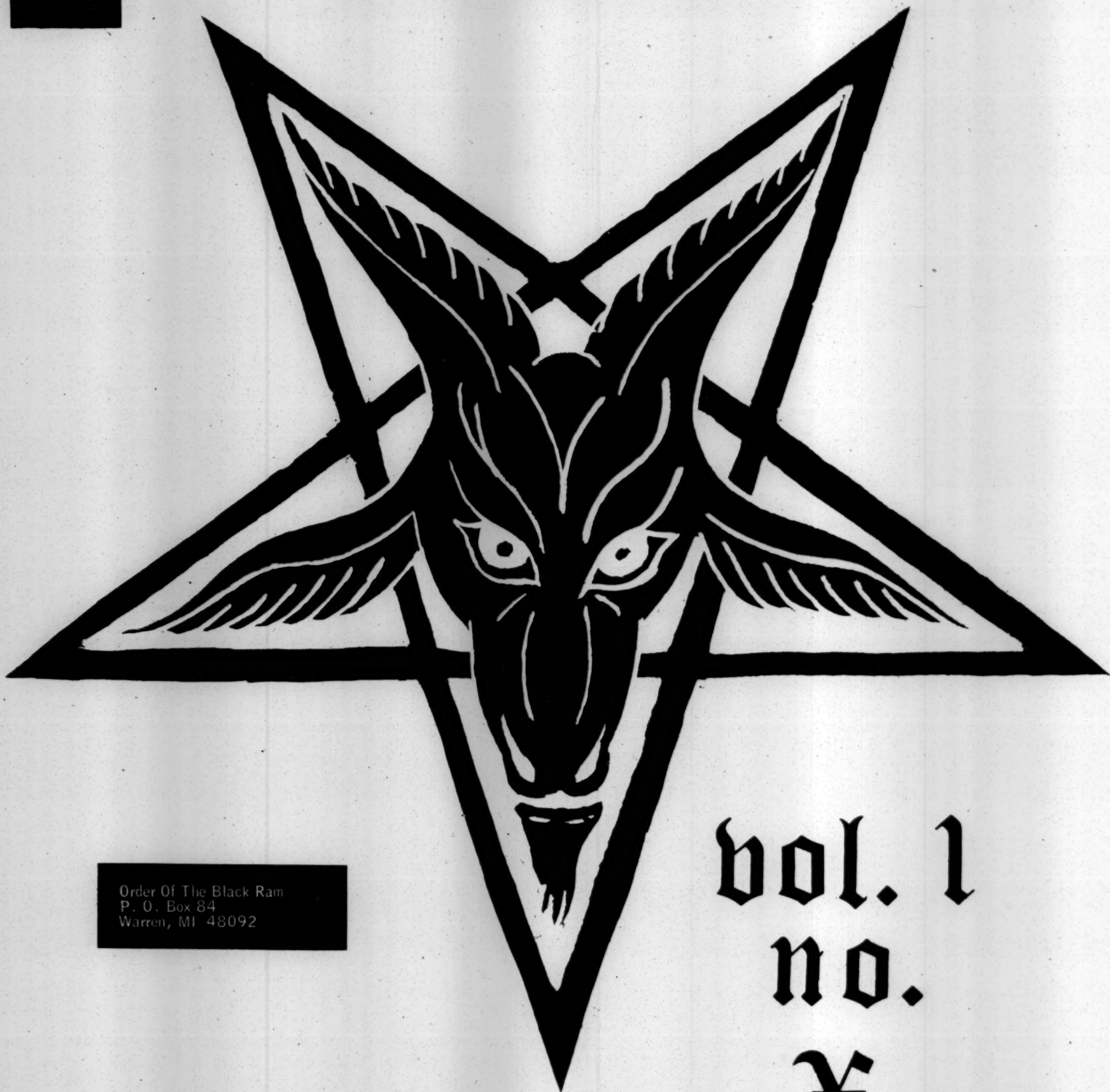




# Liber Venifíca



Order Of The Black Ram  
P. O. Box 84  
Warren, MI 48092

vol. 1  
no.  
X

## Strange Vibes From The Pit

Greetings, once again, to our brethren everywhere; be ye Satanist, Pagan, Wiccan, or simply seekers. I've got a couple propositions I want to make first off, so without any further ado (or the usual beating around the bush) here we go...

The response to our last couple issues was exceedingly gratifying. As you know by now, Liber Venifica is rapidly developing into the foremost voice of Satanic philosophy. Satanism is both a simple and a complex philosophy; it depends on how you approach it, I suppose. Those who called it a "fad" in its formative years are now conspicuous in their silence; perhaps they are beginning to realize that although we may not enjoy the same degree of social acceptability that older philosophies have, we are indeed "an idea whose time has come." Translated, that means that we have no intention of developing into a "religion," sitting on its fat, parasitic posterior.

Growth is important to us, but not for its own sake; we seek to build a streamlined, dynamic movement capable of achieving genuine expansion of consciousness and power. Therefore, if you are one of those who have given consistent support, or even if you just enjoy reading our mag occasionally, perhaps you could do us a favor, to wit: if you know someone who might be interested in LV, turn them on to it. As we all know, paid subscriptions are the lifeblood of any publication. So, for every sub you send us at \$7.50 apiece, we'll refund 50¢ commission. If we are to continue producing a hard-hitting, controversial mag, we need some help to do it. 'Nuff said.

There are many people roaming the face of this planet seeking an alternative to what has previously been set forth as "gospel truth." (Note the choice of phraseology.) While there are a number of alternatives, appealing to various kinds of individuals, I feel that Satanism is the most clear-cut, dynamic force to hit the scene in a long time; where else could a fantasy-loving fanatic who hates religion per se feel right at home? "Satanism has long been misrepresented as devil-worship, when in fact it constitutes a clear rejection of all forms of worship as a desirable component of the personality." (Satanic Bible, prologue.) For those who seek such an alternative, behold; we are here.

In the Fane of the Dark Lord,

Rt. Rev. Seth-Typhon  
Grand Magister, O.B.R.

Indecorus Magus

By Heirophant Robin Goodfellow

I recently ran across an ad in a swingers magazine which was placed by a fellow who called himself a Christian in the ad. The gist of it was that he wanted to ball mentally deranged young girls.

The U.S. Attorney General is now investigating the tax-exempt status of the Children of God due to their blatant brainwashing tactics.

The reformed Mennonite church recently shunned a fellow (a severe form of excommunication) and now his own wife and family will not speak to him, nor will any other church members in the one-religion town.

If memory serves me correctly, and I think it does, these are all actions whose meanness of spirit are allegedly Satanic in nature. And yet our tenets specifically forbid the seduction of unwilling or defenseless maidens (although insufficiently defended maidens are fair game...) brainwashing goes against our grain, and we don't even have a church to "shun" from.

I guess that missing out on all of this fun is part of the price you must pay when you recognize the individual godhood. Because, when you stop to think about it, there is no way that the rape of a young girl can be reconciled with the concept of either individual godhood or tribalism. Which says nothing about the theories of breeding for racial improvement or even the plain good manners essential to survival on a crowded planet.

There is no way you can accept the concept of personal godhood and then turn anyone but a mortal enemy into a zombie or a robot, to use as a plaything while it amuses you and then to discard then it suits your purpose.

And, finally, there is just no way that you can expect to maintain a society if you insist on tearing apart its foundations in a moment of anger.

All of which leads to the conclusion that Christianity cannot be allowed continued existance. We have been so busy defending ourselves that we have failed to use the one weapon which could serve us in good stead: attack. I know that sounds like a pretty radical approach to the problem, but the problem is one of survival (ours) and demands a radical approach.

I.M....cont'd

In the trial of Ms. Budapest this last Autumn, can anyone tell me where she gained? I think not, because she was so busy defending herself that her resources were used up in that direction, rather than in a productive effort. And so were some of yours. What will you and she do the next time the enemy takes the initiative and attacks her for practicing a part of her faith? Defend again? Why, when you could be attacking from whatever angle and in whatever manner you choose?

People calling themselves Christian and attacking us for our name but acting like hoodlums in their own lives and in the name of their religion, must be destroyed. If they will not live the life they profess to, then they are hypocrites and liars, the whole lot of them unfit to share the Earth with those who do practice their faith in daily life and make it a dynamic force in their existence. There are only three possible outcomes from such a fray; (1) we will wipe them out, (2) we will make them strong in their faith, eliminating only the weak, or (3) they will wipe us out. The first two are definitely to our benefit. And the third will have me thanking them for proving me wrong.

Last summer they caused the death of one of ours by their unmerciful persecution of him for his religious beliefs.

Attack! Take them to the courts, sue them for damages, obtain cease and desist orders. Drop by their homes with pamphlets and stay for coffee and donuts. Leave copies of LV and other publications in the public places, just as they leave tracts and the Christian Science Monitor laying around to offend the sensibilities. Group together and erect churches; then paint them black and invert a cross out front. When you've done that, arm everyone for the violence that they will start. Depending on the state laws affecting you, be careful of which side of the door the bodies fall on! We wouldn't want to hear about any of our side breaking the law, because if they catch you at it, they'll break you. Aggravate them until they become the aggressors, because their laws punish aggression. If nothing else, demand equal "prayer" rights at school functions and make sure that your people are highly visible when the mayor dictates anything. Go to city council meetings in ritual robes and run for any election post that catches your eye. Equal time and space laws apply even if the candidate is running on a minority religion platform!

I.M....cont'd

Each and every time you make yourself visible, you annoy at least some of them. And an enemy who is annoyed is highly error prone. Attack, attack, attack, while you still have the chance and the capability, because if you haven't already noticed, they are attacking us.

I have let my address be known. On my front door there is an inverted pentagram. My religious affiliations are hidden from no one, and are made public whenever suitable and appropriate. (Like the TV show the Order of the Black Ram did last year.) And I have loaded my rifle. I've even been hitting local shops selling L.V. and letting my phone number be spread about. I'll make something known right now; I haven't yet needed the rifle, and no one calls me up at night to harrass me. Although I have been calling the local ministers at all hours to explain minor personal problems and request an answer right away. I don't think they realize that the problems are fake and the answers they give at four-thirty in the morning are funny. I do a great suicide threat which has led me to "the VD ecumenical council next Thursday, good night," as well as a variety of other improbable solutions for a guy who has just slashed his wrists. It helps to speak in a faint voice and then let the phone drop to the floor in mid-phrase. If they woke up when the receiver hit the floor, they'll get very excited. I'm sure you can think of even more variations on this theme, and better ones than that.

Whenever friends invite me to church, I spend a few minutes the night before getting the minister ready. When he hasn't had a good night's sleep, sermons that might have run overtime end promptly at noon, or a few minutes before.

While it is true that we are small, our harrassment potential is fantastic. I figure there are about 6,000 or so of us active with another twenty or thirty thousand consciously sympathetic. Of that 6,000 there might be fifty who are publicly visible and yet we are already a thorn in the side of a nation of over 200 million. Of that 50 who are active, only a small percentage get harrassed. Last summer, one of them died, leaving forty-nine.

I.M....cont'd

You know, when I think of that fellow, I realize that when they caused his death and got away with it, it gave them a license to try me next. He really did die for me and in my name. And I can't even remember his.

The idea of becoming a martyr doesn't sound very appealing to me. But that is just what he did. And we are sitting around on our complacent asses and wasting his death just as the Christians wasted his life and him.

How many of you knew of his plight and let him face it alone? Who gave him help when he needed it? Who among you has taken the steps to prevent that sort of thing from ever happening again?

Apparently no one cares that he died because he practiced the same sort of religion we practice, in the same country we practice it in. Is it because you think him to be weak? Generally suicide is not a show of strength. But if a man faces destruction and humiliation at the hands of his enemies and is only able to deny them their victory by taking himself beyond their grasp, it becomes, then, a final show of strength and defiance.

Just two months ago I issued a call to action that has been greeted with total silence. Will I get an answer now, or just another dial tone? I really have to wonder.

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WINTER BUILDING CAMPAIGN

As announced last issue, we are now mid way through Phase II activity. Here's a somewhat more detailed rundown of our goals for the Winter Building Campaign:

- 1) Establish a new Grand Sanctorum, with suitable ritual space. Since moving from our former location in Detroit, this facility has been sorely lacking. Our new office space just doesn't allow for ritual space as well.
- 2) Begin publication of our own text, as well as teaching courses and our Internal Publication Series. This would serve to combine all our precepts and teachings between two covers, and would lessen dependency on a myriad of other texts.

Winter Building...cont'd

3) Increase public appearances. All public appearances involve travel; one is now on the schedule for Winnipeg, Manitoba. That's a long and costly run, netting several radio and TV appearances. More such engagements are expected.

It is estimated that we will need a minimum of \$1,000.00 to implement and maintain this plan!

Expenses are continuous, as you well know; just maintaining a publication requires a constant flow of funds and numerous office supplies. The monthly cost of maintaining a new Grand Sanctorum is expected to be a minimum of \$75.00; the Canadian engagement (which is just ONE example) will require nearly \$200.00.

Why embark on this program? Simply because the publicity engendered is expected to return a profit, which will in turn aid our long-range goals.

There are two things you can do which will be of very real assistance. (1) Make an outright donation; remember, these things are tax-deductible if you're one of those rare birds who is so rich as to actually need a tax loophole. (2) Those less gifted, and let's face it, that's most of us, can turn a little profit for themselves as well. Here's how: sell subs to LV. For every subscription you send us, we'll refund 50¢ back from the \$7.50 subscription price.

With anti-occult persecution on the rise (see both Green Egg and Psychic Eye, recent issues) we must now band together stronger than ever! As Satanists, we recognize one primary law: survival! The seriousness of each member's commitment to the Cause may well mean the difference between stagnation and slow death, or life and power.

Think, then decide: how much is survival worth?

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"Mightier than the tread of marching armies  
is the sound of an idea whose time has come."

Babylon

To you, who spread your mighty wings  
across the anient gulfs of time  
and built within thy towering walls  
th raging fires of heart and mind,  
Babylon! Great Babylon!  
We glory in thy name.

Where lords and ladies stood before  
the idol of the winged bull  
and revelled in the joy of life  
and work thy magic still,  
Babylon! Great Babylon!  
Unto thee we came.

Great wonders of the universe  
and rooms adorned in crimson-gold-  
the chamber of thy sorcerers  
the black archons did hold;  
Babylon! Great Babylon!  
Eternal is thy fame.

And now, your memory is cast down,  
the ancient gods are now dethroned  
and broken, fragemnt pieces lie  
within the ground, disowned;  
Babylon! Great Babylon!  
Yet naught remains the same.

But we, who stand upon the Earth  
and roam beneath the changing sky  
abide among thy pillars still;  
in secret places yet the cry,  
"Babylon! Great Babylon!"  
is ringing forth again.

Satanism and the Tribal Concept

Grand Magister Seth-Typhon

The philosophy of Satanism is blatantly geared to the fulfillment of self; this marks it as a highly individualistic practice. Tribalism is basically communal; is this, then, opposed to the doctrines of Satanism?

Because we are such staunch individualists, it might seem so. Unlike religions or other philosophies, Satanism encompasses an extremely broad spectrum of human types. Yet, because Satanists are human, they inevitably seek the companionship of others who are like-minded; the old adage about man being a social animal is indeed correct, if only because one individual cannot long survive in a world filled with opponents. There are, of course, other reasons for Satanists to band together other than for mere society. Where the practice of magic is concerned, it is well known that harmonious individuals can generate much stronger energies together than a lone practitioner. To most of us, this means getting together to help each other progress. Think what it would mean to a group of adepts, each one already a master in his or her own right.

This is the goal of our Order.

Obviously, then, a tribal attitude is most conducive to building a working harmony between the students of the left-hand path. Within the confines of history and known pre-history, tribalism first occurred as a necessity. Tribes of Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon homo sapiens found that through cooperation, they could gather food and maintain shelter more effectively, as well as drive off marauding enemies. Possibly the most significant tribes were the Nordic Vikings, who practiced both communal survival and a form of religious magic, Odinism. Working for both the physical and the spiritual needs, these tribes produced fierce warriors and sound magicians as well.

Tribalism eventually "advanced" into what passes for civilization. But man, it seems, cannot long tolerate civilization; every example of it has faded away at some point or other in history. For a civilization follows a very predictable path; it reaches a zenith, and then gradually degenerates into total collapse. What remains, when civilization has run its course, are tribes.

Tribalism...cont'd

It would appear that tribalism is in fact a more natural form of human association. Civilizations that recognize this sense of individuality flourish longer than those which attempt total assimilation; witness the decline experienced by India, Britain, China, and America as examples. China is now utilizing an extremely harsh philosophy in an attempt to rebuild itself; the collapse of their enlightened civilization left the country chaotic and poverty-stricken for many decades. Britain has been quietly slipping into oblivion while attempting to keep up her bureaucratic front, and the same can be said of America. India has long been a cultural wasteland, a far cry from the glory of former times.

In each case, there is one determining factor, and that is the degree to which the root race has been kept pure as possible. Hence, our form of tribalism is Aryan, as taught within the Order.

Robert Heinlein added some modern variations to ancient Pagan tribalism in his book, "Stranger in a Strange Land." It was an ironic paradox; a genuine tribe nestled in the "wilderness of steel and stone" of a large city. More than anything else, we look to "Stranger" for our example of a counter-culture within a culture. "Stranger" has given us a structural blueprint of what we must become: a unified tribe, free from the petty "moralities" that others would impose on us in these Dark Ages.

Of course, the process of adjusting to such a life style is not easy. It is difficult to throw off the shackles which have bound one since birth; all that garbage about male and female roles, curious mating rituals contrived to stifle honest emotion, trivial jealousies, etc. For this reason, the group in "Stranger" was organized into nine rings. (Us Tolkien fans might put a slightly different interpretation on that phrase, but that's beside the point...) The outer rings were comprised of those who were new to the idea, and needed their philosophies fed to them in the form of a religion; at the core of the inner circle was the Martian, Valentine Michael Smith. Because he was not raised on Earth, he had the benefit of being omniscient rather than steeped in the environmental prejudices which inflict us today.

Tribalism...cont'd

We, the Earth-born, obviously will have a somewhat more difficult time freeing our consciousness and starting out fresh.

But as Satanists, we do have one heavy factor in our favor; a book which blatantly says, "cast down the enthroned lie!" The Satanic Bible was an extremely revolutionary document, because its basic message is "think for yourself." (And, to the best of my knowledge, Dr. LaVey isn't even a Martian!) How absolutely outrageous, in an era in which we must allow governments to think for us! How blasphemous, going against everything that was handed to us as sacred knowledge in churches and schools! And, what an absolute relief!

We acknowledge the title of "evil," and with pleasure; for those who so dubbed us view us as a threat to everything which is socially acceptable today. And to a large degree, we are! We do not believe in wrathful dieties or eternal punishments; we do not condone the destruction of nature on Earth; and we do not approve of the slow process which has all but cut mankind off from its cosmic Fountainhead. Knowledge of hypnotism, Akashic records, workings of high magic, astral realms -- all this is our heritage, and our legacy as well.

Civilizations will rise and fall. But our knowledge, and the flame of its essence, shall burn eternal.

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Literary Satanism

The writings of H.P. Lovecraft. Various titles and publishers; all titles usually \$1.00.

It would be impossible to single out any specific collection of Lovecraft stories for appraisal; there is something insidious about his work which affects the innermost regions of the subconscious, the haunting twinge of thought which suggests that no matter how fantastic the image is on the printed page, it could somehow be for real. All of Lovecraft's works rely not

Lit. Satanism...cont'd

on bloated bodies or blunt instruments, but on far subtler terrors. There are, of course, a few obvious masterpieces; "At the Mountains of Madness" and "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" are perhaps the two best examples. Both are based on the possibility of an elder race of "gods," totally alien to human life, and far older; and both contain the best elements of terror, man vs. the alien unknown.

But more than being a true master of the fictional craft, he was -- whether he knew it or not -- gifted with a profound insight into some basic essences of magic.

Demonic entities utilize the magic of shapes and angles to gain access into this 3-dimensional world; this concept is highly advanced, the most obtainable proof being "Die Elektrischen Vorspiele," contained in The Satanic Rituals. Forgotten, semi-human creatures prowl the Earth; and certainly, these tales were written before the legends of Sasquatch became popular, although the Yeti legend was known.

Satanists often find inspiration and guidance in some very unlikely places; and to date, I have found few works more valuable in that sense than the writings of Lovecraft. His style isn't overly wordy, which was Poe's affliction; still he brings out the coldest of chills, even in hardened Satanists (and that ought to tell you something right there!)

Is it out of fear that we shudder, or delicious excitement? Or perhaps it is only the resurgence of something like a memory, rearing up from the primal seas of our own incarnations eons ago?

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"Sleep with purpose. For it is in those netherworld depths of repose that you are most powerful. To gain control over your sleeping self is to hold the key to dreams which are not dreams."

THE CRUCIBLE

Dear LV et al:

Thank you for the review in LV. I must say that I am a bit surprised. Kudos for your cover artist, it's very effective.

I hope I haven't made an error in listing your street address in The White Light. I was under the impression that the Box 84 address was out of date. I'll change it back next issue if you wish.

Incidentally, have you seen Gordon Dickeson's "Three to Dor-sai" SF book? It starts off with a story called "Necromancer," which you might enjoy.

Regards,  
Frater Zarathustra

Dear Brother,

Haven't seen the book, but I'll check it out. The Box 84 address is in fact out of date. The street address is being used temporarily, until we get another box here in Southgate. The address has been changed as you requested--all those letters have been shortened somewhat due to space. By the way, congratulations on your last issue. White Light is always very nicely done.

Seth

Brethren;

Le Diable Coven of the Fraternity of the Goat is an underground organization of fiery Satanic tradition. The Le Diable Coven, as with other Covens of the Fraternity, is dedicated to the study and practice of Satanic magic.

Orias, the Grand Master of the Coven, is also the Master Councillor of the Fraternity, and has performed many Satanic mysteries. He is much favored by the Lord Satan.

Disciples within the Le Diable Coven believe quite simply in the existence of evil as a living force. Those wishing to contact the Coven may do so by writing: Orias, Fraternity of the Goat, 120 ... St., Elmhurst, Ill. 60120.

Leigh Ferguson, Disciple  
Le Diable Coven

Crucible...cont'd

Dear Sister,

Good to hear from the Coven. Quite obviously, we have some different slants on Satanism; perhaps brother Orias could be talked into contributing an article about the Fraternity? Since Satanism is a highly individualistic religion, the margin for interpretation is pretty wide; therefore, we like to present as many viewpoints as possible. May the Dark Lord be with thee always!

Seth

Dear Brethren,

In my last letter to you I said I'd let you know about the mail room censoring incoming mail; I am sending you their reply along with this letter.

Now I have something I'd like to ask you. Even though we in here are only Associate Members, would it be possible to ask in "The Crucible" if anyone on the outside would care to write to some of us not as fortunate as themselves? I cannot really speak for the others, but myself, the only one that I hear from is my woman, and those letters are coming farther and farther apart all the time. And a letter once in a while sure helps. It makes no difference where they are from, as I do not know if LV is read in this area or not. But I for one would be glad to hear from anyone.

I think I've taken up enough of your time for now, as I know you're very busy people.

HAIL SATAN !  
James T. Stark

Dear Brother,

Glad to oblige. We've got quite a few comrades in stir these days, many as political prisoners. I urge our brothers & sisters everywhere to drop a line to our comrades in Pennsylvania at the following address: James T. Stark, P-0776, State Correctional Institution, PO Box 9901, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233.

Seth

Greetings Brother Robin,

May the Master be with you always. I want to send my congratulations on your upcoming ordination. Brother, my mind is free, the "god squad" could never put a wall around it; only my

Crucible...cont'd

body for the time being. Once I complete the 13 steps, they can shove their walls, chains, or whatever up their...

What are the Order's feelings on speed, smoke, and acid? Was the head shop you stopped in to, in Detroit? And as for Aryans in Detroit, how do you fare? If there are any young ladies on the outside that would like to drop us a line now and then, we'd appreciate it very much; I'll send ya a photo of us on the inside. May all your days be beautiful, may you complete the circle of life in this cycle.

Ave Satanas!  
"Eli"

Dear Brother,

I guess everybody likes a toke now and then, but as for speed and acid, we don't need 'em. For my part, I didn't really start to develop as a Satanist until I laid off the acid, some years ago. The head shop Robin was probably talking about is in Wyandotte, Mich. and is called The Poster Pit. They carry the usual hippie stuff plus some rather nice skulls, gargoyles, and things of that nature. Readers, "Eli's" address is the same as Jim Stark's. Just address it all to Jim for now, and he'll see that it gets to where it's going.

Seth

Dear Brethren,

You merit a hearty congratulations on several counts; (1) the caliber of Liber Venifica, always, good, continues to improve; (2) "The Crucible" will spur lively and fruitful exchanges of views, sometimes methinks the Grand Magister and Robin intentionally make statements that will provoke differences of opinion, and result in open-minded readers becoming more aware and knowledgeable; (3) the sensual and most attractively done covers masterfully combine occult symbolism and Earthly desires.

Unless Mein Kampf is included in the reading list as a sample of the path that should be avoided, a tendency such as it represents could well scotch the movement's growth. From a rational viewpoint, any contact between the ideas of the 3rd Reich and Satanism seem regressive. All statist regimes, both left & right, control or regulate religions. This movement and other unorthodox groups might well fall under a statist regime and be forcibly suppressed. Rather, it seems if any political preference is indicated it should be one in a libertarian direction, seeking to permit all non-aggressive groups to "live and let live." Any small movements should ally with forces seeking greater freedom, not more restriction.

Crucible...cont'd

Atlantis, the subject of Rev. Kliphoth's account, always generates great interest. While little solid evidence is at hand to convince the archaeologists and historians, occultists do grant it a major role. Fairness requires that we do not deny its reality but at least suspend judgement until we move from speculations to hard-core evidence. While Kliphoth's distinction between racism and bigotry is both useful and valuable, his advocacy of tackling "taboo" subjects might be argued along different lines, particularly in regard to race. Let us consider the following related propositions:

- 1) As LaVey pointed out in a recent article in the Cloven Hoof, a primary *raison d'etre* for Satanism is sensual pleasure and indulgence.
- 2) Dethroning lies and unveiling taboos is of the essence,
- 3) Individual development is the heart of Satanism. When people are regarded as individuals, racial and other categories become unimportant.
- 4) While the Atlantean origin of the Aryans is disputable, it is at least plausible; though "plausibility in itself is not evidence of truth."
- 5) Since opposites often attract, if people of different races are attracted to each other, their coming together would fulfill their own desires and smash one of the most powerful social taboos.

Commendations must be extended to the Magister for his superb work in coordinating and improving LV; to the Order for acquiring a new location; to Robin for manning it, and stimulating interesting disputes; to Kliphoth for his provocative work; to LV for adding the profound cogitations of Apollonius the Apostate.

Rege Satanus!  
Mardel

Dear Brother,

Concerning the industrial holdings you discussed (didn't have space to print 'em) -- It is these holding which influence reflexive attitudes toward the 99% which you claim is Anglo controlled, a figure whose source we must question. Concerning point #3--  
...s premise is true only in individual response, a race must be taken as a whole in order to be caled a race. Even backpeddling anthropologists recognize racial stocks. Medical testimony supports this theory based on the prevalence of certain key mutations such as sickle cell anemia and other characteristics.

Crucible...cont'd

Advocating racial mixture would not make us adversaries of the unusual, just advocates of error. I quote La Vey in retort: "I will allow no stifling dogma to encamp my pen..."

Robin

Bro. Mardel;

If you have indeed subscribed to the National Renaissance Bulletin, that will explain our viewpoint in greater detail. As far as Mein Kampf goes, it is recommended because it gives insight into Hitler himself; valuable because Nazi Germany was a 1930's adaption of a Satanic state, geared to the unique psychology of the German people. See "The Spear of Destiny" for more on that.

Seth

NOTICES

1) Our long-suffering Associate Members who have not yet received their pentagrams need wait no more! It took some doing, but we finally found some quality pentagrams from a new supplier. Too bad we can't run pictures yet; they look a great deal like the pentagram used by the OBR. These are now available to Non-members for a \$3.00 donation.

2) We are constantly receiving inquiries asking how distant comrades can become active members. This is a problem to which we are now addressing ourselves. In the past, we've refrained from the mail-order study course route, because no matter how good such things are, they look like crass commercialism. Other perfectly legit groups offer such courses, however, so now one is on the OBR drawing board. It'll be some time before it's ready, but when it is, our Associate Members will get first crack at it. More of this later on.

3) Hey, Lord Mendosyius! We tried to send out the info you requested, but after nearly a month, the post office sent it back to us! Please give us a ring or something and let us know if we have your correct address! (1-313-282-4047.)

CLASSIFIED

(Rates: 10¢ per word. Sorry, but no display ads available yet.)

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ENCLOSE \$1.00 (refundable) for catalog illustrating custom and standard stencils and silkscreen prints. Will bid on original designs and custom-blended incenses. Write to: Canaday Company, PO Box 43, S. Rockwood, Mi. 48179

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SUBSCRIPTIONS to Liber Venifica now \$7.50 for 12 issues. Sample copy and introduction to the Order, \$1.00 donation. Bulk rates as follows: 10 copies, \$5.00; 25/\$7.00; 50/\$10.00. Temporary address: 15731 Garrison Lane, Southgate, Mi. 48195

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ASSOCIATE memberships are now available from the Toledo Organization of Psychic Sciences. TOPS membership includes membership card, club magazine The Psychic Eye, code of ethics, use of psychic healing hotline, discount on correspondence courses, newsletter and more. Annual donation, \$10.00. TOPS, 521 Mulberry St., Toledo, Ohio 43604.

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Special Notice

All checks sent to Liber Venifica or the Order must be made out to the ORDER OF THE BLACK RAM, as we are no longer using the Latin title former attached to our name. The Latin was by the organization which chartered us, and it was incorrect anyway.

REVIEWED !

Rev. Robin Goodfellow

The National Renaissance Bulletin is the official publication of the National Renaissance Party, and it is the best racial political journal I have seen come down the pike. I cannot overemphasize its worth to our readers, because they are the only political party in the world that recognizes and endorses the Satanic concept. I could find only one negative comment worth printing about it, and it is more of a suggestion than a barb; Mr. Madole, make those people take off their sunglasses or find someone who will for media exposure. Those "black out" lenses the guys are wearing inspire no good feelings. People trust, to a large extent, only when they can see the eyes of the man who is talking. Those guys look like hoods, and kinky ones at that. I am sure that that is not their intention or predilection, but it is the impression they convey. A hard line military organization doesn't have to look friendly, but representatives of a political party should, right up till the point where they cram heads into the pavement. Beyond that point, no P.R. man can help.

Due to its longstanding attention to the occultic aspects of National Socialism, the editors of Liber Venifica urge you to subscribe.

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Concerning the Degrees of the Order

(We've reprinted this article from LV #3 in answer to many requests. It's also available in our info packet.)

Membership in any magical body entails growth. The Order of the Black Ram is structured along the following lines, encompassing five degrees, or levels. Because the Order is designed as an elite body, our requirements are generally more demanding than the average. The levels of attainment, and their requirements, are as follows:

I. First Degree -- Practitioner

First Degree members are initiated into the Order upon acceptance by the Grand Council. They must be 100% familiar with the Satanic Bible, must have read the Satanic Rituals, and in general, must have a thorough understanding of the basic workings of

Degrees...cont'd

magic. Applicants should have had previous experience in one or more magical organizations, although an applicant is judged as much by their vibrations as by their credentials.

In order to be accepted into the First Degree, an applicant fills out a request for information, and gives birth date, time, and place, as well as address, phone number, and photograph.

First Degree members wear the standard black robe and are given a white cord.

II. Second Degree -- Witch or Warlock.

When a member has proved compatible with the precepts of our Order, and has shown a marked increase in power and understanding, they are eligible for the status of the Second Degree. This is achieved in two forms; fulfilling the "red tape" requirements, and performance in a ritual atmosphere. Because the Order is, in fact, a training ground for priests and priestesses of elite caliber, our Witches and Warlocks must be worthy in PRACTICE as well as in THEORY. This means they must be able to generate their energies with assurance. The level of their inner being is one of high power, for a Witch or Warlock must truly be the master of all situations.

In order to enter into the Second Degree, members must first be nominated by a member currently holding that degree or one higher; they will be required to state their reasons why they think they are qualified for advancement, and their elevation must be approved by the Council. A Witch or Warlock must know at least one type of divination, have some acquaintance with astrology, must know the proper method of consecration and must know the basic Correspondences. Reading material for this degree consists of Stranger in a Strange Land (Heinlein,) Mastering Witchcraft (Huson,) and the Witch's Workbook (Lady Sheba.) SIALS gives great insight into the "inner circle" concept; the other two books are useful for learning some of the traditional Witchcraft practices, though not dealing specifically with Satanism.

Second Degree members wear the red cord, traditionally the mark of a witch.

Degrees...cont'd

III. Third Degree -- Heirophant

Because the gap between Second Degree and the Priesthood is a staggering one in most organizations, we utilize the level of Heirophant as that degree designed specifically for the training of Priests and Priestesses (the title being used by both male and female members.) Members who are quite content to maintain their 3<sup>o</sup> status can, of course, do so. The Third Degree is available only to those who are serious about advancing their magical capabilities in the role of the Priesthood.

At this point, the practitioner of the Arts begins to truly delve into his subject. Such knowledge as is not available to the membership at large is broached here. Because our Priests and Priestesses must be thoroughly dedicated to our Order and its philosophies, applicants for the 3<sup>o</sup> are carefully examined, with consideration given to both personal abilities and organizational abilities.

Obviously, a member attempting to enter the Heirophant degree is scrutinized much more heavily than others, for he or she will one day be a representative of our magical knowledge. Some members naturally develop all the necessary abilities. Others will have to consciously work at achieving some of these qualifications.

Once a member is accepted into the 3<sup>o</sup> he/she is taught the finer points of ritual magic, basics of animal magnetism, and methods of deeper evocation, to name a few. The Heirophant must be able to BALANCE the handling of material affairs, in the form of a Sanctum, with the handling of magical growth, both in himself and his membership -- no easy task. The Heirophant is further schooled in texts and philosophies which are the secret undercurrent of the Order.

IV. Fourth Degree -- Priesthood

Priests and Priestesses are chosen and ordained only by the Grand Magister or his appointed representative, with a "vote of confidence" from the Grand Council. The Heirophant who has been deemed worthy after his or her intensive training period now becomes a fully ordained Priest or Priestess, and therefore must obviously be of an extremely high level of proficiency. A Priest or Priestess is also the psychologist, clerk, secretary, "go-fer," and guiding philosophical light of his or her Sanctum; so as you can see, the job does not end when the robe comes off. A Priest or Priestess must be totally conscious of the role they have

Degrees...cont'd

assumed, for they are the major authority in the representation of the Order. Members of this degree must have a moderately well-adjusted daily life (microcosm/macrocosm) in order to be able to effectively fulfill the duties required. They must also have genuine leadership ability (NOT merely a flair for pomposity and braggadoccio!) and must be able to remain omniscient in the affairs of the Sanctum, even though involved. In short, he or she must be a conscious, living example of deliberate duality. Among the literary works a Priest or Priestess must be familiar with are "Morning of the Magicians," "The Egyptian Book of the Dead," the "Book of Thoth," and "Nature's Eternal Religion," although these are but a few.

V. Fifth Degree -- Magister

The Fifth Degree is held solely by the Grand Magister of the Order. This is not to be confused with the 5<sup>o</sup> of the Church of Satan, that of the Magus! Remember, we have an extra degree in our structure.

The GRAND COUNCIL is made up of the four Priests and Priestesses who serve as the four elementals during rituals at the Grand Sanctorum, and the Grand Magister.

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"O What A Parish"  
(to the tune of Bonny Dundee)

ch: O what a parish, what a terrible parish!  
O what a parish is that of Dunkell!  
They hae hangit the minister, drown'd the precentor,  
Dang dawn the steeple, an' drunken the bell!

vs: Tho' the steeple was down, the kirk was still stannin'  
They biggit a lum, whare the bell used to hang,  
A stell-pat they gat, and they brew'd Highland whiskey,  
On Sundays they drank it, and ranted and sang!

O! Had you but seen how graceful it luikit,  
To see the crammed pew so socially join,  
Macdonald the piper stuck up in the pu'pit,  
He made the pipes skirl sweet music divine.

When the heart cheering spirit had mounted the garrett,  
To a ball on the green they a'did adjourn,  
Maids wi their coats kiltit, they skipit and tiltit,  
When tired, they shook hands, and a'hame did return.

Wad th kirks in our Britain haud sic social meetings,  
Nae warnin' they'd need frae a tinklin bell,  
For true love and friendship wad ca' them together,  
Far better than roarin' o' horrors o' Hell.

(This amusing little ditty was taken from Bibliotheca Curiosa: A North Country Garland, a delightful book printed privately in 1884 and made available by subscription only. It had a press run of only 75 large copies and 275 small copies; can't help but wonder what price it must have fetched in order to enable such a small press run! -- Robin)

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"THOSE WHO WAIT"

Part I

By Rev. Kliphoth

The account set forth herein is bound to appear somewhat disjointed and fragmentary to the reader; this, because I write in some haste, and on the brink of nervous exhaustion. The desert is quiet now, as quiet as it has doubtless appeared for centuries upon centuries; the dull glow of city lights nearly 30 miles away casts an eerie reflection over the eternally shifting sands, and although the night air is cool, I can feel its dryness distinctly. This may well be my last opportunity to set down in writing the awesome and terrifying events of the past few days, for now the moon is approaching fullness in all its bloated entirety; and I doubt that I shall survive beyond its final stages.

How different I felt when we first arrived in Egypt! How utterly enthusiastic I was -- we all were -- at the prospect of unlocking, once and for all, the timeless riddles of that eternal monolith, the Great Pyramid.

I had arrived in the company of no less eminent a person than Dr. Henry L. Norton, famous for his explorations into the forbidding jungles and ruined cities of mountainous Peru, and to my eternal good fortune, a personal friend of some years. My interest and experience in the field of archaeology are strictly those of an enthusiastic amateur, albeit a fairly well-read one. Archaeology, however, is merely a subsidiary interest stemming from my main occupation (if it could be called such;) the dark and ancient arts of magic. It was in this field that I had made some-

Those Who Wait...cont'd

thing of a name for myself, not merely as a scholar of old and curious religious beliefs, but as an actual practitioner of certain darker rites and philosophies. In fact, it was in this capacity that I first met Dr. Norton, who had searched for some time for some known occult figure capable of unravelling certain inscriptions he had found in the course of his last expedition to the South American coast. I succeeded in doing so, and expressed my interest and natural inclination into the archaeological field; such was the start of a long and solid friendship, based for the most part on mutual curiosity; his, the curiosity of the scientist, and mine, the curiosity of one who constantly probes the forgotten hallways of man's history, piecing together as accurate a picture as I can of human purpose and destiny in this vast universe.

We had spent many pleasant hours together, discussing the endless possibilities of aient civilizations, their locations, their life-cultures. As an archaeologist, he was of course familiar to a large degree with sociology as well; for much of the excavator's work is done with the purpose of reconstructing the social structure of a given culture. For my part, I listened enraptured to his accounts of vast, crumbling masonries which lay half-buried within steamy jungles or submerged beneath the waves; by these vivid descriptions, I was able to conjecture the extent of magical knowledge of such lost peoples. Heiroglyphs which may represent merely a semi-gibberish phrase to the scientist may mean a great deal more to one whose thinking runs parallel to the beliefs of bygone magicians and priests. Hence, we were able to expose each other to totally new insights into our own chosen fields.

Our most recurrent topic were the mysteries of ancient Egypt. The scientist, working with purely physical data, maintains that Egyptian civilization sprang up with comparative rapidity in the Nile Valley; the magician flatly denies this, offering the arguments gleaned from texts and memories of scholars who built mighty civilizations when most humanoid forms of life were still new. Specifically, I felt that to unlock the secrets of those ancient and sinister mysteries would render a direct connection to the supposedly mythical realm of Atlantis.

Those Who Wait...cont'd

And thus it was that I found myself invited to accompany my friend into the burning desert, part of a not unsizeable expedition backed by a prominent university. Little did I realize that I would be plunged headlong into some of the most mind-shattering revelations ever to confront mankind.

There is no way to describe my feelings wehn, after making all the necessary arrangements in Cairo, I finally found myself standing before the silent bulk of massive stone which was our destination. Only then, perhaps, did I realize why the pyramids had held man spellbound for so many centuries. Their sheer size is overpowering, and their construction so unique as to appear almost alien to this planet. It is this aspect of super-intelligent life from a dim past which continues to attract both the serious student and the curiosity-seeker alike; for the sight of these monoliths is like the rearing of some ancient cosmic memory, newly-awakened.

It has been speculated that the terraced blocks which rose before us had at one time been a smooth surface, covered over with a strange stone or metal, a different colour for each side; if that was in fact the case, it fitted in well with my own pet theories pertaining to Atlantis, for those cities of long-lost antiquity were reported to contain various structures similarly adorned; notably the Temple of Poseidonis, now submerged under three miles of water.

We set up camp around the base of the Great Pyramid, and proceeded with our investigations of the interior the next day; of the structure of the interior itself I need not go into detail here, for its architectural aspects are amply set forth in a number of texts. Let me add simply that it is well known that there are passages and rooms which to this day have defied discovery, for the curious nature of the stone will not permit X-rays or radar waves to pass through them. This fact has thus far brought all the genius of so-called modern science to a dark and sinister impasse, a virtual stalemate; and for this reason, I felt certain that arts older than mere material science would provide far more adequate clues as to the nature and whereabouts of such chambers.

Those Who Wait...cont'd

During the preliminaries of our investigation, I noted with some surprise that I was constantly in the grip of a nervous apprehension; a feeling that was quite inexplicable haunted me. Indeed, this feeling was of so subtle a variety that I could not determine any logical or definite reason for its being; needless to say, the irony of its existence is all too clear to me now.

It was due to this feeling, which can inadequately be described as excitement, that I spent many sleepless nights camped upon the sands under the shadow of the Great Pyramid. The ancient structure, imposing enough by day, took on sepulchral and forbidding overtones at night. It stood like an alien observer, keeping close watch upon the tiny creatures sprawled about its hulk. If I tend to describe this venerable and age-old construction as a living entity, it is because that is the feeling I picked up from being in its presence. And now, with the recent and nerve-wracking experiences of the past night behind me, which I must shortly relate, I know that this curious and fantastic impression was not far wrong.

Most of the wandering natives of the desert will never approach these lands in the dead of night. Only outlaws and sacrilegious tourists people these lands by day as well. All hold what might wrongly be called a superstitious dread of these ancient tombs.

This I discovered on the second day of our work, when we came upon a series of hieroglyphs in a passage hitherto undiscovered. At Dr. Norton's suggestion, and based on my calculations, we broke through a section of wall which turned out to be comparatively thin. The dust of crumbling masonry half choked us before we were able to peer into a long shaft of some ten feet square. The darkness was especially hostile, seeming to swallow up the feeble rays of the electric torches; but insufficient though the light was, we were able to make out the painted carvings upon either wall. We stepped through our rude entrance, the first humans to enter that secret and hidden passage in perhaps thousands of years.

Standing there in the utter silence and the abysmal darkness, my small circle of light played over the walls and down into the inky, impenetrable depths of the massive corridor, finally coming to rest on a large, carved figure surrounded by hundreds of other

Those Who Wait...cont'd

small figures, and various other signs and symbols less recognizable. Our Arab guide, Gamal, let out a shriek which unnerved both Dr. Norton and myself due to its suddenness; dropping his lamp, he turned and bolted from the passageway. Having watched his departure with stupefied amazement, I turned my attention back to the image which had effected him so severely. Now it was my turn to stare in awe, for I recognized before me the towering figure of Set, the lord of evil, god of black magic.

I must have stood in open-mouthed amazement for some moments, for I recall Dr. Norton speaking my name aloud several times. Hastily I explained my wonderment at finding this particular image before us, and its occult significance. Small wonder that our native guide, steeped in the traditions of his land, should turn in abject terror from what he believed to be the very embodiment of evil itself! We remained in that sinister hallway for some time longer, finally deciding to proceed no further that day. When we emerged from the depths of the pyramid, blinking in the harsh sunlight, we were--to our utter dismay--met with the sight of our camp totally deserted.

I say "totally," but this was not quite the case; for although the bulk of our expedition had been comprised of native laborers, there were three or four Americans still about, mostly the rugged companions of Dr. Norton who had accompanied him on several other journeys. These, however, would scarcely prove adequate for our purposes. Dr. Norton at his time began to despair of our quest, and my long nights of sleeplessness began in earnest.

It was during one such evening, as the few remaining members of our party slept, that I sat awake in my tent. The Physical labor upon which our endeavours depended was now out of the question. I did have some hopes, however, of examining the structure more thoroughly, both in my physical and astral forms, in the hope of discovering some new aperture of which we could make use. For now I was convinced that our newly-found passageway was an entrance to those vaulted chambers which I knew must lie deep below the visible mass of stone.

Those Who Wait...cont'd

My restlessness gained on me, and I ventured forth into the moonlit night. The stars shone brightly overhead, but offered no solace from the dark gloom which towered over us. Gathering up my torch and knapsack, I began to walk towards the terraced monster which filled me anew with awe. For I realized that part of the lure of this ancient titan was not merely an admiration for the craftman's genius, but the very real and distinct pull of magical forces set in motion thousands of years earlier, by some of the most powerful magi of all time. Beginning the ascent up the towering slope, my vague sense of uneasiness became still more acute; and all the more baffling because I still could discern no tangible cause. Once I stopped halfway up, seized by a strange impulse to turn and flee. But upon regaining my composure, I reasoned that I had not come all this way to turn back, especially if the dreaded depths of that stone labyrinth really did hold the answers to so many of my questions.

I reached the entrance, and paused to gaze up at the moon, which seemed to be positioned almost squarely in front of the entrance; I ventured a few yards inside and then looked back once more, seeing the nearly-full moon perfectly framed in the rectangular doorway.

I do not recall the details of my descent clearly, nor does it matter; suffice it to say that took some time to reach our newly-discovered passage. Clambering over the heaps of stone which still blocked the entrance to some degree, I stood in absolute silence for several moments. Again before me stood the bas-relief figure of Set, his curious and unidentifiable animal's head glowering at me in the Stygian gloom. I did not linger too long, however, and proceeded to take the only natural course of action, that of following the corridor. As I did so, my light revealed strange and terrible carvings on every side; various rites on an evil lost to antiquity we pictorially described here; astronomical symbols and galaxies supposedly unknown to the ancients were mapped out in graphic detail, with the curious factor of being inverted; that is, as they would appear from outside our solar system.

Following the ample corridor for what must have been a full half-mile down into the Earth, I emerged quite suddenly into a room. It is something of a shock, when, having travelled for some time in a comparatively narrow space, one comes upon larger

Those Who Wait...cont'd

quarters; there is a feeling of primeval terror, never quite explained, as though space were a totally mistaken concept deep inside the Earth; and the blacker darkness encountered in such places only serves to heighten the sense of fear.

My inner disturbances were temporarily forgotten, however, when I shone the light of my torch into the great room. There were more of the mysterious carvings on the walls, but more, this chamber was filled with artifacts never before seen on the surface of the Earth; I would ordinarily hesitate to use the term "machines," but that is in fact what the various artifacts obviously were. These were not primitive constructions of wood and stone, or crude bronze; these were a curious and unfathomable combination of highly polished metals, cut and fastened with precision, often in conjunction with strange rods of what appeared to be natural crystal, and several series of unEarthly-looking gears. I did not dare hazard a guess as to the purpose of these highly intricate constructions; but I was all too aware that these were not the relics of an ancient and primitive people, but of a technology far surpassing our own.

I failed to suppress an involuntary shudder, for there is something definitely unnerving in the realization that your own society has gone backwards; certainly Heinrich Schlemm had felt it. There are too many uncomfortable questions which strike at the very core of our self-understanding.

But if I had been stunned by what I saw, the greatest shock awaited me. For as I turned my light toward the far wall of that immense chamber, I beheld that titan statue which was to open still more mysteries: standing a goodly ten feet tall, and made of some strangely bright metals, towered a shockingly life-like figure of the demon-god, Set. So startled was I by the qualities of realism in this idol that my breath left me as my torch fell to the floor. A clatter of echoes resounded throughout the vast chamber and into the corridor beyond. Nor could I reach down to pick it up immediately, for my gaze was riveted on the eyes of the fearsome, alien giant before me; eyes which seemed to be glowing brighter every instant, as though lit by Hellfire from within....

My next conscious recollections take place from the moment I reached the surface world; bounding through the yawning door into the early morning, I reached the tent of Dr. Norton with a speed I had not thought possible. I spent most of the day babbling out the details of my nocturnal visitation.

Those Who Wait...cont'd

Fortunately, I had had the sense to take rubbings of the carvings which I had only half-seen in the dimly lit corridor just before I entered the chamber. These we now began to study keenly; and these, too, brought additional amazement. For they were not typical of the carvings of any known Egyptian dynasty, nor did they deal with the usual adorations of gods and dead rulers. Rather, these proved to be detailed histories, veiled in mystical language, of an ancient race of demonic entities supposedly contacted by the dark priests of unnameable sects. The most intriguing figure by far was a partial representation of one of these "Old Ones;" the thing was depicted as being tall, with many tentacles or antennae; the shape of its body was indistinct, as though the carvings had not been finished. This image was repulsive above all others, but again, I could not set forth any tangible reason why. This was a thing which appeared neither animal nor vegetable -- certainly not human -- a thing which was in fact totally beyond the realm of human comprehension; in short, utterly alien.

The sun had nearly set when Dr. Norton, myself, and four of our remaining assistants decided to venture into the nocturnal jaws of the structure. Having been for the most part without sleep, the journey was particularly arduous for me; nonetheless, we proceeded single-file down the old hallway, Dr. Norton stopping every once in a while to peer in amazement at the carvings which covered the walls. This time, at least, there was fresh air in the passage, and this made the long trek somewhat more bearable; the stale and gaseous air which first greeted us upon opening the passage had nearly overwhelmed me. This clean, new desert air seemed to lend a more stable atmosphere of life to that hall of death.

I confess that I was really too tired to take much note of the wall-carvings, which at any rate I had examined in some detail the previous night. Indeed, my thoughts were preoccupied with that curious chamber which lay at the end. It drew me, and held my fascination; partly because I was nearly certain that it was the first in a long series of equally amazing rooms, and partly because I was damned curious about my departure from that chamber the night before, the details of which I could not recall.

Dr. Norton's stops along the musty corridor were frequent; too frequent for my comfort, since in my tired state I did not relish the idea of standing and waiting for any great length of

Those Who Wait...cont'd

time. I slumped down to the floor in a sitting position, and rested my back against the wall. My head rested against a detailed map of the Andromeda galaxy -- but this amazing fact did not excite me at the moment. I shut my eyes, not to sleep but simply to afford myself some degree of relaxation; and it was then that my nameless dread began to manifest itself in physical form.

From somewhere, deep within the wall, I heard -- or imagined I heard -- the sound of voices; deep voices, coming from far below, seemingly chanting in unison in the dead of night.

I sat up with a start, and looked around. When I had ascertained to my satisfaction that it was not Dr. Norton's voice, nor the voices of our comrades, I put my ear to the wall carefully; the sound returned, and although the words were indistinct, the voices were quite audible. The chant was low and deep, undulating with the constant rythm of a thunderstorm. Their tone, at least as much as I could determine through the thick walls, was only semi-human.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

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"Grimorium Verum (The True Grimoire)" ... still being published separately from LV. If you'd like additional copies of Apollonius' thought-provoking essays, write him at PO Box 33152, Indianapolis, Ind. 46203.

"Cloven Hoof" ... Official publication of the First Church of Satan. What more need be said? PO Boc 7633, San Francisco, Cal.

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