

**The Black Mass
The Satanic Mass
Witchcraft Destroys Minds and Reaps Souls
Coven
1969**

The sources for the first Black Mass

What is unique about Coven's Black Mass, is that it developed completely independently from the newly formed Church of Satan (founded in 1966), even though it was created at about the same time (the late 1960s). Instrumental in the creation of this original Black Mass, was Coven's producer Bill Traut. Traut supported Chicago based bands (like Coven), with his record company *Dunwich Records* (named after the town in horror novelist H. P. Lovecraft's story, *The Dunwich Horror*, which Traut was a dedicated fan of), which he started in 1965. Traut was involved with another Chicago occult enterprise, the psychedelic band H. P. Lovecraft, founded in 1967, which also drew its inspiration from the writings of H. P. Lovecraft. When Traut found Coven (who had been performing a shorter version of a Black Mass on stage as part of their show before they met him) in 1968, he seems to have seen another occult band opportunity, but this time, in the realm of Satanism. In the case of Coven, the main novelist inspiration was not H. P. Lovecraft, but Dennis Wheatley. Traut himself put together the Black Mass that Coven performed, taking most of the English language dialogue directly from two of Dennis Wheatley's Satanic novels, *To the Devil a Daughter* (1953) and *The Satanist* (1960). Coven was scheduled to perform together with Anton LaVey from the Church of Satan, in the October 31, 1969 Detroit Black Arts Festival. While Coven appeared in the Festival, Anton LaVey did not. Nevertheless, there is some influence of Anton LaVey's 1968 recording, *The Satanic Mass*, in Coven's Black Mass. Since the Latin phrases were misspelled in Coven's Mass (they are not misspelled by LaVey), it can be guessed that perhaps Traut or someone heard a recording of LaVey's Satanic Mass, and tried to copy the words down as they heard them. At any rate, the only Latin phrases that LaVey had on his 1968 album are *In nomine Dei nostri Satanas Luciferi excelsi, Rege Satanas*, and *Ave Satanas*. The other Latin phrases in Coven's Black Mass are from common chants in the Roman Catholic Latin Mass, and it should be noted that the earlier band, H. P. Lovecraft, also sang the Latin Gregorian chant for one of the same songs Coven uses (the Latin *Gloria Patri* – "*Glory to the Father*"), in their song *Gloria*, in 1967. (They sang the original Catholic version, not a Satanic version, like Coven did). (Another note, Coven used the same altar bell as HP Lovecraft on their album). Besides these influences, the creator of Coven's Black Mass tried to use every traditional Satanist/Witchcraft theme they could find, to create as authentic a Black Mass as possible. So there are some ancient traditional Satanic prayers (which can originally be found printed in Grillo de Givry, *Witchcraft, magic & alchemy* and Margeret Murray, *The Witch Cult in Western Europe*), as well as other themes, such as the *Goat of Mendes*, the *Osculum Infame*, and the recitation of the Lord's Prayer backwards, which were associated with the Satanic rites of medieval witchcraft.

[Updated January 2016]

<p>Note: To the best of our knowledge, this is the first Black Mass to be recorded, either in written words or in audio. It is as authentic as hundreds of hours of research in every known source can make it...</p>		
<p>Coven:</p>	<p>Original:</p>	<p>Source:</p>
<p>Altar Bell <i>Rung nine times to invoke the spirit of Satan.</i> Coven <i>Chanting Invocation in ancient language to conjure Satan from the infernal abyss</i></p>	<p>The shattering effect of the bell is used to mark both the beginning and the end of the ritual. The priest rings the bell nine times, turning counter clockwise and directing the tolling towards the four cardinal points of the compass. This is done once at the beginning of the ritual to clear and purify the air of all external sounds, and once again at the end of the ritual to intensify the working and act as a pollutionary indicating finality.</p>	<p>Found in Anton LaVey, <i>The Satanic Bible</i> (previously, in LaVey's 1968 <i>Satanic Mass</i> recording)</p>
<p>Bagabi laca bachabe Lamac cahi achababe Karrelyos</p> <p>Lamac lamec bachalyas Cabahagy sabalyos Baryolos</p> <p>Lagoz atha cabyolas Samahac et famyolas Harrahya</p>	<p>Bagahi laca bachahé, Lamac cahi achabahé, Karrelyos.</p> <p>Lamac lamec bachalyos, Cabahagi sabalyos, Baryolas.</p> <p>Lagozatha cabyolas, Samahac et famyolas, Harrahya.</p>	<p><i>Le Miracle de Théophile</i> (The Miracle of Theophilus) circa 1261 by the trouvère Rutebeuf (printed in Grillot de Givry, <i>Witchcraft, magic & alchemy</i>)</p>
<p>High Priest <i>Enters to center of the altar and chants, while crossing himself in a counterclockwise direction with his left hand:</i></p>	<p>(Sign of the Cross)</p>	
<p>“In nomine de nostre Satanas: Lucifere excelsis!” High Priest (chants) “Introibo ad altare Satanas.” Coven (chants) “Ad Satanus, qui</p>	<p>“In the name of our Satan; the glorious Lucifer!”</p> <p>“I will go up to the Altar of Satan.”</p> <p>“To Satan, the giver of</p>	<p>In nomine Dei nostri Satanus Luciferi excelsi! Sign of the Cross In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.</p> <p>Introibi ad altare Dei Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam.</p> <p>LaVey, <i>Satanic Mass</i> (1968) Introit of the Latin Mass</p>

laetificat gloria meam.”	youth and glory.”		
Coven <i>chants ancient conjuration to yield their souls to the devil:</i>			
Palas aron ozinomas Baske bano tudan donas Geheamel cla orlay Berec he pantaras tay		Palas aron ozinomas Baske bano tudan donas Geheamel cla orlay Berec hé pantaras tay	Jean Bodel: <i>Jeu de Saint Nicolas</i> (13 th Century, printed in Grillot de Givry, <i>Witchcraft, magic & alchemy</i>)
High Priest “In the name of Satan, ruler of Earth, the King of the world, the Chief of the Serfs, I command the forces of darkness to bestow their infernal power upon us. Save us, Lord Satan, from the treacherous and the violent. Oh Satan, Spirit of the Earth, God of Liberty, open wide the gates of Hell, and come forth from the abyss by these names:” High Priest and Coven “Satan! Beelzebub! Leviathan! Asmodeus! Abaddon!”		In the name of Satan, the Ruler of the earth, the King of the world, I command the forces of Darkness to bestow their Infernal power upon us! Open wide the gates of Hell and come forth from the abyss by these names: Satan, Lucifer, Belial, Leviathan	LaVey, <i>Satanic Mass</i> 1968
High Priest <i>chants:</i> “Gloria Satanas, et Belial et Spiritui maloso.” Coven <i>responds:</i> “Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.” High Priest <i>chants:</i> “Satanas vobiscum.” Coven <i>responds:</i> “Et cum spiritu tuo.”	“Glory be to Satan and Belial, and to the Evil Spirit” “As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen” “Satan be with you.” “And with thy spirit.”	Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum. Amen. Inversion of the Trinity: Father=Satanas, Son=Belial, Holy Spirit=Evil Spirit (Spiritui maloso) q.v. 2 Corinthians 6:14,15: "For what do righteousness and wickedness have in common? Or what fellowship can light have with darkness? What harmony is there between Christ and Belial" <i>Dominus vobiscum</i> , "The Lord be with you", is a salutation and blessing traditionally used by clergy in the Roman Catholic Mass. The response is <i>Et cum spiritu tuo</i> , meaning "And with your spirit." A bishop says <i>Pax vobis</i> , "Peace to you", instead.	Introit of Mass The Glory Be (Gloria Patri; Doxologia Minor); sung by the band H.P. Lovecraft in 1967.
High Priest <i>Calling the coven to prayer:</i> “Let us pray . . . Urged by our Lord Satan’s bidding, and schooled by his infernal ordinance, we make bold to say:”			The Lord's Prayer backwards, a common theme in Satanism

<p>High Priest and Coven <i>Recitation of the Lord's Prayer, backwards:</i> "Amen . . . Evil from us deliver but . . . Temptation into not us lead and . . . Us against trespass who those forgive we as . . . Trespasses our us forgive and . . . Bread daily our day this us give . . . Heaven in is it as earth on . . . Done be will thy . . . Come kingdom thy . . . Name thy be hallowed . . . Heaven in art who . . . Father our."</p>		(found in Dennis Wheatley's novels)
<p>High Priest <i>Removes his headdress and approaches the coven, congregated a few feet in front of the altar:</i></p>		
<p>"Children of my office. From high matters I spare the time to preside over this gathering. By the favor of our Lord Satan, I have the power to grant your wishes, should it please me to do so. Waste no moment in unnecessary babbling or you will incur my anger. Now, lift up your heads, and tell me your desires."</p>	<p>'Children of my Office. From High matters I spare time to preside over this Lodge again. By the favour of Our Lord Satan I have the power to grant your wishes, should it please me to do so. Waste no moment in unnecessary babbling or you will incur my anger. Now; lift up your heads and tell me your desires.'</p>	<p><i>The Satanists</i>, by Dennis Wheatley, 1960, chapter 10.</p>
<p><i>After a loud knock at the side door of the Altar Chamber:</i></p>		
<p>"Who seeks entry here?"</p> <p>Assistant Priestess "One who repents her past heresies and craves to be accepted into the grace of our Master, Satan . . . designated by the Creator. Lord of this World from its beginning without end."</p> <p>High Priest "Enter, penitent, that you may abase yourself before the only true God."</p>	<p>'Who seeks entry here?'</p> <p>'One who repents her past heresies and craves to be accepted into the grace off our Master, Satan; designated by the Creator Lord off this World from its beginning to its end,'</p> <p>'Enter penitent, that you may abase yourself before the only true God,'</p>	
<p><i>The side door opens, revealing a scared young girl, who has been persuaded to join the coven. She enters, hesitantly, wearing a long white muslin garment, tied at the waist with a cord. Her ankles are bound in shackles</i></p>		
<p>"Penitent, the opportunity is offered you to redeem your past . . . Do you desire to take it?"</p> <p>Probationer "Yes."</p> <p>High Priest "Are you prepared to serve our Lord Satan with your whole mind, body, and soul, permitting nothing to deter you from</p>	<p>'Penitent, the opportunity is offered you to redeem your past. Do you desire to take it?'</p> <p>'Yes,'</p> <p>'Are you prepared to serve Our Lord Satan with your whole mind, body and soul, permitting nothing to deter you from the</p>	

<p>the furtherance of his work? Probationer “Yes.”</p>	<p>furtherance of his work?’ 'Yes,' 'Do you freely undertake to accept without question all orders that may be given to you by those He has placed, or may place, in authority over you?' 'Yes,' she murmured again.</p>	
	<p>From somewhere behind him he produced a cross about eighteen inches long and made from two thin strips of black wood held together by a single nail. Leaning forward he put it into her hands, and said:</p>	
<p>High Priest “As proof that you have purged your mind of all false teaching, you will now break this crucifix and throw the pieces from you.” High Priest “Stand up, and raise your left hand!</p>	<p>'As proof that you have purged your mind of all false teaching you will now break this and throw the pieces from you, while declaring, "I deny Jesus Christ, the deceiver; and abjure the Christian Faith, holding in contempt all its works.' 'Stand up and raise your left hand.' Leaning forward again he put into her raised hand a life-sized phallus made of solid gold. It was so heavy that she nearly dropped it, but managed to clutch it to her chest.</p>	
<p>Repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the words I am about to say: High Priest and Probationer “I deny Jesus Christ the deceiver . . . and I abjure the Christian faith, holding in contempt all of its works. By the symbol of the Creator, I swear henceforth to be . . . a faithful servant of his most puissant Arch-Angel, the Prince Lucifer . . . whom the Creator designated as His Regent and Lord of this World. As a being now possessed of a human body in this world. I swear to give my full allegiance to its lawful Master: to worship Him, our Lord Satan and no other; to despise all manmade religions, and to bring contempt to them whenever possible; to undermine the faith of others in such false religions whenever possible; and bring them to the true faith when desirable. I swear to give my mind, body, and soul unreservedly . . . to the furtherance of the designs of our Lord</p>	<p>'Hold it above your head,' he ordered, 'and repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the words I am about to say. "By the symbol of the Creator ... I swear henceforth to be ... a faithful servant of His most puissant Arch-Angel... the Prince Lucifer ... whom before departing to perform further wonders ... He designated as His Regent and Lord of this World ... As a being now possessed of a human body in this world ... I swear to give my full allegiance to its lawful Master ... To worship Him, Our Lord Satan, and no other... To despise all man-made religions ... and to bring contempt upon them whenever that may be done without courting danger ... To undermine the faith of others . . . in such false religions, wherever possible . . . and bring them to the true faith ... if after consultation with my superiors they decide that to be desirable ... I swear to obey without question... every order I may receive from my superiors ... or those who may be placed in</p>	

<p>Satan. If I betray my oath, I do now decree to have my throat cut, my tongue and heart torn out . . . and to be buried in the sand of the ocean that the waves of it may carry me away into an eternity of oblivion.”</p> <p>High Priest “If you ever break this oath, we shall pronounce sentence upon you in the name of our Lord Satan . . . that you shall fall into dangerous disease and leprosy, and that, in the sign of his vengeance, you shall perish by a terrifying and horrible death, and that a fire shall consume and devour you on every side and utterly crush you . . . and that by the power of Satan, a flame shall go forth from His Mouth which shall burn you up and reduce you to nothing in Hell . . . ”</p>	<p>authority over me ... I swear to give my mind, body and soul unreservedly ... to the furtherance of the designs of Our Lord Satan . . . Finally I swear that as a neophyte . . . and later should I be privileged to be initiated into the Brotherhood of the Ram ... I will in no circumstances disclose its secrets . . . the places of meeting of its Lodges . . . anything to which I have been a witness while attending their meetings ... or the identity of any person that I have met at one or more of them. Should I break this my oath ... may it be decreed that for a hundred incarnations ... beginning with my next... I shall never rise from poverty . . . shall be rejected by all upon whom I may set my affections... and die from some agonizing disease." '</p>	
<p>High Priest <i>Removes a bag from the altar; this bag contains the shavings of a clock</i></p> <p>“Now take these shavings in your hand and face the Goat of Mendes . . . repeat after me:</p> <p>High Priest and Probationer “I deny God, Creator of Heaven and Earth, and I adhere to thee, and believe in thee.”</p> <p>High Priest <i>Leads the girl to the right side of the altar to a black throne, upon which is seated Satan in the materialization of a huge black goat with a human body, but with the hooves and head of a goat. The goat has three horns, the middle one being a lighted torch</i></p> <p>“Kiss the Goat!!”</p> <p><i>As the girl kisses the posterior of the goat from behind the throne, the ceremony of fidelity to Satan known as the Pax, the High Priest intones . . .</i></p> <p>“As the shavings of the clock do never return to the clock from which they are taken, so may your soul never return to Heaven.”</p> <p><i>. . . leading the girl back to the altar</i></p>	<p>...the Swedish witches in a very dramatic manner: 'The Devil gave them a Purse, wherein there were shavings of Clocks with a Stone tied to it, which they threw into the water, and then were forced to speak these words: <i>As these Shavings of the Clock do never return lo the Clock from which they are taken, so may my Soul never return to Heaven</i> .' (Murray)</p> <p>Mackenzie, quoting from Del Rio, gives the formula thus: '<i>I deny God Creator of Heaven and Earth, and I adhere to thee, and believe in thee.</i>' (Murray)</p> <p>"Levi called his image "The Goat of Mendes", presumably following Herodotus' account that the god of Mendes — the Greek name for Djedet, Egypt — was depicted with a goat's face and legs. Herodotus relates how all male goats were held in great reverence by the Mendesians, and how in his time a woman publicly copulated with a goat. ... Levi combined the images of the Tarot of Marseilles Devil card and refigured the ram Banebdjed as a he-goat, further imagined by him as "copulator in Anep and inseminator in the district of Mendes". (Wikipedia)</p> <p>"<i>Osculum infame</i> is the name of a witch's supposed ritual greeting upon meeting with the Devil. The name means The Shameful Kiss, or The Kiss of Shame since it involved kissing the devil's backside, his other mouth." (Wikipedia)</p>	<p><i>The Witch Cult in Western Europe</i>, by Margeret Murray, 1921, Chapter 3, <i>The Renunciation and the Vows</i></p>

	<p>"Pax - inversion of Osculum infame - <i>Osculum pacis</i> The words <i>Pax tecum</i>, <i>Pax vobis</i>, or <i>Pax vobiscum</i> are used in the Liturgy at the kiss of peace. On such occasions the Liturgy contains prayers or collects ad pacem."</p>	
<p>"Now . . . remove your garment and lie down at full length upon the altar."</p>	<p>'Now lie down at full length upon the altar.'</p>	<p><i>The Satanist</i></p>
<p><i>As the girl drops her garment and lies naked on the altar, the High Priest stretches out her arms and places a lighted black candle in each outstretched hand. She is now a human altar in the shape of a crucifix; her ankles still being bound by the shackles. Some members of the assemblage, looking ahead to the ceremony where she must submit to the sexual desires of the coven, are beginning to express their emotions.</i></p>	<p>Awkwardly, on account of her lead-weighted feet, she clambered on to it and stretched herself out.</p> <p>[And since in this divine sacrifice which is celebrated in the Mass, the same Christ who offered himself once in a bloody manner on the altar of the cross is contained and offered in an unbloody manner.]</p>	
<p>"Brothers and sisters of the Left-Hand Path . . . the penitent has proved a worthy neophyte in our high order. It is now my happy duty to free her from the bonds of ignorance and superstition."</p>	<p>'Brothers and Sisters of the Ram. The penitent has proved worthy of acceptance as a neophyte into our High Order. It is now my happy duty to free her from the bonds of ignorance and superstition.'</p>	
<p><i>The High Priest removes the shackles from the ankles of the young probationer/neophyte and proceeds with the rite symbolic of copulation with the devil. If the Lord Satan or one of his demons is present at this portion of the Mass, the High Priest will step aside and lead conjurations of lust while the ceremony is actually performed. After this rite, the neophyte, still serving as the altar, has the Chalice containing the host and a skull filled with blood placed upon her prone body. The host is generally stolen from a Catholic church, dyed black, and cut into a triangular shape. The blood is generally from a previously sacrificed animal of bird; although for a major high Sabbath, the most effective sacrifice is an unbaptised baby.</i></p>	<p>With swift, well-practised movements, he knocked off Mary's fetters and unbuckled the heavy shoes, casting them quickly aside. He then gave a gentle pull at her bun and ran his hands through her hair, so that the pins fell out and her dark locks again tumbled about her shoulders. Lastly, with a sharp knife he slit up the sacking shirt and cut the string that held the sacking skirt in place. Ripping the tatters of the ugly garments away he exposed her on the altar naked except for the mask over her face.</p> <p>[Copulation with the Devil; stolen Host; skull of blood of sacrificed animal/baby]</p>	
<p>High Priest chants "Satanas gratias." "Satanas vobiscum." Coven responds</p> <p>"Thanks be to Satan" "Satan be with you."</p>	<p>Deo Gratias Dominus vobiscum. Et cum spiritu tuo</p>	<p>From the Latin Mass</p>

<p>“Et cum spiritu tuo” “And with thy spirit.”</p>		
<p>High priest and Coven <i>Walks to left of human altar to begin the Offeratory. He holds up the Paten containing the consecrated host</i></p> <p>“Lucifer, Save us! Master, Save us! Astaroth, Save us! Master, Save us! Shaiton, Save us! Master, Save us! Zabulon, Save us! Master, Save us! Maloch, Save us! Master, Save us!”</p> <p><i>High Priest walks to the right of human altar, and holds up the skull or other Chalice containing the blood</i></p> <p>“Satan, Have mercy! Master, Have mercy! Baal, Have mercy! Master, Have mercy! Azazel, Have mercy! Master, Have mercy! Dagon, Have mercy! Master, Have mercy! Mammon, Have mercy! Master, Have mercy!”</p>	<p>Semitic gods, found in the Old Testament: <i>Astaroth (Astarte, female), Maloch (king), Satan, Baal (master), Azazel (goat god), Dagon (fish god)</i></p> <p><i>Zabulon</i> was another name for the god <i>Baal</i>.</p> <p><i>Shaitan</i> from Arabic, used to refer to the God that the <i>Yezidis</i> worship.</p> <p>From Latin, Christian Bible: <i>Lucifer</i> (light bearer), <i>Mammon</i> (wealth, greed)</p>	
<p>High Priest <i>Taking Communion, consecrates the Paten and the Chalice with the blessing of Death</i></p> <p>“Blessed be the bread and wine of death . . . blessed a thousand times more than the flesh and blood of life, for you have not been harvested by human hands nor did any human creature mill and grind you. It was our Lord Satan who took you to the mill of the grave, so that you should thus become the bread and blood of revelation and revulsion. I spit upon you! and I cast you down! in the memory of Satan, because you preach punishment and shame to those who would emancipate themselves and repudiate the slavery of the church!”</p> <p><i>He casts the consecrated host and blood on the floor in front of the altar and spits on them. At this sign, the entire congregation rushes up amidst screams of hate and tramples upon the mixture. They also scramble and fight for remnants to be used in casting private spells</i></p> <p>High Priest <i>tearing off his vestments and trampling them on the ground . . .</i></p> <p>“These ornaments, badges of authority, serve only to conceal</p>	<p>...women rushed upon the Eucharist and, grovelling in front of the altar, clawed from the bread humid particles and drank and ate divine ordure... And Durtal, terrified, saw through the fog the red horns of Docre, who, seated now, frothing with rage, was chewing up sacramental wafers, taking them out of his mouth, wiping himself with them, and distributing them to the women, who ground them underfoot, howling, or fell over each other struggling to get hold of them and violate them.</p>	<p>Unclear source.</p> <p><i>Là-Bas (Down There)</i>, by J.K. Huysmans, translated by Keene Wallace [Original published 1891, English translation published 1928.], Ch. 19</p>

the nakedness which is alone acceptable to our Lord Satan!”		
<i>Entire coven rips off their cloaks and any other garments amidst bestial shrieks and growls. This is silenced by the High Priest who rings a gong, causing the reaction of a thunder clap. The High Priest holds his left hand aloft helping the unsteady, and seemingly drugged, young neophyte off the altar to stand naked before the now naked coven</i>		
“Neophyte, you have served me well! Stand up and join these assembled here so that they may look upon you, and do with you as they desire ...”	'Stand up,' he said, 'and face the congregation so that they may look upon you.'	<i>The Satanists</i> , by Dennis Wheatley, 1960, chapter 10.
<i>The neophyte is pushed into the midst of the assemblage, who stare at her and gesture and whisper among themselves. Later, at the end of the Mass, she will be submitted to the carnal desires of any member or members of the coven who request her. She will also assist in mass perversions</i>	Mary did as she was bid. It was futile to pretend false shame. She had been prepared at least for this, and she was justly proud of her beautiful body. A murmur of interest and admiration went up from the masked men and women lounging on the divans. 'You have nothing to fear. It is our custom that the Brotherhood should give ritual welcome to every neophyte, because she is already half-way to becoming a Sister. As High Priest it is my privilege to be the first to do so.' He then put his hands on her shoulders, stooped his head, and kissed her on the lips.	
High Priest <i>Announcing the dismissal from the formal Mass, proclaiming the Benediction for increased virility, and calling for the homage to Satan through feasting, dancing, and a general orgy till dawn:</i>		
“I, Joel, Prince of the Bats and High Priest of the Lord Satan, by this act do dismiss you from this service . . . Prepare to receive through me the Benediction of Our Lord Satan, that you may honour the Creator by the rite symbolical of his work ...”	'The hour has come! The great hour has come! I, Augustus Copely-Syle, Prince of the Bats and High Priest of the Lord Satan, by this act give a soul to my creation.'	<i>To the Devil a Daughter</i> , Dennis Wheatley, 1953, chapter 23, <i>The Cave of the Bats</i> .
<i>As the altar bell is again rung nine times, the High Priest wanders among the assemblage, touching the genitals of each member of the coven with a special Satanic blessing to insure the success of the orgy to follow</i>	Bell rung nine times	LaVey
“Eva, Ave Satanas! Vade Lilith, vade retro Pan! Deus maledictus	Eva, ave Isis. Vade Lilith, vade retro Mirzam! Jesus Bethlemitus	Le Diable au XIXème

est!! Gloria tibi! Domine Lucifere, per omnia saecula saeculorum. Amen!!”	maledictus est! Gloria tibi, Domine Lucifere, per omnia saecula, saeculorum. Amen.	Siècle, 1893 (anti-Masonic work)
“Do What Thou Wilt, Shall Be the Whole of the Law!”		In Wheatley's novels.
“Rege Satanas! Hail Satan! Ave Satanas! Hail Satan! Hail Satan!! Hail Satan!”		<i>The Satanic Mass</i> , Anton LaVey, 1968.

Appendix I

From *The Sabbat Rituals*, by Gerald Gardner, November Eve, 1949.

Walk or slow dance, Magus leading High Priestess, both carrying Phallic wand or broom, people with torches or candles.

Witch chant or song:

Eko, eko, Azarak

Eko, eko, Zomelak

Bazabi lacha bachabe

Lamac cahi achababe

Karrellyos

Lamac lamac Bachalyas

Cabahagy sabalyos

Baryolos

Lagoz atha cabyolas

Samahac atha famolas

Hurrahya

Appendix II

From *The Satanic Bible*, by Anton LaVey, Avon Books, 1969; pp. 145-6.

INVOCATION TO SATAN

In nomine Dei nostri Satanus Luciferi excelsi!!

In the name of Satan, the Ruler of the earth, the King of the world, I command the forces of Darkness to bestow their Infernal power upon me!

Open wide the gates of Hell and come forth from the abyss to greet me as your brother (sister) and friend!

Grant me the indulgences of which I speak!

I have taken thy name as 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!

OH HEAR THE NAMES

{NOTE: The Infernal names are listed here in alphabetical order purely to simply referral to them.

When calling the names, all of them may be recited, or a given number of those most significant to the respective working may be chosen.

Whether all or only some of the names are called, they must be taken out of the rigidly organized form in which they are listed here and arranged in a phonetically effective roster. }

Abbadon
Adramelech
Ahpuch
Ahriman
Amon
Apollyn
Asmodeus
Astaroth
Azazel
Baalberith
Balaam
Baphomet
Bast
Beelzebub
Behemoth
Beherit
Bile
Chemosh
Cimeries
Coyote
Dagon
Damballa
Demogorgon
Diabolus
Dracula
Emma-O
Euronymous
Fenriz
Gorgo
Haborym
Hecate
Ishtar
Kali

Lilith
Loki
Mammon
Mania
Mantus
Marduk
Mastema
Melek Taus
Mephistopheles
Metztli
Mictian
Midgard
Milcom
Moloch
Mormo
Naamah
Nergal
Nihasa
Nija
O-Yama
Pan
Pluto
Proserpine
Pwcca
Rimmon
Sabazios
Sammael
Samnu
Sedit
Sekhmet
Set
Shaitan
Shamad
Shiva
Supay
T'an-mo

Tchort
Tezcatlipoca
Thamuz
Thoth
Tunrida
Typhon
Yaotzin
Yen-lo-Wang

Appendix III

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CHAPTER X

ORDEAL OF A NEOPHYTE

On Saturday Mary could settle to nothing. She had no engagements during the day, so after tidying her flat and doing her week-end shopping she had nothing to occupy her. In turn she tried the radio and reading a thriller, and abandoning both went out to see a film; but even that failed to hold her interest for more than a few minutes at a time. She simply could not keep her mind from speculating on what might happen to her that evening.

She endeavoured to fortify herself by remembering that Ratnadatta had been quite definite in his assurances that she would not be required to offer herself in service to the Temple until her initiation, and that before that there was a second stage to be gone through in which some token act of work in the interests of the Brotherhood had to be performed.

But how much reliance could she place on his word? She would have to trust herself to him again in that old mansion hidden in a slum, which was now the secret meeting place of depraved men and women. For the ceremony it was certain that she would have to go down into the temple among them. She would, almost certainly, be expected first to undress and don their uniform of only a mask, silver sandals and a transparent muslin cloak. She had no illusions about the emotions that the sight of herself aroused in men, often even quite respectable ones, when they saw her in a swim-suit on a bathing beach. What if some of the Brotherhood followed their own dictum, 'Do what thou wilt shall be the Whole of the Law' and set upon her? Even if Ratnadatta had the will to protect her, would he be able to do so? And why should they refrain from demanding of a neophyte what they might expect to be given willingly by an initiate?

Yet in the end, soon after nine o'clock, she found herself in a bus on the way to Sloane Square; for, late in the afternoon, several thoughts had come to her to allay her fears. Depraved as the members of the Brotherhood might be individually, they were under the orders of their High Priest Abaddon, and from his benevolent looks she believed he would protect her; they clearly set great value on the proper observance of their ceremonies, so were unlikely to depart from a set ritual; and surely Ratnadatta would not have spent so much time indoctrinating her unless his object was to make her a permanent disciple of the Devil, whereas that would be

defeated if she were so treated that night that she refused ever again to go to a meeting. Moreover, once a neophyte, the probability was that she would be permitted to talk to other members of the Brotherhood, and that would give her a chance to pursue her original intention of trying to find out if the Satanists had been responsible for Teddy's terrible end.

At the Tube Station Ratnadatta was waiting for her. As he had directed, she had no obvious make-up on and had had her hair scragged back tightly into a bun; so, although she had tied a silk scarf round her head, she felt quite a sight. But his comment was one of approval.

They got into a taxi and again she allowed him to tie a handkerchief over her eyes. The drive seemed much shorter than when he had taken her to the Temple the previous Saturday and during it he said little, except to reaffirm that the ceremony would be quite a brief one and add that, as it was to be the first item on the evening's programme, he hoped to be able to drop her at Hyde Park Corner well before eleven o'clock. Again she wondered, with a nasty sinking feeling inside her, if he was telling the truth; but it was too late to back out now.

The taxi set them down in a different place from that at which they had got out before, but after a few minutes' walk through streets that stank from the garbage that littered their gutters, they again turned into the cul-de-sac at the end of which lay the old mansion.

As soon as they were inside, the Indian led her across the fine hall to a room on the ground floor. Its walls were lined with books, some of which were handsomely bound and others that looked as if they were very old. It was heavily carpeted and richly furnished, so had the appearance of a wealthy man's study, but some filing cabinets and a dictaphone and typewriter on a side table suggested that it was also used as a business office.

Behind a heavily carved desk, which was bare except for a bronze copied from that retrieved from Pompeii and now in the secret museum at Naples, which depicts a satyr raping a goat, sat Abaddon.

The High Priest was wearing a dark lounge suit, and Mary thought that he looked more than ever like a Bishop. He stood up as she came in, came forward to meet her with a charming smile, took her by the hand, led her to a chair, and said:

'Welcome, my child.' Then, with a glance at Ratnadatta, 'Our Brother Sasin, here, has told me a lot about you. He believes that you are one of those who are old in time, and that your feet are truly set upon the right Path; so that you are worthy of advancement and to be granted, in due course, powers which will enable you to be of value in the service of Our Lord Satan. But first, I must examine you myself; for my consent to our acceptance of you as a neophyte is dependant on my confirming Sasin's opinion.'

For some five minutes he put to her a number of questions which she answered in a low voice, replying to them all in the way she thought he would wish, on the basis of the instruction Ratnadatta had given her during their numerous talks.

Abaddon's eyes were large, pale blue and steady. Once or twice, when she found a lie difficult to tell convincingly, she had a subconscious urge to look away from them, but found she was unable to. Under that intent gaze she almost panicked, feeling certain that he must detect the fact that she was not telling the truth about her convictions. But at last the catechism ended, and he appeared satisfied. Turning to Ratnadatta, he said:

'My reading of our young friend is that she is troubled by certain fears and still has lingering doubts. But both are not unusual in applicants of her age. The unknown is always more frightening to the young, and she has not yet had long enough to free herself entirely from ideas acquired during a conventional upbringing. Yet neither of these encumbrances to a happy state of mind are, in her case, so considerable that they will not soon be dissipated now that she has come among us. Our High Priestess will not be with us tonight, but any Sister of the Ram is qualified to prepare her. Go, Sasin, and bring here two of our Sisters from among the early arrivals.'

As Ratnadatta left the room, Abaddon took from a drawer in his desk a black satin mask, gave it to her and said, 'Take off your scarf and put that on. The identities of all the Brothers and Sisters of a Lodge are known to its High Priest and High Priestess; but it is not required that they should disclose them to one another. Some do so in order that they may develop outside in their everyday lives, friendships they have made here; others prefer to keep their identities secret. For that reason, from beginning to end of all our meetings everyone except myself and our High Priestess remains masked.'

When she had adjusted the mask, he went on: 'For the same reason no one is ever addressed while here by the name by which they are known outside. The ceremony of initiation includes baptism into the initiate's new faith. Each receives a Satanic name by which he is in future known among the Brotherhood. It must be a name associated with the service of Our Lord Satan. The names of His great nobility - the Seraphim who surround His throne and receive their orders direct from Him - such as Asmodeus, Uriel, Zabulon, Nebros, and soon, may not be taken by initiates. Like my own, Abaddon, they are reserved as titles for the High Priests of the different Lodges. But you may choose your own from those of all the witches and wizards who have actually lived in the past in this country or any other; and, since all of us in our past incarnations have many times inhabited both male and female bodies, a man may choose a witch's name or a woman a warlock's, should they so desire.'

Having said what he had to say, he fell silent and seemed quite content to sit, his long, beautiful hands folded on the desk in front of him, regarding Mary with a faint smile. But she found the continued silence and this unwavering gaze vaguely disquieting; so she searched her mind for some remark to break it and, after a moment, said:

'Circe was a famous witch, wasn't she. It's a pretty name and I think I'd like to be called after her.'

'By all means, my dear.' His smile deepened and he slightly inclined his high domed head. 'The name of the Greek enchantress will go well with your dark beauty. But think the matter over. There will be ample time to do so before your initiation, and by then you may have decided that you prefer some other.'

At that moment Ratnadatta re-entered the room. He now had on a mask and with him were two masked women. Both were wearing the sort of clothes in which they might have gone shopping in Bond Street or to a smart luncheon party.

The elder had grey hair and was small, but carried her well-preserved little figure very upright and had an air of great self-confidence. Her clothes were good but vaguely shabby, as though she did not bother with such matters overmuch. She was wearing a rope of good-sized pearls, a wedding ring, and a diamond half-hoop that did not appear to be of any great value.

The other was the Chinese girl. One glance was enough to tell Mary that her suit must have cost all of sixty guineas, her little hat near twenty and her hand-made shoes again as much. She had a diamond and platinum clip in the lapel of her coat, of the kind that could have come only from a jeweller of the first rank. She wore no wedding ring, but on her left hand there blazed one of the largest diamond solitaires that Mary had ever seen.

Standing up, Abaddon bowed to them, said, 'Greetings my children', then gestured with his right hand towards Mary. 'Here is one who aspires to join us in serving Our Lord Satan, and who I have good hopes will prove herself fitted to become our Sister. For the time being we shall refer to her as Circe.'

With a glance at Mary, he waved his left hand towards the two women. 'The Countess of Salisbury, and Tung-fang Shuo, honoured Sisters of the Ram.' Then, to them, he added, 'In cell number ten you will find all things ready for apparelling Circe suitably for her first ceremony. Be pleased to escort her to it and do all that is necessary.'

Both women gave Mary an appraising look. Very conscious that her clothes were 'off the peg', her face un-made-up and her hair done most unbecomingly, Mary wilted under their glance. But, next moment, she saw that beneath their masks the mouths of both of them were smiling, and the older one said briskly, 'Don't look so worried, child. There is nothing to be frightened about. Come with us, now.'

Somewhat reassured, Mary gave a half-smile to Abaddon and Ratnadatta, then accompanied the two women from the room. As they walked, one on either side of her, up the broad staircase, the elderly Countess remarked: 'Perhaps Abaddon's mentioning a cell scared you. But it need not. In Victorian times this house was a nunnery and the big reception rooms on the first floor were converted into a number of small cells. They come in quite useful now as they provide us with a range of private changing rooms.'

Half way down a broad corridor they entered one of them. It no longer had any resemblance to a cell. A fitted carpet covered its floor; on its panelled walls hung several small, but beautifully executed, coloured erotic French prints of the eighteenth century. It was furnished with a wardrobe, dressing table, electric fire, and chairs, on one of which reposed a strange collection of items consisting mainly of iron and sacking.

'Get your clothes off, my dear,' said the Countess, and Mary began to obey. As she did so, impelled to show that she was not completely overawed, she said: 'Abaddon told me that everyone here goes by the name of a witch or wizard, so why do you continue to use your own name, Lady Salisbury?'

The little grey-haired woman gave a sharp laugh. 'Outside these walls I have no title, but if you had read the old historical chronicles you would know that the Countess of Salisbury, who lived in Edward the Third's time, was the Queen witch of England. She was the King's mistress and it was from her that he snatched the emblem of Satan's power, her jewelled garter. Far memory tells me that I lived her life in a previous incarnation; so I took her title.'

'And you?' Realizing now that she must not neglect the opportunity to get these women to talk, Mary looked at the Chinese girl. 'I'm afraid I did not catch your name, but I'd be interested to know about its associations.'

The girl smiled. 'I am Tung-fang Shuo, and take my name from the great Chinese magician who lived in the second century a.d. But tell us, what impels you to wish to become a Sister of the Ram?'

'A desire for power,' replied Mary promptly. 'What kind of power?' enquired the Countess. After hesitating a second, Mary answered, 'Power over men.'

A beak-like nose projected from the Countess's mask and she wrinkled it in a suggestion of contempt. 'Then I think you stupid. You have looks enough already to get most men you might want. Power can have more interesting uses. Fifteen years ago my husband was no more than a fairly rich industrialist with no worthwhile social connections. Now, if I unmasked I should be surprised if you did not recognize me. Hardly a week passes without my photograph appearing in the Tatler, or some other paper. I am one of the best-known hostesses in London; and that brings far more satisfaction than just being able to lure any man you want into bed with you.'

'I do not agree,' declared Tung-fang Shuo. 'Your life of constantly entertaining important people must be one long round of anxiety and trouble. Regard myself. Three years ago I was brought to London as a typist to work in the Chinese Embassy. Behold me now. I toil not, neither do I spin. I am the mistress of a millionaire. He must kiss my feet before I will allow him to make love to me, and if I were fool enough I could make him squander his whole fortune on my whims.' Suddenly she raised her hand, flashing the huge diamond on her finger. 'But I am wise enough to be content with such presents as he of his own will buys me.'

By that time Mary had taken off all her clothes. The Countess picked up the sacking from the chair and held it out to her. To her amazement she saw that it had been fashioned into a rough two-piece garment. The upper part was simply a sack with holes cut in it at one end through which head and arms could be passed; the lower, another sack, slit down one side and along its bottom, so that by a string threaded through its top it could be tied round the waist as a skirt.

Tung-fang Shuo's black almond eyes smiled at Mary through the mask she was wearing. 'I am sad for you at this moment. You are very beautiful, and it is a hard thing for a beautiful woman to have to put on clothes that lessen the desire of men for her. But you are still a Christian; so you must wear a Christian's livery.'

Obediently Mary wriggled into the coarse, scratchy sacking, while Tung-fang Shuo pulled out from under the chair a pair of shoes so ugly, and made of such thick leather, that they resembled men's football boots from which the top few inches had been cut off. Mary sat down and the Chinese girl helped her get her bare feet into these monstrosities. They were much too large for her, but strong adjustable clips kept them on. As she stood up again and took a step forward she nearly overbalanced, the foot she had raised came down with a thud, and she realized that the soles of these horrible shoes must be weighted with lead.

The Countess, meanwhile, had been sorting out the ironmongery and Mary could see now that it consisted of a rusty set of ancient gyves and manacles. The two women adjusted the leg-irons then fastened the thick handcuffs, that were attached to them by short chains, over her wrists. Standing back they both surveyed her and the Countess said:

'I think a No. 2 size mantle would be about right for her.'

'Yes,' agreed Tung-fang Shuo, 'and her feet are a little larger than mine, so she will need size 5 in sandals.' Then she added to Mary: 'Sit down now and wait here until we return. We shall not be long as we have only to undress.'

When they had gone Mary looked at herself in the mirror and found her reflection even more unprepossessing than she had supposed. The shapeless sacking made her look broader and shorter than she appeared normally, and entirely hid her good figure. Her scragged back hair left her face without its attractive frame. Her complexion was still brown, as she had disobeyed Ratnadatta in that one particular, fearing that if she allowed him to see her naturally fair skin, he might suspect that she had also disguised herself in other ways; but she had on no eye-shadow or lipstick, and her mouth now stood out abnormally pale against her bronze-tinted face.

In less than ten minutes the Countess and Tung-fang Shuo rejoined her. Both now wore only transparent mantles, silver sandals and black velvet garters buckled below their left knees. The former, with her lean skinny little body, and loose hanging breasts, Mary thought a repulsive sight for this time she had been given no drugged drink to condition her mind into regarding nudity with detached indifference; yet that very fact enabled her consciously to appreciate that the slender, golden-brown form of the young Chinese was beautifully proportioned and as entrancing to look at as a great work of art.

The Countess said: 'Come now. You will find it difficult to walk in those heavy shoes, but we will help you.'

She was right. The weight of the irons was distributed, and so supportable, but the lead in the shoes made it an effort to lift them from the ground. The two women each took Mary by an arm and between them she staggered along the corridor. When they reached the staircase they made her put her arms round their necks, and so got her down the stairs without the risk of her ricking an ankle.

In the hall Ratnadatta was waiting for them. He, too, had changed into mantle and sandals, so that now his pot-belly stood out undisguised. He led the way round and under the broad staircase. Below it was a pair of big arched doors. Taking a short knob-kerrie from a hook on the wall, he banged with it loudly upon them. From the far side there came a muffled challenge.

'Who seeks entry here?'

'One who repents her past heresies and craves to be accepted into the grace of our Master, Satan; designated by the Creator Lord of this World from its beginning to its end,' cried Ratnadatta in a loud voice.

'Enter penitent, that you may abase yourself before the only true God,' replied the voice, and the doors swung silently open.

Ratnadatta stood aside and motioned to Mary to go forward. The two women let go her arms and Tung-fang Shuo said in a quick whisper, 'Slide your feet. You'll find that easier. It will not take long.'

Mustering her courage, Mary crossed the threshold into the Temple. It was arranged as she had first seen it, with the divans forming short rows on either side of the aisle. The congregation was sitting or lounging upon them but now, instead of their masked faces being turned towards the altar, the twenty-odd pairs of eyes behind the masks were rivetted upon herself.

Through the grille up in the balcony her field of vision had been limited, but she saw now that the sides of the temple were supported by rows of pillars from which rose gothic arches, giving it much more the appearance of a small church than, as she had thought it, a banqueting hall. Then recalling that the Countess had told her that it had once been a convent, she concluded that from a banqueting hall the nuns must have converted it into their chapel. If so, the altar she was approaching must have once been consecrated. The thought that in a few more minutes she would be called on to approve its desecration added to her terror.

The awful effort of moving her lead-weighted feet made her pant for breath and break out in perspiration. But slowly she shuffled forward while, but for the slithering of the shoe soles on the polished floorboards, an utter silence reigned and the many eyes continued to stare at her.

At last she reached the steps in front of the altar. Abaddon was standing behind it, robed as before in heavy black satin. He beckoned her up the steps, then signed to her to kneel down on the top one. When she did so her head came just above the level of the altar top, and as she looked up at him he said in his melodious voice:

'Penitent, the opportunity is offered you to redeem your past. Do you desire to take it?'

'Yes,' she murmured.

'Are you prepared to serve Our Lord Satan with your whole mind, body and soul, permitting nothing to deter you from the furtherance of his work?'

'Yes,' she repeated.

'Do you freely undertake to accept without question all orders that may be given to you by those He has placed, or may place, in authority over you?'

'Yes,' she murmured again.

From somewhere behind him he produced a cross about eighteen inches long and made from two thin strips of black wood held together by a single nail. Leaning forward he put it into her hands, and said:

'As proof that you have purged your mind of all false teaching you will now break this and throw the pieces from you, while declaring, "I deny Jesus Christ, the deceiver; and abjure the Christian Faith, holding in contempt all its works.'

A lump formed in Mary's throat. The thought of performing the awful act required of her filled her with terror. If she uttered such an appalling blasphemy surely the wrath of Heaven would fall upon her? All the beliefs she had held when younger surged up into her mind. She had accepted without a shadow of doubt the accounts given her by the nuns at her convent of people who mocked God having been struck dead on the spot. Even if such things did not happen, there could be no escaping the Day of Judgment. The faithful and the backsliders alike would then have to account for their every act. Although she no longer practised her religion she had never ceased to believe that. How could she possibly make

herself answerable for having committed such a terrible sin? The thought of it, and the price she must some day pay, would haunt her night and day for the rest of her life.

Yet, what if she refused? She had wantonly placed herself in the hands of these evil people. She was completely at their mercy. They would regard her standing firm in her true beliefs as a defiance of the dark power that they worshipped. To them, it would be like someone in a Christian church standing before the altar and proclaiming his allegiance to the Devil. Their rage at such an insult might cause them to rise up and fall upon her in a frenzy. They might even murder her.

They would, from fear that, having refused to serve Satan, if they let her go she would betray their vile secrets. Only by killing her could they be certain of saving themselves, or at least having to abandon this well-concealed meeting-place with all its costly furnishings. They would have nothing to fear from her disappearance; for she was living alone under an assumed name. Her landlady would report in a few days' time to the police that she had gone off leaving her things behind, but that would lead only to her being listed with hundreds of other missing persons. She had cut herself off even from Barney, the one and only person who might have tried to trace her.

Short of a miracle, escape was impossible and, having so long since fallen from a state of grace, how could she hope for one? Either she must pronounce the ultimate blasphemy or die there.

Desperately she sought for some middle course: some plea or trick by which she might postpone the issue. Her mind whirled with visions: of the Saviour, whom she was ordered to deny, upon the Cross; of a picture of Hell she had been shown as a child, in which naked men and women were being thrust by demons with pitchforks into the roaring flames; of a little coloured plaster statue of the Virgin before which she had knelt for many hundred nights when saying her prayers; of the insolently splendid figure of the Great Ram, and his terrifying black imp, as they had stood only a few feet from the spot where she was crouching, no more than a week ago.

These swiftly changing images robbed her of all coherent thought. From the moment Abaddon had spoken the abjuration her mind had been racing with such speed that each fearful idea chased out its predecessor in a flash; but even so the seconds had been ticking by, and she heard the High Priest say in a low voice:

'Come; do as I have directed. Otherwise the Brotherhood will become impatient.'

At that instant yet another mental picture flashed into Mary's brain. It was the pale serene face of the Mother Superior at the Convent she had attended. The old lady's lips and her gentle tones sounded again in Mary's ears, 'Remember, child, the understanding and the mercy of our Lord Jesus is infinite.'

It was the key. He knew that she had come here not for her own gain or advantage, with greed, lust, or a craving to be given power over others, but only in the hope of bringing her husband's murderers to book; and that if it proved possible, she would take steps to wreck this evil community that vilified His name. Nothing she said, in this gateway to Hell, no oath she took to Satan, could be binding provided that in her heart she remained true to the Redeemer.

A new strength suddenly flowed into her. She snapped the wooden cross in half and flung the pieces from her. Then in a hoarse voice she uttered the terrible words.

Abaddon smiled down upon her, and said: 'Stand up and raise your left hand.'

With a clank of the chain that attached her wrist-cuff to her leg-irons, she did so. Leaning forward again he put into her raised hand a life-sized phallus made of solid gold. It was so heavy that she nearly dropped it, but managed to clutch it to her chest.

'Hold it above your head,' he ordered, 'and repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the words I am about to say. "By the symbol of the Creator ... I swear henceforth to be ... a faithful servant of His most puissant Arch-Angel... the Prince Lucifer ... whom before departing to perform further wonders ... He designated as His Regent and Lord of this World ... As a being now possessed of a human body in this world ... I swear to give my full allegiance to its lawful Master ... To worship Him, Our Lord Satan, and no other... To despise all man-made religions ... and to bring contempt upon them whenever that may be done without courting danger ... To undermine the faith of others . . . in such false religions, wherever possible . . . and bring them to the true faith ... if after consultation with my superiors they decide that to be desirable ... I swear to obey without question... every order I may receive from my superiors ... or those who may be placed in authority over me ... I swear to give my mind, body and soul unreservedly ... to the furtherance of the designs of Our Lord Satan . . . Finally I swear that as a neophyte . . . and later should I be privileged to be initiated into the Brotherhood of the Ram ... I will in no circumstances disclose its secrets . . . the places of meeting of its Lodges . . . anything to which I have been a witness while attending their meetings ... or the identity of any person that I have met at one or more of them. Should I break this my oath ... may it be decreed that for a hundred incarnations . . . beginning with my next... I shall never rise from poverty . . . shall be rejected by all upon whom I may set my affections... and die from some agonizing disease." '

At first, as Mary repeated his words phrase by phrase, her voice was a little weak and hesitant, but after a few moments she realized that, having passed the Rubicon by denying Christ, nothing she might say mattered now; so she took the remainder of the oath in firm, clear tones.

When the worst, as she thought, was over, Abaddon said to her: 'Now lie down at full length upon the altar.'

Awkwardly, on account of her lead-weighted feet, she clambered on to it and stretched herself out.

In a loud voice Abaddon cried: 'Brothers and Sisters of the Ram. The penitent has proved worthy of acceptance as a neophyte into our High Order. It is now my happy duty to free her from the bonds of ignorance and superstition.'

With swift, well-practised movements, he knocked off Mary's fetters and unbuckled the heavy shoes, casting them quickly aside. He then gave a gentle pull at her bun and ran his hands through her hair, so that the pins fell out and her dark locks again tumbled about her shoulders. Lastly, with a sharp knife he slit up the sacking shirt and cut the string that held the sacking skirt in place. Ripping the tatters of the ugly garments away he exposed her on the altar naked except for the mask over her face.

'Stand up,' he said, 'and face the congregation so that they may look upon you.'

Mary did as she was bid. It was futile to pretend false shame. She had been prepared at least for this, and she was justly proud of her beautiful body. A murmur of interest and admiration went up from the masked men and women lounging on the divans.

Upon the two nearest, on either side of the aisle, the Countess and Tung-fang Shuo were sitting. The one had folded on her knees a transparent muslin mantle; the other was holding a pair of silver sandals. Both rose, came forward and put upon Mary this livery of the Brotherhood.

As they stepped back, the rest of the congregation suddenly came to its feet and surged forward. Fearful afresh of what might be about to happen to her, Mary stared at the advancing mob with distended eyes and backed swiftly against the altar. But Abaddon had come round it, and said to her:

'You have nothing to fear. It is our custom that the Brotherhood should give ritual welcome to every neophyte, because she is already half-way to becoming a Sister. As High Priest it is my privilege to be the first to do so.' He then put his hands on her shoulders, stooped his head, and kissed her on the lips.

He smelt faintly of lavender water and cigars, so she did not mind in the least. Neither did she when the Countess took his place and gave her a swift peck, or when Tung-fang Shuo, in turn, drew her close and gave her a long, sweetly perfumed kiss on the mouth; but as the Chinese girl released her she was stricken with fearful apprehension. The whole congregation was now thronging round, men and women, old and young; yet there was nothing she could do to evade them.

One after another they greeted her according to their temperaments. Some performed the ritual only as a necessary act, placing their hands lightly on her shoulders or waist, and barely touching her lips with theirs. But others took full advantage of the opportunity offered to them.

The very tall, fair-haired man, whom she had noticed the week before from the gallery, actually lifted her from her feet and held her to him for nearly half a minute, while kissing her until she was breathless. But after him came the huge negress, grinning from ear to ear, to envelop her in a mountain of flesh, so that she had to exercise great control to prevent herself from fighting off the repulsive creature.

Ratnadatta waited until last. As had been the case with several of the others, he took his time about it, and she felt that in accepting his embrace she reached the summit of her ordeal. Her flesh seemed to creep as he put his arms about her, and as his lips opened to kiss her she received the full strength of his sweetish, bad-lobster-smelling breath.

At last it was over. Stepping back, Ratnadatta took her hand and turned her towards the altar behind which Abaddon had again taken up his position. They bowed to him; he returned their bow, then the Indian led her back down the aisle and out through the big double doors of the temple.

Silent, and still trembling, she accompanied him up the stairs. He opened the door of the room in which she had changed and said:

'Put on your own clothes, plees. When you haf dressed come down to the hall. I shall be there waiting for you.'

As she dressed she could not make up her mind if she was glad or sorry that she had not been allowed to stay for longer down in the temple. While suffering her ordeal she had hoped that as the price of it she would be given a chance to mingle with the members of the Brotherhood, enter into conversation with some of them and, perhaps, pick up some pointer bearing on the reason for her having come there. On the other hand, had they let her remain there to take part in their feast and

dance, some of the kisses she had received suggested that, although she was as yet only a neophyte, far worse might have befallen her. On balance she decided that, if she could now get away without further unwelcome attentions from Ratnadatta, she would be well out of it.

Down in the hall she found him fully dressed. Without a word he took her out into the cul-de-sac and, with a step so quick that it betrayed impatience, walked her for a quarter of a mile until they reached a waiting taxi. As soon as they were seated in it, he bandaged her eyes, then he said:

'Tonight you haf taken a great step. You behave good; very good. I haf no complaints for you. Not till initiation do you receive baptism and perform service to temple. Also then you will sign pact in your own blood, and will be granted in exchange first stage off power to influence others. But before this you must perform some act decreed as test off your willingness to serve Our Lord Satan intelligently and well.'

He wheezed a little, then went on. 'You must continue attendance at the Tuesdays off Mrs. Wardeel. She ees a stupid woman, but serves good purpose in gathering at her house peoples interested in the occult. Most are harmless fools; but sometimes there comes one like yourself, worthy off advancement and suitable for employment in the great work off Our Lord Satan. I attend always for purpose off recognizing such. It will be there, next week, the week after, I do not know; but when Abaddon tells me to, that I shall inform you off the task allotted to you.'

At Hyde Park Corner he set her down. It seemed to her that a whole night must have passed since she had met him at Sloane Square Tube Station; but to her amazement it was still before eleven. Although she could have sworn that she had been in the Temple for hours, the actual ceremony had lasted only twenty minutes.

On her way home in a bus she still felt dazed and terribly exhausted. Her mind was filled with a medley of recollections of sights, sounds and feelings that she had experienced that evening: the body of the skinny Countess, the huge glittering diamond on the finger of Tung-fang Shuo, Abaddon seated in a lounge suit at his desk, her terror on being ordered to deny Jesus Christ, the weight of those terrible lead-soled shoes, the face of the Mother Superior, the embrace of the very tall fair-haired man, her panic as the congregation crowded round her.

Fortunately the bus conductress jogged her memory at the stop she had asked for when taking her ticket. She stumbled off, walked back to her number in Cromwell Road, let herself in, and wearily dragged herself upstairs to her flat.

Going straight to the bathroom she turned on the bath, then tipped some disinfectant into a glass, added water, and taking a gulp began to rinse her mouth. Her impulse to clean it and scrub her face free from the traces left by the score, and more, of mouths that had caressed or slobbered over it brought back into her mind details of the most repulsive kisses to which she had had to submit.

Suddenly she seemed to smell again Ratnadatta's foul breath. her stomach heaved, and she was sick into the basin.

Appendix IV.

From *The Bond of Black*, William Le Queux, England, 1899.

THE EVIL-DOERS

TRULY our gaze encountered a scene of the most bewildering and terrible description. Within was a spacious cellar-like chamber, the walls of which were hung with black whereon were curious devices in white, and around in sconces were burning candles of black wax. At the end, opposite where we stood, was a church Communion-table whereon burnt long, black candles, and before it stood a kind of low stool with a large cushion of black velvet upon it. All was black save the strange designs upon the walls, while the candles shed a curious mystic light upon the whole apartment, illuminating the central object so weirdly that our startled eyes were riveted upon it. This object, placed immediately over the altar, was nothing less than a great effigy of Satan, with a leering grin upon his ghastly features, holding in one hand an apple, and in the other a wine-bottle. In the eyes there burned a blood-red light, and the protruding tongue, as he laughed, seemed pointed as that of a serpent. It was hideous; and I heartily wished myself out of that noisome place.

Suddenly I saw something which paralyzed me with terror. The effigy moved. What I had believed to be but a statue, bent down and uttered some words to a thin, pale-faced man who had at that instant entered by the door on the opposite side of the chamber.

"Look!" gasped Yelverton. "Look!" It is living!"

But Muriel placed her hand upon his mouth, demanding that he should preserve silence and not risk our lives.

The newcomer spat into a marble bowl of water like that placed at the door of the Roman Catholic churches, whereupon Satan gave vent to a laugh so hideous that it sent a chill through me. Next second, some eight or ten others, men and women, entered, each expectorating into the holy water as sign of contempt for all things sacred.

With bated breath we watched. For several years there had been hints in the press of the establishment in London of a cult of Satan, but very few believed it. Yet here we were actual witnesses that Diabolism did exist among us. This age is indeed a decadent one, for according to the facts which had already leaked out the terribly profane doctrine of Satan consisted of a kind of reversed Christianity, it being inferred, from the condition of the world at the present time, that the mastery of the moment rests with the evil principle, and that the beneficent Deity is at a disadvantage. The Diabolists, therefore, while behaving that the Deity reigns, declare that he is the author of human misery, and they therefore take sides with Satan in the cause of humanity. According to those who have come out of this cultus, the worshipers cooperate with Satan to insure his triumph, and they believe that he communicates with them to encourage and strengthen them. Such, briefly, is the belief of the modern Diabolists, and such is the latest acme of profanity established among the greatest and most civilized nation on the earth.

As we watched, our eyes strained to witness everything, we saw infamous rites performed, rites which caused us both to shudder in horror; yet, curiously enough, Muriel looked upon them calmly, without betraying the slightest fear. Those who assembled were, for the most part, well dressed, and presently the Evil One upon the pedestal readied forth his hand and rang a small bell. Next instant there entered two acolytes bearing a ciborium, which they placed upon the altar. Then, after repeating a prayer to Satan in Latin, in imitation of a Christian prayer, the worshipers with one accord fell upon their knees in adoration of the Evil One.

The scene was strangely weird, but utterly horrible, for on regaining their feet all formed a row and filed past the altar, each taking up a dagger, and as they passed stabbed the consecrated host within the casket. Then, at sign from the hideous man upon the pedestal, a Satanic liturgy was chanted, and a brazier was lit by the

acolyte in the center of the chamber, when each worshiper producing a crucifix, spat three times upon it and cast it into the fire, while Satan laughed in triumph and they cried aloud to him in adoration. To witness such Pagan rites as these, where every element of Christianity was held up to ridicule, was sickening. A feeling of nausea crept over me when I heard these men and women anathematize the Deity, and the infamous and degrading ceremonies caused me to shudder.

The faces of that excited group seemed as demoniacal as the power they had worshiped, and about the room I heard ominous words—words which caused me to grip my weapon resolutely. My arm was still around Muriel's waist, for I saw that another attempt would probably be made upon her, so incensed were they that she should have betrayed them. The cult of Satan worships in secret, hiding their infamous rites in underground temples—as well they may— and the votaries of the Evil One are under oath not to divulge the whereabouts of the Devil's dwelling-place or the character of their blasphemies and outrages, on penalty of death. Truly this religion of darkness, springing as it has done from the drawing-rooms of debased Paris, is a terrible and awful spectacle in our present enlightened age.

Synagoga Satanae
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