



The true Satanist - this was my first thought about you when I knew about your existence. Neither "Black Metal musician", nor Underground activist, but the true Satanist. But, perhaps I am old-fashioned and stereotyped. Who do you think you are first of all?

“To me Black Metal music is an expression of true Satanic worship,I am a musician,I am a Satanist,and in both of these I am solitary.”

Do many of those around you know that you are a Satanist?

Were there the situations when this obstructed or helped you in your daily life?

“Humans in society are odd to me,I have no interaction with those outside,no social,I have my Sister Tatiana,she has always understood the occult,she is older then me and also is a spirit channeler, in fact when I was a child ,she shared her knowledge of the occult with me,when I saw spirits and spoke with them and played music they wanted me to play..she understood what was happening,these other worldly contacts started appearing to me when I was as young as 2 years old.”

By the way, about your daily life... Do you try to separate the usual life (as necessity) and the life of Satanist and musician (as a way to communicate with Dark Force)?

“When I have to go about daily things like going to the market,I am always the same state,half in this world,half in the other,so I would say it all is very quatum with me... when in this world,we have a physical body,we have to eat,we have to maintain our homes,and take care and protect who we share our lives with...and prayers to Satan are mingled with all this and thanks to him for helping with all the things anf perplexities life brings...and when I have a quiet moment,I do rituals to honour Satan...btw..I don't drive a car...I am not together enough to drive...I admit it.”

Do you feel yourself an American? You are a dweller of this planet but do you feel this? What do you see when you look around you?

“When I look around,I see the sparkling veil that divides this world and the next,sometimes it is so thick,it is hard to see the physical objects,so I am always looking throug this veil,at the world,I am a part of this universe,sure,there are different continents on the planet earth,but to me I am just a life form..on earth.”

The questions for this interview were ready in December 2021 l.t. The interview itself was supposed to be unleashed before the release of SATANIC CORPSE "Belial" cd. This cd was released on February 24, 2022 l.t. and became the first cd in the history released in the territory where the war is taking place. We have lost the contact with Belita in January 2022 l.t., after some time our parcel with the author's copies of "Belial" cd was returned back to us. We continued to work with released cd, trying to distribute as many copies as possible. In the condition of daily rocket shellings, when our own tomorrow may not come, we have made the decision to send cd's for free to any label that shows the interest. Someone sent their part of the trade, someone paid us the postage, someone deceived us... Several months later, we no longer expected to receive the news from Belita because we knew about her critical health condition... She appeared after 11 months of silence and it was one of the best things we've experienced last time...

In December 2022 l.t. Belita has received her author's copies and this fills us with an absolute pride, because this is much more important to us than the number of distributed copies of this release. We are proud to be the part of history of real Artist and real Satanist Belita Adair.

The interview is presented in its original form and does not contain any editing.

What your music means for you? Is it a key to understand the inaccessible things? Perhaps, this connection is strong because you understand that this Door won't completely open, and the Mystery will forever remain Mystery?

“My music is like a door to the other demonic plane, and even different vortexes and interdimensionals come through the doors I open, with the music, these beings want to be heard, they have messages, I transfer their sonic substance into this dimension, the door is always open, so there really is no door anymore.”

*Do you listen to your old records? Can you perform them now?
Or after you had breathed them out you let them go on an independent journey?*

“After I make them, it is like they are born to life, and they go on to an existence unto themselves, like shadows, they have crossed into the world, and they go on and on, when I listen to my old channelings, I get weird feelings..just like when I made them first..the ghosts permeate the room, it really is like they are entities and have a life of their own.”

Can you say that your music is the closest form, the most suitable bowl for your emotions?

“Music is my one true language, it is my rage, my passion, I cross boundaries with music, to the point of recklessness, I will always want to see how far I can take it.”

Your music as an echo of reflection... What you bring into this world and what the listeners will hear, how far is it from the first sounds that you had caught while being in the creative ecstasy?

“When I was a child of 3, I saw a black robed horned figure standing over my bed, and then my music really blossomed, with me singing in tongues, languages unknown to me, playing the piano and guitar, that was my turning point...and so that was the beginning of my music, and is the same to this day. the vibrations continue.”

*What time means for you? Is it still the new opportunities?
Or the possibility to concentrate on what you have and enjoy it?*

“Time? time does not really exist, sure it seems so real on earth, but go further, and the time space

continuum, finds itself irrelevant, I never had opportunities, only opposition, I am still alive, so that is it for me, as long as I have left.”

Who are around you? Close people? Pets? What is a real loneliness in your understanding? It's not simply a condition when you are among the familiar people but you have nothing to say them... It is unlikely that loneliness can be measured by the distance to the farthest star.

“several feral cats and small dogs share our home with me and my Sister, real loneliness is when you are surrounded by entities that do not know a *ucking thing you are, what you say, what you do, yes, that is when one can be desperate and lonesome, most of humanity would fit that bill of ignorance, and a few would be excluded, but they are few and far between, your right, it cannot be measured, even by the distance of the most remote star...sometimes..being alone is less lonely than being in the wrong company....and also much safer at times.”

Can you consider Devil your friend? Or does the feeling yourself a mortal person make it impossible to talk to Him on an equal footing? I'm not talking about the comparing yourself to Devil, I'm talking about the privilege of asking into the void, but getting answers?

“I love Lord Satan, I just love the Devil, it is eternal love.”

Your musical practices have left the traces in several projects. Are you the different person in every project or there is only one entity in all of them but with different lives, passions, phobias?

“All this music comes through me, I remain the same...but, I cannot stop making projects, because the entities. Demons, spirits desire to come through, and each one has a different image, so I feel my reason for living is to be a channel to let them be heard and their presence be known. Many projects mean many pathways for the same goal...I will do this music until I cast off this earthly body, so I make the music as long as I am here, each day I have another day, where I can, transfer the music from the other realm to this one.

Ongoing and everflowing.”

I don't know, is it tactfully to ask about the experiments that were carried out with you? ..

All these years you have lived with the consequences of this. Was it just a negative experience?

Or from this practice you have also received, as a gift or curse, some special things and states that are inaccessible to every human?

“---Well the experiments, really did have an ill effect, I was a child, twelve and thirteen, when these happened to me, one affected me in the most instantly dramatic way, I went to Stanford university to be studied for my psychic abilities, my Mother and Sister traveled with me, we met the Professor of Psychology who was primary in the paranormal department there, first I walked into the office and an antique clock that never worked, started working, and then on another occasion he wanted to do a test on me with electro magnetic device and they could not hook it up because all the elevators went out, all the lights and electricity failed, so they did not continue with that experiment, then something bad happened to me, the third day of me being studied there, some people to do with the paranormal department came into the hall where my Mother, Sister and Professor, they said they needed to take me alone just into the next room, my Mother was concerned but they assured her I would be just in the next room, I was healthy robust kid, full of life and energy, we lived in Ojai at the time, and it was a very nice place for a young person to be outdoors etc. anyways, they grabbed me after they went through the door into a room out of sight of others and started taking me down some dark stairs, they were pushing me, I was scared and started to resist, I could not see my feet, I thought I was going to fall, down, down they kept going, pushing me, shoving my shoulders, until they reached a room at the bottom levels, it had lights on, I remember the ones waiting in that room for the others that still had a grip on my arm, had white coats on, like lab uniforms, then this woman white coat, said, place her in the container! they shoved me into a small room like a box and sealed the door shut, I could hear their voices through like an intercom, they then shut off all the lights, then the loudest most horrible piercing noise went off in that box I was locked in, it caused my ears and head pain that was beyond anything I ever felt, my eyes were running, I saw flashing lights and felt the beams going into my body like knives and I felt like my very core was being shattered, and the woman's voice saying/asking me, do not resist, go into it, what do you see? do you feel like you are back in time? I kept saying, no! no! no!...then after what seemed forever, must of been an hour of this torment, the lights went back on, they took/dragged me back up the dark stairs, through that room, then out to the hallway, I felt weak, not strong like I was just earlier that day, ...I was then pale, dizzy, ... my Mother, my Sister and the Professor were waiting on seats in the hall, the Professor said, ok! let me take you all to the

school cafeteria for lunch, I was so sick I could not swallow a thing, and I could not get over that feeling, it was like no food could get down my throat, I could not even drink a cola, I felt dazed, really fried, the next day I had a meeting with the music professor at the school, and he had me play the piano for him, and he said the pedal technique and the playing of fingering was exactly like an unknown manuscript of Chopin described, which this professor had in his private books, he was impressed that with no formal piano training I was doing these secret Chopin techniques. When we went back home, I still could not eat, I went down to below 70 pounds from 110 pounds, I had sunken eyes, and gray skin, I looked like death..this went on and on, my Mother was a wreck about it, she kept telling me...EAT!!!! you are going to die if you don't eat...I had night episodes of fear of the flashing lights that were in that box that they put me in, and I knew I was going to die if I did not think of a way out of this mystery sickness, I tried to get down a nutrition drink, just little bits, just to stay alive..but I kept losing weight...

A while after this, Mother was contacted by Dr. Andrija Puharich (he presented the psychic Uri Geller) and he wanted us to go to Ossining New York, the three of us, Mom, Sister and myself and live at his home so he could study me further, he portrayed himself as a helpful, paranormal researcher, and a former medical doctor, Mother was hoping he could find a way to get me healthy again, so off we went as soon as our tickets were sent by him, the home was large, it was February and the snow was falling thick as he drove us up the entrance road to the house.

Next morning, was the first of many episodes within the Faraday cage, he would have me lie down flat, a little pillow under my head, he would place his finger in the middle of my forehead and count me backwards, he taped the whole session on a hand held recorder, first it was a High Priestess and an entity called The Five that spoke through me, I think they were Alien beings of some sort ...he would have them give him numbers, and equations, something in my mind I knew nothing about, my thing was music, but Puharich said he did not like music and that I should be hidden in the lab and only channel number information, not out in public doing frivolous music, then the beings told him while I was in trance that I was meant to place my music out into the world via the electric medium, it was for humanity, the E.V.A. voice, Puharich told the entity, oh yes, after you give me the number information and more equations, we will move on your plan and I will make sure the music gets out to the world...right after he got out of one of the sessions, he went on the phone, I overheard him on the phone saying, yes, ok..as soon as the Canadian government gives me the research funding money for

these Atomic numbers and chemical compound equations received by a psychic girl in the cage today the government can move on with the bomb making,he was using my channeling...for making new weapons! no wonder he hated my music,he wanted only the numbers,these Faraday cage session happened each day,I remember once both I and my Sister were in the cage,he had done the countdown to me,I was layed out with my head on the pillow,he suddenly said,he wanted to fix something at the controls,then...I could not breath! my Sis too,no air...see, the cage had to have air from its own unit...he wanted to see if a psychic deprived of some air...would go into a deeper trance,after we all left the cage into the sunroom,he was acting crazy laughing and my Sister and I were giddy feeling...weird..this whole thing was getting,he told my Mom,that I would most likely die soon,I was so thin and frail,I remember trying to eat a little bread in the kitchen and he needed me to put it down and go for more session action in the cage that night...the only fun I had was once a week I was allowed to watch some tv,I loved the Wonder Woman tv series!.

one morning,my Mother looked at my hair,and said,the front of it was so oily,I was given a hair wash right away,then it was Faraday cage time...again my front hair was all oily,my forehead where Puharich placed his finger was all full of some oil as well...then I felt drugged after the session,I was depressed,confused and hung over the staircase and wanted to jump!.they stopped me..I felt so sad ,they took me to the bedroom,I was alone in there,seeing lights,..flashes,then I asked the spirits to help me please,and...I felt better I found out recently he used the most poisonous mushroom on earth,the oil of it,to test what it does to psychics.

We went back home,he had all these transcripts archived in his house from the taped sessions...he wanted us to sell our home in California and live permanently with him in that creepy house of his,he thought we were just going back to California to get our affairs in order,then go back with him for me to be a permanent research subject,Mother I remember,just wanted to get us all out of Ossining and back to Ojai...and she did not trust him at all by that time.

I actually was so mad at the world after all that happened I forced myself to try to get better,I drank milk,I ate spoons of honey,anything to gain weight, then I could eat normal again and it worked this time...I was better...but it did effect my health in a bad way for all the years to come.

We heard from Puharich a few months after,that we must go to England for more research,the Bank of England president was funding it all,and was sending

tickets for us,Mom said no at first,then Puharich not taking no for an answer,had a courier send us one of the top secret transcripts which said something about the plan,and putting my music out...he promised all sorts of music demonstrations that I was to do on BBC television..we were off to England,turns out Puharich just wanted to get funding for himself by telling the banker he was bringing a kid psychic for the banker to see,we on the other hand got,a plane ticket and a room,that is all.

Puharich did this complete turn around,no BBC,no music,he had just one psychic demonstration of me playing piano and singing at the house he was staying at while in England...and even though it was very hot summer weather,a cold wind circled the room as I played,he told one newspaper writer who attended not to write a word of what he saw,the writer.... ,ended up printing a full story about me and what he saw at the psychic demonstration in Psychic News,a popular newspaper.

Things went bad from then on with the relationship between Puharich and I...he placed me into the count backwards trance for the banker to witness a live session,and I got like possessed by a spirit/demon,that told him it wanted to pull his head off,and then I got up without being counted forward out of the trance and stormed out of the room...my Sister told him off because he lied about everything,and so it was...people at times are not what they portray themselves to be,and in life we find that out the hard way.

I wanted out of the psychic field,I mean, I cannot help being psychic..but the people in the field hurt me...so really I just kept a low profile after that,tried to heal from the abuse,and the spirits and the music never let me down even when I was pretty much finished.Puharich warned that I was prime for kidnapping from different governments because I gave formulas for weapons...yeah,great....so we moved to Vegas,I got a job playing in the piano bars,in a long evening gown,underage.looking older then I was..I said to myself at the time...who cares,this is better then the psychic crap....it was funny when I played heavy black metal piano late one night,and the customers almost choked on the lobster tail dinner.and when some people came in the bar for a drink and got mad because I was singing the High Holy Jewish song perfectly in the ancient language blaspheming it...I must of picked up on that psychically from around those customers...and the spanish lady that came in,and I was singing in perfect spanish,about people being little feces .I was always a bad girl I guess.....My Mom was the star of the ice shows here in Vegas before I was born ..she had an act with doves on her fingers as she figure skated in the grand production shows,so she

thought,we should come here and hide from the psychic nuts when things got hot...it worked to a point,but sometimes...I slipped up and tranced out and did psychic music....right in those casinos!"

Faith and beliefs can be the bones of one spine and strengthen this core. But they can interfere with the Grand Goal. Do you consider Satan's Triumph here, on the Earth, that Grand Goal? May be, the human is able to be strong only in the moments of confrontation, when he's forced to define who he is? Perhaps, the victory of one side will become the final catastrophe for the Planet?

"I think mankind will undo themselves and kill the earth unless they stop being egoists,power, money as the only god a--holes,because the Devil is in the other realm,maybe in a way he overshadows and rules the earth even now..because darkness is the pure force of creation.I believe there is a dimension rift going on as well,so the earth will change,either slow or fast,it depends on the forces,the pulls,it is all very fragile,earth is fragile,bodies are fragile,it is a miracle the earth is still spinning and we are on it,functioning..living...we are on just one of the planets in a vast universe...and it goes on and on and on and....."

I don't want to shamefacedly shy away from the topic of your age. Without any perspectives, without a striving for fame, you continue to do all this even during the periods of huge problems with your health. For some you will be simply the next freak from top-5/10...metal ladies. In a few years, these some will flounder in the foam of ordinary life. Nevertheless, are you interested in the audience which is listening or watching you?

"-- I have been using this body for 61 years,I have died once in 2006 and was brought back,I died almost again,but not all the way in 2020 after I was foolish and took an antibiotic I unknowingly was allergic to and started literally to rot...,again brought back.The reason I am still here is as a channel,black metal,is like a black radio wave that can capture the ones from the deepest hells...and for any of those interested in hearing this,my music is there for them.I know there are true dark Brothers and Sisters out there and I embrace them with my music."

I have no feeling that you want to leave anything on this earth. You create something ... and all ... your compositions just exist in the internet. You don't want to stain it with such mercantile human desires like advertising, status, or are there any other reasons?

"-- I am all alone as far as music recording,I do what I can,I keep it all in little flash drive and books,that time in Fontana California,my whole music computer went thermal and was on fire because it was summer and over 100 degrees in that house because we had no air conditioning,I saved all the Satanic Corpse music I could on these drives before I carried the computer outside and put the flames out..so I try,I record,master and engineer all of it..I do my best as an engineer and it gets the job done..it is art in the most raw form, without a small amount of help from music professionals it is very limited what I can do,my studio now is in my Las Vegas home..I have lived in LV since the 80's moving from California...in 2009 a return back to California due to circumstance beyond my control till 2012 or so, it is not by choice if things are not up to par of underground music,anyway I always hope I can have a tiny spot in true underground music,the kind that is really in the sewer,you know...that is from my heart...if I did not love what I do,I would not do it...so I keep doing it no matter what...I hope I leave my sonic mark on this sorry earth.I have been making websites,for my music since 2003,using notepad and html I taught myself,and I do the artwork myself,graphics,it is all very homegrown/home done and that is the way I like it,because I am used to it...and it is not tainted by any outside ideas.it has its pros and cons doing things yourself..anyway..it is just pure evil,I love the darkness.when I record a guitar track and I hear a spirit/demon has already sung the most evil vocal screaming blasphemies on it.before I even hook up an audio mic to do my own singing.that is all that matters to me...THIS...is my true art."

Release from a false sense of sinfulness - this could become the basis for a person's analysis of his aspirations. But people are too dependent on the common judgments. How did you discover in yourself the unacceptable to you things? Are you a self-critical person or you accept yourself as you are?

"--I hope my music is my ultimate passion of sin,I will keep pushing it beyond,keep the voices of Demons screaming in it,keep the veil thin,no circles or gates for this magick,I want to become one with all that is Demonic,is this dangerous one might ask?well of course it is,listen to my music at your own risk,Demonic Possession,the radio waves from Hell,a Black Metal that is beyond raw and very maniacle,sometimes I lose control,will I fall into the abyss?maybe...for sure I will always put 100 percent into it,good,bad or indifferent.

HAIL SATAN!"

(December 2022 l.t., specially for PROPAGANDA)