

## SECRETS OF HIERARCHY REVEALED

### *IPSISSIMUS*

Leaps over tall buildings in a single bound. Can stop a steam engine. Walks on water. Faster than a speeding servitor. Gives policy to GOD.

### *MAGUS*

Can leap over tall buildings with assistance of trampoline. Loses tug-of-war with shunting engine. Walks on water if a calm day with a strong breeze behind. Almost as fast as a speeding servitor. Speaks to GOD.

### *ADEPT*

Barely clears single-storey building. Stops a steam engine as it pulls into station. Walks on indoor swimming pools. Dodges speeding servitors. Invokes GOD..

### *INITIATE*

Avoids walls. Can recognise steam-engine two out of three times. Walks on frozen ponds.

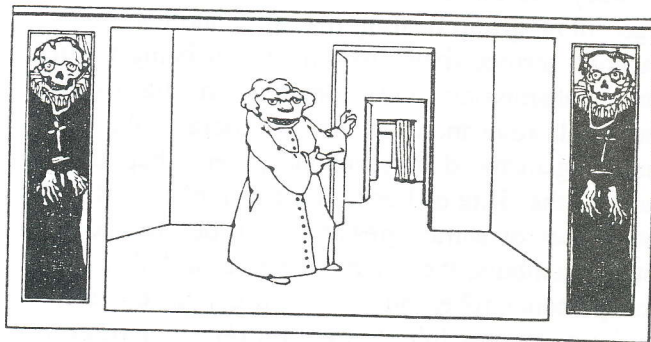
Says "what was that?" when servitors go by. Visualizes God.

### *NEOPHYTE*

Runs into walls. Says "choo choo". Can float in water if instructed carefully in use of rubber ring. Allowed a balloon on a piece of string. Prays to GOD for guidance.

### *CHAOS INTERNATIONAL EDITOR*

Lifts over tall buildings and walks under them. Kicks over steam engines. Freezes water with a single glance. Catches servitors in his teeth and eats them. ...HE IS GOD.



*Everything is Permitted*

## LETTER FROM A LUCIFEREAN

by Rex Monday

Since my last epistle to Chaos International, I have received some correspondence from some readers who have sought further elucidation on the nature of my Satanic philosophy. One question in particular, I found somewhat amusing was that of "Do you follow a *genuine* [my italics] Satanic Tradition?" This is a good starting point for discussion. What is a genuine Satanic tradition? It seems to me, from my observation of the contemporary occult milieu, that a good many people are concerned with distinguishing 'true' traditions from 'false' ones. This search for authentication underlies, to my mind, a reluctance to nail one's colours to any mast for fear of making (or being seen to make) an error of judgement. Related to this, is the forlorn hope that one can seize the magical high ground by finding a tradition that is somehow 'better' or—perhaps—'darker' than all the others. Although to some extent I can sympathize with the confusion of the modern seeker, faced with the bewildering profusion of traditions, systems and currents on offer, I can only say that, when I was first introduced to the existence of a Satanic group in 1954, I was not in possession of any such yardstick with which to decide whether or not it was genuine. What mattered to me at the time was that I had found some like-minded people who not only shared but encouraged me in developing a perspective which, whilst frightening at times, was exciting and invigorating. Indeed, I did not know, at the outset, that I had become involved with a Satanic group.

This admission may ring strange to the modern ear. My personal odyssey began whilst sitting in a pew in St. Matthew's Church, Colchester, half-listening to the vicar's sermon. An early ban-the-bomb advocate, he was preaching the dire consequences of the arrival of nuclear weapons on the earth. I can no longer recall exactly what he said, but I was suddenly struck with a revelation that the atom bomb was the ultimate symbol of Lucifer (the light-bringer); that this destroying light had ripped away the old world—had removed all