accompanying her on walks through graveyards. She noticed that the young men seemed to be frightened, but they refused to acknowledge their fear.

“You know why?” Marie asked in relating her graveyard experiences to me. Answering her own question, she said: “They wouldn’t admit it because of their masculine ego requirement to appear bolder than a female.”
In graveyards, Marie told me, she was enchanted by her male companions’ shocked reaction to her obvious joy in being among the tombstones. “Look at you,” they would tell her. “You light up in this place.” Marie’s explanation for that appearance was that she was excited by the energy she felt in the graveyards and by the awareness that while she was supposed to be frightened by such a mysterious force, in fact she welcomed it and was uplifted by it.

There was a problem in keeping her male companions, Marie told me: They became so afraid of her that they would not pursue her sexually. Instead of taking advantage of her sexual prowess, they would ruminate over her powers as a purported witch; and though Marie enjoyed that, in the final analysis she wanted them to come to her in heat, not fear.

One day while Marie was pedaling her black bicycle on the streets of Berkeley, she stopped to buy a copy of the local “hippie” newspaper, Max Scheer’s Berkeley Barb, from a longhair peddling it on Telegraph Avenue. As she read it later in a coffee shop, she noticed an advertisement about a lecture on witchcraft to be held a few hours hence in the Church of Satan headquarters. She hurried out of the coffee shop, hopped on her bike, took it home, changed into a skimpy but slick dress, boarded a bus headed across the Bay Bridge, and spent the remainder of the day in San Francisco waiting for lecture time.

Entranced by the lecture and the man who delivered it, for that was Anton, Marie became a regular at the “black house” for sessions of Anton’s weekly “Witches’ Workshop.” Some of the themes were how to dress for maximum sex appeal, how to use aphrodisiacs effectively, and how to concoct “magic formulas” for the casting of “spells.” Marie was impressed by Anton’s basing his magic on logic rather than on superstition or any of the usual bogus claims of occultists to possession of miraculous powers. She was also impressed with the way in which Anton applied his experiences in the carnival and burlesque theater to women in everyday life. She was intrigued with his advice to discard panty hose, to concentrate instead on what he called the “Law of the Forbidden”: that which is most compulsive is that which is supposedly not to be seen. In the way Anton explained it, the most effective dress a woman could use for attraction was that which showed just enough of her to be scandalous without revealing the whole enchilada.
Anton and Diane instruct two pupils of the Witches’ Workshop in the way to pin holes in a voodoo doll. The symbol atop Anton’s tombstone coffee table is that of Baron Samedi, purportedly the patron saint of cemeteries and zombies, and of the raising of the dead.

It was inevitable that Marie would experience some big difficulties in coordinating her practice of modern day witchcraft, as taught by Anton, with her Catholic roommate’s way of life. Anton insisted that the most efficacious time for the practice of witchery is two or three hours before the object of a spell, a desired lover, usually awakens. “During the period of profound sleep or when he is awake and can ward off any influences,” Anton explained, “the man will not be receptive to spells. But during the crucial period before he awakens, he is the most subject to dreams, as modern science has established. That is the time which should be used for spells, when his ESP is most receptive.” Therefore, Marie, who took Anton’s advice seriously and practiced it almost every day or night, began to stay up until six or seven in the morning, then going to sleep at the time her roommate was starting her day.
Nevertheless, they adjusted their schedules so as to be able to accommodate each other. There were incentives to do so. Basically, they liked each other, and Marie’s latest way of life made them more interesting to each other than ever. That can be explained by the galvanic manner in which Satanism and Catholicism interact. Marie’s roommate would tell her: “You are sick. You’re throwing away eternal life for just a few years of materialistic pleasures. You will be damned forever to perdition.” Marie would answer: “Your whole life is based on preparation for death. This is the way the whole body of Catholic thought conditions you to think, from Saint Paul to the most enlightened theologians like Teilhard de Chardin. Even Teilhard’s philosophy was based on his search for a way to escape eternal death. What a terrible waste of life.” Then they would watch a film such as *Rosemary’s Baby* together and while Marie would take mental notes of points to investigate, her roommate would be putting together what she construed as messages to be gleaned from the movie: contradictorily, a plug for the Pope’s dicta on the one hand and a reason to use birth control pills on the other. They would wind up laughing at their differences. They enjoyed each other.

At my request, Marie provided a description of the so-called “spells” that she attempted, and how some of them backfired on her: such as the one that brought the lover that she had sought to her roommate instead of herself, and the “spell” that was supposed to induce Stuart to call her, only to result in Ralph calling, and she did not like Ralph. Since the “spells” Marie had been employing were based on imagery, she decided to stop using that method and to depend instead on deception. But that backfired, too, when the deception she used to recapture a lover she had lost was deemed by him to have worked in a way that caused him to wind up as a tenant in the same building as Marie, and being angry over that, he began going after every female in the building except Marie.

Interestingly, Marie did not fault Anton’s methods, but instead blamed herself for not using them properly. To make them more effective, she began saving some of the wrappings from gifts and the emptied bottles of wine that various men had brought to her. For “spells” aimed at individuals, they would be used for more powerful imagery than what she had been able to achieve before. Also, the wine bottles were useful as candle holders. Marie placed name tags on them so that she could remember which man had given any one of them to her, and direct its use at the gift-giver.
The candles that Marie used were of different colors in accordance with the kind of ritual she practiced: pink for lust, red for love, yellow for health, blue for success. Before inserting a candle in a bottle, she “indoctrinated” it, to repeat the term that Marie employed one evening at the “black house” in a discussion with me of her witchcraft techniques.

“I put the red candle between my lips or breasts,” she explained, “because they’re symbolic of love. I put the pink candle in my vagina because that’s where I hope he will be. I hang my Baphomet medallion over the mantel. I take off all my clothes. Then I’m ready to hold my ritual. I try to do it in the twilight hours because that’s when, as Anton says, he’s dreaming the most and will be the most receptive.

“Next, I figure out all the ingredients that make up the Is-to-Be, and I put them into a magic alphabet. I say an invocation to Satan and call up demons with a long knife, which is the closest I can come to Anton’s Sword of Power. I say what I want to happen or read it from a piece of paper and burn that over a flame. I think very hard about what I want. I become very excited. It’s vital to be intense because I want to achieve a climax, an orgasm, to give off the greatest possible energy. At home for a private ritual, I have to use physical means to obtain the orgasm. When I’m the altar at the Church ceremony, it happens without the need for that.

“At a Church ceremony there is more energy in the air because of the people. I become the receptor of others’ energy that comes to me. I pick up sexual energy from the guys looking at my naked body. I love it. The other girls probably will not admit that it happens to them, but it does. It feels at first as if there is a current running from my feet to my head, as though my hair would all stand out. Eventually the current centers on my crotch and explodes. I don’t want to analyze it any more than that, although I would like to know if these happy, friendly vibrations are given to me directly by Satan. You know, this is the closest feeling I can get to what must be patriotism for other people. When I’m lying there nude and the organist plays the Hymn to Satan, I feel like holding my head high and saluting.”

I pointed out to her that although she does give the Sign of the Horns, which is a form of salute, the analogy is not accurate because it is doubtful that patriots achieve orgasms by means of saluting the flag.
“Oh,” Marie protested, “I don’t want to mislead you into thinking that the orgasm I’m talking about is all sexual. It’s much more than that. In fact, it’s more of a spiritual orgasm than a physical one, and patriots do get that kind of orgasm. And there’s another part to this, too, like in the ritual Anton uses to celebrate Leviathan. I actually saw Hell the first time I was an altar for that ceremony. Maybe it was because my favorite deity is Leviathan, or maybe it was an illusion. But if it was an illusion, it was real to me.”

I asked Marie whether or not she believes in Hell.

“Heaven is Hell and Hell is Heaven,” she replied. “The people who think that they are working for Heaven are really working for Hell, because they are denying life to themselves. Actually, I don’t believe in any of these concepts as geographical places.”

To test her consistency on that issue, I asked her if she had ever thought about the possibility of her being damned to Hell for eternity.

“Yes, I have,” she said. “But my answer is a question: So what? It wouldn’t be as bad as running around in clouds with a bunch of harp-playing creeps. This Hell concept was something devised just to make people miserable here on this earth. I refuse to believe I’m going to be punished for indulging my body, because I wouldn’t want to do it if it were not a natural instinct. If there is God, why did he put these natural instincts into our bodies? Certainly it was not done so that we would spend a lifetime learning to deny them. That’s crazy.

“You know, it’s incredible how this craziness is still believed by modern, intelligent, college-educated people. You should hear what they think goes on in the Church of Satan. They think that there are orgies, that homosexual acts are being practiced, that babies are being sacrificed, that every woman who enters the Church has to be naked and shack up with Anton or some of the warlocks. When I tell them it’s just a ritual with everyone clothed except the altar or maybe an acolyte or two, and there’s no copulation and afterward we sit around having coffee and tea and cake, talking about things like anthropology, they won’t believe me. They’re disappointed. So, I make up things to tell them. I tell them that Anton rapes every girl who comes into the Church. I tell them we kill one person a week by hexes and we know we’re successful because we check out the names in obituary columns. And they believe all of that. What most of them won’t believe is that anyone is serious about the philosophy of Satanism.
“I answered some of their fool questions in a paper for my English composition class, and got an A on it. The teacher told me she was fascinated. She asked me if I’m a practicing witch. She said she showed my paper to the rest of the English department, and they all agreed it should be published.”

My view of the results Marie was supposed to have achieved by “spells” was that given her looks and sexuality, she would have obtained them without following’s Anton’s instructions. That would not be true in the case of another “witch” in the Church of Satan, “Gladys” (the name I use to disguise her, since the details about her are not entirely what she would have wanted to see in print).

Gladys was born with a deformity: one of her legs was shorter and thinner than the other, and bent. It caused her to walk in an awkward manner, casting her body from side to side. At parties she could not dance. She could not participate in any kind of activity calling for even the slightest athleticism. She could only watch the dancing, or any other kind activity from which her handicap precluded her, as she sat along the wall or on the sideline of some event. It was a bad break from God or Nature. Yet, had Gladys reacted to it as have many crippled women, she might well have become a devout worshiper of God, attending church regularly, wearing plain dresses long enough to cover her legs down to the ankles, taking the role of a suffering martyr, and adopting the attitude of a typical Christian cleric: God has a purpose in all that he does, and is not to be questioned about the creation of individuals born blind, born deaf, born deformed. “God works in ways beyond our understanding” is the line that myriads of clerics have used.

Gladys did not buy it. As soon as she read an article about Anton and the Church of Satan, then in its first year, she decided immediately to join. Perhaps the high priest of that church had something better to offer than martyrdom.

Fortunately, Anton had a feature to work with that is not common to women with deformities. Gladys had a pretty face, and her upper body was formed rather pleasantly. It was possible to use what Anton had to work with to turn Gladys into what she was not supposed to be: a sexually appealing, alluring woman. In order to direct attention away from her leg to the rest of her, Anton had Gladys arrange her dark hair in a lush coiffure and wear brightly colored dresses cut low at the top to expose part of her breasts, though long at the bottom to reduce attention to her legs. At his further suggestion, Gladys dabbed a perfume called “Hypnotique” on herself (and I can testify that its odor was delightful).
So it was that instead of behaving as a mournful stoic, accepting her lot as God’s will and shunning as ridiculous any attempt to be sexy, Gladys effected a role reversal, acting as a lusty wench moving among men with an expression that read “come know me.” I am here to testify that she thus succeeded in attracting good-looking men, and it was Anton’s teaching which made that possible.

Like Gladys, every woman I met in the Church of Satan had lost belief in the God of Judaeo-Christian religion and in the so-called “moral values” taught by Christian clerics. This is not to say, however, that most of them, Marie aside, were any more bohemian than a majority of American or European women. In fact, their indulgences in the flesh and material pursuits were and are to be seen in the everyday conduct of women calling themselves Christians. The difference was and remains that women who have become members of the Church of Satan decided to make a religion out of their carnal or materialistic desires.

Rosalind was one of Anton’s witches who met that distinguishing characteristic. She was a commercial artist with long hair bleached blond, dark brown eyes, full and sensuous lips, and an odor emanating from her body that was typical of the scent from a perfume called “Jungle Gardenia” that female members of the Church of Satan seemed to use more than any other - at Anton’s suggestion, of course.

Rosalind was one of the young women, in search of a life different from that of their parents, who flocked to the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco when the hippie movement (if it can be called a movement) erupted there in the late 1960’s. Rosalind was “turned on” (that familiar term adopted by an entire generation) by the philosophy of some of the heavies, but turned off by the rampant drug use, mindless sexual promiscuity, and filth she found in the Haight. Becoming as disillusioned with hippies as Peter Papadopouous had become with beatniks, Rosalind decided to have a fling at Satanism. She was welcomed into the Church of Satan by a High Priest who, while at first admiring the rebelliousness inherent in the men and women who wanted to be known as hippies, had eventually, like Rosalind, become disgusted by their drug culture, abysmal hygiene, and mindless sexual activity. Anton was vehemently opposed to use of so-called psychedelic drugs as well as to the use of any kind of mind-altering or medicinal drugs for recreational purposes in lieu of taking them for healing. He and Rosalind were on the same path.
Rosalind’s parents were German-American Catholics who settled in Dearborn, Michigan, where Henry Ford once published his anti-Jew harangues in a newspaper he owned: The Dearborn Independent. During Rosalind’s childhood in the late 1940’s and early 1950’s, life in Dearborn was centered to a major extent on activities within and emanating from the Ford Motor Company, the owner and directors of which were bent upon denying the right of Jews and Negroes (to use the term for dark-skinned people in vogue then) to live in neighborhoods occupied by white gentiles. And what the owners and directors of the Ford Motor Company and the bigoted white gentiles of Dearborn left undone in alienating Rosalind from them and her parents, the local Catholic high school managed to complete. She wound up feeling driven by a keen sense of religious, social, and personal rebellion that demanded an outlet which was not found among “the great unwashed,” as cynics referred to the hippies in general (though that was far from being an accurate application to all self-styled hippies).

“I think I’ve found it in the Church of Satan,” Rosalind told me. “Making a success of yourself is a religion in which I can believe. I want to excel, to be an important person. Until I attended Anton’s lectures, I felt guilty about that; but listening to his philosophy helped me get over my guilt feelings. Now I find that my work is getting better and that my relationships with people are more attractive.”

What about feeling guilt for obtaining this new power from the Devil, I asked her.

“The Devil is not a totally evil force,” Rosalind replied, “just as God is not totally good. By our view, Christianity is the Devil and we are the god. To me the Devil is the incarnation of lust, of carnality, of pleasure. Everybody indulges in these experiences, including the clergy. And why not? If it gives you pleasure to indulge once in awhile, why should you feel guilty about it or ask forgiveness? I don’t believe in the concept of selling your soul to the Devil. It’s irrational. I’m simply enjoying life. Tomorrow I may be run down by an automobile, but that will simply be because I was negligent or the driver was crazy or something, not because I’m doing anything evil.”

Unlike other witches enrolled in the Church of Satan, Rosalind played down early interest in the occult. But I found that characteristic emphasized again when I became acquainted with and had some long talks with Lani Johnson.
When Lani first described herself over the telephone to Anton as a suburban mother of two school children and the president of the school’s Parent-Teachers Association, Anton anticipated a fiasco once she had heard one of his lectures, or if not then, later when she came to the “black house” to participate in a ritual. She would become alarmed, Anton felt certain, and bolt out the door. But as soon as Anton saw her, he changed his assessment. There never was a PTA president like this one. She looked like a “miniature version of Jayne Mansfield,” as Anton described Lani (and as I repeated in the first chapter of this book, since that is indeed what she looked like). Her hair was platinum-blond; her thick eyebrows and eyelashes were darkened with mascara; her lips were sensuous and formed in a pouting mode à la Mansfield; her complexion was tan like Jayne’s; and, like Jayne, she wore a tight dress, just short of a bikini, that exposed her breasts and legs to the maximum extent allowed by law in public. She was, Anton thought, Harper Valley PTA personified.

[For those of you too young to know or remember, Harper Valley PTA was a country music song, written in 1968 by Tom T. Hall, that served as the inspiration for the 1978 film and the 1980 tv sitcom of that name.]

Lani was raised, she told me, by a mother and grandmother who dabbled in herbal remedies, tarot card spreads, and tea leaves and palm readings. Before Lani ever heard of Satanism or of Anton, she was trying her hand at witchcraft in the simple way she understood it.

“But I couldn’t find anything straight in the kind of stuff my mother and grandmother were doing,” Lani told me one evening as we chatted in the house in Oakland where she lived with her husband, children, a python, and four dogs including one named Spooky. “And I wouldn’t call on God for anything, and that’s all these white witchcraft people do. How can you believe in something you don’t see? And even if he is there, I never did like him.”

Why not, I wanted to know.

“Well, I went to Catholic and Protestant churches to see what they could tell me about this god of theirs; but they just seemed like social affairs with restrictions – awful – and so I didn’t learn anything from them. Then, to see if there was any kind of church that was different, I investigated the Seventh-Day Adventists, and I even wound up going to a school of theirs, because it was the nearest school in the neighborhood.
“Those Adventists were cruel. If someone committed a sin, they would commit a worse sin by punishing him. They had punishments for all kinds of things: smoking, boys playing with girls, even going swimming on a Saturday. One girl got locked in a shed for that, and there were rats in the shed and they bit her. Then there was another girl who went trick-or-treating on Halloween, and that was against the rules, so she was beaten for it. So, here were these holier-than-thou Adventists who won’t drink or smoke or eat meat, and they think they’re so pure, and I just considered them a bunch of dirty old people.”

As the result of her experiences with white religions, Lani told me, she began praying to Satan early in her life. “It worked, too, I swear it did,” she said. “It helped me to win at games, to get presents I wanted, things like that. So, it became natural for me to take up Satanism again later in life. When I was twenty-three (she was twenty-five at this time), I used an informal ritual calling on Satan to win the PTA presidency. I wanted it both for fun and prestige. You know, I was married at sixteen, and all my friends considered me as a dumb blond who couldn’t do anything, couldn’t even keep house right. So, I kept saying to myself ‘I’ll show you.’ And I not only got elected president of the PTA, but I also got re-elected.”

I have to interrupt this story, which is best taken with the proverbial grain of salt, as are all of the tales told by the Church of Satan witches, for a related story: how and why it came about that Lani married at sixteen. She did not want to tell me that story; but her long-suffering husband did.

His name was Don Johnson (“was” because he is dead, while Lani Wright, her maiden name, is still alive). Don was a skilled carpet layer who ran his own business. Around a year after he finally separated from Lani, he told me the story of how he met her and immediately determined to marry her.

As he told the story, Lani was standing on a street corner in Oakland when Don happened to drive by. At once he stopped the car, got out, and kept talking to her until she agreed to a date. “I thought she was the most gorgeous thing I had ever seen,” Don said, “and I was not going to let her get away.” He pursued her relentlessly, offered her a nice house to live in, a car of her own, credit cards for spending on whatever she wanted, any kind of pets she wished to add to the python he kept in a glass cage, and freedom to engage in whatever activities might interest her.
At the time I first met her, Lani was indeed a housewife and mother who did not begin working at a job until much later in life. As Lani told it to me, the story of her PTA experience centered on her determination to reform its stodgy image so that school children could relate to it. She upset PTA members when she became the only woman who drove to meetings on a motorbike instead of in a car, and she wore skimpy dresses that exposed more flesh than the PTA members were accustomed to seeing at their functions. One female member, who heard gossip at a meeting that Lani was a practicing Satanist or witch, made the sign of the cross and walked out, never to return. But eventually the membership started to go Lani’s way. So she told me.

It began, she said, with a lecture by a narcotics agent on how to handle children when they experiment with drugs. As the officer described marijuana, it occurred to Lani that he did not know much about it. In effect he was delivering a sermon of the type that causes drug-using youngsters to move farther away from their parents. So, Lani took the floor to explain what “pot” smells like, how to recognize it, even how to roll it. She made it understood that she herself was opposed to the use of marijuana, but she believed it to be imperative for the parents of young users to be fully informed about the nature and effects of a drug, so that they could induce their children to listen to their advice by discussing the drug intelligently.

“Your kids are showing you spices like clove, parsley, and sage, telling you they’re pot to put you on,” Lani quoted herself as having said to the PTA members. “When you believe them and become hysterical, they lose respect for you. They’re laughing at you, making monkeys out of you. If you want them to respect your opinions, you had better be informed.”

To educate parents, Lani arranged sex education films and lectures so that they would know how to answer their kids’ questions on how to handle their sexual feelings – and it required a tough, persistent battle to win approval of her view that parents must see and hear facts about sex not often discussed in polite society, even if they feel scandalized.

In steering the old PTA in new directions, Lani assured me, it was not for the purpose of engendering more permissiveness. To the contrary, she said, she was perfectly geared to the army of Americans who want a crackdown on violence, on lawlessness in general, and on increasing welfare doles.
In lieu of greater permissiveness, Lani said, she advocated “law and order” and discipline of misbehaving children. “Not that I go along with this bit about hanging people in the public square; I prefer the lion pit,” she quipped. “That is more fun. You can sit there and eat peanuts and cheer for the lions. I’d like it even better if I owned the concession stand at the arena.”

It was no surprise when Lani became not only Anton’s favorite witch, but also his most trusted assistant priestess. In the description of the Black Mass following my introduction, you read of a “blond-haired minx who looks like a miniature Jayne Mansfield” masquerading as a nun, but performing a “bump-and-grind routine” followed by her casting off her nun’s garb to reveal a “harlot miniskirt” that she was wearing underneath it. That was Lani, and it was just one of the wild roles she took in Church of Satan rituals.

In a lust ritual, Lani was stuffed into a coffin together with a young male member – best described as a boy. They were not completely naked, but neither were they clothed in a way to prevent sexual contact. Nobody ever revealed exactly what went on in that coffin. All I can say about it is that it was unnecessary for Lani to use the situation as a chance to have sex with this fellow whom she described as “my cute boy.” It became obvious to everyone in the Church, as to Lani’s husband Don, that Lani was keenly attracted to this pudgy fellow with a pretty boy face. They danced together in sexually suggestive ways and walked out of parties together for suspected hanky-panky. There was no doubt in Don’s mind about what was happening, especially because the same was happening with other “friends” of Lani’s, including men that were also friends of Don’s.

“She was constantly making up stories about where she had been,” Don told me a year after their separation. “But when I checked, she had never been there. She had been in bed with guys who were supposed to be my friends, and she was lying about it. She was a habitual liar. I lay it on Anton. He taught her to be a liar as well as to make voodoo dolls.”

Whether or not Anton taught Lani to lie for her own advantage, as he did so often for his advantage, I know not. I do know how he used her. He had her mount him on a barstool in his “Den of Iniquity” while she was fully but scantily dressed, and pull off only her panties. That was the way he preferred to take her. It was part of his “Law of the Forbidden” idea, centered on his belief that it is more compelling to keep it partly hidden instead of revealing it all.
This may sound incredible, even crazy, but naked women did not arouse Anton much. Anton was aroused by women who revealed enough to be enticing, but left the remainder to the imagination. So it was that he enjoyed seeing Lani on top of him fully although scantily clothed. I cannot imagine his obtaining some kind of different physical sensation in that mode from the sensation he or any other man would get from the copulating. But who knows? Anton was different from every man you ever met.

Oh, by the way, you may be wondering how I happen to know the form in which Anton had Lani perform on him. That will have to remain my own secret.

Anton had such total control of Lani that he was able to humiliate her without a chance of losing her. So, he practiced some of his pranks on her. Anton was always pranking somebody or the society at large. I believe he enjoyed that more than sex, and I believe he enjoyed the pranking of Lani more than the sex with her.

For instance, Anton had a pet pit bull dog named after the god of wind in Greek mythology, Typhon. Since Typhon was strictly a house dog, he was never mated, and evidently that troubled Anton, who thought his male pit bull ought to be able to enjoy some kind of sexual pleasure. In order to provide that pleasure, Anton would stick one of his legs straight out for Typhon to mount and masturbate on it. One night I was not paying sufficient attention to where Typhon was as I discussed some weighty matters with Anton. I stretched out one of my legs, and before I could see what was coming, Typhon had his paws wrapped around it and was pumping away. I was mightily impressed – stunned may describe it better – at how much power that little dog possessed. I felt like my leg was caught in a tremendously powerful vice, but a vice that was in vigorous motion instead of stationary.

To get to the point, Anton enjoyed supplying Typhon with his only sex outlet in the presence of Lani, knowing what her reaction would be. As soon as Typhon mounted Anton’s leg and began pumping on it, Lani would shriek and run out of the room, while Anton grinned his broadest grin, since that was the result he wanted. And, as he knew, Lani would always come back for more so that Anton could entertain himself. The only question I had about Lani’s “horror” was whether or not she staged it so that Anton could enjoy her allegedly shocked reaction. Maybe she was disgusted by the scene. But shocked? Horrified? Hardly.
Anton with his pit bull Typhon. Diane LaVey gave me permission to publish this photo on the condition that I agree with her and purported “dog experts” who insist that this breed of dog is properly identified, as is the TV dog star “Spuds MacKenzie,” as a bull terrier. I disagreed. I believe that Typhon was of the same Abraxas breed as that of General George Patton’s dog, which was identified as a pit bull. Diane finally let me publish the photo, provided that I acknowledge her correction and the fact that she has relied on reputable authorities for her source of information.

*Photo by Diane LaVey*

After years of being humiliated by Lani, Don finally decided to end their marriage (although so far as I could tell he never did file for divorce, and neither did she). Not only had he become fed up with her sex liaisons, but also he could no longer tolerate her lying about where she had been and about “a whole lot of other stuff,” Don told me. “For example, she was spending an entire day shopping, buying stuff on credit cards, and telling me that they were gifts from people in the PTA as thanks for helping them in some way. Then she would take a lot of the stuff back to the stores where she got them and ask for a credit or exchange so that she could shop some more and repeat the process. Shop, return the merchandise, and shop some more. Finally, the store managers got fed up with that and called me to insist I take the credit cards away from her.

“Another problem I had with her was her smoking. She was a chain cigarette smoker. And if she wasn’t stoking herself on cigarettes, she was eating boxes of candy or cake. She would eat a portion of it, then decide she could eat a bit more, and keep doing that until she wound up eating the whole thing.
“I tried to save the marriage by arranging for her to undergo psychotherapy. She agreed to go to the psychiatrist, but she wouldn’t cooperate with him. She would just look around the room and act bored. I begged her to try, but she said ‘I don’t need therapy and this whole thing is stupid.’ Finally, I gave up and moved out of the house. I let her have the house and everything in it. And I told her to go to work to earn some money so she wouldn’t break me. That she did. It was the only decent thing she did for me in the last few years of our marriage.”

I asked Don if he blamed Anton for what became of his wife. “Yes, I do,” he replied. Lani, on the other hand, told me that Don had become unattractive and boring to her, and unaccepting of her being in the Church of Satan and of the roles she played in the Church. When I last saw and talked to Lani, she had reached the age of forty, had quit going to the Church of Satan because she “couldn’t tolerate the way Anton was treating [her] any longer,” had taken a job as a receptionist in some firm the nature of which I do not remember, was living in her house with her four dogs and the python in a glass cage, and had taken a young man who was nearly twenty years younger than herself as a lover.

Before introducing two more Church of Satan witches, I need to make sure you understand that while they and the warlocks adhered for the most part to Anton’s practical advice for everyday living and shared basic attitudes toward Judaeo-Christian religions, they differed in their political and socio-economic views. Some might be identified as liberals, others as conservatives. Some might be labeled as left-wingers, others as right-wingers. [These commonly used terms are not universally definable; in reality, most individuals cannot be identified by such labels, because there is a cross-over in the positions they take. I use the terms here only for the sake of explaining that the Church of Satan warlocks and witches think differently.]

One of the witches whom most observers would identify as having been first a left-winger and then a right-winger was named Sorcha by Diane, not for the purpose of disguising her identity – she wore the Baphomet emblem wherever she went and made no attempt to hide her beliefs – but only, Diane told me, to add “magic” to her life. Sorcha is Gaelic for “the bright one,” or “radiant,” though some observers might not consider it an apt name for this chubby, energetic woman who claimed to have become an intellectual at the age of eight, but whose thinking, when you listened to it, raised doubts about that.
Sorcha described her religious background to me in the same context as that of other witches. It consisted, she said, of an early interest in witchcraft combined with gradual disillusionment with and disenfranchisement from Christianity: in her case, the Mormon Church at Cape Kennedy. [Though it is common for Catholics and Protestants to deny that Mormonism is a legitimate part of Christian religion, Mormons insist on the opposite view, since they maintain belief in critical aspects of Christian religion, such as belief in “Jesus Christ.”]

As a teenager, Sorcha told me, she joined the Mystic Arts Book Society. Feeling that her parents would be furious if they learned of her interest in the occult, she had to hide the Society’s literature where they could not find it.

“My interest in witchcraft only consisted of curiosity at first,” she explained to several men and women (me among them) that she was entertaining in her apartment one evening. She was on an Arab kick and had her walls covered with photographs of King Feisal and T. E. Lawrence, along with scrolls showing swords with Arabic lettering. “I believed that Joseph Smith received revelations from the apostles,” she continued, “and that the angels gave him lost messages of the apostles to continue their work. I believed all the things in the Book of the Mormons. Like, it says Christ came to South America, and I believed that.”

Sorcha’s beliefs led her to develop a Joan of Arc self-image, she told her audience, and that in turn led her to join the Peace Corps in 1967 to help save humanity. She was sent by the Peace Corps to Somaliland.

“I learned Somali, kept my head covered in deference to Somali beliefs about women, and all that,” Sorcha recalled. “Well, the Somalis were not impressed at all, not with any of us, and we thought they should be. But the way it works is that they have nothing, so they hate us. They’re very insulting about it, too. They would come right up to me and call me ‘fat,’ just like that, with no introduction. ‘You, you’re fat,’ they would say. [Sorcha was rather plump, but to call her “fat” was an exaggeration.] Or they would walk uninvited into my apartment and demand books. Well, the only books we had were issued to us for our personal reading, and the Peace Corps had instructed us not to give them away, and this caused bad feelings. The Somalis thought that since we had so many books and they had none, we should give them some.
“A few of the Peace Corps members tried to counteract this attitude by going native, eating goat meat and rice, living in huts. But the natives scoffed at them. They wondered why these crazy Americans were trying to live like them when they had the money for a better existence. The more I noticed that, the more I realized that the only effective way to act was to be yourself and pay them back for every rude remark they made. Then they respected you. No matter how you behaved, though, it was all hopeless. The program was a failure in every way, and yet the local director would write back to Washington that everything was going great, just to protect his own standing. I happened to be his personal secretary, and I had to type these abominable lies, and so I asked him ‘how can you write these lies?’, but all he did in response was to order me to type them and shut up.

“The Peace Corps is not accomplishing anything in Somali. [It was 1968 when Sorcha provided us with her account of what was happening there. Toward the end of the next year the Peace Corps announced that its program in Somaliland had been suspended by the Somali government and that its sixty volunteer workers in the country would have to return home.] The volunteers in the program, probably neurotic to begin with, were turning to pot and cracking up. The teachers especially were driven nuts because they were hindered by a Peace Corps syllabus that must have been written a hundred years ago. Some of the teachers worked out new methods to reach the natives at their level, but when they tried them out, either the natives complained because they thought they were being tricked – ‘you’re not giving us what it says you’re supposed to’ – or else the Peace Corps directors cracked down on the innovations. So, the teachers just got drunk, some of them shacked up with the native women and got syphilis, and often they had mental breakdowns. The whole thing is a mess.

“After what I saw there, I decided I didn’t believe in God any more. If he were a good god, he wouldn’t allow the kind of things like I saw in Somali to exist. There would not be so much awfulness in the world if he is the good god the Mormons say he is. I doubt if there even is a God, but if there is, he isn’t so good. That, and seeing how awful people are, made me a Satanist. I want to give them what they deserve. I also want to get what I think I deserve. I have come to recognize the truth about myself. I’m a greedy little monster who wants the things she wants, and that’s all. The church taught me to repress that. Satan has given me the confidence, self-respect, and depth to reach out.”
I interrupted her monologue at that point to ask: What or whom did she mean by Satan?

“Anton,” she replied. “He’s the representative of Satan. I don’t believe in any burning Hell. Satan is just a guy who knows what’s happening and takes advantage of it.”

Perhaps Sorcha would not have been so submissive to Anton had she known his analysis of this unattractive, plump woman whom it was difficult for him to convert into a pretty witch because of a crooked eye which doomed her to look weird or even deformed. “Sorcha has a subliminal desire to be fucked by a big, strong black man,” Anton told me. “So, I will have to work out a special ritual for her to give her what she really wants. I’ve been waiting for a local black man to join the Church, but that has not happened; so, maybe I will have to make up one of the biggest, strongest warlocks to look like a black man for the ritual.”

Anton had a bit more respect for “Lilith,” whose true name I do not recall. I do recall that I named her Lilith in a prior writing because she was a haughty Jewess who seemed to personify the famous witch of that name in medieval theology and also the name of a night demon which, according to one branch of ancient Hebraic belief, was the first wife and an evil spirit that became incarcerated in Eve and touched off original sin.

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Lilith as envisioned by artist John Collier in this painting of his from 1892. If brought to life, this Lilith would have been a perfect fit for a ritual in the Church of Satan wherein a large snake, usually a boa constrictor, slithered this way and that as it wrapped itself around the naked body of a lovely witch versed in snake handling. After the ritual was done, Anton encouraged his Church members to pet the snake so they would realize it was not slimy, but silky to the touch. (So I found it.)

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At the time she joined the Church of Satan, Lilith was a divorcée who worked as a secretary in an engineering firm and lived with her elementary school age daughter and a cat named Tabitha (she borrowed the name from the television sitcom “Bewitched”) in a duplex that had “Spooky the Skeleton” hanging on the front door and carvings of various demons on the tables inside. She was slender, with curvy, muscular legs. Her face was fairly attractive, though kind of hard. She liked to wear a black-and-orange, satin, two-piece skirt-and-blouse that she crafted from a variety of materials, and to scent herself with one of Anton’s favorite perfumes, Femme. The Baphomet sigil dangled from a necklace, resting on her breasts next to a brooch, pinned on her blouse, depicting the red dragon described in the “book” of the English-language New Testament entitled “The Revelation to John.”

At work, Lilith was not that flashy. But the Baphomet sigil dangled between her breasts and she had a badge pinned on her that read “Legalize Witchcraft.” Though the Baphomet sigil did not seem to arouse concern, the badge did. Her boss told Lilith to remove it because it was upsetting some of the office workers. Lilith did not reply. The next day she walked by her boss still sporting the badge and, as she described it to me, swishing her hips provocatively. Neither the boss nor any of Lilith’s co-workers broached the subject again. According to what Lilith told me, she enjoyed unusual freedoms at work, such as two-hour lunch breaks, for two reasons: she was able to complete in one morning what it took other office staffers all day to accomplish, and there was wrriment as to what she might do if angered – for good reason, if you were among the believers in the efficacy of her voodoo rituals.

“There was a very nasty girl at work,” Lilith told me, spitting out words at times in the French accent she had never lost even though she had left the city of her birth, Paris, a long time ago. “This girl was a queen bee type with an arrogant attitude toward everyone. She would sneak around my desk to look at my work, and if she didn’t like the way it was done, she would call one of the bosses to tell him. If I stayed away for lunch an extra half hour, she would report that. So, one night I performed a voodoo ritual. I wrapped cotton around a wooden spoon and used it as a drumstick to beat on a drum-like vessel while I did an invocation to Damballah the snake god. I had a doll, too, and I stuck a pin in its head, because I wanted her mind to become confused.”

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I interrupted her at that point to ask what was in the drink she had served me. It was supposed to have been peach brandy, but it did not taste like peach brandy. I asked Lilith what was in the drink. She smiled at me, said I would find out later, and told me in the meantime not to worry about it. So, I returned to the point where she had left off, reminded her that Anton always warned his pupils of the impossibility of knowing in advance when performing a hex or spell exactly what the result may be, and asked her if she was prepared for some misfortune attributable in her own mind to her voodoo ritual.

“Anton tells everyone he instructs in black magic that whoever engages in hexes and the like must be prepared for unknown and unexpected results,” I said.

“Yes, I know,” Lilith responded. “I was prepared for it. If she [the “nasty girl” at the office] died, I would not miss her. I am against violence, but I believe some people ask to be hurt. Anyway, she did not die. She started goofing up in her work, conditions became impossible for her, and she left. I am pleased that she has not been able to find another job since then even though she is an excellent steno and typist. There would seem to be no reason for her not being able to find another job except…” There Lilith left her point with a wicked smile.

From what I could make of Lilith’s background, it was only late in her life that she had become vindictive when she deemed it necessary. She told me that she had been timid and weak in her younger years. On the other hand, it was clear, she said, that she was headed in the direction she eventually took. As early as age fourteen, she told me, she had heard of the Black Mass and asked her mother, a Basque Jewess, what it meant. Her mother told her a few stories, and her grandmother added details, including tales of witches’ brews, that had circulated around Paris since the days of the infamous black witch Madame La Voisin.

Lilith’s father, a Polish Jew who fought in the French Army during World War II and escaped from a Nazi concentration camp, scoffed at the stories told by his wife and her mother. He dismissed them as “old wives’ tales.” But Lilith, believing they might possibly be true, chose to ignore her father’s attitude and to conduct a search for more material on the stories she had been told. Her search, however, was not productive. She found only the book *Satanism and Witchcraft*, basically a study of medieval superstitions by French historian Jules Michelet. Lilith viewed the purported information in the book as mostly nonsense that had no relevance to modern satanic practice.
For the next few years Lilith continued to participate in services at a synagogue on Friday nights and Saturday mornings. Her religious fervor, she told me, became intense during the year following her marriage: a year in which she was separated from her husband, her father died, and she contracted an illness that kept her in bed for six months. As soon as she was well enough to get out of her mother’s house, she went to the synagogue for spiritual support; but before long she found support wanting.

“Suddenly I found it all boring foolishness,” she told me. “Here were all these people mumbling about how God is all goodness and kindness, and yet there were wars, millions of people were getting killed, there was poverty. I saw people living in ghettos without adequate food and clothing. Yet here were all these good Jews giving thanks for their daily bread. Well, even a hobo manages to get his daily bread somehow. What’s that to give thanks for? When God gives me caviar on the bread, maybe I will say thanks to him. Why give thanks for crumbs?

“But that’s what Judaism does. It teaches people to be humble, flatten their egos, and avoid pride because it’s sinful. And you can see the hypocrisy of it, especially, in the synagogue: all of these super-wealthy Jews in mink coats and flashy jewelry driving up to the synagogue in their Cadillacs and going inside to give thanks for their daily bread. Well, they have expensive egg rolls every morning. All they’re doing is poking fun at poor people who really need the kind of thing they’re giving thanks for.

“I also became fed up with Judaism because of the passivity it causes. Every time the Jews get in trouble, they go to the synagogue and tell each other ‘look what happened to us in this or that time of history, and we still survive and we are strong; this, too, shall pass.’ It’s all baloney. That is what happened to them in Europe. I saw it. I was a little girl and didn’t understand it then. Now I do. If they really were strong they would have stood up and fought back. I am proud now of the Israelis because they are fighting for their rights. But the Jews elsewhere are hypocrites.”

Perhaps the Jews of Israel practice Satanism more than Judaism, I suggested to Lilith.

“That’s right,” she agreed. “Satanism is the correct religion to have.”

But Satanism is a selfish religion, I said. How can such a selfish religion correct the injustice in the world that had become so disturbing to her?
“By teaching us all that we have a striving force within us,” Lilith replied. “Now that force must be brought out by someone strong enough to tell us that it’s all right to use it in a powerful way. Anton has taught me how to get what I want. Things I wouldn’t do before, because I thought they were too selfish, I will do now. I was too cowed before to reach out for my goals.

“You don’t have to sell your soul to the Devil for this. I don’t believe in any personal Devil, any more than I believe in a personal God. Invoking Satan is simply invoking the powers in yourself. Rituals are necessary for this. People need rituals: baseball games, Boy Scout parades, military games, battles – all of those are rituals. The rituals that Anton conducts fill this need much better than religious services in the synagogue or the Christian church. They produce the magnetic strength that causes events to happen that otherwise would not. Anton is the strong leader who has taught me to use this power for my own benefit, and I will use it. Let those who want to be masochists go on suffering. We will trample them under us.”

Before ending our talk, once again I brought up the subject of the drink that Lilith had served to me. So far as I could determine, it had no effect on me, but I was a bit concerned about downing a drink that was described to me as peach brandy but that did not taste like peach brandy. So, I questioned Lilith about it again.

She was evasive. She would only say that it was part of a little ritual she had concocted, that it had brought me to her, but not entirely in the way the ritual was supposed to have worked. She was confident, however, that it would take effect before long.

There had been a few other remarks during our conversation that were more than a little suggestive of a feeling of hers that I should be acting toward her as more than just an author interviewing her. I did not react to those remarks, but I did talk to Anton about them when I saw him next, especially because it was at his request that I pick Lilith as a subject for my writing about the Church of Satan witches (and that is what brought me to her, not her ritual).

Anton leered at me. “So, you just talked?”

I pondered that question for a few seconds to consider how I should answer it. Instead of answering it directly, I told Anton something I had meant to say before.
“You know, Anton, I agree with a bit of advice I have heard older lawyers giving to younger ones, a bit of advice that consists of double entendre: Never screw the client. I am in a different role when I interview your witches, but I can and do apply the advice to the situation. I think it has kept me out of trouble and has preserved objectivity as I interact with these women. So it is, and I want you to know, that I have not screwed any of them.”

Anton greeted with that revelation with an expression on his face of utter contempt or disgust, and he snapped at me in what was more of a declaration than a question: “Are you bragging or complaining?”

With some prodding from me, he let me know that he had figured if there was any one of the witches I would have bedded down, it was Lilith; and, indeed, he had encouraged her to work her ritual and to be suggestive, and he was disappointed that I had not acted as he figured I would. I told him I supposed that I had committed the one sin God will not forgive according to Zorba the Greek, the one that occurs when a woman “asks a man to her bed and he will not go,” and I was sorry to disappoint him and her. He waved me off. “It’s okay. I had Huntley take care of her.”

So it was that in discussing with Anton the way I went about interviewing his witches, I came to realize how serious he was in following his own advice to take advantage of every opportunity (a characteristic that would become a factor in his loss of Diane). I really believe that he could not understand why I failed to use his witches for sex instead of just material for a book.

The two books that Anton wrote to teach women how to be a satanic witch.
The Black Pope’s Ritual Magic

Anton was delighted with Lilith and the rest of his witches, as well as with the warlocks, who were cooperating with him in moving the Church of Satan out of what he construed as its adolescent prank stage into a new level of serious work. He was confident that together with him they could use ritual magic for the achievement of mighty deeds.

“Each of us has power to change events by our will,” Anton lectured, “but organized ritual magic is more effective for all of us because it provides more of a reinforcement of faith and instillation of power than any private ceremony can. That’s why ritual is so important to religions and to people. The massing together of people dedicated to a common philosophy gives confidence in the power of magic. Man has a basic need for emotionalizing through dogma, ceremony, ritual, fantasy, and enchantment. Modern psychology and intellectual awareness have taken man away from religion to a significant extent, but the process has robbed him of the wonder and fantasy which religion provided. Satanism, which is based on modern psychology and intellectual awareness, nevertheless uses dogma and ceremony to retain wonder and fantasy. There is nothing wrong with that if based on ideas that are cooperative with Nature.”

In order to make Satanism a modern religion with the capacity to fulfill his own and his members’ needs, Anton began to work out a number of psychodramas based on ancient traditions, but incorporating 20th-Century studies of modern humans’ complex mentality.

One of the first psychodramas which Anton developed was what he called the “Madness of Logic Ritual.” Its purpose is to demonstrate that what is construed in American politically and media-led society as sanity is insanity, and that what that same society views as madness is sane. Hence, in the Madness of Logic Ritual, one Church member, dressed in a straitjacket, takes the role of the director of an insane asylum, while the members of the congregation appear before the director, pretending to desire egress to the outside world as they explain why they feel crazy enough to leave. If they are found to be sane, they are overruled by the director, deemed unfit to enter the madcap society outside, and recommitted to the insane asylum to remain with the rest of the sane people.
At the top of Anton’s list for insane thinking, of course, was the belief that there was a “Jesus Christ” who was God, the son of God, and the Holy Ghost rolled into one; that the Holy Ghost impregnated a virgin so that God in the form of the son of God could spend nine months inside her womb before arriving on earth in human form to save humanity from sin; and that in order to achieve that purpose, this deity in the form of a man needed to have himself executed by crucifixion on a cross. Anton saw no possibility of eradicating such madcap belief and the institutionalization of it in such customs as the swearing of oaths on bibles containing the nonsense. Hence, the only way to deal with the determination of the Christian majority and their leaders to govern society in keeping with such irrationality, while preserving one’s own individual sanity, was through a kind of exorcism ritual which, in Anton’s view, was therapeutic.

Another ritual that Anton viewed as a type of exorcism rite was his “Shibboleth Ritual.” This psychodrama is used to destroy a noisome or painfully awesome person or institution, or at the least to render the object of annoyance less noxious or potent. The idea for this ritual germinated in Anton’s mind in part from his reading of a book in his library published in 1892, *Hell Up to Date*, by Art Young, an artist specializing in cartoons that he drew for dramatically different types of periodicals: capitalist-based daily newspapers and popular mass circulation magazines such as *Life* and the *Saturday Evening Post* on the one hand, and communist-based periodicals such as *The Masses* on the other hand. Young once explained that he compiled his book in imitation of the medieval satanic prankster Dante Alighieri, who jumped into the Holy Fountain of Rome at high noon and included in the *Inferno* section of his *Divine Comedy* such blasphemies as peasants giving what was then called the “high sign” (now popularly described as “the bird”) to God. The drawings in Young’s book depict a variety of situations that followers of the Dark Path view as hilarious at the same time that they are true visions of the punishments in Hell which Satanists would like to visit upon the projected victims of Young’s satire. Lawyers are condemned to be gagged and their objections overruled by Satan. Monopolists are baked in the way that popcorn is produced. Tramps are washed clean. Editors are thrown into their wastebaskets. Politicians are condemned to listen to their own speeches. Men and women of “the cloth” – ministers, priests, rabbis – are condemned to listen to their own sermons.
At the Shibboleth Ritual in the Church of Satan, as it was practiced by Anton (whether still practiced I know not), Young’s fiction was brought to life in a psychodrama wherein each member plays the role of somebody he detests or who represents an institution he loathes and wants to flatten by ridicule. A pacifist dresses as a cockaded, medallioned Army general, perhaps with his fly open, who marches around the room talking of war glories and reciting slogans such as: “A hero’s grave is the only kind of grave.” A sexy woman posing as a Daughter of the American Revolution goes around sniffing people, asking their backgrounds, sneering at any foreign name, and declaring: “Anything foreign is un-American.” A refugee from the army of wives who live in tract housing developments, having moved to the city, imitates the women she knew in the suburbs through simulated frantic racing to Brownie meetings, PTA gatherings, and fifteen department store sales all in the same imagined day, all the while uttering pop expressions such as “sock it to me” and “would you believe” and “how are ya” - following that last one, not even waiting for an answer, with “have a good one.” An intellectual who has not dropped out dresses like a longhaired pot smoker and splatters his speech with expressions such as “wow” and “groovy” and “out of sight.” A general practitioner spoofs the obsession with specialists in modern medicine, referring Church members to specialists in nose runs, toe itches, backside pimples, etc.: a different doctor for each condition. And, of course, there has to be a Doctor Freud wagging his finger under noses and declaring: “Your nose is plugged up because your mother was constipated. You know that, do you not?”

When everyone had finished ridiculing the object of her or his scorn, Anton conducted a kangaroo court to try the offenders portrayed. If a member felt that the exorcism was still too weak, the congregation might go on to work a hex or curse on the despised institution or individual.

The hex or curse is actually more than an exorcism in Church of Satan rites; it is a destruction ritual with all of the niceties abandoned and Satan, or more accurately Emotion, unchained. The ritual – based on anger, annoyance, disdain, contempt, hatred, and finally the desire for vengeance – is for the purpose of releasing emotions in such a way as to focus on their cause, so that the detested persons and entities or institutions are in a sense “destroyed”, thus freeing the individual who harbors the animosity toward them from being harmed by them in her or his life or psyche.
Only a few of the Church of Satan members I talked to would admit that they cannot cause a physical result through a hex or curse. The majority told me they are convinced that they could do so. But there was always the question in my mind of whether they truly believed what they said or merely paid tribute to Anton by saying they believed because that is what he said he believed.

“Do you know what curses are?” With that question to which Anton expected no answer from me, he opened a dissertation on the subject of hexes, curses, and prophecies, and how they can be effected. “Curses, when they work,” Anton explained, “are self-fulfilling prophecies. I’ll go to the supermarket with you today and tell each checker what’s going to happen to him or her the rest of the afternoon, and believe me, it will come true because of the credibility factor. They all may scoff, but deep down inside the thought that it may happen implants itself in their minds and, sure as hell, what I said will happen to every checker does happen, right down the line. Mass production miracles.”

From personal experience, I can tell you that Anton’s analysis is not without credibility. While I was married and living with my wife and children in Chevy Chase, Maryland, I rented and then bought a house from the James L. Dixon Real Estate Agency. When it came time to switch from renting to buying, an agent for Dixon named Connie was supposed to have handled the transaction. She did not because of an accident predicted by self-proclaimed clairvoyant Jean(e) Dixon, who ran the real estate agency with her husband James.

Connie had told me that she believed implicitly in the powers of “Mrs. D,” as she called Jean(e). Nevertheless, when Connie planned an overnight trip to Delaware by automobile to attend a family gathering, she ignored the warning of Mrs. D not to go because there would be an accident. Sure enough, on the freeway Connie’s car was struck by another car, or she hit another car (I never found out who was at fault), and so instead of being on hand for our property transaction, she was in the hospital under treatment for serious injuries, leaving Mrs. D to handle the sale. This was before I met Anton, but already I was convinced that someone who alleged to be possessed of powers to predict occurrences could bring a happening about, in keeping with a prediction, if it was directed to an individual who believed in the power of the self-professed clairvoyant and was in a position to bring about the event. This is what Anton meant by the term “self-fulfilling prophecy.”
One night Anton may have brought about an accident via the self-fulfilling prophecy principle. Astrologer and occultist Gavin Arthur, born Chester Alan Arthur III, grandson of the 21st President of the U.S., was the “high seer” of an astrology cult who was either a member of the Church of Satan or a frequent visitor to the “black house.” As a favor to Anton, he asked a few of his friends to serve as acolytes for a Walpurgis Night ritual at the “black house” that had been planned far in advance. They were to be an integral part of the ceremony, and they agreed to serve. On the night before the ritual was to go off, however, one of them called Anton to tell him that he and his friends had to drive down the peninsula to a party at the Santa Cruz Mountain home of Ken Kesey and would not be available. Anton was furious.

“This is a hell of a time to tell me,” Anton complained to the caller. “Now I have to try to find replacements, and there is hardly any time left.”

The caller said he was sorry about that, but they were bent upon going to Kesey’s party.

“Well,” Anton snarled at him over the phone, “you’ll never make it there.”

On Route 1 along the San Mateo County coast, the car in which the friends of Arthur and Kesey were riding veered out of control and over a cliff at an area known for the many vehicle accidents which have occurred there. It was and still is called “Devil’s Slide.” They were luckier than many others involved in accidents there. They were severely injured, but not killed.

Can you believe that the thought Anton had implanted in the mind of the caller caused the accident to occur? That would depend on whether or not the caller was the driver of the car and believed in the power of Anton to predict events. Otherwise, it would have to be chalked up to coincidence.

Anton was asked many times, by Church members and others who believed or half-believed in his power to predict events and make them happen, how he felt when any hex or curse of his caused damage to people or property. Verbally or in print he replied with an explanation of the kind used here as an example: “There is nothing wrong with good, honest anger, and a curse or hex is a clean, bloodless way to vent it. In order to make it work, however, you need to feel honest wrath against the recipient of the curse. You must hate your enemy with your whole heart, feel no reservation in your animosity, to make your curse emerge powerfully enough to work.
“But this is what you must remember: there is no such thing as a mild curse. If you are going to work a true curse, you have to be prepared for the consequences and fully accept the possibility that the victim may even die from it. On the other hand, if the victim, upon feeling the curse, understands that he or she deserves it, he or she may redeem himself or herself from it by reform. Either way, you have no control over the course that the curse takes.”

In the second year of the Church of Satan’s operations at the “black house,” Anton was moved twice, as the result of provocations that were intolerable to him, to attempt the kind of powerful curse he advocated. The first provocation was in the form of complaints against Togare the lion.

Complaints by telephone to the San Francisco Police Department were followed by a petition from Anton’s neighbors to District Attorney John J. Ferdon, asking that he “take steps to have a wild animal, namely a five-hundred-pound lion, removed from its present residence...The animal roars vociferously at all hours of the day and night, thereby disturbing the peace. It is also felt that the beast is a potential danger to ourselves and our children.” In addition to noise and the alleged potential danger to them, the neighbors complained about “sanitary conditions” [sic] such as “big bones and leftovers” lying in the back yard of the “black house.”

D.A. Ferdon looked in his ordinance book and found that while the City Housing Code prohibited keeping horses, cows, swine, sheep, goats, rabbits, mules, chickens, pigeons, geese, and ducks in a private residence, there was nothing in the Code about lions. Therefore, a member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, William Blake, introduced a special bill for a city ordinance barring residents from keeping lions and other wild animals in their dwelling places.

“San Francisco should not become a zoo,” Blake stated in introducing his bill. “With the hippies flocking in here, the city is already starting to look like a zoo anyway.”

On the day that the bill came up for a vote, the daily newspapers published the routine notice titled “Actions by the Board” [of Supervisors], listing routine matters such as subpoenas, parks, and taxes – and right in the middle of them a new subject: lions. The Board noted that Blake’s bill would ban “large, carnivorous animals.” Since that description could be applied to human beings, however, the Board defeated the bill on the ground that it might cause problems.
But Anton’s neighbors would not quit. Next they went after him through a section of the California Penal Code that outlawed strange or unusual noises emanating from a residence.

Meanwhile, daily newspaper writers were having fun with the dispute. The San Francisco Examiner writer assigned to stories suitable for humorous treatment, George Murphy, was dispatched to the block of California Street containing the “black house” for interviews with Anton’s neighbors. Murphy asked questions directed at Anton’s statement to the media that there were no complaints against Togare until the Satanic Wedding he staged in the “black house” was widely publicized and caused a commotion in the 6100 block of California Street.

Interviewing one of the most avidly complaining neighbors, Mrs. Ida Barman, Murphy asked if her opposition to Togare’s presence in the “black house” was based on a religious belief. She replied: “Let him stand on his head, with the lion on top of him, for all I care about his beliefs. All I know is the lion keeps me and my husband awake at night.” In support of her complaint, neighbor Tony Rando produced what he claimed to be a taped recording of Togare roaring at 11:30 p.m. Other neighbors claimed that Togare had clawed Diane’s shoulder.

Supposedly these San Franciscans were not concerned about the practice of Satanism in their neighborhood; but it so happens that the shoulder is one of the places on the body where, according to diabolists and hysterics, the “Mark of the Beast 666” appears. [The origin for use of the term “Mark of the Beast 666,” Revelation 13:18 in the New Testament, does not specify any place on a person’s body where the mark appears.] Therefore, a press conference was held by Anton and Diane for the purpose of exhibiting Diane’s shoulders. The question I raised when I first wrote about that event was whether or not, when Diane slipped off her blouse to bare her shoulders, the reporters at the press conference were looking at the shoulders. In any event, there was no claw mark or any other kind of mark on either of her shoulders.

Nevertheless, through the D.A., Anton’s neighbors pursued a complaint against him pursuant to Section 415 of the State Penal Code prohibiting “loud or unusual noise,” and D.A. Ferdon gave way to the pressure from them, heightened by the newspaper coverage. Anton was arrested, charged, booked, and subjected to the usual double view photographing (“mug shots”) required for anyone who commits a felony or misdemeanor.
Police mug shots of Anton, arrested in 1967 for violating Section 415 of the California Penal Code by permitting his lion Togare to disturb the peace via making “loud or unusual noise.” Note that Anton dressed elegantly and trimmed his beard and mustache neatly for the photographing ceremony.

Before the charges against Anton were brought to trial, his lion settled matters. Upset because his master was boarding a jaguar in the “black house” as a favor to a vacationing friend, Togare ripped up eight hundred dollars’ worth of furniture. A day later, while Diane and Anton were at a cocktail party, Togare stepped on a water pipe at the edge of his back porch pen, breaking it and causing the rear of the “black house” to be flooded. That was enough for Anton. He gave Togare to the San Francisco Zoo. Learning of it, editors of San Francisco Bay Area newspapers assigned photographers to take pictures of the event. As they did so, Diane sobbed and told them: “It’s as if I threw part of my heart away.” Anton, also in tears, snarled in anger:

“The neighbors made no effort to understand Togare. So, they objected to the roaring? How do you think they would feel if I got a silent, forty-foot python as his replacement?”

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Instead of buying a python, Anton acquired a black Manx cat that he named Pluto, and put a curse on his neighbors. He remained furious. Even though Togare was already in the Zoo, the trial continued and Anton was fined fifty dollars and sent on his way with a 90-day suspended sentence. He was not appeased by the leniency. In his view, since the problem with Togare had been resolved, his neighbors should have told the D.A. to dismiss the case.

“There is your good Christian charity and forgiveness for you,” Anton said. “It’s an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. And then they wonder what creates Satanists.”

Anton had been ready to forget everything if the case against him had been dismissed. Because his neighbors would not be content with Togare’s removal from the “black house,” and pressed charges anyway, Anton decided to wreak a bit of black magic vengeance upon them. He poured his anger into a destruction ritual. Within a year after he did so, several of the neighbors who had complained and pressed charges had either moved away or died.
You may scoff at Anton’s claims of being able to cause damage to people who attacked or offended him, and I give it little credence. But, I can tell you from personal observation that there were strange experiences wrapped around this man that were difficult to explain, and as long as I am ending this chapter with Togare, I may as well use a happening at the Zoo for an example.

One day Anton asked me to drive him to the Zoo so that he could “visit” Togare. When we arrived, Togare was inside a cage in the lion house, and there was an exceptionally large number of spectators there, standing in front of the cage and staring at Togare. It was in the middle of a week day. I would not have expected such a large number of visitors to be there, for that reason alone. Nor would I have expected them to be remaining in front of a lion’s cage for a long time, when the lion was doing nothing but pacing back and forth. I could only assume they were crowded together, standing there for a long time, because it was Anton’s lion.

I say and I mean “crowded together.” They were wall to wall. Anton and I were all the way in the back. Anton was no taller than many of them. I saw no way for Togare to have spotted him. But, in fact, it took only a few seconds for Togare to know that Anton was in the lion house. No sooner had we stopped at the back of the crowd than Togare looked up in the manner of a creature that was startled and let out a mournful whine. Seeing that Togare was looking toward somebody in the crowd, everyone in the lion house turned around to find out who it might be. Once they recognized Anton, they kept staring at him. A few of them ooohed and ahhhed.

When a keeper opened the back door of the cage to admit Togare to a large outside enclosure, Anton and I left the lion house to see his lion in that bigger setting. As soon as we arrived, Togare immediately padded over to where we were. After Anton had talked to him for a minute, Togare suddenly cut loose with a powerful burst of urine that hit Anton in the face and on the front of his leather jacket.

“Okay, you got me,” Anton said. “If it was to punish me instead of greet me, it’s okay.”

Those scenes remain emblazoned in my memory forty years later, and I have yet to get over Togare’s having somehow recognized that Anton was in the back of the crowd that was tightly packed in the lion house.
I do not believe that it was possible for Togare to have achieved that recognition in the first instance. Until Anton arrived at the tail end of the crowd, Togare was paying no attention to the people in it. He was just pacing back and forth, with his head facing the walls. I have to believe that eye contact did not occur until after the lion somehow sensed that Anton was there. Then there was eye contact; and I am convinced it was not until then. I remain certain to this day that recognition occurred by means of some sense of Anton’s presence. I say that while admitting I have no logical or rational explanation for what I am saying.

There were other strange happenings in Anton’s life for which I have no adequate explanation. Some of them I witnessed; others I pieced together from what Anton and Diane told me, augmented when possible by outside research.

I turn now to what was perhaps the strangest of all the happenings in Anton’s bizarre life: what has been described without explanation as the death of Hollywood actress Jayne Mansfield “under a curse” executed by Anton. There was a curse all right, but not as depicted in sensationalistic accounts of Jayne’s death that have appeared in articles and books.

Anonymous artist’s conception of a hooded sorcerer executing a curse, assisted by a bevy of witches.
The Last Days of Jayne Mansfield

The curse associated with the death of Jayne Mansfield was the second of the two curses employed by Anton in 1967 to vent his anger over behavior that he would not tolerate. But it was not directed at Jayne, as writers of hype have made it appear.

Jayne, like Marilyn Monroe, used a number of different names in her short life. At birth her name was Vera Jayne Palmer, and she was then and she remained for the rest of her life a natural brunette, not a blond as she was usually pictured. In 1950 she became Mrs. Paul Mansfield, the man from whom she took her eventual stage name. Her marriage to him ended in 1958, the same year in which she wed Miklós (Mickey) Hargitay (Mr. America, 1955-1956). Then she was Mrs. Mickey Hargitay. In the same year that she was divorced from Hargitay, 1964, she became Mrs. Matt Cimber, although the birth name of that husband was Matteo Ottaviano. By either name he was an Italian film producer.
When the 1966 divorce between Jayne and Matt Cimber became nasty, she relied for support on lawyer Sam Brody, who had become so infatuated with her that he left his wife and children to be with Jayne all of the time, not just in court.

While in San Francisco early in the fall of 1966, Jayne read a newspaper article about Anton Szandor LaVey and the Church of Satan. Intrigued, she asked her publicity agent to arrange an interview with Anton. In time that publicity agent would spread, in print and on the internet, his lie that there was no true relationship between Anton and Jayne, that it was a mere “public relations stunt”; but the fact of the matter was that Jayne and Anton hit it off immediately, and there was an intimate relationship between them for many months.

In their first talk, Anton told me, Jayne related to him her intense sexual desires, her ongoing quest for knowledge, her anxiety over the court fight with Matt Cimber, and her frustrating relationship with Sam Brody. As Jayne explained it, originally Brody had been nothing more than her lawyer in the contest with Cimber; but he began asking her for more than money. Although Brody was married, a father, seven years older than Jayne, and shorter than she by almost a head, Jayne agreed to be his consort, because the arrangement seemed to offer security for her four children: three of them by Hargitay and the other by Cimber. Jayne soon regretted her decision and tried to end the relationship. She did not, she said, because Brody threatened to “blackmail” her if she dumped him.
It would have been easy enough for Brody to blackmail Jayne. In his practice of law he worked with private detectives who possessed advanced electronic surveillance equipment and the means of obtaining records deemed confidential; and, as is well known, Jayne was a passionate woman who had run up a spectacular string of sexual trysts \textit{inter alia} with a variety of actors, artists, writers, and politicians. In the middle of a nasty court dispute with Matt Cimber, Jayne could not afford exposure of her numerous sexual trysts.

A more questionable part of the story was Jayne’s claim that Brody had encouraged her to be promiscuous and had even arranged liaisons for her so that he could “set her up” for a hidden photographer to snap pictures of her copulating in her heart-shaped bed with the studs he allegedly arranged for her pleasure. Anton did not believe this story, he told me. But he “listened sympathetically” and offered to help in any way that he could. Jayne decided that nothing could be done about Brody for the time being, but she asked that Anton “put a curse” on Cimber so that she would be able to retain custody of her children no matter what the outcome of the divorce proceeding. Anton let Jayne believe that he would do so; but there is no question in my mind that he did not. The outcome of the court contest with Cimber, in any event, was that Jayne was found to be a fit mother and was permitted to retain custody of all four of her children; and that outcome fits perfectly with the curse on Cimber tale.

Having what she construed to be Anton’s power to direct events, Jayne joined the Church of Satan and started to adorn herself with a necklace bearing the Baphomet sigil; but Brody kept ripping it off her body. They would fight about it, and, according to Anton, Jayne would call him from Beverly Hills, crying hysterically, screaming that the relationship with Brody was pulling her down, until at last Brody, listening in the next room, would relent and let her wear the amulet.

At the Fall 1966 San Francisco Film Festival, Jayne wore the Baphomet sigil in a way that was certain to call attention to it. Her evening gown was cut low from the top so as to expose half of her breasts that were enlarged by a padded brassiere. Dangling from the ornate necklace that held it, the Baphomet sigil rested between her puffed-up flesh. One of the television commentators at the Festival sniped at her for the display. That caused Brody to try to remove the amulet, and they fought in front of startled bystanders.
In this photograph you see an example of the way that Jayne liked to expose part of her body for magazine and promotional pictures, and for some of her public appearances. She did not seem to favor exposing her entire body. So far as I can determine, she appeared nude only in one film and also in a spread in *Playboy* magazine.

On the day following the spat with Brody at the Film Festival, Jayne asked to be driven to the “black house.” Brody insisted on coming along. He suspected by this time that the relationship with Anton had become more than a temporary dabbling by Jayne in the latest of her many explorations. He suspected that there was a love affair, or at least sex, going on between High Priest and Church member, as did Diane. In the late 1960’s and early 1970’s, when she and Anton talked to me about Jayne Mansfield, Diane acted as though there was not much to the relationship between Jayne and Anton. She acted differently, however, in talks with John Raymond at the time when they had become close friends. “Diane believed that a love relationship had developed between Anton and Jayne,” John told me, “and she was clearly upset by it.”
Jayne drinks from the “Chalice of Ecstasy” in a private ritual at the “black house.”

Along with Brody, Jayne was accompanied on her visit to the “black house” by her road manager, Victor Houston, who also had become a member of Anton’s church. Houston has provided a version of the Anton-Jayne relationship entirely different from that of Jayne’s publicist Ed Webber, who claims that he arranged one meeting between the two as a publicity stunt, and that was all there was to it. According to Houston, there was a love affair between Anton and Jayne that went on far beyond the one meeting that Webber allegedly arranged.

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While Anton was occupied with some business he had to take care of in another part of the “black house,” Brody wandered into the living room that Anton used as a chapel and as the place where he displayed many of the artifacts he had collected over the years. If you knew what kind of character Brody was, you would have no problem in believing Anton’s account of what Brody did in the chapel. According to Anton, Brody lit a white skull candle that was used by Anton and his minions in destruction rituals. Jayne and Houston also were in the chapel, and they saw what Brody was doing. Houston, incensed by what was happening, left to find Anton.

“That jackass is going through your religious objects, making fun of everything,” Anton quoted Houston as having reported to him. “He’s lighting candles, laughing – and Jayne is so serious about all this. It’s sickening.”

Anton hurried into the chapel to see what was going on, and immediately blew out the flame from the skull candle that Brody had lit. Glowering at Brody, Anton lectured him: “You shouldn’t have done that. You don’t know what you’ve done. That candle is used only for curses. I don’t know what’s going to happen to you now. I only hope that I’ve put it out in time and it’s not too late to save you.”

Brody laughed at him.

That evening, when Jayne returned to the Film Festival in a dress that exposed most of her back and her breasts, two officials asked her to leave because she was creating a scandal at a serious cultural event. Jayne, who had heard what Anton had said to Brody, immediately believed that Brody had brought her bad luck by lighting the skull candle.

Jayne believed in the curse even more because of a terrible incident at Jungleland, which was more or less a zoo for Hollywood located just past Thousand Oaks off the Ventura Freeway. Animals used for films in the past, or scheduled for upcoming roles, were boarded and trained at this quasi-zoo.

As Anton told the story, the incident at Jungleland occurred, in the final analysis, because Jayne had been forbidden by Brody to fulfill a promise to her children that she would take them to San Francisco to see Togare. It was because she was unable to keep her promise, according to Anton, that Jayne decided to take her six-year-old son Zoltan to Jungleland so that he could see a lion there instead of at Anton’s house. There is one factor, however, which raises doubt about that particular cause of the incident.
If Jayne’s purpose was to keep her promise to her children, all of her children, then Jayne would have taken all of them to Jungleland. Instead, she took only Zoltan. More importantly, the main reason for Jayne’s trip to Jungleland at the end of November 1966 was that she had been asked to do some publicity there. She asked whoever it was that was paying her if she could take Zoltan along with her as a birthday present for him. (Some of the news media accounts of what happened at Jungleland state that there was to have been a birthday party on the quasi-zoo grounds for Zoltan.)

This much of the story is established: While Jayne was occupied with photographers, unnoticed, Zoltan wandered away to have a close look at a lion that was roaming as far as the lengthy chain attached to it would permit. One second Zoltan was laughing and talking to the lion, and the next he lay on the ground with his head split open as the lion that dealt the blow continued to maul him.

Jayne, either the first or among the first to see what was happening, screamed for help. It took the lion’s keepers a few critical seconds to pry its jaws from Zoltan – crucial because a few seconds is all the time a lion needs to kill.

Zoltan survived the mauling, but it was uncertain as to whether or not he would live as he was driven to the Conejo Valley Hospital in Thousand Oaks. The operations he needed there were for a ruptured spleen, fractured skull, and bone splinters at the base of his brain.

That evening Jayne, fearing her son would die, grew frantic. According to Anton, she was attributing the tragedy to the curse Brody had brought upon himself, in that Brody’s refusal to allow Jayne to take her children to the “black house” to see Togare had led to her taking Zoltan to Jungleland; and so she telephoned Anton to beg him to remove the curse and concoct a magic spell to save Zoltan. “I give you my word that I will do everything within my power,” Anton quoted himself as having told Jayne.

Anton’s story of how he went about fulfilling his promise to Jayne was that amid a heavy rainstorm he drove, in a black hearse he had purchased, over the Golden Gate Bridge to Mount Tamalpais, highest peak in the San Francisco Bay Area. On the top of the mountain, amid the pelting rain, he spread his black cape wide and recited a soliloquy he had prepared, calling on his “brother Satan” to spare the life of Jayne Mansfield’s son.
Whether you believe that story or not, there are some fascinating coincidences entailed in it. The pet black leopard that Anton had kept in the “black house,” until it was killed by a hit-run driver, was named Zoltan. Togare was the replacement for Zoltan. The boy Zoltan had wanted to see Togare in the “black house.” Because that did not happen, for whatever the true reason may have been he wound up in Jungleland instead for a close-up view of a lion. Fatalists or individuals who believe in psychic phenomena will see that set of circumstances as more than coincidences. Realists will see them as mere coincidences. But Anton’s strange life was full of such coincidences.

Zoltan recovered from his wounds, leading Jayne to believe even more in Anton’s powers. But some lion feces flung into one of the gashes on Zoltan’s body entered his spinal fluid, causing an infection that developed into meningitis. Again death seemed near. Again Jayne telephoned Anton. This time he responded by conducting a Church ritual for greater power, with himself and several dozen members of the congregation invoking Satan’s blessing on Zoltan. Whether you believe the ritual was effective or irrelevant, even the physicians who operated on and treated Zoltan were surprised by the boy’s remarkable recovery.

Jayne expressed her thanks to Anton, took a little time to be grateful her son was alive, and then had Brody file a $1.6 million lawsuit against Jungleland.

[When the owners of Jungleland filed for bankruptcy in 1968, members of the mass miscommunications media attributed the financial problems entailed to the lawsuit. In fact, the financial problems had existed for several years. It is only true that the lawsuit exacerbated them. One year after its owners filed for bankruptcy, Jungleland was closed permanently. For nearly the next thirty years the site on which it had stood was a visual and law enforcement nuisance as the result of its use by vagabonds, skateboarders, and producers of illicit shows. Finally there was government action. The site was chosen for the construction of the Thousand Oaks Civic Art Plaza, completed in 1994. Expansion of the Thousand Oaks city limits was attributed in large part to the erection of the Plaza.]

Anton was delighted with Jayne. She was a true witch as he defined “witch.” He liked to compliment her by calling her “a lewd, lascivious virago who is happiest when rolling on the floor with masochistic, orgastic energy.” He was particularly impressed by the way she practiced what he called the Law of the Forbidden: that which is not meant to be seen is that which is most appealing.
One method Jayne used was to deliberately weaken fibers of her tight Capri pants or mini-skirts in strategic places so that when she chose to excite men all she had to do was stretch to cause a rip. Then she would position herself so that it could be seen. If she were wearing tight leather capris that had split along the inside thigh, for example, she would raise her leg high enough for a tuft of pubic hair to show, while she pretended to be preoccupied in some way that precluded her from noticing it.

Another technique she used for arousal was to forget on purpose to wear panties beneath the shortest miniskirt she could get away with wearing in public, and then call attention to what was missing beneath it by saying loudly “don’t look at me now” as she climbed out of an automobile or onto a platform, knowing full well that every man within earshot would be straining his eyes for a glimpse of the pubic hairs or backside of the Hollywood sex goddess.

In honor of Jayne’s natural Satanism, Anton made her a priestess of his Church. Pleased, she began an intensive study of magic and witchcraft. She called Anton at times to inform him of some new discovery, profess her love for him, and ask that he cast a happy spell over her. One evening while she was reading a book on the supernatural, she came across the term “incubus,” became fascinated with it, and asked Anton to send one to her in the image of himself. (This is strictly a story that Anton told me. I have no way of either verifying or debunking it.) Anton considered her request to be absurd, but accommodated her by trying – or by telling Jayne he had tried – to send her some “thought waves.” The next night, according to Anton, Jayne called him again to acknowledge that the incubus had arrived and to describe what she felt in various parts of her anatomy as the incubus carried out its work. Meanwhile, Brody’s rage grew hotter.

As Anton explained it to me, it was Brody’s increasing rage and insults that led to Anton’s adding his own curse onto the one engendered by Brody himself. The end of his putting up with Brody, Anton said, came on a night in January 1967 when Jayne locked herself in her bathroom to call Anton, and Brody broke the door open, grabbed the telephone out of her hand, and shouted into the mouthpiece:

“She’s never to talk to you again! You hear that? I don’t ever want to catch you talking to her again. You’re a charlatan and I can make plenty of trouble for you. I’ll expose you…”
At that point, Anton told me, he cut Brody off and gave him this response: “Just a minute. I don’t have to listen to this. I won’t let anybody call me a quack. It’s too bad you’re taking this attitude. I’ve tried to be pleasant to you, even at times when you deserved to be put down. But now you’ve gone too far. My power exceeds anything you can imagine, and now you are going to feel it. You will be dead in one year. Sam Brody, I pronounce that you will be dead within one year!”

That same night Anton conducted a private but formal destruction ritual in which he placed Brody’s name on a piece of parchment and burned it, invoking the power of the infernal names and commanding that Brody be annihilated within the time specified. If the man had any redeeming qualities, perhaps the curse could be less destructive. But Anton could discern none in this “weasel,” as he called Brody. Besides, Anton took what Brody had said to him as a threat to damage the reputation which Anton felt he had established as a legitimate practitioner of the black arts. So, no, there could be no compromise, nor even an undirected curse. Brody was to be wiped out, killed.

After Anton invoked the curse, he told me, he called Jayne to warn her of the consequences. She did not appear to be upset. She told Brody to apologize and everything would turn out all right. Three days later Brody called to say he was sorry; but Anton told Jayne it was too late.

“I have to tell you bluntly,” Anton said to Jayne, “you are now traveling under a dark cloud. So long as you’re with him, nothing will go right for you. Get away from him before it’s too late.”

Jayne seemed unwilling to believe that it was too late. Instead she believed that given Anton’s power, it remained possible for him to abort the curse if only Brody would make amends. So it was that on her next trip to San Francisco, Jayne brought Brody along to smooth things over. He was civil, even cowed, but he tried to assert his masculinity by driving Anton and Jayne in her Bentley at speeds up to eighty miles an hour along freeways within city limits where the maximum speed permitted was fifty. He also continued to spy on Jayne to intercept possible liaisons that she was trying to arrange with Anton.

En route to Vietnam in February of 1967, unable to get away from Brody, Jayne called Anton to tell him that she had left a greeting card for him at San Francisco International Airport, and where it could be found. I do not remember if Anton picked it up himself or had somebody retrieve it for him. I did see the card.
The card was almost two feet long. On the front cover there was an illustration depicting a red velvet devil holding a pitchfork. Inside there was a canned message, “thanks from way down deep,” and next to that, in Jayne’s handwriting, there was this note: “To my Satanic Friend – High in the Eyes of orthodox religion – My probing for truth may be satisfied by my High Priest.” All of the i’s were dotted with hearts. On the envelope Jayne used to enclose the card, she wrote: “Destination Elyseum!”

Had Anton’s alleged power included the ability to provide an augur, Jayne certainly would have believed that unless she severed her relationship with Brody she would be dead at age 34 within four months after her final profession of love for Anton.

The prelude to the cause of Jayne’s death occurred a day or two days before it happened. There is a possibility that the prelude was an indirect factor in the cause of Jayne’s death, and that she may have lived on but for that prelude. The prelude was an accident (if it can be called an accident, given Brody’s mode of driving) in which Brody smashed up his Mercedes-Benz automobile, fracturing one of his legs. It was because he was in a cast and was unable to drive that he was not behind the wheel of the car in which he and Jayne were killed.

Here is an account of how it happened, drawn from the many conflicting reports and statements from police officers, the mortician who examined Jayne’s body, members of the mass miscommunications media contradicting each other, and some of Jayne’s relatives and friends. The entire truth and the exact details cannot and will not ever be known. This is the best I can do in cross-checking the information available.

Jayne was engaged at the Gus Stevens Supper Club in Biloxi, Mississippi, when she was asked to appear on an early morning television show in New Orleans. Either around midnight or early in the morning of June 29, 1967, she and Brody, with Jayne’s three children by Mickey Hargitay, left the supper club, traveling in a 1966 Buick Electra driven by Ronnie Harrison, the 24-year-old son of the Supper Club’s owner. Approximately between 2:15 and 2:25 a.m. they were riding on U.S. Route 90 near the Rigolets, an eight-mile strait between Lake Ponchartrain and the Gulf of Mexico, when the widely publicized accident occurred. Probably Harrison had been ordered by Brody to “step on it” because they had limited time and anyway Brody liked to travel fast.
There are statements in a police report on the accident that took Jayne’s life, from individuals who were also in cars on Route 90 around the time of the accident, that the Buick driven by Harrison whizzed past them at a speed estimated by them to be approximately 80 mph. That figure is fascinating, in that it was the same figure used by Anton in describing how fast Brody drove on freeways around San Francisco.

Not only was it a bad idea for Harrison to be driving so fast, but also it may be that he should not have been driving at all. He had been working at his job through the day and into the night, and was able to grab only a few hours’ sleep before taking on another chore. In view of what happened, you have to believe that he may have been less alert than he should have been.

Two large vehicles were ahead of the Buick: a truck that has been identified many times in long and short writings as a “mosquito fogger,” and a tractor-trailer. In the 1960’s it was still the practice to control mosquitoes by mounting spray equipment on the back of a truck from which a cloud of what looked like fog was spread over a wide area. The spray used was a mixture of diesel fuel and malathion dripped on a hot pipe. The driver of the “mosquito fogger” truck was carrying out an order from the Jefferson Parish Mosquito Control Unit to spray the marshland along the Rigolets where thousands of mosquitoes were breeding and causing problems for people living in the area. Because of complex atmospheric conditions that sometimes create real fog in and over the marshland, it has been a misconception that low-lying natural fog caused an impairment in Harrison’s vision and that resulted in the fatal accident. In fact, it was the so-called “fog” from the “mosquito fogger” that set up the accident.

Because the cloud created by the spraying had reduced vision, and also because there were a few spots along Route 90 where knowledgeable drivers would slow down for safety (such as the place intersected by a steel bridge), the driver of the tractor-trailer had cut his speed to 25 mph. Whether or not the haze created by the “Mosquito fogger” had extended to the spot where Harrison was driving is uncertain. It is only certain that the Buick he was driving plowed into the tractor-trailer at high speed and then slipped under the trailer. The result was that the top of the car was sheared and the rest of it crumpled into what looked like a hunk of scrap metal.
The wreckage that had been a Buick Electra.

The trio riding in the front seat of the Buick- Harrison, Brody, and Jayne – were killed instantly. Jayne’s three children – Miklós Jr., Zoltan, and Mariska – who had been asleep in the back of the car, were injured but not fatally, because they were lying prone on the back seat and thus escaped the shearing that caught the heads of Harrison, Brody, and Jayne. Two of Jayne’s five pet Chihuahuas that she had brought along with her also survived the accident – whether because of where they were in the car or for some other reason is not known.

It was widely reported in the mass miscommunications media that Jayne was decapitated. That turned out to be incorrect, though the mistake was understandable. Reporters on the scene saw what looked like Jayne’s head separated from the rest of her body. In a rush to meet deadlines, without close enough examination, they called in the decapitation story and that was the version transmitted to wire services. In fact, the “head” was either Jayne’s hair or a wig she was wearing or both combined with a part of her scalp. A police report read in part: “the upper part of the white female’s head was severed.” The death certificate describing what had happened to Jayne read in part: “crushed skull with avulsion of cranium and brain.” The mortician who prepared Jayne’s body for her funeral service stated that “she was whole”; but exactly what he meant by that, and whether she was “whole” because he or someone else sewed her severed hair and scalp onto her head, has not been established so far as I can determine.
Following Jayne’s death there was a dispute over the estate she had left and where she should be buried. Mickey Hargitay had his attorney file a lawsuit asking a court to invalidate Jayne’s marriages to Brody and Cimber and to gain permission to have her buried next to her father and grandfather in Pennsylvania. Cimber preferred and requested that the burial take place in California.

Two different courts ruled in two different ways; but Cimber decided to stop fighting, settled with Hargitay over dispensation of the estate, and approved burial in Pennsylvania. The burial ground where Jayne’s body was laid to rest was not, however, in Bryn Mawr, her place of birth. Her grave, next to the graves of her father and her grandfather, lies in the Fairview Cemetery at Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania.

Jayne’s gravestone in the Fairview Cemetery at Pen Argyl

Jayne’s gravestone was cut in a heart shape to memorialize her home, the Pink Palace at 10100 Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills. The outside and inside walls were pink. Jayne’s heart-shaped bed usually was covered with a pink quilt, and the window drapes were also pink. The opening of the living room fireplace was heart-shaped. So was the swimming pool in the back of the house.
The last owner of the Pink Palace, “pop singer” Engelbert Humperdinck (Arnold George Dorsey), sold it in November of 2002 for $4 million. (Mickey Hargitay and Jayne bought it in 1958 for $76,000.) The buyer was billionaire Roland Arnall, head of Ameriquest Capital Corporation. In that same month Arnall had the house demolished so that the site on which it had stood could be added to the rest of a 10-acre estate that he owned. Humperdinck announced on his web site that he was shocked to learn of the demolition, because he had been told by Arnall that the house would be saved and preserved as a historic landmark. But acquaintances or colleagues of Humperdinck said he knew all along that the house would be razed.

The Pink Palace

In a video shot not long before Mickey Hargitay died in 1990, he said that after Jayne’s death he was awakened one morning between four and five a.m. by the sound of a violin producing a tune that Jayne, who was trained as a classical violinist, used to play on her instrument. When he opened the door to his bedroom, he said, “there was Jayne playing the violin.”
Jayne playing violin on her back porch while her dogs try to regain her attention. She also played piano.

If it can be said that anything at all constructive resulted from the fatal accident which brought an early end to the life of Jayne Mansfield, it would be the change from spraying by truck to the control of mosquitoes via safer methods, and the decision of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration to require that all tractor-trailers be equipped with an under-ride guard. The guard, made of steel tubing, is known as a “Mansfield Bar.”
Mosquito fogger truck, or thermal truck, of the kind that was involved in the death of Jayne Mansfield, Sam Brody, and Ronnie Harrison. One problem with it, illustrated here, was that if the spray was released anywhere around a road, the vision of drivers was impaired. Also, there were complaints about the odor and toxicity created. Modern methods, still drawing criticisms, center on what is known as “Integrated Pest Management” – better spray distribution, biological control, and educating the public in how to avoid conditions that breed mosquitoes.
The Black Pope

Part Three
Anton’s Devil Baby

There is an ongoing dispute over a purported claim of Anton’s that he was hired by Roman Polanski [Rajmund Roman Liebling] as a technical adviser for the movie version of Ira Levin’s novel *Rosemary’s Baby*, and that the demon figure used to simulate the siring of Rosemary’s baby was himself, Anton, dressed in a scaly latex costume. There are writers who have stated that Anton never asserted that he was the technical adviser and demon figure. It is true that Anton did not publicize such an assertion widely. But he did tell me and others that Polanski had hired him and that the story of his role in the film was true.

It is no surprise to find Wikipedia stating, without evidence or identification of its source, that Clay Tanner played the part of the demon in the film. Wikipedia’s articles are produced by amateurs without credentials, and the founders of the online encyclopedia, Jimmy Wales and Larry Sanger (if in fact Sanger was one of the founders), and their staff, have been grossly negligent in not hiring researchers to check on the accuracy of the information offered. The result is that the information on Wikipedia is notoriously inaccurate. There are probably thousands if not millions of details in Wikipedia’s articles collectively that are false. In some ways the online encyclopedia is useful for references. But you simply cannot rely on the purported information. The material on Anton and the Church of Satan is an example. Most of it is hogwash.

Clay Tanner was not in the film version of *Rosemary’s Baby*, and nobody involved with the film has come forth to settle the dispute over Anton’s role in the film, if any. I asked Mia Farrow and Polanski about it. They did not respond.

Whether or not Anton played any role in the movie version of Levin’s novel pales into insignificance when what he produced in real life is compared to the fiction of the book and the film. He created a real devil baby, Zeena Galatea.

There are two reasons for calling Zeena a devil baby. First, she was sired by the man who proclaimed himself to be the Devil’s representative on earth. Second, Zeena was “baptized” to Satan, and if you as the High Priest of an official church under California law “baptize” a child to the Devil, then it is fair enough to characterize that child as a devil baby. And even though the “baptism” of Zeena to Satan was in part a publicity stunt, Anton was serious about its purpose.
The basic purpose of the “baptism” was to mock the reason for its existence in Christian religion, and to reverse that purpose in the way Anton explained it at the time it was publicized. (Diane has denied that the “baptism” was even in part a publicity stunt. But she tripped herself up when she told me that another child was picked for the “baptism” and Zeena was substituted several hours before the event was “scheduled” for media coverage, and the mother of that child “got cold feet and called it off.” If an event is “scheduled” for media coverage, you cannot say that it was in no way designed for publicity. But this is not to say that Anton and Diane were not serious about the “baptism.” The purpose of staging it was deadly serious, and that purpose was exactly what caused Christians to be so outraged by the “baptism” when it was publicized in newspapers.

This is as close as Zeena was allowed to come to Togare, even when he was a cub - behind a panel while Anton watched carefully, ready to intercede.

In a previous writing, for valid reasons which I explained in detail, I stated that Zeena’s obedience to her father may have included her willingness to be impregnated by him so that Anton could create a Devil baby by birth rather than just by “baptism.” My suspicion that it happened was aroused when Zeena gave birth at age 14 to a boy who was named, by Anton, Stanton Zaharoff LaVey, and Anton and Diane would not tell me how that happened, and they would not reveal the identity of the father other than to say it was “some boy.”
Many years later my suspicion was heightened when a rumor spread that Anton was Stanton’s father, and neither Stanton nor Zeena would deny it. The original source of the rumor is unknown. It appears that the spreading of it resulted from part of a book, Drugs Are Nice: A Post-Punk Memoir (Soft Skull Press 2005), by Lisa Carver, in which she wrote: “rumor has it that Anton loved Zeena so much that her son Stanton, born when Zeena was fourteen, was both Anton’s grandson and son... Zeena exhibits every attribute of a molested daughter.”

Lisa is, or maybe I should say was for a long time, what is generally described as a “flake.” She was described in an article in Boston Magazine as “Hunter S. Thompson in a mini-skirt.”

Lisa Carver with son Wolf on a San Diego beach, 1997

Moreover, Lisa exhibited a motive in her book to denigrate Anton: she detested him. Describing one of her visits to the “black house” with her lover and Anton colleague Boyd Rice, she wrote: “Already I can’t stand Anton – the way his sailor’s cap is set at a jaunty angle, the way Tony the silent manservant, hovers at his shoulder like a human epaulet. He sits on a velvet, throne-like chair beneath an enormous, gold-framed portrait of an Edwardian youth in ruffles with advanced hemophilia. At the moment, that boy is the person I most identify with in the room...I found Anton to be a delirious, decrepit pervert...”
As I prepared this book for publication, Diane, obviously fed up with the ongoing rumor spread by Lisa and determined to stanch any further sullying of her grandson, to whom she is clearly devoted, decided in a communication with me to set matters straight, short of naming the father she and Anton had referred to only as “some boy.” That was changed to “neighborhood kid,” age 16 or 17, who lived a few blocks from the “black house” and was provided by his negligent mother with his own basement room with little if any supervision as to what went on there. After initially being stunned by what had happened, and perhaps blaming themselves a bit for it, Anton and Diane became doting grandparents.

The problem was that they invited further speculation that Anton was the father by using Anton’s middle birth name for Stanton’s first name and LaVey for his family name. In any event, though Stanton continues to insist that he does not know the name of his biological father, actually he does know the name, and so do Diane and Zeena. Diane has offered to supply DNA as evidence to prove that the “neighborhood kid” was Stanton’s father. The reason why Anton and Diane always have declined to publicly provide the name of Stanton’s biological father is that Zeena asked them to keep it secret. She acknowledged that she had made a mistake, and she said she did not want to exacerbate it by providing any excuse for the “neighborhood kid” and his family to be involved in any way with the upbringing of Stanton; and, above all, she did not want to raise a question as to whether or not she and the “neighborhood kid” should marry. Zeena wanted nothing more to do with him.

Diane has told me that she and Anton became “delighted with Stanton’s birth and enjoyed him tremendously and loved him deeply,” and that she still does love him deeply. “Stanton and I are very close,” Diane said.

Anton and Diane raised Stanton during the earliest years of his life. Then Zeena exerted her right as his biological mother to remove him from the “black house” and to take him with her and her alleged “husband,” Barry Dubin (who uses the name Nikolas Schreck to identify himself) to Austria. There was trouble, however (I have a bit more about that later in this book), and so, Diane told me: “I again assumed responsibility for his care at 15 when Zeena left him in Vienna with the intention of putting him in a foster home in south central Los Angeles where a handsome white boy probably wouldn’t have lasted a week. I later legally adopted him.”
Zeena Unchained

In her adult life, Zeena has become as hostile to Anton as she was devoted to him when she was serving as a priestess in the Church of Satan. She has, in fact, become dedicated to destroying her father, referring to him only as her “unfather” and “ASL.” On a number of internet web sites, and via every other outlet she has been able to find, Zeena has vilified Anton with lies about him so vicious and outlandish that they exceed any engendered by all the rest of his dedicated detractors combined. Among the most fantastic of her whoppers are these:

交通安全
Anton did not write any of his own books; the only book Anton wrote was The Devil’s Avenger, the author of which was identified as Burton H. Wolfe, who allowed Anton to put Wolfe’s byline on it, while Anton had Wolfe write Anton’s most well known book, The Satanic Bible, and then put his own (Anton’s) name on it as author.

交通安全
Diane was legally married to Anton.

交通安全
“ASL beat his wife Diane throughout their marriage. In 1984 a police report was made describing Diane being strangled into unconsciousness by ASL, who was in such a murderous rage that his daughter Karla had to pull him off Diane and drag her outside the house to save her life.” [Quoted from Zeena’s most widely distributed writing about her father, “Anton LaVey: Legend and Myth.”]

交通安全
“ASL routinely physically beat and abused those of his female disciples with whom he had sex, forcing them into prostitution as part of his ‘Satanic counseling’ and collecting their earnings.” [ibid.]

交通安全
“In 1986 ASL was a passive witness to the sexual molestation of his own grandson by a longtime friend who was later convicted of sex crimes with minors.” [Ibid.]

All of those are lies that Zeena was able to promulgate with impunity because they came after Anton was dead, she purportedly had credibility as Anton’s daughter, and there were publishers and producers as eager to tear down Anton to create attention as there were individuals seeking revenge on him. The facts, however, are quite different.

交通安全
Anton wrote his books and I wrote mine.

交通安全
Anton and Diane were never married, and consequently Anton could not “beat his wife throughout their marriage.”
The police report Zeena described does not exist.

Anton cherished his female disciples, never beat any of them and could not have forced them into prostitution because they were too intelligent and financially independent for that to have happened, and Anton would have been out of his mind to risk criminal charges for engaging in such conduct.

Nor would Anton have allowed any sexual molestation of Stanton, whom he protected as his beloved grandson so long as Stanton remained in the custody of Diane and himself.

The longest and wildest of all the parts of Zeena’s infamous story, “Anton LaVey: Legend and Myth,” consists of Zeena’s determination to destroy Anton’s reputation as an animal lover. She went about that task by accusing Anton of using a cattle prod on Togare and on Anton’s dogs, and by describing a purported incident in which she “saw ASL savagely beating” her “German Shepherd puppy” with a “wooden plank” until the face of the dog “was covered with her blood.” Such are the extremes to which this vicious woman has resorted in order to wreak vengeance upon her father for kicking her out of the Church of Satan. It is a crying shame that producers of web sites have published her garbage as truth because it comes from Anton’s daughter.

The truth about Anton is that he was indeed an animal lover. He loved animals far more than he did human beings. I recall his attitude toward a story, that drew prominent coverage in the mass miscommunications media, of the captain of a capsized boat in a life raft so tightly packed that the captain had to make a choice between room for his pet dog and one member of his crew. He chose the dog and threw the member of the crew off the raft into the sea. “That was the wise choice to make,” Anton cracked. “I go along with it.”

I was in the “black house” at the time the German Shepherd Zeena referred to was there. Anton treated the dog with affection, as he did all of his dogs and other animals – even the tarantula that columnist Herb Caen enjoyed writing about. He let the tarantula crawl on him, and he petted it.

Nobody but Zeena ever claimed that Anton beat any of his dogs.

As for the cattle prod, if Anton ever used one on Togare or any dog, there was good reason for it, and the only result from it was a mild shock that caused no harm, while it provided a quick lesson to the animal that its conduct was a no-no.
I used a cattle prod once myself for that purpose during a time when I was running laps on a playground track; or more accurately I should say I intended to use it. There was a fairly large dog on the playground that liked to jump on me as I was running. The dog’s owner was never on the playground, which was unsupervised except for ball games. So, there was no one I could turn to for help in keeping the dog off me. I tried yelling at it, swatting at it, and using a water pistol to squirt it. None of those methods worked. So, as a last resort I bought a light cattle prod and carried it with me on my runs, as one would a baton in a team relay race. The prod was mostly chrome, and I guess that made the dog leery of it. All I had to do was carry the thing. The dog was having no part of it. Instead of jumping on me, the dog ran alongside me, keeping its distance. I would bet you a year’s supply of dog food that if Anton used a cattle prod to let his lion or one of his dogs know that some behavior was unacceptable, he only had to do it once. From then on, it would only have been necessary to brandish it.

I would have been tempted to take my cattle prod out of storage and use it on the full-grown German Shepherd Zeena described as “her puppy,” because it enjoyed jumping on me and “playfully” poking its teeth on some part of my leg, had not Diane made that unnecessary. All she had to do was issue a verbal command: “release.” The dog understood and immediately let go.

Since Zeena’s garbage has been so widespread, I feel I have to deal with one more dog story of hers. This particular story concerns Anton’s Doberman Pinscher Loki. Zeena told the truth when she stated that Anton resorted to keeping Loki outside in the back yard; but then she went crazy by stating that “if Loki ever tried to slip into the house for shelter, ASL routinely used Togare’s cattle prod [sic] on him to terrify him back outside.” If Togare could have talked, I think he would have told you how surprising it was to have him owning a cattle prod. But to get serious, I will tell you why that dog was kept outside. It was because the dog was a pest and would not obey Anton, who lacked the ability to exert sufficient discipline to alter its annoying ways.

The problem was not that Anton was overly strict or violent in dealing with a misbehaving dog. The problem was that he loved each of his dogs so much that he could not bring himself to exert the kind of discipline necessary to control its misbehavior. One incident that I observed in the “black house” should be enough to illustrate the real problem.
It was during the time when Loki was still an “indoors dog.” As Anton sat in his favorite armchair trying to concentrate on a point he was trying to get across to me, Loki was nudging him and then me, creating any noise he could short of barking, and generally making a nuisance of himself. Finally becoming fed up with it, Anton snapped one of his arms at Loki, pointed a finger at him, and shouted at him: “SIT!” The dog obeyed, but started whimpering and kept whimpering until Anton relented and said “okay, okay, come here,” and petted and talked to it as if trying to calm it down that way.

With a look of utter disgust on his face, Anton said to me: “You see how smart he is? He recognizes my weakness. He knows that if he whimpers enough, I will stop trying to command him or discipline him, and just give in to him. That is a weakness of mine, and it angers me that I can’t overcome it. I just don’t have what it takes to be harsh with an animal even when that is what the animal deserves and that is what it will take to get it to behave. And he [Loki] knows that.”

Since he did not have what it takes, Anton’s solution was to keep Loki in the back yard as strictly an “outdoors dog.” There was a sort of shelter under the back porch, and if the weather became too inclement, Loki was allowed access to the back porch. There was no way that Loki could “slip into the house,” and so the story of Anton’s having to use a cattle prod on him to keep him out when he “tried to slip into the house for shelter” is just more of Zeena’s nonsense. Loki stayed outside unless Anton or Diane let him in.

By contrast, Typhon was strictly an “indoors dog.” Any time I came to the house and sat where I most liked to be, on a sofa, and I did not have my leg extended for him to masturbate himself on, Typhon climbed onto the sofa to be next to me. “Don’t eat Burton,” Diane cautioned him. She and Anton both loved that dog with a face only a mother could love, to use a popular Jewish mother expression. Anton loved that dog so much that he would get down on his hands and knees and expose his shaven head to Typhon so that the dog could lick it – which Typhon was happy to do. If he did not have a leg on which to masturbate himself, he followed the advice of George Bernard Shaw, “if you can’t get what you want then you had damned well better take what you can get,” and so he would content himself with licking Anton or me or cuddling beside me on the sofa.
I made nice to him – you do not want to be on the wrong side of a pit bull. – but I have to say I had no affection for that dog, maybe because an Abraxas pit bull is so ugly. Its face looks like that of a pig, and there are dog historians (I guess that is what you call them) who believe that at one time a pit bull was cross-bred with a pig to produce the Abraxas line. If you believe that, you will believe Zeena.

Enough of this folderol. I would not have bothered with it had not Zeena been so successful in flimflamming a lot of web site producers and bloggers into believing her rotten garbage – though I am quick to add that there undoubtedly were some who did not have to be flimflammed; they wanted to splatter Zeena’s vicious claptrap over the internet in order to denigrate Anton. Either way, it is out there in abundance. Do a Google search on Zeena LaVey and you get 450,000 hits.

Before returning to the story of what turned this once docile and beautiful female into a monster seeking vengeance for her father’s throwing her out of the Church of Satan, I get on with the purpose of this book: to tell you, as nobody ever has before, what Anzon Szandor LaVey was really like.
The Real Anton: Musician, Collector, Prankster, Philosopher

Anton’s daughter Karla has referred to her father as a “musical genius.” That is no exaggeration.

Anton memorized several thousand pieces of music of all kinds except for the noisy racket that comprises the present generation low-grade morons’ idea of “music”, which Anton detested. It is the irony of ironies that certain “bands” called “satanic” – those that make the noise called classic rock, arena rock, R&B, reggae, metal, rap, hip-hop, etc. – have established Anton as their inspiration. He despised them. Oh, you may ask, but did he not praise them and even take them under his wing, so to speak? Sure. How many times need I say that Anton was a Satanist, a genuine Satanist? The genuine Satanist takes advantage of every opportunity. The noisemakers purportedly basing the racket they produce on satanic principles, and especially those formulated by Anton, brought publicity and money to Anton. You think he was not going to take advantage of that? If not, he would have lost the ability to identify himself as a Satanist.

Anton listened to and played a wide variety of music: classics, traditional folk music from many countries, marches, carnival and circus music, versions of oldtime vocalists and orchestras playing music of bygone eras which comprised the “popular music” of the time. Music, real music – not the banging, the shrieking, the sing-songing, the moronic and repetitious slogans and rhymes, the distorted bass and pounding drums which you hear on radio, on the boob tube, via computers, in the market places, and everywhere else in this new Cultural Dark Age – was a major, all-consuming part of Anton’s life. He had a large collection of tapes on which he programmed the kind of music he wanted to hear, and he listened to it for hours, day and night, for the pleasure of himself and guests who might enjoy it, and for the purpose of memorizing choice selections that he wanted to add to his repertoire on organ and piano. When he was not listening to music, he was playing it, and his playing on organ and piano would also go on for hours at a time.

Anton’s reason for immersing himself in music day and night was this: “It keeps me from going crazy.” That will be puzzling. Here is an explanation.
In Anton’s view (and mine), human beings are living today, as did those who preceded us, in a gigantic lunatic asylum. Human society is based upon irrational, even insane, notions. The so-called “systems” that govern us are in reality not systems at all, since they do not operate systematically. They are actually chaotic apparatuses which are broken because they were designed to be broken; they constitute destructive methods of carrying out our individual lives that amount to just a snap of the fingers in geological time and that end so far as we can determine in eternal obliteration of self; and we are all crazy to continue living on the basis of these apparatuses designed not by intelligent and compassionate human beings intent upon making us all as comfortable as possible throughout our short existences, but rather by men (much more than women) out to make money for the rich by keeping the majority of humanity in a state of slavery for the rich. The idea that the god of these rich, powerful people and their wage slaves, and their pimps and prostitutes in the three branches of government, is the god of biblical lore, is perhaps the single most outlandish fraud in all human activity. The reigning god is money – money, money, money – symbolized by Mammon.

Anton was not spoofing when he said “I hate money.” He said that privately, to me and to select friends whom he thought would understand him, not publicly. Those of us who understood him understood exactly why he invented his “Madness of Logic Ritual,” and why he invented it upon the principle that what is called “logic” in the society of today is non-logic.

Of all the illogical ideas and downright lunatic ideas that govern human thought and behavior, none is crazier than the idea that there is a super power which created the earth, its creatures, and everything else, in six days.

There is no crazier belief than belief in a God/son of God combined who was brought to earth through insemination of a virgin by the “Holy Spirit,” followed by his remaining in vitro for perhaps nine months, and maturing to manhood, before beginning the task of “saving humanity from original sin.”

There is no crazier belief than the belief that “the son of God” or “God himself” had to be executed on a cross in order for the “salvation” of humanity to take effect.

There is no crazier belief than belief that the lunatic ravings which make up the Judaeo-Christian bible constitute historical fact.
There is no crazier belief than the belief that there was a “Prophet Mohammed” who created the only true religion, that anyone who does not believe in and follow the dictates of that religion is an infidel who is justifiably exterminated, and that sacrifice of oneself in furtherance of the religion will be rewarded in a paradise where, for a male, there will be 72 virgins waiting.

Such are the madcap notions believed by hundreds of millions of men, women, and children on this earth. There was no way for Anton to reach them with the message that they are all nuts. Hence, immersing himself in music became the way to keep himself “from going crazy.”

Those who think Anton played music for a living, for attention, for money, do not know Anton. I did know Anton. He made music for the love of music. He made no arduous effort to have his compositions and arrangements purchased by the big music houses, because he was aware that they were blacklisting him and, in any event, he did not care much if his music was not heard by what he referred to as “the masses.” Like John Ferro, Anton was convinced that they would not and could not appreciate it anyway.

So, Anton performed happily for small audiences, and even for one individual. He was as delighted as a child given a long-sought, cherished present to have me and me alone listening to his music or accompanying him on drums in his “Den of Iniquity.”

The Den of Iniquity consisted of the basement level of the “black house” (other than the garage, of course). It was in essence a barroom with lifelike dummies, created by Anton, of the various types that inhabit barrooms.

To reach the Den of Iniquity, it was necessary to climb through a trapdoor and down a ladder into the basement barroom. There you saw one of Anton’s organs, a drum set, an old time jukebox, a pinball machine, and characters such as: Gwen, sagging against the bar with legs spread wide, garters exposed, sitting atop a puddle of urine; Bonita, the hard and cynical hooker, skimpy skirt raised up almost to her crotch, giving “the bird” to someone for whatever her reason; Fritz the cab driver hoisting Bonita’s skimpy skirt for a better look; and Jack, alias Jacqueline the transvestite, having fun by sticking his penis out of his female clothes. The mannequins were fashioned by Anton out of fiberglass, plastic, laytex, polyurethane from vinyl, and rubber; and they were realistic.
Inside the Den of Iniquity

If neither I nor anyone else was with Anton in the Den of Iniquity, and he was in the mood to play some music there, he had company in the form of his creations. But he was happiest when others were with him or I was there with him, sometimes accompanied by a woman I brought with me, being careful that it was the kind of woman Anton liked: the voluptuous kind with ample breasts who, in defiance of the so-called “feminist” movement that produces non-feminine females, wears sexy dresses cut low at the chest and high at the thighs and spiked high-heeled shoes, and applies plenty of makeup and perfume to herself. Ahhh, that is when Anton lighted up. I cannot exaggerate how utterly delighted he was to play for such a woman, preferably if I was accompanying him on drums.
We ran the gamut of the kind of music Anton liked to play: anything from a haunting theme by Borodin or Rimsky-Korsakov to a popular tune such as *Je T’aime* or Anton’s own instrumental version of *I will follow him* as sung by “Little Peggy March,” whom Anton liked as much as the song that she sang. He would rattle off this music on his Hammond organ while watching me on drums and sometimes correcting my accompaniment to the one he wanted, all without losing a beat of the music. On the occasions when he repeated one of the pieces he played, the arrangement of it would be changed, unless it was from the classics. If not from the classics, then the arrangement would be different every time, and obviously improvised – to perfection, I can tell you as one who has been a musician himself. (I have played chromatic harmonica in the style of Larry Adler, piano, and classical and flamenco guitar solo; and trumpet and baritone horn in orchestras and dance bands and marching bands.)

To move aside briefly from the music, I want to follow up on what I wrote earlier about the pinball machine that was in the Den of Iniquity along with a jukebox. The machine no longer took coins, so that the reward of “free games” for high score was superfluous. Nevertheless, Anton went at play on the machine with an ardent effort to “win free games,” tilting it and banging it to make a ball go into a path where it was possible to obtain the most points. He was much more intent on “winning free games” than he was on racking up a score higher than mine. That is the way Anton went about any kind of activity: with desire, with passion. He was consumed with the pleasure to be obtained from what he was doing – so long as there was no need to make money from it.

Back to the subject of music, there was something that was missing, and of course I could not help noticing it. There was no sheet music in front of Anton when he played. So far as I was able to determine, there was no sheet music of any kind in the “black house.” (On page 42 there is a music stand on the Wurlitzer Anton is playing. From what I can see through a magnifying glass, there does not appear to be sheet music on it; but if there is, I would bet you my entire bank account that Anton never looked at it.) One night, suggesting we play some trumpet-organ duets, I asked Anton if he could read sheet music. “Yes, I can read sheet music,” he replied. So, I told him I would get the sheet music. “Okay,” he said, “but let’s not do it just yet. I’m busy working on a book, and I don’t want to be distracted. I’ll tell you the time.” But that time never came.
It was not because he could not have played a trumpet-organ duet with me sans having to consult sheet music. It was because I could not manage it without sheet music that he put me off – in what he considered a polite way to do it. As for Anton, he could memorize any piece of music, and play it on organ or piano, from his listening to a recording of it. On a night when I brought with me to the black house a woman whom Anton particularly admired, he decided to put on a special performance – in the living room on his theater organ. For starters he played Bach’s Prelude and Fugue in E Minor for Organ (called the “Great Fugue” or the “Great Prelude and Fugue”). I have heard recordings of Albert Schweitzer, E. Power Biggs, and Virgil Fox performing that magnificent composition. Anton played it as competently as did those famous organists. There is not a doubt in my mind that he did so without reading the sheet music for it. He managed the formidable task of playing that complex composition by listening to a recording of it, memorizing all of the notes and how they are arranged, and putting together, on the keyboards and the pedals of his organ, what he had heard and memorized. If there has been any other musician able manage that feat, I would be surprised to learn of it. I did not think it was possible until I saw and heard Anton do it.

Equally impressive was a spontaneous performance of Anton’s at a Russian-theme party in Rex Kincaid’s house that featured a balalaika band, and dancers and singers who were Russian-born. When they took a break, Anton was asked to keep the music going, on Rex’s piano. Oh-oh. Asking Anton to perform was asking for a long, long session; and even if it was only to be a fill-in, you had to be prepared instead for a fill-out. From Anton’s memory, with no advanced notice that he would be asked to play them, came a string of Russian folk songs, each with an elaborate mistake-free arrangement. The Russian musicians, dancers, and singers gathered around the piano to watch; and you could see that they were enthralled, if not stunned. I can understand why. You could not expect an American-born musician even to be familiar with the music Anton was playing. I am familiar with a lot of Russian folk music, but I had never heard the pieces he played that night. He rolled off a dozen of them, one after another, almost non-stop, as easily as buttering bread. To this day I wonder how many more Russian songs he would have pulled out of his memory if he had continued. It was clear that he had been ready to play more when he practically had to be pulled off the piano stool to get him to stop playing.
Among the available recordings of music by Anton are: *The Satanic Mass*, *Strange Music*, and *Satan Takes a Holiday*. If you want to acquire them, try Reptilian Records in Baltimore. Or you can bid for the CDs containing Anton’s music on eBay.

If you only want to try one of the CDs, instead of the most well known, *The Satanic Mass*, I suggest you get *Satan Takes a Holiday*. There are pieces on it that are awful because, as a favor to “Blanche Barton” and a male friend, Anton let them record with him despite their lack of ability even to sing on key; and also because Anton talks or sing-songs his way through some of the numbers, and you may not like that. (The one he does for *Answer Me* is designed to express his hurt as the result of Diane’s leaving him.) I did not like those numbers at first; but later I did come to like them, and if you know music, you will be impressed by his arrangements for the accompaniment he provided for himself. The main reason to get this particular CD, however, is to listen to three pieces: *Thine Alone*, *Band Organ Medley*, and the theme from *Satanis*.

If you cannot be moved by Anton’s spectacular arrangement of *Thine Alone*, there is no hope for you. *Thine Alone* was written in 1917 by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom for a long-forgotten stage show called “Eileen.” Anton plays his arrangement of it on his theater organ. It is music with guts. It is music that arouses deep emotion. I was almost moved to tears the first time I listened to it, and I have listened to it since then at least a dozen more times without ever becoming tired of hearing it – and I usually get tired of hearing music of that genre after hearing it twice. It is worth far more than the price of the CD just to hear this one piece on it.

*Band Organ Medley* consists of eight pieces, strung together, of carnival and carousel music that Anton dug out of the past, and it is difficult to believe that he could have even obtained this music, much less played it, without having been privy to it. I do not know where else in the world you would find it. Anton’s arrangement embodies his replicas of the jingling cymbals, thudding bass drums, glockenspiels, and other instruments that you would have heard in the originals. This is another number on the CD that I have listened to at least a dozen times without getting tired of it. This is not to say it will please everyone. It depends on your memories of the past or how you react to carnival or carousel music.
Anton either wrote the music which served as the theme for *Satanis*, a film of that name produced in 1968, or arranged it from a composer’s or more than one composer’s mystery music. It is hauntingly beautiful. I have often thought that if this piece of music had been available to the producers of the radio show *I Love a Mystery*, they would have chosen it for their theme rather than Sibelius’s *Valse Trieste*. It is as sinister a piece of music as you will ever hear, and also among the most eerily beautiful.

![Anton preparing to play on as many keyboards as he is able to reach.](image)

**Collector**

Anton also collected music, as well as old magazines, newspapers, and books of all kinds, including comic books. Whether because so much of the music on records and tapes he collected was produced before the era of stereo, or for some other reason, there was only one speaker in the room he used for reading, listening to music, and holding conversation with guests. (It was the room shown on page 55: the one he used as the antechamber to the living room chapel in the days when he was performing rituals.) “How come you only have one speaker?” I asked Anton. “Don’t you want to have the added effects of stereo?” Looking disdainfully, Anton replied: “I could care less about that.”
If you decide to refer back to page 55, take a look at the number of books you see in the photo. Anton read every page of every one of those books. How do I know that? I will give you an example. I had a little dispute with him as to the name of the actor who played the lead role in the movie *One Million Years B.C.* To settle the dispute Anton walked over to the book case you see, pulled out a book on movies, and turned to a page containing a list of the film’s cast, without looking at the table of contents. He knew exactly where in the book to find the information. (This was before the days when you could get such information in a matter of seconds from the internet; and anyway Anton never used a computer.) So it was any time I might raise a doubt about a point he was making. To settle the dispute he would pull out a book and turn immediately to the page containing information that would settle it. Such was his memory. Based on the sampling I witnessed, he must have known where to find thousands of bits of information in his books without having to consult the table of contents or the index to any of them. He knew where each bit of information was to be found on which page. It was that memory which enabled him to store several thousand pieces of music in his brain – though I have to qualify that description of what he could do with music by explaining that with the exception of the classics, which he memorized note by note, he only had to remember basic tunes and then wrap arrangements around them. But the remarkable aspect of how he managed that task was his ability to improvise a flawless arrangement of any tune at any time that he played it.

Anton also knew where to find bits of information in the pile of old magazines and newspapers he had collected. Those, plus the comic books in his collection, he wrapped individually with plastic or cellophane. The collections must have been worth thousands of dollars; but he would not sell them. Three women who split part of Anton’s personal property, in the wake of the settlement of the lawsuit brought against him by Diane, inherited the collection: Karla, Zeena, and “Blanche” (Sharon). I do not know whether they kept or sold the collections. In Diane’s view, they did nothing to merit ownership of the collection, and they betrayed Anton by either selling it or failing to make any kind of valuable use of it. Since none of them are willing to discuss the fate of the collection that Anton spent so many years putting together, I cannot say for certain whether Diane’s view is justified.
Anton also collected a few cars, such as the one shown here. This is a Cord from the last year that Cords were built: 1937. Its factory price was around $4,600. The last time I looked for its current value, it was $160,000. *Photo by Diane LaVey.*

**Prankster**

Before you sat on any chair or sofa in the “black house” that was cushioned, you either tested the cushion first or subjected yourself to a surprise and, if there were guests, to an embarrassment: a simulated fart emanating from your rear.

Anton was a prankster, a practical joke player. He was a steady customer of a shop in San Francisco, Harold’s, where gags were sold. One of his favorites was a whoopee cushion that produced a loud fart when you sat on it.

These were also his favorites:

# On an evening visit you were served a liqueur. Anton asked if you would mind opening the can of nuts on the coffee table, since it was too awkward for him to do it from his armchair. When you opened the can, a snake popped out.

# There was an ice cube in the glass of wine or sherry or whatever you were served. As you drank, something in the drink that did not seem right caught your eye. Enmeshed in the ice cube, you discovered, was an ugly bug. As you tried to spit whatever liquid you had left in your mouth back into the glass, you saw Anton snickering. The ice cube was a fake.
As you talked to Anton, to your disgust you noticed snot, a big blob of snot, dripping out of his nose. To make it even more disgusting, he was not wiping it off. He just let it drip over his mustache, lips, and beard, and then down onto his shirt or jacket. After you were thoroughly disgusted, you watched as Anton, who had been pretending to rest one of his hands on his cheek, released the hand to reveal the source of the snot: a little plastic container. It held “snot drops”: a mixture of thick but benign fluids.

Pranking was one of Anton’s most satisfying pastimes. I really believe he enjoyed it more than sex.

Since I knew Anton and his mindset well, I believe I can safely say that his pranking was not malicious, or, if it seemed so, it was not a prank. He thought it was funny to act serious about dedicating a marriage and a funeral to the Devil and then watch the reactions. He thought it was funny to make up stories that resulted in his becoming a cult hero.

There is one prank of his, however, that did not amuse me. As a payback for my having written something he did not like, he had somebody submit, to the publisher of his major work, *The Satanic Bible*, a counterfeit version of my introduction to it that has me calling myself a “card-carrying member” and a “high priest” of the Church of Satan. I was neither, and it caused problems for me.

**Philosopher**

Since you can read all the philosophy of Anton that you wish in his books, and I want to encourage you to do so, I will not use this space to summarize for you what you will find in *The Satanic Bible, The Satanic Witch* (previously *The Compleat Witch*), *The Satanic Rituals*, *The Devil’s Notebook*, and *Satan Speaks*. Instead, I give you some quotations from *The Devil’s Avenger*, because you would have more trouble finding that book than you would Anton’s books, and from my conversations with Anton.

**On God**

Any God who is supposedly all-powerful but allows good people to suffer and perish while the rotten flourish is not a good God, certainly not one worth praying and kowtowing to. But that is practically irrelevant, because the truth is that the Judaeo-Christian God does not exist. He is a hoax. Anyone who believes in that God is a fool.
On Prayer

Relying on prayer only makes things worse, because it induces people to remain inert. If you want something to happen, you have to work to make it happen. Praying for forgiveness is also destructive. It is useless and degrading to pray to an unseen, unknown deity for forgiveness. People begging for forgiveness usually only want to clear their consciences that way so they can go out and sin again.

On Christian Religion

Christianity is a religion based on rules written by psychoneurotic individuals whose purpose in life was to see how far removed from earthly joys they could get.

On the Catholic Church

If you make lots of money in this society, you are respected. The Roman Catholic Church knows that and, even as it denies its own materialism, it has enormous investments in capitalistic enterprises and profit-making real estate ventures. If the spirit is what brings power, why does the Church need its gold?

On Satanism

Satanism is the only religion in world history that has never claimed vows of poverty, but has always admitted openly that money is vital to its power. Therefore, it is the one non-hypocritical religion in the world. The Satanist is the highest form of life on this planet, because he is the only one willing to accept the truth.

On Evil

I believe in evil, and I believe it can be defined. My definition of evil is what does not feel good, what pains you, what hurts you, what you find abrasive or unpleasant. The reason why evil is so prevalent on earth is because the church leaders, the politicians, the corporation officers who have control of everything, eliminate that definition and base all that they do on what makes money.

On Love

The bible of Christian religion advocates loving everybody, even your enemies. Of course most Christians do not follow that advice, and it is a good thing they do not. If you love everything and everybody, you lose your natural power of selection and wind up being a poor judge of character and quality. Anything used too freely loses its meaning.
On Hate
Love is only one of the most powerful forces that make the world go round. Another is hate. At times it is important to hate. If hate is repressed at those times, it may lead to physical and emotional ailments. You must learn to release hate toward those who deserve it in order to cleanse yourself of malignant emotion and to take action that will transfer your hate to the person who has caused it. On a larger scale, hate of someone or something gone wrong is the first essential step necessary for corrective action to occur.

On Enemies
To love your enemies means to be at their mercy. One should hate them and hunt them down like the vicious beasts they are. Do not turn the other cheek. If a man smite you on one cheek, smash him on the other. Give eye for eye and tooth for tooth, with extra measure, to make yourself a terror to your adversary.

On Winning
In this life, fair play is but a farce that is dispensed with by those who deal in dedicated might. Their law is not that of the Bible, but that of the beast. To win the game, one must play by that law.

On the Golden Rule of Christianity
Do unto others as they do unto you, not as you would have them do, especially if they do not return your courtesy. You will be dead before a rotten person does what you want.

On Indulgence
All life is indulgence. Indulging yourself is the only way to eliminate harmful frustrations and guilt feelings. If you continue to repress your urges to indulge in that which you want and that which will not harm you or anyone else by going for it, you are on your way to becoming psychoneurotic.

On Masturbation
Ascetic, dirty-minded Christian religionists have declared masturbation and other forms of natural sex enjoyment to be sinful. We won’t let them make us feel guilty or force us to atone for sins by paying mortgages on their temples of abstinence. We will do it, in full view of Jehovah. We will use masturbation to feel better, relax, reduce nervous tensions, save marriages, reduce venereal disease. Remember, sometimes it’s better to masturbate than have sex with someone whose hygiene habits are unknown to you.
On Overpopulation

There are already too many people in the world, and especially people who are worthless, cluttering up the planet and wrecking the environment. They cannot be controlled by educating them to stop making so many children – certainly not with the Roman Catholic Pope and his priests all over the world preaching to them that birth control is a sin against God. The only way to get control of the population is by means of humanoids that function as surrogate sex partners. [That is discussed in the separate chapter to follow: basically a reprint of my interview with Anton published in Fling magazine.] Homosexuality helps. Homosexuals should be treated as heroes and heroines because usually they do not bring any more children into the world. I have been accused of wanting to decrease the population by means of eugenics. People who accuse me of being this or that do so without listening to what I have to say or reading my books. If they would do so, they would be shocked to find that I love freaks.

On Complaining and Dissent

Some of the wisest thinkers have said, in different words but with the same meaning, that all progress in civilization emanates from individuals who became dissatisfied with things as they are. The men who invented moveable type and the printing press were dissatisfied with the method of reproducing literature, by the use of copyists who had leeway to change the author’s writing, since that opened the door to counterfeiting, censorship, and other types of treachery. It is known to everyone who is not illiterate or unread or ignorant that the men behind the American Revolution were fed up enough with the repression under the king and the Church of England to rebel. Even if you cannot invent some new device or foment a rebellion, at least you can complain and refuse to comply with dictates that are senseless and destructive. If more people would complain, if more people would seek out ways to change that which is damaging and destructive at least by speaking out in places where dissent may bring some corrective action, the world would be a better place to live in than it is now. It is because people are too cowardly, it is because they indulge in the self-deception that “nothing can be done about it,” which becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy when everybody else thinks the same, that problems build up until there is a crisis. Crises could be avoided if people stopped being afraid of what might happen should they stop taking whatever is and complained their heads off about it.
Rise and Fall

As of the early 1970’s, Anton was riding high. He had become internationally famous through the publicity that had been accorded to him, through his appearances on television and radio, and through the extensive sales of his key book, *The Satanic Bible*. There were cover stories about him and the Church of Satan in such prestigious American magazines as *Time* and in periodicals of foreign countries.

In 1969 Avon Books brought out *The Satanic Bible*, and sales of the book were only helped after slavish followers of Charles Manson, identified as a Devil-worshipper, broke into the rented house of Sharon Tate and Roman Polanski in Benedict Canyon and murdered the five persons who were in it at the time, including Sharon, and one of the killers was identified as Susan Atkins/aka Sadie Glutz, who had been in Anton’s production called “Witches Revue.”

Anton, surrounded by a bevy of witches. The young brunette at top right is Susan Atkins. Three years after this photo was taken, she would participate in the murder of the pregnant Sharon Tate, whose blood, Susan said, she licked off the knife used to stab the actress repeatedly.
Equally successful for awhile, but not as long-lasting as *The Satanic Bible*, was *The Compleat Witch*, published in 1971 and republished later as *The Satanic Witch*. A year later came *The Satanic Rituals*, bought up in bundles by members of the grottoes of the Church of Satan in various parts of the U.S. and in a few other countries.

In 1975 the death of Anton’s only wife, Carole Lansing, went unnoticed, and that spared him not only some possibly unfavorable publicity, but also questioning as to what caused their divorce and whether or not he had actually remarried so as to make Diane his legal wife.

Anton escaped tough questioning again when the child whom he and Diane named Stanton Zaharoff LaVey was born to the 14-year-old Zeena, because that event was unknown to the media.

It seemed as though bad luck began to plague Anton as of the troubling birth of Stanton; but much if not most of that bad luck was of his own making.

For example, it appeared in some of his writing and in some of the interviews he gave that he was advocating a form of eugenics. He was referring to certain types of human beings as “destructive organisms” who were therefore justifiably eliminated, and he was gung ho for capital punishment until he read my book *Pileup on Death Row* (Doubleday, 1973) and concluded from evidence I provided that executions not only do not prevent crime but also in some instances have the opposite effect: the weird thinking of the sociopaths and the psychopaths who kill that being on Death Row will provide them with the attention they have long sought. That having come across to him, Anton began advocating public torture of murderers. “They should be subjected to pain of the most excruciating kind,” he said, “and their being tortured should be televised. That ought to be a deterrent that evidently is not achieved by just putting them away.”

His use of terms such as “destructive organisms,” and his distinguishing between superior humans who deserve the fruits of life and inferior humans who rightfully serve those naturally superior to them, was translated somehow into the minds of his critics as advocacy not only of fascism, but also a kind of eugenics that leads to elimination of various types of worthless and destructive individuals. And yet it was clear that Anton was trying, by his own unorthodox methods, to change creeps and deformed persons into productive, happy creatures.
Had critics looked more closely at the sum total of Anton’s views and the qualifiers to those views, they would have discovered, to their amazement I am sure, that Anton loved freaks, and that the last thing he would ever want to come about would be engineering human life in such a way that no more freaks were born. One of Anton’s favorite films was the 1932 classic *Freaks*. He had a copy of it and showed it via his projector in the “black house” many times.

Inevitably, though, the fascistic part of his thinking was bound to rebound on Anton, and allowing neo-Nazis to hang around the “black house” was a bad idea. I was not the only friend of Anton’s who became disgusted and turned away from him as the result of the swastika-bearing cretins he was tolerating. Nor was I the only writer who had given Anton breaks, but either discontinued writing about him altogether or switched from the favorable to the adversely critical because of the worrisome direction in which he seemed to be going.

Meanwhile, Anton himself was growing discontent if not agitated by the way his unique career was playing out. He felt, justifiably, that no matter what kind of characters were being admitted to his inner circle in the “black house,” articles linking him to murderous individuals such as serial killer Richard Sanchez, based solely on the claim of such monsters that they were Satanists, were grossly unfair, since Anton was opposed to crime and violence and had never advocated the killing of anyone except in what he construed to be self-defense.

Anton also was agitated by the lack of credit he was due, he felt, for his innovations. How many times, for instance, has the term “psychic vampire” appeared in books and articles? It was coined by Anton, but it was rare that anyone who used it gave credit to him for that term referring to an individual who sucks the brains out of you instead of your blood. Anton was seldom credited, as well, for his play on words that were borrowed by others: “God is ‘dog’ spelled backwards…evil when spelled backward is ‘live’…If God is not dead, he had at least better have Blue Cross.”

Pro-Devil music by Santana, King Crimson, Led Zeppelin, and the Rolling Stones (e.g., *Sympathy for the Devil*) was clearly inspired by Anton’s writing and talks, but it was not often that those groups paid tribute to Anton. The same holds true for motorcycle clubs that adopted the trappings of the Church of Satan – trident and pitchfork emblems on the back of their leather jackets along with names such as “Satan’s Angels” and “Satan’s Slaves.”
Less aggravating to Anton, maybe even welcome for all I know, was the inevitable accusation that he was the “anti-Christ” of the modern era. He must have expected it. If you are brazen enough to limn the Catholic Church and its mass through a Black Mass, you are already on the brink of becoming the “anti-Christ,” though you can avoid that appellation if you keep your act in the form of pranking or satire. But if you become deadly serious and attack Christian religion in the scathing terms Anton began using, while at the same time you are allowing fascists or neo-Nazis bearing swastikas entrance to your operation, you are asking for the vilest of epithets that self-professed Christians can think up for you.

There was none of the deadly serious stuff in the early stages of the Church of Satan. It was characterized then by Anton’s pranking and satire. Unfortunately, Anton began to take himself too seriously, and the fun was drained from his practice of Satanism. Mr. Dooloo had the right idea. When he saw it was no longer any fun, he quit. It took me a lot more time, because Anton and I had been such close friends.

The change began with Anton’s becoming fed up with the pranking, with writing and television programs linking him to murderous maniacs and child sacrifices, and with the stream of curiosity seekers outside the “black house” who, not content to look, screamed and threw objects at the front door and Typhon if the pit bull was on the front steps. Anton had a steel fence erected, and he changed the color of the house to chartreuse; but neither ended the intrusions.

Seeking more privacy and not as much publicity as before, Anton discontinued the staging of rituals in the newly colored house. He instructed leaders of the so-called grottoes that had been established in the way to conduct the rituals, left that part of his past activities to them, and began leading a rather secretive life compared to what had gone before. He wrote articles for his newsletter *The Cloven Hoof* and for a variety of publishers of books and articles, worked on his own books, taped some of his music for possible production, and took more and more time for research into his obsession with the idea that there had been a “Black Order” in Germany that had practiced such staples of Satanism as the Black Mass and had attracted Nazi leaders who adapted ideas from its members. Once that obsession of Anton’s began consuming him, and neo-Nazis bearing swastikas were to be seen in his house, I knew that the good times for Anton were on their way to hell on earth.
Anton’s feeble excuse was that through these characters he hoped to learn more about the “Black Order” and even gain connections with its remaining members. I saw another picture: Anton’s increasing cynicism and contempt for the mass of humanity was leading him into certain ideas to be found in the writings of fascists. I remember his reading to me from a book in German by an author (whose name escapes me), and becoming especially enthused and emoting at the passage where that clearly German author wrote: Ich hasse die massen [I hate the masses]. Anton did not like it when I said to him: “We are all the masses.”

Much less did he like the last section of my 1974 book, The Devil’s Avenger, which contained a disclaimer explaining that his philosophy was too harsh and unbalanced. We had a long talk about that. “It’s too bad you had to end the book with a disclaimer,” he said. “I still say you’re a closet Satanist and can’t admit it. We could make a great team if you would just get rid of your feeling for the poor suffering wretches of humanity and recognize that they get what they deserve. You have done so much for me and the Church of Satan in most of what you’ve written. You could be the Goebbels of Satanism and its Church.”

That did it. To this day I cannot understand how Anton could propose such an analogy to me, the author of a book used in public schools across the nation, Hitler and the Nazis (G.P. Putnam & Sons, 1970), in which the subjects are depicted as a bunch of murderous, genocidal thugs and their chief propagandist, Paul Goebbels (or Joseph Paul Goebbels) is presented as an ugly, obnoxious, Jew-hating shill for Adolf Hitler. Me as the Goebbels for Satanism and the Church of Satan? It was only because Anton and I had been close friends for six years that I did not spit in his face.

Because I continued to hang around for a few more years, I was able to watch the deterioration in Anton’s career and personal life. Already it had become obvious to me that all was not well between him and Diane. She was occupying the upstairs, Anton the downstairs. Anton’s hours awake were generally 2 p.m. to 6 a.m. Diane’s were 8 a.m. to midnight. She would be in the sitting room that was next to Anton’s bedroom when I arrived at the house at night. She would serve refreshments and talk to me awhile, but not for long. Up the stairs she would go to her combination bedroom and work room. I suspected that sex between the two of them had ended, that their relationship had become mostly a partnership, just a business arrangement. It would be many years before I learned how right I was.
Among other problems, Diane was no longer as lovely as she was as a teenager (though she was still quite pretty), and she was thinner and Anton did not like that. He complained to me about it in front of Diane:

“I don’t like the way her body is looking. She needs to put more meat on it.” In support of Diane, I said: “Still, her body is trim and looks good.” Anton scowled at me and snarled: “That’s what *you* say.”

I wondered how long Diane would continue to put up with his disparaging her and, worse, his sexual trysts with his “student witches.” It occurred to me that Anton was screwing almost every woman hanging around the house but Diane. I never heard her complain about it. But nevertheless I had to believe there would come a time when she would no longer be willing to put up with the humiliation.

While Anton may have been using the change in his High Priestess’s body, along with their different hours, as his purported excuses for not sharing his bed with Diane, for all I know the avoidance of sex between the two may have been Diane’s choice, and not Anton’s. In addition to her probably having become unwilling to be one among a string of women offering sex to Anton, she may have become just as turned off by his physical appearance as he seemed to be with hers.

Anton was not taking care of himself. He had grown flabby. His stomach was protruding. He was not bathing anywhere near as often as he should have been. There was a bad odor emanating from his armpits, and the worst of it was that he liked it. He liked smelly body odors. When he asked me why I no longer brought a voluptuous blond that excited him to the house, I told him I had to cut away from her because she had a body odor, especially from her vagina, that I could not abide, and I could not bring myself to tell her that; so, instead, I just broke off the relationship altogether. Anton shook his head at me in seeming disbelief: “Oh, that was one of the best things about her. What’s better than vaginal odor? What’s the matter with you? You had it made.”

In a way, though just a minor way, I suppose I was responsible in part for Anton’s physical deterioration. He loved sweets, especially donuts, which he called “dog nuts.” So, usually when headed to the house, I stopped first at a donut shop, bought a box of the richest donuts available, and brought them with me as an offering. We had them with ice cream sometimes and always with hot coffee, Anton’s “formula” for staving off cavities from the sugar. “I swill hot coffee around my mouth,” he explained, “and that dissolves the sugar.”
But sugar was not the only problem. Food particles were not removed by the coffee, and Anton was not brushing his teeth. He admitted to me that he was experiencing toothaches; but he would not see a dentist. Trying to act muy mysterioso, as he often did, he said “I can get rid of a toothache by willing it to go away.” Of course that was more of his nonsense. His teeth were deteriorating, and the sweets were making it worse.

The sweets also were affecting what eventually became heart trouble. When I learned of it years later, I felt guilty, and I still wish that I could have seen it coming. I would have tried to talk Anton into going with me to the gym where I worked out; it was not far from his house. My chance of talking him into joining me for exercise was dismal, but at least I would feel less guilty had I tried. And most certainly I would not have been bringing him “dog nuts.”

Around two years before I finally stopped going to the house or even communicating with Anton – I think the cutoff point was 1978, though it might have been a year earlier – I agreed to revise and update my introduction to The Satanic Bible. As a favor to Anton, I had written the introduction to that book as it was published, as best I can determine, from 1969 to 1972. At that point Anton allowed one of his priests, Michael Aquino, to write a new introduction. I have been told by a Church of Satan member who keeps track of these matters that Aquino’s introduction appears in editions of The Satanic Bible published between 1972 and 1976. Anton asked me to write a second introduction because, he said, Aquino’s was “too stuffy and poorly written.” It was not until years later that I learned the true reason: there had been a split between the two.

It was not until 2004 that I got around to reading fully the second introduction that was published under my name, in the editions that had been running, according to my source, since 1976. One day in 2004, a printout of what is purported to be my revised and updated introduction popped up on the internet. By that time I was experiencing a lot of flack from different sources because of what was purportedly my self-identification in the introduction as a “card-carrying member” and a “high priest” of the Church of Satan, and I was getting phone calls from self-professed Satanists in several parts of the world bugging me for a copy of my 1974 book and asking me to put them in touch with Anton. So, finally I realized that I needed to deal with the second introduction, which was a counterfeit put together by Anton.
I demanded that HarperCollins, the publishing house which had absorbed the Avon Books operation which had brought out the original book, remove my introduction. It was replaced, I am told, by an introduction from Peter Gilmore, one of the individuals who claims to be the High Priest and the head of what remains of the Church of Satan. I have not read it and do not intend to read it, because I have already read enough of the claptrap Gilmore has presented on what is called the Church of Satan web site, as well as in the hogwash he has spread via interviews and articles he has written.

Although there are sections of the counterfeit introduction that look like what I had written earlier, there are words, sentences, and paragraphs that I did not write. For example, the counterfeit introduction has me stating: “I became a card-carrying member and...a priest in the Church of Satan, a title I now proudly share with many celebrated persons.” I am a writer who produced a biography of Anton, and for almost a decade we were close friends. But I was never a “card-carrying member” of the Church of Satan or a “priest,” a title Anton seems to have handed out to certain individuals without asking them if they wanted it and, sometimes, without even telling them they had become a priest.

In the event I do not have my dates correct on which editions of *The Satanic Bible* do and do not contain the bona fide introduction that I wrote, the way you can recognize the one which is counterfeit is to look at the date at the end of it. If the one you look at has this date on it – “December 25, 1976 (XI Anno Satanas)” – know that you are reading a counterfeit introduction arranged by Anton and maybe an assistant. Never in my life have I ever used, in any of my writings or correspondence or anywhere else, the kind of bogus dating invented by Anton, with “Anno Satanas” substituted for the Christian-based A.D. Nor did I write the introduction on December 25th of any year. Anton arranged that as still another one of his pranks: having me extol him, Satanism, and the Church of Satan, on the holiest day of Christianity.

Because I was no longer in touch with Anton after 1978, it has been necessary for me to depend in part on information that is second hand in order to put together an account of Anton’s mighty fall from the peak he had reached in the 1970’s. Fortunately, a great deal of it is documented, and so I am confident that the story of Anton’s last years is accurate. I only wish that it had a happier ending. Instead, it is sad. But the story must be told. Anton is of historical importance.
Diane’s Rebellion

When I finally got around to looking at the file, in the San Francisco Superior Court, containing the pleading papers and other documents that resulted from the lawsuit brought by Diane against Anton, I learned how right I had been in my thinking that the relationship between the two was no longer romantic or sexual. A business agreement between the two of them titled “Hegarty and LaVey Agreement,” introduced as evidence in the lawsuit, left no doubt of what had become of their relationship. In short, though much more needs to be said about the cause and will be once Diane has her memoirs published, she finally had become fed up. She had endured the humiliation she must have felt all along from Anton’s undisguised sexual trysts. She had endured his disparagement of the way that she cooked and the way that she looked. If she has told me the truth, and I believe she has, Diane also took some occasional slapping from Anton. That led, as early as the first part of the 1970’s, eleven years into their relationship, to Diane’s leaving Anton briefly, with an ultimatum: knock it off or lose her permanently. Evidently Anton accepted the ultimatum, because Diane returned to him; but the abuse of her continued in one form or another, though except for what came at the very end it was no longer physical.

From what Diane has been willing to share with me, she seems to have thought she could convince Anton to change his ways. That silly thinking was due to her love and admiration for Anton, which remained, and for her love, as well, of the intellectual stimulation, the work she enjoyed, and what had been a lot of fun at first. But finally, by the early 1980’s, Diane realized it was no use, the abuse and humiliation she had endured were not going to stop.

She was smart enough to arrange for the day when she would initiate the break between them, while Anton was stupid and short-sighted enough to put the arrangement into her hands. He had become so dependent on her that he undoubtedly felt he must accord major concessions to her. It was Diane who actually ran the Church, handled the financial requirements and dates that Anton had to meet, put his books and articles into a more professional and effective style than he could, and produced *The Cloven Hoof* newsletter. Anton could not afford to lose Diane, and yet he would not change his ways enough to make sure that did not happen. Even though she had walked out on him before, evidently he believed she would never abandon him permanently.
Why would Anton fail to consider that possibility? I believe it was because Diane had become in major part the product of Anton’s transformation of her from an unknown movie theater usherette to the High Priestess of a mock church which had brought her fame, admiration, a life of excitement that was beyond any other kind of life she could imagine. To the world outside of the immediate LaVey family, Diane was the wife of a famous, widely admired and revered celebrity. Give that up? Anton must have been incapable of believing that she would. And so he agreed with Diane to formalize their relationship as not a legal or common law marriage, but rather as a business partnership, thus effectually turning over to her a large part of his life’s work and the profits from it.

Here, excised to reproduce only the major parts of it, is the “Hegarty and LaVey Agreement” dated April 26, 1985:

A. The parties wish to memorialize their relationship and the nature of the property they acquired over the 23-year period and of their partnership.

B. The parties have been equal partners in the enterprise of establishing, promoting, and operating the business known as the Church of Satan...Since April 4, 1984 Diane has been forced to give up her role in operating the business, though she continues to work in the business while Anton manages it.

* * *

The parties agree as follows:

1. Diane owns the personal property [listed in an attachment].
2. Anton owns the personal property [listed in an attachment].

* * *

4-b. As both Anton and Diane have an undivided one-half interest in this property [the black house and objects in it], neither can sell, trade, hypothecate, or in any way dispose or remove any item of property without the other’s written consent.

* * *

8....In consideration for past services rendered to the business, and participation in the development of the business, the parties agree that...the business will pay Diane 50% of gross income each month, with a minimum sum of $400 being paid each month....

9. Both parties shall have access to the real property. However, no later than January 1, 1986, a separate outside entrance will be built to the top floor of the real property...This floor will be set aside for Diane’s exclusive use, will be locked off from the lower floors...All labor, materials, and costs associated with this improvement will be paid by Anton...it is understood that gas and electric lines will be added to allow stove and refrigerator use on this floor.

* * *

12. In consideration for Diane’s assistance in the writing, editing, and publishing of Anton’s books...Anton agrees to continue paying Diane 10% of all royalties for each book...
As I think back to the 1970’s when I was regularly in the “black house,” I wonder why I was not even more suspicious of what was going on than I imagined. Unfortunately, I was taking the word of Anton on matters I should have been questioning. He told me he had bought the house, and the time frame that he used caused me to believe that his purchase had been effected toward the end of the 1950’s. I was taken aback when I discovered years later that the house had been deeded by his parents to him and Diane, as husband and wife, in 1971.

Why did Anton have his mother and father deed the property to him and Diane as husband and wife? Diane had no right to the claim of marriage or to half ownership of the house. I can put together an educated guess; but I think the wiser course is to leave an explanation to Diane – if she decides to provide one in her memoirs.

No matter what the truth may be, I have to chalk up what became of the relationship between Anton and Diane as being as weird an aspect of Anton’s bizarre life as that of his relationship with Jayne Mansfield, if not weirder.

High Priest with High Priestess before the disastrous break.
Enter ‘Blanche Barton’

If Anton had fulfilled the provisions of paragraph 9 in the “Hegarty and LaVey Agreement,” the story I have to tell may have ended differently. But Anton did not fulfill it. There was no attempt by him to do so. It would have been necessary for him to have filed an application with the San Francisco Department of Building Inspection for construction of modifications to the “black house.” There is no such application in the records of the DBI, and the modifications that he agreed to in the contract between himself and Diane were not made – not by January 1, 1986, and not ever.

What was Anton thinking? He had entered into a written agreement with Diane. Failure to fulfill the terms of the agreement subjected him to a breach of contract action. Was he so cocksure of his powers that he could break the agreement and not be sued, or that he would prevail over Diane if she did sue?

In any event, his failure to isolate Diane from himself, by means of the construction agreed upon, became a key factor in Diane’s decision to move out of the house with the conviction that she could sue Anton and win. By then Sharon Densley had appeared in Anton’s life with the potential of replacing Diane.

In her early twenties Sharon was floundering as she tried to decide who and what she was. During that period of her uncertainty she read The Devil’s Avenger and decided that she must meet Anton Szandor LaVey. She inscribed the copy of her book The Secret Life of a Satanist that she sent to me: To Burton Wolfe – The man who introduced me to Anton LaVey’s philosophy in the first place. May all your darkest fantasies come true! Hail Satan! Blanche Barton.

At the time that she walked into Anton’s life, Sharon was a moderately attractive, plump brunette. When she became the successor to Diane (though nobody could really replace Diane), Anton transformed her to a still plump, but less attractive, blond. Better he had left her au naturel.

In any form, Sharon was not Anton’s sexual glass of liqueur. But Anton was no longer physically attractive, there were no more witches hanging around him, I have to imagine that he was sexually starved, and his philosophy was always that of George Bernard Shaw, whom he viewed as a full-fledged Satanist and from whom he borrowed liberally: “If you can’t get what you want, you had better damned well take what you can get.” And what he got in Sharon was a beneficent bargain.
Unlike Diane, Sharon was totally subservient to Anton, provided him with the adulation and sex he was not getting from Diane, and asked nothing of him but to live with him and be his companion, manager of the Church of Satan, and in turn the mother of a child of his. As it developed, there was an even bigger bonus for Anton in Sharon’s replacement of Diane: Sharon’s skill in periodical production. In Sharon’s hands the Church of Satan periodical, *The Cloven Hoof*, became a more professional, interesting, and graphically superior newsletter than what it had been when Diane was responsible for it. More valuable yet, Anton thought, Sharon had the ability to write the book projected to become a more accepted biography than the one I had written, on the basis of its being subtitled “the authorized biography of Anton Szandor LaVey.” But as it has turned out, *The Secret Life of a Satanist* is destined for the historical scrap heap precisely because it was authorized, and more so because it contains so many fabrications of Anton’s and cloying references to Anton as “Doctor LaVey,” the master of black magic and the Devil’s gift to humanity. Why Sharon did not alter the tenor of her book after exposure to what should have been apparent to her as Anton’s fabrications, and his abysmal failure as a magician in Diane’s lawsuit against him, is up to her to explain – though I doubt that she ever will explain it.
Diane’s ‘Palimony’ Lawsuit

“Palimony” is a term that became popular as the result of Michelle Triola’s lawsuit against actor Lee Marvin in the Los Angeles Superior Court in the late 1970’s. It was titled *Marvin v. Marvin* because, after the pair had cohabited for a number of years, Michelle used Marvin as her last name. But she was never married to Lee.

It is a common misconception that *Marvin v. Marvin* was the first palimony suit. In fact, many palimony suits were already pending in various states: around 1,000 of them in California. The reason why *Marvin v. Marvin* has been cited so often as the original is that a ruling by the California Supreme Court in that case legitimized a palimony suit even though there was no provision for that type of litigation in law, and that decision became a landmark.

A palimony suit almost always involves two persons, although there is no reason why it cannot involve more. To define the term in its ordinary usage, a palimony suit is one in which a person has cohabited for a long time with another from whom support and property rights are demanded. It is not restricted to a male-female relationship. Many palimony suits have involved homosexual pairs. One of the most well known was the 1982 suit brought by Scott Thurston, who had been Liberace’s lover for five years.

Palimony is akin to alimony, except that alimony is usually awarded as monthly payments, whereas palimony is ordinarily in the form of a lump sum ordered by the court.

Diane has insisted that her suit against Anton is not correctly identified as a palimony lawsuit. It was identified by at least one judge as the “dissolution of a partnership.” If it should not be called a palimony suit, which is how Anton’s first attorney Owen Mayer describes it, then I would characterize it as a breach of contract action.

By any name, Diane’s lawsuit, filed in the San Francisco Superior Court in 1988, was entitled *Diane Hegarty v. Anton LaVey*, marking the first time in their long relationship that she used, in any public legal document, her birth name in lieu of the last name that she had adopted and that she has continued to use, and that she is legally entitled to use under the decisional law handed down by courts over the past hundred years: Diane LaVey.
In the complaint filed by her lawyer, Elizabeth Benford, Diane alleged that she was forced to leave the former “black house” for “fear of her life.” She asked for an award of one-half interest in the house and certain property within the house, 10% of all royalties derived from Anton’s books, 50% of gross Church of Satan business income, moving and relocation costs, medical expenses, attorney fees, court costs, and punitive damages.

Anton’s first attorney, stepbrother Owen Mayer, managed to prevent a judgment without trial by tactics that included the filing of a cross-complaint against Diane alleging that she obtained the “Hegarty and LaVey Agreement” by fraud, in that she never intended to live in the house after 1984.

Pre-trial discovery then proceeded. [For those of you who are unfamiliar with the term “discovery,” it consists of depositions and interrogatories, requests for admissions, and requests for production of documents that the parties serve on each other.]

By the time discovery proceeded, Owen Mayer had asked for and obtained a release from his representation of Anton. There are different explanations for why he no longer wanted to act as Anton’s lawyer, and since I do not know which one is the truth, I will leave it at that.

For whatever the reason might be, Anton did not hire a replacement attorney until it was too late. Instead, he left it to Sharon to deal with the proceedings, which she could not do for two basic reasons: First, a lay person is not allowed to represent anyone else in court except in such cases as the need to act as counsel or legal guardian for a minor or mentally ill person when a lawyer cannot be afforded or found. Second, Sharon could not even write responses to discovery papers served on Anton for Anton to sign (it is legal for a lay person to do that much) because she was ignorant of the forms that are required. (Responses to discovery papers are governed by rules as to form, as are all written pleadings, and those rules must be followed; you cannot respond informally.)

The end result was a disaster for Anton. If a party to a lawsuit fails or refuses to appear at scheduled depositions or respond to discovery papers, that party is subject to sanctions that can include judgment against him or her by default, in which case the person in default is assumed to have admitted all of the allegations set forth in the complaint against him. That is what happened to Anton. A judgment by default was taken against him.
Once he was in default, Anton had to act quickly. The time in which to ask for relief from default is governed strictly by statute. In California, relief can be requested up to six months after a default is taken, provided that there is some compelling excuse for delay. If not a judge is disinclined to grant relief even if requested within two or three months. Anton waited eleven months before he faced up to the reality of how dire his situation had become and he sought help from another attorney.

Following judgment by default, the party that obtains the default is entitled to what is known as a “prove-up hearing.” Only the party that has obtained the default is allowed to appear at the hearing, which is for the purpose of showing evidence of damage alleged. The party in default is not permitted to contest the evidence.

At a prove-up hearing, the claims alleged in a party’s complaint are not at issue. The claims against the party in default are deemed to have been admitted. Consequently, it was only necessary for Diane and her attorney to establish that Diane was entitled to the damages alleged, within reason. She and her attorney were able to do so.

Once Anton realized that Diane had received the basic award she had requested, his position hit home to him and he looked for another attorney to help him.

The attorney from whom Anton sought help is well known and respected in legal circles: Kent Russell. The reason why Anton turned to him, I imagine, is because Russell is one of the premier habeas corpus lawyers, and so relief in difficult cases is his ballgame. In September of 2007 I asked Russell some questions via email, and then by telephone.

Russell told me that he “knew next to nothing about Anton except that some people thought he was the devil.” He did not agree with that assessment, Russell said. “[Anton] turned out to be one of the most gentle, intelligent, and personable people I’d ever met, and a very respectful client.”

Anton hired Russell on an hourly basis, Russell said, for the purpose of relieving him from the judgment Diane had obtained “without [Anton’s] knowledge and/or understanding of what was going on.” [He was merely repeating Anton’s excuse, not asserting his own evaluation.] Russell’s fee was generous, much lower than he usually charged.
There had been talk circulating among acquaintances of Anton that there were three reasons why Anton had been so negligent: First, he was displaying his usual arrogance with the attitude that Diane was not going to be able to match his power, and no matter what her lawyer did, nothing adverse was going to happen to him. Second, in contradiction to the first reason, Anton had become too ill to fight. Third, again in contradiction to the first reason, Anton was so deeply in love with Diane that he was crushed and did not have the drive to fight her. “His heart was not in it” was a frequent comment.

Owen Mayer agreed that the first reason was possible, but not the second and third. “Anton appeared ill neither physically nor mentally,” Owen told me. “It is not true that Anton’s ‘heart was not in it.’ He wanted me to oppose [Diane] with all of my tactics and weapons.” The ultimate problem, Owen concluded, was: “Like most people, sharp or not, Anton didn’t understand legal procedures.”

Kent Russell had no comment as to the first reason. He, like Owen Mayer, disagreed with the second and third. He said: “Anton did not look sick to me.” And as for Anton’s attitude toward Diane, Russell said: “He felt taken advantage of. He told me ‘Diane pulled a fast one on me.’ He was angry and wanted to fight.”

It was disingenuous for Anton to tell Russell that Diane had “pulled a fast one” on him. She had in hand a legal agreement that he had breached; and, to her credit, she offered Anton an easy way out of the breach. She told him to give her $25,000 as an award for all of the work she had done for him and the Church of Satan over the past three decades, and she would walk away without any further demand on him and without any complaint about his treatment of her. He was foolish not to have accepted her offer.

What happened when Anton, represented by Russell, sought relief from the court, is best described as a slaughter. Here is the cast of characters Anton and his attorney faced.

**Diane Hegarty, the plaintiff** – Over the past three decades, Diane had served Anton as his amanuensis, and had served the Church of Satan as its only true High Priestess (those claiming that title since then are fakes). She had represented herself as the wife of Anton, “Diane LaVey,” in every possible way. She had cooperated with Anton in his pranking, even adding her own contributions to a few of the pranks.
While upset over Anton’s relationship with Jayne Mansfield, Diane aided him in telling his stories about it, seeming, when she added details about the relationship, to be proud of it. As she has admitted publicly, she forged the love note, addressed to Anton as “Tony,” on the famous calendar showing Marilyn Monroe nude – not to provide support for Anton’s story, but just as a prank. And there were a lot more of her shenanigans, dating back to her school days, that she may be revealing in her memoirs. Diane’s deceptions should have been brought to the attention of the judge hearing Anton’s plea for relief, although given the nature of that female judge, whatever evidence she had before her, and the statutory and case law by which she would be guided, any showing of doubt as to Diane’s veracity probably would have been construed as irrelevant.

The hearing judge had before her a motion by attorney Russell to set aside the default judgment against Anton and order a “new trial.” (Of course there had been no trial; the request for a “new trial” is merely one of the formal titles used in seeking to reopen a case.) Anton’s major excuses for being in default were illness and ignorance of what he had been required by law to do when he was found to be in default. In response to those excuses, Diane’s attorney had her swear out a declaration under oath – dated September 3, 1991 - that stated, in its most pertinent parts:

“2. During the 23 years I lived with defendant LaVey, his health was always a pivotal issue. Though he refused to attend to his teeth or his personal hygiene – never bathing or seeing a dentist – he worried constantly about his hypertension and his heart murmur, diagnosed by Dr. Irving Warner in 1970.

“3. Dr. Warner and several other doctors recommended regular cardiac monitoring and moderate exercise to defendant. He chose to ignore most of their advice, particularly that pertaining to treatment. He would keep his regularly scheduled doctor’s appointments but refused to participate in cardiac testing, cardiac monitoring, or exercise. Instead he would insist that his daughters and I measure his blood pressure, using a device we had purchased for that purpose. We sometimes performed this service for him as many as 15 times a day. Often, if the reading was high, he would accuse me of saying or doing something to elevate his blood pressure. He would then use the elevated blood reading as an excuse to cancel participation in whatever activity we had planned. Many of our friends and associates observed these episodes.
“4. I knew defendant LaVey to be an intelligent, articulate, and charismatic man. He is extraordinarily well-read. During our life together, his friends and acquaintances were writers, artists, actors, businessmen, and lawyers. He never lacked for resources to accomplish anything he wanted to do. His former lawyer is an example: Owen Mayer is related to defendant LaVey by the marriage of defendant’s father to Mr. Mayer’s mother.”

If you wonder why a woman who lived with a man she construed as her common law husband for many years would call him “defendant LaVey,” know that the terminology was not Diane’s, but rather her lawyer’s. Diane told Elizabeth Benford what facts to include in the declaration, but Benford wrote it, in typical lawyer jargon. As for the facts, most of them are at least close to the truth, except the “15 times a day business” and Anton’s using ill health as an excuse to cancel participation in an activity. I was in the former “black house” day after day, night after night, during the time when the supposed blood pressure readings were being taken, purportedly, “15 times a day.” I did not see Anton’s blood pressure being taken even once. And Anton cancel participation in activities? That is not the Anton I knew. But of course Diane knew him better than I did, and she still insists that she told the truth.

Zeena LaVey Schreck – On August 27, 1991, Zeena executed a declaration under oath in opposition to the motion of Anton to set aside the default. By that time Anton had thrown Zeena out of the Church of Satan and she had moved abroad to Austria with the man she has claimed to be her “husband,” Nazi-lover and white supremacist Nikolas Schreck. According to Zeena, Anton had promised to cede the Church of Satan to her, not only as High Priestess but also as the veritable leader of it. When, instead, Anton ran her and Nikolas out of the Church altogether, she became furious practically to the point of madness. For many years thereafter Zeena’s major goal was to destroy Anton by presenting a one-track view of him as a fraud. She went about that task by painting him as a violent monster and by nitpicking: Anton said he was second oboist in the San Francisco Ballet Orchestra, but there was no such orchestra; Anton said he traveled to France in the 1950’s, but actually he did not travel there until 1970; Anton said he shaved his head on the day in April that he began the Church of Satan, but he did not shave it until two months later, etc., etc., ad infinitum, ad nauseum. Still worse, of course, as I have already explained, were her monstrous lies.
Since there are many men and women in this world who despised Anton, and since there are numerous mass media persons who thrive on denigrations of celebrities and alleged scandals in their lives, Zeena had no trouble in finding newspaper and magazine writers, radio and tv hosts, and web site producers, to spread her trash and garbage widely. Again, this is not to assert that everything Zeena has said is untrue. Some of her revelations about Anton are correct. But whatever she has claimed that is true is submerged in the detritus of her egregious lying.

Anton had compelling reasons for throwing Zeena and Nikolas out of the Church of Satan, along with the neo-Nazis sporting swastikas on their clothing. The swastika gang was identifying Anton with Nazism, and finally he decided to put an end to it, desire to learn more about the “Black Order” notwithstanding.

Additionally, there was the problem of Zeena’s alleged husband Nikolas’s offering a convoluted defense of Charles Manson, extolling him in a book, and describing him in a televised interview as an astute philosopher and analyst of American society.

Anton, too, had appeared to side somewhat with Manson by noting that the central claim against him was that he had “influenced” the murderers of Sharon Tate and her friends. “If you can prosecute someone for influencing others, that could cause big trouble for a lot of people,” Anton said. He backed off that view, however, at least by August 1988, when Zeena and Nikolas staged a celebration of the murders committed by the Charles Manson clan.

Anton and I had talked about the murderers, whom he consigned to his “destructive organisms” category. “If I had been there,” he said, “they would not have consumed all of the attention paid to them and taxpayers’ money for their imprisonment. They would have been cut down with a forty-five Magnum.” But, in contrast to his attitude, his daughter and her alleged husband had staged a celebration of the murders, and that was completely different than the offering of a rationalized kind of defense for Charles Manson. Anton wisely backed away from it.

After being shattered into a realization of what Zeena had become, the question is why Anton had allowed her to continue as a Church priestess as long as he did – 1990 was the cutoff date. That was not wise. It was a mistake. Nor did the delay in doing what he had to do make any difference in the result.
Bottom line: Though Anton had made Nikolas a priest in the Church, he came to regret it and to despise Nikolas. And he was increasingly aggravated by Zeena’s activities and by her abuse of his grandson Stanton, who was living in the former “black house.” Once Zeena was booted, of course, Stanton went with her, and Anton could not prevent that because she did have custody rights as his biological mother.

Zeena, as you would expect, has told a different story. According to her, she left the Church of Satan because of her disgust with Anton, following which she declared him to be her “unfather” and referred to him, other than in court, only as “ASL” – and, as you can guess, there was double entendre in that identification. (Say “ASL” to yourself as if a word.)

Zeena as she looked around the late 1980’s, heavily made up as a priestess of the Church of Satan (resting in front of the Baphomet sigil), and au naturel – either way a beauty, as she was throughout her childhood and into early adulthood.

Here is what Zeena stated in her declaration:

“1. I am the daughter of plaintiff Diane Hegarty and defendant Anton LaVey.
“2. In 1974 [she was eleven years old then] my mother explained to me that my father had a heart murmur in addition to the hypertension we already knew about. For several years my mother, my sister Karla, and I had all made ourselves available to monitor his blood pressure, using a standard cuff and meter. Sometimes defendant had me perform this task 3-5 times in a half-hour period. Defendant would then take the highest reading as proof he could not participate in any deadline or family responsibility.

“3. Defendant LaVey often developed other sudden illnesses, such as headaches, flu, or dizziness. These symptoms usually occurred shortly before a long-planned appointment or commitment, causing him to cancel his participation. If I mentioned having a cold, he always had worse symptoms than mine.

“4. Since my mother filed this action, I have frequently heard defendant LaVey express his utter contempt for all aspects of the case. He consistently refused to get a lawyer [obviously false], expressing the belief that if he refused to participate, ‘the idiots would get tired of their little game and just give up.’

“5. Defendant LaVey has left me in no doubt that he did not intend to participate in the lawsuit, although he was aware at all times what was being asked of him. His health was not the issue except when it was useful. He simply wanted to punish my mother for leaving him by depriving her of everything she had worked to obtain during the time they lived together.”

Obviously, that declaration was arranged and worded for Zeena by Diane’s lawyer, Elizabeth Benford. A daughter does not refer to her father as “defendant” followed by his last name (“defendant LaVey”), even if she hates him, and she especially does not do so in the same declaration in which she calls her mother “my mother.” But, of course, Zeena was not just any daughter. She was and remains still one of the most unique daughters in all the world.

At the age of eleven or before then, Zeena did not know or understand anything about hypertension. She would have been unfamiliar with that term. Nor would Anton have been crazy enough to let a child that young monitor his blood pressure with any kind of device. I was in the “black house” in 1974 when this so-called monitoring occurred. I did not see it even once.

And three to five times within half an hour? Forget it. Diane has told me it is true; but I do not believe it.

Zeena’s testimony was perjured, and attorney Benford knew it was.
Diane has insisted that Zeena’s description of what amounts to hypochondria was true; but I do not believe it. I was around the “black house” frequently at the time Zeena was talking about. There were no developments of “sudden illnesses.” There were no headaches and there was no dizziness. Twice during the years I was around, Anton had a respiratory ailment. Once it was a cold, and that he had a cold was evident. The other time it was a mild case of the flu, and his attitude toward flu was fascinating. He said he enjoyed taking advantage of it. “I can go somewhere warm such as a beach resort, sit in the sun, drink margaritas, sweat and relax, and just enjoy it.”

Diane also has supported Zeena’s statement that Anton used illness as an excuse to “cancel participation.” But when the Anton I knew was invited to participate in something, you would have to tie him down to keep him away. The purpose of Zeena’s declaration was to make Anton’s failure to participate in litigation appear to be his routine conduct.

Zeena’s testimony that Karla made herself “available” to monitor Anton’s blood pressure also was perjured. In all the years that I was in the “black house,” I saw Karla once. She was always someplace else: at college events, traveling in Europe, any place except in the company of her father. Karla did not pay much attention to her father until she had a chance to inherit part of his estate. Since then she has fraudulently called herself the high priestess of the Church of Satan.

The judge hearing the motion at issue ought to have recognized that Zeena’s testimony was perjured [e.g., there was a lawyer before her, representing Anton.] But would it have made any difference if she had? I do not think so.

**Nikolas Schreck (Barry Dubin)** – As the final travesty in the farce that I call a slaughter in lieu of a legal procedure, Diane and her attorney used that shining knight of white supremacy, Nazi-lover Nikolas Schreck (rhymes with dreck), to testify against Anton. His name at birth was Barry Dubin. He is a rare if not a unique Jew: an admirer of Adolf Hitler and an advocate of expanding upon that genocidal maniac’s views.

In an interview with American Nazi Tom Metzger, host of the public access tv program “Race and Reason,” Dubin/Schreck discussed the Abraxas Foundation that he organized with Zeena’s lover before him, fascist Boyd Rice, who has advocated the right of men to rape women on the basis of males’ natural superiority over women.
His major “interest,” Dubin/Schreck told Metzger, is to “control human beings.” He described Abraxas as “a fascist occult think tank” whose members “seek to eradicate Judaeo-Christian theology.” Also, he explained, “we want to wipe out humanist thought” such as that which advocates equality.

To the extent that both Abraxas and “the skinhead movement” are against racial mixing, he approves of what the skinheads are doing, Dubin/Schreck said. Racial mixing, he explained further, “is inimical to the natural order,” as are African and Asian cultures, which he and his followers are determined to destroy and replace with a white European culture that dominates the world.

He and his colleagues are aiming to take humanity, Dubin/Schreck declared, to a “place” where “Nazism will look like kindergarten stuff.”

On the same program, Dubin/Schreck extolled Charles Manson, as he has in a book titled *The Manson File.* Manson, Dubin/Schreck told Metzger, was “one of the few voices of reason in the Sixties,” especially in light of his goal of creating “a white ecological colony, the same as [sought by] Hitler.”

It would be interesting to know why Dubin changed his name to Schreck. My guess is that he took the name Schreck from that of Julius Schreck, the first commander of the Nazis’ terror squad *Schutzstaffel* (Protective Squadron), known as the SS.

That makes sense, since *schreck,* translated from the German to English, means fright or terror.

The same kind of connection is found in the “Werewolf Order” that Dubin/Schreck founded and that he has used to produce a radio show and a “gothic music” band. The name for all of that apparently emanates from Dubin/Schreck’s admiration of a Nazi front, pre-World War II organization called the Werewolf Corps.

I do not want to leave the reader with any possibility of concluding that Zeena acted as she did under the influence or power of Nikolas, without realizing that she was in effect cooperating with a fanatic who is aiming to take his anti-human viewpoints even further than Adolf Hitler took his maniacal ideas for genocide. Even if Zeena has some kind of mental disorder, she has demonstrated a certain degree of intelligence in her writings and in media interviews; and she has cooperated completely with all of Nikolas’s activities, even singing a few numbers with the Werewolf band.
Nikolas and Zeena sometime in the late 1980’s

Such is the character that Zeena chose as her soul mate and, if she is telling the truth, her “husband.” And such is the character that Diane’s attorney, Elizabeth Benford, saw fit to use as a testifiant for the purpose of denigrating Anton so that his motion for relief from default would be defeated. Benford had no excuse for this travesty. As shown in the result, she was going to prevail without offering testimony from a pathological liar and a neo-Nazi in support of her opposition.

In a declaration that he executed on April 27, 1991, in Vienna, where he was living with Zeena, Dubin/Schreck testified under oath that he had “worked as an associate of and frequent collaborator with Anton LaVey” from February 1988 to April 1990. He repeated the same kind of testimony that Zeena had offered as to Anton’s “illnesses” and use of them to avoid all sorts of situations.
“When I or other of his associates inquired as to why he continuously refused to attend hearings or depositions involving this case or even to hire an attorney to represent him,” Dubin/Schreck testified, “he repeatedly stated that he couldn’t trust anyone in the legal profession and that furthermore he believed he was being wrongfully attacked since in his opinion he was not in the wrong whatsoever concerning Diane Hegarty’s complaints. He also claimed that he had no intention of ever giving up his California Street residence or honoring any financial agreement with Ms. Hegarty.”

Dubin/Schreck concluded: “I trust that in light of Mr. LaVey’s track record of utilizing medical problems to escape from responsibility and his unwavering contempt for the due process of law, the court will not allow him to continue to avoid justice with such flimsy prevarications.”

You need to know that the use of declarations is supposed to be strictly for the statement of facts, not opinions. The judge who was assigned to hear Anton’s motion for relief and new trial should have stricken the Dubin/Schreck declaration, as well as parts of Zeena’s, at least for that reason.

Judge Ollie Marie-Victoire – And now I introduce you to the judge who heard the mostly uncontested testimony of Diane, Zeena, and Barry/Nikolas. If there was any chance at all that Anton’s lawyer could obtain relief from default and restart the proceedings, it ended with the draw of the judge who was to decide: Ollie Marie-Victoire, a raging feminist and, in most ways, a stickler for conformity – unless the conformity did not match her feminist fanaticism.

Ollie and I go way back, to use the popular expression for an on again-off again relationship of many years. So, what you read here is from my personal knowledge.

Ollie was a ballet dancer when, in 1946, she was introduced at a thé dansant (tea dance) in Denver, Colorado which had been arranged for members of the French Air Force. One of the pilots was a World War II combat hero, Georges Marie-Victoire. Their meeting led to marriage and the end of Ollie’s career as a ballet dancer. Not content to be just a housewife and mother, Ollie decided to pursue a career in law. Financing Ollie’s education in her newly chosen field was no problem for Georges. He had made a lot of money in the import and export of wines and liquors, first as an executive in others’ firms and then as owner of his own business.
Following a successful career as an attorney, Ollie was appointed to the San Francisco Municipal Court (which was to be consolidated with the Superior Court) by then Governor Ronald Reagan. She soon developed a reputation for being a “loose cannon,” the term for her used by many lawyers. What they meant by the term varied. To some lawyers Ollie was a “loose cannon” because she did not decide a case in the way that they wanted. Generally, she earned that appellation by her unpredictability. You never knew whether she would rule as a so-called “hanging judge” or a judge who was lenient – a better distinction than the vague “conservative” vs. “liberal.”

For example, Ollie delivered a sentence of seven years to life imprisonment for a technical “kidnapping” of a woman the offender did not harm. But after the seven years were up, she began campaigning for his parole, arguing with the Parole Board that the man had been “punished enough.” A better example: She was known as a strict law-and-order judge and person; but she staged her own one-woman sit-in at the Bohemian Club, long the exclusive male-only province of some of the wealthiest and most prominent men in California. She just sat down at a table in the restaurant and would not budge without being served. And of course that was a law violation.

I became acquainted with Ollie in the mid-1970’s, when I was in the midst of a career as an investigative journalist. I wrote an article about her battles with lawyers from the San Francisco District Attorney’s office over her insistence that for every arrest and prosecution of a female prostitute, the male “john” (or “trick”) be arrested and prosecuted as well. After getting nowhere in their efforts to induce her to change her mind (once her mind is made up, you do not change it), the lawyers began using what is known as a peremptory disqualification against her so that she would be automatically taken off any case dealing with prostitution.

My article about the situation, unlike articles by other journalists, was favorable toward Ollie. That caused her to mail an envelope to me containing one piece of paper that had only one written word on it – her signature, “Ollie.” Above it was her drawing in red of a heart with an arrow running through it. When I was presented with a San Francisco Bar Association media award at a convention of the Association in the Hyatt Regency main ballroom, Ollie was there to meet me. We became friendly, had lunch together several times. She sponsored me when I sought a grant, describing me as the most accurate journalist she had ever known.
But when Ollie saw an article of mine attacking Hillary Clinton, she sent an email message to me, ordering me to never communicate with her again.

Before Ollie in the “Hegarty-LaVey matter” was testimony from women describing Anton’s male chauvinism, his alleged violence, and other claims not substantiated and not relevant to the issues: Anton’s request for relief from default and judgment was based on his claims that ill health, lack of understanding of what had been going on, and mail delivery problems, had caused him to be in default. Ollie was having no truck with it. She ruled (excerpted):

“Defendant’s motions for new trial and to set aside default judgment must be denied…The entry of default was made by the court as a result of defendant’s failure to participate in reasonable discovery. The order sanctioned defendant for misconduct and not because he had neglected to answer and appear in the action.

“…Over eleven months elapsed before defendant took any action. This alone is sufficient to deny his application.

“…Defendant’s supposed poor health [clearly given no credibility by Ollie] does not qualify as an excusable neglect. He has provided no medical records or declarations of medical doctors regarding the state of his health...[That was not true.]

“On June 22, 1990 defendant was admitted to San Francisco General Hospital with similar symptoms [as those that were seen previously] and was diagnosed with congestive heart failure, not cardiac arrest. The hospital records state that defendant ‘was in his usual state of health until three weeks ago’ and that ‘he is resistant to most efforts by physicians to initiate medical therapy’ [emphasis added by Ollie].

“…[Anton] admits in his declaration that he received notices after the substitution of attorneys [from Owen Mayer to Anton in propria persona] was filed in December 1989, but that he turned over the entire responsibility of the lawsuit to Blanche Barton, his secretary. Barton states in her declaration that she had ‘no knowledge of deadlines’; however, she corresponded with plaintiff’s attorney regarding the notices of defendant’s deposition and the notice of entry of default...At this point defendant had six months to move to set aside the default...

“For the first time defendant and his secretary state in their declaration problems with mailbox vandalism [sic]. In all of the documents between the parties over the past two years, there was no mention of this problem...
“Of particular interest is a letter dated June 6, 1990 from Barton to plaintiff’s attorney. This letter made reference to plaintiff’s demands and the subject property agreement, and proposed an alternate settlement plan. This letter threatens plaintiff [Diane, remember] with action by ‘blind zealots’ of defendant’s church should she persist with her lawsuit.”

In the previous parts of this book, I stated that Anton was not crazy. Maybe I should have qualified that by stating that it only pertains to the period extending to the late 1980’s, when he certainly appears to have gone crazy – and “Blanche” along with him. I understand their tactic. They were not telling Diane’s attorney that they, or rather Anton, would sic devoted followers of Anton on Diane. They meant that there could be danger to Diane from “blind zealots” acting on their own. But they should have known – certainly as two intelligent human beings, they should have known – that this kind of statement, included in a letter to Diane’s lawyer, would be offered in court in its most sinister light.

There were other statements by Anton contained in the court record that were contradictory and beyond credibility, or were so revealing of Anton’s scams that any judge would be inclined to believe anybody but him and to grant no leniency in dealing with him. In the medical record from San Francisco General Hospital, Ollie must have noticed, Anton identified himself as “Mr. Mellare” and his daughter as “Carla,” while in other filings he had identified himself as “Anthony Mallare.” He freely admitted that he had filed fraudulent joint income tax returns identifying himself and Diane as husband and wife. He denied that his father and mother had deeded the “black house” half to Diane and half to himself.

But neither did Diane come across as the honest and clean one in all of the fraud over the years. She admitted in an amended complaint that attorney Benford filed on her behalf that she had presented herself publicly as Anton’s wife and joined him in filing the joint income tax returns; and most observers would say she fibbed in the complaint by identifying herself as the “co-founder” of the Church of Satan, though she insists that she was. [For those of you versed in law, please accept my apology for insulting your intelligence, but I have to explain for readers who are not, yet probably understand that it was attorney Benford who wrote the complaint, and not Diane: In the American system of representative litigation, you as the client are held responsible for any false statement made by your attorney, especially when you are aware that it is in fact a false statement.]
In the same amended complaint, Diane stated through attorney Benford that on July 6, 1971, she joined Anton in an “application for loan” in which they stated that they were married, that they were renting the house at 6114 California Street [but they knew that they were about to become legal owners of the house, which happened three days later], and that Diane’s occupation was “secretary” and her “employer” was her “husband.”

For whatever interest it may be, on the loan application Anton and Diane stated “cash on hand $250, savings account $1384, checking account $219.”

It was in the same amended complaint that Benford had Diane claim that she had been “periodically subjected to physical and verbal abuse” by Anton from 1962 [the third year of their relationship] to 1984, and for that reason she “left the family residence” on April 30, 1984 “in fear for her life.”

To understand how much credibility that statement can be accorded, some details about Anton’s and Diane’s life together are in order.

Anton loved Diane. At least one edition of his major work, The Satanic Bible, was inscribed: “For Diane, with everlasting love.”

During the time of the fling between Anton and Jayne Mansfield, when it appeared that Jayne wanted Anton to dump Diane while she ended her relationship with Brody so that she could live with her “satanic priest,” and Anton was discussing that possibility with me, he said: “Do you think I would ever throw over Diane for Jayne or anybody else? I would have to be crazy.”

Diane has confided in a few individuals close to her that after the slapping episodes occurred and she returned to the “black house” with the ultimatum that it cease or she would be gone for good, there was no more violence until, so she has alleged, the occurrence in 1984 when Anton supposedly put a stranglehold on her. So, by her own admission, there could not have been physical abuse during the entire period she specified. She never told anyone that there was; and I never saw any kind of mark on her that would indicate Anton was hitting her.

In the only time Anton ever laid a hand on Diane, in my experience, the purpose was to pull off one of his pranks for the benefit of some guest – and also for me. Anton liked to play monster. He would cork himself into a hunchbacked demon figure, one arm hanging like an elephant’s trunk, while he placed his opposite hand, curled into a distorted fist, over his nose, and maintain that position long enough for Diane to perform her part of the act.
Diane’s part of the act was to play fearful female, shrieking and hopping up and down, but making no move to get away. After perhaps half a minute of that combined part of the act, Anton would pick up Diane and sling her, still screaming, over his back. He was careful not to do that in a way to cause harm to her.

So, except for the final episode that caused Diane to “fear for her life” (if she was telling the truth), there seemed to me to be no physical abuse that was going on. But there certainly was verbal abuse. That I observed, more than once. For example, one afternoon when I was with Anton in the kitchen, where Diane was preparing soup for him to slurp like Geezle (another of his pranks), he decided for some reason that she was not stirring the soup enough. He told her once about it and, getting no response except a somewhat menacing glance over her shoulder, he snapped at her in a loud voice: “Stir that soup!” She glowered and snapped at him: “Annntonnnnn…” And that was all it took to shut him up.

Hence, while the statement in the amended complaint that Diane was subjected to verbal abuse was true, omitted from the statement was the qualifier that Diane would not put up with it. She did not really consider herself to be Anton’s “secretary.” She was her own boss. Nor did she agree all of the time with Anton’s pontifications. She told me more than once: “We are not the Bobbsey twins.”

[For those of you who are too young to know how popular that expression was for a long time: the “Bobbsey Twins” were invented in 1904 by the childrens’ book author Edward Stratemeyer. Eventually there were 72 volumes of Bobbsey Twin books, many of them bearing the pseudonym Laura Lee Hope as author, most of them not written by the man who wrote the original story. The books were read by millions of children – and maybe, albeit secretively, by their parents. They became so embedded in American culture that “Bobbsey Twins” became a commonly used phrase to refer to two persons acting like one another.]

This is not to say that Anton and Diane did not share many values. In fact, they shared quite a few attitudes toward humanity, its customs, and also its bête noires. For instance, they both admired and felt protective toward spiders, and up to a point allowed them free run of the house. When there were guests and Anton noticed a spider crawling on the floor near them, he would interrupt conversation with a “wait a minute, there’s a spider, don’t anybody move.” And then he would flick his hand over the insect, directing its panicky run toward a hiding place, calling at it: “Shoo! Shoo! Get back under there!”
Diane, in turn, would caution guests not to harm the spiders. There were a number of them in the lavatory of the basement barroom, and when somebody had to use it, Diane would abjure them: “Watch out! Don’t step on my spiders!”

There was a limit, however, to Anton’s tolerance of the insects. If too many of them invaded an area of the house, then he would exterminate them. “If they get to be too much of a problem,” he told me, “then you have to get rid of them. It’s survival of the fittest.”

To get to the point of all this, when I dug into the court record of the litigation that put an end to the Anton-Diane relationship, I was flabbergasted by the degree of the hostility alleged. It did not accord with what I had seen.

According to Diane, the final contact between her and Anton occurred not while she was still living in the “black house,” but rather after she had left. She said she “happened” to stop by the house with Karla, who was to pick up a jacket for her. The question is why Diane would go inside with Karla, if Diane “feared for her life.” In any event, whatever is to be made of that story, it does not jibe with Diane’s statement that she left the house in “fear for her life,” because that statement referred to what allegedly happened when she moved out of the house, not after she returned to it with Karla.

To continue with Diane’s story, Anton put a stranglehold on her – for what reason Diane has not said – and the strangling only stopped because Karla yelled at Anton and grabbed his throat, causing him to release Diane. That description of what happened would be incredible to anyone who knew how strong Anton still was and how small, slender, and weak Karla was. Anton could have slung her off of him with one swing of an arm.

Diane’s conclusion to the story she tells is also hard to accept, because it lacks evidence. Diane insists that she and Karla drove to the nearest police station to file a report, which she retains, of Anton’s attack. There is no such report, however, in the files of the Police Department; nor did Diane try to have Anton prosecuted. So, report or no report, for that reason her story lacks credibility.

There is one other aspect of Diane’s story that might be considered relevant. Among Diane’s allegations, in the court papers filed by her attorney, there is the statement that by February of 1984 Diane had begun psychiatric therapy “for a mental impairment resulting from years of physical and emotional abuse at the hands of defendant.” But no evidence was presented to support that allegation.
As I have already indicated, whether the stories that Diane told were fabricated to make Anton look like as much of a monster as possible, or were true, is practically irrelevant, because Anton was bound to lose in the motion before the hearing judge, Ollie Marie-Victoire. In my opinion, it was not only the parties to the litigation who were lying – including Anton and Sharon – but also the judge.

For example, while Ollie declared that there was no medical record to support Anton’s claims of illness, the truth was the opposite; and there was far more involved than the only problem Ollie mentioned, congestive heart failure. The medical records of Anton revealed that he was suffering from valvular heart disease, renal insufficiency, extreme hypertension, and blood disorders, along with congestive heart failure. Also, the record showed that he had to be admitted to a hospital several times during the period of the legal proceedings.

Following admission of Anton to the San Francisco General Hospital, for instance, the examining physician concluded on his report: “Mr. Mellare” has “renal insufficiency... hypertension...severe heart murmurs...congestive heart failure...valvular heart disease...” and “atrial fibrillation.” The physician added that “Mr. Mellare” was “dirty” and “poorly cooperative.”

Okay, Anton was not cooperative, and once again he had used a fake name. But his medical problems were far more severe than acknowledged by Ollie, and there was reason to believe he was incapacitated by them.

The record before Ollie showed that Anton had been in Children’s Hospital for five days, May 12-17, 1990, this time using the name Anton LaVey. The record before Ollie showed that during this time Anton had experienced cardiac failure. Ollie had read that. And yet she stated that there was not before her any record of “cardiac arrest,” but only of congestive heart failure. Well, the term on the medical record is not “cardiac arrest”; rather it is “cardiac failure.” Moreover, the record before Ollie, which she dismissed so cavalierly, showed that other reasons for Anton’s having been in the hospital for five days included extreme difficulty in breathing and sleeping, a swollen stomach, and fluttering of his heart (extremely dangerous).

Injustice, not justice, was done in the farce that did in Anton. Yes, he delayed beyond the limit for the requesting of relief from default judgment. But a judge almost always has what is known as judicial discretion, so that rules can be and in fact frequently are ignored. What Ollie ignored was truth.
“Accordingly,” Ollie concluded in her written opinion, “this court finds that plaintiff’s judgment is valid and should not be set aside, except that there should be a hearing on the amount of attorney’s fees awarded to plaintiff’s attorney.

“Finally, for future reference and possible review by the Court of Appeal, this court specifically finds that defendant’s conduct has been calculated and designed to prevent plaintiff from obtaining her rights to the jointly-owned real and personal property. He has disobeyed a court order and has suffered the consequences. He now seeks relief from the very court for which he has shown contempt in the past.”

A month after that decision, Ollie awarded to Diane “the value of one-half interest in the jointly-owned real property, 6114 California Street, for a total of $210,000” plus half the value of personal property; interest of $47,000 relative to delayed sale of the property; ten percent royalties on books, $2,700 for the past two years and $1,200 a year thereafter; the value of 50 percent of gross business income from 1984 to dissolution of the partnership between Anton and Diane, in the sum of $71,000; moving, relocation, retraining, and medical expenses incurred by Diane following her “ouster” from the “black house”; $30,000 in attorney fees plus $300 court costs and sanctions of $500; and punitive damages of $175,000. And Anton was ordered to get on with sale of the house.

At that point, Diane’s offer to walk away with $25,000 must have looked awfully good to Anton.

**Bankruptcy**

Anton told Kent Russell that he did not want to appeal. Since Russell does not know why, I do not, either. All I can say is that it was another mistake. Anton had been clobbered. He was faced with losing everything: the house, many of his most treasured possessions, his cars, his bank account. There was a chance, however slim, of convincing the appellate court to reverse Ollie’s opinion based on perjured testimony, and especially based on Ollie’s evident bias [such as her characterization of Diane’s choice to leave the “black house” as her “ouster” from it] and Ollie’s obvious lies. It is difficult to understand why Anton did not take that slim chance. Instead, he chose to give up and declare himself bankrupt. Maybe that is the reason: he had run out of money to fight. Maybe he had also run out of the will to do so. Or maybe he truly had become too ill to do so.
In the bankruptcy proceedings, at long last attorney Scott Bassin appeared to represent Anton. The question was: Where had Scott Bassin been all of this time? Since its beginning he had been the attorney and agent for service for the Church of Satan. But he was nowhere to be found during the superior court proceedings, and when I asked him to talk to me so that I could understand better exactly what had taken place in the U.S. Bankruptcy Court for the Northern District of California, he would not respond. With no one else willing to talk, either – including Diane’s attorneys – I can only offer from the Bankruptcy Court record what may be of interest to a reader of this history.

Bassin told the bankruptcy judge that he hoped to work out a settlement with Diane’s lawyers – there were then two of them – so that the squabbling could end. He explained that there was no point in it, because Diane already had taken possession of major assets such as Anton’s 1967 Jaguar, and since there were no mortgage payments due on the former “black house,” all that remained to be done was to sell it, split up the money as Ollie had ordered, and pay Diane whatever Anton had left.

There was testimony that five individuals were living in the house, all rent free: “Blanche,” Karla, Ken Anger, and two friends of theirs. Karla testified that Anton had no cars left and she had to drive him to the bankruptcy court.

Agents for Prudential Realty conducted an appraisal of the house’s value, setting the figure at $295,000. One of the lawyers for Diane objected, stating that a different appraisal had produced a value figure of $420,000. Then and now, that figure is absurd. The house was in disrepair. Boards were rotting. Plaster was crumbling. Either there was no heating system or, if there was, it had been inoperative for more than twenty years. (During winter months, when there were requests from Church members and friends and visitors that the heat be turned up, Anton always said it was kept down because he and Diane, and others closest to him, preferred that it be that way – and of course that explanation was provided so as to conceal the fact that there was no heating system.)

In the court record there is a notation that on March 27, 1992, Diane’s bankruptcy lawyer, Jane Grieco, sought a court order requiring Anton to begin paying Diane $1,200 a month. That amount was based on figures taken from a joint Anton-Diane income tax return showing it would have left Anton with a monthly income of $600 which, Grieco suggested, was quite reasonable.
Here is what fascinates me about the introduction of the income tax return. It showed Anton and Diane filing as husband and wife; she was identified on it as “Diane LaVey.” Yet she was in court as Diane Hegarty, and in the business agreement at the root of the hole Anton had dug for himself, Diane is identified as Hegarty. I have a difficult time understanding how and why Ollie and the bankruptcy judge made no attempt to factor fraud into the proceedings.

Of course the fraud was on the part of both of them, not just Diane. Indeed, Anton might have been construed to be more responsible for it than Diane. And yet I cannot help wondering if the income tax return and the grant deed, by means of which Diane obtained half interest in the property at 6114 California Street as Anton’s lawful wife, should have been invalidated.

The next notation in the bankruptcy court proceedings has the attorneys agreeing on behalf of Anton and Diane to list the house for sale. A trustee took over and agreed to sell the house to “Werby Realty Company,” a name that Don Werby established for this one deal, since that was not really an operating business. His operating business was Grosvenor Properties, the outfit that was involved in the destruction of the Fox Theater and the desecration of the ground on which it had stood with that inverted ice cube tray called Fox Plaza. But, in 1992, it appeared that Don might make up for his dastardly deed by buying and preserving the former “black house.” On January 27, 1993, the trustee approved a sale price of $240,000. Don plunked down $70,000 to seal the deal.

Taken from the money, from what I can make of the record, were: $7,380 to pay the trustee’s fee; $6,219 as the fee for the trustee’s attorney; $14,400 to cover the commission for Prudential California Realty; and a fee of $15,000 for Scott Bassin. The balance went to Diane. It was, by far, the largest amount of money she had ever acquired in her life. She gets my vote for the most effective witch Anton ever created. And in this case it backfired on him.

But for Donald Werby, it would not have been possible for Anton to remain in what had been the “black house,” but no longer could be called that, since it had been painted chartreuse. Don allowed Anton to continue living in it – rent free, I believe, though I am not certain about that, since Don was dead by time I began research for this book, and I have been unable to find anyone who knows the details. Karla, who was with Don in the last days of his life, knows the details, but is in hiding, pretending to be running the “First Church of Satan.”
Seclusion and Death

Safely ensconced in the house he had occupied from the first days of his career as a “black magician,” Anton led a much more secluded life than he ever had. Once in awhile he granted an interview. Mostly he worked on books and wrote articles for the Church of Satan newsletter, *The Cloven Hoof*, which became a slick, professional, and graphically pleasing periodical under the management of “Blanche Barton.”

In his writing Anton became ever nastier in his attacks on Christian religion and the Judaeo-Christian “God.” In an essay entitled “The God of the Assholes,” Anton wrote: “He [God]…is a total asshole…He’s completely unjust: a shit disturber; impulsive, capricious and mercurial; irresponsible and unpredictable; a spoilsport, bad loser, child molester, and stoolie. He thrives on intrigue, scandal and gossip; likes to punish the just and reward the rotten…If a common man does not believe in him, he makes a believer out of the simple soul by killing his little girl or placing him into a precarious situation whereby the poor guy must pray to him. In short, God is just like real, unthinking, insensitive, avaricious and petty people.

“…I don’t quite know which is worse, an asshole or a fuckup – a wise guy or a dumbbell. Being as how the popular God seems to possess the characteristics of both, I want no part of him. I not only reject him, but I despise him. He is all that is mean and spiteful and petty. I would like to blow him away. If I thought that by firing my .45 into the air I could exterminate him, I would.”

The year 1993 brought some joy into Anton’s life in the form of his son by Sharon Densley, aka “Blanche Barton.”

An aging Anton with his son by “Blanche Barton”, Xerxes, whose full name is Satan Xerxes Canacki LaVey. So far as I know, nobody calls him by his first name, Satan. Friends, relatives, and writers all identify him only by the second of his names, Xerxes.
So long as Anton was alive and pumping spirit into the troops, the Church of Satan continued to be a thriving, albeit an unimportant entity. But once Anton was dead, despite the pretense of the survivors to the contrary, the show was over.

Anton’s death was a surprise to almost everyone, including me. For the most part he had not been heard from in a long time; and there had been no publicly disseminated information on his illnesses. I was particularly amazed that his death was not even announced until nearly two weeks after it occurred.

First to break the news was the San Francisco Examiner on its front page of November 7, 1997. The headline read: “Celebrity Satanist, true ’60s hell-raiser, off to join his master.” A subhead read: “High priestesses, wax model carry on La-Vey’s crusade.” The author of the story beneath the heads, Larry Hatfield, reported that Anton’s death, and the funeral for him, had been kept secret, according to “High Priestess Karla LaVey,” because of “security concerns.” At the same time that he identified Karla as the High Priestess, Hatfield identified “Blanche” as the High Priestess. That marked the beginning of ongoing squabbles over who was who in what remained of the Church of Satan.

In the line about a wax model carrying on Anton’s “crusade,” the headline writer (not Hatfield) displayed a bit of what is known as “journalistic license,” and even at that the writer should have used the plural, models, because he was referring to the fact that wax models of Anton were and are to be found in a number of wax museums.

The Examiner got to the story first because it was then an afternoon paper. The next morning, the rival San Francisco Chronicle followed with the story of Anton’s death, but relegated it to page 22 under the headline “Satanist’s Daughter to Keep the Faith.” The subhead read: “LaVey preached that life should be lived to the fullest, and he complained that he never got enough credit for helping start the human potential movement.” That was a new one on me.

In the Chronicle’s story, reporter Susan Sward revealed that the announcement of Anton’s death came in the form of a news conference in the famous “black house” and that Karla and “Blanche” had seen to it that the wax figure of Anton had been borrowed from the local wax museum for the purpose. Again they were both identified as “High Priestess,” whereas in fact Anton had not so designated either of them. To this day, the only true High Priestess of the Church of Satan remains Diane Hegarty/aka Diane LaVey.
Above is the photo and caption that appeared in the *Chronicle* the day after the news conference announcing the death of Anton. It was remarkable that “Blanche” allowed it to be a joint conference featuring Karla. “Blanche” was bitter about Karla’s lack of attention to Anton. Instead of tending to Anton, Karla had moved into the home of Don Werby. What she was doing there depends on the different gossip that was to be heard. I have no idea which version is correct; all I know is that she was not helping Anton when he needed help from her the most. It was hypocrisy for Karla to suddenly appear as the upholder of Anton’s legacy.

Both the caption and Sward’s story were somewhat inaccurate in attributing Anton’s death solely to heart disease. The cause of death would have been better stated as from a variety of complications including valvular problems, rheumatic heart disease, and pulmonary edema.

The date of death also was wrongly reported, not by the *Chronicle*, as October 31st. Actually, Anton’s death came two days earlier. There were accusations that “Blanche” or Karla had provided the erroneous date in order to make it appear that Anton’s death occurred on the day designated for Halloween. Actually, the error occurred by accident.
It is surprising that nobody in the mass media pounced on the fact that Anton had been taken by ambulance to, of all places, a Catholic hospital in San Francisco, St. Mary’s, and it was there that he succumbed to his ailments. That fact was hardly mentioned. Too bad. It would have been fun to know if he received last rites from a Catholic priest.

There are many fascinating aspects about the coverage of Anton’s death in the mass communications media. But I will content myself with mentioning just one more: how the death of Anton was positioned in the “Milestones” page of *Time* magazine. It was placed at the top of the page, ahead of the squibs reporting the deaths of Sir Isaiah Berlin and Baron Edmond de Rothschild.

Leave it to Zeena, though, to upstage everybody and to produce the most memorable story related to Anton’s death. On the Bob Larson “Christian” hype radio show, Zeena stated that she had caused her “unfather’s” death by putting a curse on him.

**An effort to save the ‘black house’**

The next year, 1998, there was one more hurrah: Feral House published, posthumously, Anton’s last book, *Satan Speaks!*, with an introduction by “Blanche Barton” and a foreword by Marilyn Manson. It contains Anton’s bitterest and most flamboyant attacks on people in general and on society’s institutions. The first chapter is a reprint of the essay of Anton’s titled “The God of the Assholes” originally published in *The Cloven Hoof*. There follows a chapter addressed to “all doomsayers, head-shakers, worrywarts, Satanophobes, identity Christers, survivor counselors, academia nuts, & assorted tremblers.” In this catchall chapter, Anton asserts that the “Apocalypse” is here, and he accuses all of the people he addresses as having been responsible for it.

Anyone interested in reading the true story of how *The Satanic Bible* came to be written, in lieu of all the false and fraudulent statements on that subject in print and on the internet, will find the truth of the matter on page 5 of *Satan Speaks*, in the catchall chapter. The idea for the book was suggested to Anton by a writer, Fred Goerner, who was the husband of *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Merla Zellerbach, who was one of Anton’s Witches Workshop students. Goerner introduced Anton to his literary agent, who in turn put Anton in touch with Peter Mayer (no relation to Owen Mayer), the editor of Avon Books. Mayer liked the idea and asked Anton to write the book; and Anton, Anton alone, wrote it.
In a missive on Church of Satan letterhead stationery, dated June 15, 1999 [“15 June XXXIII A.S., to use the date as Sharon Densley expressed it because that was her master’s method of dating things], using the name “Blanche Barton” as usual, Sharon asked for the help of all Church members and Satanists generally with an effort to save “the house in which the Church of Satan was founded.” Explaining that the house was going to be “torn down” unless it could be purchased to save it, she stated: “You all know the one I mean; it’s been mentioned in every book or article that’s ever been written about Anton LaVey. Originally built in the 1880’s, it survived the devastating 1906 fire and earthquake. It’s been a speakeasy, a ‘spook parlour’ [sic] and, when Dr. LaVey [sic] bought it in 1956, it was owned by one of Mammie [sic] Pleasant’s girls, one of the most notorious madams in San Francisco.” [By “notorious madam,” of course, she meant Mammy Pleasant, not one of Mammy’s “girls.” It was a grammatical error, added on to her errors as to the history of the “black house.”]

I know why Sharon, Karla, the remaining members and officers of the Church of Satan, and even a publisher of one of the foreign editions of The Devil’s Avenger, have been determined to perpetuate all of Anton’s nonsense, such as the faked history of the “black house.” The reason lies in their veritable worship of Anton and his wish, passed on to them, that the imagery of himself which he created be honored and remain unchanged. When writer Larry Wright, interviewing Anton for an article in Rolling Stone magazine, nudged Anton about the birth certificate showing his true name, Anton told him: “It is best that these things not be known.” That is what Anton told his followers who finally had begun to pick up the truth about his fabrications.

As for Sharon, she was more than Anton’s amanuensis and mistress. She was his veritable slave. In her continuing to perpetuate his chicanery and in her referring to him by the title “Dr. LaVey,” you see her slavish devotion to Anton, even after his death. There was no justification for that title. Anton did not graduate from any college or university. Much less did he hold any doctorate.

If there was any value in Sharon’s being so slavishly devoted to Anton that she called him “the Doctor” and lied for him, it was her resultant drive to try to save the house at 6114 California Street from destruction. There was not much money left in the Church of Satan bank account: $6,600 was the figure as of 1998 that I saw. A huge amount more than that was necessary.
In an article on the front page of the *San Francisco Chronicle* for January 25, 1999, headlined “Satan’s Den in Great Disrepair,” staff writer Don Lattin reported that the place “looks like the Addams Family home after a Saturday night frat party. Smashed furniture and a soiled mattress lay amid a mountain of garbage in the small front yard, behind a tall chain-link fence topped with barbed wire [there was no barbed wire]. Adding insult to injury, some blasphemous graffiti artist has scrawled the words ‘Jesus Rulz’ on the mail slot.”

A San Francisco Department of Building Inspection “Complaint Data Sheet,” dated March 26, 2001, listing Cass-Bagley Corporation as owner of the 6114 California Street property, describes the house as “abandoned” and notes that “people” are “breaking in and living there.”

There were further reports that the windows of the house had been boarded up, and that home owners in the 6100 block of California Street were complaining about noise and trespassing on the property. In a letter dated July 18, 2001, addressed to the Director of the San Francisco Department of Building Inspection, the San Francisco Fire Marshal described the house as a “nuisance” and a “potential hazard to firefighters and adjacent neighbors.” He recommended that demolition of the house be expedited.

The question I would raise about the reported condition of the house was why Sharon, Karla, and Don Werby as its owner, were not taking care of it. How do you expect to raise money to save a house that you are allowing, in popular vernacular, to go to hell? Since Sharon and Karla will not talk to me, and Don is dead, I have no answer to that question.

Neither will Don’s sons, Todd and Christopher, talk to me about what happened to the house after they inherited Grosvenor Properties, or after Todd inherited it. Christopher, originally a lawyer, switched careers to become proprietor, with his wife, of Pipsqueak Productions, a “media design firm.” So, I am not sure that he has any ownership or stock in Grosvenor Properties. All I do know is that Christopher hates me for revealing that his mother Willy was a member of Anton’s Magic Circle and that she initiated a divorce proceeding against Don. (Christopher told me there was no divorce, but would not deny that there was a divorce proceeding.) Before he cut off communication with me altogether, Christopher told me that the house at 6114 California Street had been sold to a “developer.” That is all he would say.
In a letter to Todd, I posed 25 questions about the onetime “black house” that were designed to elicit information sufficient to provide the final chapter to its history. Todd responded with a one-sentence email message expressing “utter contempt” for my “little project.”

With no one privy to the situation willing to talk to me, I can only scrape together what second-hand information I can find in public records and newspaper clippings, which, unfortunately, are woefully inadequate.

In his column in the San Francisco Chronicle dated March 22, 2001, Ken Garcia identified, as the “developer” that Christopher Werby had referred to, a “Cass-Bagley Corporation.” As Christopher knows perfectly well, “Cass-Bagley” was created as a subdivision of Grosvenor Properties, Ltd., the major Werby family company. And yet he expects me to believe what he tells me about his mother.

Garcia identified Todd Werby as an “official with the Cass-Bagley Corp.,” and quoted him as follows: “The place is in such a state of disrepair that there’s no hope for it. It might be a great place for a Halloween party, but it’s so structurally unsound now I don’t think that’s a good idea. I don’t necessarily want to be the one to drive a stake through the heart of the temple, but if that’s the way it has to be, then I can live with that.”

You bet he could live with it. From the information I can see in the records, he as “an official with the Cass-Bagley Corp.” sold the condominiums built on the site of the “black house,” demolished in October 2001, for $890,000 – not to a “developer,” since he or the company he runs was in fact the “developer,” but rather to an investor named Lum Karen, who joined the string of stonewallers who will not talk to me.

Today, Todd Werby presides, as president and chief executive officer, over a Werby family-owned empire that is described as follows on the web site of Grosvenor Properties:

“Grosvenor Properties Ltd. is a real estate investment and management company, sponsoring investment partnerships and shepherding their assets. Grosvenor seeks to maintain a balanced portfolio consisting of high quality hotel, multi-family residential, commercial and industrial properties. Founded by Todd Werby’s father, Donald, Grosvenor celebrated its 30th anniversary in 2002 [the year of Donald’s death]...
“Grosvenor...carefully analyzes financing, management, and marketing options for each asset in order to maximize returns to its investors and other financial partners. Grosvenor utilizes its extensive real estate expertise and savvy market timing to create the optimal structure of each of its real estate partnerships. Grosvenor specializes in turn-around situations where there is the opportunity to add value to an under performing [sic] asset.”

Aha. Now the problem is identified. The Fox Theater and the “black house” were “under performing” assets.

Apparently Grosvenor no longer owns Fox Plaza, although it might have some interest in it. Last time I looked, the owner of Fox Plaza was Archstone Apartments, a huge corporation that owns and manages hundreds of apartment buildings in many parts of the U.S. According to information on its web site, here is what Grosvenor does own: hotels in the San Francisco Bay Area (including the famous Clift Hotel), Florida and Hawaii, with rooms ranging in number from 203 to 432; a number of apartment buildings containing up to 143 “units”; large office buildings; an office park; and a business center. That is probably just a sampling of the Grosvenor empire.

Do you think, maybe, there was enough money available to save a house of historic importance?

The condominiums built on the site of the famous “black house.” The address used for them, however, is not 6114 California Street. That address was scrapped along with the house. The address used for the condos is 6118 California Street.
The Black Pope

Part Four
Aftermath

At some point after Anton’s death, I talked to Sharon Densley/aka “Blanche Barton” twice: first by telephone, and then in a restaurant. The time is not in my notes. I think it was in 1998 or 1999. At that time I was on the same page with her. I believed that all of the nitpicking over the details of Anton’s past were of little consequence and were generated by people who were seeking revenge on him for some alleged wrong or who were jealous of him. The only major allegation of fakery that I had seen concerned his name at birth. I thought: So what? Hundreds of actors and actresses, all sorts of stage persons or prominent persons of one kind or another, have changed their names. Big deal. It was not until I began research for this book that my attitude changed. My talks with Sharon, however, do not reflect that change.

The following are approximate reconstructions of the questions and answers we exchanged, not exact quotations.

A talk with Sharon/aka “Blanche”

Burton – Was there any truth to the story of Anton’s or Anton’s minions splattering dollar bills around the city with invitations to join the Infernal Empire?

Sharon – No. That came from a ridiculous magazine article. I don’t know where the writer got that.

Burton – Amidst all the nitpicking, there is the accusation that Anton lied about his owning a fleet of automobiles, luxurious estates in Italy, and salvage ships. Did Anton ever claim to own any or all of that?

Sharon – No. There were houses and automobiles, and other properties, that were made available to Anton for his use. But he never claimed to have owned them.

Burton – What were Anton’s illnesses? What did he die of?

Sharon – He developed a fever of unknown origin when he went to Europe with his uncle. [There is one part of that story which lacks credibility: that Anton went to Europe with an uncle of his.] The fever damaged his heart. Rheumatic heart failure did him in. The valves of his heart could not pump sufficiently. Anton discussed valve replacement with a cardiologist, but he felt that his body would overcome the problem. He was given Coumadin [a blood thinner]. There were bleeding episodes. He was hospitalized at those and other times.
Burton – What was going on when he was not hospitalized?

Sharon - They took him off the drug. He also had dizzy spells and near sudden death episodes. I myself had to administer CPR [cardiopulmonary resuscitation] for him. There was an episode when he was unconscious and had to be taken by ambulance to a hospital emergency room. The people there revived him. It was amazing. Few persons have managed to survive what happened to Anton. Doctors discovered that there were holes in his heart chamber, and they saw heart murmurs. He somehow survived all of that for a long time. It was astounding.

Burton – How about his mind? How did all of that illness affect his mind?

Sharon – It did not. His faculties remained sharp. But there were a few times when he became temporarily disoriented. At UC [University of California] Hospital in Nineteen Ninety-five he seemed to think for awhile that he was home, and he ripped off the wires and tubes attached to his body. He had to be restrained.

Burton – Did Diane tell you why she divorced Anton? [At this time, around 20 years after I broke off relations with Anton, I still believed that he and Diane were married.]

Sharon – No. And there was no divorce. [As you may imagine, I was stunned by that answer and asked a lot of questions that are answered in the text of this book.]

Burton – I am confused by a sequence of events: when Diane left and you moved in as, I guess I should say, Diane’s replacement. Do you mind talking about that?

Sharon – No. She [Diane] left on Walpurgisnacht of the year Nineteen Eighty-four. I took Anton to dinner the next night. By September of that year we had become lovers. But I did not move into the house until Nineteen Eighty-nine. I was living in my own apartment until then, while I did administrative work in the house.

Burton – I heard about the big dispute over Anton’s will that Karla contested on the ground that you had unduly influenced Anton to write it at the time he was in the hospital, too ill to know what he was doing, and anyway the will was illegal because it was not witnessed and notarized according to law. But if he wrote it in his own handwriting, it was a holographic will, which is legal in California. What is the truth?
Sharon – It was a holographic will. Anton wrote it of his own free will when his faculties were fully in tact, and he was not in the hospital when he wrote it. He wrote it on the day after his release from UC Hospital in Nineteen Ninety-five. By that time we had a son [Xerxes] who was one year and three months old, and there would have been a need for support if Anton died. That’s one reason why he named me and Xerxes as the beneficiaries of his will. The problem in getting him to write one was that he was superstitious about wills. He disliked them. As for Karla’s complaint that I must have influenced her father to make me and Xerxes the sole beneficiaries, because if not he would have named her and Zeena as beneficiaries, she had no right to make such a claim. She was not around, and by the time Anton made out the will, Zeena had disowned Anton. In time Xerxes will benefit from the will. His part of the estate is held in trust.

Burton – Why did Anton pick Blanche Barton as the name for you? What is its significance, if any?

Sharon – He wanted me to have a name that was antithetical to that of an intellectual. Blanche Barton sounded like that to him.

Burton – William (Bill) Holman, creator of the Smokey Stover cartoons, used that as his criteria for the funny names of his characters: he just liked the way they sounded to him, sometimes as related to the particular characters he drew.

Sharon – That was only one of Anton’s criteria. Many of his names, for people and animals, were taken from mythology and history. Xerxes is the Greek version of the Persian name meaning monarch or ruler. Xerxes was a Persian king who suppressed revolts by Egyptians and Babylonians.

Burton – What is the origin of your birth name, Sharon Densley, and who are or were your parents?

Sharon – The Densleys are of English descent. My dad worked for Microsoft in San Diego. He was an atheist. My mom was a Mormon. She wanted me baptized, and my dad did not; but he gave in.

Burton – Karla claims that you induced her father to believe that she had abandoned him. Any truth to that?

Sharon – She did abandon him. There was no need for me to tell Anton that. Karla was the piece de résistance in the life of Anton, but for years she remained aloof from him. She and Anton did reconcile; but not until around two years before his death.
Burton – If I decide to go ahead with a revise and update of my book, I do not intend to say much, if anything, about Michael Aquino. He is of very little if any importance in the story of Anton and the Church of Satan. But some readers might want at least something said about him, since he was a priest in the Church of Satan, and there was a split, and he started a cult called Temple of Set, and Zeena has been one of his priestesses. Also, he has written a lot about Anton, at times as though they were still colleagues despite the split. But it seems to have become final at some point. When was that?

Sharon – That was Nineteen Seventy-five. When Aquino was investigated for child molestation, Anton was questioned by the authorities. That was the end. Aquino has not known anything of Anton since Nineteen Seventy-five.

Burton – Among other tales Zeena has told since hooking up with Aquino is that Anton has sold priesthoods in the Church of Satan. Is that true?

Sharon – Of course not. It’s just another one of her many lies that she has spread all over the place, often through the kind of journalist that likes to write about scandals in the lives of people of importance. It’s all about getting revenge on her “unfather” for kicking her and Nikolas out of the Church.

Burton – What is Peter Gilmore’s role now? Is he the high priest of the Church?

Sharon – He is a magister. He has been in the organization since Nineteen Eighty-four. Anton endorsed his being the head of the New York operation. But I run the Church of Satan.

Burton – What happened to Stanton after he was taken to Austria by Zeena and Nikolas?

Sharon – He was ousted from Austria. I don’t know why. He wound up on the streets in Arizona; he was on a lot of medication; he had some scrapes with the law. Last I knew he was living with Diane. He has been a juvenile delinquent throughout his childhood and teen years.

Burton – In regard to the dividing up of Anton’s possessions, did you manage to retain the love letters sent to him by Jayne?

Sharon – Yes.

Burton – So, they are available to prove that there was a love affair, and it was not all a publicity stunt?

Sharon – Yes.
Burton – Are you satisfied that what we published about Marilyn Monroe and Anton is accurate?

Sharon – Yes.

Following the telephone talk, we had lunch at Original Joe’s restaurant in the Tenderloin district of San Francisco. It was my favorite restaurant, and I had lunch there four times with men and women identified as Satanists. In October of 2007 there was a terrible fire, and as of the time I was near the end of this book, the restaurant had not been reopened because of problems with the insurance company. I am glad that the owners, who are devout Catholics, never knew that my guests in the restaurant were Satanists. They might have blamed me for what happened.

Sharon brought her son Xerxes, then six, along with her. The result was that we got no further in exchange of information than we had in our telephone talk, because Xerxes was determined to make himself the center of attention. That he did by standing up in the booth we occupied, jumping up and down on the seat, banging utensils on the table, spilling a glass of water, and constantly yapping and interrupting the conversation between Sharon and me. Since Sharon would do nothing to quiet him down, I ran through my mind the ways I could do the job without offending her. I wanted to grab him by the neck, shove him down on the seat, and warn him that if he did not shut up, I would strangle him. Instead, I contented myself with a less drastic strategy. Scowling at him with the fiercest expression on my face that I could effect, I snarled: “I am the Big Bad Wolfe. Do you know what I do to little boys who misbehave? I chew them up. Now, if you do not sit down and be quiet, that is what I am going to do to you.”

He looked at me wide-eyed, obviously weighing the question of whether or not I was serious. He decided he had better sit down and be quiet for awhile. But that did not last long. Soon he began acting up again, and since Sharon would do nothing to correct his behavior and I was on the verge of swatting him, I decided to tell Sharon that I had to get back to work.

It was to be the last time we would communicate. That is not my fault. I have written to Sharon at every conceivable address for her. She will not respond.

Sometime in 2002 she turned her alleged role of High Priestess of the Church of Satan over to Peter Gilmore’s wife, who goes by the name of Peggy Nadramia, left control of the organization to Peter, and went into hiding.
Undevelopments

As of the end of 2002, it seems that Zeena had finally found something to do besides engage in tirades against her “unfather.” She quit the Temple of Set, tried a few business enterprises, failed at those, and settled on describing herself as a “black magician practicing sadomasochism.” With Nikolas she began a new organization called The Storm. The basic philosophy of that enterprise, Zeena and Nikolas advise, is centered upon “the transformation of human consciousness via the manipulation of the sexual currents of the physical and subtle bodies through exotic rites.”

With that undevelopment I leave off writing about Zeena and Nikolas, with the hope that I never have to write anything about them again.

Not looking so good any more: an aging Nikolas and Zeena Galatea LaVey Schreck.
Here are some more undevelopments.

In the San Francisco Examiner’s edition of October 2, 2002, an article by staff writer Nick Driver appeared under the headline “Hellish studies in San Mateo school” and subhead “Satanic thought club bedevils parents, district.” The article was illustrated with a photo of an aging Anton.

Driver led off his article thusly: “A group of area high school students is going to hell – at lunchtime.” He explained: “The students started a Satanic thought club after studying the teachings of Anton LaVey, founder of San Francisco’s Church of Satan.”

Evidently the students’ parents wanted to let San Francisco continue to have it. They demanded that San Mateo Superintendent of Schools Thomas More (I swear to you, that is his real name) slap a ban on the thought club that had been organized at San Mateo High School by students James Doolittle and Matt Heeney for the purpose, they said, of honoring Anton and “riling things up a bit.” They were rebuffed, however, by Sir Thomas, who told Driver: “We are certainly not pleased with their studying Anton LaVey, but as long as they do not violate any district policy or denigrate any person or group, they must be allowed to do what they are doing. Those are their rights.”

What a shame that Anton was not alive to see it.

The next undevelopment I came across occurred in the Fall 2003 major league baseball playoff between the Oakland Athletics and Boston Red Sox. On a Fox television broadcast, the fifth playoff game was introduced with a discussion of what “bedevils” baseball teams. Among other illustrations for the discussion, a photo of Anton flashed briefly on the screen.

Other undevelopments were not as amusing. Maniacs cutting up children with chainsaws were said to be under the influence of Satanic cults. Mind control, serial killers, alleged baby sacrifices, infiltration of the legal and medical and law enforcement professions by devil-worshipping sociopaths, etc. were attributed to organized Satanism. And once again the Discovery Channel revived the story that I thought I had put to rest through my writing around 30 years ago: that of “cattle mutilations” as the work of a “satanic cult.” As I explained in my articles on the subject, the “mutilations” were not the work of any cult of any kind, but rather of buzzards, foxes, and other types of scavengers feeding on cattle that were dead – before they were “mutilated,” I add, though the correct term is butchered.
Once again I explain: The only kind of animal which mutilates is a human being, and ordinarily that animal only performs such an act on live subjects. In the role of a scavenger, - *i.e.*, in dining on dead animals other than the human variety – the performance of the human animal is restricted to butchering. Of course there is a lot of semantics involved in all of that, and the producers of television programs such as those appearing on the Discovery Channel cannot be worried about semantics, which get in the way of their revelations.

If you are wondering, oh yes, of course some of these undevelopments were linked to the Church of Satan. Though Anton has been dead for a decade, there are still hysterical writers blaming *him* for some of the undevelopments.

With that I end my undevelopments and get on with a few direct talks. I found that Sharon had been much more honest in a direct talk with me than she had been in her writing. So, I figured I would pursue more direct talks to see if that would produce some honest information in lieu of the incessant lying that I encountered in my research, along with a lot of stonewalling.

I begin with a Church of Satan priest I was delighted to come across, since he is, in his bloodlines, for the most part a native American Indian. In view of what Americans and their society and government have done to native American Indians, and especially what the “Christian” majority has done to them, I cannot imagine a more appropriate organization for them to join, and to become officers in, than the Church of Satan.

**A talk with Steven Johnson Lebya**

He calls himself “Reverend” Steven Johnson Lebya. Prior to our face-to-face talk, at my request Steven sent an email to me containing some information about him. Here it is, excerpted.

“*I am 5/8 Native American. I am \( \frac{1}{4} \) Mescalero Apache. I also have Navajo, Creek, Cherokee [blood in me]. I jokingly tell people I am 1/32 Irish or Welsh. I also have some English blood. My great uncle Bennie Johnson (whom my father was named after) was a WWII war hero that got several articles written in the L.A. Times and was decorated for his battles with the Nazis.*

*“I had a brief email exchange with Lisa Carver via My Space. She was married to Boyd Rice, whom I have a real problem with because of his neo-Nazi antics. We have had a public dispute for years.*
“I am a priest in the Church of Satan (still, as they won’t excommunicate any high profile members). I am a Magus in my own church, The Coyotel Church, the first Church of creative application which is not a Satanic offshoot, nor is it anti-Satanim based on Coyote mythology. [It is] a modern trickster of society, influenced by LaVey’s Satanism. We believe that western society trains people to drop their creativity and become consumers, [which] discourages personal expression and creativity because it interferes with consumerism – one must buy things to feel creative.”

Our talk took place, you guessed it, at Original Joe’s, on October 6, 2007. That was six days before the fire that destroyed the restaurant. I do not know what to make of all the weird coincidences that I am mentioning in this book. All I can say is that if you are a devout Catholic, and you are the owner of some kind of business, do not let Satanists into the place. The deal was that lunch would be on me. I think I got the best of that deal because, in addition to the fascinating stories Steven has to tell, he presented me with a copy of his book, titled *Coyote Satan Amerika – The Unspeakable Art & Performances of Reverend Steven Johnson Lebya*. Among the personages who provided “introductions” to the book (the word “introductions” is placed in quotations marks because some of them are in the middle and one is at the end of the book) were William S. Burroughs and Susan Wright of NOW.

Choosing to identify Steven by his middle name, Burroughs wrote, for his introduction titled “My Stinking Ass” (what you might expect from that offbeat writer): “Johnson sees a subject as it is, sees an asshole or a cock as is without a stroke of simpering prurience, or irrelevant repugnance. There it is like a stone, a tendril, a plum. Like a crayfish hole, a mushroom. A crinkled leaf. He sees and puts what he sees on a canvas.”

Susan Wright – an art historian, author, policy director of the National Coalition for Sexual Freedom, and an officer of NOW (National Organization of Women) – gave Steven this sendoff in her “introduction” at the end of the book: “Steven Johnson Lebya has been shunned by the art world, denied by the Indians, ridiculed by the press, and scolded by the queer and SM [sadomasochism] communities. Lebya is one of those rare individuals who is not embraced by any group identity. His art is something new and very controversial.”
The Reverend Steven Johnson Lebya

In our talk at Original Joe’s, Steven told me that he was studying at the San Francisco Academy of Art and producing impressionistic horror paintings that were not favored by his instructor. “You will not gain success that way,” Steven quoted the instructor as having advised. Seeking a different opinion from Anton, Steven sent a sample of his painting to Anton and asked to meet him. A luncheon was arranged at the MacArthur Park restaurant in San Francisco by “Blanche,” who, Steven told me, “hinted that I should pay for it.” Having only enough money to pay for his own meal, Steven explained his situation to Anton at the restaurant and gave him a sculpture. “Well,” Anton said as quoted by Steven, “I know you are in the category of a starving artist. I’ll pay the bill.” Thereupon, according to Steven, Anton “pulled out a wad of bills and paid” for Steven, himself, and “Blanche.”
Already impressed by Anton, whom Steven described as a “very positive influence on my art and on me,” Steven was hooked, joined the Church of Satan, and was designated a priest by Anton.

We discussed the status of the Church today. Steven told me he was disgusted with the organization under the direction of Peter Gilmore because of the “Nazi thing” and the suppression of dissenting views. “Gilmore squashes debate,” Steven said. “You must follow the line set down by Gilmore. Creative people have left the Church. The Church is now a neo-con, fascist, Gilmore ass-kissing den.” Moreover, Steven said, all of the controversy within it is much to do about nothing because the organization is small and devoid of influence.

Of more interest to me than the status of the Church of Satan were two relatively recent events in Los Angeles that Steven described: “666” and the wedding of Anton’s grandson Stanton to the woman who calls herself “Szandora” or “Mizz Szandora.”

“666,” Steven explained, was a “celebration of forty years of the Church of Satan.” It was held on June 6, 2006, at the Steve Allen Theater on Hollywood Boulevard, and should not be confused with the “666 Celebration” staged on that same day in Hell, Michigan, where fire and brimstone preachers praised the endurance of “Jesus Christ” against the forces of the Devil and proclaimed that “Satan has been paralyzed.” At the Church of Satan celebration, members performed rituals attributed to Anton.

“I objected,” Steven said, “on grounds of misrepresentation.” I think what he meant was that the “Satanic Mass” and other rituals performed were not true to the way that they had been staged by Anton.

Steven told me that Xerxes, by then 12 or 13 years old, attended the celebration. Steven described Xerxes as “highly intelligent” and polite. “We talked politics, and I found him very well informed.” I told Steven about my experience with Xerxes around six years earlier, and said I was glad to hear an updated account of him indicating that he had survived his undisciplined childhood in better shape than I expected.

The other event of interest was the wedding of Stanton and Szandora at the Henry Fonda Theater, also on Hollywood Boulevard, on the same day as the “666” celebration. There were 1,400 persons at the wedding, according to Szandora. A number of rock “musicians” [noisemakers, that is] performed.
According to Steven, Diane financed the wedding - the rental of the theater, the food and drink served, the fee paid to the noisemakers, and any other expense involved – but Diane explained later that she only helped with a loan, which Stanton has repaid.

Mizz Szandora

One of the characteristics of many individuals involved one way or another in the life of Anton is that they will talk to writers, broadcasters, and web site producers who will only ask them what are popularly known as “candyass” questions. When somebody comes along with tough questions, they do not want to cooperate. Mizz Szandora is one of those.

Szandora does not want to reveal her true name or a lot of facts she would rather not have known. So, what I have to tell you about her is limited. She told me she had long been an admirer of Anton before she hooked up with Stanton via a contact on My Space.com. She concocted her name, she said, by combining Anton’s middle name with Pandora. (In Greek mythology, the first mortal woman was Pandora, who was created as a beauty by the gods so that all men would be attracted to her. But, like other legendary sirens, she produced trouble. Ignoring a warning not to open a mysterious box presented to her, she did so and all the ills of humanity flew out – though, possibly offsetting that result, they were then followed by their counterpart, Hope.)

By day, Szandora said, she works as an “internet tech for a wireless internet access company.” By night she dances, specializing in hula-hooping, with a “band” called “Thee Swank Bastards.” Though Szandora will not say much to me, at times she has allowed herself to be interviewed – as I said, so long as the interview is conducted by someone she can trust not to ask her tough questions. One of the interviews was with a character called “Venger Satanis” who is a big shot of some sort in the “Cult of Cthulhu.”
There are all sorts of cults on the internet claiming to be the authentic satanic organization, including Karla’s First Church of Satan, which she started to distinguish it from the Church of Satan after she sued that organization in an attempt to obtain a court order declaring it to belong exclusively to her and failed. You can go nuts trying to figure out who and what these various cults are, and what they are attempting to say.

In the “Venger Satanis” interview, Szandora explained her contempt for deity and her selfish, materialistic views, as follows: “I worship myself, hence making me believe in one god, me.” Elaborating on one of the factors that drove her to that position, she said: “As far as the leadership of this country [is concerned], my vote doesn’t count. Leadership of this country is prearranged and the run for presidency is just a way to extort money from the thousands of Americans that are dumb enough to believe that one person can change the world for the good. In the case of American politics, I’ve seen that one person change the world for the bad and never have seen it changed for the good of mankind.”

There you have one explanation of the thought process that creates a Satanist. Again and again, when you talk to the warlocks and witches, you find that they were shaped in their turn to the “Dark Path” by disillusionment, whether societal or religious in nature (but maybe it is correct to say that those are one and the same in the final analysis).

Consequently, Szandora has abandoned any effort to engage in that popular, misused term of the 2008 presidential election, “change.” She concentrates on her method of obtaining what she wants for herself. She practices “black magic” performed in private rituals, she said in the “Venger Satanis” interview. And she boasted: “When I perform rituals alone, whatever I desire becomes reality.” Shades of witches Marie and Lilith. Anton’s teaching lives on.

Among other fascinating revelations of Szandora’s in the interview are these: “Zeena isn’t even considered Anton’s daughter or Stanton’s mother at this point”; “Xerxes is very bright and looks just like Anton”; “I’m not sure if the COS [Church of Satan] is going to give him [Xerxes] a title, since Blanche (his mother) doesn’t own the COS anymore, she sold it to Peter Gilmore”; “the COS died with Anton”; “Anton offered the High Priesthood to Boyd Rice before he died and Boyd respectfully declined”; after Gilmore “bought” the COS he “raised the membership cost from $50 to $200”. [My brackets; Szandora’s parentheses.]
While the status of Xerxes was still in flux because he had not reached adulthood, the question became, for the time being, whether or not Stanton would become Anton’s legend-bearer. Based on what he has told interviewers on and off the internet – and that is what I have to rely upon, since he will not talk to me – I believe that is possible. Stanton shows signs of intelligence and perspicacity. The problem is that he is full of violent thoughts, his perception of reality is oftentimes irrational, and he is confused in his concepts. Given what he went through in his upbringing, all of that is no surprise. He has talked at times of how, while other children were given coloring books with things in nature to color, Nikolas and Zeena set him to copying swastikas.
Stanton needs to take courses in philosophy and logic, and to run his thinking by a psychiatrist or psychologist who is especially clever at inducing a patient to understand the basis for the way he conceptualizes. I am not concluding that he is psychotic or that he has any kind of serious mental disorder, since I have no right to do so. I am only saying that he needs to understand himself and what has influenced him a lot more clearly than he does now. His thinking is often confused and sometimes even schizoid (but that is common to many humans), and before he can rise to the intellectual level of his father or grandfather, he must overcome that problem.

All that having been said, here is some of the information and thoughts which Stanton imparted to Dan Kapelovitz for publication in the May 2005 edition of Bizarre Magazine. If you should somehow find a copy of it, be advised that the background facts in it are inaccurate, and so it may be well to view any of the material in it as questionable. For instance, Kapelovitz identifies Diane as co-founder of the Church of Satan and states, without qualification, that Anton purchased the “black house.”

To understand one of the stories that Stanton told Kapelovitz, you need to know that Stanton lived in the “black house,” under the care of Anton and Diane, for many years in his early childhood. After Zeena gained custody of Stanton, and she and Nikolas removed Stanton from the house, according to what Stanton told Kapelovitz, there came a night when Zeena “climbed out of her coffin/bed and went after him.” The coffin that Zeena used for her bed, Kapelovitz relates, was “the same coffin upon which she had earlier baptised [sic] her son.” What happened after Zeena was out of the coffin, and “went after” Stanton, is related by Kapelovitz in this quotation from Stanton: “Zeena grabbed her dagger and was coming at me in this zombie trance, telling me she’s going to kill me once and for all as she always wanted to. I barricaded myself in my room and watched The Honeymooners all night long until the sun came up.”

Either that story is a fabrication of Stanton’s or, if true, it may be a further reflection of Zeena’s hatred of her “unfather,” transferred to Stanton as the grandson of her “unfather.” Another, simpler possibility is that Zeena was under the influence of some kind of drug or was temporarily insane. There is so much lying involved in the story of Anton and his family, and of his Church, that often it is impossible to separate fact from fiction.
According to Stanton, the final split with his mother came when he was 15, he has never communicated with her since then, and wants “as little to do with that woman as possible.” Instead of Zeena and Nikolas, Stanton said, he lived with Diane starting when he was 15. Kapelovitz’s article does not reveal how long that lasted or where it was.

In any event, it does not appear that Diane was able to do much with him. If he is telling the truth, Stanton, starting at age 16, began “mugging people, selling drugs, robbing houses and vandalizing.” He told Kapelovitz that he has been incarcerated “at least five times” and “spent two of his 27 years behind bars.” That chapter in Stanton’s life would not have caused Szandora to shun him, since she shares some of the same kind of background. She admits to having used a razorblade at age 15 to cut a schoolmate, to having been “sent to a youth detention center in Georgia”, and to having been “in a mental hospital” for “psychotherapy” (quotations from her in Kapelovitz’s article).

In his interview with Kapelovitz, Stanton appeared to be surprisingly honest about his general hostility. “I want to go on a killing spree every day, from the moment I wake up,” he told Kapelovitz, “and it doesn’t stop until I fitfully fall back to sleep at the end of the day.”

Like Sharon, in a blog that he maintains, and elsewhere, Stanton refers to Anton as “The Doctor,” lambastes everyone who has tried to keep the Church of Satan going, and promises to see to it that “they are crumbling under my iron fist.” He characterizes the remaining majority of Church of Satan members and officers as “Satanic Nazi Costume Geeks” who “remind [him] of Zeena and Nikolas: self serving pricks with little to no talent who make up fictionalized names and titles for the one and only purpose of self aggrandizement.”

In an interview with “Lexa Von” that was published in Crypt Magazine just before his wedding in June 2006, Stanton continued his attack on the Church of Satan under Peter Gilmore and, in the process, joined Szandora in the accusation that the Church was sold to Gilmore. But he also accorded a bit of credibility to another accusation: that Anton not only awarded priesthoods, but also sold them.

“Peter Gilmore, who owns the COS and the whole business,” Stanton said, “is a total crackpot who is not even a black magician. He bought his way in by means of ass kissing my grandfather…and purchased himself a priesthood.”
Since all of that is negative, and to an extreme at that, the question arises as to whether or not Stanton has anything positive to offer. Anton often sounded as bitter and cynical as his grandson. But he did have something positive to offer.

But what about Stanton? Is he mentally well enough now, is he sufficiently over his feelings of violence now, does he appear to have enough intelligence now, to fill his grandfather’s shoes and re-establish the kind of Church Anton envisioned? Recently, on what Stanton calls his combination “web site/blog,” http://stantonlavey.com, there was a change that indicates he is trying to figure out what is wrong and how to fix it. The cynicism is still there, but it is not all-consuming. There also continues to be a great deal of confusion in his analysis, which is often as myopic as that of the cultural giant he would like to replace as the leader of world Satanism. But his reasoning has improved a bit, and so has the quality of his writing, though it is still ungrammatical in places, and there is some of Anton’s originality in it. Here are some excerpts from his web site or blog, with errors in wording, construction, and grammar uncorrected.

“Independence is on the rise, the cross is crumbling more rapidly than any other time in the past 1000 or so years and I’m proud to be a sponsor for the destruction of the great lie. With class acts like George Carlin, Penn Gillette & Adam Corolla taking stands against creationists and the absurd, abstract notion of a god above and a hell below, progress is being made. Some of us may actually witness the end of Christianity.”

“Satanism is ultimately the answer. It’s just a waiting game for the rest of the primates to catch up. The truth is scary, it’s even scarier when you’ve been living a lie. I think the big fear that lies deep in the innermost subconscious mind of religionists is that if there is no god, what reason is there for us to exist at all? And I think they’d be right for wondering if the answer wasn’t so obvious.”

“In the mean time Satanism as a philosophy/religion/lifestyle is more accepted by the mainstream than ever before. Granted some of the most outspoken Satanists call themselves Atheists, but we all know that’s just a pretty word for Satanism. That’s like Social Darwinist is a nice way of saying racist.”

“I’m going to champion my grandfather’s philosophy into the 21st century and hopefully inspire future generations of young realists to do the same.”

“[Present society is] caked with bullshit and awash with human blood from thousands of years of murder in the name of God and Gold.”
“[This is] a world of blind slaves, ruled by greedy murderers who’s inferior intelligence & dependency on wealth and power have influenced their will to eradicate intelligent, independent, forward thinking people form existence. Conformity and stupidity are rewarded more and more. Widespread depravity and checkout-line tabloid journalism keep fueling the fickle tastes of the people who have given in to these capitalistic tactics, all set up by big corrupt corporations and even more corrupt governments. We’re not living in a democracy. If not for the Constitution, we would all be fucked.”

“What would Ben Franklin say about the condition of our country if he could be here to witness it? The United States of America is totalitarian, as well as communistic. [That is what I mean by his conceptual confusion.]...With the help of the internet, the world is rapidly embracing the relatively new religion of celebrity worship.”

“...With help of html code, Photoshop, and shameless self-absorption, it is becoming more difficult all the time to discern what is actual talent or just good acting.”

“...All of these modern distractions are tools being used to keep us in line. It’s hard to realize you’re being policed by your TV and computer because it doesn’t wear a badge and gun...”

“...Orwell was right. The twist is...instead of big brother watching us, they figured out how to make us watch him.”

“...Machines don’t have families, 401K, health coverage, or sick leave. They don’t need to take breaks and they’re never drunk on the job. It is absolutely genius. It can be traced back to the newsreels played before movies during WWI & WW2; we learned that we could manipulate the public with false information, anti-enemy propaganda....the next step was to get this misinformation into as many homes as possible and disguise it as entertainment and family pastime. Over the past 50+ years TV has been developed and fine-tuned to serve it’s true purpose – keeping us in line, distracted, glued to our seat and completely misinformed.”

“The internet is it’s new and improved version of it’s predecessor the TV. Information online is even more bunk than what TV dishes out. Wikipedia is one of, if not the worst website, on the net...That website is a forum for absolutely anyone to take a crack at rewriting history.”
The Great Szandor’s
Great Plan: Humanoids

Maybe because I do not like endings, I have saved this chapter for last even though Anton began talking about his most grandiose plan in the mid 1970’s, and so sequentially it is out of place in the story I have told in this book. I was the first to discuss the plan publicly, in an article I wrote that was published in the May 1978 issue of Fling magazine. In the March-April 1979 issue of the Church of Satan newsletter, The Cloven Hoof, Anton announced his plan as “the development, promotion, and manufacture of artificial human companions.”

In The Secret Life of a Satanist, “Blanche Barton” opened her chapter on the subject with the second stanza from the song “Paper Doll,” as if to indicate that Anton got the idea for artificial human companions from that song; and she used 1942 as the date when Johnny S. Black wrote the song. It might have been difficult for him to have done so, since he was dead by 1936. Actually he wrote the song in 1915. 1942 was the year in which a recording of the song by the Mills Brothers produced the widespread popularity that had been missing, though long deserved, since the tune is lovely and the words express the emotionally moving thoughts of a man whose female companion has ditched him for another lover.

I’m gonna buy a paper doll that I can call my own,
a doll that other fellows cannot steal,
and then the flirty, flirty guys with their flirty, flirty eyes
will have to flirt with dollies that are real.

When I come home at night she will be waiting;
she’ll be the truest doll in all this world.
I’d rather have a paper doll to call my own
than have a fickle-minded, real live girl.

It was not a paper doll that Anton was trying to create, however, but rather lifelike humanoids; and he got the idea not from Johnny Black’s song, but rather from a Twilight Zone story by Rod Serling.
In the story written and produced by Serling, a man isolated on a planet remote from earth, as punishment for an offense, is given an artificially made female for company. She is so lifelike in every way that after initial repulsion the man falls in love with her, and when his time on the remote planet is up and he has to return to earth, he is crushed by the refusal of his captors to let him bring her with him, and crushed even more deeply by her destruction.

It was Anton’s idea to use realistic humanoids, not just female types for men but also male types for women, for the purposes of curbing overpopulation, avoiding the entry into marriages for the purpose of sex, eliminating prostitution and unwanted children, preventing sexually transmitted diseases, providing instant companionship and relief from sexual tension for individuals who have difficulty in finding partners or mating, doing away with singles bars and other meeting places that generate drunkenness and ill-founded types of relationships, and finally reducing what Anton construed as one of the most critical but least understood causes of rape, violence, and war.

Underlying that purpose was Anton’s analysis of the human condition as he had observed it – maybe too narrowly, maybe broadly enough. Anton saw, in modern era humanity, millions of neurotic, sexually frustrated men and women who would be provided with instant relief any time by their sex surrogates. There would be no need to play the dating game or to engage in awkward maneuvers to arrive at nakedness and coitus. There would be no need for the female surrogate to be in heat, to be “turned on,” for sex to occur. There would be no need to wait for the male surrogate to obtain an erection for either initial or repetitive copulation to be possible. There would be no need to take the surrogate to dinner, cook for it, buy presents for it, talk it into engagement, buy an expensive ring for it, or go through a marriage ceremony with it. When in the mood for company, conversation, or sex, the owner of the surrogate need only ask it to perform, and there would be instant compliance and satisfaction.

In Anton’s view, widely distributed, readily available, inexpensive artificial human companions would bring about a dramatic form of relief from tensions that are created by one or more conditions such as loneliness, social inadequacies or unacceptable peculiarities, and sexual frustration. Artificial companions, he thought, would reduce mental and physical illness, and would result in happier, healthier human beings.
“Billions of dollars spent by individuals, business entities, and government agencies on health care, would be saved,” Anton explained. “There would be a huge reduction in the billions of hours of work time lost owing to illness. And the overpopulation destroying the environment of the planet we live on, with concomitant loss of hundreds of species of animal and plant life, would be reversed.”

Is it not fascinating that a man viewed as the embodiment of evil was engaged so passionately in a plan conceived for humanitarian purposes?

Anton had long advocated masturbation for some of the same purposes; but he viewed it as drastically inferior to having companionship as well as sex with a humanoid that looks and talks like a flesh and blood human being. At the time of his death he was still experimenting with materials to make his dream possible. In Anton’s vision, once he hit upon the right combination for an acceptable humanoid, and could convince some wealthy person or a company to finance mass manufacturing and distribution of his creation, there would be artificial companions for anyone’s individual idea of the ideal mate, selected in accordance with preferred body size, shape, skin color, hair color, facial features, smell, and voice.

Anton already had used some of the materials he was working with for his Den of Iniquity mannequins: fiberglass, plastic, laytex, polyurethane from vinyl, and rubber. He had come a long way toward his goal of making a humanoid look and feel like a real human, and had tried copulating with one of his creations. The sensation, he told me, was not bad, but nowhere near that of entering a flesh and blood woman. Nor had he arrived even at the beginning of an attempt to create a humanoid that could talk.

I followed my May 1978 article on Anton’s great plan with another of my interviews with him for publication. The preview for it was expressed in this manner (changed a bit from the way it appeared in the magazine): We journalists are always asking “holy” clerics, athletes, celebrities, and other “good guy” varieties of humanity, to pontificate on their ways of life, their philosophies, their analysis of world problems, their advice. For once, let us hear what the Devil has to say on those subjects. After all, they are not about Heaven, but rather what Christopher Marlowe identified through Mephistopheles as earthly Hell, and that is the Devil’s realm.
Following is an excerpted version of the interview.

**Wolfe** – Why are you trying to populate the world with sex surrogates, the artificial people you want to create?

**LaVey** – Because there are more people in the world than ever before, and increasing numbers of them are craving attention and seeking some kind of personality identity. Their methods range from buying personalized cars to committing sensational crimes that the press dutifully publicizes, thus creating more of the same. Behind all this lies the old saying that everybody needs somebody to love. The trouble is that for all that most have to offer, they may as well be sticks of furniture in a room. They don’t have the ability or the character to command the attention they crave. So, the answer is to create something for them that is gratifying in a form that can even be bigger than life. It’s conceivable to create surrogates even on a gigantic scale, graven images to end all graven images, and thus outbest God. You would have man, like Lucifer, creating better mousetraps. To get down to the sexual tastes involved, a sex surrogate could have any built-in characteristic to satisfy any taste...Man would really be playing God in fashioning such creatures. Like Prometheus unchained, he would be violating all religious codes.

**Wolfe** – How far have you proceeded toward achieving the creation of such surrogates?

**LaVey** – I haven’t been able to find anyone who can create a material sufficiently lifelike, yet easily worked. The materials are no better than what I’ve worked with for years. Vinyl. Fiberglass. Dacron fill. Polyurethane foam. I’ve already been able to combine materials like these in a way that you can touch the ass of my people and your finger sinks in. It’s a lot better than these inflated dolls you buy; they have about as much sex appeal as a Goodyear blimp. Awful stuff. What I’ve done is of much higher quality, but still a long way from being lifelike enough. It’s going to take big companies with a lot of capital and research facilities to do the job...Once companies are tooled up and the social climate is right, sex surrogates will become the greatest product in the history of man.

*   *   *   *   *

**Wolfe** – During periods when a man isn’t getting enough and can’t get enough, what advice do you have for him to follow until he obtains a sex partner or partners on a regular basis?
LaVey – Masturbate. Fantasize as you do. First-rate fantasy is infinitely superior to a fourth-rate fling...To help you fantasize as you masturbate, it just so happens I have a fresh supply of genuine imported French postcards...

Talk about déjà vu – As I finished this book, MSNBC science editor Alan Boyle led off an article on human beings and robots coming together with this paragraph: “As NASA marks 50 years of space exploration...it’s also looking for bold new ways to get humans and robots working together for the next fifty years on the final frontier.” The question is whether or not there will be a successful effort to fashion the robots in such a way as to make them as human as depicted in science fiction – for example, as human as the android Data in the television series Star Trek: The Next Generation, so human that it is possible to communicate with it as intelligently as with a brilliant person, and even have sex with it, so that space travelers would not suffer deprivation of lovers or spouses. Would it not be the most amazing of all aspects of Anton’s strange life if his vision of humanoids came to pass?

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”
Appendix: Those who would not talk - leaving what happened to Anton’s body and other issues of interest unresolved.

In an effort to produce a fair, impartial, objective book about Anton Szandor LaVey and the Church of Satan, I sent letters and emails and made telephone calls to every person I could think of who might have something of value to contribute. Among those who could be expected to have valuable information, but who either refused to respond or would not answer questions when I made contact with them, are these:

‰ - Karla Maritza LaVey.
‰ - Zeena Galatea Lavey Schreck.
‰ - Nikolas Schreck.
‰ - Stanton Zaharoff LaVey.
‰ - Sharon Densley/aka Blanche Barton.
‰ - Paul Valentine, Manager, Mayan Theater.
‰ - Elizabeth Benford, Attorney for Diane Hegarty.
‰ - Jane Grieco, Attorney for Diane Hegarty.
‰ - Scott Bassin, Attorney for Church of Satan.
‰ - Peter Gilmore.
‰ - Todd Werby, CEO, Grosvenor Properties.

For that reason I have been unable to provide information as to a number of unresolved issues, such as what happened to Anton’s body. It has been stated on internet web sites that Anton’s body was cremated, but since the individuals who have posted that purported information have not provided evidence to support it or to explain how they happen to be in a position to know, it remains in the realm of hearsay. – BHW