

From  
***Witches U.S.A.***  
by Susan Roberts  
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Photos taken by Hans Holzer, some from Church of Satan archives  
All are probably Sloane's promotional pictures

### 13. Tuesday in Toledo

"God is Evil. This Creator God—we call him the Demiurge—you Christians and Jews worship is *very, very* evil. Now, Eve and Adam and then Cain, in that order, were the first of us Satanists because they turned away from their Creator."

I interrupted him right there.

"Herb, I'm not a Biblical scholar, but aren't you going back to the Bible and the Garden of Eden? You say you are a witch. Yet, all the other witches I know say they are pagans."

"I'm not a Biblical scholar myself, so there you and me tread on common ground," he responded promptly. "We don't know when or where the Garden of Eden was. Biblical? Nonsense. Nothing but folklore until it got wrote up."

Dr. Herbert Sloane, Covenator of Our Lady of Endor Coven, the Ophite Cultus Sathanas (he is also known as Kala), and I were sitting in his headquarters in Toledo, Ohio. I was there at his invitation to a meeting of his coven that night at nine.

The witches I know spit and sputter whenever witchcraft and Satanism are mentioned in the same breath. Yet, some months before, in response to a written request from me, Dr. Sloane had sent me his manifesto, a three-page single-spaced mimeographed document written in question-and-answer form. One question he posed:

"Are witches and Satanists one and the same people?"

His answer to his question:

"The words *wicca* and *Gnosis* are oft confusing and separated; the former meaning WISDOM and the latter

KNOWLEDGE, of course in both cases in the purely religious sense rather than the material. It is the position of the true SATANIST to oft suppose that many witches have fallen into error by worshiping a Fertility God, and hence a devotion to and a reverence of matter."

I wanted him to elaborate personally on that point.

"Are you suggesting that witchcraft and Satanism are one and the same—that somewhere back in antiquity there was a schism, so to speak?" I asked.

"Now let's speculate on that one for a while," Herb answered.

He slouched in his straight-back chair, crossed his legs and lit a Player cigarette into a black holder. Herb is about six feet tall and lean, except for a healthy paunch that makes his legs seem longer and skinnier. He has a tendency to slump. He had taken off his suit jacket. Black suspenders pulled his black trousers well up and over his middle bulge, making his legs seem longer still.

His snow-white hair is thinning now. He's sixty-three. As he took a drag on his cigarette, he pulled at his billy-goat whiskers, which begin where his chin ends. The goatee, too, according to earlier pictures, has thinned with the years.

His eyes are deep-set, large and heavily lidded. They are a pale piercing blue and he meets your look directly. At one point during his varied career as a barber, cardiologist (card reader) and tasseographist (tea reader), he studied hypnotism.

His manifesto had already made it clear that he believes Satanism is rooted in the Gnostic doctrine. He is a dedicated student of the book *Gnostic Religion*, by Hans Jonas, and freely recommends it as required reading for everyone. His own personal copy is well worn and many passages are heavily underscored.

What is Gnosticism?

Historically speaking, there is disagreement about how and when Gnosticism evolved. It was one of the many "mystery" religions to emerge when Christians came out of the catacombs. Since its members were sworn to secrecy and the movement did not survive, little is known of Gnosticism.

Henry Angar Kelly, in his book *The Devil, Demonology and Witchcraft*, published in 1968, has put it this way:

"Some believe it to be essentially Jewish, while others claim a Christian basis and still others find its origin in pagan thought, either Hellenistic or Oriental. What is certain is that it freely made use of many elements, Jewish, Christian and pagan, religious and philosophical."

While Herbert Sloane is basically a mild-mannered man, he is also verbose, and when he was ready to expound on his own theory, he plunged right in.

"No theological speculation is *fact*," he emphasized at once. "It's all belief. No empirical data supports *any* religion. It's all 'once upon a time.' Now, *Gnosis* comes from a Greek word meaning 'knowledge.' I take it to mean knowledge of a God above and beyond the Demiurge. *Wicca* simply means 'wise.' And *pagan* comes from a Latin word meaning 'rural.'"

Taken one at a time, his statements sounded reasonable. Put them together?

"But how does all that add up to you?" I asked.

"My speculation," he said at once. "I figure that witchcraft stands to Satanism just like the Greek Orthodox Church stands to the Roman Catholic. A long time ago, they was the same. Somewhere along the way, they split.

"Now, we all know," he continued, warming to his subject, "pagans—that means rural folks—became wise in the ways of nature and herbs. Somewhere, around the second century, when orthodox Christianity took over, the real meaning of *knowledge* was lost to witches and their *wisdom* turned to herbalism and magic. They forgot the knowledge. There is a God *beyond* the Creator God. A Being. A Spirit Being commonly known as Satan in English and *Sathanas* in Latin."

"Were you ever a Christian, Herb?" I interrupted again, curious now about his early personal-life exposure to religion.

"Never!" he said emphatically. "I've never gone to church as a communicant. Never been baptised or circumcised. I was spiritually protected against them both. Now, as an observer, I've been to all churches. And, I

figure early—choose between God and the Devil, Devil's better every time. Like choosing between Democratic or Republican."

His comparison struck me as being odd and I laughed.

"One political party is good—the other evil?" I asked.

"No difference between good and evil," he corrected at once.

"Why?"

"All the same. The whole Cosmos is under the Demiurge. We can't live in this misconstructured world the Creator God made without causing suffering. Neither you nor me or a kangaroo in Australia."

"It is my understanding that members of the Craft generally lean toward the concept of two forces—although they must, ultimately, become one," I pointed out.

"Nonsense." Herb was impatient to proceed.

"That's where the split came when they lost their *knowledge*. There are no two forces—only one, like electricity. I can use electricity to cook dinner, or to electrocute someone. Depends entirely on my motive and intent. Neither constructive nor destructive—only as it's directed to be."

This view of magic is generally in line with what witches had told me: Summed up, there is only one form of magic. The intent of the operator determines the form—good or bad, black or white.

Back to the same old puzzle. Here Herbert Sloane, a professed Satanist, a Devil worshiper, was trying to tell me that *intent* was the clue. Since he insisted that God was evil, would it then not follow that all God's works were evil? He had indicated that also. So, could I assume he would deliberately practice what other witches call black magic fully convinced that he was doing the right thing?

These are some of the questions which ran through my mind while I looked at him carefully. He was sitting there, serenely smoking his cigarette, careful to flick the ashes before they dropped to the floor, the very picture of a benign elderly gentleman.

When he broke the silence to offer to make a pot of coffee, I was pleased at the interruption. I needed a

breather—a chance to look around and assess my surroundings, hoping for additional clues before we got any deeper into the subject.

I was not afraid of him. I was not even particularly apprehensive about his powers, no matter how Satanic they might turn out to be. In the first place, although I had endured one highly unpleasant experience my witch friends had assured me was a psychic attack, that occurred during the early morning hours when I was half asleep and vulnerable to my own imagination, if nothing else. But this was broad daylight.

Nevertheless, when Herb did get up to go into the back of the building to brew the coffee, I fingered the four-thousand-year-old Egyptian scarab ring that belonged to Joe, which he had given me to wear for the trip.

"This is for your special protection," he had said when he slipped it on my finger. He also assured me that he would be at his own altar in New York at the precise time that the Toledo coven was slated to meet. Joseph Wilson, in Topeka, when he learned that I had accepted the Satanic invitation, had also called to say that his coven would be meeting that night at the same time. They fully intended to throw up a screen of protection around me in the event any of the forces of Lucifer would be unleashed.

As soon as Herb left, I got up to walk around for my first real look at his quarters. My initial impression had been one of utter confusion. We were in a long, narrow "shot-gun" first-floor store-front arrangement. Sometimes this type of structure is known as a "railroad flat." The front room—the one we were in—had originally been set up as a tonsorial parlor. That antiquated phrase popped immediately to mind. It perfectly suited the shop's equipment. Two barber chairs were piled high with cardboard cartons and their contents—whatever they were—concealed by cotton throws of some sort, possibly old bedspreads. Two large, circular mirrors hung on the wall behind the chairs, over identical shampoo sinks. One mirror was flecked with artificial snowflakes—the other was yellowed and crazed.

Glossy nine-by-twelve prints were thumbtacked over the rest of the wall on that side of the room. The paint on

the walls, once a pallid, institutional green, now was gray-ing and peeling in spots. I walked over for a closer look at the pictures. All were of exotic dancers, affectionately and personally autographed with such names as "Baby Lulu Wilnot, the Pocket Pinup," "Kitty Land," "Martini Martin," "April March," "Electrique—the High Voltage Girl."

Herb came back while I was in the midst of this survey and proudly pointed out "Baby Thelma."

"She weighs in at 685 pounds and is known to show biz as a nonworking act. She doesn't do anything. She just sits." He flourished a card he said he had been carrying since 1963, which names him an honorary member in the Exotique Dancers League of America, an organization founded in New York in 1955, I learned. He then pointed out a picture I had overlooked, a supper-club type of shot. Men, women—and a doll. The celebration? The doll's birthday. Why a party for a doll?

"She is the mascot for the coven," Herb explained proudly. "Her name is April Belle Llodgar. That's rag doll—spelled backwards."

"That's interesting," I answered, at a loss for a more pertinent response.

Herb then offered a tour of the rest of the apartment. "April is in the bedroom," he added. "I want you to meet her."

As we walked toward the rear of the shop, he told me that the bedroom was also used for coven meetings.

"I call it the Dragon's Den. Artist friend of mine decorated it up some for me."

When Herb flung open the door that separated the shop from bedroom, I was not quite prepared for the rosy—not red—painted flames that shot up from the floor and licked toward the dirty white ceiling. Black smoke at the tops of the flames wreathed into leering black Devil faces. The head of this double bed paralleled the door, the side of it forming an aisle halfway down the room. The bed was covered with a plain white tufted spread.

Blown-up photographs were pinned to the far wall over the side of the bed. One, a full front view of a nude woman, completely overpowered its flaming background.

Obesity flattened her features. Long black hair dripped in strings over her shoulders. Her breasts rolled down her front like two huge blobs of blubber.

She also (I later learned she was a departed member of the coven) possessed a crop of pubic hair so luxurious it could easily have been plaited.

The rest of the wall was taken over by shadow boxes of assorted sizes, hanging crooked, holding a seemingly endless collection of black cats, goblins, dancing red devils, pitchforks, halloween novelties. . . . In the very center of the wall was a framed portrait of Lucifer himself, the crimson of his face clashing violently with the rosy-red flames that surrounded him.

An about-face brought me almost directly nose-to-nose with more flames and a photograph of the High Priest of Our Lady of Endor Coven. Suitable to the rest of the decor, Herb had posed for the picture clad only in the horns clapped to his head. Whether out of modesty or whether out of symbolic intent—I will never know—Herb held a hearth broom which almost covered his private parts. Modesty, however, did not prevent him from pinning a red ribbon embossed with gold letters spelling "witch" onto the simple black frame.

April Belle, a red-headed rag doll about twenty-four inches tall, was sitting at the far end of the room in a child's straight-backed chair. Herb suggested we walk over so he could formally introduce us. I suggested we go back to get the coffee since there was still a lot of territory to be covered. On that note, we left the Dragon's Den.

By the time we were settled in the shop again, I had decided I would wait until after the coven meeting to talk more about his views of black magic versus white. Instead, I asked him why he was a Satanist at all. He was eager to explain.

"I come by it by osmosis, I guess," he began. "Satanism is a called religion and I was called when I was three years old."

At that time, he was the only child at home and was living with his parents on a farm in Canada, he told me.

"One day, I was playing in the woods out back. Mind you now, I didn't even know what religion meant. Sud-

denly, ten foot away, on an upturned tree stump, a figure transfigured."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Changed features. The tree stump did. I can remember it if I never remember another thing. Bright, sunny day. Feeling I belonged right there. A feeling deeper than love or friendship."

"You knew that at three years old?"

"No. Not in them words. But it was somewhat like a child lost in a supermarket and suddenly looks up to find its mother. Anyway, there was a black Being sitting there, looking at me."

"How did it look?"

"I can even show you," he said. With that he went over to a glass-fronted bookcase and brought back *The God of the Witches* by Margaret Murray, an English anthropologist who died in 1963.

"Got hold of this book about ten years ago," he explained. "On the dust jacket, here was the figure I seen that day when I was a little boy."

The figure itself, the one he identifies as Sathanas, is described in the text of the book as follows:

"The earliest known representation of a deity is in the Caverne des Trois Frères in Ariège and dates to the late Paleolithic period. The figure is that of a man clothed in the skin of a stag and wearing on his head the antlers of a stag. The hide of the animal covers the whole of the man's body, the hands and feet are drawn as though seen through a transparent material, thus conveying to the spectator the information that the figure is a disguised human being. The face is bearded, the eyes large and round, but there is some doubt whether the artist intended to represent the man-animal with a mask or with the face uncovered."

Herb then told me that the Lord Sathanas appeared to him the second time when he was twenty-five years old and living in Zanesville, Ohio, and that the experience triggered his "book studies."

"I tottered off to the library and began to read and it hasn't ended yet," he said.

He added that he had been told by a psychic that the same vision would appear for the third time before he passed over and that since he expected to leave his corporate body on October 13, 1988, such an event might not take place before many moons.

On the material level, Herb Sloane has spent all his adult life in the Midwest, mostly in Ohio and Indiana, with occasional short stays in Canada. He finished high school when he was seventeen and then, as he says, "Since I didn't know what I wanted, thought I'd learn blacksmithing. Half learned to shoe a horse."

By the time he was twenty-one, he decided he wanted to be a barber and went to the Moler Barber College in Cleveland.

"Meanwhile, I got a chance to go to Villa Nova Interstate University, which is also in Cleveland. I speak of its name as being a state of mind, not of geography," he added.

By the time he was twenty-seven, he became a cardiologist, thanks to the Villa Nova training, and adopted the name of Kala while he followed this calling. During his late twenties he became interested in show business and took a course in hypnosis. He said that he always liked to go to carnival and medicine shows, and one summer during that time joined the F. E. Gooding Carnival in Mansfield, Ohio, and traveled all summer with them as a card reader.

He also has a framed certificate on his walls from the Haleys Psychic Self Improvement Institute of Chicago, made out to him for his proficiency in cardopractic and taneography. He acquired the title "Doctor" along with it.

He told me that he bought the barbershop he now occupies about eleven years ago. Today, he is in semiretirement and plies that trade by appointment only. The glass store front still has the gold-leaf block letters rimmed in black which spell "BARBER" across the center of the pane. The window shades are kept drawn. Inside the shop, hand-lettered signs, scattered at random, advertise "Be-witched Haircuts" and "Shear Magic" trims.

He also gives card readings at \$2.50 a session. A space opposite the seldom-used barber chairs had been cleared away for this purpose. The top of an antique mahogany

table is covered with oilcloth of a red and black patchwork design. The table holds two ceramic ashtrays. One is a statue of the King of Clubs, the other the Queen of Hearts. The base of the trays can hold only one cigarette stub. There are also a small brass bowl, a pottery camel, a cigarette lighter shaped like Aladdin's Lamp, a wooden box with carved initials spelling "Cards," a small black cat head holding sticks of incense, a black and red glass cat, a line of tea boxes covered with paper dragons and a small black teapot shaped like a cat. Miniature playing cards are pasted on the wall by the side of the desk, along with a row of dunce caps decorated with card symbols.

I asked Herb to clear a space and read for me, but he said it was too late, since the Maid of the Coven was scheduled to come by early to drive us to a cafeteria for dinner. He suggested that I wash up before she arrived and told me that the rest-room facilities were in the basement. He opened the door that led downstairs and switched on the light. I started down.

At the bottom of the stairs a cardboard cutout of an enormous pumpkin glowed orange. Across its forehead was another of Herb's hand-lettered signs. This one read "Goblin Approved Privvy [sic]." And, below its grinning mouth hung another sign with an arrow pointing the way. This one announced, "Just a few hoofbeats to your right."

Inside the privy another notice was taped to the walls over the toilet paper. "Sorceressers! [sic!] Peeing Here Will Put the Seat Back Up! By Order of the Pee Wee Privvy Orderly."

As I left, my eye caught the sign on a closed door to the right of the toilet. This one announced, "The Catacombs of Haunts and Horrors! Mortals Enter at Own Risk!"

I headed right back up the stairs and, within moments, the Maid of the Coven arrived and we left for dinner. When we returned, I again asked for a card reading. Herb demurred, saying there was just enough time left to prepare for the meeting of the coven.

With that, he disappeared and I set about organizing the notes I had taken during the afternoon and outlined some questions I still wanted to ask. The Maid of the Coven busied herself setting up for the refreshments which

were to be served at the end of the meeting. It was immediately apparent that we were to have pots of tea and fortune cookies.

Maid of the Coven? What does that title mean? Nothing official in the hierarchy of this particular group insofar as I could note. She seemed to be there to serve as hostess, not to participate in the rituals. Although we had shared dinner, I never learned her real name and only know for certain that, by day, she is a nurse. She was a sturdy Ingrid Bergman type, this night dressed as if she were prepared for tea at Buckingham Palace. Basic black with a five-strand rope of pearls—long ash-blond hair pristinely wrapped around her head in coronet braids.

Herb returned almost immediately and headed for the undecorated mirror behind the first barber chair. He had fetched his plastic horns.

When he had them securely in place and donned his black knee-length satin cape, he was ready for his role as High Priest. He turned down the lights in the room so no one from the outside would be attracted to any unusual activity. It was quarter to nine. We sat in silence, waiting for the members to arrive.

His regular coven itself is relatively small, consisting of half a dozen members. Several guests were expected, however, since he sometimes allows others to attend certain selected meetings. This was one of them.

As the moments dragged, Herb grew visibly nervous. The Maid of the Coven brought him a pill and a glass of water. I asked what kind of pill. He'd told me earlier of a 1964 heart attack. Now he merely said this one was a prescription for nerves. More than once he muttered to himself, "We must begin promptly at nine."

I got up to check the clock that hung on the wall in the space where the girlie prints ended. Another hand-lettered sign over it read, "BLACK CAT TIME." The clock underneath was black plastic and was, indeed, shaped like a cat. Head and body were stationary. Its ping-pong eyeballs, centered with chunks of red glass, were surrounded by rhinestones. They clicked from side to side in rhythm with the ticking of the clock. The body of the cat was the clock. Its numerals were also outlined in rhinestones. A

long black tail—more rhinestones—served as the pendulum to the clock and it swung to the rhythm of the ticking of the clock and the clicking of the eyes. It was seven minutes to nine, black cat time.

At six minutes to nine, there was a discreet tapping from the front. Herb walked quietly over to ease open the door. Although members and guests were arriving from a variety of places, one as far away as Dayton, it seemed that everyone piled in, if not at once, then certainly within a very few minutes of each other. The greetings at the door were hasty and the introductions that followed, haphazard. I was inadvertently introduced by Herb as Susan Richards. We filed at once into the bedroom Herb had converted into a meeting room and sat down in straight-backed chairs lined up against the wall. The altar was a typewriter table, covered with a black cloth. The door to the barbershop was shut. The lights dimmed. We sat there, staring at the crimson-faced Lucifer, a black candle burning in a brass holder, the blown-up nude photograph of the dear departed member and the black-caped, horned priest. April Belle Llodgar sat in her chair, which had been placed on the bed, silently surveying us all.

On the altar was a round can. Once upon a time, it probably contained coffee. Now it was painted shocking pink. Little red devil faces were pasted around it at random. As soon as we settled, Herb reached into the can and drew forth a tin clapper. This novelty has no proper name. They are usually given out on New Year's Eve for noisemakers. He shook it smartly several times. The meeting of the Ophite Cultus Sathanas was called to order.

Services began with an invocation. Herb turned his back and, arms upraised, directly addressed the portrait of Lucifer. I could only catch the phrase, "Satan be with us. Let us pray." I fingered the scarab. And stared at the naked woman.

Within seconds, he turned again to face his odd flock and began to recite his creed. We made no responses. He faltered a time or two. Either he had not committed it to memory or the light was too dim for him to read it easily. He had furnished me with a copy earlier in the afternoon. This is the way it goes:

"I believe in an Infinite Intelligence incomprehensible to all finite beings. I believe in SATHANAS as my savior by virtue of the Ophitic Gnosis booned by Him to Our Blessed Mother Eve in the Garden of Eden. I believe in Eve as Our Mundane Mother. The Blessed Succubus Lilith as Our Spiritual Mother. I believe in Asmondeus and all the Powers and Principalities of the Celestial Realms of Sathanas. I believe in the communion of the succubus and the incubus. I believe in the Gnosis of the Ophitic Cultus Sathanas, in Goety and in the final release of the soul of all faithful witches from the powers of the disdained Demiurge until a life everlasting in Orcus. All this through the Power and the Goodness, the Guidance and the Wisdom of Our Lord Sathanas . . . world without end. Mena. Mena. Mena. Mena."

Mena? Earlier I had asked what it meant.

"Amen spelled backwards," he had explained.

"No, it isn't," I said somewhat testily.

"Well, maybe not exactly. But it sounds better," he insisted.

Mena it was.

With that, he was ready for the "first reading," the next order of his litany. He chose to read the following verses from Deuteronomy:

"When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire or that useth divination or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out before thee."

I was beyond surprise at anything he might spring after that Bible passage. I could only continue to stare at him through the pink haze that filled the room, idly thinking that he looked like Pa Kettle playing Aleister Crowley.

It seemed to me he could have used a couple of extra "mena, menas" at the end of the passage, but no, he moved right ahead into coven "Announcements." For one fleeting

moment I wondered if we were to have the posting of the banns and other items of interest usually included at this point in the Catholic Mass, but no such thing, of course. Instead he now introduced us formally. I was still Susan Richards—a name I have never used with him or anyone else.

He then went on to explain to those of us who were novices at a Satanic mass that communion was to follow and outlined what we were to expect. With that, he turned his back again, and after a few mumbled incantations toward Satan, picked up a chalice from the nearest shadow box on the wall. With his left hand, he picked up a long black rod with a red blob on the end. In the uncertain light, it was impossible to make out the symbol. He had told us that he would pass the chalice, which contained apple juice (a symbol of Eve), to each member, counter-clockwise, and as he approached, each of us would stand instead of kneel as we sipped from the cup.

With that, the passing of the communion cup began. As each person stood up to accept the sip of apple juice, he passed the black wand over their head and blessed them in the name of Satan.

I was tag-end of the group. When he paused in front of me, I remained seated, fully prepared to raise a little hell of my own if necessary. There was a long hesitation while I ignored the chalice. Then he moved slowly on, back to his altar.

The sermon that customarily would have followed was skipped that night, since he planned to spend most of the time ordinarily allotted to his rituals to the social hour instead. The benediction, in the name of Satan, followed, and then we all moved into the shop part of the building for tea, fortune cookies and conversation.

I had a plane to catch back to New York in two hours. Time was running out for me and for that I was very grateful. Stupefied by the silly little ceremony I had just witnessed, I stood apart from the group as long as I could without attracting notice and tried to collect my wits.

I knew that budding witches are taught from the beginning of their training not to curse the name by which another soul calls God. They believe we all worship the same

*force*, although we use different names and different symbols.

Well, one question was answered to my satisfaction. By that criterion, these Satanists also invented *chutzpah* about the same time they decided to call themselves witches.

Witches—in fact, all magicians, black or white—believe completely in the power of ritual. All their ceremonial instruments are magnetized to draw psychic power, no matter how they plan to use it. But an old coffee can plastered with cheap decals? A tin clapper designed for use as a noise-maker? This is a bell? Summoning the faithful to worship Sathanas? Forget the rest of the props, that was enough for me.

Suddenly, as if a plug had been pulled, what little energy remained with me after a long, exhausting and confusing day drained away.

I felt sorry for Sathanas.

Before getting ready to leave, I managed a few words with Thom Frushour, a Toledo artist during the winter and an Indiana nudist by summer. He is a dedicated member of the Satanic cult and a member of the Church of Satan. So is Dr. Sloane. Thom strongly urged that I send away to the Church for further information and get hold of their rituals. Our conversation was interrupted by a young girl, about sixteen, who told me she had come to the meeting because she was doing an article on witchcraft for her high school paper and wanted me to recommend books for her to read on the subject. She didn't feel she had learned much so far.

Another guest, a stage magician, came up to say "Hello" and he said he wasn't a member of the group but that he came to meetings when he wasn't on the road, since he found them amusing. As he left, I crossed the room and cornered Herb. He had promised to give me his views on marriage. I had written to him before specifically to ask him to explain them. His written remarks on the subject that are included in his mimeographed manifesto are somewhat unique, to say the least. In that document, he states: "Satanists can marry under any number of arrangements:

for so many moons, until cancellation is the objective of one or both, until death parts them, or for this mundane plane and planes to come. Satanist marriages are different, too, in that the Satanist may marry a spirit being, some other species of animal life, or even a tree or plant."

"What about that?" I asked him now.

His answer rolled right back at me.

"We think of marriage as the uniting of two kindred spirits and hold the theological position that elements of light or spirit are trapped in all matter, and it is this element we unite in marriage. This is not like granting a license for two beings to sleep together as does the church and state. Since Satanists cannot possibly be moral or immoral by creator worship standards, I think the word amoral could best be applied."

I was scribbling madly.

"To you?" I asked.

"Certainly to me."

"Have you ever been married? Legally, that is?"

"Yes, twice. First in 1928. Second in 1954. No offspring. Legally at liberty since 1957."

Time was going fast now. I wasn't sure how I would get out to the airport.

"Thom says you don't practice ritualistic magic. Is that true?"

"Well, now, magic is just a name given to the science of causing events to occur in conformity with will. It's a mind science. All churches have ceremonies. All have magicians. Same thing when witches practice magic. May be more ceremony. I believe magic works twenty percent of the time. Eighty percent is fate. No, I do not practice magic in the accepted way. I just say prayers."

And now time was really short. The guest who had driven in from Dayton offered to drop me off at the airport and I accepted the lift. My Tuesday in Toledo was done.

Shortly afterward, I received a letter from Herb regarding his marriages.

"In the way I (but not the State) understand things," he wrote, "in the spring of 1942 on the night of April 30, which is Lillithmass to witches of my sect, I and Dorothea Rowe of Castleton-on-Hudson, New York, U.S.A., did

MARRY EACH OTHER for this world and worlds to come. We were together only in the spirit at our marriage. Physically, I was in the Gilbert Islands of the Pacific, and she in Texas."

Herb had told me that he had served a brief hitch in the Pacific during World War II as a barber. The wedding obviously took place during that time.

"It must be understood," he added, that witches of our sect can marry until death do us part OR for this expression of life and for expressions of life yet to come. This is found outside our cult too in the Church of the Latter Day Saints, commonly called the Mormon Church."

Before I had a chance to write back and ask what happened to *this* marriage, I received another note from him.

"I omitted saying what became of Dorothea Rowe, my this and other world's wife. She was killed in an automobile accident in Texas on 17 June 1942, just some six weeks following our marriage in Sathanas's name. Oh yes, I've heard from her since she went to join the faithful departed and Our Lord Sathanas."

He did not explain how he had heard. I did not ask.

A month later I received another letter from him, bringing me up to date with his personal relationship with his Lord Sathanas.

"You'll want to know this," he began. "I told you that HE was to appear to me yet a third time during the course of this incarnation. Well, he did just that during the course of a materialization seance attended by seventeen people at a Toledo Spiritualist Church on Easter Sunday. However, he identified himself in such a way that only I recognized him for who HE really was.

"His message to me was that the mission HE wanted me to perform in Toledo was completed. My impressions had been that such was the case following your visit and the work in HIS name that we undertook."



