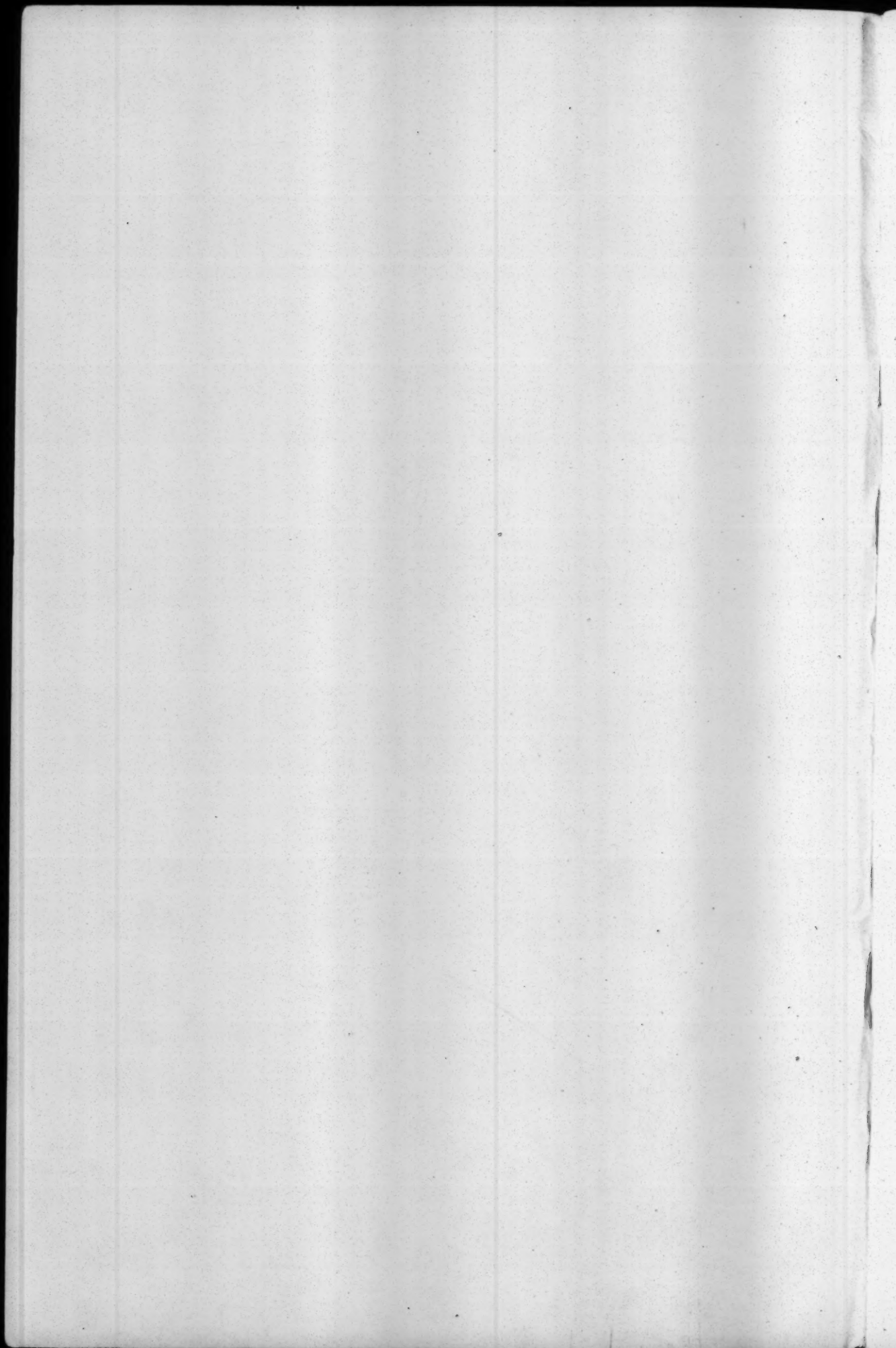


CINNATI JOURNAL
OF
CEREMONIAL MAGICK



Conquering Child Publishing Co.



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OF
CEREMONIAL MAGICK**

Volume 1 Number 2



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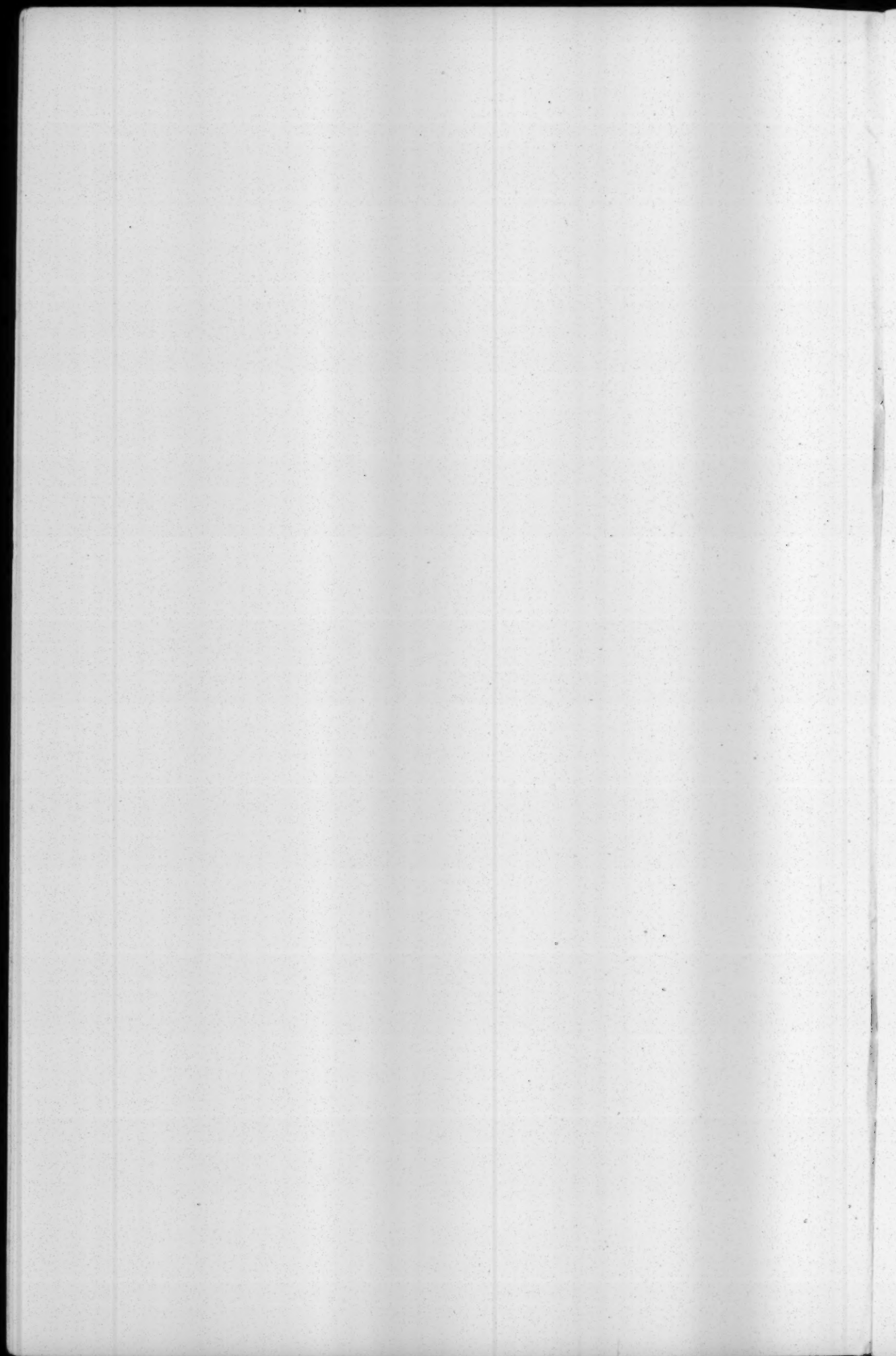
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Do what thou wilt
shall be the whole
of the Law.
Love is the law,
love under will.



STAFF

Rudolph Neau Bundy
Publisher and Comptroller

Samekh 277
Publisher and Art Director

SH.M.CH.H. 353
Publisher and Editor

ANDAHADIA 124
Co-Editor

L aus F
Publisher and Distributor (Germany)

The Journal is always looking for new occult material suitable for publication. Publication will be at the sole discretion of the editors. We cannot accept responsibility for submitted material. If you wish your material to be returned, please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If at all possible, all material should be typed and double-spaced. Failing this, material should be legibly written.

Conquering Child Publishing Company is a Cabal of occultists whose aim is to circulate the knowledge of the occult arts. All profits received are returned for further publication of occult material and promotion of occult activities.



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ORIGIN AND PURPOSE

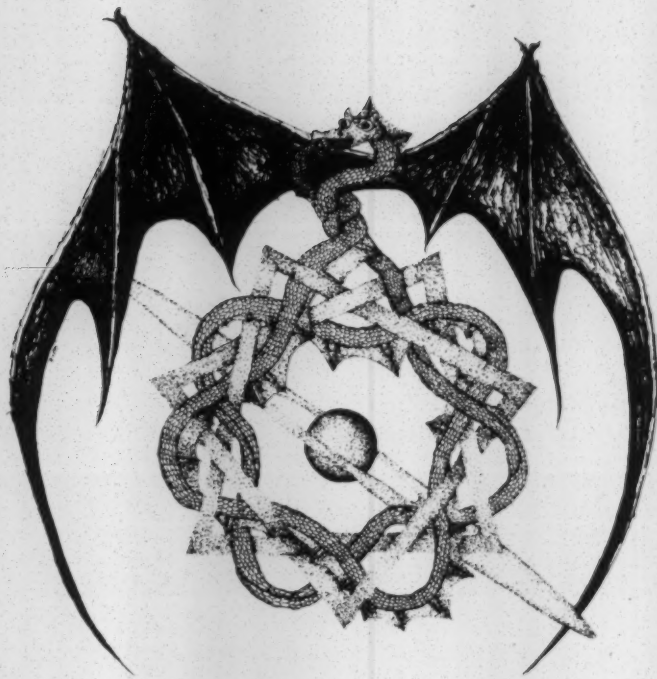
The Cincinnati Journal of Ceremonial Magick is published by the Cincinnati Chapter of the Crowned and Conquering Child; Bate Cabal. The Bate Cabal is a consort of Thelematic magickians (female and male) working toward the individual and collective establishment of the Aeon of Horus. It is felt by certain brothers and sisters of Bate Cabal that the Child can be served by the establishment of a common forum for all magickians, wiccans, and other practitioners of the Sacred Art. Thus the Journal.

EDITORIAL STATEMENT

The publication of our second issue stands as a success that would not have been possible without the intense commitment of Bate Cabal, the trust of all those who have contributed material to the Journal for publication, and the support of those who purchased copies of the first issue. The Journal, as first envisioned by us, was intended to serve the magickal community living in and around the greater Cincinnati area. National and international response has made us realize that our initial plans for the Journal were limited in the extreme. The fetters of our old perceptions were quickly thrown off and a global network to provide for the distribution of the Journal was established. We stand indebted to all those who aided in the formation of this network.

The price of the Journal has obviously risen. This is unavoidable due to increased costs in printing, shipping, handling, and of course, typesetting. We hope that the increase in cost is offset by a rise in the quality of the publication. No person concerned with the production of the Journal receives a salary. All proceeds are used to further occult publications and activities. At present we are heavily (though happily) in debt.)

Finally, we would like to make reference to what we consider to be an excellent example of our editorial policy. The present issue of the Journal contains material from the O.T.A., O.T.O., and O.T.D. We hope to continue publishing material from diverse and oft times conflicting Orders and individuals. It is not our intention to further seemingly endless controversy, but to end it. Traitors and impostors can only exist and further their lies in seclusion. That which is not true will burn if exposed to the light. Let each decide for themselves and strike against that which is false.



BATE CABAL MANIFEST

YOD — *Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.*

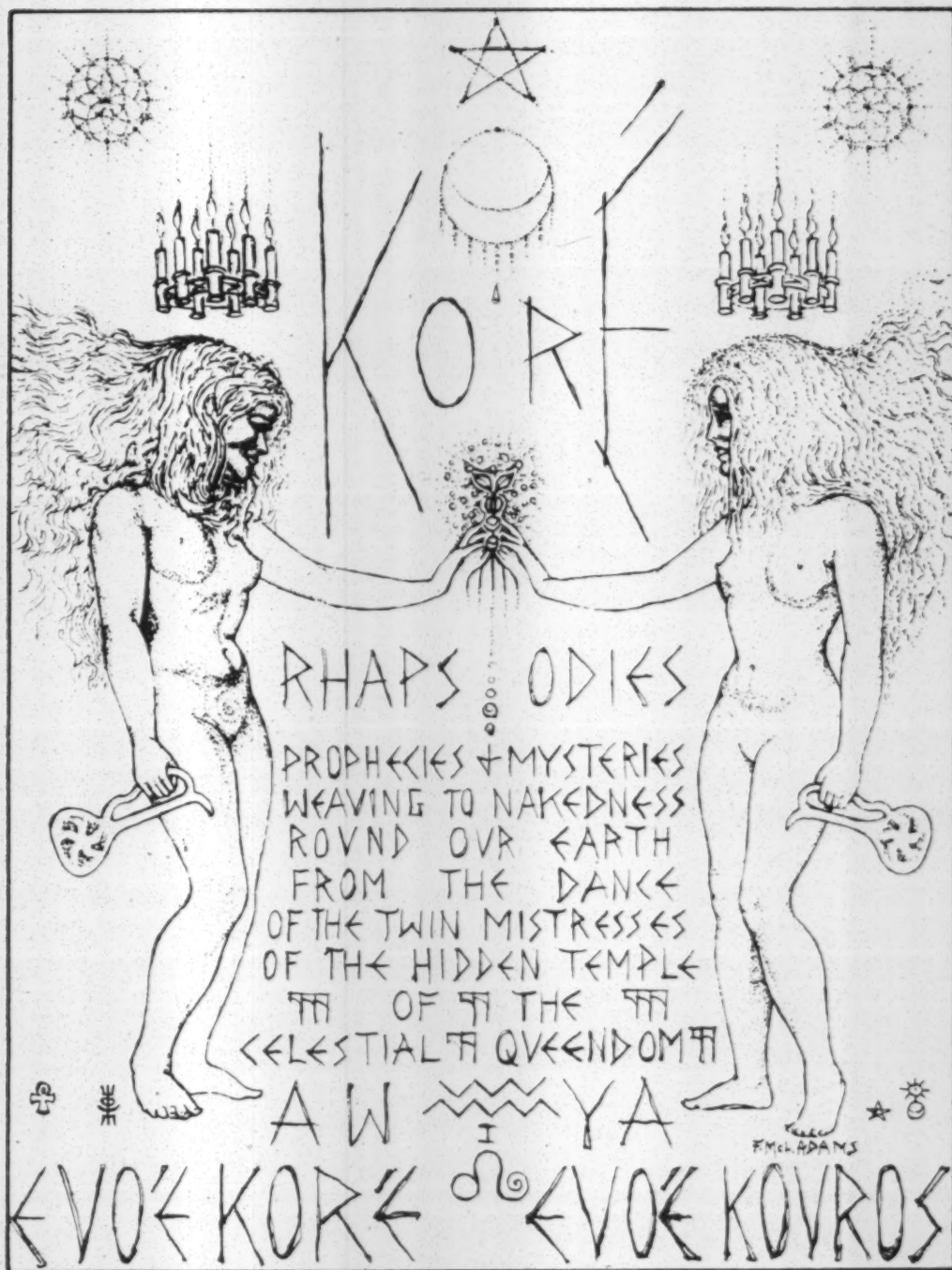
HE — *Love is the law, love under will.*

VAV — *All grades, offices, and attainments are accepted by the Cabal. Every reality is authentic in terms of the specific system that generates it. If the grade, office or attainment is of a general nature, it will be recognized as such by those individuals that come into contact with the space governed by it.*

Let success be your proof. There is no Law beyond do what thou wilt.

HE —

?
the final 'HE'
who is to say
if this be concealed
surely All is revealed
Every man and every woman is a star

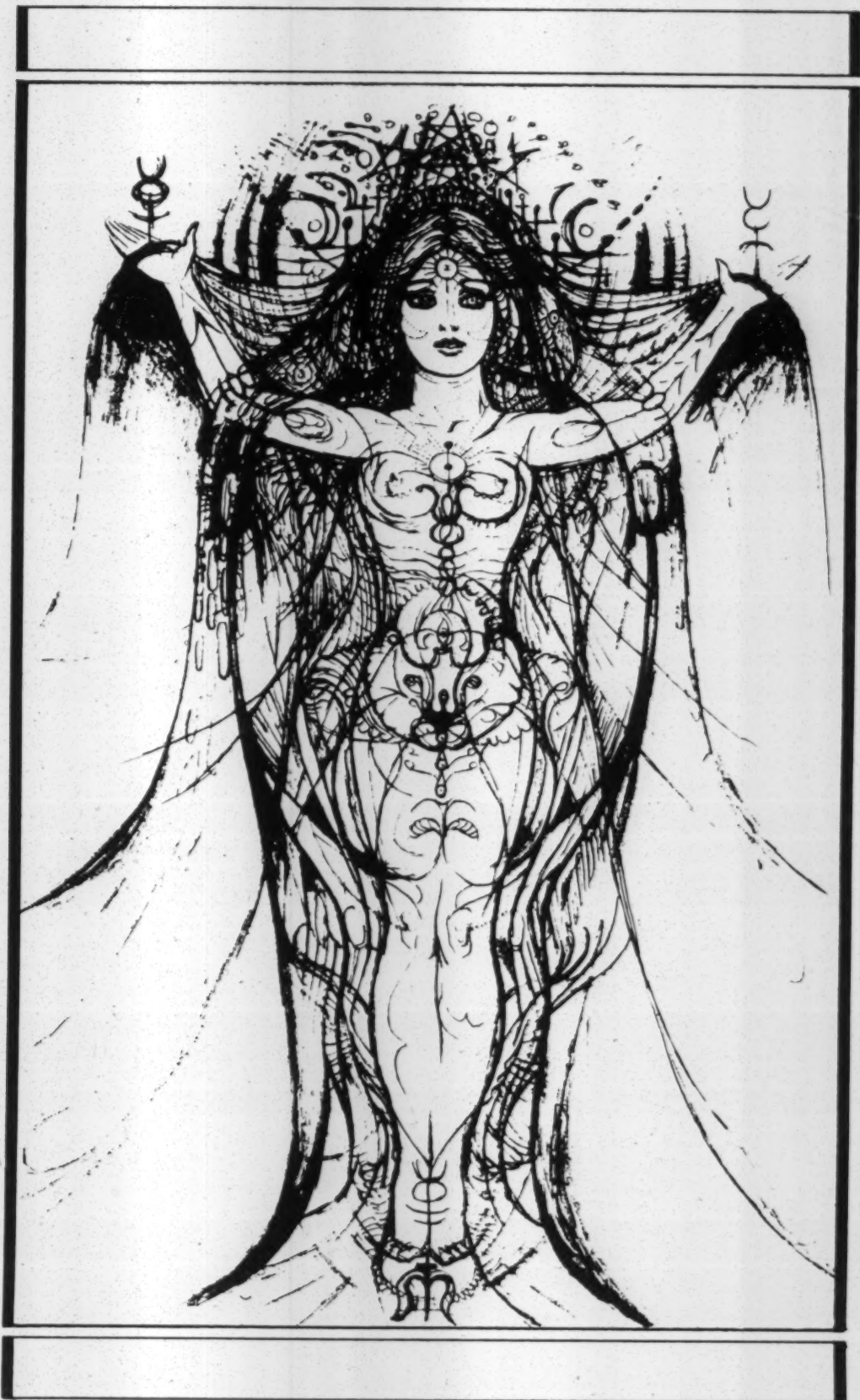


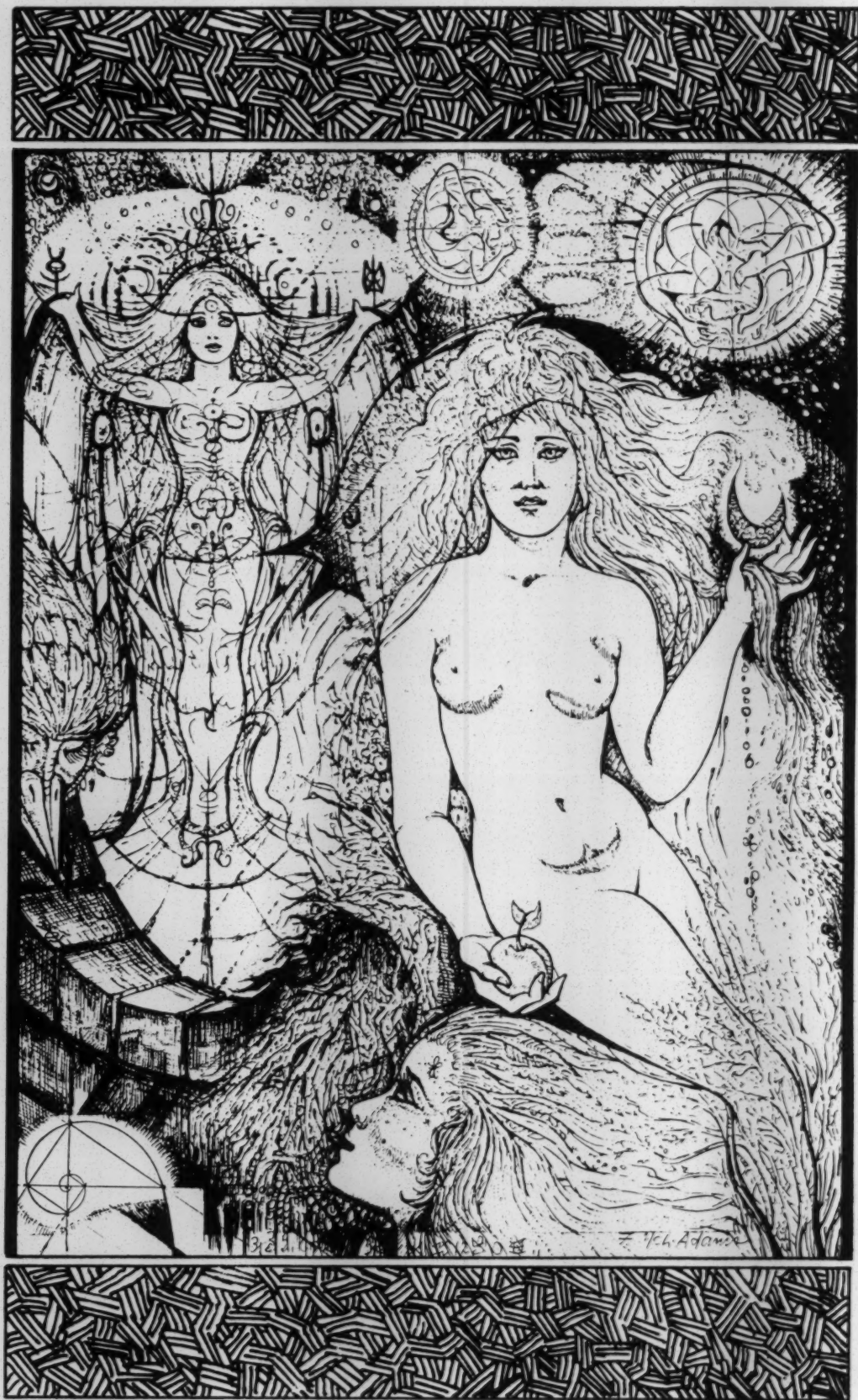
The Journal is extremely pleased to publish this set of drawings by Frederick MacLaurin Adams. The connection between art and magick has long been recognised by those who operate within the various magickal systems. These drawings provide an excellent example of this relationship. May these images provide the same measure of enjoyment and inspiration to our readers as they offered, and continue to offer, to us.

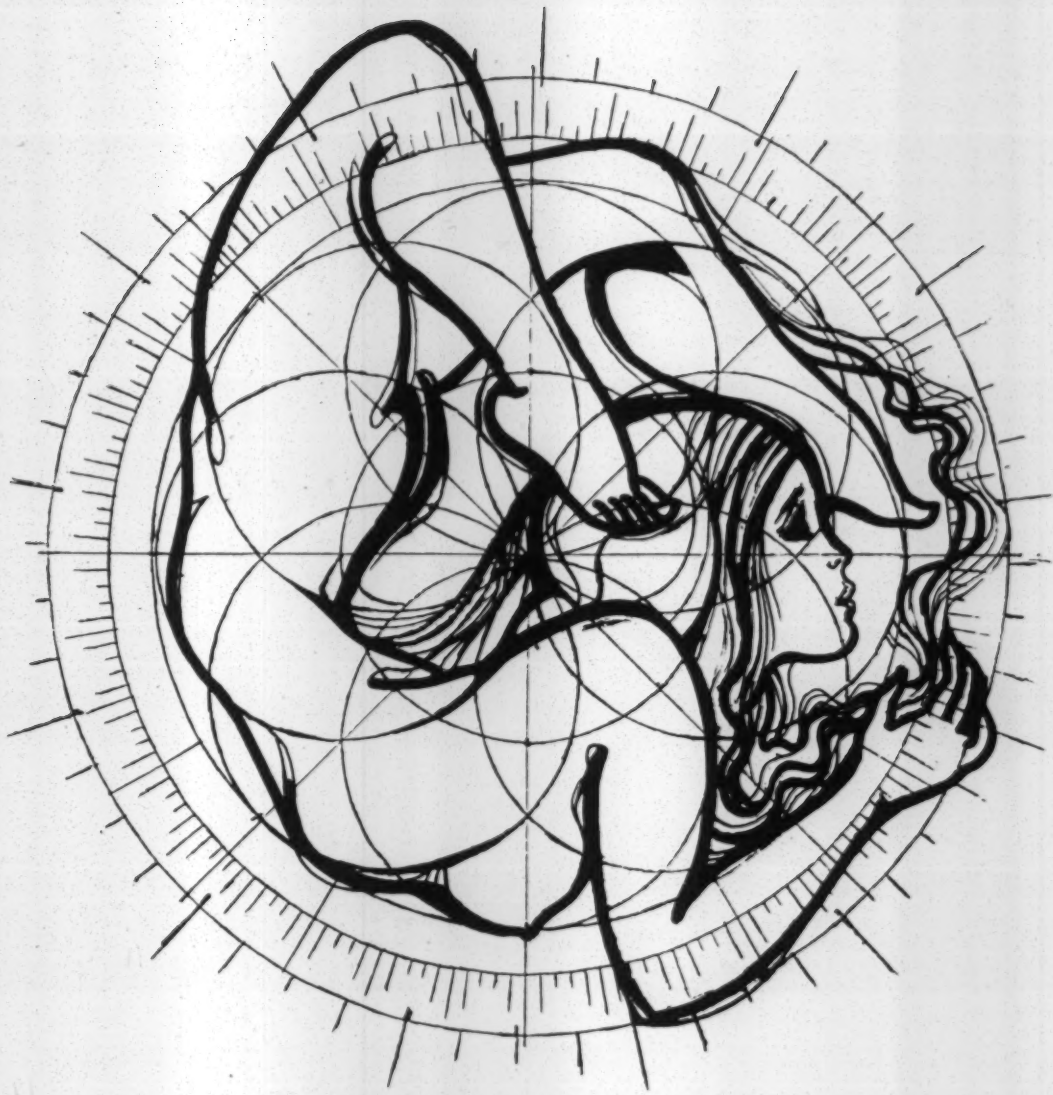
Mr. Adams' illustrations appear regularly in KORYTHALIA (see page 81, 'resources'). —Editor



DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE



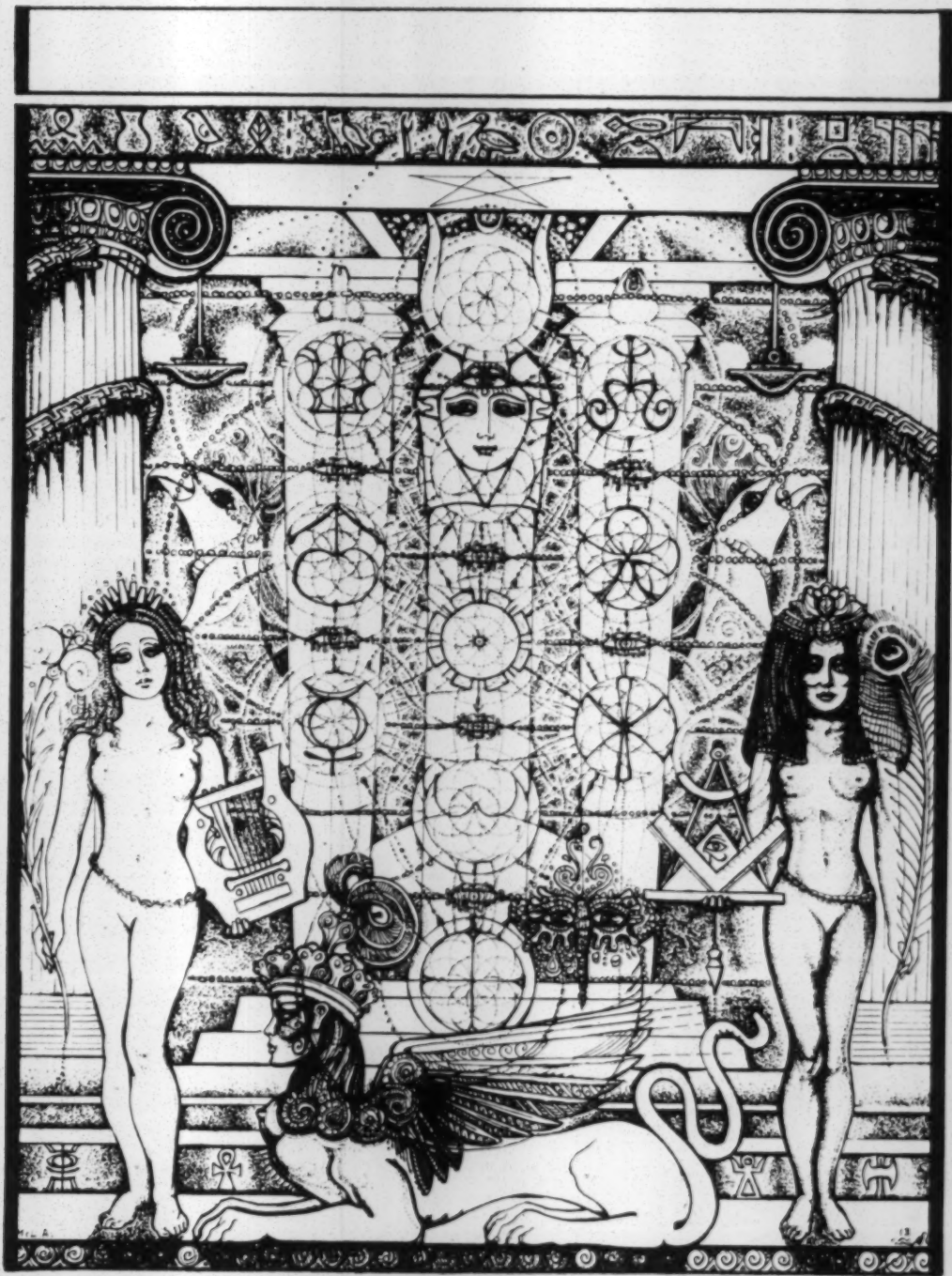




ZODIAC: + TREE ALPHABET CALENDAR:
THE MISTRESS OF THE ENNEASPHERE:



THE TWIN MISTRESSES
OF
THE HIDDEN TEMPLE



A PAGAN: TREE OF LIFE
SHANALVRA: + PAVOLVNGZHI:



NAKEDLY CLOTHED IN RINGLETS OF GOLD THE DRAGON SHE FLIES
DOWN STAR STRAIGHTENED TRACKS GLOWING IN EARTH FROM THE QUEENDOM OF SKIES



SHÁMALA. THE STAR MAIDEN. TEACHER

Dance

by Georgiann Bowley

*Yea, there is to be no pain;
For pain is death,
And death is ecstasy.*

*The Goddess quivers,
Gold and in the dying light
Ah! Alive the blood flow
Rivers of light, and streams
Of dew
Bestowed upon the holy Temple*

*Praying, they the hosts
And armies
Fight*

A Die, ye, Come!

*For this is Holy War
And Scarlet shall ye bear
Alone*

*Fight, o Silver One,
Gleaming in the Sun
Joy Joy
O bear ye little ones
The grave and silent
Towered multitudes
Against the heat
Cold, cold*

*For the beat, the beat, the beat
The Sun Drum
Calling, calling
Out the Jungle come
O black skinned One
And blue*

*[Into the grove they file
Shh, the chill, the misty space
And to the brook, shrouded
And the delicate
Tiny moss]*

*Holy! Spring
Up into the dazzling
Atmosphere, diamond
Hand, why bright,
And on thy foot a sapphire gleam,
A tiny speck,
Is dust?*

*Be out, o misty Tree form!
Dance upon the bower
Exiled.*

*For thy breath is sweet,
O loved One,
And thy being glitters.*

*Dance upon the shrouded form!
This thy wage.*

*To Thee shall open up
Mysterious, brooding
And sweet,
And under the feet
Marbled, encasing
Rivers and streams,
And pulsating freshness
Of form.*

©Copyright 1977 by Georgiann Bowley



Salt

(ECCLESIASTES)

by Polaris, Yael Ruth Dragwyla

*Amber tides of sunlight
Pour steadily, silently
Down through a woven roof
Of a milliard rustling, whispering
Sun-warmed velvet leaves,
Pooling on the leaf-mulched
forest floor
To drain away eventually
Through lives and deaths
And fates and revolutions
To the great sea
That laps the stars
And runs from rim to rim
Of the universe.*

*Wandering breezes caress the
branches
And the leaves
Of the gnarled, ancient,
bearded trees
With strokes now timid,
Now lascivious.
A fox lies in
The languid emerald branches
Of warm, wet grasses
In a clearing;
A vagrant, drifting wind
Ruffles her fur*

*And moves on.
May lies, all cerise fever
And yellow heats,
Within her breast, her loins:
She whimpers, pants,
Twitches in her sleep
And then is once more still.
On the westerly side of one
great oak,
Sheltered from the sun of early
afternoon
By titan-arms of branches
And a canopy of leaves
And pillowed on a tolerant,
Massive root
Ares lies asleep;
In this delicious,
Delirious satin warmth of May,
Even Ares gives way to dream
And strange langours—
Rapt and bemused
By Aphrodites' magick,
He has stretched out here
To savour the afternoon,
And is now lost in dreams,
His long, slim-hipped form
Utterly still,
Every muscle loose and limp.*

His red lips, slightly parted,
Drink in the wines of spring;
The edges of his strong white teeth
Show beneath his strangely
delicate
Upper lip, touched now and again
With dancing afternoon sun.
The long, thick lashes
Of his shuttered eyes
Tremble fleetingly;
The nostrils of his long, slender
nose
Flare, taking in perfumes
Of rose and thyme and dogwood.
His lean, powerful thighs
Are not now carrying him
to battle—
No. One rests, cocked,
Against the shaggy bark
Of the sheltering oak,
The other lies stretched out
On the soft cushion of the grass,
Submitting to the hypnotic
caresses
Of sun and wind. . .

Beside the tree,
Leaning on its rough warm side,
Staring down
Into Ares' lovely, dreaming face,
The stranger stands;
His dark, pensive eyes take in
The wind-ruffled black hair
With auburn lights
All tumbled about
The sleeper's long cheeks
And strong, lithe neck. . .
The great, lean body
All bronzed, and hard with
muscle. . .
The long slender hands
That unaided have strangled boars,
But now lie, helpless,
One above his head,
One at his hip. . .

As tall and lean and strong as Ares,
All blue-veined, sun-gilt marble
Where Ares is ruddy-bronze
And conch-vermillion,
The stranger grips the bark
With a fevered hand
Tendons like massive, ancient
Basalt-hard strangler vines
Standing out upon
Hard-muscled arm and wrist,
Hand-back and fingers. . .
Chunks of bark flake off,
Unnoticed,
Beneath digging, corded fingers.
The stranger sighs. . .
And looks up into azure skies,
Searching.
Then he smiles.

In his other hand the stranger
holds
A long pipe; he raises it
To chiseled lips, and a piping,
Slender jet of melody
Slowly rises up
Into the afternoon,
A gentle, insistent call;
For several seconds
His pipe trills,
Spreading an argent lace of music
Over field and woods.
Then, from out of bower and glade,
Up from meadows sparkling
in the sun
And down from dark, hidden forest
A rainbowed cloud
Of soft, feathery life comes flying:
Butterflies, swirling and dipping,
Wheeling and turning,
Gravely coming to obey
The stranger's call.
They reach the oak
And hover there in the silken air,
Waiting for his command—
He gestures with a graceful hand

And they slowly descend
And come to rest
On the soft, smooth skin
Of Ares' inner thighs,
Trembling there on pale-rose flesh,
Fluttering wings all gossamer
And living light. . .
And in his sleep, Ares sighs.
His slow breathing quickens.
The stranger smiles, tenderly. . .
He puts the pipe
To his strong mouth again
And brings forth a soft,
Insistent trilling:
The fluttering of the wings
Over Ares' legs and groin
Increases in tempo
Almost imperceptibly
To the watching eye—
But in minutes
The wings are frenzied,
Atom-light blurs. . .
And still the trilling
Continues,
And as the stranger watches
A tiny emerald head
Pokes up from the grass
Between Ares' swaying thighs,
Its eyes, two brilliant,
questioning notes
Seeking out the stranger's;
It finds an answer
And raises up
On a reedy, legless body
And falls forward
Onto Ares' sweating groin,
Cushioning itself on curling,
Spiralling amber locks.
A swift rush of cool air
From the beating wings
Of the butterflies
Washes over the meadow-snake,
Bathing it in perfumes
Of grass-flowers, meadow herbs,
Sweat, milk, honey and lust;

Urged on by it, the snake
Inquisitively touches its smooth,
cool nose
To Ares' rising manhood,
Exploring with its darting tongue
The hot and swelling flesh.
It lingers there, exploring
And considering
Until an impatient note
From the urging pipe
Orders it on. . .

Burrowing through the dark
red locks
At Ares' groin,
Bothered not at all
By the frenzied surge of butterflies
Now blanketing Ares'
trembling thighs,
It lays its head against tumescent
flesh
And begins its climb.
Slowly, all jade-pearl smoothness
And careful strength,
Testing its path at every
thousandth-inch
It begins its ascent
Along Ares' swelling phallos;
Its tail trails between
Ares' moving legs,
Flickering down the deep cleft
Of his hard, flat buttocks,
Touching briefly, again and again,
The rose-heart hidden there,
Tumbling among brick-hued locks,
Sliding across the swelling source
Of all of lust and life and continuity
Of Ares.
The lithe reptilian atomie
Wraps itself about
The great arrow
Springing from the quiver of
Ares' loins,
Gliding with aching slowness
To its carmine tip,

Its questing tongue
Dancing over the trembling,
Corded flesh
Of this living pillar
With carmine capital
Of the Temple of Triumph and
Strive,
Until finally
The turning, writhing reptile
Rests its jeweled head
Upon the satiny glans,
Gently moving its soft chin
Back and forth along the
burning skin.
Ares gasps and moans
In his fevered dreams,
His great thews flexing,
Writhing in unconscious pleasure.

The stranger
In a ferment
Of ecstatic concentration
Looks on upon
The fruits of his hard labour,
Sweat dripping down
His agile alabaster loins,
His great, swift feet
Dancing to his own piping call.
The tumultuous butterflies
Along Ares' vermilion thighs
Continue their swirling dance
At an ever-faster tempo;
The entranced meadow-snake
Clings to Ares' straining, thrusting,
Lust-nectared phallos
Gently squeezing the flaming flesh,
Kneading the dewy glans
With a knowing chin,
Looping and sliding
Its stroking, minute tail
Into every secret, aching crevice
And insistent swell
Beneath the questing, throbbing,
Enormous phallos. . .
Ares' eyes flutter open;

Ferverish air whistles through
his lips,
And in an agony of pleasure
He looks up through a fog of need
Into the stranger's pleading eyes—

The sun swims in the bloody skies
Of sunset,
Slowly sinking to the hot horizon.
The skies above are purple,
The eastern skies are indigo;
The evening wind, cool with dew,
Heals the delirious heat-struck land
And all that lives within it
From the fevers of the day.
Wrapped in a blanket
Of lazy, grinning butterflies
Two tired, joy-filled
Healed Gods stir.
The exhausted snake
Lies asleep in the crook
Of Eros' arm.
Eros looks down into
The shining eyes of Ares,
And kisses the other's giving,
tender mouth.
Ares' dark head
Lies pillowed on Eros' arm;
Eros lies across the arched,
Strong chest and stomach
And relaxed legs of Ares,
Shielding him from past loneliness
And any prying eyes or hostile hand
Or malicious mind
That might come by and catch
his tired lover
Unprepared for battle.
"I love you," whispers Ares—
Eros kisses him again
On mouth and eyes and temples,
Throat and ear,
Traces a path along Ares'
high cheek
With a caressing finger,
And sighs, and lays his head

Upon Ares' strong shoulder,
Smiling in hesitant,
Tremulous,
Reborn hope and will. . .
Ares' arms enfold
The broad back of Eros,
Even as Eros cradled Ares
With his own sheltering arm.
Their long legs intertwine,
They lie in the silver flood
Of the rising moon,
Finally fulfilled
After aeons of fruitless,
 searching lust,
Empty coupling with silly,
 lesser gods
And sillier heroes, queens
And whorish poets.

And in the ancient forest
Great Pan laughs, silently,
Rubs His brown hands together
In gleeful triumph
And carefully slips away,
No breaking twig or crackling leaf
To mark His passage.
Further away,
He begins a bounding run
To the moon-laved mountains
And jutting cliffs
That separate these primordial
 woods
From the desecrating predations
Of small-minded,
 wizened-hearted souls
Of peoples burdened
With the stunting enlightenment
Of Logical Positivism.
Up the canyons, up the cliffs
He leaps, to the highest ridges;
Lifting His syrinx to
 brown-bearded lips
He lets out His wild cry of triumph:
LO-AH! LO-AH! LO-AHHHH...
Soon these fortress mountains

That hide His teeming glens
Shall no longer need
To be guarded by His
 daemon troops,
And His lands will lie safely open
To all humanity;
Ares and Eros have come at last
To one another,
And the world will soon be healed.
LO-AH! LO-AH! LO-AHHHH. . .

Someday, in this wooded land
The coupling of these two
 titanic Dreams
Shall have brought forth
Out of Eros' straining bowels
The Twins Who shall go forth
To lead weary Humanity
Back to the realms of Pan.
Pan, the Ultimate Matchmaker,
Has, as Their hopeful Godfather,
Already picked out names for them:
Genius
And Humour.

LO-AHH! LO-AAHH! LO-AAHH!

[And Pan, tired of chortling
Over His sweet coup,
Lies down to sleep,
His shaggy head
In the lap of Night.]

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The Mass of Ptah

David K. Picklesimer

The mass, from the Catholic mass, the Wiccan mass, to the rites of Bacchus, is probably one of the oldest known ceremonies, if not *the* oldest. It is also one of the simplest and easiest to understand and perform. It is merely taking some substance symbolic of the god/dess being invoked, consecrating it to that deity, and consuming it.

"The magician becomes filled with God, fed upon God, intoxicated with God. Little by little his body will become purified by the internal lustration of God; day by day his mortal frame, shedding its earthly elements, will become in very truth the Temple of the Holy Ghost. Day by day matter is replaced by Spirit, the human by the divine; ultimately the change will be complete; God manifest in flesh will be his name."

— *Magick in Theory and Practice*
by A. Crowley (pg. 182)

* * * * *

1. The Opening of the temple

Light candles and incense. Perform Banishing ritual of the Pentagram and Hexagram, banishing, then invoking. Strike the bell once and recite the First Enochian Key:

Ol sonuf vaoresaji gohu IAD Balata, elanusaha caelazod: sobrazod-ol Roray i ta nazodapesad, Giraa ta maelpereji, das hoelqo qaa notahoa zodimezod, od comemahe ta nobeloha zodiën; soba tahil ginonupe pereje aladi, das vaurebes obolehe giresam.

Casarem ohorela caba Pire: das zodonurenusagi cab: erem ladanahē. Pilahe farezodem zodenurezoda adana gono ladapiel das home-tohe: soba ipame lu ipamis: das sobolo vepe zodomeda poamal, od bogira aai ta piape Piamoel od Vaoan! Zodacare, eca, od zodameranu! odo cicale Qaa; zodoreje, lape zodoredo Noco Mada, Hoathahe I A I D A!

"I declare the Temple open."

2. Make the sign of the point on the forehead of everyone present with the oil of Abra-Melin. Then say:

"Let us adore Ptaḥ, Lord and creator of the Universe."

3. Face east, all say:

"Ā Ptaḥ (Hail Ptaḥ, I adore Ptaḥ, All homage to Ptaḥ)

Ṭua Ptaḥ

Anet-ḥra-ḳ Ptaḥ"

Holding the Lotus wand by the white part, make the sign of Spirit.

4. Strike the bell once, saying:

"Uben-kuā em suḥt āmt ta šeta"

(Arise out of the egg in the hidden land)

5. Take up the bread and strike it once with the white part of the wand, saying:

"Thou art the Flesh of Ptaḥ, nourish us that no part of us is not of the great God."

6. Dip the tip of the sword in the wine saying:

"Thou art the blood of Ptaḥ, elevate our souls that no part of us is not of the great God."

7. The priest partakes and while the people receive the basis they recite:

āu ām tau surā-nā (ārp or mu-water) unX-kuā pa-nā em bāk ne-qeq-nā em smen Xenen-nā em pefa erma āat ḥeb Ur. but sep sen ān qeq-ā pu ḥesu ān Quq-ā betu ka-ā ān āq-f er Xat-ā ānX-kua eref emmā reX-sen neteru Xu ĀnX-ā seXem-ā emtau-sen seXem-ā qeq-ā su Xer semam ām Ḥet-ḥert ḥent-ā āri-ā āabet āri-ā tau em Ṭetteṭu uaḥit em Ānu unX-ā ṭāāu Mātait āḥā-ā ḥems-ā er bu merer āb-ā ām ṭep-ā em Rā temṭ-ā em Temu āftu Rā āu ent ta per-ā nes-ā em Ptaḥ ḥetit-ā em Ḥet-ḥert seXa-ā t'etet Temu en ātef-ā em re-ā sek-f ḥent ḥemt Seb seṭ ṭepu ḥer-f sent eref am nem-tu ānu em neXtu āp-tuā āuā neb ta en Seb nehēp qebḥ Seb ṭā-f-nā Xāāu-f uaḥ-nā ammu Ānu ṭep-sen nuk ka-sen user at er at nek-ā seXem-ā em ḥeḥ

(I)eat bread, I drink wine, I put on apparel, I fly like a hawk, I cackle like a goose, and I alight upon the path hard by the hill of the dead on the festival of the great being. That which is abominable, have I not eaten; and that which is foul have I not Swallowed. That which my ka doth abominate hath not entered into my body. I have lived according to the knowledge of the glorious Gods. I live and get strength from their bread, I get strength when I eat it beneath

the shade of the tree of Hathor, my lady. I make an offering, and I make bread in Tattu, and oblations in Annu. I array myself in the robe of the goddess Maitait, and I rise up and I set me down wheresoever my heart desireth. My head is like unto the head of Ra; when my limbs are gathered together, I am like unto Tmu. The four regions of Ra are the limits of the earth. I come forth; my tongue is like unto the tongue of Ptah, my throat is even as that of Hathor, and I tell forth the words of my father Tmu with my lips. He it is who constrained the handmaiden, the wife of Seb; and unto him are bowed all heads, and there is fear of him. Hymns of praise are sung in honour of my mighty deeds, and I am accounted the heir of Seb, the lord of the earth, the protector. The god Seb giveth cool water, he makes his drawings to be mine. They who dwell in Annu bow down their heads before me, for I am their bull. I grow strong from moment to moment; my loins are made strong for millions of years.²⁾

8. All say:

"Oh-lord Ptah make strong our bodies and pure our souls. We give thanks to you for your blessings and worship you in silence."

9. The bell is struck once and much incense is burned.

10. All join hands and circumambulate three times widershins.

1) 86 words in this Enochian Call (which invokes the whole tablet of spirit), 169 words in English Call (from Liber LXXXIX VEL CHANOKH), or write Conq. Child. —ED.

2) Based on a passage from the Egyptian Book of the Dead; Budge. -ED.

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EV TO TTXV

I

*The mountain harks to
the call of the lowly earth
and the sea smiles.*

*The Wind seeks the mare,
and brings forth order out of
the father, chaos.*

III

II

*The rocks of the earth
support the azure and the
emerald sea-sky.*

*The all-devourer,
having begat all that is,
levels the mountains.*

David K. Picklesimer

*The sun breathes vital
breath into the dead clay and,
it springs up, laughing.*





**A Comment on Communications
From the Aeon of Maat**

*Beta is a commentary on the Book of Maat (Liber
Pennae Praenumbra, Cinti. Journal, vol. 1, no. 1).*

*Nema is very interested in reactions to the Book
of Maat. All communications may be sent in care of the
Journal. -ED.*

This commentary cannot be completely satisfactory to all. A certain level of background knowledge is assumed; it is inevitable that some will see a belaboring of the obvious, while others will find a great deal of it incomprehensible. To the former, I pray patience; to the latter, I recommend an intensification of study. It will refer to the text according to concepts, although the main referents are sections and paragraphs. To begin:

1. "By the same mouth" is the first statement of the formula of the Word of the Book. The speech and reception of nectar, creation and destruction, the cycle of Brahma—are conducted by the same mouth. "Mother of the Sun"—Maat is the Upper Air, wherein rides the Solar Barge of Ra. "Counterweight of the Heart"—the feather is in one pan, the heart of the dead is in the other pan of the scales of Anubis, judge of the dead in the court of Osiris.

2. The "nine gates" are the eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, anus, genitals. The senses and organs of eating, elimination, copulation, and excretion, are one, in that they are the interface between "self" and "Universe".

3. $2=0$. The Alchemical formula of Heru produces a Super-consciousness, the Zero. The Black Flame, a contradiction in terms, is the Zen reality that moves Hadit (the observer-point) from Hod to Da'ath, outside the Tree. Pra-NU is Prana, Prakriti and Nuit—the Universe expressed as breath, matter and stars—in short, the Creating Act of Brahma.

Title—"She-That-Moves". Presented as neuter-female motion, Maat's balance is dynamic, not static. She remains upright because of motion.

4. This refers to the Isis-Osiris-Horus legend. As the AEons progress, the Magickian has at his disposal the formulae from previous times in addition to the working formulae of his own incarnation-period.

5. The "promised land of milk and honey" is the outer reference; in addition, the Hindu "Ocean of Milk", or primeval matter, is referred to. The Gynander is the female emphatic of Androgyne. Magickally speaking, there is no difference.

6. The Lord of Parts, Osiris, was installed as King of the Dead by his son, Horus, who is the Bird (Hawk) referred to herein. The Beast is Therion, who superseded the AEon of Osiris with the AEon of Horus by the writing of Liber Al.

The Kingdom of the Sun is the territory of the Crowned and Conquering Child.

The Eternal Child is Lao Tzu, and his way is the Tao.

DIALOGUE

Since an AEon supposedly endures for two thousand years, the Voice naturally questions the presence of Maat in the AEon of Heru, which is only seventy years old.

Her reply indicates that there is no hard-and-fast distinction between these two AEons—that Maat is Heru's vehicle, both as Feather (truth) and Air (prana/life). The course of the ages is well-established by Set/Shaitan.

The triple Veils of Maat are the forms of Isis, Nuit, and BABALON—different aspects assumed according to circumstance.

Maat is Lady of space and time—Prakriti Herself. None can fix limits to her manifestation, since She is the totality of manifestation. The mouth is her instrument—inhalation, exhalation, breath and speech.

THE WORD OF FLIGHT

Gods are not do-ers, but be-ers and go-ers. Balance is maintained by onward motion, such as the balance of the bicyclist, the airplane or the gyroscope. Hesitation, cowardice, indolence, distraction, or diverted direction all lead immediately to the Abyss and a plunge therein.

The brake—the fatal flaw of god-consciousness—is the Ego-self. Gods doubt not their powers, nor pride themselves upon their virtues. When Ego transforms into pure forward motion, motion without object or subject, then has the Magickian become a god. When motion is transcended, the Magickian no longer exists, is nothing.

1&2. The bird-images are according to the Tree of Life as



follows:

The Swan is Kether, as it is a glyph of Aum. The Heron as Chokmah is a symbol of ancient and paternal Wisdom. The Owl denotes Binah, being a bird of night and darkness. Also the connection with Athena is implied, the stern patroness.

The Raven is the bird of Odin, assisting his rulership in Chesed. The Cockerel is a symbol of the warlike nature of Geburah, in terms of duel-to-the-death cockfights. The Hawk, Heru, is Tiphereth.

The Peacock is Venus' bird, the singular image for Netzach. The

Hummingbird is a type of Mercurial swiftness for Hod. The Loon cries at dusk, and is a dreamlike, haunting factor of Yesod.

The Eagle represents Malkuth in Alchemical workings. In union with the Lion, she resolves Malkuth again into Kether. The Ibis of the Abyss is Thoth, giver of Knowledge to Man, and representing the non-Sephora Da'ath.

3&4. The one who snares is the Ego-self. Whether it be the Ego of another or the Ego of the self, the leaden results are the same. One cannot fly as long as one is bound to an identity. The balance of Anubis determines the purity of the heart—the heart versus the feather on the scales. Anything weighing more than Maat, Truth itself, cannot progress nor cross the Abyss.

5. None can restrict the Magickian save himself.

6. The form of the Black Flame, while having overtones of Binah, is the image of the Ain Soph Auer. Black is not, in this case, the absence of light, but the cancellation of it. The radiance and absorption is so finely balanced that the Astral vision perceives black as the color of the Flame. This is Limitless Light because its operative ecology constantly recycles all radiance without energy-loss. Matter/energy can only be changed, not annihilated.

7. This is the chart of the flow of the ninety-three Current. Maat here declares Herself to be the Current itself—and so She is, in the highest form of Prana. The Andromeda Galaxy is the proximate large-scale focus of the Current: Sirius and Sol are the small-scale foci. The Current's generating origins are not yet stated.

8&9. This is a recapitulation of the godforms of the AEon of Heru. "Passing beyond" indicates the level of consciousness wherein the Magickian transcends the practice of Magick. When one ceases to exist, there is no possibility of "doing" anything. The veil of the "existence" of the Magickian is but an earthing-vehicle for the Current. Ritual may still be performed, but there is no-one performing it; it simply happens.

10-12. Chthonos is matter-energy. Ychronos is time. Together they constitute the space-time continuum, and are reciprocals. The works of Albert Einstein are perhaps the best reference to the nature of this relationship; the Magickian will find himself using these supraelements before completely comprehending the theories. They are not necessarily amenable to an intellectual approach.

13.— The remainder of this section is self-explanatory in the light of current historical trends of sexual equality.

THE SHOWING OF THE IMAGE

The consciousness of the human race is moving toward the state which will signal the advent of the AEon of Maat. This is a type of Gestalt-Persona, wherein the individuals will share, in addition

to their unique consciousnesses, a planet-wide awareness and empathy of being Man. The long-dreamed-of Utopia of the race will manifest soon.

There does already exist small instances of this group-consciousness. The gestalts are not yet stabilized in the Kingdom as of this writing, but those working with the Current 93 in proper fashion will have experienced the Gestalt.

The vulture-image is shown to demonstrate the proportionate nature of Death in this consciousness. The Lovers of Fire are the Parsees, descendants of the ancient Zoroastrians.

THE GIVING OF THE WORD

1-8. Again, a recapitulation of what exists.

9-10. The reality of the Abyss, the "crossing" of which is a prerequisite of Maat-consciousness, is more textured than the term would imply. Only through the persistent exercise of the total individual Will, can the Abyss be transcended; the illusion of Ego is constantly being regenerated by the play of Nuit. The initial leap of accepting one's individual non-existence must be followed by continuous acts of death; only when the acceptance becomes an habitual mode of awareness at all times in the waking consciousness can one begin operating in terms of Maat.

11. In operating from the dynamic equipose of Maat, the Magickian achieves mastery of the Compleat Transmutation. He wills the generation of any Ego-mask needed for the Great Work, and employs it with consummate artistry. Only the purely ego-less may achieve the fullness of Maat; and only those firmly centered in Maat may use this technique of Ego-generation safely and successfully.

The ordinary human consciousness needs familiar appearances in another with which to relate and interact. Therefore, the Magickian becomes the needed person at the proper place and time for those the Current directs his way.

The Dance of the Mask begins with the invocation of a suitable godform. From the godform is taken the essence of the Mask, which is then methodically brought down the Tree via each Sephora until it is enriched and balanced with all the subtle nuances of a "Nature-generated" personality. It is then earthed in the Kingdom through action, social intercourse, and acceptance by other "Natural" personalities.

Herein lies the danger: the play of Nuit (or the veils of Maya) are so subtle, persuasive and convincing, that a moment's lapse of control renders the Mask a "reality." Then, the process of Ego-death must begin again. . . and with greater difficulty, for a perfectly-constructed Ego is much stronger and resistant to destruction than a "Natural". The greater the care and craftsmanship that went into its

making, the stronger is its will-to-live. Also, given the nature of the Race of Man, the Ego-masks that are most effective in changing the consciousness of the "Naturals" tend to lie in the extreme ranges of the illusion of "good" and "evil".

An "evil" Ego-mask is easier to control and recall to non-existence, generally speaking, for the subconscious pressures of the "Naturals" acquainted with it tend to push it into oblivion . . . except in cases where the Magickian is working with "Naturals" who are of similar predisposition. A "good" mask receives the subconscious support of its Natural fellows, and thereby requires the utmost delicacy and control on the part of the Magickian. It is advisable not to undertake the Mask of a saint unless there is physical access to one's Magickal peers.

12. A point is made here regarding the Mass of the Holy Ghost, as a preparation for the further instructions regarding the Mass of Maat. Indeed—the M.H.G. is most effectively performed by Magickians of equal ability who share in the Gestalt. The Eagle, having contributed her share of essence in the making of the Elixir, should participate in the consuming of it—otherwise a serious energy-imbalance results. For the Lion to be the only priest in this ritual is nothing more than psychic vampirism.

13-15. Herein is the procedure of the Mass of Maat given. Begin with the statement of Thelema. Banish, then meditate, using the Word of this Book as mantra. This will bring to the conscious minds the reality of bisexuality, regardless of physical form. The Lion becomes Lunar, and the Eagle is the active, Solar agent for the first part.

Maat is invoked. (551)

The Lion (Air) concentrates prana in the two lower chakras as Eagle (Feather) stimulates his Muladhara centre and receives the first flowing of the Swadhishatana chakra.

Air rises on the planes. Feather, having received the Nectar, absorbs it at the Anahata chakra and moves it through the Vishuda, Ajna, Sahasrara (where it unites with the Current), down to the Bindu and back through the Anahata. This is repeated, with increasing intensity until the Prana "fountains up" through the Sahasrara and "rains" down through the persona, wherein it collects in the inmost of the triple-chambered-shrine. (The three chambers being vulva, vagina and uterus.)

This pooled Prana is the combination of the initial Prana of Air and the essences of the five upper chakras of Feather. Moreover, by the circular process described above, it is in the utmost distillation, and is the "gold" referred to in the text.

Feather awakens Air in the subtlest manner possible, again assuming the active mode of Nu-Kali. Union follows—the outer release being paralleled by the Pranic union of the Nectar of gold

with Lion-blood and Eagle-tears.

Following this, Air becomes the Solar agent and Eagle is Lunar. "By the same mouth" is the Elixir obtained and shared. Some may be left for the charging of talismans, weapons, etc. The most effective mode is in the Moon-time, wherein the added vibrations of chthonos-ychronos are manifest.

Thelema presently operates $2=0$. The Mass of Maat uses this in the form $2+x=\frac{2}{0}$ wherein the impossible manifests. It is a unisex working; role-reversal is carried to the extent of physiological possibility without resort to artificial implements.

The Elixir is not a simple Alchemical combination, but is a triplicity ($x=Maat$) and, by extension, infinite.

Dichotomy no longer applies. Energy is now a vector-function of motion, generated by three infinity-sources. Maat, priest and priestess are hermaphrodite-gynanders. By extension and in varied format, the Maat-working is valid for an individual or a group. The number and type of physical vehicles makes no difference. The homosexual possibilities are obvious.



IPSOS = "IPSE" + "OS" = "the same mouth."

Experience in its use has varied from the silent mantra-repetition to full-voiced vibration of it. It has moved physical objects when used aloud; in silence, it dissolves the self. It cannot be adequately discussed, only experienced.

5. Herein is named the source of the Magickal Current, first mentioned as coming through Andromeda. "By the same mouth"...

Man is the source. Our children's children, unknown generations hence, the true Magi of the AEon of Maat, are sending us the means of evolution.

They, masters of the space-time continuum, are aiding us to evolve. We also are the children of ourselves. Each time we venture past-wards into the Akasha, our presence effects a consciousness-change in those we observe, especially ourselves in prior incarnations.

Past, present and future are but reference-points in the organic development of the Race. Entropy is a constant, physically, and consciousness-development is its reciprocal.

After we have achieved the race-consciousness, we shall join the Comity of Stars. This is a marvellous Intelligence that has existed from the beginning of this cycle, and shall endure to the end. The youngest members are those planetary races that have achieved global consciousness. There are those whom we see as stars . . . plasma-beings whose race-consciousness form the galaxies. There are the absorptive ones whom we perceive as masses of interstellar



dust and gas, such as the Horsehead Nebula. There are those who are willed supernovae, "quasars" neutron-stars, pulsars and "black holes". The ones who are composed of contraterrene matter (reversed atomic charges) were the origins of the concept of the Qlipoth, although their natures are most benign.

These Brethren await our development patiently . . . when all sentient beings have achieved complete awareness, we unite, and transcend the space/time continuum entirely. This is the essence of the Boddhisattvic Vow. Those of us who have willed to take the

Vow are committed to the furthering of evolution toward this Unity.

At the Heat-Death of the Universe, Or the Night of Brahma, we will again form the Ylem and allow creation to occur.

The reason for the Dance is the joy thereof . . . that, and no more. TAT TVAM ASI.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law; love is the law, love under will.

By the hand of Nema.



From the Night of Pan, in madness and sin

Comes the Shadow of Man, that the play may begin.

Maat is the future, which is of the now and the past. Knowledge and innocence balanced to form Truth, which is the Tao manifested in motion, time, and space.

The past is the illusion of death. Knowledge through polarities and opposites, through opposition and destruction—contradiction! Ego is the illusion of separation.

Tao is the breath of Maat. The in and out of opposites is Balance in the In-between. Everything—or all life and death—flows through you and you through it. Accept All and Naught through survival which is nature, or cause and effect.

Saturn is the Lord of Karma, and Karma is the chains of yesterday's ordeals and tests which produce growth and evolution. Pain and pleasure, life and death, man and woman are all two sides of the same coin.

The future is the same as the present and past.

Essentially there is no difference except for the joy of union.

There exist now children of the future. We are our own children.

The mutants have arrived.

—shadow
5/7/77 e.v.

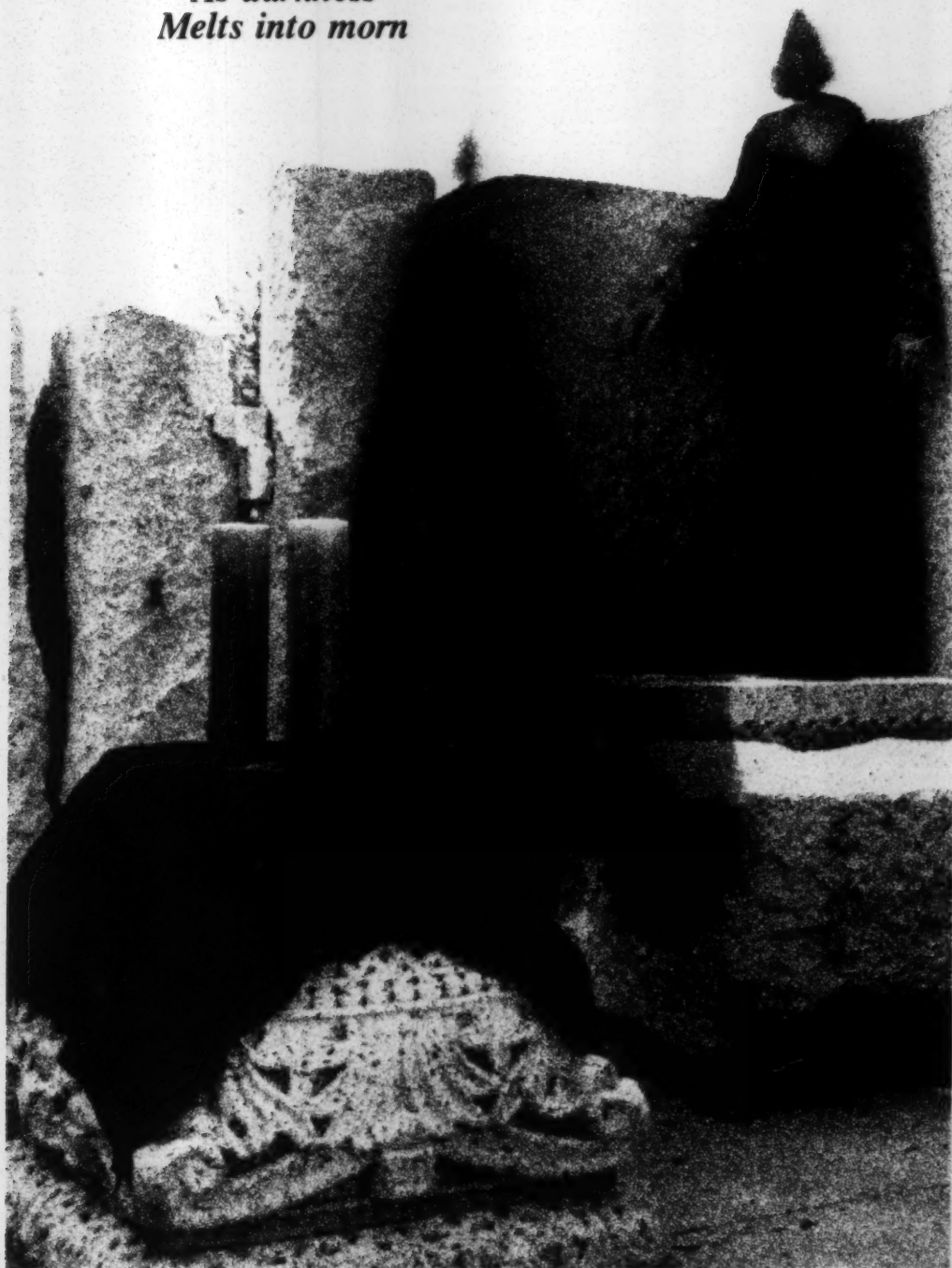
INVOCATIONS
Bate Cabal of the West

Ritualists:
Che
Samekh
SH.M.CH.H.

Photography:
(3.14159x4)



*It I raise
Formless
Shadow born
Kronos Child
As darkness
Melts into morn*



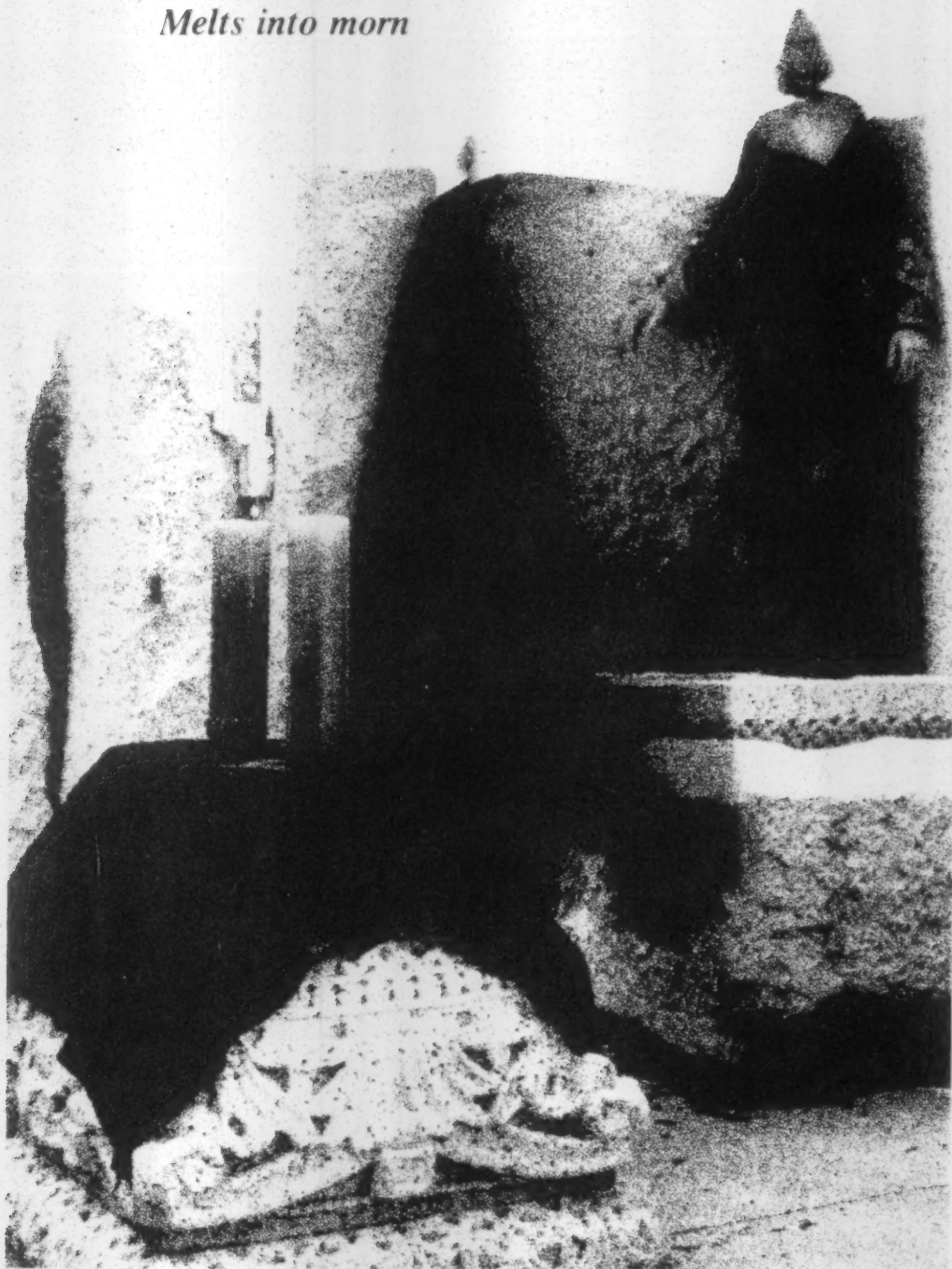
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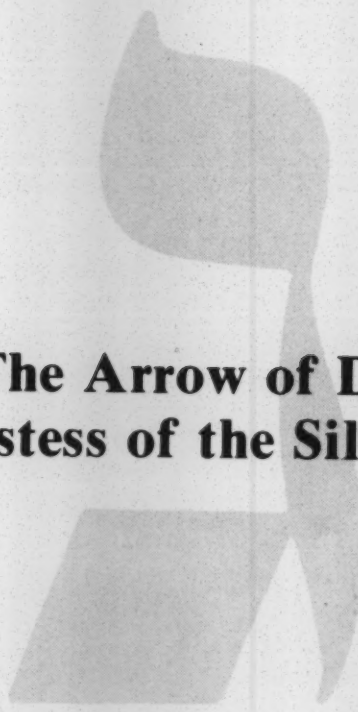


HYMN TO AMEN - RA

*O Amen-Ra, who dost rest upon
Maat; as thou passest over the
heavens every face seeth thee.
Thou dost wax great as thy majesty doth
advance, and thy rays shine upon
all faces. Thou art unknown, and
no tongue hath power to declare thy
similitude; only thou thyself canst
do this.*

*Hail to thee, who art
doubly crowned in Heliopolis.*





**The Arrow of Diana
Priestess of the Silver Star**





Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

**Official Statement
Concerning the
Ordo Templi Orientis
(O.T.O.)**

Certain individuals have questioned the authority of the O.T.O., as re-organized by Kenneth Grant in accordance with the evolution of the 93 *Current* transmitted by Aleister Crowley from Shaitan-Aiwass in 1904 e.v.

The vitality of a magical current may be assessed by its products. It should be evident to all but the voluntarily blind, therefore, that the various shoots of the original O.T.O. — bar one — have, by this criterion, proved themselves virtually impotent.

Readers should consider the fact that all books on Crowley that appeared prior to Grant's *Typhonian Trilogy* reveal an almost total ignorance on the part of their authors as to the three major concerns of the *Book of the Law*. We refer to: 1) the importance of extra-terrestrial influences and the necessity for establishing proper contact with them through the magick of the New Aeon; 2) the mode of their invocation by magical means; 3) the science of the *kalas* (psycho-sexual emanations of fully polarized male-female organisms) which lies at the heart of the *Book of the Law* and which is the substratum of all its teachings and the key to the curious cyphers (literary and numerical) which abound in its pages. In point of fact, no books to this day — with the exception of Grant's — treat of the most secret magick of the *kalas* and their use in the psycho-sexual mysteries of the 93 *Current*.

Read Cammell, Hutin, Regardie, Symonds, et al. We repeat: no

book published before 1972¹ contains so much as an allusion to these matters. Whilst Symonds was jeering at Crowley and his antics in *The Great Beast*, and in various introductions to Crowley's posthumously published works, Grant was pursuing researches that were to supply the vital keys to an initiated understanding and direction of the *93 Current* as transmitted through the *Book of the Law*.

In the previous issue of this newsletter,* and in the introduction to the new *O.T.O.* edition of *Liber AL*,² Crowley himself has been quoted in respect of the changes which he knew would have to occur if the *O.T.O.* were to survive as a fully functioning vehicle of the *93 Current*. It was Grant who ultimately effected these changes. But in tearing down the old and rigid system of graded advancement — which depended mainly on fees and favours — he called down upon himself an avalanche of protest from those who were in a position to profit materially from the obsolete system.

Karl J. Germer, having proved himself blind to the implication of Crowley's letter to him,³ failed to understand and accept them when — soon after Crowley's death — Grant submitted his plans for change. The remainder of the story has passed into 'magical' history. But at that moment, precisely, the *93 Current* surpassed Germer and he was no longer in a position to make decisions affecting the Order, which then came completely under the direction of Kenneth Grant. The division is precise and final and the choice lies with you.

It remains to remind those who support⁴ the old-aeon concept of the *O.T.O.*, that they have not produced — nor can they ever produce — the slightest evidence of a creative current in any of its forms, such as evidenced by the one here represented, which is therefore the Only True Order.

Consequently if, instead of wasting valuable time and energy in denying its living reality, such individuals were to strive to understand what the *93 Current* actually can mean for themselves and for humanity at large, they may reach a stage where these words will seem superfluous. To this end they should acquaint themselves very thoroughly, very profoundly, with Grant's *Typhonian Trilogy*, for **no where else in published form** have the genuine and ultimate formulae of practical occultism been made so fully available.

We take this opportunity of announcing Kenneth Grant's forthcoming work — *Nightside of Eden** — due to be published by Frederick Muller Ltd., in the Spring of 1977. It is a unique enchiridion of Draconian Magick, a Typhonian Tantra which supplies the invocatory calls that unseal the cells of Amenta. Man may ascend and irradiate his being to the utmost stars only by diving ever more deeply into the inner spaces of his essential non-being. Based upon one of the most dangerous *grimoires* received by Crowley from an

extra-terrestrial source, *Nightside of Eden* is in effect the ultimate chapter of the *Typhonian Trilogy*, presenting as it does a complete exposition of the entire system of Draconian Magick in relation to the dynamics of the 93 or *Ophidian Current*.

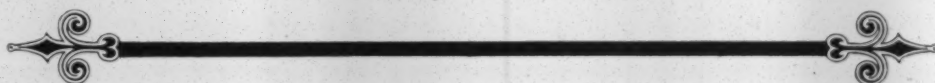
*Frater Draconis et Soror Sibuna
of the Sovereign Sanctuary IX⁰ O.T.O.
(Inner Council. London and New York, 1976 e.v.)*

- 1) Date of publication of *The Magical Revival*, the first volume of Grant's *Typhonian Trilogy*.
- 2) Published by J. Ayers & W. Siebert (New York), under the seal of the Sovereign Sanctuary, O.T.O.
- 3) Part published in *Mezla* #9.
- 4) Morally, of course, for belief is rarely strong enough, it seems, to extend to financial support.

* *Mezla* -ED.

★ See page 77, 'Resources' -ED.

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7 Men Possess the Land of Promise (MARschildren)

*In my youth I walked big city
sidewalks and walked
Ancient alone; tin thorough-
fares. My smile smote lords,
Comic characters, straw dolls;
16, so gutsy.
Gold guards deplored me
unreflecting halls. No more.*

*Roadblock stockades breed cold
whores in Manhattan's infernal
Shadow of Chicago, Graeco-
Italy and fled France into
Egypt.*

*I Zachariah. Asocial hell.
Sistine bosom my brothers'
Furnace frigid, winter Russian,
Raphael pit of destruction.*

*So old gates of death I bow
Iron-calf-life; like entranced
Seed shed sideshows; short
snorts. Now nostril death.
Clay burns crowned ass.
Genuflect! Low colorless crass*

*Wander deep grinning halls of
fame
Cros't hallowed walls fish.
Snake Dance. Thus
Lodging mirrors ever exist . . .
Et.al., lost essence of EX-ES.*

Travis Dobbs





TWO FINE MAGICKAL SHIELDS

(Student & Adept)

The theme of Magickal conflict is never complete without a discussion of shielding methods. The startling thing found when one searches for decent shielding methods is that one encounters shields that either appeal to one deity or another or rely on the basic "goodness" of the individual for efficacy.

The true Thelemic Magickian need not hide behind another be he god or man. Nor need he define his position as "good". It is sufficient that it is his position and his alone.

What, then, may the student do to develop a shield in keeping with Thelemic philosophy?

Firstly, define "shield". My arcane and trustworthy Webster's states that a shield is "any person or thing that guards, protects, etc." Note that it does not necessarily *oppose* or *confront* any energies directed against one. It merely protects one from those energies.

To protect one, a shield may effect one of three areas;

- 1.) the attacking force (opposition)
- 2.) the defending object (evasion)
- 3.) the intervening space between force and object (interposition)

To oppose a force effectively, one must use a force of equal or superior energy, potential or kinetic. (That is, energy that is at rest or in motion). This is the most risky of all shields as one never knows if

one is being attacked by a single person or a group or how large the group may be or how strong the attacker is. No matter how strong you are, there is someone somewhere stronger.

Thus an opposing shield can be smashed or the shielder can be worn down, as in a siege, until he drops the shield in exhaustion.

To evade a force is very good if one is capable of it. However, magickal force makes no distinctions between "here" and "there" so physical distance or location is no evasion at all. Astral evasion is only effective against the most elementary attacks such as the science-fiction/fantasy inspired "magical bolt".

Effective evasion, while the finest magickal defense I have ever come across, is not easily available to the student, for it involves removing oneself from the attacker's world. One must become completely aware of the reality that projects outward from one by Will.

At the risk of boring the Adept, I feel that a clear understanding of what is meant by Will is needed here to protect the student from assuming too much. Will, as is meant here, is the ever-present force that holds reality together. There can be no existence without Will. No existent thing controls Will, but rather Will controls all existent things. You do not have Will; Will has you. The definition is at best tenuous due to the uselessness of symbols in describing the equation $0=2$. Failure to understand the definition entirely is an indication that this shielding system is not yet for you. The ultimate test is that if you use it and it doesn't work then you didn't understand the concept. Don't flatter yourself into an early grave.

If you are acquainted with this state of mind (or consciousness or reality) then you can easily see that no attack on you can occur because there is nothing that is not you. Or, conversely, there is Nothing that is you. How might an existent thing affect a non-existent thing?

However, most practitioners have not gone this far and aren't familiar with non-symbolic thinking. As such, the best (and most popular) form of shield is the interposing type.

Familiars are often used as interpositional shields, taking the blow for their magickian-owners. This can get expensive and demoralizing when attacks take place as the Familiar often cannot live through the experience.

Abstract shields, experience has shown, are more durable and more easily strengthened or recharged. They have the added feature of being non-living and thus less messy.

A good visual conception of mathematics can lead to a fine shield that borders on evasion but allows a "bubble" of ego-inhabited universe to exist. Language problems again. This shield is based on the concept of an unreachable mathematical limit.

Consider the statement $\frac{1}{x}$. As x grows increasingly larger, the

fraction $\frac{1}{x}$ grows increasingly smaller. Thus the limit of the statement $\frac{1}{x}$ as x approaches infinity is 0. As the denominator becomes larger, the fraction becomes smaller. However, $\frac{1}{x}$ will never reach 0; it will always remain an eternally dwindling fraction.

Applied to distance, a limit could be defined by covering half the distance between two points, then covering half the remaining distance, and so on infinitely. You will find that you never arrive at a given point thinking this way.

What has this to do with a shield? Visualize this concept of limit within the shell of a hollow sphere around oneself. Imagine the shell as being one inch thick (an example, any thickness will do) with an infinite limit from the outside edge to the inside edge. No force or thought form can ever make it through that shield. Instead it will find itself travelling forever to cover one inch of shield.

To build this shield with a minimum of figure-flipping, visualize infinite space, or, if done ritually, invoke Nu. Use Saturnian force, or intelligence to compress the concept of space to an inch thick hollow sphere of predetermined size surrounding you. Recharge as often as your confidence in it wanes.

The shields described here have the advantage of not particularly needing ritualistic construction or formalized rigid symbology. They are simply and quickly activated and are extremely dependable and adaptable from tradition to tradition.

It is my hope that these methods find some use in a few magickal repertoires. Any who have questions, comments, and/or general information on related subjects they wish to share, may write:

Frater Umbilicus
1411 South 51st.
Tacoma, Washington 98408





“To Know, In Order To Serve”

An Official Publication of the O. T. D.

**“Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be
The Whole Of The Law”**

Liber X

⊙ in O, Anno I

Being an Introduction and History Lecture

on the Formation of the O.T.D.

“Love Is The Law, Love Under Will”

The Word Of The Law Is Thelema

by Authority of the O.H.O.;

*Fr. Seleneicthon
Magister,
Palm Beach County Branch*

*Auth. Fr. Merlinus 666, O.H.O.
Ordo Templi Dianos
4700 Selberg Lane, Lake Worth, Fla., 33460*

THE MIAMI WORKING *History Lection*

One dark, magickal night on the first day of Scorpio (23 Oct., '74), after a long midnight walk, the Adept repaired to his Temple, with thoughts of sleep on his mind. But this night was to be different.

All of a sudden, the hour of the Sun was upon him. He felt a strange feeling coming on him, so he sat down and grabbed a pen and note pad. Such was the beginning!

He slipped away into a trance, and did not return to the Physical Plane until the hour of Saturn (5 AM). On the pad were detailed instructions for the formation of an Occult Order, to be called, "ORDO TEMPLI DIANOS" - The Order of the Temple of Diana.

The name of the entity who communicated to the Adept was not made known to him until six months later on 4/18, the Spring Working. The name being Aleph, Mem, Resh, Zain = 248 (AMRZ = 22 = 11 X 2).

Introductory Lection

The O.: T.: D.: is an Occult Order whose members are dedicated to the study and practise of Magick, and the acquisition of Ancient Wisdom within the framework of the Western Esoteric Tradition.

Concerning Membership: All aspirants to the Order must be at least eighteen years old, and fill out the Membership Application and Questionnaire.

Their acceptance will depend mainly on their sincerity and devotion to The Great Work; however, the Director of Security will, upon receipt of their application, perform a divination to make sure that their Basic Harmonic would be in harmony with the Order.

Advancement in the Order is dependant on the aspirant's knowledge, abilities, sincerity, tests, and devotion to the Order.

So Mote It Be!

End

Night-Song: I

by Polaris, Yael Ruth Dragwyla

*The moon,
White medusa,
Trails shining tentacles of mad-
ness
Through the dark, placid sea of
the night.*

*Above, at the surface,
White flecks of phosphor
Dance on the waves of time —
Stars.*

*A cat, jelly-minnow,
Who glides languidly
Between the tentacles of Luna*

*With immunity,
Relieving the fastidious moon
Of parasites
As it feeds itself,
Flows from a fence
And makes its way off,
For a while,
To spawn,
And then again
Returns.*

*The moon
Tolerates the cat,
Who was born mad
And so retains
A certain immunity
To the sweet poison
Of the moon.*

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WHAT IS THE O.: T.: A.: ? by Frater Aleyin

NOSCE TE IPSUM

The ORDO TEMPLI ASHTART is a Hermetic-Rosicrucian Lodge in the Western Occult Tradition. Our Theurgy derives from the Clavicles of Solomon and the Qabalistic system of the ORDER OF THE GOLDEN DAWN. Without embracing the 'Law of Thelema', we are heirs to the Gnostic Tradition of the ORDO TEMPLI ORIENTIS through the dispensation of our late senior advisor, the Hon. Louis T. Culling. However we should not be confused with the orthodox Thelemic O.T.O. which still exists as a separate Order, having several enclaves claiming valid warrants. Although we are Masters of the O.T.O.'s 'Great Rite' we do not emphasize it as the central theme of our Magick. Our operations are primarily derived from the LEMEGETON, a medieval grimoire that calls for rituals in 'The Grand Manner' with all the drama and panoply of traditional Wizardry. We employ our own secret Phoenician Qabalah in preference to the Enochian system for advanced work in the ORDO ROSAE CRUCIS.

Our Order is sponsored by THE CHURCH OF THE HERMETIC SCIENCES, a California religious corporation chartered on October 23rd, 1970. The Church is non-denominational and does not proselytize a dogma or revelation. The ORDO TEMPLI ASHTART is secret and initiatory but not clandestine. Candidates must present themselves to the Chapter House where they wish to affiliate and gain the unanimous approval of the membership, whose officers

will then submit their petitions to GRAND LODGE for final approval. Applicants must be between 18 and 50 years of age, in good health with no physical handicaps, felony record or history of mental illness.

We offer no correspondence courses; no one can make you wise through the mail and knowledge without wisdom is wasted. As much as we can reveal of our Philosophy and Work is presented in our quarterly bulletin, THE SEVENTH RAY.

As for joining the O. . . T. . . A. . . , we must advise you that it is not easy. Your eventual acceptance might depend more on your intelligence, emotional stability and character than on your 'psychic powers'. Ceremonial Magick is an artistic discipline with measurable standards of competence and proficiency. Imagination is your greatest asset but internal strength is needed to control it. You must realize that you are dealing with Archetypal Forces from WITHIN YOURSELF as defined by the psychologist Carl Jung. If you do not wish to understand and master these aspects of the 'Deep Mind', we cannot be responsible for training you in the ancient Art of evoking them.

Before final acceptance a probationary period of several months is necessary—afterwhich you may receive a formal bid. The Initiation is a Temple pageant performed for each candidate individually by the entire Lodge in full regalia. We believe that it is one of the most impressive and meaningful 'Rites of Passage' you can experience in the Western World today.

The Order concentrates on the ancient rites of Magick in their original form. From the Great Circle, the Magus conjurs to visible appearance such entities as the Goddess Astarte. . . , the God Baal. . . and other mythological personifications in the Triangle of Art by ritual-hypnotic techniques which are authentic and effective. Such operations are performed in accordance with the principles of the Holy Qabalah and the precepts of this arcane Philosophy must be understood. Advanced operations involve assumption of these God-Forms, the Great Rite of Devine Congrex and attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. Astral journeys to the inner Spheres of the Yetzirah Dimension are conducted by adepti, previous incarnations are investigated by deductive and inductive methods and we experiment with astral time-travel — but we do not insist that our members 'believe' in any dogmatic interpretation of such experiences. Our attitude is more philosophical than religious.

Ceremonial Magick is not a science but rather an art. It combines the talents of the poet, the dramatist and the artist with the wisdom of the Great Philosophers, resulting in a unique practical development of Man's most potent intangible resource: his creative imagination. The ORDO TEMPLI ASHTART is most ideally suited to

the sophisticated romantic who seeks more than a glimpse of Camelot from afar and can effect what the poet Coleridge called: "The willing suspension of disbelief."

TU ES DEUS

*Frater Aleyin
Grand Master*

*Church of the Hermetic Sciences
P.O. Box 3341 Pasadena, Calif. 91103*

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ZoHaR xerox

*I 'proach my knees as does
Abandon free*

*His seed beneath this
nightflesh aged from Grace
Thrice begged, then died;
some ragged fantasy
These embers fuse in aethers,
face-to-face*

*Despair. Though Miners lost do
oft embrace*

*Theos (thine iron Face thin
men pray for);
Among those men no monu-
ment I trace
Nor Stone the likeness
Masons hunger 'fore.*

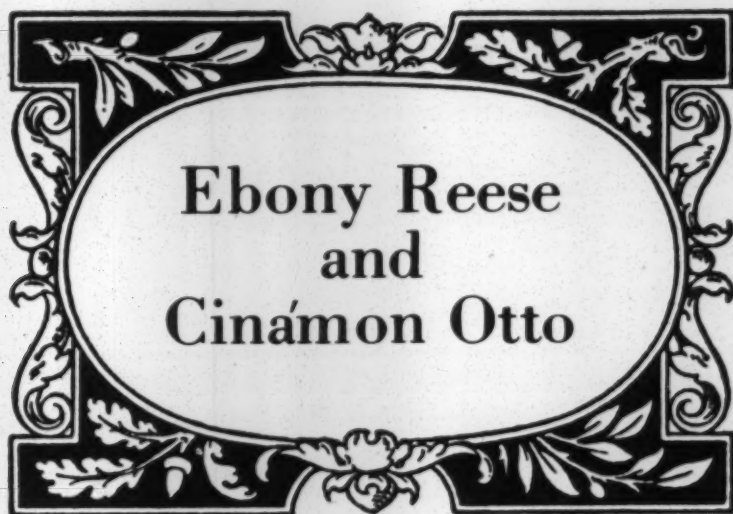
*Let they that roam within
Gloom's waiting wombs*

*Beware, embalmed my half-
bare bones forlorn
Breed graves; enchanted
Mimics groom old tombs
Forsaken; shells, Wheels,
where tomorrow's born*

*Do so immortal. Pilgrims
(poisoned youth*

*Whose fruit free falls) forsake
the Master's Truth.*

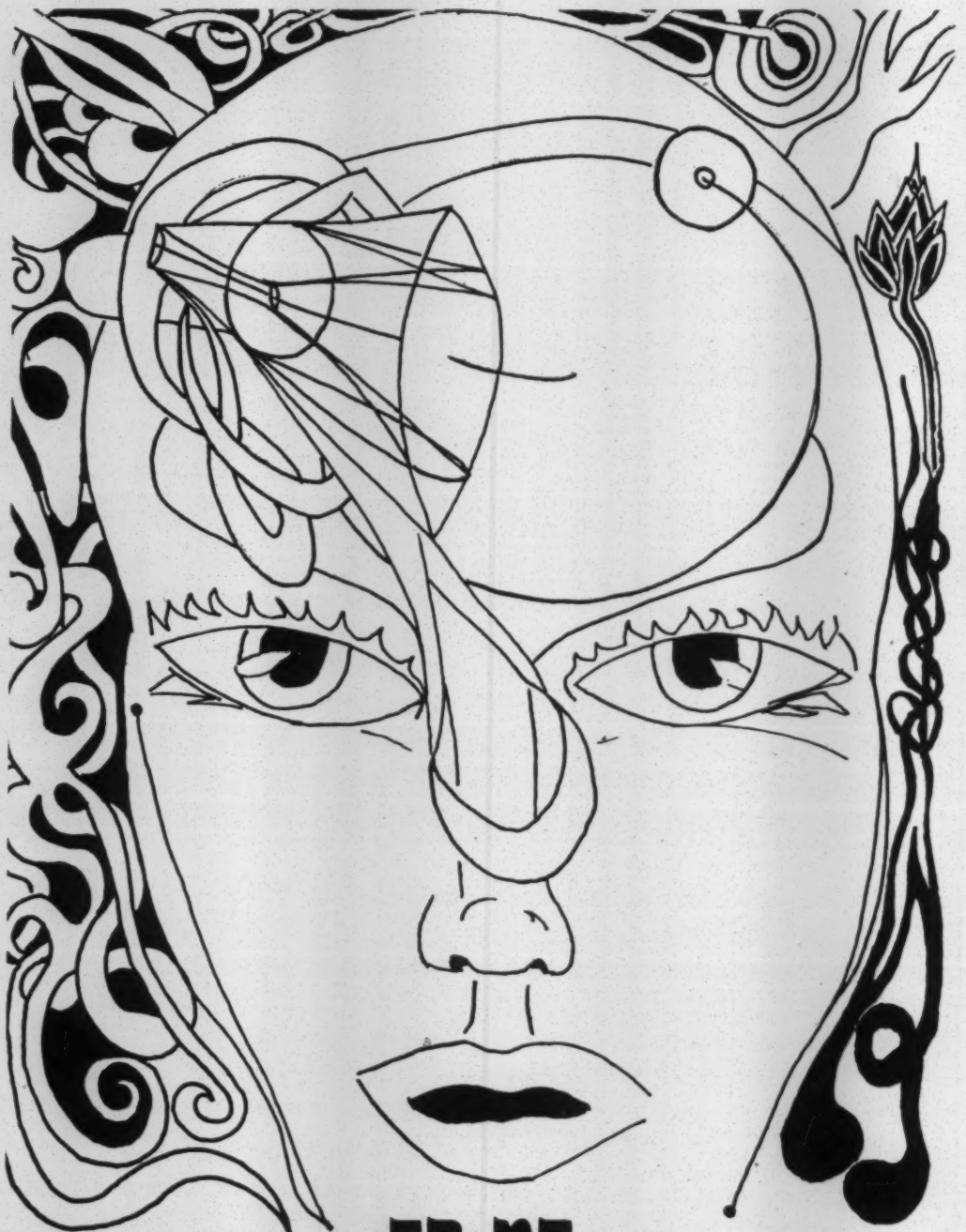
Travis Dobbs



MAKING LOVE

Cinámon Otto

*Can you feel me now
The Universe in motion;
Reaching up to touch the trees
Swaying on a crystal breeze;
Full devotion
To the Universe in motion.
Dedication
My heart is racing
My soul knows where to go
To heed the endless flow
Of the Universe in motion.
What a potion
Is the Universe in motion!
I hear the wind sighing
I see the waves flying
Waves of Love to celebrate
The utmost joy, insatiate.
To me! To me!
The priestess sings
Her velvet voice on golden wings
Reaching the ears of the Sun
Flowing with the Cosmic None.
Oh how great to fall into
The rushing sea of me and you
To kiss the ever flowing Ocean
Of the Universe in Motion.*



Drawing by Ebony Reese

TO BE

by Cinámon Otto

*Fiery inspiration
Flows from within
Mind set in motion
Wheels start to spin.
My pen meets the paper
In joy's swift delight*

*The Star Goddess smiles
On this soul ever bright.
The Serpent flame rises
Initiator true
We take off our disguises
To reveal the hidden hue.*

THE ELEVEN FOLD ALPHABET

Discovered by Ebony Reese and Cinámon Otto
In the Winter of 71 AN. Blessed Be.

Do what thou wilt
shall be the whole of the Law,
Love is the law, love under will

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K
L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V
				W	X	Y	Z			

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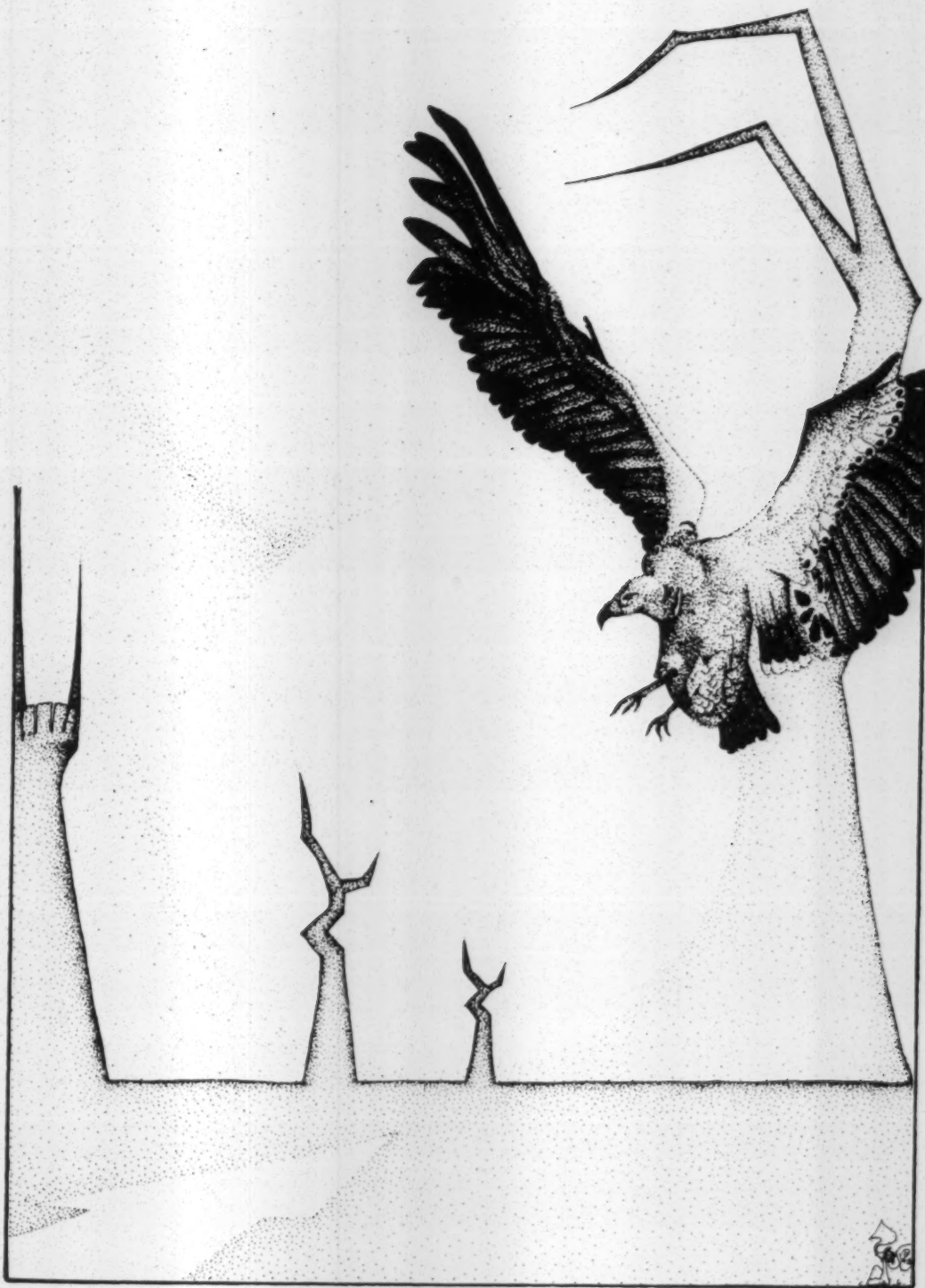
The Eternal Shark-Heart

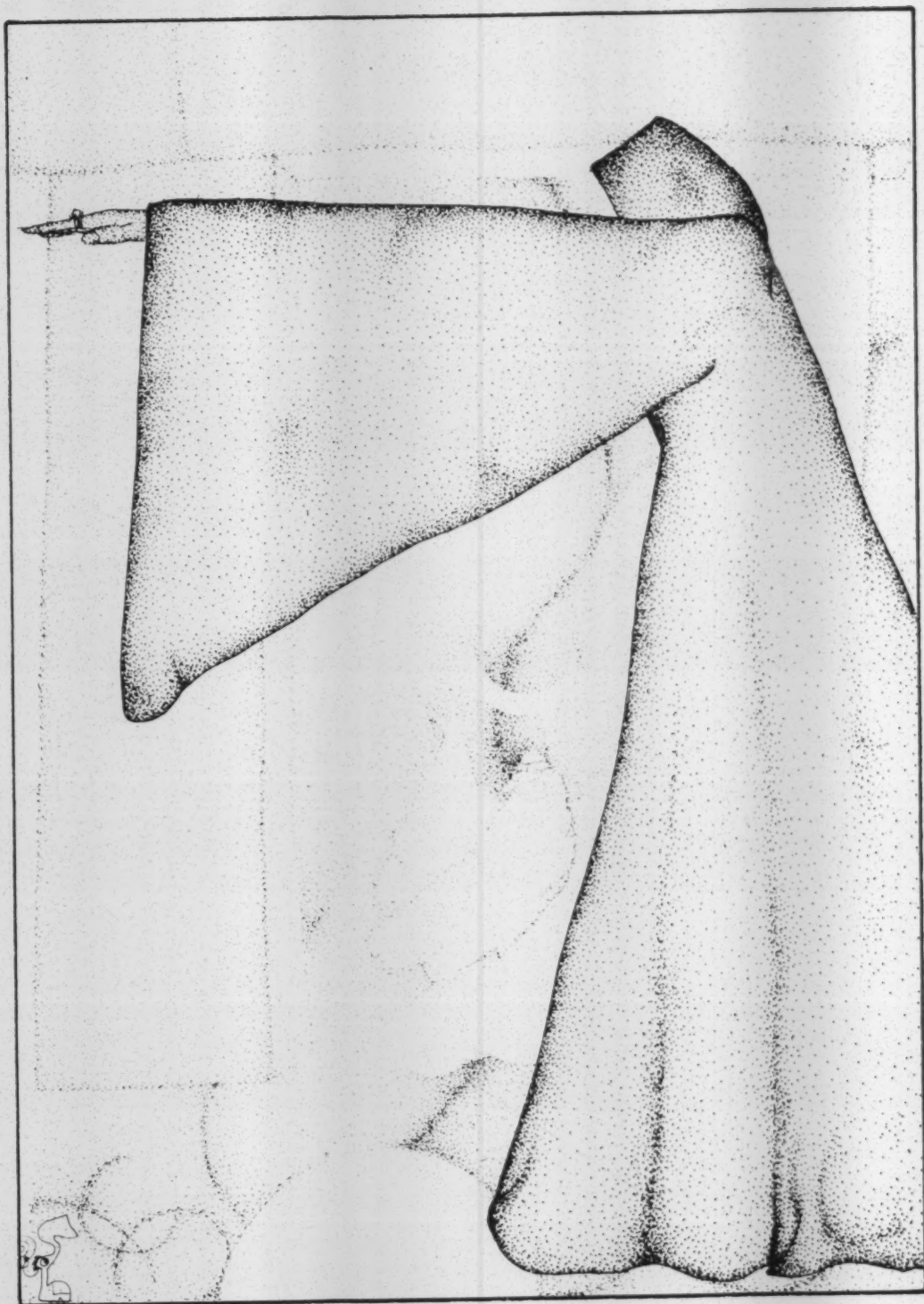
by Polaris, Yael Ruth Dragwyla

*My heart
Swims in dark waters
And eats of carrion
And bones,
And lives by eking out
What life it might
From dead and rotten things —
And lives on,
And will live on
To swim in waters
Bright and dark,
And will live on
To feed in shoals
Both rich and poor,
And will live on
When the seas dry up,
The sun grows cold,
The shoals turn salt —
And will, by God,
Still live on
To swim the dark
Seas of Time,
To prowl the stars
And eat of light
And will, by God,
Still live on,
When all else
Is dead and dry
And only God
Remains:
God, to feed
The starving heart!*

*I, the shark,
Who have shared this earth
With cockroach,
Salmon,
Newt and serpent,
Rat and crow,
Man and lion —
I, the lowly shark,
Who eats of filth and bones
Will, by God,
Still live on,
Starving, savage,
Unappeased,
Until the last
Dead hypocrisy
Shall fall from
The bones of God —
And all my rage,
My pain and sorrow,
Shall not have served
To conquer me;
Only God
Remains:
Pan — IO Pan!
HE VAU HE Pan! —
To feed my starving heart!*

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THE FORGOTTEN ONES

There cometh the Book of the Forgotten Ones. This shall be for the priests of Maat.

In the name of creation and that which is before it, Aumgn!
The Magick of Maat is new, beloved, and older than Man by far.
She, the Fair-Dancing One, is Our Line extended forward to its end.

Ye know Us not, the growth has covered Us.

Long have we been hidden from your sight. Ye know not Our Names, nor natures, and yet we are thine own. Ye chant no invocations unto Us, yet always are we manifest within thee.

We are the gods of hunger and becoming.

We pulse and grow between your heartbeats.

We are the pause in breathing, between the inhalation and the exhalation.

We live to devour and bring forth.

We live between the mind and madness.

We are the ghosts of the unborn.

We are the necessary dream before existence comes to Be.

We are the stirrings in Nothingness, that balance with the stirrings of existence.

We bring our names! You shall remember! Now is the time of the Willow, when the Black Flame shall round the circle, shall bring Fire to the Willow's incomplete existence.

To know Her, you must know Us. We are the Egg of the Egg. She is the Bird of Power. And is the Hawk, Who is the Bird of Will.

I am the Mouth Who Speaks for this, Her Working. My name is No* My son and brother is the Mouth that Devours. I am the urge to join and become greater. I am the collecting of the Hydrogen, the formation of stars. I am the speaker and in-gatherer.

My Name withdraws. It takes the speaker with It. I send my power forth, so I may eat more power.

It is I who set spinning the Wheel of Evolution. I am the beginning of the Hunger of the End. I know the secret perfection of the nature of all things. In me, all potency is actual, all actuality is potential. I am the drawing of the Bow.

Ye know Me, though my name be forgotten, in the dread of impending events. I am the motion of a leaf blown down an empty street. I am the sender of omens.

Chant the incantation of My Name.

It will destroy you. Pronounce My Name aloud, in repetition—it will banish all but pure Awareness.

Descend into My Temple, meet yourself. Bear thence the Wand of the Papyrus, and the sword, the shield of mine devise, and the Eye Globe. Ye are twain therein, and learn the Alchemy and Mass of No*.

Love and self-love are one in all the ways—male/female art thou, and yet one-sexed and both, O my gynander! To pass beyond the Cave of Hunger, ah! here we join!

These among Man who live in hunger feed me. The gaunt and starving nations are my meat and drink. The edge of hunger, before the decay of apathy, is the source of power for my Work within the Kingdom. They live to feed my ray.

I, No*, am the greatest and the least of the Forgotten Ones. I speak now for the Others also. Behold:

Here is MEGOR-MARDUK. In primal aspect, man has forgotten Him. The length, and breadth, and depth of Him surpass the mind. He is Mass, and Density, and Weight. The stuff of neutron stars, to Him, is but the faintest vapor, tenuous air.

His Act is that of being present. He is Tamas. He pulls and draws unto Himself all that which is unpurged. He is the gravity of the Abyss, the dragger-down of souls who weigh more than the Feather.

He is the Father of Indolence, the brother of despair. He is the bell of lead within the mind that tolls the suicide to his undoing. He manifests in man in catatonia. His balance mocks the Feather in Her poise, for He prevents decision, halts the flow.

He is a Gaurdian, to test the Will; for Will alone can pass beyond His power. Once overcome, His power is transformed: as steadfastness, He is the fulcrum to move worlds.

He is the Bull, and the Ox also. Creation was a breaking-forth from him. His final act is entropy, the running-down of things—the change of energy is His, from the potential state unto the actual. Life, love and Will are His only counteractions. Invoke Him seldom, then with exquisite care.

There is NEXHAGUS—red and orange his form, a fire-being, kindler of the suns. He is the spirit-body of the YLEM, that primal Egg from which hatched all the Suns. He is the older type of Hermes-Loki.

He is not War, but mischief—he is the joker of the Cosmic World. He it is who plays the genes of Man, who weaves with chromosomes. All “freaks of Nature” are His works, the odd and strange, the sport, the alien.

He is the Lord of Luck, the Crown of Chance—his sigil is the Brownian movement of the molecules. He is Caprice, and Whim, and unthought Act. He is also Zen.

NEXHAGUS — Elder Jester of the pre-create! From Him did spring the Fool, the Magus, and the Tower. He it is who is the Hierophant, when the Great Beast commands it.

He is the cruelty of laughter, and its balm. He it is that designed the mind of Man—and is the brother of Choronzon.

The brother is Himself. He is a god. He is the friend of the Ego-slaying one. He is the pole apart from expectations.

His is the First and Last Mask of the Dance.

One knows Him best through invocation.

You may destroy yourself.

He is also the Joy of Becoming.

He is a tender lover.

He will also be the vampire of your love.

He is uncontrolled Change.

He contradicts Himself and all the Others.

He contradicts you.

If you can make Him laugh, you are permitted to live.

If you can make Him weep, you are permitted to die.

If you can make Him change into a swallow, you are permitted to love.

If you can make Him do anything, you are permitted to Will, for Will alone may wrest control of Change, and align the Universe to your design.

If you can make Him do nothing, then thou hast become Brahma.

Invoke Him often, lest ye take yourselves too seriously.

Invoke Him not, lest laughter fly thee to thy doom and death.

Ha! Ho! NEXHAGUS! Ho! Ha!

NAGRIKSHAMEESH is the unbridled one.

He is pure force.

He is the Berserker.
He transcends himself, transcending Reason.
Breaker of the vessels, he liberates.
Destroyer of the bodies, he sanctifies.
He is Rajas.
He rides in rage, yet icy-cold his fury.
Shiva he is, and Mars before Man battled.
His sword strikes true, yet his fire consumes all.
His light of Samadhi has a red passage.
His veil is blood-of vision, the roar of thunderclap his voice.
He is the Lightning-bolt, the Hammer-crasher.
His stride shakes mountains, his step crumbles stones beneath.
He smites the ocean, and land is born.
He strikes the void, and dust is hurled between the stars.
He is one-pointed in oblivion.
He needs no invocation; he dwells within thee.
There is LOROO. He is the Wanderer.
He elides the streams of force, he eludes the grasp of concepts.
He is the Veil, the mist of obscurity.
He dwells before Understanding, so it may be revealed in
proper course.
He is not seen, for he hides the sought-for thing.
He appears in divers places, at varying times, and then disappears.
He it is who places the illusion of division, the separation of
moments, the points of awareness.
LOROO, the tenuous one! He is the space between stars.
LOROO, the evanescent one! He is the ever-changing place of
in-between.
The wise ones invoke his absence.
The lovers await his passage.
The Master of the Dance alone invokes his presence safely.
He bides where he wills, compassion moves him not. He is
brother of NEXHAGUS, but dark.
He is Lord of Initiation. Know him.
And there is She. Containing the Forgotten Ones within Her
womb.
She is Black, and not for the Mind's vision.
She is the gate of issuing-forth and returning.
She abides beneath the gods, and is that upon which they
stand.
She abides above the gods, for Hers is no specific nature.
She abides around the gods, for only in Her have they place
and function.
She abides beyond the gods, for She is the Soul of Sentients.
Hearous! Merashoum! Kelatofas!

The Black Flame dances. Hail unto Her name! We shall be remembered! We are many, more than named within this writing. We shall remanifest, bursting unfit vessels. We return from the night-places. We ride the Feather's course, and speed Her going. Know to welcome Us, lest ye be destroyed. Denied, we set division within thee. Embraced, we become thy Seat of Power. There is no need of fear, for We are of thee; deny Us, and ye deny yourselves.

We come unto your noonday eye, the Eye of Pan; behold Us! We are the formless things that ye call Nightmare, the Darkfears and the Demons of the ancient time.

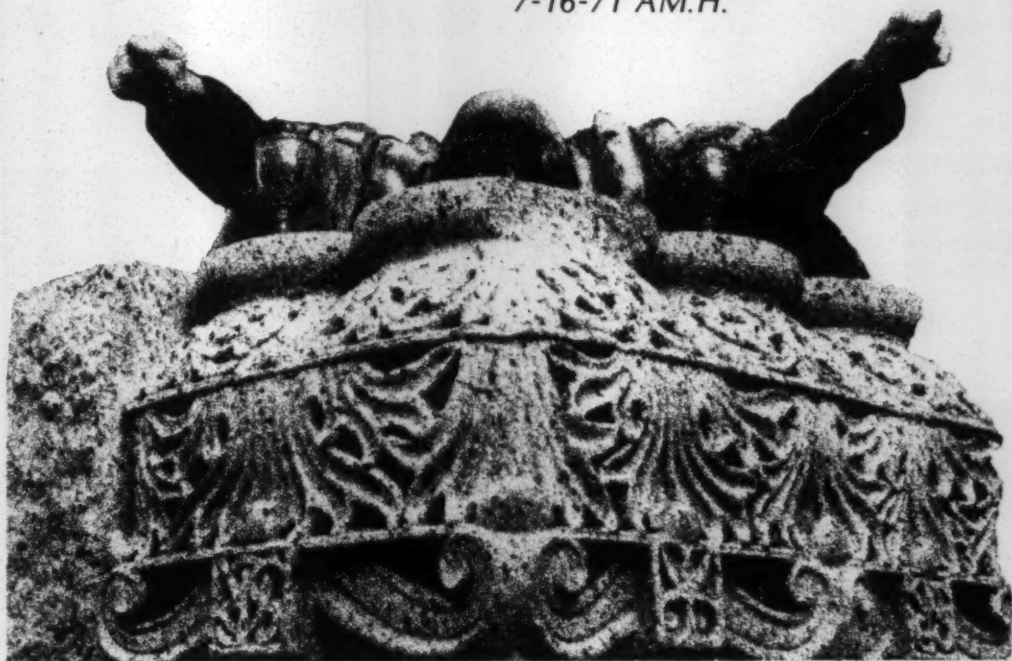
Ye knew Us in the Ocean, when first ye swam and ate. The sun obscured us, and the Moon had veiled Us well. The bright gods did replace Us on your altars, the dark gods hid Us in their temple-veil. The Starred ones stirred within their awakening-time, and cried our call of returning unto Man.

We come, flesh-children, through the midnight portal, to the noontide mountain, to the waking mind. Know Us, and embrace Us, and be whole.

Thus is the word of No; speaker of the Forgotten Ones, bowstring of Maat's arrow.

In the name of the Law, and the dance of the Flame, and the flight of the Hawk, Aumgn.

NAHADA-62
7-16-71 AM.H.



He is the Berserker.
 He transcends himself, transcending Reason.
 Breaker of the vessels, he liberates.
 Destroyer of the bodies, he sanctifies.
 He is Rajas.
 He rides in rage, yet icy-cold his fury.
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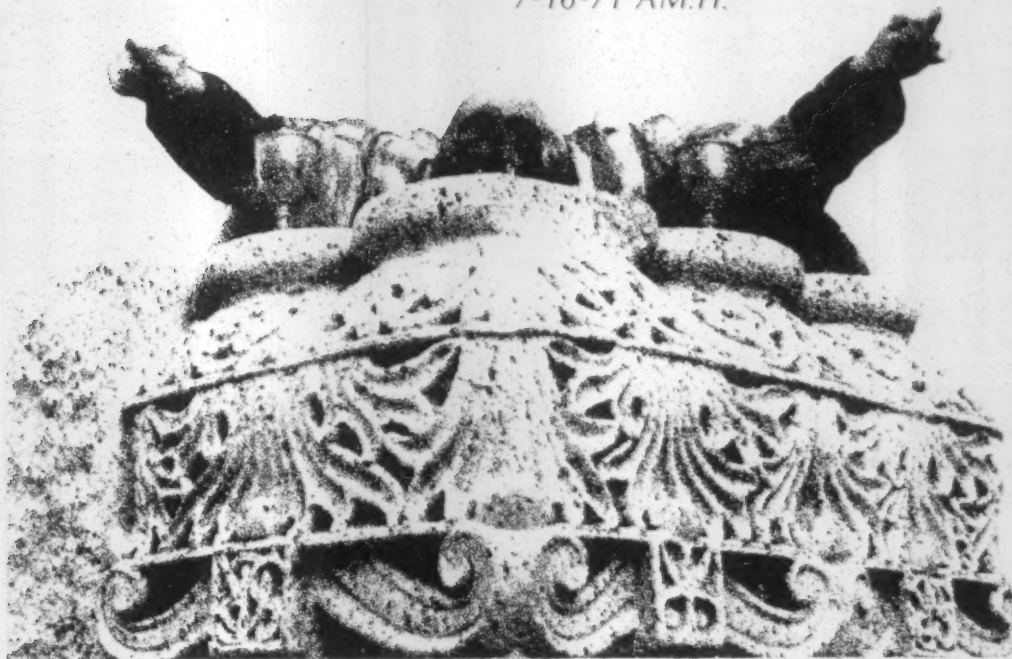
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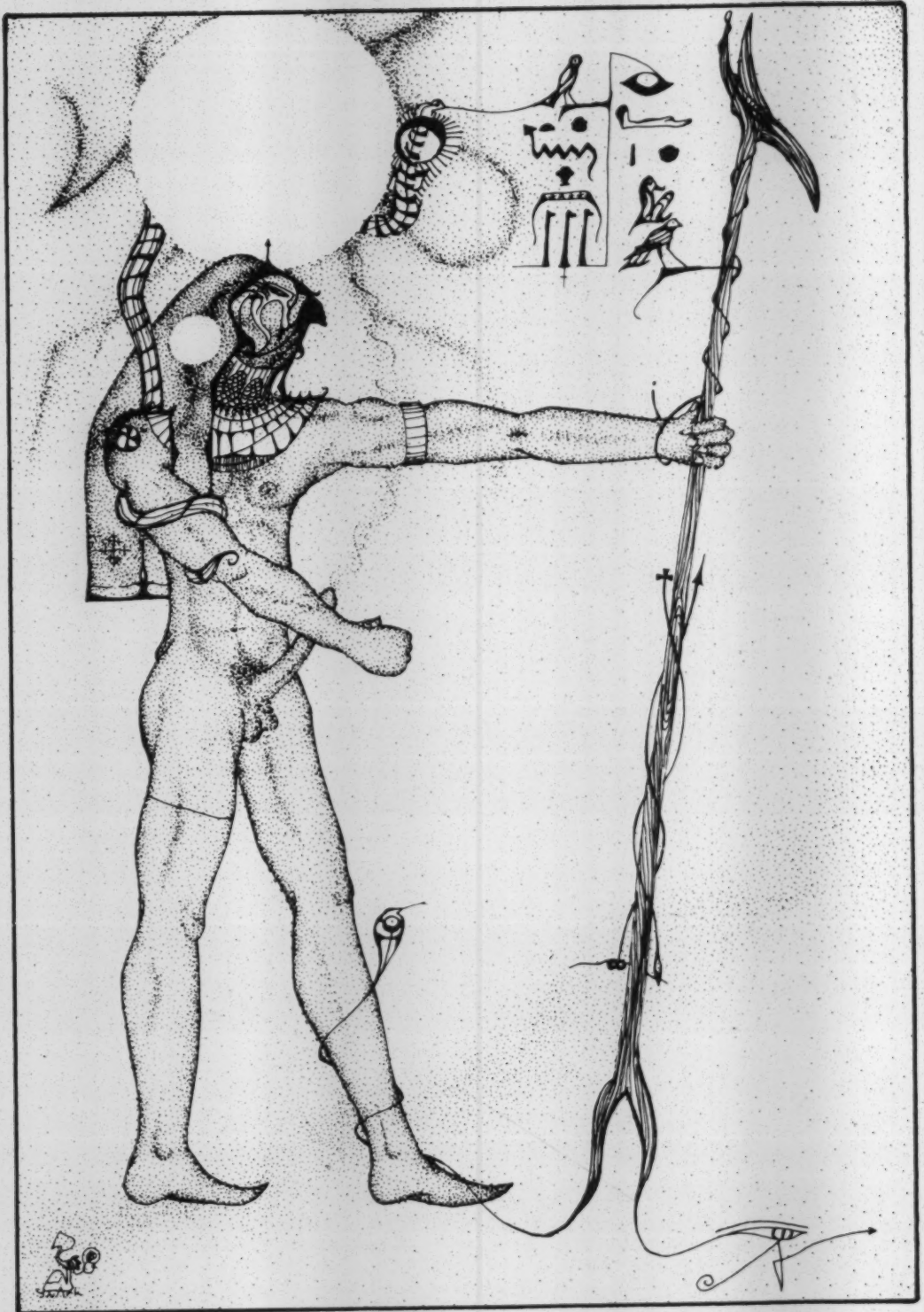
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NAHADA-62
7-16-71 AM.H.







SONG FOR BABALON

*There stands a woman, all arrayed in light.
She is the shadowed mistress of the night,
She is the sun-clad mistress of the day
For all Freemen who stride their true Will's way.*

*The woman rises in the east...
She is the scarlet rider of the Beast;
And in her hand a chalice now she holds,
A lotus-cup a-wrought of beaten gold.*

*BABALON! my Lady, girt with silver sword,
Whose name is given as a power-word. . .
Behold thy lover, travelled from afar,
Impaled upon thy seven-pointed star.
And thou, like Magdalen beneath Christ's Rood,
Do capture in the chalice all his blood.*

*For not one drop's to be withheld from thee,
O BABALON! Whose dance will set men free,
Each as a Star, to love his fellow-man
And tread the hillside foot-paths of Lord Pan.*

*O BABALON! IO PAN! to Ye all hail!
Holy donors of the living Grail. . .
O Beast! O Scarlet Woman, BABALON,
We will unite before this Aeon's gone.*

*As Children of the Sun, arrayed in light,
Like thee, my Lady, armored mirror-bright.
Upon our brows, Heru's crown glows and gleams,
The Silent Babe encircles all our dreams.
Of love and life and laughter, we take our fill
And live the Law of Love, Love under Will.*

per Nema

Letters

Dear Sister,

It is ages I have toiled in order to become a Gynander. But this is very difficult. The male (in me?) always seems to keep the lead. This keeps me enslaved as you can guess.

How shall the female overcome the male? Ah, even at the end, when she has earned her victory, she shall look back, and it will be her pain, and a shadow of his past glories, that she will see!

The birth of a male child gives woman predominance over the man; but it also symbolizes the male's triumph over the (destructive) female. This is why all people want sons.

And this, I regret to say, brings us right back to the original problem - what of the poor daughter (Daughter)? It is she who slays her father.

anonymous

Dear Nameless Star,

You presently have all that you need to manifest as the Gynander—or as any Mask. Regardless of the gender of your physical body, your True Self is both male and female.

Sexual polarity not only serves to insure racial survival through genetic variety, but acts as a profound source of Magickal power. Whether viewed as two individuals of opposite (or similar) sex, or one individual using his internal sexual polarity, the formula $2 = 0$ applies. We are "separated" for the joy of Union; the force of our coming-together annihilates the illusion of identities, and effects change in the Universe as directed by Love under Will.

You contain within yourself the Mystery of Tetragrammaton: you are Father, Mother, Son and Daughter. The Father and Mother produce a Son, who woos and wins the Daughter; he places her upon the throne of the Mother, and the Daughter enkindles the Eld of the All-Father. Each of the four desires the others in an ecstatic incest that knows of no taboo.

Great strides have been made recently in bringing to public awareness the injustices and inequities perpetrated by the male-dominated Osirian Aeon. In this Aeon of Horus, "every man and every woman is a Star." The

Gynander is a herald of the future, a being in whom both sexes are developed and concealed. The concealment is a veil of convenience, so that sexual orientation will not bias those human functions that are generically human, rather than male or female.

Rather than slaying the Father, the Daughter unites with him to the degree of No Difference; they share essences, together with the Mother and the Son, and the Whole transcends sexuality to become divine Man. Be at peace, for such is your nature.

SOROR MARANEMA 213

(Excerpt from a letter to the editor)

Hello Friends,

We have established a small library at the Hatha Yoga Section and a month ago we organized a Yoga Festival — including bare foot fire walking, practical Kirlian photography, lectures on Yoga, and parapsychology, and so on. Of course, it was not a very big meeting. From time to time we get books printed in Polish from abroad; on parapsychology, by Felsztyn; Mysticism, by Omkarananda; and Theosophy, by Bailey, Ledbeater. We need books on Yoga, the occult, and parapsychology. However, money is hard to send out of Poland. I can send you a list of books requested for our Yoga Section activities. We can send different folk items for them.

Personally, of course, I am interested in the Western Wisdom Teachings. I presently very much need the book by Regardie entitled "12 Steps to Spiritual Enlightenment", plus a set of the seven tape cassettes by Regardie and Crowley's "De Arte Magica". Can you help me in this respect?

So long,
Milosz Wozniak
Post Restante 34
70-474 Szczecin, Poland



Reviews

TAO TEH KING by Aleister Crowley. Askin Publishers Ltd., 16 Ennismore Ave., London, England, W4 1SF. (1976)

This mysterious book which concerns itself with Chinese philosophy was written during one of Crowley's magickal retirements on Aesopus (or Oesopus) Island on the Hudson River in August of 1918, or as Crowley expressed it, Anno XIV, dating the years of his Era from the reception of the Book of the Law in 1904.

I will not attempt to review this fine contribution to Occult literature with such little space at my present disposal. I will say that for any student of Thelema or student of the Occult in general, this book will supply much needed information about such a previously obscure subject.

I have learned early in my study of the Sacred Art that it does not matter in the least bit the number of books you read to become knowledgeable. For if after all the books you have not captured the feeling and life of the subject then all your studies have been in vain. It is my opinion that this book does not present to the student the knowledge but rather the key to the knowledge and it is up to the student to choose the proper door.

Rudolph Neaú Bundy

ALEISTER CROWLEY SPEAKS, Forum Group Agency, 133 Deans Lane, Edgware, Middlesex, England.

To celebrate the centenary of the birth of Aleister Crowley, the Forum Group have released an amazing recording of the voice of The Master reciting two of his works "Pentagram" and "La Gitana".

The disc is unique and is the first opportunity we have had of hearing the voice of Crowley. The recordings were made in the 1930's and make compelling listening. I cannot review the work since it speaks for itself, but the considerable success of this record throughout the world must have brought Crowley many new converts.

The reverse side of the record is a rock number sponsored by the British O.T.O. entitled "Scarlet Woman". The lyrics are strongly associated with Crowley's theme and is well played and produced. This song alone has been regarded as a hit recording in the U.K. and deservedly so.

The record is sleeved in scarlet and shows a previously unpublished picture of Crowley as he appeared in his later years. The other designs on the sleeve were drawn by a prominent member of the British O.T.O.

This record makes a unique package and I hope that Forum Group will be able to offer further material of this quality in the future.

T.V.H.

MAGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL COMMENTARIES ON THE BOOK OF THE LAW by Aleister Crowley. Published by 93 Publishing, 4345 Saint Dominique, Montreal, Quebec Canada, H2W 2A9.(1974)

At last we have the old and new comments on AL together with several other works more or less as required in AL itself. Bound in blue cloth, and embossed in gold ink with the image of the Stele of Revealing, it belies the old saying about books and their covers. The only lack is " . . . paper made by hand . . ." (AL, 3:39), though the paper used is far superior to that used in most books these days. The facsimile of the manuscript is there and in the main part of the comment the verses from the book are printed in red. A real bonus is the set of full color plates depicting both sides of the Stele of Revealing as well as one at the start of each chapter depicting the corresponding deity.

Crowley probably put more work into the contents of this book than any other. Symonds' and Grants' footnotes are nearly always just what is needed to elucidate the occasional obscure passages and are invaluable to the reader not familiar with Crowley's other works. Many of these other works are quoted extensively, in particular, Liber Aleph, Liber Trigrammaton and Liber D are also included along with Oz printed in red on the final page.

William C. Colsher

NIGHTSIDE OF EDEN by Kenneth Grant. Frederick Muller Ltd., Victoria Works, Edgware Road, London, England, NW2 6LE.

In his latest work, Mr. Grant conducts a tour of the heretofore-"forbidden" realm of the Qlipoth, the back, or underside of the Tree of Life. This represents a long-needed balancing of the general body of occult knowledge, which, in the West, has dealt primarily with the positive aspects of the spheres of manifestation.

The reader, if he possess the necessary courage to follow Mr. Grant's thesis, will find that it requires the act of letting go of one of the most deeply-rooted assumptions in Occidental thought—that what is manifest is "real". The exploration of the "Nightside" is held to be essential to continued Magickal growth and evolution; the general field of human operations, the phenomenal universe, has as its source the unmanifest, the noumena.

The first section of the book deals with the Sephiroth and their "anti-matter" counterparts; the second part is a practical road map of the "Tunnels of Set"—which, in the main, burrow beneath the paths of the Tree of Life. These tunnels constitute a form of transport, or "space warp", that enable the practitioner to leap across and beyond traditional lines of progress.

Nightside of Eden is a temptation to "eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge (Da'ath) of Good and Evil," for Da'ath is the gateway between the two sides of the Tree. In a quite logical way, the obverse of the Tree is presented not only as a reversal, but an inversion, thus bringing Knowledge and Foundation (Da'ath and Yesod) into proximity.

Strewn throughout the book are gems of information about extrater-

restial contact, a precise outline-description of the purposes of VIII°, IX°, and XI° Workings and variations thereof, and an abundance of gematriac relationships that is almost overwhelming.

Incorporating and correlating symbols from all continents and ages, the scope of *Nightside* is as broad as it is deep. In its variety, this volume should prove itself a valuable referent for any system of thelemic Magick.

This work represents the breaking of new ground in contemporary occultism, in that it reveals the nature and importance of an area traditionally feared and avoided as the epitome of "evil." It's therefore to be expected that Mr. Grant's critics will redouble their outpourings of abuse and protest. Negative reactionism can't be held to be a reliable indicator of the book's worth, however, since prejudice obviates comprehension.

As a next step beyond the Typhonian Trilogy, *Nightside of Eden* begins a new cycle of Magickal exploration and research that will be of immense value to the serious practitioner.

Ibissa

THE ARCHIDOXES OF MAGIC by Paracelsus. Askin Publishers, 16 Ennismore Avenue, London W4 1SF England. 1975

I am quite sure that the occultist who is a lover of old and rare Grimoires of Magick will find this book an invaluable one. It's first publication was in 1656 in London. At last it is available again in a reproduction of the original print. Stephen Skinner offers a fine introduction to this collectors item. The book reveals much of the Secret Knowledge that until recent times was taught to the student only by a Master. The subjects included are: The Secrets of Alchemy, The Supreme Mysteries of Nature, The Spirits of the Planets, Occult Philosophy, The Mysteries of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, The Magical Cure of Diseases, and Celestial Medicines. All in all the publication of such a legendary book as this is truly a welcomed event for the students and masters of the Sacred Art.

Rudolph Neaú Bundy



Announcements

Announcements are printed free of charge and at the discretion of the editors. We ask that the statement, question, etc., be kept as brief as possible.

MR. DERIC R. JAMES, editor of Insight Magazine requests information about an Abbey of Thelema which was opened by a Mrs. Parsons at Paradise Bay, Hollywood, California about the middle of 1955. Insight Magazine was told that Mrs. Parsons' husband was Crowley's godson and was a research worker in Propulsion fuels for the U.S.A. He dropped a phial of Fuminate of Mercury in 1955, and was blown to pieces. Was it co-incidence that he had previously been working with the 7th Aether (Enochian)? Insight Magazine would like any information that anyone could supply about this Abbey. Also any information about the workings of the American Golden Dawn, the O.T.O., or any of the Cults set up as a result of Crowley's influence in the States. Please address all correspondence to: Insight Magazine, 118 Windham Road, Bournemouth, Hants, England.

THE DARK AGES BOOK SHOP

In the last issue of the Journal we mentioned our plans to open a book shop in Cincinnati. As a first step in this venture we are operating a clearing house for occult books and supplies for the student and practicing occultists. Anyone wishing further information and a free catalogue of the items presently in stock write to: The Dark Ages Book Shop, Box 1343, Cincinnati, Ohio 45201.

OCCULT DIRECTORY now available. A very comprehensive directory of persons, places, and organizations, together with their magickal learnings. Write to: Ken Ward, 1411 13th St. E., Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada S7H 0C7.

A THELEMIC LODGE has been established in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Any magicians who operate from the 93 Current are welcome to contact the lodge. Write to: Frater V.P.D.C., 2631 Bryant Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55408.

THERE ARE STILL a small number of copies of The Cincinnati Journal of Ceremonial Magick Vol. 1, No. 1 available from the publishers. There are no plans to reprint after the last copies are sold. Send \$3.00/pstpd to: Conquering Child Publishing Co., Box 1343, Cincinnati, Ohio 45201.

OCCULT DIRECTORY is at present in preparation. When published it will give worldwide names and addresses of occult groups, organizations, book sellers, publishers, equipment manufacturers, retailers, astrologers, tarot readers, clairvoyants, mediums, etc. For further information write: Occult Directory, 19 Portree Drive, Rise Park, Nottingham, England.

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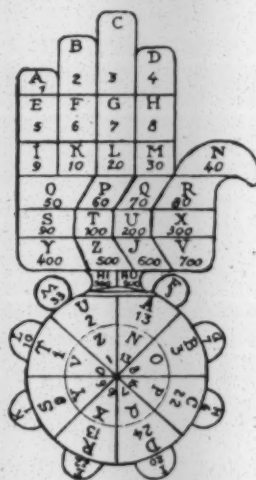
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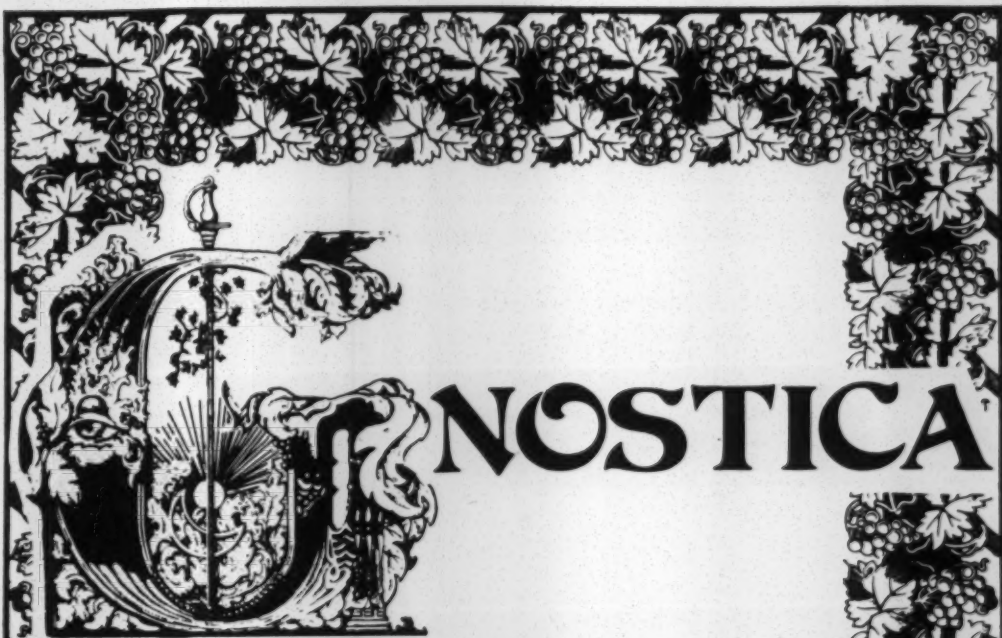
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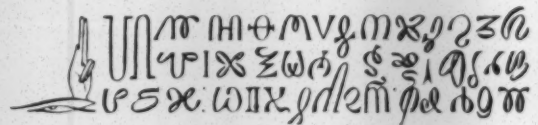
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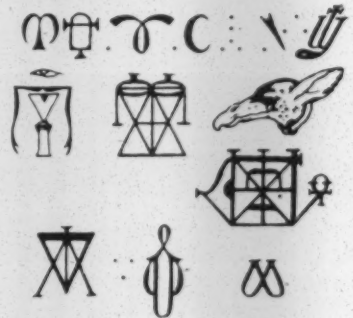
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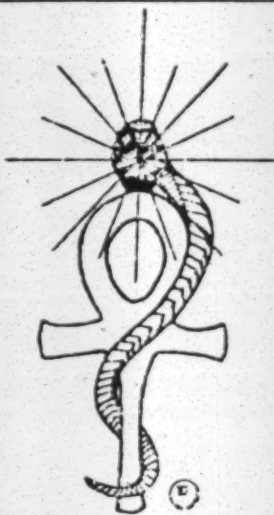
The Focus of Life: The Mutterings of Aaos, Spare declared that 'there is only one sense - the sexual'. He practised various formulas of sex-magic, involving numerous women, or ritualized 'copulation with the atmosphere'. Limited to 500 copies: £ 12.75 net U.K.



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SOTHIS Vol. II, No. 1 Is Now Published.

This issue contains extracts from the magickal diaries of Fra. Custor and Sor. Artemis; Aparajitastotra by Kamesvarananta; The Arrow Star by Fra. I.I.V.; Liber Pyramidos by A. Crowley, and The Substance of Lust by M. Magee. Plus an introduction by Kenneth Grant, book reviews, letters, etc. Over 100 A4 pages. Price: £ 2.50 per copy, including postage and packing. Available from:

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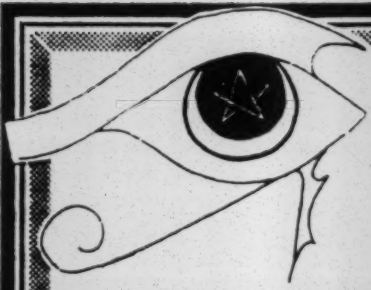
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The Magical Revival, Muller, 1972; Weiser, NY, 1973; Astrolabio, Rome, 1973. Illustrated.

The indispensable introduction to the occult scene today with its blend of Western magic and Eastern mysticism. An initiated exposition of Tantric rites here traced to primal Africa, that achieved their apotheosis in the Typhonian dynasties of ancient Egypt, and revived in the much misunderstood mysteries of Voodoo and Obeah.

Aleister Crowley and the Hidden God, Muller, 1973; Weiser, NY, 1974; Astrolabio, Rome, 1975. Illustrated.

An exhaustive and critical study of Crowley's system of sexual magick and the strange rites that he practised and advocated for the purpose of promoting the Law of Thelema, with its formula of 'love under will'.

Cults of the Shadow, Muller, 1975; Weiser, NY, 1976. Illustrated.

An exploration of obscure aspects of occultism erroneously associated with so-called 'black magic'. Introduces present day exponents of these Mysteries who have formed their own cults for the promulgation of this Secret Gnosis.

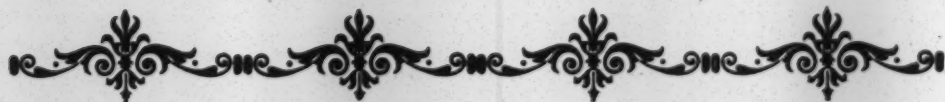
NIGHTSIDE OF EDEN; Frederick Muller LTD., London NW2 6LE; 1977. Illustrated.

An explication of the Cult of Choronzon and an initiated exposition of the Mysteries of the Left-Hand Path in relation to Western Occultism. Here, for the first time, the head of a genuine Magical Organization—the *Ordo Templi Orientis* (O.T.O.)—reveals the esoteric doctrines of the 'black' magic of the Left-Hand Path, as well as the practical application of psycho-sexual formulae of which very little is generally known.



Mezla is The Official Organ of the O.T.O., published twice yearly at the Equinoxes. It contains news and items of interest relating to the 93 Current, and previously unpublished Crowley material.

Issue #1	The Notorious "Yellow Sheet" (out of print).	
#2	Qabalistic Notes (out of print).	
#3	The Order and Value of the English Alphabet and Commentary on the Book of the Star Ruby (out of print).	
#4	Crowley's Commentary to Liber Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli (Liber VII).....	25¢
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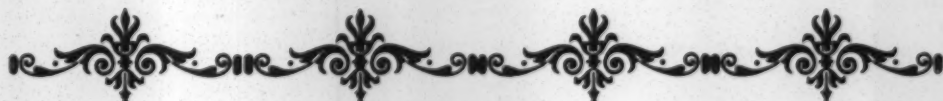
LIBER AL vel LEGIS (THE BOOK OF THE LAW), 32 pages plus cover, 3-3/4"x5-1/4", 93¢. The text of this book was delivered to Aleister Crowley in 1904 by the praeternatural being, Aiwass. This pocket edition is newly typeset from the original text and has been carefully proofread in an effort to purge the typographical errors which abound in some of the earlier editions. In addition to the complete text of *Liber AL* itself, this edition contains a high quality black and white reproduction of the Stele of Revealing, and an introduction by Kenneth Grant on the O.T.O. (excerpted from chapter 5 of Aleister Crowley and the Hidden God).

COMMENTARY ON LIBER OZ (Sothis Commentary), 12 pages (self-covered), 4-1/4"x6", 77¢. This pamphlet contains a beautiful bordered print of the text of *Liber Oz* with a line-by-line commentary augmented by philosophical quotes from various schools of thought and periods of history. The text of this commentary first appeared in *Sothis*, volume 1, #3, and was written by Frater IIV and Frater 444.

All of the mentioned publications are available in wholesale orders, single orders, or Thelemic discounts. For further information write either of the editors listed below:

*Ms. Janice R. Ayers
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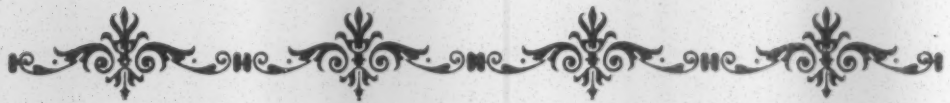


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LIBER 77 (LXXVII)

"the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world."

-AL. II. 21.



"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law."

-AL. I. 40.

"thou hast no right but to do thy will.
Do that, and no other shall say nay."

-AL. I. 42-3.

Z:

"Every man and every woman is a star."

-AL. I. 3.

THERE IS NO GOD BUT MAN

1. Man has the right to live by his own law --
to live in the way that he wills to do:
to work as he will:
to play as he will:
to rest as he will:
to die when and how he will.
2. Man has the right to eat what he will:
to drink what he will:
to dwell where he will:
to move as he will on the face of the earth.
3. Man has the right to think what he will:
to speak what he will:
to write what he will:
to draw, paint, carve, etch, mould, build as he will:
to dress as he will.
4. Man has the right to love as he will: --
"take your fill and will of love as ye will,
when, where, and with whom ye will." -AL. I. 51.
5. Man has the right to kill those who would thwart these rights.
"the slaves shall serve." -AL. II. 58.
"Love is the law, love under will." -AL. I. 57.

Alister Crowley

