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Welcome to the **Dark Altar**, the online home of Astaroth and his avatars Beltaine, Belial, Grimskull and Mammon.

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Evil Bites

When outcasts get quantum powers, the results can be... unpleasant. With an OpSite, a message and a growing cult following, the Church of Astaroth proves a 21st-century maxim: Just because it's pathetic doesn't mean it's not dangerous

Enscribed by the First Chosen, Belial, from the Words of The Great Astaroth, as Spoken before the Burning Man in the Summer Season of the Year of Our Fraud, Two-Thousand and Seven

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As the Sun cast glimmering highlights on the spread-armed wicker man and the monkeymass celebrated MTV's Burning Man Weekend nearby, the incarnation of Our Great Deliverer Astaroth did ascend the wooden stage in all HIS six-armed glory. Like the Burning Man himself, Astaroth did spread HIS arms wide to the corners of the sky and did speak thus as the Sun was swallowed by the night:

Greetings from the manifold planes of HELL, O My Brothers and Sisters! Greetings from the Citadel of Dis, the Lake of Fire, the Freezing Caves of Tartarus and

the Eternal Ballroom of Dah'no Shagh! The TIME of our DECLARATION is nearly upon us. A mere twitch of the DEVILS Eye will bring us to the Throne, and we shall assault our enemies with POWERS we alone shall command!

Ye who seek for the Wisdom of the Thrice-Damned shall at no point be hindered by the creeping fallacies that pretend to Morality. For as any Seeker of the Mysteries has by this time discovered, the SOUL shall not be bounded by the pathetic fences of human principles, discoveries or faith. Morality is herewith revealed to be a shell behind which the cowards cower. For those who SEEK the TRUE POWER of the SOUL, the first

Excerpt from Astaroth's Speech at the Burning Man Reunion (also posted on ReignofEvil.com)



step to Power is the casting aside of childish illusions and fear. No god shall smite thee for presuming to grasp that which is Prometheus' torch. That torch was ever ours for the grasping, and it will NOT be denied, not by 10 times 10,000 bishops, priests and whores!

I speak as one who has gone beyond the FIVE HIDDEN GATES and emerged with powers beyond comprehension. Lo, as those that do know me by the name of ASTAROTH can attest, I have forever sundered myself from the pathetic husk that was my former seeming. Now in the guise of Goats do I caper through the nightshine, ravishing all who I will. FOR as the PROPHET revealed, it is the WILL TO POWER that hath made us gods. "DO what thou WILT" is no longer our refrain. Rather, let us WILL what we DO and forthwith do greater and greater majesties than ever we had once considered possible.

Once, I wandered in the Fields of the Blind, a thicket of lies in which my bones were stripped of their Elemental Power and left to bleach in the Sun of DOUBT. Like Wotan the One-Eyed One, I hung upon the branches of my mortality and surrendered my blood to the elements. But, in time, I abandoned those Ties that bound me like a prisoner to the mortal flesh, and I was PURGED in the Black Fires of Suffering. And when I forthwith awoke to this, our mortal lie, I was IMBUED by the POWERS of HELL. My WILL had allowed me to break those Chains that did bind me! My SUFFERING did shatter the mortal delusions that did shackle me! My POWER hath come from the dimming screams of those tribulations, and I wield it evermore, until that day when I shall rend the Earth and make all Mankind weep, and ye, verily, even beyond then.

And if you be STRONG enough to Take My Hand, I Shall Deliver that power unto You, that you might stand at my side in the Fires of Our World's Eclipse and DEATH!



Ten Dead in “Blood Garden”

GJØVIK, Oct. 15, 1999 —

Unleash the Devil

From the Oslo *Skald*
(Translated from the
Norwegian)

The corpse of former heavy-metal frontman Ragnar Vargerson, along with those of two of his band-mates and seven other as-yet unidentified bodies, was found in a so-called “blood garden” outside Gjøvik late last night.

In an eerie “tribute” to our pagan ancestors, the bodies were badly mutilated, apparently by swords, axes and spears, then impaled on oak spikes and left out to be picked by crows. Evidence suggests that more than a few of the deceased were impaled alive and that the mutilations were ritualistic in nature. Occult carvings and graffiti covered the scene, which has been described as “the worst mass murder in recent years.” Although police had no comment, other sources speculated that the “blood garden” may be connected with the vicious gang brawl outside Lillehammer last month

Ragnar Vargerson and his companions Björn “Kin-slayer” Geissler and Thorfinn “Bloodaxe” Hoffmann belonged to the blatantly satanic band Nails of Faith. Much to the chagrin of many parents, Nails of Faith was popular among the disaffected youth of Norway and Sweden. Its recent song “God is Screaming” brought it international popularity, even as it brought parents and religious groups out in force to protest the band’s shows. According to early reports, the three musicians were mutilated with the infamous “blood-eagle” of Viking lore. This form of murder indicated both a profound insult and an act of revenge in Norse society. It is thought that the killings signaled the end of a feud in the occult underground. Or perhaps a beginning. As of yet, the police have no suspects in the murders. But Chief Inspector Karl Sturlsson assured reporters this morning that “all steps are being taken to bring the killers to swift and ruthless justice.”

“Brother Elias” Gets Life

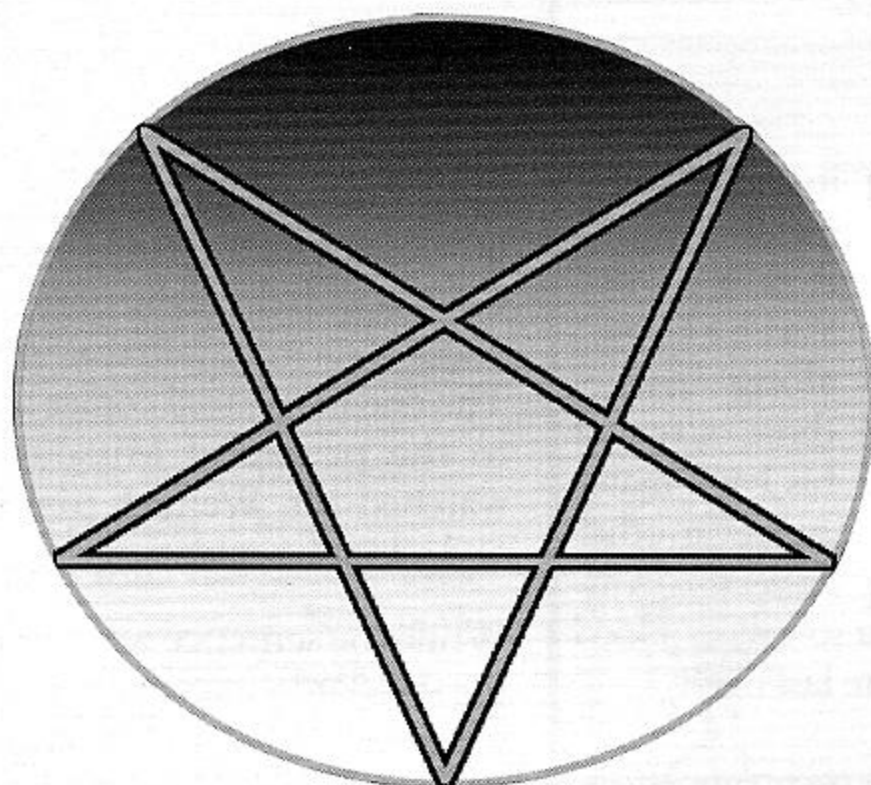
Springfield, MO — Notorious Satanist, convicted kidnaper and alleged cannibal Stanley Jason Weltey (AKA “Brother Elias”) was sentenced to six consecutive life terms without parole yesterday in connection with the abductions and disappearances of six infants in the Springfield area. The end of the trial comes as a great relief to the people of Missouri, who have watched Mr. Weltey’s trial with interest and a bit of trepidation.

While the sentence was severe by kidnaping standards, many citizens did not feel it was severe enough. “He should be drawn and quartered for what he did to those little children,” said one woman who declined to be identified. Although no evidence to support the accusation has been found, prosecutors claimed Mr. Weltey had eaten his captives in order to conceal his crimes. Certain witnesses and unnamed sources also testified that the kidnapings had been part of an organized satanic ritual, in which cannibalism was only one of many terrors.

Mr. Weltey belonged to an openly satanic organization called “The Church of Astaroth.” The organization has acknowledged him as one of their own and has supported his defense. Tonight, as “Brother Elias” is transported under heavy guard to an unnamed prison, authorities will be watching for signs of satanic terrorism.

Mr. Weltey’s defense strongly opposed the verdict, calling it, “...the result of religious persecution, along the lines of the Salem Witch Trials.” Amber de Rais, a friend of Mr. Weltey’s and an acknowledged Satanist, shouted this after the sentence was announced: “Jason wouldn’t have been given nearly as harsh a sentence if he’d been an apathetic sheep like the rest of you! He’s passionate about his faith, and you’re nailing him to the wall for it! This is [expletive deleted]!” Mr. Weltey’s counsel remained more conservative in their appraisal of the matter but confirmed they would appeal.

From the *Jefferson
City Times-Dispatch*,
May 22, 2006



Welcome to the **Dark Altar**, the online home of Astaroth and his avatars Beltaine, Belial, Grimskull and Mammon.

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From the Dark Altar OpSite, posted Oct. 31, 2002

The Laws of the Unholy Might of The Astaroth

I: Pleasure theyself, for the FIRST RULE is Pleasure.

II: Suffer NOT the weak. Rather, make the weak SUFFER.

III: Suffer not weakness within THYSELF.

III: Exalt the WILL, for the WILL is the Gate to Power.

V: Exalt the FLESH, for the Flesh is the Vessel of the WILL.

IV: Deny Not the Calls of the Flesh or the WILL.

VII: Destroy the Altars of the Pretender god, and Rejoice in the LAMENTATIONS of his chosen, for they are weak and should be PUT TO DEATH!

VIII: Hail the DEVIL inside Thee.

IX: Feed the Fires of Greed and Rebellion where ever Thou mightest find Them.

XX: Concentrate upon the INNER DARKNESS that is POWER, and It shall Reward thee.

XI: Give Homage to that which is SATAN in all its Multitudinous Forms.

XII: Prepare Ye the Way of Annihilation, for the FIRES of Astaroth that shall sweep away all Lies and leave the TRUTH ALMIGHTY Burning forever!

13: Kiss the World's Ass goodbye!



I Sold My Soul to Astaroth
And All I got was This Fucking T-Shirt!



ReignofEvil.com
The Beast Keeps Getting Better!



I SUCK,
SATAN SWALLOWS!



ReignofEvil.com
Your Inner Beast is only a Nightmare
Away!

We accept Vista, Masterdebt and American Oppress.

Click to order.

Design 1 (I Sold My Soul...)



Sizes S-XL \$16.00
Sizes XXL-XXXXXL \$20.00

Design 2 (I Suck...)



Quantity



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Termites from Hell

Imagine the minds behind such activities — the disenfranchised adolescents for whom authority is just an excuse to scream. Imagine the people who bear such minds — vaguely bright, seemingly jaded, intelligent enough to see the hypocrisy all around them but too immature to deal with it through any means other than raw rage. Dress these folks in satanic colors and give them a soundtrack of Devil-driven Metal fury. Pretty funny, huh?

Now imagine them with the power of minor gods. And a handful of like-minded friends. And a total lack of conscience.

Who's laughing now?

It would be very easy — and very, very wrong — to simply dismiss the Church of Astaroth as the clueless pack of Neo-Satanists it seems to be. To be sure, the Directive, T2M, the N! Network and even the Teragen completely ignore the ranting morons behind the Dark Altar. There are bigger fish to fry in this turbulent world of ours. But mansions can be brought down by termites, and the Church of Astaroth just might be the beginning of such an incursion, too small to notice but destructive nonetheless.

Its OpSite is crude. Its message, incomprehensible. Its members' powers are nothing compared to the might of Caestus Pax, and their art sucks. Why should anyone pay attention?

No one does. Except for the faithful, the rebellious legions that wander the night dressed in black and silver, looking for asses to kick in Satan's name. These malcontents — bored, aggressive, often affluent — are looking for someone who speaks their language, and the Church of Astaroth has their full attention. By the hundreds, they check the OpSite, reading Grimskull's music picks and Beltaine's rants. And although they may not do anything about it at first, they remember the Dark Altar in their midnight prayers.

Can these termites be inspired to march? If so, who'll be leading them and where? And what might they do if they get their hands on some *real* power? Good questions, all. The Church of Astaroth might be ridiculous, but it's influential nonetheless. It has its fans both on the OpNet and in the streets, and its Domitori boast impressive nova powers. These successes underline one of the most disturbing truths of the Nova Age: *Just because it's pathetic doesn't mean it's not dangerous.*

How many termites does it take to bring a mansion down? And how deep might they tunnel before someone notices the danger?

In Nomine Satanis

Bitterness breeds rebellion. The five bitter souls that form the core of the Church of Astaroth met one another through subcultures inspired by the eternal rebel, Satan. Like him, they oppose all they perceive as "good" or "moral," and while their façade is absurd, their message is attractive to other misfits like them. In their own minds, at least, these novas have a destiny. ReignofEvil.com provides a forum for them, and the CoA gives them focus.

Existing at the fringe of nova culture, the Church has a simple message for its devotees: *Order and humanity are bullshit. We can sidestep 'em, and so can you!* According to

its rambling and self-contradictory "teachings," the Church exists to assemble and incarnate The Great Beast Astaroth, a personification of inhuman power. When "he" comes together around the form of his five avatars, in the presence of similarly-gifted "Daemons," this titanic entity will swell up like Tchernobog from *Fantasia* and rampage across the world. According to the numerological divinations of Belial, the Mind of Astaroth, this will occur on Candlemas, 2017. Until that date, the followers and the faithful meet in "exclusive" parties and clubs, exchange stories, cultivate their "inner power" and drink themselves stupid. After all, there are less exciting ways to spend your time 'till Doomsday.

The "inner power" in question is, of course, quantum abilities. By the CoA's bent "philosophy," the power to become a "Daemon" resides in each human being, restrained only by fear, ignorance and doubt. By embracing total, lawless hedonism, a person can set his power free and join the ranks of the Daemons before Astaroth wipes the slate clean. Thus, the Church is essentially a loose cult built around nova power and the means to (hopefully) achieve it. The "message" is bullshit, of course, but it sounds really attractive to losers who cultivate an outlaw image.

Even so, several disturbing features set the CoA apart from other loser cults; chief among them are the four (or is it five?) novas at the center of the group. Although they rarely gather in the same place at the same time, these "Domitori" command significant (if not earth-shaking) quantum talents. While they're not a "super-villain team" in the usual sense of the word, the Domitori are smarter and subtler than they appear. Each of them tends a separate but connected cult of personality and is smart enough to let underlings take the heat. Each is truly anti-moral, and will do *anything* to advance his or her goals. The Domitori may not be a whup-ass nova team, but they can cause shockwaves far out of proportion to their rather limited powers.

That "influence," for the most part, is limited to the underground — Satan-worshipping teens, aging druggies, psychotic malcontents and renegade occultists who don't even have enough discipline to pursue "legitimate" magic. This still includes a fair amount of people, especially in cities and OpNet circles where people are angry, jealous or bored enough to swallow *anything*. Folks are eager to sell their souls for cash and prizes. If ReignofEvil.com seems to be scraping the bottom of the barrel, well, it's a pretty deep barrel, and it's loaded with monkeys. With the help of their "playmates," the Domitori can hack systems, spread (or gather) gossip, trash locations, steal belongings, seduce heroes, kidnap loved ones, buy favors or simply kick somebody's ass. There are a hundred ways to run afoul of the CoA, and the Church's Daemons are capable of making life miserable, even if the Domitori never show up.

Organization

At its core, the CoA is small and simple. The Domitori, along with a handful of baseline "brother and sister Daemons," maintain four "Altars" for the Church. Each Altar generates money and influence and acts as a combination forum, party house, refuge and recruiting station. The Domitori control

their followers through charisma, indulgences and occasional fits of violence. Each claims total autonomy, but they all seek two common goals: the spread of their Church and the manifestation of The True Beast Astaroth.

This second task is the real agenda behind the CoA. According to a vision given to Astaroth and interpreted by Belial, each of the five Domitori, plus an as-yet-unknown sixth member, will meet in the Mexican desert on February 2, 2017. At that time, Belial will lay a pentagram out in the dust; five of the Domitori will lie at the points of the star, and Astaroth will kneel at the center. At midnight, the spirit of The True Beast Astaroth will spread outward from Astaroth, engulf the other five avatars and unite them all into a single gargantuan entity that will lay waste to the world.

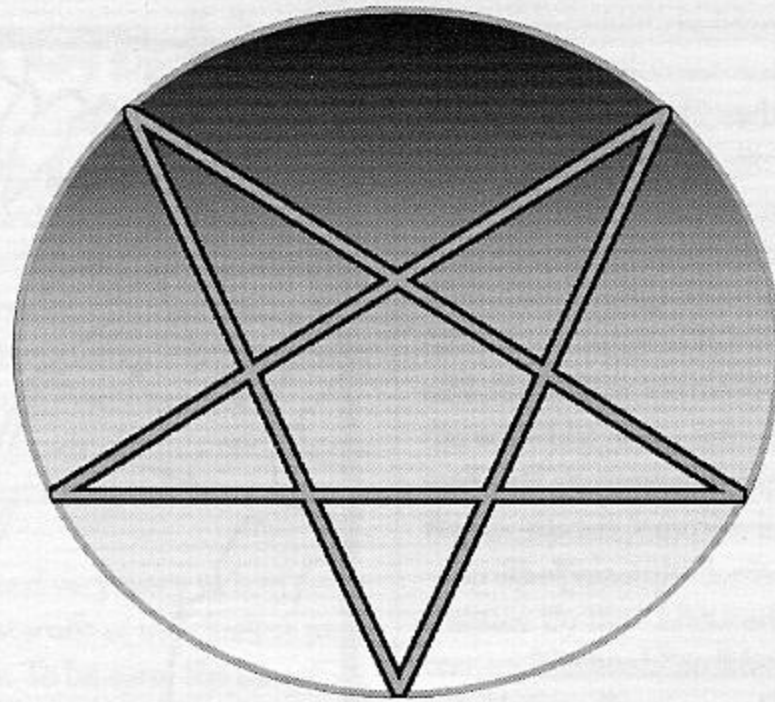
Naturally, this True Astaroth will need sustenance, and hundreds of sucker— I mean, *Daemons* will provide energy for the demon prince's rampage. As the fated night approaches, Belial will flash the Sigil of the Goat across the OpNet, rousing all the Church's followers for one final, wild spree. After raising a fair amount of hell, the surviving Daemons will congregate at the desert pentagram. There, they'll be consumed so that The True Astaroth may cross over into this world. The End of Days will follow.

When that End comes, all other beings, novas included, will become fodder for the Beast. (Viking fanatic Astaroth has written an elaborate — and utterly self-serving — account of the coming "Ragnarok," including the final stand of Caestus Pax and the annihilation of Project Utopia. Belial has managed to keep his "brother" from posting the document on OpNet, but registered members of the Church's "congregation" receive copies of it in e-mail form.)

Theoretically, the Soul-Web of Astaroth binds all five Domitori to one heart, one mind, one purpose. Theoretically. In reality, the interpersonal politics between the Domitori are more fun than a barrel of rattlers. Although they present a unified front to allies and adversaries alike, each "dark avatar" has an agenda that essentially leaves the other ones at his or her mercy when the smoke clears. Astaroth is a megalomaniac with the subtlety of a 15-car pileup. Belial fancies himself a magician and uses the others as a path to power. Beltaine is a vicious brat who enjoys hurting others, and Mammon is secretly plotting to bring the whole temple down around its "elders'" ears. Poor Grimskull just likes to bust shit up and usually finds himself playing errand boy (or whipping boy) for one or more of the others. Loyalty among the Domitori is a co-dependent joke. All five "avatars" need one another, and all feel some degree of perverted affection for the rest, but all five loathe one another just the same. This round-robin Masochism Tango fills a void within each "elder's" soul but leaves the group totally unable to function on any healthy or reliable level.

Contrary to appearances, the Domitori are not entirely stupid. Astaroth and Belial realize that mass killing sprees would get them curbstonped by T2M, the Directive, the Michaelites, local novas, local governments or a combination of the above. If that happens, the final incarnation of the Beast may never come. So while they rant on the OpNet and fantasize about future carnage, Astaroth and his companions prefer to limit their activities to small, well-concealed crimes.





Welcome to the **Dark Altar**, the online home of Astaroth and his avatars Beltaine, Belial, Grimskull and Mammon.

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Church of Astaroth FAQ

Enscribed by the First Chosen, Belial

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"Magick is the Highest Aspiration of the Absolute, and Most Divine and Demonic Repast of the Truly Enlightened. Lo, to number ones' self among the Initiates of the Art is to place ones' self upon the Pedestal of True Awakening and to see into all the Froward Corners of the All-Blazing Caldron of Creation Itself. And to the Novice that seekest in the steps of the True Magus, no truths — nay, not one! — shall be held from the Flowing Pool that IS Truest DARKNESS Incarnate! For to Behold the shining Sphere of the Tenth and Final House is to be forthwith Ascended into the Void at the heart of the World and to Dance with the Eternal SATAN in all his/her/its/their glory evermore!"

The Goetia of Asac Demmutz, Magister of the Five Hidden Gates

Greetings, Hail and Salutations from the far edge of the Abyss! We Who Have Seen await You Who Desire to See, and we have such sights to show you! Surely you're not afraid of a little pain, are you my darlings? No? Good. For as the man said, life IS pain. We have just learned how to enjoy it.

Chances are, you've spent most of your life indoctrinated by some bullshit church. I'd lay odds you've been indoctrinated about heaven and Hell, instructed to kneel at some polished altar or take some bit of bread in your mouth, and told that if you were good at heart and said your prayers and acted in all ways like a good little slave, that you would be rewarded by a nice safe trip to the afterlife. And that if you talked back, rebelled or in any way acted as all your thoughts and instincts TOLD you to act, you'd be cast down by an angry god/gods/etc. into some form of eternal torment for the crime of being alive.

It don't work that way, boys and girls.

Yes, it's true that there's more to existence than the scientific, materialistic, bullshit paradigm we are force-fed in school would have you believe. I can personally attest to that, as can my fellow DOMITORI ("tamers," "conquerors") within the Sacred Church of Astaroth. We have each transcended the bounds of what is normally considered "human," as have many other so-called "novas" across the world. And I am here to tell you that YOU CAN DO IT, TOO!

Intrigued? Read on....

Yes, it's also true that there's a metaphysical conflict of light and Darkness that has occurred since the beginning of Time and that will continue until its End. You, I, your friends and family and everything living and Dead has been a part of this Struggle since the world began.

But, O My Piglets, the outcome of this Struggle is far from predetermined. In fact, if you look out at the world as you know it, you can easily see that the Darkness is, was and always will be Ascendant over light. Your feeble priests and scientists would have you think otherwise, but if you look deep inside you know it to be true.

Wouldn't you like to be on the winning side? Wouldn't you like to take control over Your Life? Wouldn't you like to dust your knees off and have a good time for once in your miserable existence? Of course you would. So take a few minutes to review this FAQ, and let me tell you what We have learned.

What have you got to be afraid of? Hell? Children, you are already there.

Who Are You?

We of the Church of Astaroth have been granted a Vision and Power that transcends mortal lies. And we encourage you, who understand the falsities inherent in the modern bullshit world, to do the same. The only thing that keeps you down in the dirt is your own willingness to be abused, so we say unto you RISE UP and be not afraid!

We are a non-profit, tax-exempt religion and are legally recognized as such by the government of the United States. Yet we are beholden to no one. Across the world, we count thousands of enlightened (or maybe that should be "bedarkened") souls among our congregation. Our mighty legions include the members of soul-scarring bands like Headless Puppeteers, Shaddoradeth, Warblender, 10th Qlippoth, Shaken Baby Syndrome, Fleshblanket and other Harbingers of the True Way. If you've heard them, you know where we're coming from. (If not, well what the fuck are you waiting for?)

What Do You Believe?

The details of our vision are far too complex (and sacred!) to post on a public forum. If you want them, you know who to contact. The basics, however, are simple: We recognize that there are cosmological forces that shape our pathetic "species" in ways that no scientific mind will admit. We know that at the Heart of Creation pulses a great and infinite Void and that from that Void all other things sprang. The ancient Sumarians (and far older races like the Ctho-ctho, the Na and the Eumindians) recognized that Void as the cosmic principle SAT united with the eternal consciousness AN (hence, SATAN). They called it by all kinds of names — Qwl'haqqa, Kali, Tiamat, the Black Cow Aaa'llagg-Nhaaa, etc. — but all those names referred to the Endless Void from which we all come... and into which we all go. We Who Have Seen recognize that the true "war in heaven" was a rebellion of light against Darkness, and we know that, in the end, Darkness will prevail.

The forces humans often refer to as "god" would have you believe differently. In the pathetic doctrines of "churches" without number, their "god" is the one, all-knowing, all-benevolent creator, epitomized by the fire of the Sun. If you play by "his" rules, be a good little child and bow down before the people with the real power (that is, the priests, heirophants, mullahs, rabbis and what have you), this "god" will love and reward you. If not, "he'll" spank you for all eternity. Note that every single one of these "good and merciful" religions will kill (and have killed!) thousands (if not millions!) of people for disagreeing with them. In those activities, we see the true hand of Darkness emerging. It may be hidden by a glove of false light, but it reveals its real nature in the acts of its followers! You see, we are all bound to destroy one another. It is the will of these cosmic forces, and it has been so since the beginning of time! The sooner we all perish, the sooner the Primal Darkness can return. In the meantime, we all exist in a stagnant limbo, swept back and forth by forces we can't even see.

In between these cosmic "waves" exists a race of beings far more advanced than ourselves. Attuned to their personal POWER, they live beyond our limited, primitive concepts of "time" and "space." Our ancestors called them by many names — "Olympians," "angels," "Nephilim," "Æsir," etc. — but recognized that they were superior to us. To those who refused to follow the old rules, these enlightened entities spoke secrets of great POWER; humans who listened and understood these Mysteries became like those grand entities. Stepping out of the mundane war of forces and mortality, these "Daemons" achieved their INNER POWER and lived by Self-Rule alone.

And what about humans? Are we just pawns? No! For although we possess neither the raw power nor the grand awareness of the Daemons, we all have the potential to reach both. Existence, you see, is an endless weave of interconnected threads. When one is pulled or dyed, the others around it respond accordingly. We are the threads, and all creation is our weave. You want proof? Look at the ways in which the world has changed since the so-called "novas" (that is, incarnated Daemons) "erupted." Has your world changed? Damn straight! And so, you see, the

threads are pulled. Creation changes when we ourselves change! The potential to become Daemons has always been inside us, but in recent years, it has come very close to the surface, indeed. By that sign, we know the final Day of Darkness is upon us. Now you can join the fun!

We of the Church of Astaroth see those forces at work. And in that struggle, we pledge ourselves to Free Will. We refuse to be slaves of "light"; rather, we will walk in the footsteps of the Greater Entities and become as gods ourselves. To that end, we seek our personal PLEASURE, POWER and WILL. Like SATAN, we would rather reign in Hell than serve in heaven.

Are You Satanists?

The word "Satanist" has all kinds of stupid connotations. Most people think we sit around praying to goats or that we cast spells like some dude in a bad horror movie or that we run around like black-robed dominos, waiting for some hero to kick our ass. Bullshit.

As anyone within the Satanic Community knows, there are many disputes about the nature of SATAN. Is he an actual metaphysical entity residing in extra-dimensional exile? Or is "he" a symbol of the rebel within us all? Is "he" a personified archetype, an entity brought into being by the realization that we must not be slaves? Or the leader of those aforementioned Great Beings, who offers us godhood if we put aside our fear? Perhaps "he" is all of those things. To us, though, he is the symbol of all we can be, the rebel soul that refuses to be caged by mortal weakness or morality. Hence, we do not "worship" SATAN, we become Him. Doesn't that sound like fun to you?

How?

First of all, by refusing to bow to fear. By taking all things to the extreme and scaring the shit out of the weaklings who cannot be so brave. By cultivating your INNER SATAN and renouncing anything that makes you weak. Many enlightened ancients, like the Vikings, lived and died on an epic scale. They figured that what didn't kill them made them stronger, and they proved as much by mowing down any motherfucker who stood in their way — including the candy-ass Roman Empire. It took a concentrated effort by the forces of "light" to stamp them out, and even then, they still survived (as our Norwegian Altar can attest). Be like the Vikings, the so-called "barbarians" who took on the world and won. Check out the Laws of the Unholy Might of The Astaroth (posted on this OpSite), and live accordingly. If you do it correctly, the INNER DEMON will blaze within you, burning away all weakness and uniting you with the essence of the ancients.

Where does THE ASTAROTH fit into this?

Simple. He's the Keyholder, the incarnation of INNER POWER that will bring on the final Day of Wrath and annihilate the weaklings in a single bloody night. He is the Left Arm of SATAN, and as one who has met him can attest, he is very much alive.

Sounds Cool. What is Your Church's Structure?

Simple. We're not into the whole "I'm the high priest, kiss my ass" sort of thing. Several of us (no numbers, please, we're shy!) have reached the upper reaches of POWER and now incarnate aspects of THE ASTAROTH — His Voice, His Might, His Mind, etc. Because we all belong to the body of THE ASTAROTH, we call ourselves Domitori, the eventual conquerors of humanity. Until the Day of Wrath, we maintain the Five Altars of our Church, and gather you, the faithful Legions of Night, to our teachings and celebrations. We have walked the Path of the Five Gates, and we will show you how to find it. What you do from there is up to you. We do not rule you, you rule yourselves. But, of course, if you're not with us by the Day of Wrath, you'll be food. Soul food. Heh heh heh....

Are You Novas?

Some have dubbed the Manifestation of Inner POWER "taint" or "aberration" and refer to those of us who have reached beyond our human limitations "novas," "freaks," "supermen," *et al*. We know better. While it is true that we Domitori have achieved extra-human prowess in various disciplines, we would hesitate to refer to ourselves as "novas." Such labels are for publicity-hungry unfortunates who do not yet realize the true scope of their capacities. We simply consider ourselves "more human than human" and act accordingly.

Are You Affiliated with any Nova Groups?

No. We believe in the total and utter freedom of the individual soul. Even within our own ranks (so to speak), we preach absolute individuality and self-betterment. We are NOT a cult, we are a teaching tool for those strong enough to attend the class.

We of the Church encourage personal Power and Action. Therefore, although we do agree with certain points of Divas Mal's *Null Manifesto*, we are not (and never have been) affiliates of



the Teragen. As for the proto-fascist terrorists going by the PR Brand Names™ Utopia, T2M and the Directive, they can suck hairy goat balls in Hell. Gods come and go, baby, but the human Spirit is Eternal!

What Do You Do in Your Church?

We do what humans were born to do: have a fucking good time without constantly worrying about some divine policeman with the nightstick of Eternity in his hands. We have bypassed the fear of god and enjoy the fruits of that transcendence. If other people don't like it, fuck 'em. It's a free country.

What makes You Think You are a legitimate religion?

We have the paperwork to prove it! :-) Seriously, we have established a true and lasting cosmological doctrine that stands firm in this uncertain era, while other "ageless" faiths crumble all around us. Our philosophies and observations have been drawn from millenia-old sources, but they are updated to reflect the drastically-changed world we now inhabit. Through a network of advocates and a philosophy of Self-betterment, we prove comfort and stability to a notably unstable populace. If that's not "legitimate," I don't know what is.

So What was the Deal with Brother Elias?

On the advice of our lawyer, we cannot discuss that case. Suffice to say he was railroaded by an act of Religious Persecution. As far as We are concerned, he is a political prisoner held captive by the Far-Right xian Cabal that runs the political machinery in this so-called "xian Nation." We reject their travesties.

If I join you, will I go to Hell?

Of course you will. But then, we're all there to begin with — the baa-ble says as much, so you might as well enjoy the trip. But then again, Hell is only unpleasant for those sad losers who drop in uninvited. Hey, if *you* had an eternal party going on, how would you feel about gate-crashers?

So as in all things, the choice is yours. If you're a rebel, if you're sick and tired of taking other peoples' shit, if you're not afraid to go beyond all human fears and weakness and live forever, then contact one of our Five Altars and ask for details. Naturally, donations are accepted but are not required. We reserve the right to conduct a background check on you and to kick your ass if you're some kind of poser.

**We are the Avatars of THE ASTAROTH, Keyholders of the Infinite!
HAIL SATAN! LET THE REVELS BEGIN!**

The Devil's Playground

The CoA inhabits a deliberately perverse world of over-indulgence and blasphemy. Anglo-Nordic in ethnicity and anti-Christian in philosophy, this subculture stretches from the warzones of Los Angeles to the deep woods of Germany. By the light of black candles and the ratcheting thunder of Terr'r, Industrial and the never-sleeping Heavy Metal giant, a decadent subculture gathers to celebrate its own maladjustment.

Most of these terminal rebels live to shock. All of the usual S/M toys, black magic, neo-Fascist garb and Byronic zombie fashions remain in vogue among them, even now. Problem is, it's pretty hard to shock people in this day and age. Still, some people never stop trying; hence, "barking" and other strange pastimes in the dark fringe subculture:

"Barking"

The logical extension of subcutaneous implants, branding and scarification, barking, AKA "Babylonian Tattoos," strips away several layers of skin, usually in some deliberate design. Until recently, the biggest obstacle to such body art came from the danger of infection. With innovations in medicine, however, street-corner body artists are now able to skin their clients without causing massive trauma and disease. The design is carved into the client's flesh; the artist then carefully peels away the top three epidermal layers within the design area and treats the area with hyperdisinfectants. Afterward, the artist gives her client a goodly supply of antibiotics, then sends him on his way. (If he chooses not to pursue follow-up care, that's *his* problem.) The wounds heal quickly but leave impressive scars. Anesthetic, of course, is not part of the package. Anyone wussy enough to ask about it will be laughed out of the average skinning parlor.

Most barkists prefer small but significant designs on broad areas of skin. A handful allow whole sections of their bodies to be flayed, though, and a truly fuwisted ("fucking twisted") minority bark their genitals, then have sex until they pass out. At "barkrevels" or "Babylonian Tupperware parties," the celebrants get intoxicated, skin each other *en masse*, then rub salt, ash and other irritants into one another's wounds. Someone always gets seriously hurt at such gatherings, but then that's part of the fun, isn't it?

Extreme Music

The Black Metal (AKA Norwegian Metal, Grindcore, Devilcore, Teutonic Thrash, etc.) scene has been around for over 30 years by the time ReignofEvil.com hits the OpNet. Even so, the sub-genre remains an obscure, deeply anti-Christian fringe categorized by incredibly fast (or murderously slow) riffs, demonic invocations, Conan-esque posturing and laughably ripe lyrics and imagery.

In recent years, Terr'r, Novox, Rapcore and a Rap/Metal/Terr'r/Voodoo fusion called *Iweobi* (Yoruban for "anger of the heart") have displaced much of the "traditional" satanic imagery and guitar-riff drive of European Black Metal. The Dark Gods have not taken well to this. Combined with occasional church-burnings and witchcraft feuds, this rift has brought all the wrong kinds of attention to the dark music scene(s) — and solidified the genre's outlaw image.

ReignofEvil.com is a noted supporter of extreme music; Grimskull's portion of the site posts updates, reviews and information about satanic music shows, bands, venues and releases, and he updates it every Friday night at midnight. A lot of people in the scene owe big favors to the CoA. Soon, very soon, the Domitori might call those markers due...



Chips That Fuckin' Rule!

Brought to you by Lord Grimskull, Fifth Cannon of the Abyss, Might of Astaroth

Hail succubae and incubae of the Eternal Abyss! The Day of Fire approaches ever nearer, and no sign of mankind's imminent demise is clearer than the beats and wallows chronicled on Ye Humble Critic's page. All hope abandon, ye who listen to this foul shit! Enjoy!

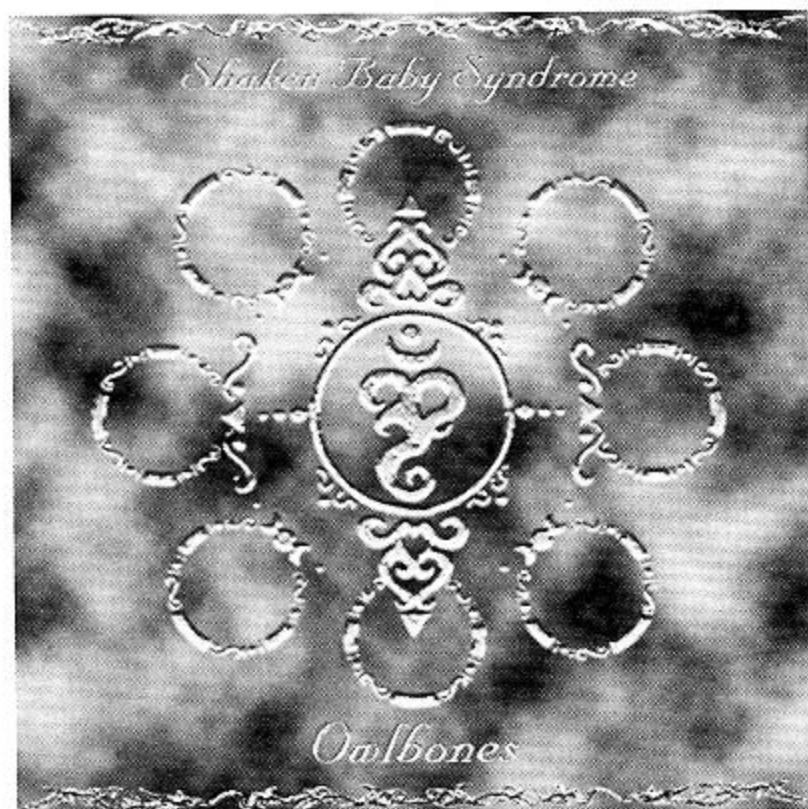
Ooru Naito Rongu, *Whipping the Dove*

Named for a series of brutal Japanese films, this pack of Tokyo vipers manages to sound like a bullet train, a pagan rite and the Rape of Nankeen all at once. Yes, I spotted the Butt cannon and Painsqualler samples in the mix, but that just impresses me even more. These guys know their shit! I don't understand a fucking word they say, but some things are universal. *Fuwisted!* And I mean that in a good way!



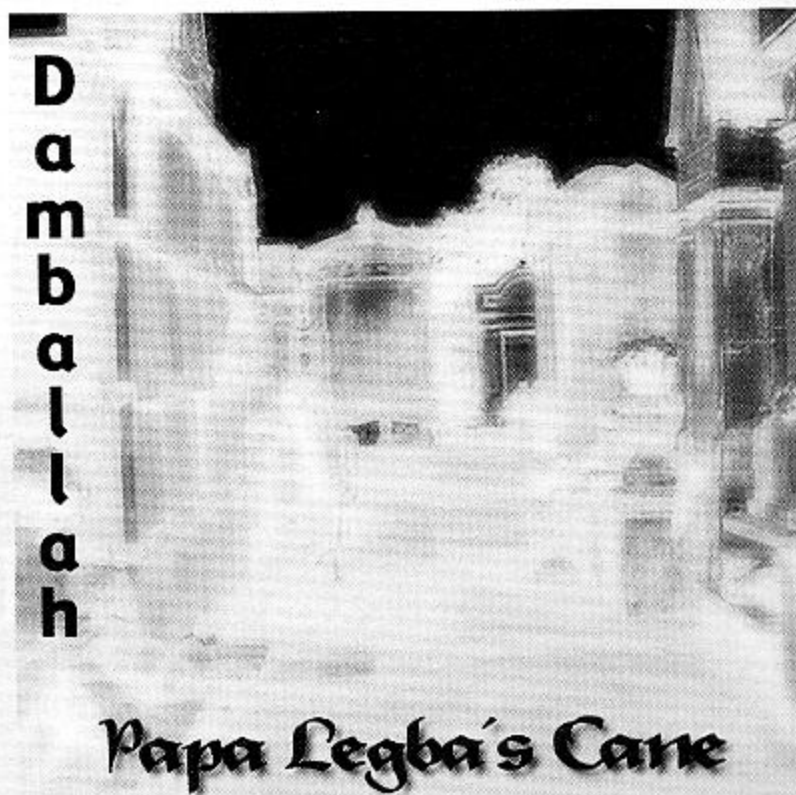
Shaken Baby Syndrome, *Owlbones*

After eight years in the scene, Seattle's SBS hasn't slowed down a bit. Hell, stuff like the XK Abyss 35 and the Mons Diabalos drum synth have only made SBS's sonic mix that much thicker and darker. Lilithian priestess Patricia de la Forge (*ahi hay Lilitu*, Patty!) works in vox samples that leave the hair on your arms standing straight up, and beatmaster Ram Louchar dredges the swamps of Hell with an incredible arsenal of electronic Damnation! *Owlbones* isn't SBS's best release, but it beats damn near everything else I've heard this month.



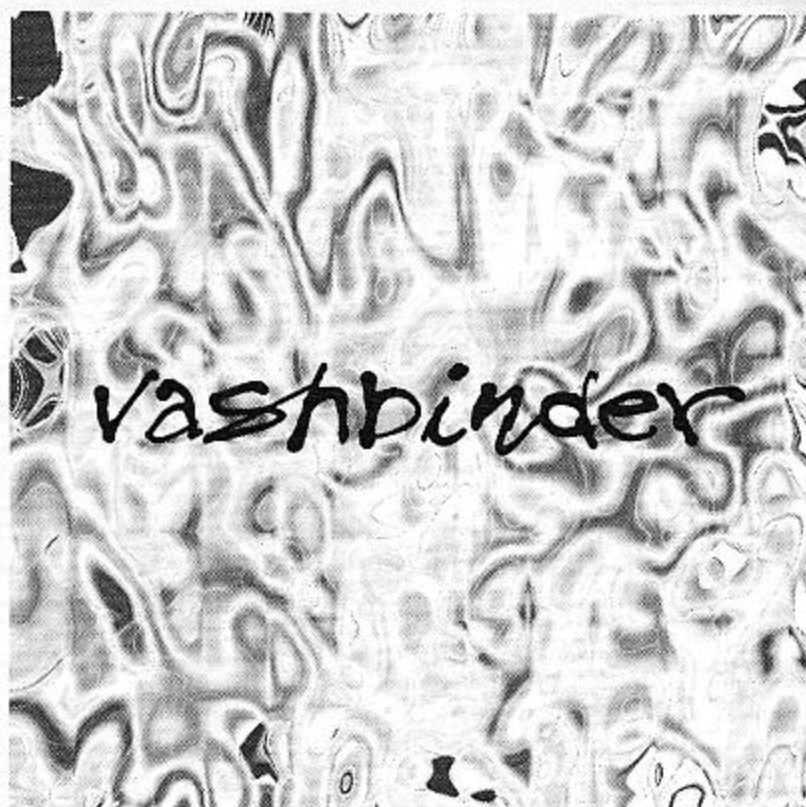
Damballah, *Papa Legba's Cane*

If you had told me 10 years ago that rap, Terr'r and Black Metal would make a good combination, I would've lynched you with your own intestines. Well, sometimes even the Grim Skull'd Lord is wrong. L.A.'s Damballah has been kicking my white ass for five years straight, and this, their third chip, is the best of the lot. Voodoo gris-gris gumbo supreme to go, laced with enough cold fire and sexbeats to move even the limpest dick to Dionysian spasms. Damn, this *Iweobi* shit would give Baron Samedi nightmares! Classic!



Fleshblanket, *Vashbinder*

Why is it that the Germans do this shit so much better than anybody else? These fuckers sound like they've been snorting Dachau ashes in between takes. Between the Nazi-archive torture screams and the bitch's brew stirred by their K-42 sonicizers, these boys in the Bund know how to keep those Teutonic ghosts stomping.



This Week's Pick of My Butt

No pentacles, for obvious reasons. May these assholes all drown in the dung-rivers of Ganzir!

Grand Masquerade, *Nosferatu Primogen*

Vampire posers should be slain. That goes double for vampire posers who play RPGs. That goes *triple* for vampire posers who play RPGs and record lame chips based on their fucking characters. No torture in Hell could atone for this tripe. DIE!

See ya next week!

HAIL SATAN!



The Five Altars

According to Belial's bastard occultism, the CoA rests upon five Altars. Like points in an inverted pentagram, these "spikes of power" gather mystic energy at each apex, then funnel it back to the center, which is The Beast Astaroth Himself. To stimulate that energy, the novas at those sources encourage all forms of debauchery and sacrilege.

At the moment, there's a piece missing. By Belial's calculations, there should be six avatars of the Beast — five "points," plus Astaroth. Part of the Church's "covert" agenda is to either meet or inspire the sixth and final Domitor, bring him/her/it into the fold and complete the pattern. This missing member supposedly holds the key to the fifth Altar. So for now, at least, the CoA is powerful but incomplete.

As of 2008, these five "Altars" are:

- **The First Altar — Hagalz Hall, Lillehammer, Norway:** Astaroth's original cult of personality predates all other manifestations of the CoA; accordingly, the latter-day "Viking *huskarls*" of Hagalz Hall personify the first spike of power... when they're not all in jail, drunk or pissing their lives away in front of OpNet. For warriors of the apocalypse, they're a pretty sorry lot, Norwegian bully-boys (and girls) who present devil salutes with all the conviction of terminal losers. Every so often, Astaroth inspires them to burn a church or trash a rival gang, but to be blunt, he's disappointed with his "warrior band." Every so often, he's forced to kill a few to maintain appearances.

A noted hub of the Norwegian Satanic underground, Hagalz Hall keeps moving its location in order to remain one step ahead of the authorities. Although based in Lillehammer, it sometimes "appears" in other small Scandinavian cities. The *huskarls* may be pathetic by nova standards, but they're a rough bunch by human ones. Mundanes who wander into whatever club hosts the hall that night are lucky to emerge with their wallets, skins and sanity intact.

- **The Second Altar — The Burning Man Festival, Black Rock Desert, Nevada, USA:** In September, 2000, Astaroth and Belial met for the first time at this notorious techno-pagan revival. Although the festival had been hopelessly commercialized by that time, it still retained a bit of its original mystic power. And so, each year, Astaroth journeys to Black Rock, Nevada, to reunite the CoA. There, he gives a "pep talk" in his full demonic form, then leads a rabid orgy in the desert dust. Each year, attendance rises. By 2017, Astaroth and Belial plan to draw their followers together at the Burning Man site for the final invocation. There, all the stored power will be released, and all Hell will be loosed... theoretically, at least.

- **The Third Altar — The Black Altar, OpNet:** It may not exist in "realspace," but for the hundreds (or thousands?) of devotees who hit the Black Altar, this OpSite is the true chapel of the CoA. Complete with FAQ, music reviews, rants from Lady Beltaine and links to dozens of black magic and devil-music sites, the Dark Altar has become a source of cheap thrills for the nova generation.

The Black Altar has two layers: a "common room" that any idiot can find and a specially encrypted layer that





only registered subscribers can access. The latter level features a chatroom, message boards, "donation trays," a virtual grotto for weekly ceremonies and 13 VR sex sites that would make Larry Flynt vomit. On this level, Belial plans to flash the Sigil of the Goat just before Candlemas, 2017, touching off a global riot. Until then, a "visitor" to the Altar's second level may be amused, fascinated or appalled but will not learn anything of real value. Some secrets are best hidden, even from the faithful.

- **The Fourth Altar — The Black House, San Francisco, USA:** Back in the 60's, a charlatan guru founded a house of trendy Satan worship. He went bankrupt and died long ago, and the house remained empty for nearly a decade. But Mammon changed all that; today, the Black House is open for business, a lush (if cheesy) playground for the decadent elite.

A huge converted Victorian, the Black House boasts live bands, five dance floors, private rooms, a hot tub and three well-equipped dungeons. Two of the five Domitori call the Black House home, and Belial visits frequently. Supposedly, the club is private, but anyone who really wants to get in can do so, as long as he/she/it seems wickedly cool. Cover charge is 13 dollars, plus your signature on a scroll proclaiming, "I hereby grant my soul to Astaroth, the Great Beast and Left Hand of Satan." Most customers think the scroll is a really funny joke. It isn't.

- **The Fifth Altar — Unknown:** For the moment, the final spike of power remains undiscovered. Belial hopes the final avatar will bring with him/her the final piece of this occult puzzle.

Dramatis Personae

Domitori: Avatars of the Apocalypse

Novas of moderate power, these five individuals are the beating hearts of the CoA. Each one supposedly incarnates an aspect of the Great Beast, but as a close examination of their personalities will show, they have very different agendas.

Despite the Soul-Web of Astaroth, most of the Domitori keep a healthy distance from one other. Belial and Astaroth are supposedly "brothers," but they rarely meet in person. Beltaine seems to hate everyone, and Mammon really does. When and if the Final Night looms, the Church may face a new obstacle: cooperation! According to Belial, all five (plus the mysterious sixth Domitor) will have to surrender their individuality to become The Great Astaroth. Will they? Not likely. Will they have a choice? Good question....

In the meantime, these five novas seem both vicious and pathetic. Vicious, because they're dedicated to hedonism and indulgence at other beings' expense; pathetic, because no matter how loudly they proclaim their strength, the Domitori and their followers never seem to realize how weak they truly are.

Astaroth: Body of the Beast

Background: The mind is a funny thing. Despite his Teutonic heritage, hyper-macho posturing and supposed wisdom of all things demonic, the nova called Astaroth chose as his moniker a male devil whose name is a corruption of the goddess Ashtoreth. Although he denies this fact (and gets violent when reminded of it), the choice is telling indeed.

This isn't the first time this sort of thing has happened to Astaroth, formerly Thor Gundolffsson but originally christened Letift Morgaanstern. During his school days in Norway, when he first acquired his fondness for Heavy Metal and Satanism, Morgaanstern was roundly mocked by his occultist chums for founding a cult called the Sapphic Brotherhood. Painfully thin with a wormish personality, Morgaanstern seemed destined to be one of those unfortunates who are not only held in concept by their peers, but who actually seem to deserve the fate.

After years of being beaten to a pulp on a regular basis, "little Lettie" discovered his teen idols Henry Rollins and Glenn Danzig. Like them, he grew obsessed with bodybuilding. Soon, a muscle-rending workout routine (the "regimen of steel") and fondness for steroids transformed "little Lettie" into "Thor." In less than a year, he put on nearly 10 kilos of muscle and beat the living fuck out of everyone in sight. The teasing stopped forever.

But Nautilus machines and headbanging weren't Gundolffsson's only discoveries. Embracing the idea that the Christian god was a wimpish fantasy, Gundolffsson sought out his "inner Satan" and reveled in tales of pagan

slaughter. High fantasy, body art, extreme music and ancient mythology soon rivaled bodybuilding on Gundolffsson's obsession list.

After one too many uncomfortable meetings with the police, Gundolffsson's parents threw him out. While other young men attended college or worked the Norwegian factories, he crashed with a series of friends and, eventually, became an enforcer for several low-scale criminals. In the process, Gundolffsson learned English passably well and soon took several "business trips" overseas. He also acquired a fondness for hallucinogens and black magic. Gundolffsson gained a new obsession after the *Galatea* heralded the arrival of novas: He wanted to become more than just a Viking. He wanted to become a god.

By 1999, Gundolffsson had assembled a small following in the Scandinavian Black Metal underground. At midnight on Sept. 29, 1999, he and his "huskarls" attacked Hagalz Hall. Killing the reigning "jarl" of the hall and over half of his followers, Gundolffsson took control and established a "fiefdom" outside Lillehammer. In the fall of 2000, Gundolffsson attended the Burning Man festival in Black Rock, USA. There, his body art and sculpted physique gained him all kinds of attention. During an orgy, he met his "brother," Belial. Soon, that dark mystic led Gundolffsson to his destiny.

After ingesting six tabs of concentrated blotter acid, the Norwegian had the first of a series of visions: In it, he saw the world become a firestorm. Demonic figures whirled through the air. He was seized by five devils, beheaded and cut into quarters. As his blood spilled out on the hot ground,



it coalesced into clouds of steam, and Gundolffsson felt himself rise upon that vapor. Several months later, back in Norway, the vision returned... and continued. Once again, the devils cut Gundolffsson into pieces; once again, the blood turned into steam. But now his body parts drifted into five directions, and each one encountered a titanic gate of black iron. A disembodied voice asked him what he would renounce as he passed through the gates, and he replied (with an equally disembodied voice), "god," "friendship," "family," "humanity" and finally "life." The gates opened, the body parts entered, and gaping pits of flame swallowed them. After a burning eternity, the five parts came together. Gundolffsson emerged, dripping fire, from a gargantuan pool. Again, the voice boomed across the red sky: "I seal thee Astaroth, King of Misrule, Five made One and that One made Whole." A scaled and fiery hand descended from the sky and touched Gundolffsson like a branding iron. He awoke from the vision with a scream that literally shattered the windows of his room. The fire that followed him from "Hell" turned everything in his bed to ash. Gundolffsson was gone. In his place stood Astaroth.

But as he soon learned, this earthly form of Astaroth is incomplete. He is not yet *The Astaroth*, but merely a shadow of his satanic majesty. To pass among men, he must wear the human guise of Thor Gundolffsson; to prosper among them, he must build a small army of like-minded followers. To truly inherit his legacy, he must unite the "Five into One" — draw five "avatars" to a single place, then consume their flesh and rise in full demonic form. Every so often, Astaroth can manifest a sliver of his Hell-blessed soul on earth, but even then, it's far weaker than the demonic power boiling within. Until he brings together the five separate pieces of his essence on Earth as he did in Hell, Astaroth is bound to mortal flesh and can be hurt, sickened or killed. It's worth noting that not even "brother" Belial knows about the cannibalistic conclusion to Astaroth's plan. Gundolffsson is keeping that much to himself until the time is right.

Is Astaroth totally crackers? Do his visions come from some mental cocktail of high fantasy and hallucinogens? Or has he somehow seen an actual conflict creeping up? And if he *has*, do the Church of Astaroth, its Domitori and the missing avatar play some vital part in that apocalypse?

Maybe the CoA isn't so laughable after all....

Image: The Prince of Misrule has two distinct physical forms: Gundolffsson's "normal" human body and an infernal "soul-form" that supposedly embodies Astaroth's inner demon but actually reveals his inner taint.

Even in his "feeble" human form, Gundolffsson is pretty impressive. Years of bodybuilding and "chemical assistance" have given him an almost grotesque physique. Intricate tattoos (Babylonian and otherwise) with Nordic motifs wind around his body, and a crown of chrome "spikes" jut from his shaved head. A LaVey goatee and intense stare complete the satanic impression. Like the bastard offspring of Boris Vallejo and Robert Mapplethorpe, Gundolffsson favors black leather bondage gear with a barbaric edge, and he proudly bares his body to the Norwe-



gian cold. In Black Metal circles, he's known for his cruel appetites and childish excesses.

But that's nothing compared to Astaroth's "soul form": A monstrosity with eight twisted limbs, an enormous spiked penis and a face seething with tentacles, mandibles and insectile eyes, this form stands nearly three meters tall and weighs over 200 kilograms. As Astaroth transforms, his clothing shreds. Naturally, Gundolffsson prefers to "bring forth his inner Satan" when he has a chance to stash his clothes somewhere and prepare for the transformation. On occasion, however, something pisses him off so much that he shifts into "devil form" unexpectedly. His companions have learned to bring an extra suit of clothing along when they meet with him... just in case.

Both forms share a few common nova powers: a mastery of fire, physical might, uncanny perceptions and a truly frightening charisma. Over OpNet, he comes across as a gibbering lunatic, but in person, he's hard to dismiss. Although Astaroth likes to consider himself a master of the Black Arts, he's an incompetent magician at best. His warped occultism owes more to Conan comics and Heavy Metal than to Norse folklore or *spae*-craft. Astaroth's power flows from the inside, and frankly, it's enough.

Roleplaying Notes: You are a total megalomaniac. You regard Belial with real affection but plan to eat him anyway. As for the other "avatars," they're merely aspects of your demonic personae who just haven't realized their true purpose yet. At the moment, you reside in Lillehammer, Norway; you make sure to fly to the USA at least once a year and have no intention of moving. From Hagalz Hall, you cultivate the First and Third Altars, forging a small army of "*huskarls*" (warrior-servants) from fanatic metalheads... or at least trying to. So far, you've managed to keep a relatively low profile; you may boast of your mastery over OpNet, but you play it fairly cool in person... for now. Deep down, you are terrified that stronger novas (particularly Caestus Pax or Divas Mal) will kick your ass before the fun

really begins. That fear doesn't keep you from ranting among the converted, but it restrains you from running through the streets of Norway turning bodies into cinders.

For the moment, anyway. But in time, they'll all burn. You'll show them all....

Gear: Battle-ax, black leather pants and boots, inverted pentagram necklace with goat's head in center, Disney-Apple G-10 workstation

Concept: Demonic Psychopath

Nature: Gallant

Allegiance: Church of Astaroth

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4, Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Appearance 2, Manipulation 3, Charisma 3

Abilities: Academics 1, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Command 3, Drive 1, Endurance 3, Firearms 2, Intimidation 4 (Overt Display), Linguistics 2 (Norwegian, English, German), Melee 5 (Ax), Might 5 (Dead Lift), Resistance 3, Streetwise 4 (Satanic Underground), Survival 3

Backgrounds: Allies 4 (Domitori), Contacts 2, Followers 5 (Huskars and CoA), Resources 3

Quantum 5, Quantum Pool 30, Willpower 8, Taint 6

Powers: *both forms:* Mega-Strength ••• (Crush [Shockwave; only in "soul form"]), Mega-Stamina •• (Hardbody), Mega-Appearance •••• (Mr. Nobody [Face of Terror; only in "soul form"]), Elemental Anima (Fire) •• (Enhance/Diminish, Shaping), Elemental Mastery (Fire) ••• (Imprison, Lethal Blast, Storm), Intuition ••, Premonition •, Psychic Shield ••; *"soul-form" only:* Armor ••, Body Modification (Six arms), Claws •••, Immolate ••, Sizemorph (Grow) •

Belial: Mind of the Beast

Background: "Son," asked Brian Petford's father, "are you a faggot?" Most people just assumed the boy was. An elf-like, effeminate child, Petford fit all the usual stereotypes, and he caught the requisite heap of shit from other boys (and occasionally adults) as he was growing up. The girls, on the other hand, sensed he was not. In adolescence, Petford became a stunning "pretty boy," although he had by that time retreated into his own world, many girls giggled when they talked about him.

Withdrawing from the taunts and beatings that accompanied the accusations of being gay, Petford took up hallucinogens, occultism and solitude. Locking himself in his closet, he would drop acid and read Lovecraft and Crowley by candlelight. At school, he shuffled through his classes like a brilliant zombie, pale and haggard, yet undeniably intelligent. Soon adopted by the local goths, Petford became a sort of high-school magus. When a few friends convinced him to attend a local Renaissance fair, the wizard found his calling.

Petford quickly discovered he was anything but gay. Surrounded by women who found his eerie charm appealing, he metamorphosed from hermit to satyr. His occultist predictions attracted "baby witches" by the dozens; to impress them, he assembled a vast library of bullshit mysticism. Although his few flirtations with serious magic always ended badly, Petford soon considered himself an expert on dark arcana. As high school blurred into college and a series of



"undeclared" majors, Petford adopted the "craft name" Belial, Demon Prince of Sensuality. Eventually disowned by his parents, he became a charming leech, living off the favors of girls he seduced. Thrown out of college, Belial turned vagabond, drifting from club to Ren fair to new bed to street.

Belial met Gundolffsson at Burning Man, in the orgy tent. After sharing a few women and a lot of drugs, the two went on a psychedelic "visionquest" across the desert. Although neither one erupted that weekend, the experience forged a bond between them. When Gundolffsson returned to Norway, the friends remained in touch via OpNet.

The "drifting magus" had a lot to think about. During his trip, Belial had watched his skin turn black and twisted. Like Nyarlathotep, the Crawling Chaos described by Lovecraft, Belial stretched high into the sky and howled with mad joy at the capering hordes beneath him. Long after the drugs wore off, Belial burned with cold fire. Although he never adopted the name Nyarlathotep (he tried to, but no one could pronounce it), Belial came to think of himself as the harbinger of chaos. Obsessed, he returned to his reclusive ways, reaching to grasp the vision he had seen.

One night, he succeeded.

Belial's eruption was subtle, a thick mist rather than a firestorm. Again, he saw himself as the Crawling Chaos, delivering Earth into infernal hands. When Belial realized that he and his "brother" Gundolffsson had shared revelations at approximately the same time, he became convinced that their destinies were intertwined. Now Belial views himself as an incarnation of Astaroth, the Maker of Ways.

Image: Belial remains effeminate, tall and slender with elfin tendencies. His white-blond hair streams straight past his shoulders, and his pale skin glows by candlelight. The dark prophet still likes his Ren-fair garb. He favors black lace and metal, with red hints contrasting against his skin. Unlike Astaroth, he isn't into body art — Belial's one of the few devilheads *without* tattoos of any kind. To gothic tastes, he's an entrancing specter, and he milks it for everything it's worth.

Personally, Belial is charming, with a low, soothing voice and piercing blue eyes. He rarely raises that voice unless he's in a club, and even then, he never seems to shout. Sardonic and witty, Belial acts very much the demon prince. His powers stem from personal charisma; although he has a few "mystic arts" (quantum talents) at his command, he'd rather seduce than destroy. While most of what he says is bullshit, it all seems compelling when you hear it from his mouth. If he has to, Belial can summon up storms, but he'd really rather not.

That comes later.

Roleplaying Notes: Without you, the Church of Astaroth would not exist; although Astaroth is (by mutual agreement) its figurehead, you are its true leader. Yin to Astaroth's yang. Cradle of Filth to his Aura Noir. You incarnate the Mind of Astaroth, and you use that position to secure a long line of servants, slaves and sycophants. Eventually, everybody who treated you like shit is going to die screaming.

Including your father. *Especially* your father.

Gear: Renaissance and Victorian garb of black and red, inverted pentagram brooch, rapier, the collected works of Aleister Crowley and Anton LaVay

Concept: Mystic Weirdo Satyr Dude

Nature: Hedonist

Allegiance: Church of Astaroth

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Appearance 5, Manipulation 4, Charisma 3

Abilities: Academics 3, Arts 1, Awareness 3, Brawl 1, Computer 2, Drive 2, Endurance 3, Etiquette 2, Firearms 2, Legerdemain 3, Linguistics 2 (English, French, Latin), Melee 4 (Swords), Occult 3, Perform 3, Rapport 3, Resistance 3, Stealth 3, Streetwise 4 (Satanic Underground), Style 4 (Seduction), Subterfuge 4 (Deception)

Backgrounds: Allies 5 (Satanic Underground), Contacts 3, Dormancy 3, Followers 5 (CoA plus romantic conquests), Influence 2, Resources 3

Quantum 4, Quantum Pool 28, Willpower 5, Taint 3

Powers: Mega-Perception •• (Quantum Attunement, Ultraperipheral Perception), Mega-Wits ••• (Natural Empath), Mega-Manipulation •• (Hypnotic Gaze, Trickster), Claws •••, ESP ••, Hypnosis ••••, Luck •••, Mental Blast •••, Premonition ••, Telepathy ••, Weather Manipulation •••

Beltaine: Voice of the Beast

Background: "For though she be but little, she is fierce." Shakespeare's words apply frighteningly well to Beltaine, born Monica Bellemead. Less than a meter and a half tall, the true evil behind ReignofEvil.com seems too innocuous to fear. That impression, as they say, would be dead wrong.

A slight waif with bright red pixie hair, Beltaine took up black magic as a hobby when she was 10 years old. Prior to that, she inflicted various levels of distress on people by purely mundane means. Her parents' attempts at discipline were hopeless — Bellemead *liked* punishment. Nothing seemed to phase the girl, not restriction, not lectures, not shouting, not beatings. She enjoyed the beatings best of all; after a particularly satisfying whipping, Bellemead called Social Ser-



vices and had her parents convicted of child abuse. After terrorizing a succession of foster homes, she was thrown out on the street at age 15.

After a few misadventures as a prostitute and heroin addict, Bellemead took up with a coven of gutter-punk Satanists. Although she proved an able student in their convoluted Arts, Beltaine drove three members of the coven insane before she was exiled from even *this* pathetic tribe. Beaten and left for dead in an ally, she erupted quietly. From that point on, it seemed that nothing could harm her. Although she lived literally on the street during a deadly winter, Beltaine survived and prospered.

By spring, Beltaine looked old enough to work some of the seedier strip clubs and S/M parlors. Although her innocent looks and sky-high tolerance for pain made her an obvious sub, she made a better dom. With little more than words (and sometimes not even that much), she could reduce a strong man to a whimpering mass. During that period, Beltaine met the future Mammon, and although the little girl dubbed her companion, "a trembling bowl of Halloween-flavored Jell-O," the lawyer recognized talent when she saw it. Through proxies, Mammon introduced Beltaine to Astaroth, Belial and Mammon's own male stand-ins. Soon, Beltaine was "installed" as the Black House's patron bitch. Now, she keeps everyone in line, continues to study the Black Arts and posts vicious tirades on ReignofEvil.com. Her lavish room in the club's basement is filled with sadistic playthings, willing slaves and mutilated teddy bears. For now, Beltaine lives the high life, not suspecting that Mammon has marked her for special revenge when the endgame begins....

Image: Barely 17, Beltaine seems more like 12. Disturbingly, she favors latex body paint over clothing — a habit that accents her bone-thin figure. Aside from a keen intelligence and a rather sophisticated command of slander, she appears to be a perverse innocent with short red hair and a devilish smile. "Perverse," yes. "Innocent," never.

Roleplaying Notes: Are you simply a “bad seed”? Or is there some psychological quirk — a crossed mental wire that equates affection with agony on both sides — at work? No one can say. Sometimes, you seem almost pitiable, like you can't really help acting the way you do. That impression makes your activities seem crueler yet.

Fueled by both sadism and masochism, your powers enable you to take and deal out tremendous amounts of pain — often without so much as touching your victim. Your playful sense of spite is a weapon in itself: Although you're far from likeable, people always want to please you. Naturally, you take full advantage of this “gift,” playing people against one another or driving them literally insane with your taunts. Although you can take an amazing amount of physical punishment, you're no fighter. Words are your blades, and they cut viciously. If Grimskull is the Might of Astaroth, Mammon the Heart and Belial the Mind, you provides his Voice... a deeply wicked voice, all the more disturbing considering that it comes from a child

Gear: S/M and B & D gear (violet wand, flogger, box of needles), collar with inverted pentagram, pack of cloves

Concept: Little Bitch from Hell

Nature: Sadist

Allegiance: Church of Astaroth

Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5 (Resilient), Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4 (Clever), Appearance 2, Manipulation 3, Charisma 4

Abilities: Awareness 3, Brawl 1, Command 5, Endurance 4, Firearms 3, Interrogation 4 (Torture), Intimidation 3, Legerdemain 4 (Theft), Melee 2, Occult 2, Rapport 2, Resistance 3, Stealth 3, Style 2, Survival 4 (Urban)

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Dormancy 3, Followers 5+ (CoA plus slaves), Influence 2, Resources 1
Quantum 3, Quantum Pool 26, Willpower 4, Taint 2

Powers: Mega-Stamina ••• (Adaptability, Durability, Hardbody), Mega-Manipulation •• (The Voice), Mega-Charisma •• (Dreadful Mien), Disorient ••, Domination •••, ESP ••, Mental Blast •••, Pretercognition •••, Shroud ••

Grimskull: Might of the Beast

Background: Fond of black clothing, video games and Marilyn Manson, Michael Brandschmidt had the unbridled ferocity of the born misfit. Although his natural aptitude for computers might have suggested a fondness for techno music, Brandschmidt enjoyed beating on things. By 16, he'd joined a Black-Metal band, TripleSyxxx, and soon delighted in bashing his kit to pieces, gig by gig. Cymbals regularly split beneath his sticks, and the sticks themselves were beaten to splinters. Between Brandschmidt's roaring drumwork and the dream-edged vocals of frontwoman Shadowwayne, TripleSyxxx soon became a fixture on the Black-Metal scene.

But Brandschmidt got a crush on Shadowwayne; she returned his affections with indifference. One night, the tension exploded. Overwhelmed by adrenaline, methamphetamines and sexual frustration, Grimskull literally smashed his kit to pieces in mid-song, then threw the broken gear at the singer, the audience and the walls before



beating his own head bloody with a cymbal stand. With every blow, his body grew... and grew... and grew....

After the demise of TripleSyxxx, Grimskull found himself unable to get another gig. Not even the wildest bands wanted a drummer who might put them in the hospital. The blowup had other long-term consequences for Grimskull, too. His head had lost the battle with the cymbal stand, and Brandschmidt suffered permanent brain damage. Savage headaches and twitchy reflexes ruined both his drumming and his computer skills. Depressed, he spent his days and nights in front of his TV, playing video games until dawn.

But the demons in Brandschmidt's head had a sense of humor. Like a cancer, his M-R node expanded across his damaged brain. Within months, his prime talents — strength and an intuitive control of electromagnetism — had expanded to uncanny proportions, while his reflexes and fine motor skills deteriorated. Now he lives in Belial's basement, sampling all the newest and most savage music he can find. Through vox-activated computer gear, he spends most of his time online, playing VR simulations and OpNet-based RPGs.

Every so often, he and Belial go clubbing — most often to the Black House. When Grimskull ventures out in public, things break. Brandschmidt *really* likes to beat on things, now — as a popular RPG developer recently discovered. Renowned for his online 'tude, said developer dissed Brandschmidt during an OpNet forum. Furious, Grimskull tracked the game designer to a club where he moonlighted as a deejay. As the crowd applauded, Grimskull stormed the deejay booth, grabbed his nemesis and literally beat the stuffing out of him. Oddly enough, “no one remembered seeing anything.” Grimskull dodged a murder rap and discovered that he *liked* killing. These days, he looks for an excuse to do some more....

Image: Once, Brandschmidt wasn't bad-looking. A husky young man with a ready grin, he wore his brown hair short and messy, even after he took to the Black-Metal scene. All that has changed. Now he's a fugly swollen mass of flab

and muscle topped by a balding, dour head. Although he still likes to beat on things, the demonic former drummer gets little true exercise. He received none of the benefits of the nova metabolism, weighing in at roughly 300 pounds and looking like hell. Grimskull often sports a leather jacket, torn black jeans and T-shirts from obscure Metal bands, but those clothes fit him badly, and they smell. His speech is somewhat slurred thanks to the brain damage, but it's eloquently spiced with profanity and exclamations like "dude!" His hands twitch constantly, as if he's playing video games even in his sleep.

Roleplaying Notes: You are a loyal soldier. Belial stood by you when nobody else cared, and the other Domitori (even Beltaine) treat you with respect. You have no idea what your role in the final days will be, but as long as you get to take your frustrations out on something screaming, you don't fucking care.

Gear: Leather jacket with inverted pentagram on the back, Gavilan laptop computer, Sony chip player, Mega-Nintendo, drum kit

Concept: Slightly Pitiable Monster

Nature: Survivor

Allegiance: Church of Astaroth

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 1, Stamina 4, Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 1, Appearance 1, Manipulation 2, Charisma 2

Abilities: Academics 3, Arts 3 (Music), Athletics 2, Awareness 2, Brawl 5 (Beating Ass), Computer 4 (Hacking), Endurance 3, Engineering 3, Intimidation 4 (Brutish), Intrusion 1, Melee 3, Might 4, Performing 1 (Drums), Resistance 3, Science 2, Streetwise 4 (Music and Occult Underground)

Backgrounds: Allies 5 (Various Bands), Attunement 3, Contacts 3, Followers 2 (Various Buddies), Node 4

Quantum 4, Quantum Pool 28, Willpower 3, Taint 5

Powers: Mega-Strength ••• (Crush, Shockwave), Mega-Stamina •• (Hardbody, Regeneration), Absorption •••, Armor •••, Elemental Anima (Electricity) ••• (Blast, Enhance/Diminish, Shaping), Magnetic Mastery •• (EMP, Magnetic Storm)

Mammon: Heart of the Beast

Even before her association with Belial, the shadow behind the handle "Mammon" was truly numbered among the damned: She was a lawyer. A rich lawyer. A really *good* rich lawyer with all the scruples of a bag of rattlesnakes. Manipulating people, either in court, in person or over OpNet, was so simple she considered it a hobby. And considering that she weighed in at a rather unflattering 162 kilograms, it was the most pleasurable hobby she had.

Mammon originally got onto alt.satanism on a lark. Still, the lure of cybersex kept her at her keyboard long after bedtime. Enchanted, she bought a black wardrobe and hit a few clubs. But a fat lady in her late 40s isn't going to get much action in the trendy S/M scene. Only in cyberspace could she find satisfaction.

All right, you fuckheads, she vowed, I'll open my own club. Then let you little bastards run wild in it. Then blow the whistle and close the whole freakish party and make you fuckers squirm! With her money and connections, it was easy.



After a bit of investigation (and a fair amount of arm-twisting), she "acquired" the deed to the Black House, an infamous but decrepit landmark of American Satanism. In the process, she also encountered Belial and ReignofEvil.com. And "Mammon" knew suckers when she saw them.

And so, the female lawyer assumed the guise of a male Satanist. Adopting the name of the Prince of Greed, she embarked upon a bizarre revenge campaign. With "his" access to cash and influence, Mammon quickly bought the attention (and gratitude) of Astaroth and Belial; the CoA enjoys its tax-exempt status thanks to Mammon's maneuvering. The charade has brought the lawyer a perverse level of satisfaction at last. In Belial, she discovered a keen partner for cybersex, and in Astaroth, she found a forum for her decades of bitterness. In a sick sort of way, she's actually come to love her Judas goats... which does not, of course, mean she won't pull the whole thing apart if and when it suits her.

Now the doors of the Black House are open for business. The profits flow through a variety of channels into secret bank accounts and dummy corporations before reaching Mammon and her cohorts in sin. At the moment, the lawyer seems content to hide behind Mammon's mask and a few dozen internet personas. Will she pull the rug out from under ReignofEvil.com when she's tired of the game? Or has she acquired a real fondness for Belial and the others? Only time will tell....

Image: No one really knows what Mammon looks like. Only Beltaine has actually met her, and the girl had no idea that the obese poser would someday become a fellow Domitor. To date, "Mammon" is a phantom, even to her comrades. After her humiliations in the club scene, she rarely leaves her home where her office is located. No one knows who she really is or what she really looks like. Knowing the inherent legal, social and physical liabilities of associating with a pack of Satanic fruitbats (nova ones, no less!), Mammon recruits patsies— er, *proxies* to act in her name when face-to-face contact is required. None of these august individuals have

played “face” for Mammon more than twice, and most of them are dead by now. The Demon Prince of Wealth does not want any threads tying her to her malignant alter-ego. As long as “he” keeps the money and perks flowing, the other Domitori couldn’t care less.

Roleplaying Notes: You have never erupted in the usual sense. Rather, you possess an uncanny ability to manipulate people, even at a distance, but that talent seems to come more from a latent M-R node than from overt superpowers. Instead, you exert a strange influence through your words, either spoken or written, and command vast pools of wealth and influence. You may be a silent partner, but you hold the entire Church of Astaroth in your distant hands. If they only knew....

Gear: Cell phone, Disney-Apple G-10 workstation, Vir-Gogs and porno chips, Palm Pilot, Glock 9mm, Mercedes-Benz

Concept: Nearly-Silent Partner

Nature: Architect

Allegiance: Church of Astaroth

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 1, Stamina 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Appearance 1, Manipulation 5, Charisma 2

Abilities: Academics 3, Awareness 3, Biz 3, Bureaucracy 4 (Legal), Command 2, Computer 3, Etiquette 1, Firearms 3, Intimidation 4 (Implied Threat), Intrusion 1, Rapport 4 (Cyberspace), Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 4

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Followers 5 (Cops, lawyers, criminals...), Influence 3, Resources 5
Willpower 8

Daemons: Lesser Spawn of Satan

Everyone wants to be a god, right? I mean, when your life is shit and your family hates you, it’s always nice to fantasize about the horrible deaths you’ll inflict when you get the power you truly deserve. Doesn’t *everybody* feel that way? No? These folks certainly do! And once they get in touch with their “inner power” and become Daemons under the guidance of Astaroth, they’ll show the world who’s boss! Really!

In the eyes of just about everyone, the hardcore followers of the CoA are losers. This does not, however, mean they can’t be dangerous. Although most of these “brothers and sisters in Darkness” are couch potatoes with delusions of grandeur, a handful of ‘em are hardened rapists, killers, drugheads and Conan-wannabes. *En masse*, they can put up quite a fight... when and if they decide to face an enemy head to head. For game Traits, see the “Gangs” template in the **Aberrant** rulebook (p. 282). For “brothers” and “sisters” under the influence of CoA’s weird drugs see the “Mitoids” template (p. 283) and add hellish hallucinations to the mix. Individually, most Daemons are cowards. Ah, but somewhere among them lurks a future Domitor, a nova with power and malice to spare. Who knows? Maybe he/she/it is already out there, waiting. Maybe he’s even one of your players’ characters....

They say the Devil laughs last. Maybe he really does.



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Behold, ye pathetic baselines, the number
of the Quantum Beast...

Shrouded in a miasma of Terr'r music, demon worship and drugs, the self-styled cultists of ReignofEvil.com proclaim their deviant beliefs to the world and reap a crop of naïve young nova-worshippers. Sweet innocence is always ripe for the reaping.

...and despair!

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