

the WHITE LIGHT



THIS ISSUE:

FOR THE RECCRD, BY FRA.

ZARATHUSTRA.

WITCH-HUNT IN MASS. & TEXAS.

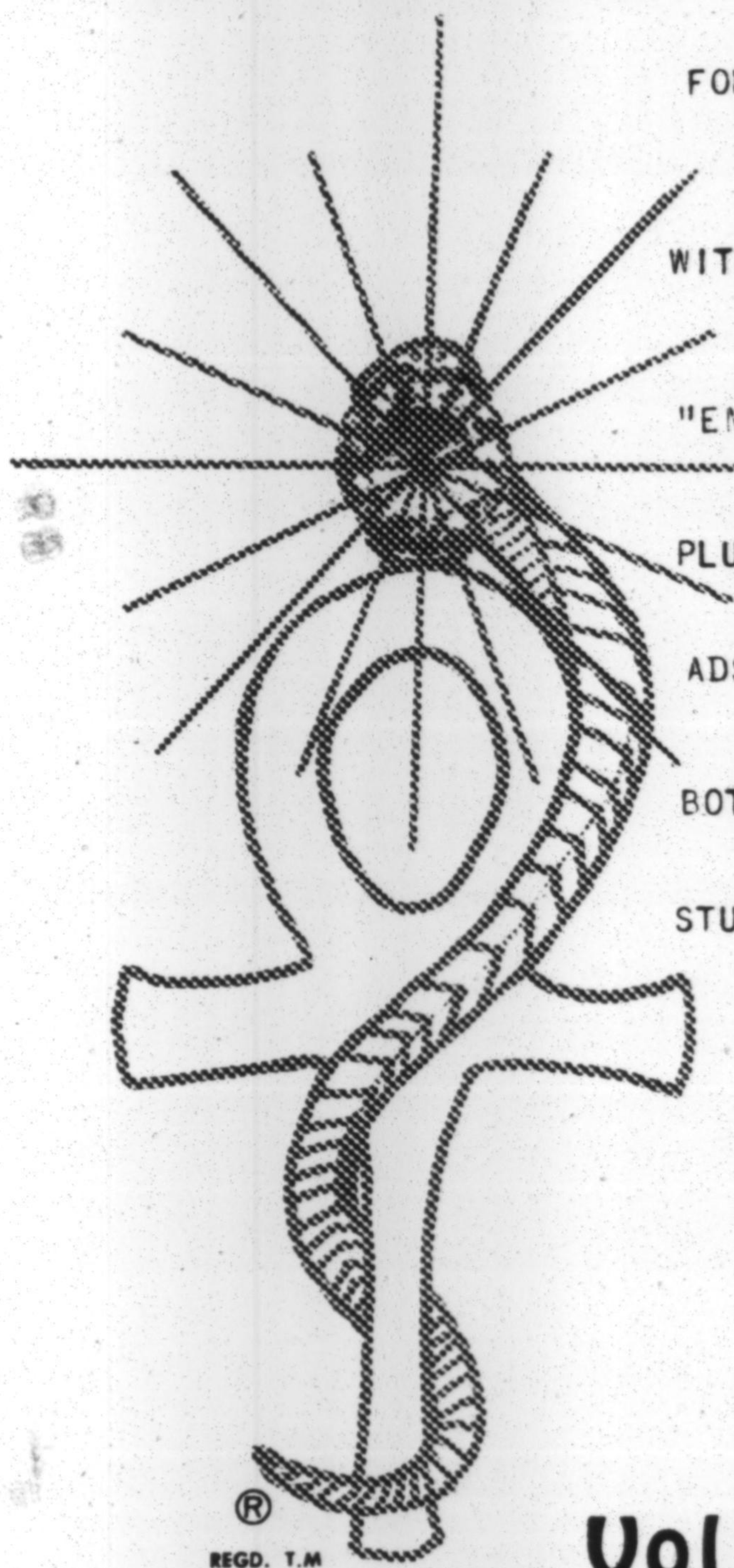
"ENFLAMMENT" BY LESTER
TATE.

PLUS: NEWS, SATIRE, OPINION,

ADS & NOTICES OF CONCERN TO

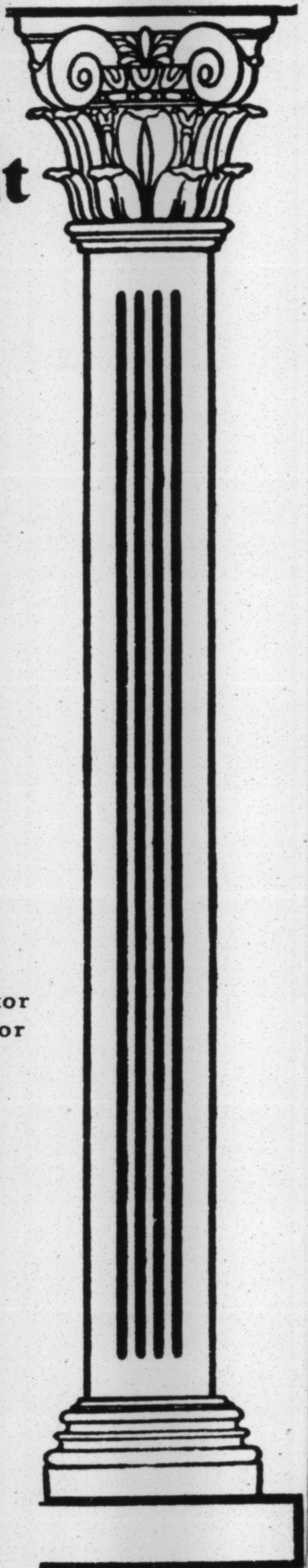
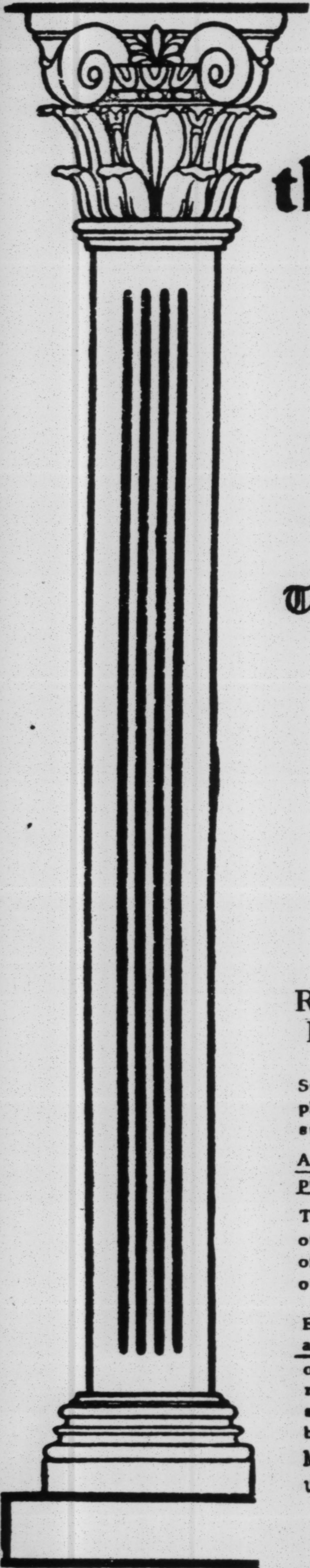
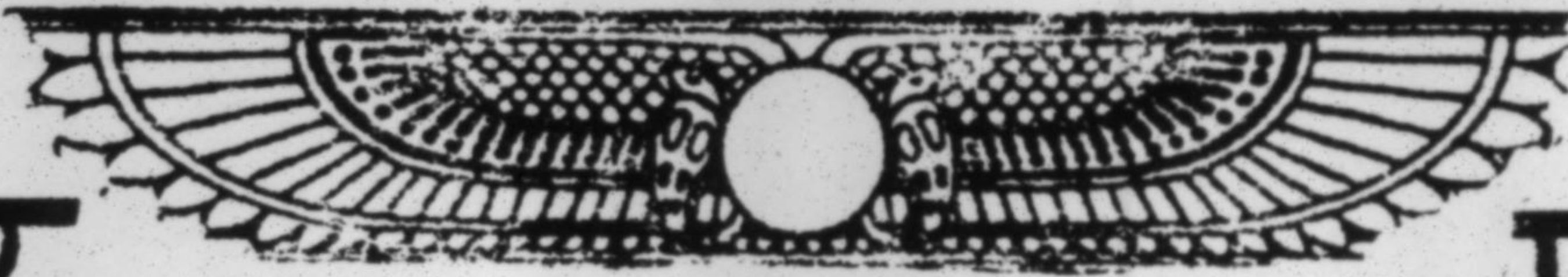
BOTH THE PRACTITIONER AND

STUDENT OF MAGICK.



®
REGD. T.M

Vol. 4 No 2
Winter, 1977



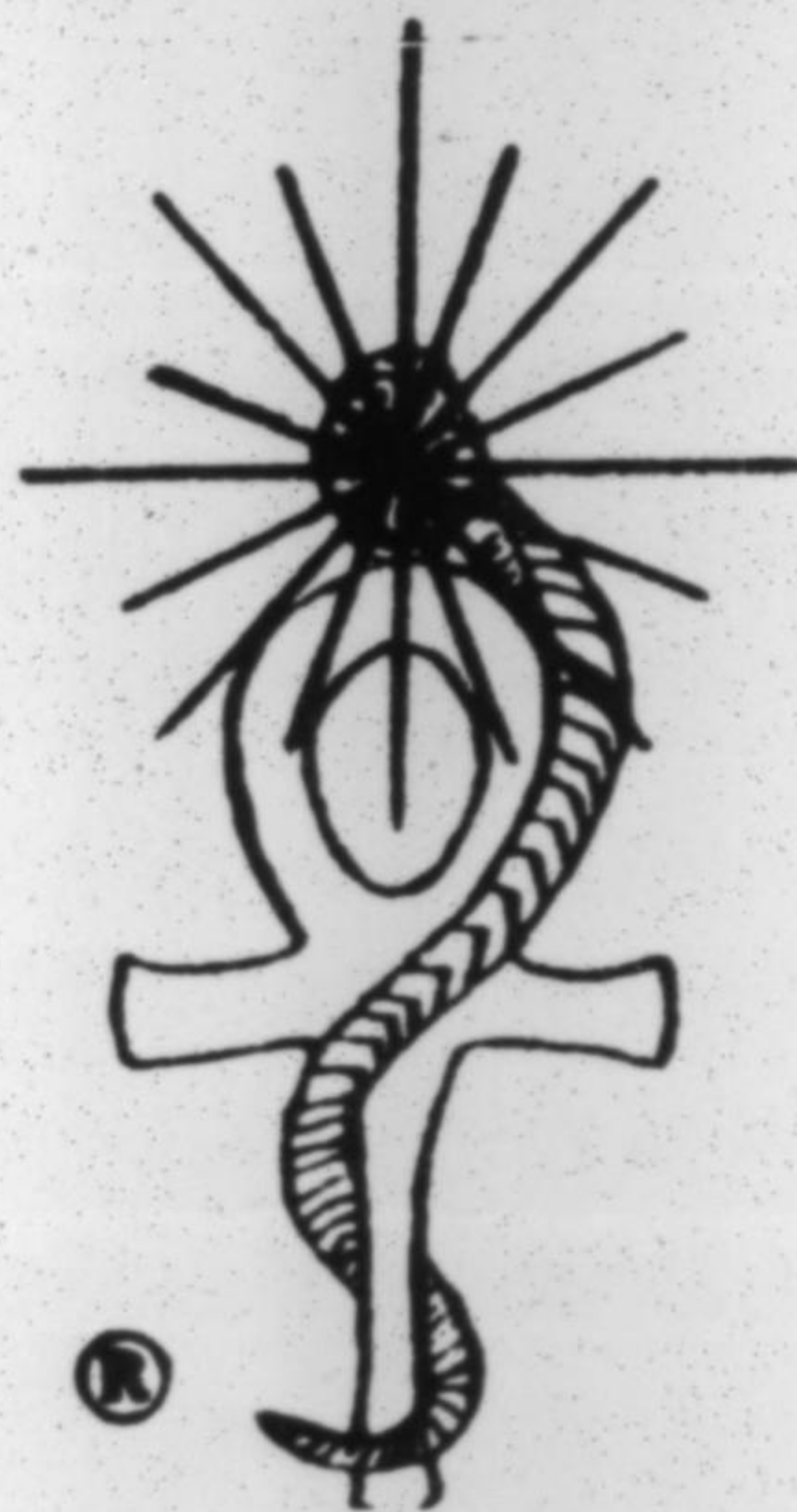
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is the journal of:

The Temple of Truth

a Hermetic Magickal Order
Sponsored by:

The Light of Truth Church



REV. NELSON H. WHITE, D.D. . . Editor
REV. ANNE WHITE, D.D. Ass't Editor

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EDITORIAL

FOR THE RECORD

By: Fra. Zarathustra

Once again it seems that we will have to wearily take up the cudgels and do battle for Truth's sake. It appears that many in the Occult have extremely short memories and/or little regard for Truth, Justice or Honesty.

A particular organization has recently made quite a show of their alleged O.G.D. and O.T.O. connections, implying of course that no one else has any valid credentials. It isn't so.

Unlike this other organization, headed by a self-ordained, self-elevated (and self-inflating) individual, The Temple of Truth is headed by persons, all of whom studied for many years prior to the formation of the Temple and/or hold Ordinations and Degrees from accredited, recognised outside organizations and institutions.

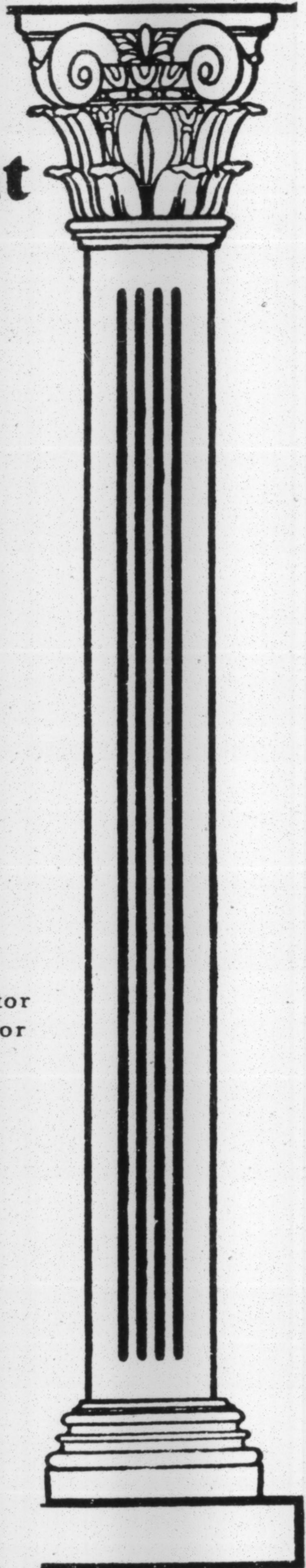
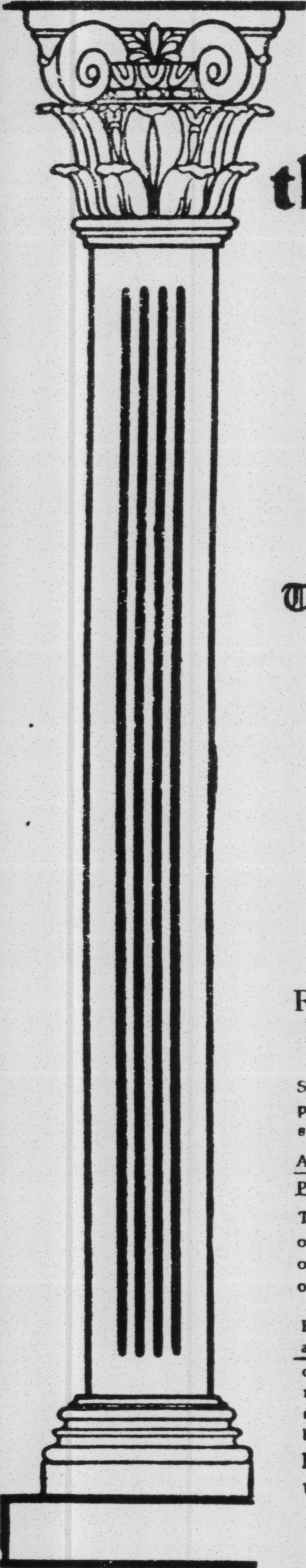
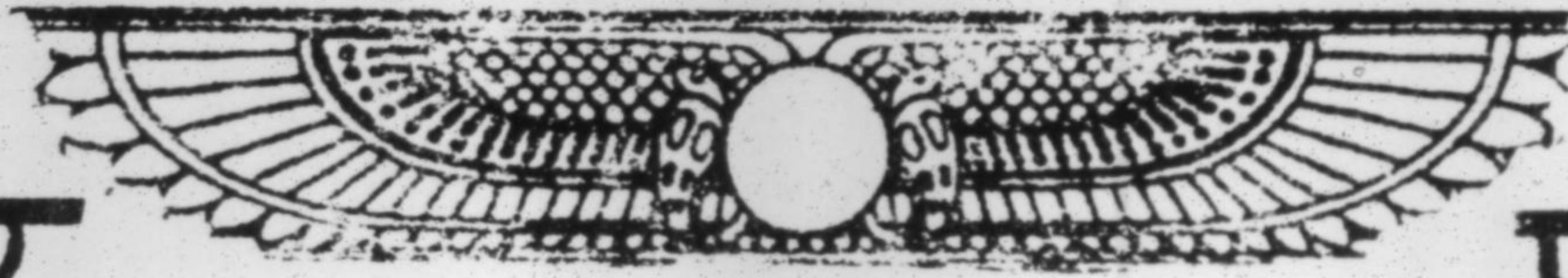
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I too, studied under the late Louis T. Culling and could just as easily claim an O.T.O. derivation as the one they hint of. My original Ordination and Doctorate were bestowed several years before the formation of this other "order", and I have received several others in the years since then.

Much as I dislike pounding my own drum, so to speak, it seems that it is the only way to get the point across. So many people seem unable to read between the lines of our information statement that appears on the back cover of each and every issue of TWL. Once again I call attention to "Magick & Ethics" article which we printed in the Inaugural Issue of THE WHITE LIGHT, which explains how the T.O.T. came into being.

We too have ancient documents from the British Museum in our archives, perhaps more and better at that. We too use ritual and ceremony in our Magick. In fact, many of the rituals used by this other organization were originally written by me. My signature and seal appear on their original charter and certificate.

Perhaps the largest difference between the T.O.T. and this other organization, is our lack of coerciveness and refusal to victimise our members. We intentionally have no rank structure. We don't treat our people like retarded children, watching, grading and "disciplining" them with scourge in hand. We likewise make no "secret masters" claim, or variations thereof. We're not trying to fool anybody. We also don't stage a big initiation, with



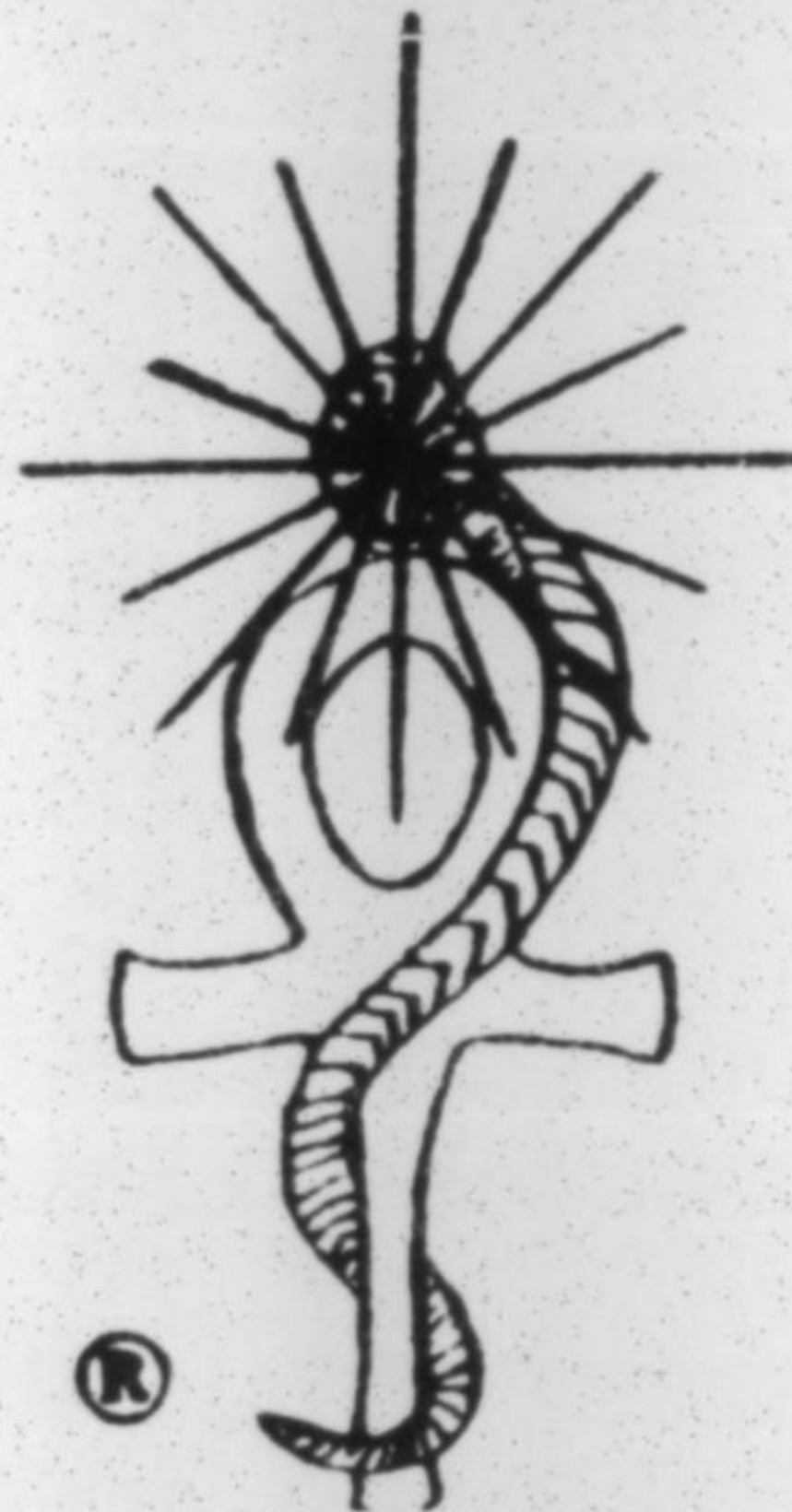
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masked faces and priestly mumbo-jumbo -- somewhat reminiscent of a college frat hazing, minus the goldfish, but with the fishbowl -- principally because we feel that our students are already sufficiently self-disciplined and self-reliant enough not to need it, at least not in that fashion.

Perhaps this lack of put-on and Princely airs causes the shallow thrill-seeker, dillitante or self-proclaimed sub-culture "Guru" or "Master" to not take us seriously. Too bad! It's their loss. Of the thousands of people that we have helped over the last 5½ years, there is no doubt. We abhor falsity and greatly prize peace and privacy.

Occasionally however, we do get sufficiently irritated at the rampant phoneyiness exhibited by some other organizations, to come out with a statement like the one you are now reading. If this type of statement bothers you, we are sorry, but we feel that it must be said.



LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

In forthcoming issues we plan to bring you articles on Magickal Cyphers, including corrections to those given in Barrett's THE MAGUS as well as others. We shall continue to bring you useful and heretofore un-obtainable reference and training aides for the serious student, along with historical items and rare materials from our extensive archives. We shall continue to present papers of significance from both our own membership and those of Magicians around the World, in addition to reports from our Legal Department on new laws and important Court decisions, and reports from our Research Department on a number of projects including the recently developed Hydromancy System.

Ready, but awaiting sufficient space are in depth reports and reviews on "THE LAW IS FOR ALL" By Regardie; "THE MAGICAL PHILOSOPHY" By Denning & Phillips (the first 3 volumes), etc.

THE YELLOW RAG will continue unabashed and unabated with humor and richly deserved satire of important and self-important figures in the Occult Community.

Important positional papers will be presented concerning our requirements for membership, even though there is presently a two year waiting list for the T.:O.:T.:

Behind the scenes, we will continue to work for Occultists' Rights and Freedom of Worship, and encourage everyone to form legal, tax-exempt organizations if at all possible.

+ The Editors +

Witch-Hunt

IN MASSACHUSETTS

The good folks of Franklin County are on the brink of a modern-day witch hunt; and their prime target is a worshipper of the Almighty Dollar

If, like a migrating hawk, you were to happen upon Turners Falls, the mountains would be the first thing you'd notice: the bold undulations of the Berkshires, just beginning to turn gold and crimson, envelop the little village. Then, dipping lower, you'd note the twinkling snake of the Connecticut River zigzagging among the hills, and spot the steeples of area churches—the simple white shaft of the First Congregational Church, the red brick monolith of St. Anne's, the gold numerals keeping time on St. Mary's tower. Dropping down, you'd discover other, lesser buildings—old frame homes sprouting like mushrooms beneath the trees, small stores and aging apartments clustered along Avenue A, the town's main street.

Finally, fluttering down into the very middle of things, you'd see the Opera House, a tapped-out vaudeville theater which, despite its age, still wears rouge and greasepaint. The dark brick building, and the storefronts it adjoins, are apoplectic with paint—green, yellow, blue; windows are festooned with Confederate stars and stripes; one wall is devoted to a psychedelic mural. The sign above the doors reads "The Renaissance Church of Beauty."

The Renaissance Church of Beauty is an indelicate anachronism: a Day-Glo poster for KISS pasted up among Norman Rockwell originals. It is too bright, too loud, for this tame time and tranquil place. It belongs in the East Village or in Haight-Ashbury, but not in small town America: not in a dozing mill town in western Massachusetts. Nevertheless, like a spark struck in dry woodlands, it is here.

The minister of this unlikely flock sits, swiveling idly, in a black leather chair at the front of the room. Michael Metelica Rapunzel is 27, an unremarkable-looking young man with hard features, a mane of blond hair and long sideburns which are conspicuously darker; he wears sandals, snug Levis and an airy Mexican blouse. His voice, pumped up by a concert-quality sound system, rolls over his listeners like warm honey—"We're now involved in the great transformation," he is saying.

The sermon is ad-libbed and wanders awkwardly, but makes an important point—a life and death point, perhaps: "We're leaving the divided community that we created for our own protection," he explains. "We've lived in different areas, different places, so that nothing could be focused on us as a community . . . But now we're thoroughbreds; we can deal with the negativity. "We've reached the point where we're strong enough to be together."

Michael remembers his childhood as a time of lean need: "They were always talking about money—always trying to make it," he says. He remembers himself as "a notorious character." One friend from the period remembers Michael as, quite simply, "a punk." "He hung out with a tough crowd, but never got into fights," the friend, a former member of Renaissance, explained. "Michael lived by his mouth."

In 1967, inspired by a photograph in *Life* magazine, Michael dropped out of school and headed for California to join the Hells Angels. He met members of the gang, but didn't enlist; instead, he was seduced by the philosophy, music and drugs of the Love Generation. "All you need to know about Michael," a journalist who has written about him insists, "is that, at the age of 16, he went to the West Coast to become a Hell's Angel . . . and he came back a flower child. And he's still both a Hell's Angel and a flower child."

After summering in the Golden State, Michael returned to Leyden determined to grow some California Sunshine in New England's cold, rocky soil. "When Michael came back, he was into a guru trip," his friend recalled. "We were all doing speed and acid and grass—Timothy Leary-type trips. He fell in as a leader because, while we were still searching, he seemed to have found something; he had that certainty the others lacked."

The commune had numerous characters and incarnations. It was also the All Living Church, the Cathedral of the Spirit and Metelica's Aquarian Concept before it became (for tax purposes) the Renaissance Church and The Renaissance Community, Inc. Like Michael, like most young people, it progressed inexorably from ideal to idol to real: in its case, from flower child to Rock Star to hippie entrepreneur. The voice of the prophet . . . became the blare of a Spirit in Flesh concert at Carnegie Hall . . . became the toll of cash registers in Turners Falls.

The man most responsible for the capitalist incarnation is John Pollard, an MBA from Berkeley who serves as treasurer of the church and president of the community. Once a management systems analyst, then an Altamont hippie, Pollard now looks like the latter, but acts like the former. He wears leather jackets and Levis, a Fu Manchu mustache and long black hair cinched with a rubber band; but he is as serious, as suspicious and second-guessing, as any Brooks Brother-ed businessman.

When he arrived in 1970, the Brotherhood was less into Spirit than into poverty. Pollard put them on welfare, and then took them off; he taught them how to raise money; he showed them how to use incorporation, the law and lawsuits to achieve their goals. He didn't transform the Brotherhood into the Incredible Money Making Machine, but he made it possible for them to continue acquiring

"I've read Helter Skelter," an ex-member said, "and I didn't find many dissimilarities...except Michael seems smarter"

assets while avoiding bankruptcy. Which is, of course, the Modern American Dream.

Today, Renaissance owns real estate worth more than \$100,000, including apartments, houses, the Opera Block (a cluster of stores adjoining their church in Turners Falls), and the 2001 Center (an 80-acre settlement in Gill). It owns 75 vehicles—among them a bulldozer, a dump truck, sports cars, vans, three renovated Silver Eagle buses and some 25 motorcycles (including several customized choppers). There is a 2001 Choir (recently embarked on a 12-week Canadian tour), and a Renaissance Radio Show (aired coast-to-coast by some 26 stations).

The commune owns and operates a veritable Mulligan's stew of businesses: a bookstore, delicatessen, pottery shop, pinball arcade, recording studio and natural foods restaurant, and construction, greeting card, silk screening and theatrical sound and light companies. The biggest money-maker is Rocket's Silver Train, which has rented its plush buses to such tourists as Linda Ronstadt, Joe Cocker, Peter Frampton, James Taylor and the Captain and Tennille; the bus fare runs as high as \$3,000 a week.

All told, the businesses generate an income of more than \$1 million a year, Pollard claims. But the grubstake—the source of whatever financial security the community enjoys—is the result of gifts, not profits. When new members join, they bequeath their assets to the church; approximately one-half of the 200 adults work without pay in commune businesses; the remainder, employed at outside jobs, donate their paychecks to the community treasury. (Living expenses are allotted each week on the basis of need.)

It is difficult to pin Renaissance down—to fully describe it, to decipher its *raison d'être*. It is so many things . . . and constantly changing. It regards

(Continued, P. 4.)

WITCH-HUNT [CONT.]

itself as a religious community, but its religion is of a subtle sort—a faint backdrop, rather than a primary activity. It preaches a return to basics, but is obsessed with Rock Stardom; it eschews possessions, but is unabashedly Capitalistic.

But what Renaissance most clearly is, is a personality cult: a group seduced by Michael's charisma, and choreographed by his shifting enthusiasms.

"The place is run for Michael's pleasure, by Michael's whim," a former member explained. But if Michael is a despot, he is at least an artful and beneficent one. The creed of his church is "Energy is God, and everyone has it"; its principal commandments: No Hard Liquor, No Drugs, No Promiscuity, No Violence. It is an institution which would seem to have no natural enemies, an organization more likely to inspire apathy than anger. But from the outset, Michael and his flock have been as welcome as typhoid in Franklin County. There was the same belligerence, name-calling and threats which greeted longhairs everywhere, but here the threats were imparted by club-wielding locals. Like an offensive nest of tent caterpillars, Michael's tree house was swept by fire. "There were a lot of hassles," Pollard recalled. "Our cars were being shot at and run off the road . . . Whenever we moved into a new community, zoning laws were passed to drive us out of town." Finally, in September of 1973, a young member of the commune was murdered.

A state pathologist ruled the death a suicide. An independent autopsy, requested by his parents, reached a conclusion of homicide. The case was never solved.

Since then, however, things have changed: the commune has grown in size and sophistication; it has developed financial credibility if not clout; it has demonstrated the seriousness of its intentions by suing local police and town officials; perhaps most importantly, it has simply refused to go away. "You can count the communes which are as large as Renaissance on the fingers of one hand," a student of the movement notes, "and those which have lasted as long on the fingers of the other."

"There aren't nearly as many problems now," Pollard observes with satisfaction. "There are still a few rednecks in this town who hassle us, but there isn't any violence. The resentment has diluted enough so that we can live together again."

"Michael freaks the locals out," the ex-member, a principal of Renaissance for more than five years, noted, "but they're freaked out for all the wrong reasons. If they knew what was really going on, they'd be more freaked out than they are now. The philosophy of Renaissance is a mixture of Eastern religions, spiritualism and acid, with a bit of Hell's Angel thrown in."

P.O. Box 3125
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"Michael," he continued, "is a hypster—he knows all the right words. That's how most members are hooked into the church; they stumble across it, and everything *sounds* so good. They go through an indoctrination period, and then you have them signing away all of their worldly possessions. By the time they realize what's happening, there's no place left to go—because they've signed everything over to the church.

"You know," he hesitated, "I feel rather uneasy talking to people about the Center, because I've read *Helter Skelter*, and I didn't find many dissimilarities . . . except that Michael seems smarter. It seems to me that the type of control Manson had, and that the Reverend Sun Myung Moon has . . . is very similar to the type of control that Michael has over his people. The only difference is the violence—at Renaissance, the violence is *psychological*."

It was a calm and comfortable Monday evening. Michael Metelica Rapunzel sat at a table in the living room of the Gill house, snacking on fresh popcorn, nursing an ice-cold Heineken. He airily dismissed the possibility of violence. "It's not a threat unless you treat it as a threat," he said.

But his explanation was interrupted by Doug Edson, the stocky ex-marine who sat across from him: "When you were staying out in the barn, I slept in your room for a few nights," Edson told him. "One night, at about 3 a.m., someone unscrewed the hall light in front of your door, and came into your room—crouched down, coming towards your bed. At first, I thought it was someone from the lodge playing a trick. But, when I jumped up and yelled, 'Hey, boy, what you doin' here!' he took off—I chased him out of the house. As we came out the front, lights came on down by the road: a green Malibu. He jumped into it, and off they tore . . . What was in my mind, Michael, was he was going to do you in."

Michael had not heard the story before; he started to speak, but stumbled awkwardly. He had run out of things to say. ●

"All you need to know about Michael," a journalist insists, "is that at the age of 16 he went to the West Coast to become a Hell's Angel and came back a flower child"

BACK ISSUES OF
THE WHITE LIGHT AVAILABLE:

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: US: \$4/yr;
Canada & Mexico: \$5/yr; over-seas (surface) \$6/yr; airmail add \$2/yr.

COMMENT By:

Rev. Nelson H. White

Here we go again. It seems that this bunch did everything in their power to antagonize everybody in sight. This report, by the way is condensed from a much longer article sent in by a reader.

The simple fact that such a report was printed in the first place should be sufficient warning to anyone with any brains at all.

This group is going to cause or precipitate an incident (if it hasn't already) that will brand all counter-culture and/or Occult organizations as nuts or worse.

The description of their leader sounds strangely familiar.

Regardless of legal standing, you can not offend a entire town's population without something hapening sooner or later. This is a major confrontation in the making. Too bad, because it will spill over onto the serious, hard-working Occultists.

"Public Relations" has to be more than just another word for "advertising". You MUST take into account the attitudes of the local community when operating a public facility. It's positively CRIMINAL to endanger your membership in this manner.

(See also, article on page 5, this issue.)

NOTICE

CONWAY COLLEGE PRESS,
[SEE "ACTION/ALERT" V4,
#1] HAS EXPLAINED THEIR
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AND IS REMOVED FROM THE
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11th day of the Oak Moon
Greetings Brethren of the Craft, (Dec. 5th, '77ce)

Most of you are aware of the situation in Dimmitt, Texas concerning Loy and Louise Stone of the Arianhu Church of Wicca, having taken part in the three-fold power web of last month, or one of the many power lendings conducted by Pagan organizations.

For those of you who are not aware of the happenings of Hallows (Samhain)... we'll briefly review the situation.

Edited, due to space limitations. TWL.

The Silver Web

COVEN OF THE MIRROR - P.O. BOX 3343 - DES MOINES, IOWA 50316 U.S.A.

Following Arianhus' Samain Seminar in Amarillo, Texas, the Stones returned to their ranch in Dimmitt. The day was October 31st. The night was fateful as "Hallow'en" pranksters began a series of hazings and harrassing with carloads of teenagers creating mayhem. The disturbances were unnerving to the elderly mother convalescing and bed-ridden after a recent accident. Loy was totally unsuccessful in discouraging them reasonably, and a call to the Sheriffs Office failed to bring law enforcement officers quickly. After waiting for deputies to arrive for some time, Loy dispersed the teenagers himself by firing a shot-gun blast into the air. All was calm until later that evening when Sheriffs deputies finally arrived at the Stones' ranch. Not to file a complaint, but to arrest them on murder charges.

Three youngchicanos had turned up at the hospital emergency ward to be treated for shot-gun wounds. One, a 15 year old girl, was dead on arrival. The two boys told officers that they were shot at the Stone's ranch. Through their testimony does not relate, procedure was set in motion and an investigation begun. The Stones were later released on \$50,000 bond each.

On December 5th, an arraignment hearing was held, and they were arraigned on the charges against them. The Stones now face trial, Louise for first degree murder, and Loy as an accomplice to first degree murder.

* * * * *

A Defense Fund, to help defray the costs on the case, lawyers and other services, is being collected for the Stones. Anyone wishing to contribute to the Defense Fund, by personal donations, bake sales by your group or other projects, may send them to the Church of All Worlds at the address below. Make your check payable to Church of All Worlds "Stone Defense Fund". The contributions are tax deductible because C. A. W. has tax exempt status.

At present, our people are being drug through the coals in England, Atlanta, Georgia, and other places around the world. It is very unfortunate that a catastrophe of this nature is the catylist to bring us together in the Craft and Paganism. And why did it have to happen to folks as really nice as Loy and Louise Stone? The truth is that it can happen to any one of us. In unity, under the smile of our Lady, we can bring about the necessary changes. That is the object of the Silver Web. Those who wish to be included in our work of Peace, Joy, Love and Trust, to bring about the understanding of our traditions and the final "Certainty", may contact the address below. We wish to be sure that injustice is put behind us, instead of before us. We want to be able to "lend" the needed power in the "small" problems as well as the "big" ones.

Defense Fund:

Church of All Worlds
c/o Don Wildgrube
10650 Center
St. Louis, Missouri
63114 U.S.A.

Psychic Info. Team

Jesse and Susan
P.O. Box 26841
Albuquerque, New Mexico
87125 U.S.A.
Ph. (505) 877-0153

Web Co-ordination

The Silver Web
Coven of the Mirror
P.O. Box 3343
Des Moines, Iowa
50316 U.S.A.
PH. (515) 265-5129

NEVER AGAIN THE BURNINGS

May you walk in the sunshine, and never doubt!
Blessed Be!

Marsha Clark ★
Marsha Clark for The Silver Web

WITCH-HUNT [CONT.]

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"There aren't nearly as many problems now," Pollard observes with satisfaction. "There are still a few redneck-types in this town who hassle us, but there isn't any violence. The resentment has diluted enough so that we can live together again."

"Michael freaks the locals out," the ex-member, a principal of Renaissance for more than five years, noted, "but they're freaked out for all the wrong reasons. If they knew what was really going on, they'd be more freaked out than they are now. The philosophy of Renaissance is a mixture of Eastern religions, spiritualism and acid, with a bit of Hell's Angel thrown in."

"Michael," he continued, "is a hypester—he knows all the right words. That's how most members are hooked into the church; they stumble across it, and everything *sounds* so good. They go through an indoctrination period, and then you have them signing away all of their worldly possessions. By the time they realize what's happening, there's no place left to go—because they've signed everything over to the church.

"You know," he hesitated, "I feel rather uneasy talking to people about the Center, because I've read *Helter Skelter*, and I didn't find many dissimilarities . . . except that Michael seems smarter. It seems to me that the type of control Manson had, and that the Reverend Sun Myung Moon has . . . is very similar to the type of control that Michael has over his people. The only difference is the violence—at Renaissance, the violence is *psychological*."

It was a calm and comfortable Monday evening. Michael Metelica Rapunzel sat at a table in the living room of the Gill house, snacking on fresh popcorn, nursing an ice-cold Heineken. He airily dismissed the possibility of violence. "It's not a threat unless you treat it as a threat," he said.

But his explanation was interrupted by Doug Edson, the stocky ex-marine who sat across from him: "When you were staying out in the barn, I slept in your room for a few nights." Edson told him. "One night, at about 3 a.m., someone unscrewed the hall light in front of your door, and came into your room—crouched down, coming towards your bed. At first, I thought it was someone from the lodge playing a trick. But, when I jumped up and yelled, 'Hey, boy, what you doin' here!' he took off—I chased him out of the house. As we came out the front, lights came on down by the road: a green Malibu. He jumped into it, and off they tore . . . What was in my mind, Michael, was he was going to do you in."

Michael had not heard the story before; he started to speak, but stumbled awkwardly. He had run out of things to say. ●

"All you need to know about Michael," a journalist insists, "is that at the age of 16 he went to the West Coast to become a Hell's Angel and came back a flower child"

BACK ISSUES OF

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: US: \$4/yr; Canada & Mexico: \$5/yr; overseas (surface) \$6/yr; airmail add \$2/yr.

COMMENT By:

Rev. Nelson H. White

Here we go again. It seems that this bunch did everything in their power to antagonize everybody in sight. This report, by the way is condensed from a much longer article sent in by a reader.

The simple fact that such a report was printed in the first place should be sufficient warning to anyone with any brains at all.

This group is going to cause or precipitate an incident (if it hasn't already) that will brand all counter-culture and/or Occult organizations as nuts or worse.

The description of their leader sounds strangely familiar.

Regardless of legal standing, you can not offend a entire town's population without something hapening sooner or later. This is a major confrontation in the making. Too bad, because it will spill over onto the serious, hard-working Occultists.

"Public Relations" has to be more than just another word for "advertising". You MUST take into account the attitudes of the local community when operating a public facility. It's positively CRIMINAL to endanger your membership in this manner.

(See also, article on page 5, this issue.)

NOTICE

CONWAY COLLEGE PRESS,
[SEE "ACTION/ALERT" V4,
#1] HAS EXPLAINED THEIR
DELAYS IN FILLING ORDERS
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JLT RIP-OFF LIST.



P.O. Box 3125
Pasadena CA. 91103



11th day of the Oak Moon
Greetings Brethren of the Craft, (Dec. 5th, '77ce)

Most of you are aware of the situation in Dimmitt, Texas concerning Loy and Louise Stone of the Arianhu Church of Wicca, having taken part in the three-fold power web of last month, or one of the many power lendings conducted by Pagan organizations.

For those of you who are not aware of the happenings of Hallows (Samhain)... we'll briefly review the situation.

Edited, due to space limitations. TWL.

The Silver Web

COVEN OF THE MIRROR - P.O. BOX 3343 - DES MOINES, IOWA 50316 U.S.A.

Following Arianhus' Samain Seminar in Amarillo, Texas, the Stones returned to their ranch in Dimmitt. The day was October 31st. The night was fateful as "Hallow'en" pranksters began a series of hazings and harrassing with carloads of teenagers creating mayhem. The disturbances were unnerving to the elderly mother convalescing and bed-ridden after a recent accident. Loy was totally unsuccessful in discouraging them reasonably, and a call to the Sheriffs Office failed to bring law enforcement officers quickly. After waiting for deputies to arrive for some time, Loy dispersed the teenagers himself by firing a shot-gun blast into the air. All was calm until later that evening when Sheriffs deputies finally arrived at the Stones' ranch. Not to file a complaint, but to arrest them on murder charges.

Three young chicanos had turned up at the hospital emergency ward to be treated for shot-gun wounds. One, a 15 year old girl, was dead on arrival. The two boys told officers that they were shot at the Stone's ranch. Through their testimony does not relate, procedure was set in motion and an investigation begun. The Stones were later released on \$50,000 bond each.

On December 5th, an arraignment hearing was held, and they were arraigned on the charges against them. The Stones now face trial, Louise for first degree murder, and Loy as an accomplice to first degree murder.

* * * * *

A Defense Fund, to help defray the costs on the case, lawyers and other services, is being collected for the Stones. Anyone wishing to contribute to the Defense Fund, by personal donations, bake sales by your group or other projects, may send them to the Church of All Worlds at the address below. Make your check payable to Church of All Worlds "Stone Defense Fund". The contributions are tax deductible because C. A. W. has tax exempt status.

At present, our people are being drug through the coals in England, Atlanta, Georgia, and other places around the world. It is very unfortunate that a catastrophe of this nature is the catalyst to bring us together in the Craft and Paganism. And why did it have to happen to folks as really nice as Loy and Louise Stone? The truth is that it can happen to any one of us. In unity, under the smile of our Lady, we can bring about the necessary changes. That is the object of the Silver Web. Those who wish to be included in our work of Peace, Joy, Love and Trust, to bring about the understanding of our traditions and the final "Certainty", may contact the address below. We wish to be sure that injustice is put behind us, instead of before us. We want to be able to "lend" the needed power in the "small" problems as well as the "big" ones.

Defense Fund:

Church of All Worlds
c/o Don Wildgrube
10650 Center
St. Louis, Missouri
63114 U.S.A.

Psychic Info. Team

Jesse and Susan
P.O. Box 26841
Albuquerque, New Mexico
87125 U.S.A.
Ph. (505) 877-0153

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The Silver Web
Coven of the Mirror
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50316 U.S.A.
PH. (515) 265-5129

NEVER AGAIN THE BURNINGS

May you walk in the sunshine, and never doubt!
Blessed Be!

Marsha Clark ★

Marsha Clark for The Silver Web

All the Dirt
that's fit to
Print !!

THE YELLOW RAG

Contributions
Gleefully
Accepted.

... TOTALLY IRRESPONSIBLE JOURNALISM ...

For those of you who have commented upon the lack of RUNT-YAWN material in the last few issues, we present the following vignettes in the continuing Saga of that Diminutive Despot and Demonic Dabbler:

ISN'T IT STRANGE ...

Isn't it strange, that the master of the Glossy Gab, Runt-Yawn has managed to antagonize and alienate his entire membership to the point that he now has a total of 5 active persons in his "Lodge" including himself and his wife?

Isn't it strange, that the self-proclaimed scholar and self-declared intellectual paragon of modern times, Runt-Yawn has dropped out of his highly bragged about Master's program at Cal-State, Northridge?

Isn't it strange, that every single person with any backbone, natural talent or ability has either left of their own free will, or been thrown out by Runt-Yawn, to the point that there are now no males (other than himself) in his "Brotherhood" whatever?

Isn't it strange, that after telling one of his members that she would not be able to hold her job, Runt-Yawn himself was laid off from his "highly important" job as assistant draftsman at Rocketdyne, and hasn't worked a day since then?

Isn't it strange, that inspite of Runt-Yawn's widespread propaganda campaign, the last 4 initiates into his organization have all either left or been thrown out?

Isn't it strange, that Runt-Yawn refused to allow several of his members to do an Anubis contact, because he was afraid that the Egyptian Gods would "take over" his temple?

Isn't it strange, that Runt-Yawn became so enraged at one of his followers who refused to allow him to control her private life, that he spent weeks spying on her house?

Isn't it strange, that Mrs. Runt-Yawn, after a fight with and being unable to locate one of their members by telephone one day, became so upset that she telephoned long-distance to Hans Holzer in New York to ask Hans if he knew where their member was and why she was mad at them?

Isn't it strange, that after worming his way onto a radio show, Runt-Yawn publically thanked everybody in sight except the person who got him the spot?

Isn't it strange, that after all his polemics against drug use, Runt-Yawn retires to the temple to smoke a non-tobacco preperation now and then himself?

Isn't it strange, that several years after his "perfect" marriage to his high-priestess, Runt-Yawn now bemoans to all and sundry that "it was a mistake"?

Isn't it strange, that the "highly moral and law-abiding bastion of the Occult Community" Runt-Yawn was scared half to death when the Police came knocking on his door to inquire about a car which was registered to him, which had been used in a crime?

Isn't it strange, that Runt-Yawn, that great promoter of other people's labor in service of his temple, refuses to do a lick of work himself and just lays about the house, sponging off of friends, members, relatives and in-laws to keep up the mortgage payments?

THE YELLOW RAG [CONT.]

Isn't it strange, that after telling an applicant that he was accepted and scheduling his initiation, Runt-Yawn suddenly and with no advance warning or explanation, called the whole thing off?

Isn't it strange, that Runt-Yawn was so curious about the private affairs of a former partner, that he sent a series of spies into this person's business establishment in attempts to obtain information.

Isn't it strange, that after this ploy backfired, Runt-Yawn ranted and raved for months about it to anyone who would listen?

Isn't it strange, that a group of Runt-Yawn's rejects have formed their own organization to practice Egyptian Magick (and are doing very well, thank you)?

Isn't it strange, that Runt-Yawn said recently that he wished he could really go insane, and then he wouldn't have to work for a living?

#

RUNT-YAWN SONG # 2

Oh, What ever became of you, Runt-Yawn,
Has anyone heard a thing?
Are you Mad, are you cross,
Are you gathering moss,
While you wait for the Boss
To Speak?
Once a Firey Myscogonist spirit,
Ah, but now when he speaks,
He must 'clear it'.
Second fiddle is a hard part, I know,
When they don't even give you a bow...
Does all that talk,
Make you balk,
Or maybe you're planning
a Coup?

Runt-Yawn, what happened to you?

(To be sung to the tune of: "Hubert, What Happened to You?")

HYDROMANCY

An entirely new and still experimental system of Divination has been developed. Called Hydromancy (for lack of a better name), it involves looking into a vessel filled with ink-darkened water. Upon proper preparation and concentration, an answer to a specific question will appear written in English. This answer, although not permanent, is photographable, and can be read by any English speaking person, Magician or not.

At the present time, the research department has only one Hydromancy system in operation. Reliability of answers or predictions is good. Work is continuing.

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Now, now. Please don't get hysterical. Yes, it's a gun. Probably a Saturday-night special. There are some 50-million of them in sock drawers, nightstands and under counters all over the land. A gun like this serves two good purposes that most people don't even like to think about:

First, if you've practiced, it's absolutely the best means ever invented to protect yourself from ultimate violence. God forbid it should happen, but if it *does*, the gun beats Karate. Every time.

Second, the mere *presence* of a gun in every third home on the block has kept many of our country's thoughtful thugs from "going into the business." We all know crime is a big problem now. But it could be a lot worse.

And sure enough, a bunch of politicians have now found a way to make our crime problem worse. With an idea called *gun control*. Where all honest citizens will turn their guns over to the government. Leaving only *criminals* with guns. And that could make a *real* shooting gallery out of America—with you and me as the targets.

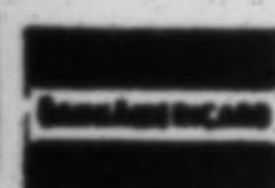

It looks like they're actually going to get *gun control* across. Unless we can tell enough people what's happening, fast enough. Unless this ad and others like it can run over and over in national magazines and newspapers and on TV.

Will you help?

If you own a gun, or if you can ever imagine you might *need* to, please send a contribution. As much as you can. As soon as you can.

Even if a gun never saves your life, it could save your peace-of-mind.

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The Notebook

REFERENCE AND HISTORICAL ITEMS OF VALUE TO THE PRACTITIONER

THE PENTAGRAM OF SOLOMON

This design, most often seen as jewelry particularly as a pendant worn around the neck, is occasionally drawn, painted or sewn on the lower front of the Magician's robe. Generally, only the "operator" or Magician who is actually doing the Magick would wear this on his robe. All other participants and observers would wear the Pentagram necklace however.

There are several variations in design, however the Pentagram should always be worn point up (as shown below). Two points up, is an "inverted Pentagram" and is usually used for black magic, etc.

The Pentagram may be made from any metal except Iron or Lead. It may also be made from materials other than metal, and painted.

The conscreation of your own personal Pentagram can be done in a ritual you devise yourself, or you could use the ritual given in "THE GREATER KEY OF SOLOMON".

The Pentagram of Solomon is for the individual's protection from, (whereas the Hexagram of Solomon is used for control of) "Spirits" or Entities.

The Pentagram of Solomon is also used in the "exorcism" and "license to depart".

Once conscreated, your individual Pentagram should not be touched by other persons. If this happens, sprinkle it with salt or Holy Water and re-conscreate it.

Black background.
Lines of pentagram in yellow.
TETRAGRAMMATON in red.



Lettering in exterior triangles in blue.

Lettering in center, in green.

[CONTINUED, P. 10]

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THE NOTEBOOK [CONT.]

BASIC EQUIPMENT NEEDED FOR
PRACTICE OF CEREMONIAL MAGICK

Items may be made new for the purpose
or purchased new and consecrated.

MAGICKAL TOOLS & WEAPONS:

Wand	Censor
Sword or Knife	Magick Circle
Cup	Magick Triangle
Particle	Pentagram of Solomon *
Robe (optional)	Bell, chime or gong (opt.)

Other accessories and optional equipment (if size of group and
available space permits).

2 Pillars (1 black, 1 white)	Ring of Solomon
Standing thurible	Altar candlesticks (1 gold, 1 silver)
Altar	Magickal lamp
Bookstand	Ceremonial headresses or helmets
Aspergillum	Lamen (for receiver) with Pent. of Sol. on back.*
Crystal ball or other Scrying device.	Receiver's candlesticks (2) (hand held)
Sigil Box	Staff
"Brazen Vessel"	Cruets or Decanters (2)
Banners of East & West	
Brazier	
Candle snuffer	
Magickal record or log book.	

Not all of the above equipment would be needed each time, however
this would depend upon what type of operation was being undertaken.



* Pentagram of Solomon is required for each participant and
observer, except Receiver when receiver wears Lamen with
Pentagram on back of Lamen.

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Thy flowering rod is the fact of Paradise,
Thy bursting seed is the act of God.
Let me clasp thy Soul,
This golden flower!
To caress its power is the glory of my Earth.
Let me do it worship,
As I enflame myself with Prayer:
"Have no grace and have no guilt:"
This is love of life, Abrahadabra.
I entered in with woe,
With mirth I now go forth,
With thankfulness, to do pleasure upon the Earth.
To multiply continually among the living.
Go forth, let my lips annoint it.
Let me drink deep of thy Sacred Fountain,
Its bitter-sweet honey
Milk of Love.
Let me lie drunken at thy throbbing fountain.
Aum Mani Padme Hum.
This is the Mouth and Taste of God.
Let me inflame with it,
Flame my Heart alight.
Send me Enflamed to thy fertile circle of Light.
Rays of my Sun,
Light of my Moon,
Thou art my Maker and my Destroyer.
Thy flowering rod is the fact of Paradise,
Thy thundering Light is the act of God.
Thy shining Jewel is the Love of the Goddess.

* * * * *

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The Temple of Truth

THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH, unlike most other Orders and Magickal Lodges, is essentially *unstructured*. It has no "grades," issues no pretentious certificates, and has no fixed curriculum. The Temple of Truth exists primarily for its students and members, and hence does not get involved in the internal workings of other organizations. The Temple of Truth takes no part in political quarrels which sweep through the contemporary American Occult scene. Likewise, we abjure most of the "traditional" secrecy which all too frequently hides ineptitude and selfishness on the part of those purporting to know it all. What little is kept secret is simply for the safety of the individual student, and no information is "forever denied" to a promising student. Each individual is free to select his own course of study, as well as the rate at which he chooses to pursue it. This "independent study" concept allows the staff as well as the students considerable flexibility. The student defines what it is he wishes to do and then later submits a report on the results he has achieved. Selections from these reports may be published at a later date.

Individual students are encouraged to adopt the scholastic method but not required to do so. In any event, the lack of rigor will not bar the student from opportunities to test his theories. Empirical results are the cornerstones of the student's progress.

Flexibility is also stressed in the admission standards of the organization, the main emphasis being on a better than average moral and ethical behaviour on the part of the individual applicant. The applicant's motivation should be a desire for spiritual development rather than an egotistic craving to

be called a "High Priest" or a "High Priestess," or the lust for "Powers"—usually over others—in lieu of Self-control.

The student is encouraged to practice his magick in his own home as a part of his everyday life. This emphasis on individual practice (after an initial period of instruction) is one of the largest differences between The Temple of Truth, and other Magickal organizations operating in the present Occult spectrum. Membership in The Temple of Truth is non-exclusive, or in other words, members of other organizations can join ours. Dues are low because we are not supporting a large staff or headquarters complex.

The Temple of Truth is sponsored by The Light of Truth Church, a duly licensed and incorporated Religious Institution. The Church is neither evangelistic nor fundamentalist in the usual sense. We do proselytize the basic dignity of Man, and we recognize the subjectivity of what most people call "truth." The Church's teachings, being cabalistic, are compatible with Christian, Moslem, and Hebrew religious tenets.

Dues, donations, and so forth to either the Temple or the Church are entirely tax-exempt, under both State and Federal law.

The Church also operates a Gift and Occult Supply shop, The Magick Circle, at 1274 N. Lake Ave., Pasadena, California.

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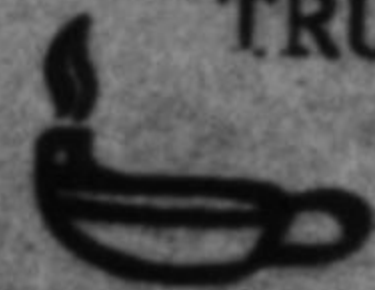
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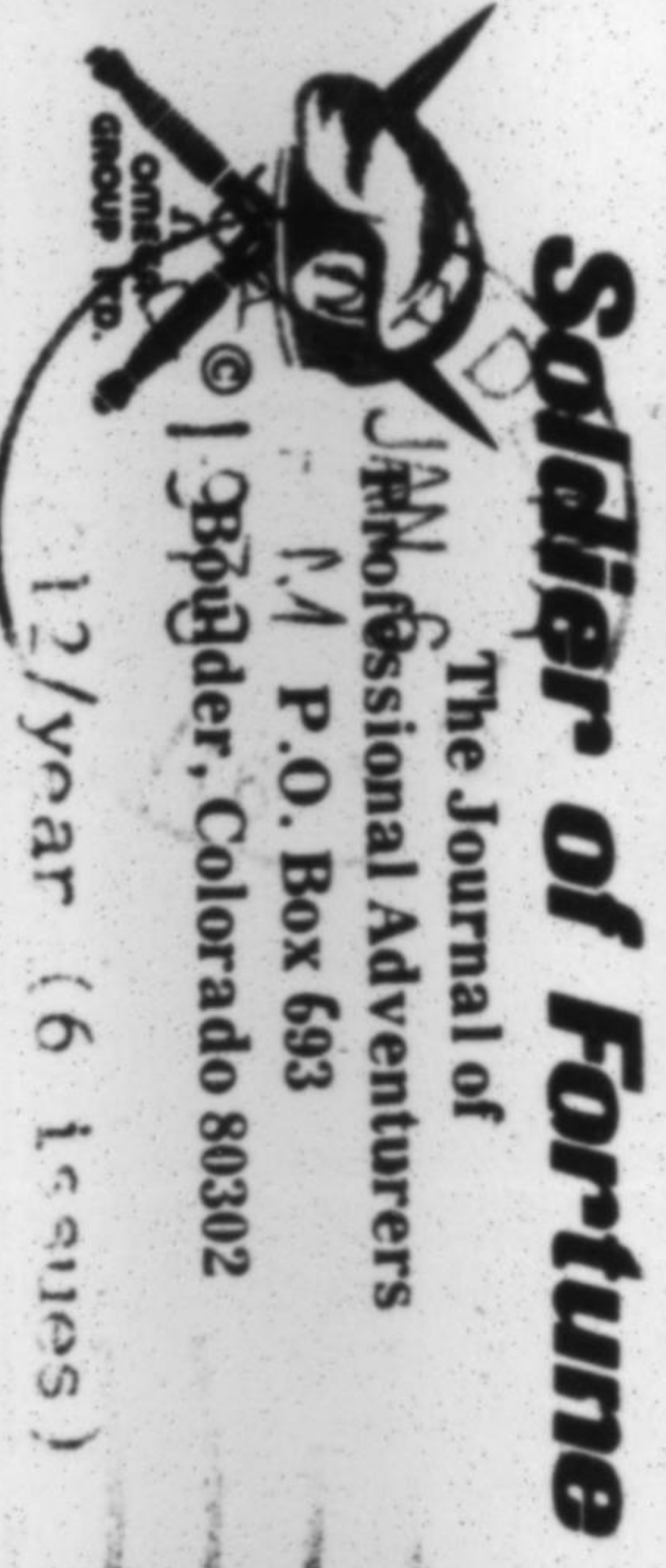
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