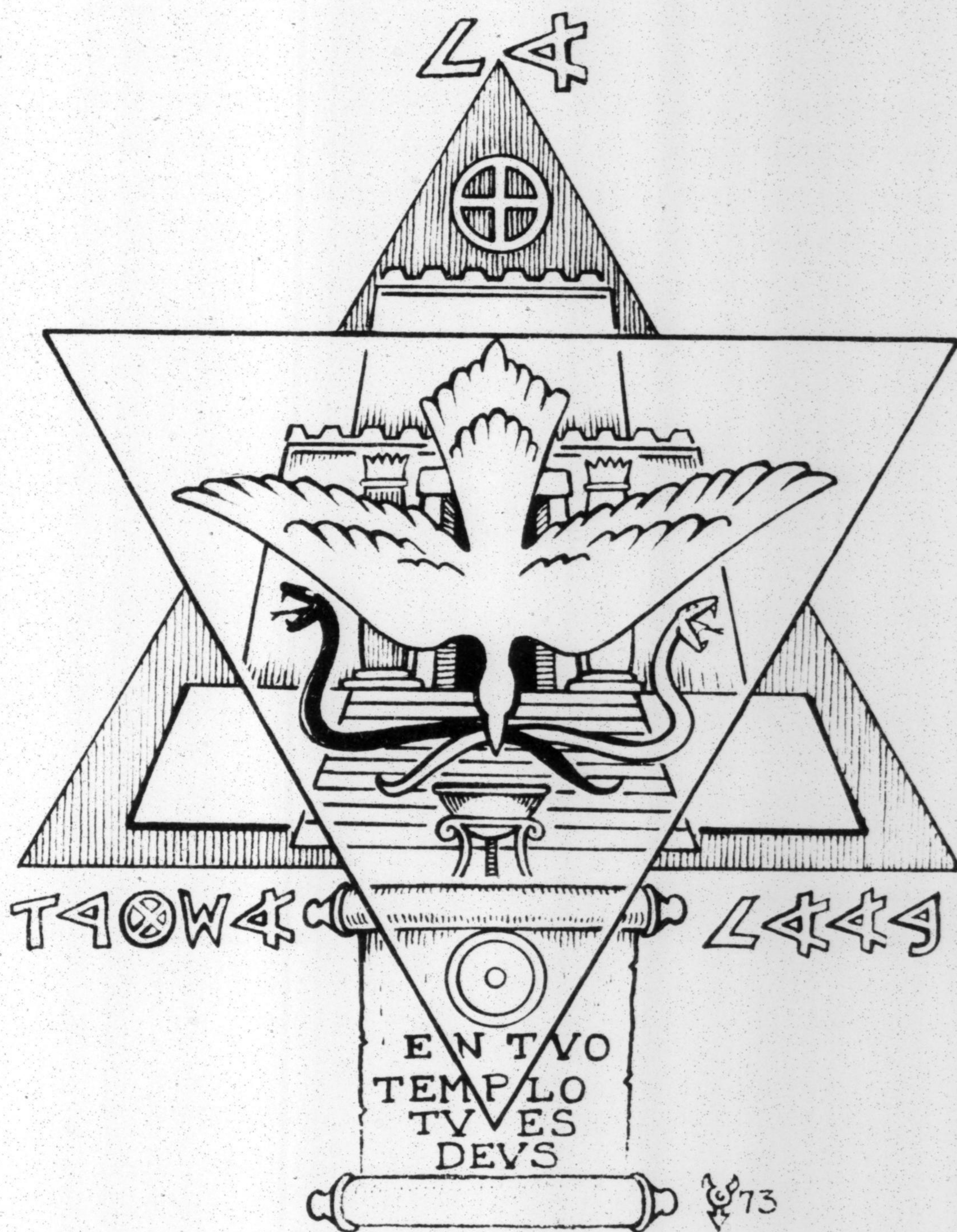


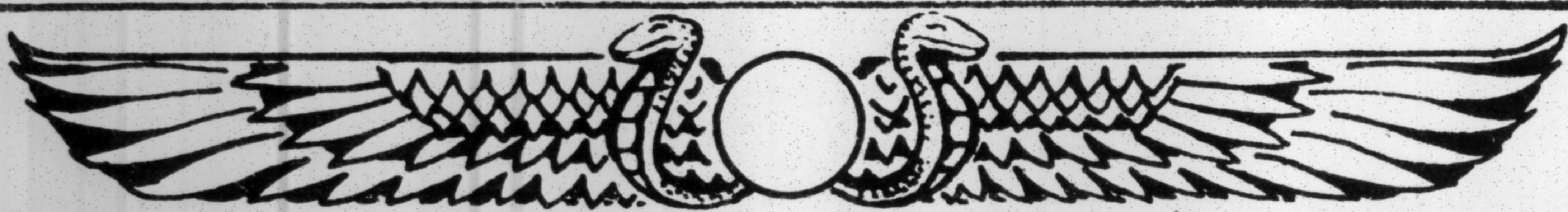
Quarterly bulletin of the **O.:T.:A.:**

The  
**SEVENTH**  
**Ray**

VOLUME II NUMBER 4

Winter Solstice 1973





## What is the O. T. A. ?

The Ordo Templi Ashtart is a Hermetic-Rosicrucian Lodge practicing Ceremonial Magick in the Western Occult Tradition. Our Theurgy derives from the Clavicles of Solomon and the Qabalistic precepts 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.

The Order is sponsored by the Church of the Hermetic Sciences, a California religious institution incorporated 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. Candidates must present themselves in person 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 acceptance.

The Order offers a Romantic, Mystical return to the Ancient ideals of personal divinity in harmony with an ordered cosmos. We champion Jungian psychological concepts over the doctrines of behaviorism and we seek to re-establish a link between science and philosophy by emphasizing a Rational rather than an Empirical relation with Nature. We consider Western Magick as our cultural counterpart to the highest Yoga disciplines of the East.

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 the unique practical development of Man's most potent intangible resource: his creative imagination.

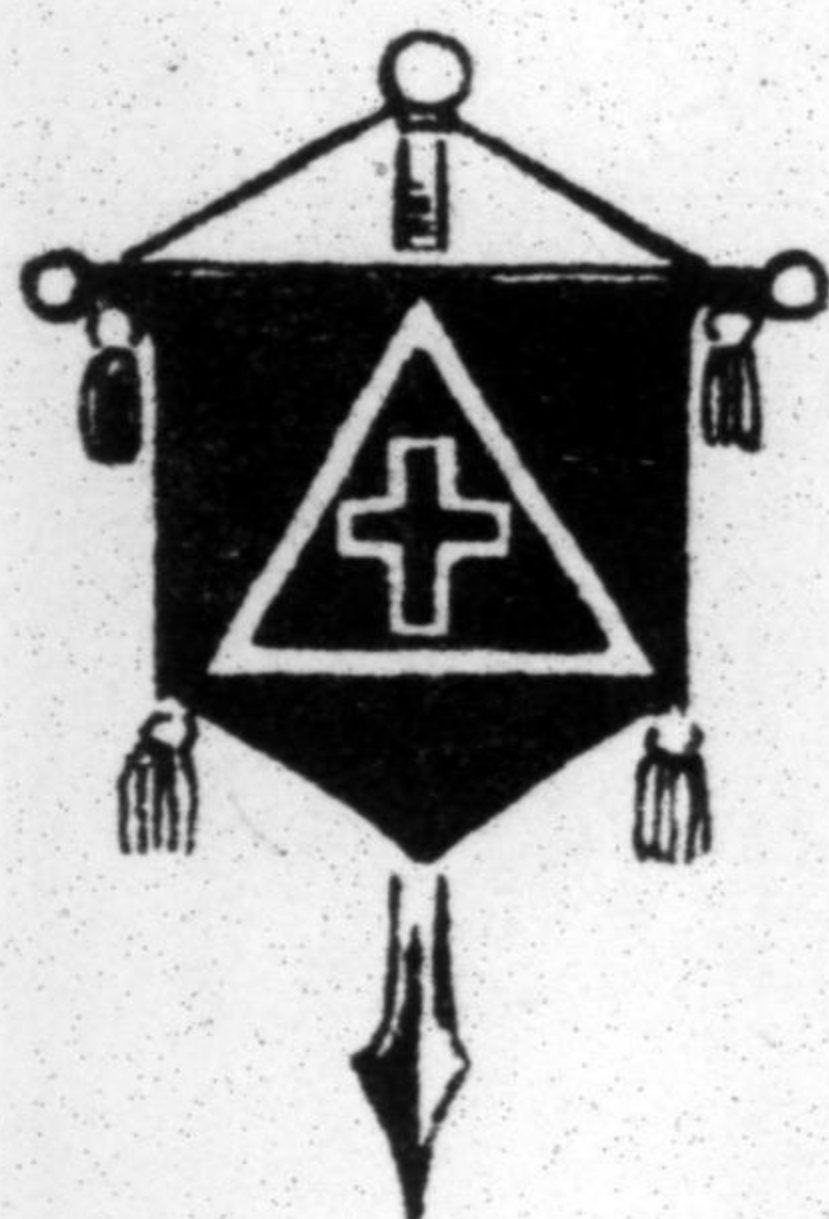


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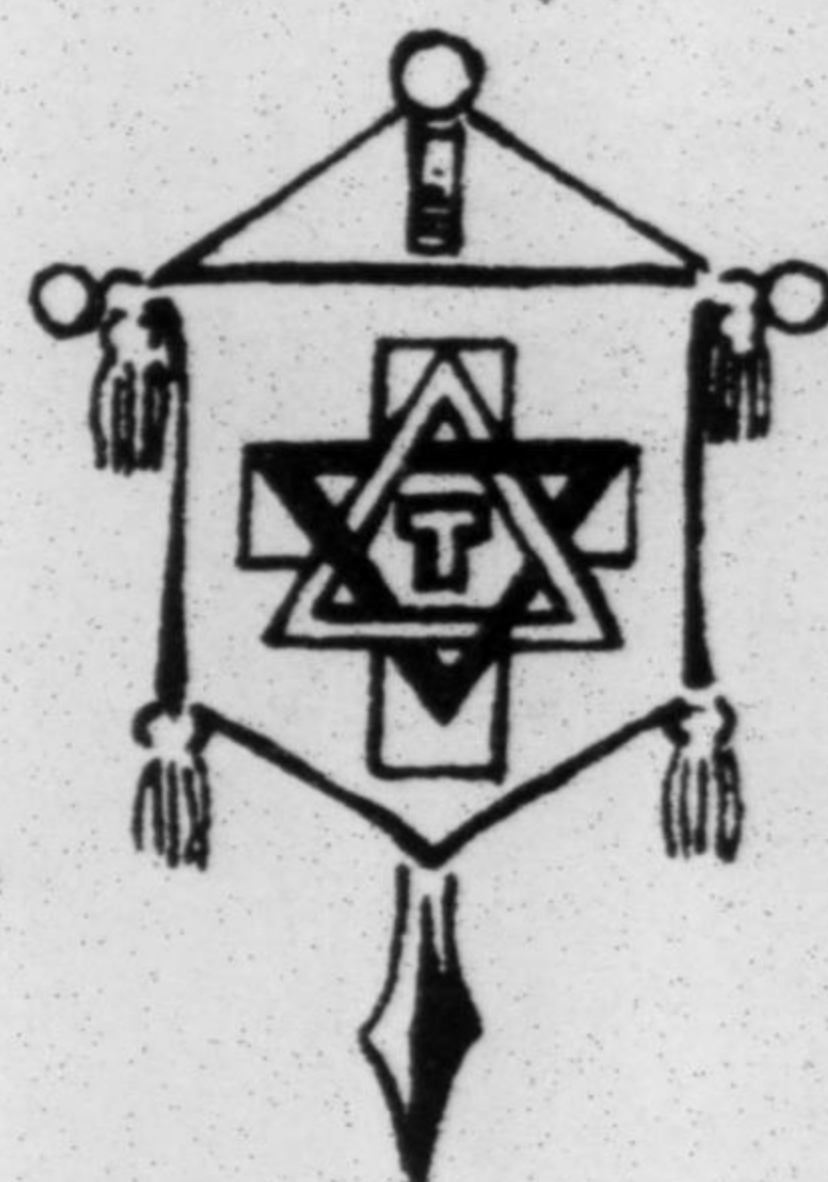
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## THE SEVENTH RAY



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Ordo Templi Ashtart

**GRAND LODGE: P.O. Box 3341, Pasadena, California 91103**

---

Grand Master -- Fra. Aleyin  
Vice-Regent -- Sor. Artemis  
Chancellor -- Fra. Calchas

**QADESH LODGE: P.O. Box 7186, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213**

---

Mistress of the East -- Sor. Kara  
New England Hermitage -- Fra. Sabezius  
Sor. Sheharazad

# The Seventh Ray

Ordo Templi Ashtart

## Editorial



*from the desk of  
the Grand Master*

THE BA'AL--ASHTART MYTHOS  
AND THE MAGICK OF SOLOMON

### NOSCE TE IPSUM

Whether or not the Biblical King Solomon ever studied and practiced the Art of Ceremonial Magick is not a crucial question. Of greater importance are the philosophical-psychological principles behind the legend of the Monarch-Magus who bound the 'Two-and-seventy rebellious spirits' in the Vessel of Brass. The multi-level implications of this Arabian folk-tale and its Biblical origins -- which was the major operative cosmology behind medieval Ceremonial Magick before the rise (or descent) of the perverted 'Faustian School'-- should be fascinating to Jungian and even Freudian psychologists. From a Qabalistic standpoint, the seventy-two spirits of the traditional Goetia are a significant corollary to the seventy-two letters of the extended Name of God, the SHEMHAMPHOR-ASCH, from which all the names of the Angels can be derived, implying an inseparable duality of 'good' and 'evil' throughout the entire Celestial-infernal pantheon. Considering this in light of the Micro-Macrocosom dogma, we are presented with the concept of seventy-two greater and lesser bi-polar archetypes functioning in the Collective and personal unconscious. The Brass Vessel -- aside from its obvious 'yoni' symbolism -- then represents the receptacle of the controlled and organized psyche. The rebellious spirits are summoned to appear by the power of YHVE ( the ultimate cathexis ), required to render service in accordance with their particular capabilities and then consigned to bondage in the 'Brass Vessel' where they can cause no harm and from whence they can be readily called upon when needed. The psychotherapeutic analogy in the above is inescapable. We have already discussed the philosophic symbolism of the Triangle of Art ( see T7R vol. 1, no. 2 ) wherein such entities are commanded to appear by theurgic manipulation of the egragore -- This then is the crux of the Solomonic system of Magick: pride, passion, greed and hatred cannot be divorced from their intrinsic counterparts, humility, purity, charity and love. They can only be organized and controlled as essential factors of the balanced personality -- a sophisticated internalized concept that seems paradoxical with the popular image of the robed and hooded demonologist intoning his ' infernal conjurations'.

But why did the Arab Doctors attribute this system to Solomon and why do we, the foremost modern practitioners of it, call ourselves THE ORDER OF THE TEMPLE OF ASTARTE ?

The answer to both questions can be found in the Bible. In 1st Kings, Chapter 11, we read that "Solomon went after Astoreth, the abomination of the Sidonians."

If we put the Biblical account in a broader perspective, we realize that the patriarchal Levite sect of  $\therefore$  Yatweh was in constant, bitter conflict with the  $\therefore$ Ba'al-- $\therefore$ Ashtart cult of Canaan. Now it should be understood that the Religion of Moses was a sect derived from the same mythos as its

rival. Abraham, a Babylonian of Ur, had been blessed by Melchizedek, the Canaanite King of Jerusalem and a priest of  $\therefore$ EL, "The Most High God". ( Genesis, Chapter 14) This same  $\therefore$ EL was the father of  $\therefore$ Ba'al and  $\therefore$ Ashtart. In Babylon He was called  $\therefore$  ANU and was the father of  $\therefore$  Ishtar. Space does not permit us speculation on all the factors that aided the growth of the austere Religion of  $\therefore$  Yatweh but the hard, nomadic life of the Hebrews was certainly one of the foremost. When the wandering 'Habiri' returned 'home' to Canaan and began the transition from pastoral tribesmen to agraculturalists and urbanites, before the time of Saul and David, the religious battle-lines were drawn. Joshua's attempted genocide of the Canaanites had not been successful and they still ' abounded in the land'.

The new farmers were naturally attracted to the nature-oriented intensification rituals of  $\therefore$ Ba'al and their newly urbanized brethren were fascinated with the sensual glamour of  $\therefore$ Ashtart's saturnalian rites. It was probably at this point that the first puritanical 'blue laws' of orthodox Judaism appeared.

During the Empire of Solomon, the socio-economic transition was complete but the religious conflict had not resulted in a synthesis. Insted we look back on two spiritually unbalanced cults fighting for supremacy. The transvestite priest of  $\therefore$ Ashtart finding final exaultation in publically castorating himself is hardly more odious than the Levite priest demanding a young woman be stoned to death for adultery or exacting a ruinous judgement from a poor farmer struggling to save his precious harvest by working on the Sabbath.

Perhaps it was Solomon who attempted, by his catholic example, to bring about a mellow fusion of these seperate cults of  $\therefore$  EL into a pan-semetic polymorphus monotheism similar to the Hindu religion of India ? He may well have built the magnificent Temple at Jerusalem not only for the Levite  $\therefore$  Yatweh but for the universal over-god of all the semites. Why else did Hiram of Tyre, a 'Pagan' Phoenician ( as was Melchizedek ) "rejoice" and say "blessed be the Lord" before assisting Solomon so readily ? ( 1st Kings, Chapt. 5 ) Why is his greatest literary work, THE SONG OF SOLOMON so pregnant with the symbols of The Goddess and why did he construct conspicuous Temples to Her ? Even the Levites conceded to 'Wisdom of Solomon' but if the above conjecture is true, they hardly understood how wise he really was...

For in the Celestial Marriage of  $\therefore$ Ba'al and  $\therefore$ Ashtart, ritually enacted by priest and priestess, we see a direct analogy to the Shiva-Shakti congrex of the Tantric adepts, a Magickal formula of considerable power even in this



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faithless modern age -- how much more awesome it must have been in times when the sanctified celebrants and their congregation believed utterly in the truth of Devine Possession? One need only compare the 'Great Rite' in its full ancient significance to the Transformation Miracle of the 'Paulian' Mass ( an indirect and passive assumption of god-form ) to realize why the Art of Magick has been feared and suppressed for so many centuries in the West. A Solar-cult that castorates its Phallus and transforms its Bride into a 'Virgin Mother' cannot compete Magickally with a virile and fertile Sol-Terra mythos. Even though the Paulians adapted Pagan festivals, embraced anthropomorphism and deified a vast pantheon of Saints, their system has no direct, creative link with the deepest and most basic forces that energize Man and Nature. Like the Levites, theirs is a religion of "Thou shalt not" -- and high on the list of 'Thou shalt nots' is the practice of Magick.

We should perhaps digress to caution the casual reader against assuming from the above that the ORDO TEMPLI ASHTART is anti-Christian. We have the deepest respect for the teachings of the Master .: Jehusha and we are only critical of Paul's interpretation of them. The 'knowledgeable' may choose to renounce Jesus as a creation of Paul but the wise do not. Not only would such a renunciation be injurious to the personal egragore, it is historically unjustified; .: Jehusha never claimed he was God and should not be blamed for the acts of those who postumously deified him. A study of elementary Qabalah will quickly resolve any difficulties in understanding this Rosicrucian view and lead the student to a full grasp of the significance of what the Master did say: "I am the Son of Man." Further meditation may even lead to a revelation of the link between .: Jehusha and .: Melchizedek -- But to return to our subject...

....A convincing argument for the actual existance of a Solomonic proto-Magickal tradition such as we have described above, can be found in the SONG OF SOLOMON itself, wherein the mysterious "Shulamite" thrice declares: "I charge you, oh daughters of Jerusalem, stir not up nor awake my love, until he please." This Psalm may well be a hymn to the Queen of Heaven.

Perhaps it is the culture-memory of that 'Magickal' religion Solomon tried to create that comes down to us in the ancient system of Theurgy the Arabians attributed to him? The essential polymorphism of Magick with its rich pantheon of Phoenician, Babylonian and Egyptian entities as personalized male and female aspects of the Qabalistic YHVH -- an all-prevading, transsexual life-force, moral only in its impersonal harmony -- is a far more .: 'ELish' conception than the paternal and patriarchal God of Moses.

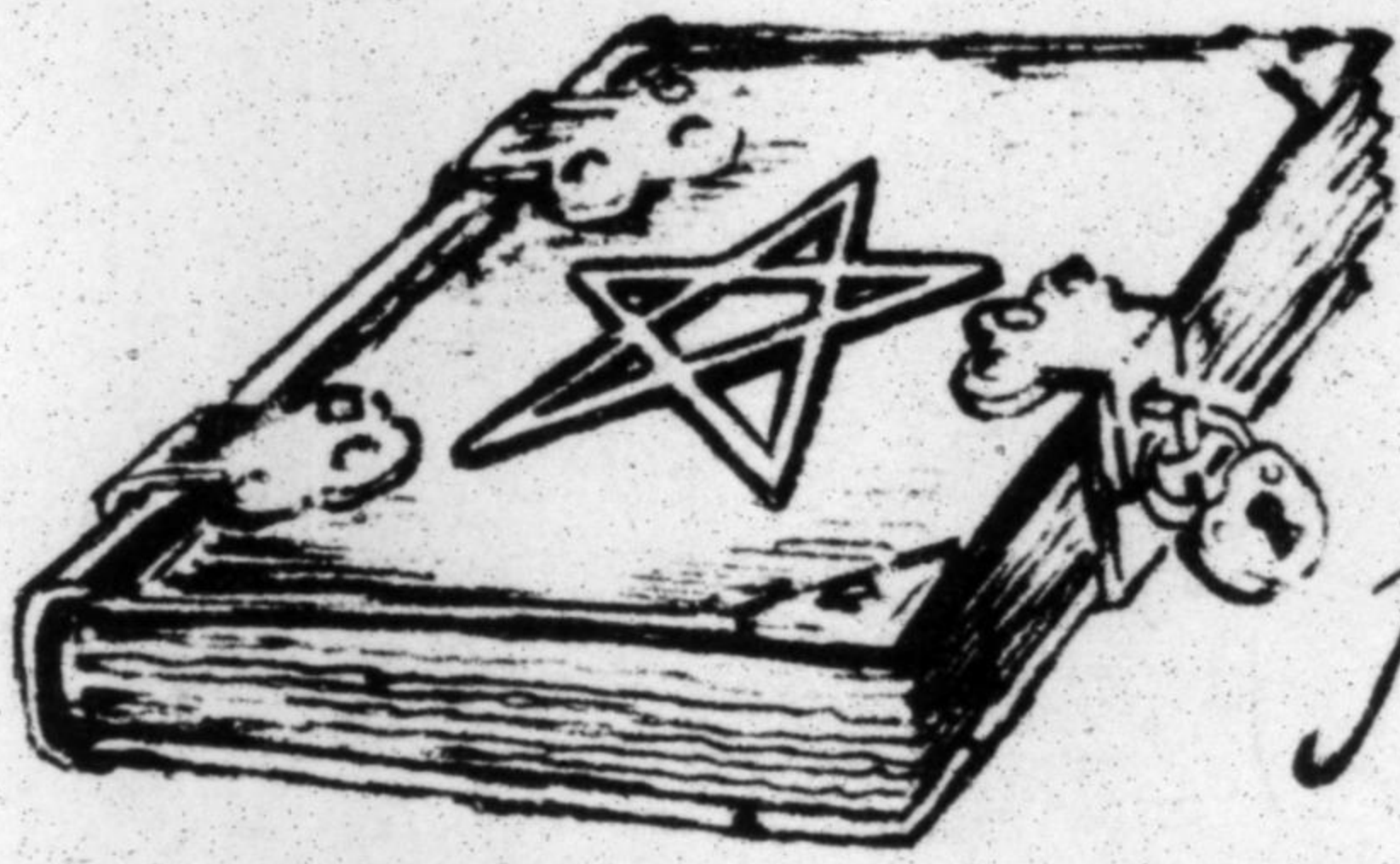
It might be considered a Cosmic joke that the great .: EL survived only as one of the many names attributed to His nomadic step-son and that His daughter, .:Ashtart, was transformed into 'Asteroth', a male demon with bad breath! In the words of Khayyam ( out of context ) "Many a cup of this forbidden wine will drown the memory of that insolence." -- And Solomon's Magick is indeed a forbidden wine. The Judeo-Paulian equation, Sex = Evil = Sex was inculcated in scripture not from the dread of a distant 'hell' ( the Hebrews did not even have a concept of hell ) but from fear of the Temple of .:Ashtart around the corner from the Tabernacle. As Wilhelm Reich theorized and the later Soviet social experiments proved, the power of authoritarianism depends largely on its ability to channel the sexual aspirations of its subjects. The ancient Pagan 'establishment' maintained such control by sanctifying the sex act with its 'official' priestesses, while the Hebrews, later the Paulians and finally the Communists decided to make a 'sin' out of it. Needless to say, both extremes are an insult to freedom and dignity.

As a corollary to this sexual negation, the Hebrew ( and later Muslim ) prohibition against 'graven images', especially anthropomorphic ones, was not imposed from any desire to promote a concept of pure monotheism -- as is usually supposed -- but rather to restrict the practice of Magick which depends on such visual links to function effectively. As a pragmatic compromise, the Paulians dangled an anthropomorphic carrot to their Pagan converts and thus escaped the theological trap by default. For this dubious reason, the so-called 'Christian Qabalah' was more Magickal than its non-visual Hebrew antecedent -- explaining its evolution into the 'Solomonic' system we practice today.

Romantically, we may speculate that this ancient religion of Solomon's may well have evolved in a manner that the sage old monarch intended. If he was the first Magus, he may have envisioned a Secret Tradition open only to the wise which would perpetuate the truth he had discovered -- That the spirit of Devine Providence within us has many faces, good and evil, male and female, all reflected in the multi-faceted jewel of the Microcosom, while in the Macrocosom they are ALL ONE. Perhaps he even understood the Arcanum of the Celestial Marriage with its ultimate formula: EN TUO TEMPLO...

TU ES DEUS

*Frater Aleyin*



# 7<sup>th</sup> Ray

from the archives

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL RELATION OF DR. DEE'S ACTIONS WITH SPIRITS & ETC. is an impressive morocco bound folio, some 448 pages long, edited and laboriously prefaced by Meric Casaubon, D.D., published 1659, London -- copies of which may still be found in the British Museum and certain private collections. This volume is the source from which S.L. MacGregor Mathers derived the ENOCHIAN SYSTEM of the ORDER OF THE GOLDEN DAWN in the late 1800's.

The bulk of the text is devoted to scrupulous transcripts by Dee of skrying sessions he and Edward Kelley held over several years during which various 'entities' delivered the 'Angelic Language' by a complex process of spelling each word backwards -- due to the alleged potency of the lexicon. The "Shew Stone" was a crystal speculum in which Kelley visualized Angels, demons and even an amorous nymph named "Madimi" (For a sample of her conversation, see MAN, MYTH AND MAGIC, no. 22.)

John Dee, the 'Astrologer Royal' to Queen Elizabeth, was a respected scholar of his day, a devotee of Cornelius Agrippa's Natural Magic, a consummate cryptographer -- after Trithemius -- and an agent of the British Secret Service. Edward Kelley, although certainly a rogue, was highly literate and the author of profound Alchemical texts.

Notwithstanding the dubious circumstances surrounding the creation and the creators of the 'Angelic Language', it still remains one of the great phenomenon of the Western Esoteric Tradition, dwarfing later revelatory works by the internal evidence of its virtually impossible ingenuity. We doubt if present-day linguists, even with the aid of computers, could produce anything to equal it without ranging deep into the Collective Unconscious -- as we believe Dee and Kelley must have.

The excerpt we are publishing here begins on page 82 and ends at the bottom of page 84 in the text. It is one of the first sessions during which whole ENOCHIAN words are delivered. Because the photostat copy from our microfilm will not permit a second legible reduction, we have faithfully transcribed it with the notes and marginal data complete -- as an impressive glimpse of the actual technique employed.

To our knowledge, no such detailed sampling has been published since the original edition over 300 years ago.

## A TRUE RELATION

OF  
Dr. DEES Actions, with spirits.

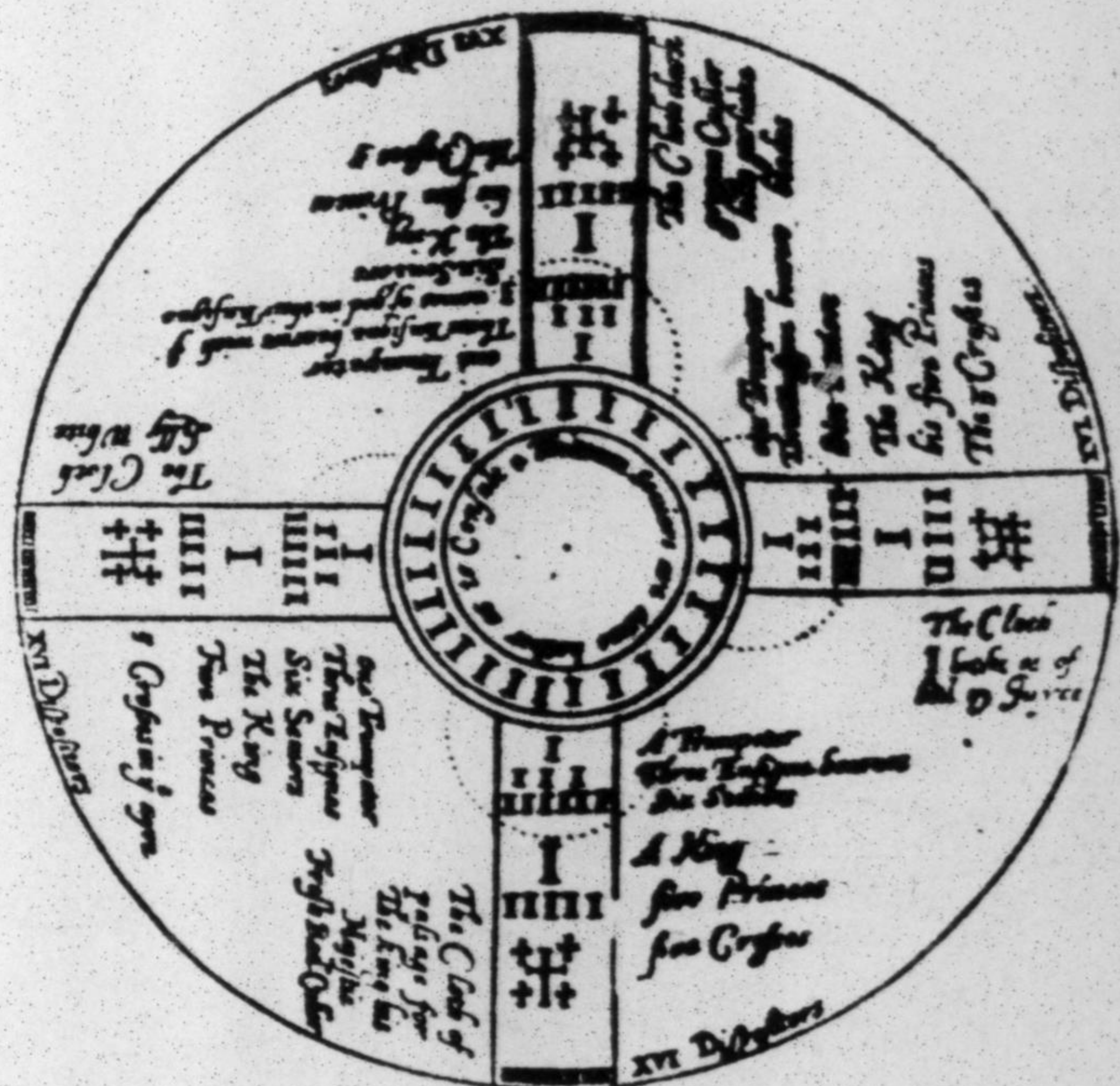
Liber Mysteriorum (& Sancti) parallelus Novalisque.  
Lefden MAY 28. 1583.



J. and E. K. late discouling of the Noble Polonian Albertus  
L. his great honour here with us obtained, his great good  
liking of all States of the people, of them that either see him  
or hear of him, and again how much I was beholding to God  
that his heart should so fervently favour me, and that he doth  
so much strive to please and confound the malice and envie of  
my Country-men against me, for my better credit winning  
or recovering to do God better service hereafter thereby, &c.  
Suddenly, there seemed to come out of my Oratory a Spirital  
creature, like a pretty girl of 7 or 9 years of age, attired on

her head with her hair rowled up before, and hanging down very long behind, with a gown of  
Sey, ...changable green and red, and with a train the fained to play up and down.....  
like, and seemed to go in and out behind my books, lying on heaps, the bigger .....and as  
she should ever go between them, the books seemed to give place sufficiently, dis..... one heap  
from the other, while she passed between them: And so I considered, and ..... the diverse  
reports which E. K. made unto me of this pretty maiden, and .....

A. I said ..... Whose maiden are you?  
A. She ..... Whose man are you?  
A. I am the servant of God both by my bound duty, and also (I hope) by his Adoption.  
A voyce ..... You shall be beaten if you tell.  
..... Am not I a fine Maiden? Give me leave to play in your house, my Mother told me she  
would come and dwell here.  
A. She went up and down with most lively gestures of a young girl, playing by her selfe,  
and diverse times another spake to her from the corner of my study by a great Perspective-  
glasse, but none was seen beside her selfe.  
..... Shall I? I will (Now she seemed to answer one in the foresaid Corner of the Study)  
..... I pray you let me tarry a little (speaking to one in the foresaid Corner)  
A. Tell me who you are?  
..... I pray you let me play with you a little, and I will tell you who I am  
A. In the name of Jesus then tell me.  
..... I rejoyce in the name of Jesus, and I am a poor little Maiden, Madimi, I am the  
left but one of my Mothers children, I have little Baby-children at home.  
A. Where is your home?  
Ma. I will not tell you where I dwell, I shall be beaten.  
A. You shall not be beaten for telling the truth to them that love the truth, be the over-  
ruling ninth all Creatures must be obedient.  
Ma. .... I warrant you I will be obedient. My Sisters say they must all come and dwell with you.  
A. I desire



# A True Relation

Page 82.

Saturday, Aprilis 14. Mane.

Cracoviae 1584

DEE: Oratione Dominica finita & brevi illa oratione Psalmi 33.  
Inspecto Chrystallo apparuerunt GABRIEL & NALVAGE.

KELLEY: They kneel, as if they were in confession one to another,  
and....about half a quarter of an hour.

(Prayer) ( GABRIEL....) after me.

O beginning and fountain of wisdom, gird up thy loins in mercy, and shadow our weakness; be merciful unto us and forgive us our trespasses: for those that rise up saying there is no God, have risen up against us, saying, Let us confound them: Our strength is not, neither are our bones full of marrow. Help therefore O eternal God of mercy; help therefore O eternal God of salvation: help therefore O eternal God of peace and comfort. Who is like unto thee in altars of incense? before whom the Quire of Heaven sing, O Mappa la man hallelujah: Visit us O God with a comprehending fire, brighter than the Stars in the fourth heaven. Be merciful unto us and continue with us: for thou art Almighty: To whom all things of thy breasts in Heaven and Earth, sing glory praise and honour, Saying, Come, Come, Lord for thy mercy sake. Say so unto God kneeling.

DEE: I repeated it, kneeling, and E.K. likewise kneeling.

KELLEY: They both kneel down again, and put their foreheads together:  
GABRIEL seemeth to sit in a chair on the one side of NALVAGE  
about 30 yards off, on NALVAGE his left hand. NALVAGE standeth.

GABRIEL (standing said) ....Thus saith the Lord, Who is he, that dare resist invincible strength: Seale up the East, Seale up the South, Seale up the West: and unto the North put three Seales.

KELLEY: Now sitteth NALVAGE in a Chair aside from his round Table, the Table being somewhat before him.

NALVAGE: .....Name that I point to. ( To E.K. he said so, as concerning the Letters.)

KELLEY: He flung like a thin brightness out of the Stone upon E.K. he hath his rod, which he took out of his own mouth.

...ev...He holdeth up his rod, and saith, I am the joy, and rejoyce in myself.

KELLEY: He smit the round Table with his rod; and it whirled about with a great swiftness. Now that which before seemed to be circular and plain form, appeareth to be a Globe and round Ball; corporal when it turneth.

NALVAGE: ....Say the last.

DEE: Piano el.

KELLEY: He striketh the Table now, and though the body seem to turn, yet the Letter seem to stand still in their places.

Now he plucketh out five Books, as if from under his Chair, and setteth them down by him; the books be green, bright, and they be three corned, a clasp.

Sal.... Read backward...( to E.K.) Everything with us teacheth. Read backward. Letter without number.

NALVAGE: ...Read backward, letter without number, the letters thou hadst yesterday.

DEE: After all read, he proceeded thus:

68 P The fourth ascending, 97.  
A The sixth ascending, 112.  
I The eighth ascending, 207.  
P The ninth ascending, 307. PIAP.

KELLEY: Now he striketh it again, and it turneth.

67     A  
       T                     TA.

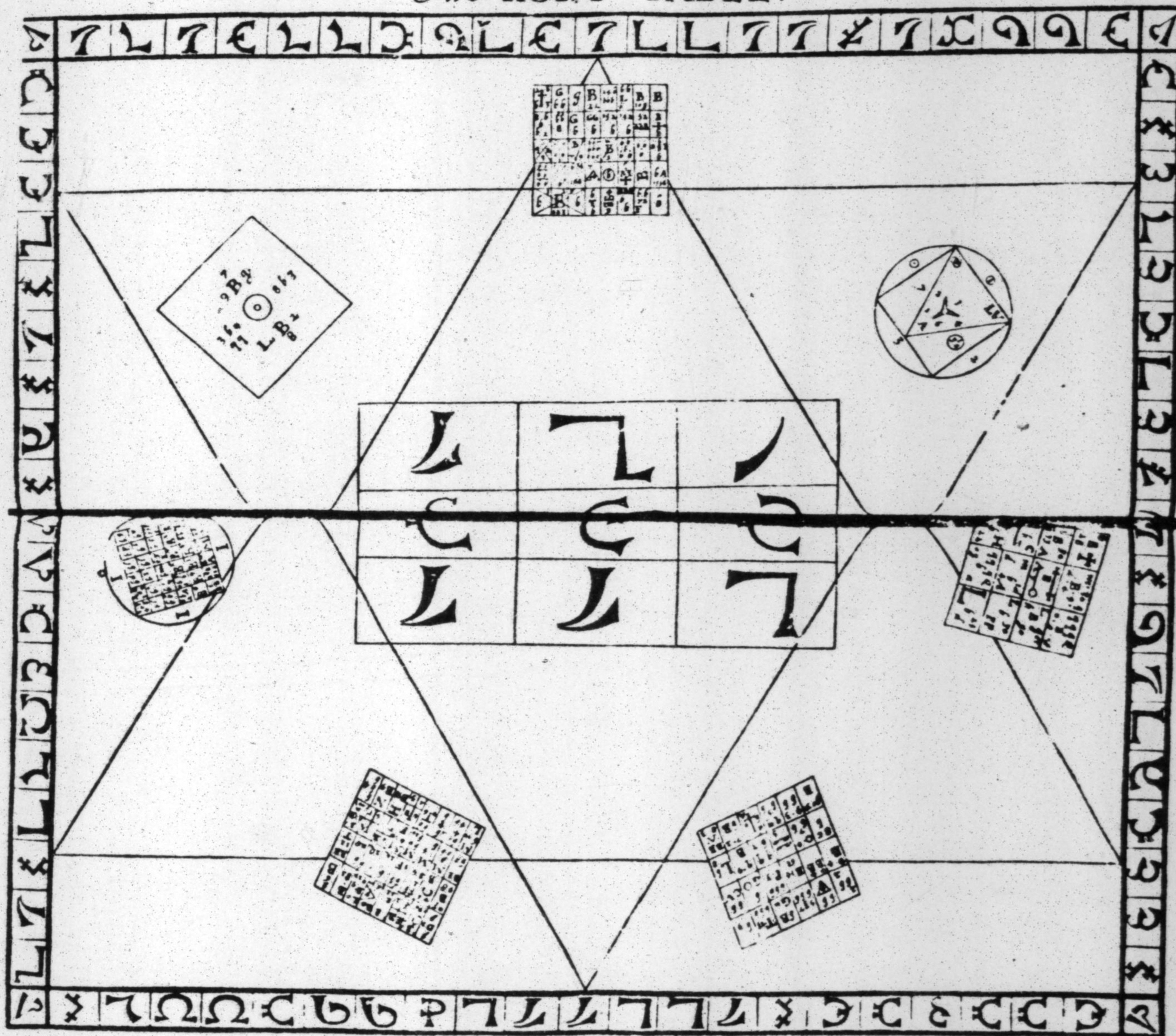
The numbers after.

66     I  
       A  
       A                     AAI. The first A may be an A an O or an E.  
       Those are two words.

KELLEY: Now he striketh again, and turneth: his Rod seemeth to be hollow like a reed.

65     APGOB.     Call it Bogpa.

*The HOLY TABLE.*



KELLEY: Gabriel falleth down on his face, and lieth prostrate, and Nalvage holdeth up his Rod all the while.

( Also ) DOS. He pointed beyond him in the upper Circle, it seemeth like a Roman C.

64     LAMAOP.     Poamal Od. put out the S.  
       Make it two words...It may be all one word with S. or T. but it would be hard for your understanding.  
       Make a point between Poamal and Od.

KELLEY: Gabriel lieth prostrate all this while.

63     XVDMOZ.     Call it Zone.

*The Seventh Ray*

# A True Relation

....With great difficulty this letter was discerned: Nalvage himself said, he knew it not yet; but it seemed to E.K. to be an X. Nalvage denied it to be an X and said he knew not yet the mystery: Say the Lord's prayer, for I cannot open it. Although my power be multiplied, I know not this Letter. At length he said it was V.

KELLEY: I can remember that word well.

NALVAGE: ....Thou shalt not remember it.

62 PEV. It is called Vep.  
Make a point there. DEE: A full point ? NALVAGE: No, no, a stroke.

61 OLOHOL. Call it Loholo.  
Long, the first syllable accented.

KELLEY: Now he striketh the Table.

60 SD. It is the uppermost of Call it Ds.

59 SIMAPI. Pronounce it IPAMIS. Make a point at S. the A pronounced short.

58 LU. Call it UL. DEE: With such sound to U as we pronounce yew, whereof bows are made.

57 MAPI. E.K. It seemeth to be an e.  
Labiis clausis, ( Span ) ( um um )...He hummed twice, signifying two words more, which were not to be pronounced till they were ready in practise (sic.).

DO. OD. As you had before.

KELLEY: Now Gabriel riseth from his lying prostrate.

56 HOTLAB. Call it BALTOH. There is a point.  
PAIP. Call it Piap.

KELLEY: Gabriel steppeth up, and seemeth to storm angrily against somewhat.

DEE: Belike some wicked powers would intrude their illusions, or hindrances in these actions.

KELLEY: He hath thrown his Dart from him: and it cometh to him again.

GABRIEL: ....Count the number of words you have received today.

DEE: Sixteen, if Poamal; Od be made two words.

GABRIEL: .... Be packing, and so many plagues be amongst you more then your plague watbefore. (sic.)

KELLEY: He seemeth to storm still.

GABRIEL: ..... Come in.

KELLEY: Now there come four more.

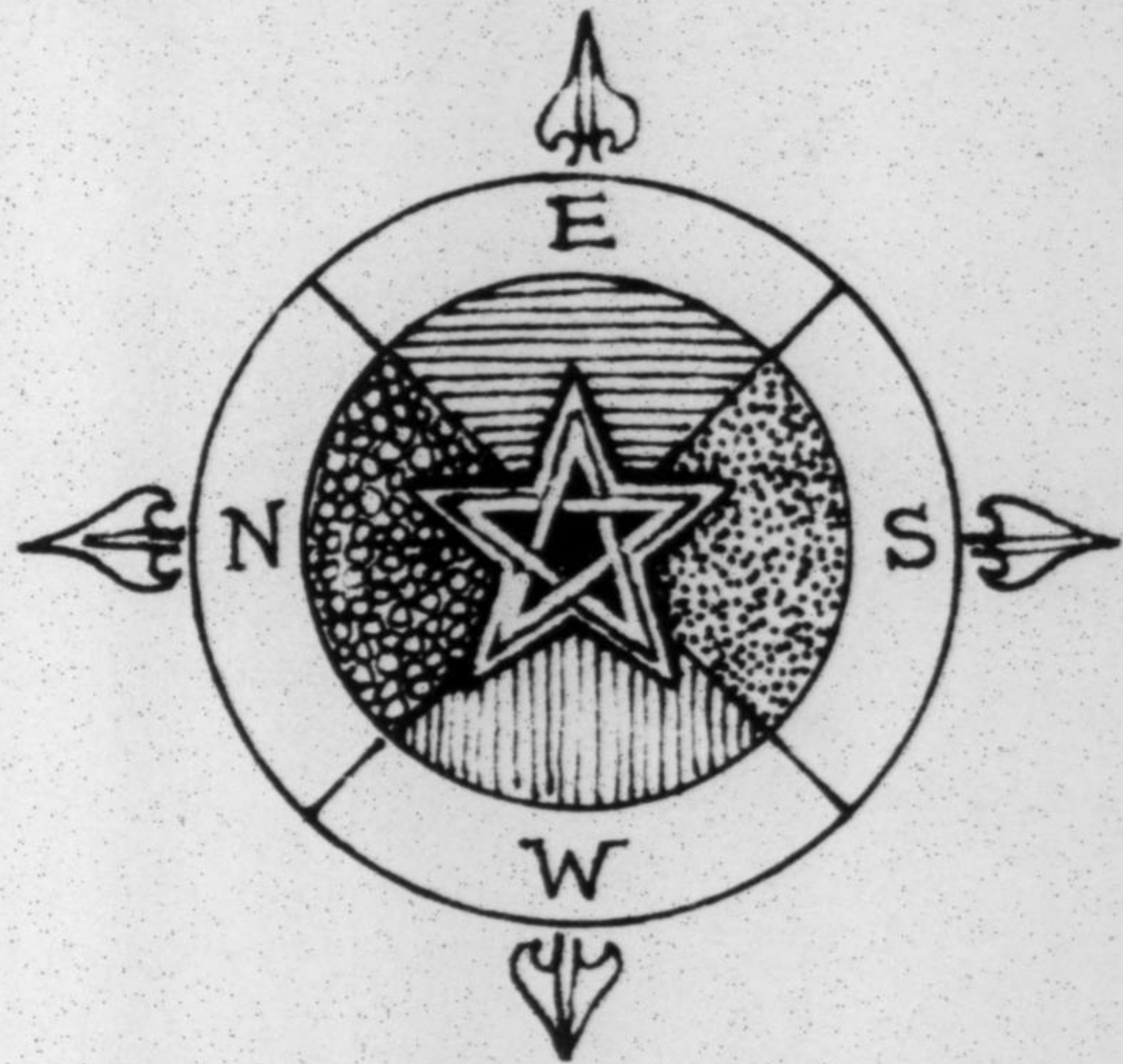
GABRIEL: ....Art not thou Adraman ? Which hast fallen, and hast burst thy neck four times ? And wilt thou now rise again, and take part anew ? Go thy way therefore, thou Seducer, enter unto the fifth torment. Let thy power be less than it is, by as much as thou seest number here.

KELLEY: Now they all four fall down into a pit, or Haitum of the foundation of the place where they stood.

Nalvage lieth all this while on his face.



# The Controversy of the Quadrants by fra. Aleyin



Perceptive readers may already have noticed the change in Quadrant orientation on the inside back cover of this issue. After careful consideration, we have decided to return to the GOLDEN DAWN's Quaternary of Ezekiel, placing ∴ Auriel, Lady of the Earth, in the North and ∴ Gabriel, Lady of the Waters in the West. The temporary change-over to the Quaternary of the Apostle John was an experimental innovation that seemed to have some merits, especially in Alchemistical and seasonal symbolism. It placed the primary elements (Fire and Water) and the secondary elements (Air and Earth) in balance. Winter, characterized by snow and ice is a cold, wet season; the alchemical attributes of 'Water' and the color 'blue' seemed more appropriate to North than 'green'. From a practical standpoint this set-up enabled us to perform our Communion of the Elements ceremony deosil rather than widdershins, the celebrant receiving the Host in the West, followed by the reception of the Eucharist in the North in a 'Sun-wise' circumambulation.

At the time we assumed that the reason why 'Earth' had been allocated to the North was that Gnostic philosophy equated the Earth ( i.e. the physical sphere ) with 'evil', a negative concept perpetuated by medieval Christian mystics who, in their turn conceived of 'the North' as the geographic origin of evil ( e.g. the cold north wind, viking raiders, gnomes, trolls, etc. ). Feeling that this conception had out-lived its validity, we were not reluctant to abandon it. The change was in compass orientation only; all other attributes remained the same.

If the above considerations were valid -- and in varying degrees they are -- why have we now decided to discontinue the innovation ?

For several reasons: Sor. Ariel meditated on the problem and realized that a traditional geographic orientation may well pre-date the influence of Gnostic and certainly Christian philosophy. With intuitive brilliance, she envisioned ancient Palestine where the Mediterranean lies to the West (Water) with the green hills of Lebanon (Earth) to the North. In the South is the fiery Negeb and from the East blow the hot winds from the arid lands across the Jordan. This led us to the discovery that the 'North-Evil' equation could have had an Old Testament origin (Jeremiah, 1-14) also previous to the Gnostics and Christians. Fra. Perseus and Sor. Kallah then produced a Qabahlistic analysis of the Pentagram Ritual ( T7R-2-3 ) which revealed that neither Quaternary followed the sequence of the Tetragrammaton but considering the subjective dynamics of the ritual, its culmination in the North Quadrant was an important consideration. Bill Gray advised that the change put us out of synchronization with his Circle and other GOLDEN DAWN Tradition enclaves; a point we did not take lightly -- and this brought us to re-think the elemental balance proposition. Elements in perfect equilibrium are static. Perhaps the imbalance of the original Quaternary was intended to impell rotation ? Finally, we discovered that we could perform our Communion deosil with the OGD Quaternary through the simple expedient of having the celebrants receive the Host in the North as the first station, moving around the Circle to culminate the first phase of the Rite with the reception of the Eucharist in the West.

In spite of the controversy and the temporary strain on the astral that the experiment generated, we feel we have gained more through our mistake than we lost. It made us look deeper into the majestic philosophy behind our ancient traditions and gave us an insight into relationships that are too often taken as arbitrary and performed by rote. Now when we circumambulate Solomon's Great Circle, we are more in tune with its ancient origins and its eternal Cosmic design.

# 7<sup>th</sup> Ray fiction

## SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY THUS FAR:

Afflicted with the incurable disease, Contemporary Socialitis, Enoch Adamson chances upon the eccentric old shopkeeper, Hermes Trismegistus, who pledges him to go in quest of his destiny in the OLAM YETZIRAH. Under the shop is a vast catacombs leading to the TEMPLE OF MALKUTH, gateway to the Astral Plane... Trismegistus has outfitted Adamson for his journey in the costume and accouterments of the Fool in the Tarot. He charges him to search for the Horn of the Unicorn, the Feather of the Phoenix and the Eye of the Basilisk. Giving him a talisman to protect him in the Land of the Gnomes, the old Magus opens the door to the Path of Tau and pushes Adamson through. The door closes behind him and disappears! Adamson is trapped in the endless caverns....

Discovering that the satchel tied to his staff contains a Magick Wand, Dagger, Cup, Pentacle and a flask of wine and loaf of bread which wondrously replenish themselves, he presses on with new hope, coming to the POOL OF TIME. As he navigates the stepping stones across the Pool, time slows down to a geological rather than a biological frame of reference and he has entered the dimension of the Earth Elementals -- the Gnomes...

Captured and bound, he is taken to the Throne-Cavern of old King Ghob, who honors the talisman Adamson carries and agrees to aid him in his search. The King tells him that he must re-cross the Pool and follow the path that leads out of the Underworld through the Forest of Fear, to the Colossus of Yesod. King Ghob gives Adamson a gift that will help him if he is 'Master of his dreams' and then speeds him on his way....

Adamson crosses the Pool of Time and follows the Gnome's directions but beyond the Pool, the natural luminance of the caverns begins to wain and he soon finds himself in darkness. He then discovers that his Magick Wand is a source of light but before he can proceed much farther, an earthquake seals the tunnel behind him and he finds himself trapped on a ledge above a bottomless crevasse....

The Gnome King's gift, a small golden spider, does not seem helpful but, while asleep on the ledge, he dreams he is a child again, facing a similar crevasse in the cellar of his family home -- across which the serfantasy archetype 'Panther Woman' beckens. There is a spider web across this dream-chasm and little Enoch makes his way across it....

He wakes to discover the golden spider gone but, as he remembers his dream, a silver web materializes out across the crevasse beyond the ledge and he is on his way once more....

Escaping from the caverns, Adamson finds himself in an ever-dark forest where he meets a passionate virgin and is stalked by a mysterious creature known only as 'The Beast'....

## Adamson's Quest by C.R. Runyon



# Chapter Three: The Forest of Fear



Hurridly Adamson made a sling for his staff out of his belt, clenched the glowing Wand in his teeth and lowered himself over the edge into the strong but yielding strands. He rolled over, tangled the point of his staff and nearly lost his precious Wand. He jounced like a bobbin as he fought to right himself. It took several minutes of frantic experimentation to learn how to negotiate the net but he finally mastered the art and made it to the far ledge, swinging down to feel solid rock under his boots. Here the tunnel floor was more even and he could travel rapidly.

The passage went on and on, twisting, turning and slanting gradually upward. Adamson pushed on faster as he realized his Wand was beginning to dim out. He shook it as if it was a defective flashlight, muttering, "Come on, light up." But the flame only flickered lower. "What-the-devil's the matter with you?" he said -- and instantly regretted it for the Wand suddenly winked out, leaving him in total darkness. Overcoming fear and frustration, he continued on, feeling his way along the left wall. Something flapped by his ear with a high-pitched squeek -- a bat! Adamson took heart; the presense of bats was like sighting land birds at sea. The entrance was not too far away. As he stumbled and groped his way forward, the ascending grade became steeper and he was now aware of a low moaning sound bringing with it a fresher smell to the dank air. He tripped over something springy; it was a tree root. Then he looked up to see the silver crescent of the new Moon riding high in the stars and he heard the rustle of wind in the tree tops.

Adamson scrambled up through the tangled roots of the burrow, coming out under the bowl of a giant oak tree atop a grassy hillock. He stood up and brushed himself off, looking down to see a foot path leading across a small moon-washed meadow and on into the endless darkness of a great forest.

There was a brooding melancholia over the landscape that made him uneasy. Some inarticulate instinct warned him against following that path into the dark woods even before he heard the screaming roar. It was a distant sound, carried on the night wind over the tree tops; a snarling wail that sent a shiver up his spine. Something was out there -- hunting. Adamson recalled that most predators were nocturnal. It would perhaps be safer to lay-up in the top of a tree and wait for morning. With this thought in mind he turned to investigate the great oak behind him and was about to climb up into its lower branches when he heard a young girl's voice calling to him from the meadow: "Hello there! Are you going to Yesod?"

Adamson stared in mute surprise as she trotted up the path toward him. She must have come out of the depths of the dark forest and certainly she had heard that creature's roar but her expression was innocently cheerful. Hardly older than sixteen, she was tall with short-cropped silver-blond hair and the face of a young goddess -- which was disturbingly familiar. Her only garment was a long purple shawl thrown carelessly over one shoulder. She halted in front of him and caught her breath, flipping her hair out of her eyes with a toss of her head. "You are going to Yesod, aren't you?" she said.

"I guess I am." Adamson said. "Were you expecting me?"

"Yes; I'm your guide. My name's Virginia; what's yours?"

"Enoch." he said, "Enoch Adamson." He struggled to recall where he had seen her face and suddenly realized that Virginia's classic features were identical, in a smaller, younger mold, to those of the mighty female archetype he had encountered in his dream of the spider web. "You remind me of a woman I met in a dream." he said. "But she was older and a lot bigger."

"Were you a child in your dream? Did she tease you?" Virginia asked.

"Yes -- and yes." he admitted with embarrassment.

She nodded knowingly. "That was my mother. She has a thing about little boys. You'll meet her again in Yesod -- Just remember, she's not as big as she looks and you're bigger than you think you are."

Adamson changed the subject: "Aren't you afraid to be out alone in these woods at night?"

"Around here its always night and there is nothing in the forest to be afraid of-- except 'The Beast'." she said.

"Was that 'The Beast' that I just heard?"

"Yes, that's how I knew you were here. He announced your arrival, Enoch."

I'm on the menu again, Adamson thought. "You're the guide; can this 'Beast' be avoided?"

"I'm afraid not." she said. "But he's really not so bad when you get to know him -- Come on, let's go."

"I can hardly wait." he said under his breath, loosening his Dagger in its sheath as he followed her down the hill on the path toward the Forest of Fear.

As they neared the dark stand of oaks at the edge of the forest, he tried to make some sense out of her cheerfully fatalistic declaration that 'The Beast' could not be avoided. He had no desire to play Androcles with the creature who had uttered that bellowing shriek -- which Virginia claimed was voiced 'to announce his arrival'. The Gnomes had called this ever-dark woodland "The Forest of Fear" and had told him that he was "welcome to it." As they passed between the first gnarled tree trunks, beneath the canopy of dark foliage and on into the depths where the moonlight could hardly penetrate, he began to understand what the original meaning of FEAR really was: fear of the stalker on one's track and the ambush lying ahead, fear of the saber-tooth and the cave-bear -- But why wasn't Virginia afraid? Did she serve this 'Beast' as an acolyte? Was she the 'Vestal Virgin' of some primitive cult that worshiped such creatures -- and were compelled to provide them with sacrificial victims?

He tried to put such thoughts out of his mind but the morbid trend persisted: she was his "guide to Yesod" where she had said he would meet "her mother" -- but her mother was a dream-phantom. Was Yesod a place of the living or of the dead? While he walked he untied his satchel from the knob of his staff and secured it to his belt so that he could wield the metal-shod ivory shaft as a weapon. He hefted it, discovering that it was a natural javelin. Adamson was at least determined that he would not go like a lamb to the slaughter.

Virginia looked back over her shoulder. "Don't get too far behind, Enoch. I wouldn't want to lose you."

I'll bet you wouldn't, he said to himself as he quickened his pace. Either she could see in the dark or she knew the woods like the back of her hand, he thought. He was straining to keep up with her and was nearly winded while her bare feet seemed to skip over the rough trail as if it was a garden walk...

Suddenly there was a thrashing sound in a thicket beside the path and something sprang out at them! Adamson whirled and threw his staff point-foremost, pinning the animal to a tree trunk. Virginia shrieked and rushed to the stricken creature, falling on her knees and sobbing. Adamson looked down over her shoulder to see what had attacked them. The large wounded eyes of a yearling doe stared up at him from Virginia's blood-smearred breast. "She was my friend." the girl said. "Why did you do it?"

Adamson felt sick. "It was too quick." he said. "I'm sorry."

The life went out of the doe's eyes when he pulled his staff from her heart. Tenderly Virginia layed the young deer's carcass on a bed of tufted grass, making a cryptic sign over it. "Sleep well, little sister." she whispered while Adamson wiped the warm blood off his staff with a handful of leaves. Virginia got up stiffly. "We'd better be going." she said in a dead voice. Silently Adamson fell into step behind her; his thoughts returned to a squirrel he had shot during the Summer he'd turned fourteen. He had cried then. He wanted very much to tell Virginia about it -- but this was not the time.

The path wound its way along the contour of a ridgeline, dipping down into saddlebacks but generally following the highground. He estimated that they had covered about three miles when she stopped in a small clearing and suggested a rest. Wearily he sat down on a large deadfall and peeled off his left boot to hike his sock up before the budding blister he had acquired got any worse. The forest was strangley silent. The frogs down in the creek bottom had stopped their chorus and even the crickets had ceased chirping. Virginia stood poised like a statue of Diana, listening for something on the night wind...

Then they both heard it; a crackling of branches down in the bracken. A large animal was paralleling their course, following them along the creek bottom. "Is that your 'Beast'?" Adamson said.

"Your Beast, Enoch." she corrected.

"Clumsy brute. I disown him." he said-- and he wondered just how big the animal would have to be to make as much noise as a man? "You knew he was down there all along?" he said.

"Of course. Where else would he be?" she replied.

Adamson decided to end the game. "I want to know what this 'Beast' is and why you aren't afraid of it." he demanded.

Virginia sat down on the log beside him and layed her hand on his arm. Her fingernails bit through his sleeve and he could feel her shudder as she looked down at the dried blood on her bosom. "Enoch, you know what it is better than I do -- and I am afraid of it now."

"That makes two of us." he said, putting an arm around her. "I really am sorry about the deer." he added.

"I wish I could believe that." she said.

He told her about the squirrel, struggling for the right words to express his feelings -- "It was the only thing I ever killed-- until now." he concluded.

She moved closer, pressing warm against him. "I feel safer." she said, turning her lips up to his. He kissed her hesitantly, expecting only tenderness but her tongue darted in his mouth. The purple shawl slid off her shoulder and for several moments they were merged together as she silently communicated her surrender...

"Not with that thing down there stalking us." he said.

"Yes, before we have to face it -- please."

"Virginia, you're just a kid." he said. Her eyes reminded him of the doe. She was too young and innocent, too easily hurt.

"Don't you want me?" she said, still pressing close.

"Have you ever--?"

"No, but I'll have to soon. I'd rather it be here, now."

Adamson stiffened inadvertently. His mother had been so emphatically simplistic about the difference between 'nice girls' and 'bad girls' that he was unable to cope with the complex reality of a 'bad' nice-girl or a 'nice' bad-girl. The dichotomy of such situations profoundly disturbed him. "Not like this." he said, picking up her shawl and covering her with it. He tried to pat her shoulder but she moved away, sitting with her face turned from him.

He stood up. "I don't want to take advantage of you."

She gave him an angry glance. "Don't say that -- even if you mean it." She got to her feet stiffly and carefully adjusted her flimsy garment as if she had just acquired a sense of modesty. "Come on." she said. "We have to cross the ford before the Moon sets."

Adamson followed her again, still wary, still expecting a trap but his emotions were in turmoil. Somehow he felt he had failed her and that she was now the intended victim of whatever it was that stalked them. The trail was all downhill now, moving on a converging course with the creek bottom. Every so often she would raise her hand to call a halt and they would listen -- Each time they heard the same snapping and crackling of branches from below. Adamson's legs were turning numb and he felt an emptiness in his stomach. This was crazy; they were walking right into it...

It was damp and darker down in the bottom and the brush was thicker. He could smell water ahead. Suddenly there was a scream; a human scream. It came again and this time it was articulate: "Help!"

"He's in the quicksand!" Virginia said. "Hurry!"

They rushed down to the ford where the moonlight was brighter over the open water and then up stream along the bank to the boggy brim of a broad slough. The spongy carpet of interwoven vegetation quaked under their feet as they looked at the man wallowing out in the middle of the gray muck. He was already buried to his armpits. "Help me!" he shouted.

"Stop fighting it!" Adamson yelled and then looked about for a dead branch to extend out to him. His staff was far too short. There was nothing available and he could see that the fellow was not going to float quietly while he went back into the woods to cut a pole. "Quick, give me your shawl." he said to Virginia. Without hesitation she removed it and he tried throwing it out; the first time with no success but on the second attempt the muddy end flipped out within the victim's grasp. He seized the cloth in a death grip with both hands. Adamson and Virginia heaved on the taut fabric together, stumbling backwards in the springy bog, but they couldn't budge him an inch. Adamson cursed under his breath: "The bastard's kicking. I know he is!" Then he bellowed: "Don't move your legs! Just hang on!" They got a new grip and tried again; this time the mud opened up with an obscene sound and they dragged him ashore. After gasping and sputtering for a moment, he gave them a broad grin that showed perfect teeth and getting to his feet with a certain squishy grace, he doffed his muddy hat to them.

"H'cóné Nosmáda, at your service." he said, giving Adamson only a cursory glance and then staring at Virginia. "I'm forever in your debt." His voice was deep with a liquid accent. Middle Eastern, Adamson supposed, to match his aquiline features, swarthy complexion and black spade beard. The rest of him was a solid mass of muck. "Where is it safe to have a wash?" Nosmáda said, still eyeing the girl.

"Up by the ford." she said in a small voice, looking at him like a bird watching a snake. Adamson picked up her muddy shawl and handed it to her. His touch on her arm seemed to break the spell and she fumbled to cover herself with the clean end of the purple wrap.

Above the ford they found a deep still-water pool where Nosmáda promptly stripped to the buff and jumped in then dragged his clothes in to wash the muck out of them. "Come in, little pidgeon, the water is delightful." he said with his teeth flashing at Virginia who was kneeling by the bank trying to wash her shawl without taking it off. Adamson, still worried

about 'The Beast', was standing back from the pool, his staff at the ready, with an eye upstream.

Virginia squealed when Nosmada pulled her head-over-heels into the pool. She came up sputtering and his deep laugh boomed as he ducked her again. Adamson was exasperated. "Cut out the horse-play," he said. "Don't you know there's a big animal out there?"

Nosmada laughed again. "You mean the one who roars like this--" he stood up, half out of the water, filled his massive chest with air, cupped his hands to his mouth and gave voice to a roaring shriek that was utterly unhuman. Adamson was unnerved. Nosmada chuckled. "I was once the geek in my uncle's carnival. You should see me eat a live chicken."

"I'd rather not," Adamson said. So Nosmada was 'The Beast' -- Did Virginia know him? It seemed as if she might, Adamson thought. She was giggling out in the pool, trying to squirm out of his grasp. Nosmada submerged behind her-- then she shot up out of the water with an indignant screech. He came up grinning but she slapped him and scrambled up on the bank, running to Adamson. She huddled in the blond youth's arms, pouting.

"He doesn't know when to stop," she said, looking back at Nosmada who had emerged, still smiling, to dress.

"Did you know he was 'The Beast'?" Adamson asked her.

"Of course not -- but he certainly is!" and then she added: "Even if he is handsome."

Nosmada adjusted his costume with smug awareness of her stolen glances in his direction. He was outfitted in black and red from boots to slouch hat; black tights, a wide silver-bossed black belt, a black leather vest over a Spanish shirt of blood-red silk and a short black cape with a crimson lining. He was armed with a long poinard, silver-hilted with theommel cast in the likeness of a skull, in a scabbard at his belt. A five-pointed silver star hung around his neck on a chain but Adamson noted that the star was upsidedown. "Just who-in-hell are you?" Adamson said. "And what are you doing here?"

Nosmada did not seem offended. "I might ask you the same questions but in so much as you did assist me out of the mud, I shall be first to declare -- I am the son of the Great Kalazar, King of all the Albainian Gypsies; albeit on the wrong side of the blanket. Because of the unfortunate circumstances of my birth and the conditions in Eastern Europe, my patrimony has been denied me and I must live by my wits," he informed. "And a knowledge of certain skills not taught in your schools," he added in a lower tone.

"But how did you get here?" Adamson said, releasing Virginia who went to the bank to retrieve her shawl.

Nosmada sat down on a mossy rock and drew his dagger to wipe the gleaming blade on dry leaves. "I had been in England for some years when I decided to take up the study of Satanism," he continued. "Not seriously, mind you, but for amusement and profit." He paused until Virginia returned. "I had gathered an intimate group of 'students' in Liverpool; an excellent cast for an 'art film' I was paid handsomely not to release. I was planning a second 'production' but then I chanced to meet a real Sorcerer, the Master Sebastian Drew."

"A real sorcerer?" Virginia said. "Did he have pointed ears?"

"Slightly pointed, yes," Nosmada conceded, watching her eyes widen. "I had read of his deeds but I had thought him dead over a hundred years -- yet there he was, a shopkeeper in the slums of Liverpool. He promised me powers even I had never dreamed of!"

"This sounds familiar," Adamson said. "Was there a Temple down under the cellar?"

"Yes, indeed there was," Nosmada said. "We descended into the sewers to reach it; Drew, myself and the girl --"

"A girl?" Virginia said, fascinated.

"One of my recent initiates," he explained. "Delightful creature, utterly trusting and fully developed at sixteen. She had no living relatives."

"You bastard," Adamson said under his breath.

"Wasn't she afraid?" Virginia asked.

"I had given her a 'magic potion' to bolster her courage," the Gypsy explained.

"You filthy bastard," Adamson whispered.

Nosmada pretended not to hear him as he continued: "We reached the Secret Chapel and prepared to perform the Black Mass. The girl was our living altar, our offering to Satan -- after which I was to sign The Pact."

"Did the devil really come?" Virginia said.

"In more ways than one," he said but she was so engrossed in the tale that the joke was lost on her. "No sooner had we defiled the Host than we heard a great clap of thunder and the ancient stone floor cracked open like an eggshell! Up he rose with a cloud of sulphur and brimstone, seven feet tall, black as ink and endowed like a stallion."

"Did he have horns and a tail?" Virginia was entranced; her voice seemed to come from a distance.

"Certainly. His head was that of a monstrous goat with hooves and a tail to match but his hands were like the talons of a vulture. He went straight-way to the girl and ravished her upon the altar. His laughter drowned out her cries but from her willing posture we assumed they were not entirely expressions of pain -- and yet, at the climactic thrust, she died."

Virginia let out her pent-up breath and seemed to shrink smaller in her shawl. She was like a puppet whose strings had suddenly been cut.

"Then Satan turned to me and gripped my left arm with his talons. A fierce cold froze through to my bones and his slit-eyes seared into my brain. 'That bitch was no virgin!' he told me. 'She was a whore of the gutters!' I could hardly speak to tell him I had not known this -- but then Sebastian Drew interceded: 'It is a new age, Master. Nowadays a nubial virgin is as rare as a hippogryph.'"

"I'm a virgin." Virginia said in a small voice.

Adamson flashed her a hard look. "Don't advertise it."

Nosmada noted the by-play with a lift of one eyebrow then continued: "Satan agreed to spare my life on the condition that I would spend a year in his service at the time and place of his choosing. I had no choice but to agree. He placed this ring on my left index finger and then, with another clap of thunder, he was gone." Nosmada held up his hand so that the moonlight reflected on a massive silver ring, its setting enclosing a satyr's head carved in black onyx. "It cannot be removed until I have completed my service," he explained.

"But how did you get here?" Adamson asked in a sour voice. He needed to know but he didn't want to.

"I'm coming to that. It was most curious -- You see the Devil vanished without a trace. The floor was sealed up as if it had never been breached and even the wounds his claws had inflicted on the girl's body had mysteriously healed, although she was quite dead. There was only a faint stench of brimstone hanging in the cold air. Drew and I disposed of the body -- I shall not upset you with the details of that --and then we made our way back into the sewers. It must have rained up in the city during our ceremony because the huge tunnel was now a rushing torrent. Drew stopped along the ledge and bade me look down at the flotsom drifting by. There was a score of broken and discarded toys; dolls, a doll house, play-money strewn like leaves everywhere and a golden paper crown all bobbing in the filth. 'Behold the river of your dreams,' Drew said. 'Now be on your way to find the Throne of Saturn.' He must have hit me a mighty blow from behind. I remember looking down into the sewage -- but nothing more until I awoke on the bank of this creek in this Dark Country with that ridiculous paper crown on my head!"

Adamson believed less than half of Nosmada's story but the account of falling into the sewer seemed convincing. "Why did you give your geek yell?"

For the first time the Gypsy's eyes went narrow with hatred. "Blind rage," he said. "Drew betrayed me from the first." Then he smiled. "Now tell me about yourself."

"I think I'll save it for a better time." Adamson told him and then to Virginia: "Let's be going." He took her arm and helped her up, turning away from Nosmada but she slipped out of his grasp.

"We have to take him with us as far as The Great Tau, Enoch. Those are my Mother's instructions."

"And mother knows best." Nosmada said with a grin as he rose to join them.

With Virginia in the lead, they crossed the ford and followed the path uphill. After they had hiked over the crest of the ridge, the forest began to thin out into highland scrub dotting rugged moorland. The new Moon was low on the horizon now, casting its cold light over a tortured landscape where wind-twisted sentinels of oak and ash clenched the stark outcroppings of rock with taloned roots. Down in a deep ravine to their left, the creek cut its way through a bed of tumbled boulders, its rushing voice heard faintly under the moan of a steady north wind that chilled their faces.

Several hundred meters to the northwest, over the rocky heath and up atop a barren knoll they saw a strange monolith skylined against the stars; a single upright stone pillar supporting a horizontal slab which formed a huge 'T' shaped dolmen standing alone on the crest. The silver sickle of the setting Moon hung just above it. "The Great Tau," Virginia said.

But from further down into the saddleback that led up to the knoll, the Moon's crescent appeared under the overhanging arm of the Tau. Nosmada drew his breath sharply with a sudden realization. "See what symbol it forms!" he said. "The Throne of Saturn."

"If you say so." Adamson said. He had no knowledge of astrological symbolism but the singular conjunction of the Moon and the monolith did seem to evoke a sinister portent.

TO BE CONTINUED

*The Seventh Ray*



# Membership News Announcements Awards Notes



## MEMBERSHIP NEWS:

Yuletide festivities were held on the night of the Solstice at Grand Lodge; pot-luck with the main attraction, a turkey provided by Fra. Proteus. The actual ceremony is being held over until the 26th of January -- when Sor. Ariel will again roll out the cameras for the 'Winter Segment' of the epic, .:FERAFERIA production. The rushes from 'Autumn' were quite artistic... Fra. Tyr has moved down from the Bay Area and is now on active status..... Fra. Perseus and Sor. Kallah have gone temporarily inactive to wrap up some pressing academic work....Fra. Nimrod took a bad fall recently and broke his knee cap. The cast will be preserved as an example of Qabalistic graphiti... ...QADESH LODGE seems to be undergoing some problems and may move its location. More on this next issue...GRAND LODGE will open a major recruiting drive in the Spring. We do have openings for qualified applicants in the L.A. area.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS:

In a recent issue of a 'Neo-Pagan' variety magazine, we discovered that art work from a SEVENTH RAY cover had been directly reproduced as an illustration for an article on 'Household Altars'. We ask readers of T7R to please send us sample copies of any publication they receive that has plagiarized our journal. We assure you that you will not be involved in any subsequent action by merely forwarding such material to us.

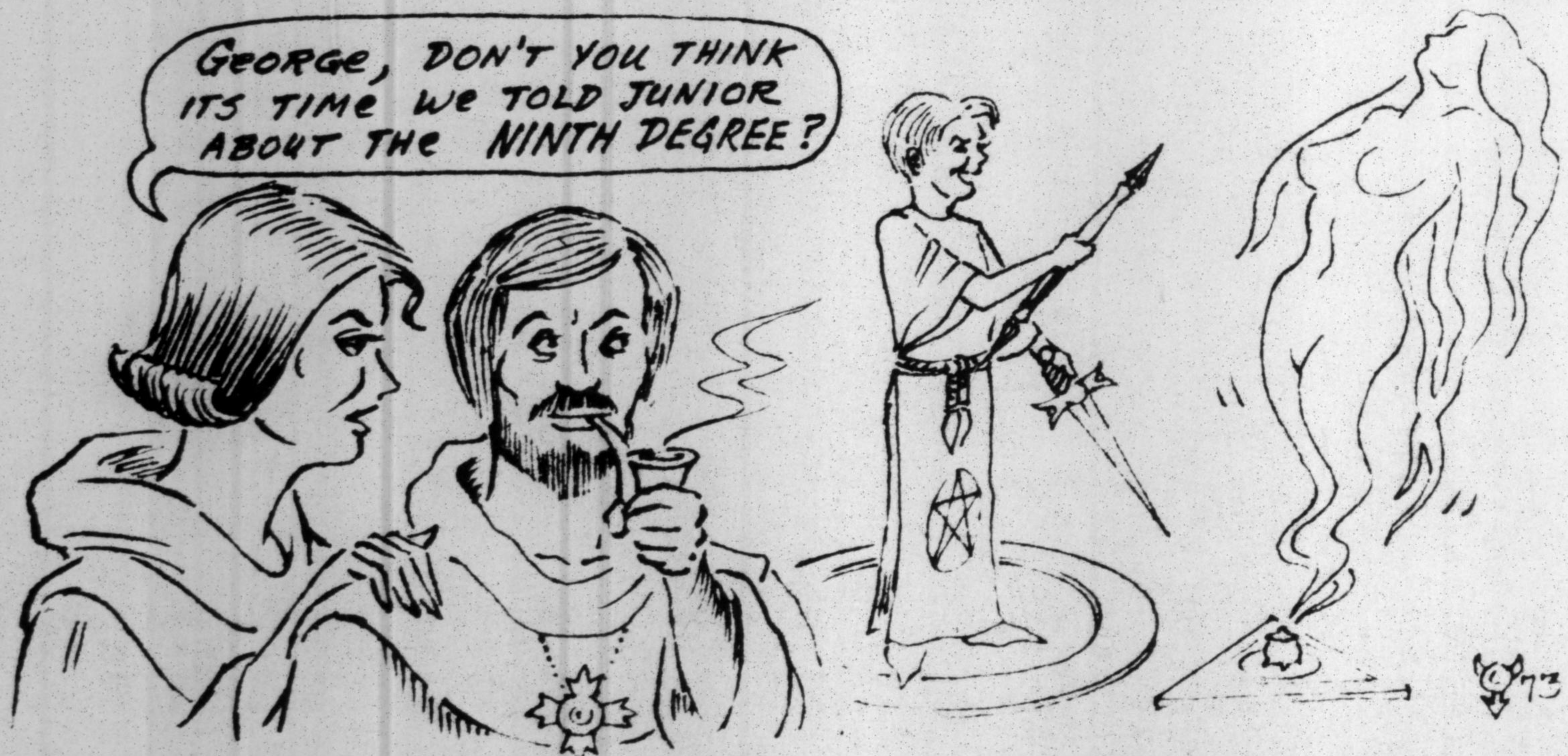
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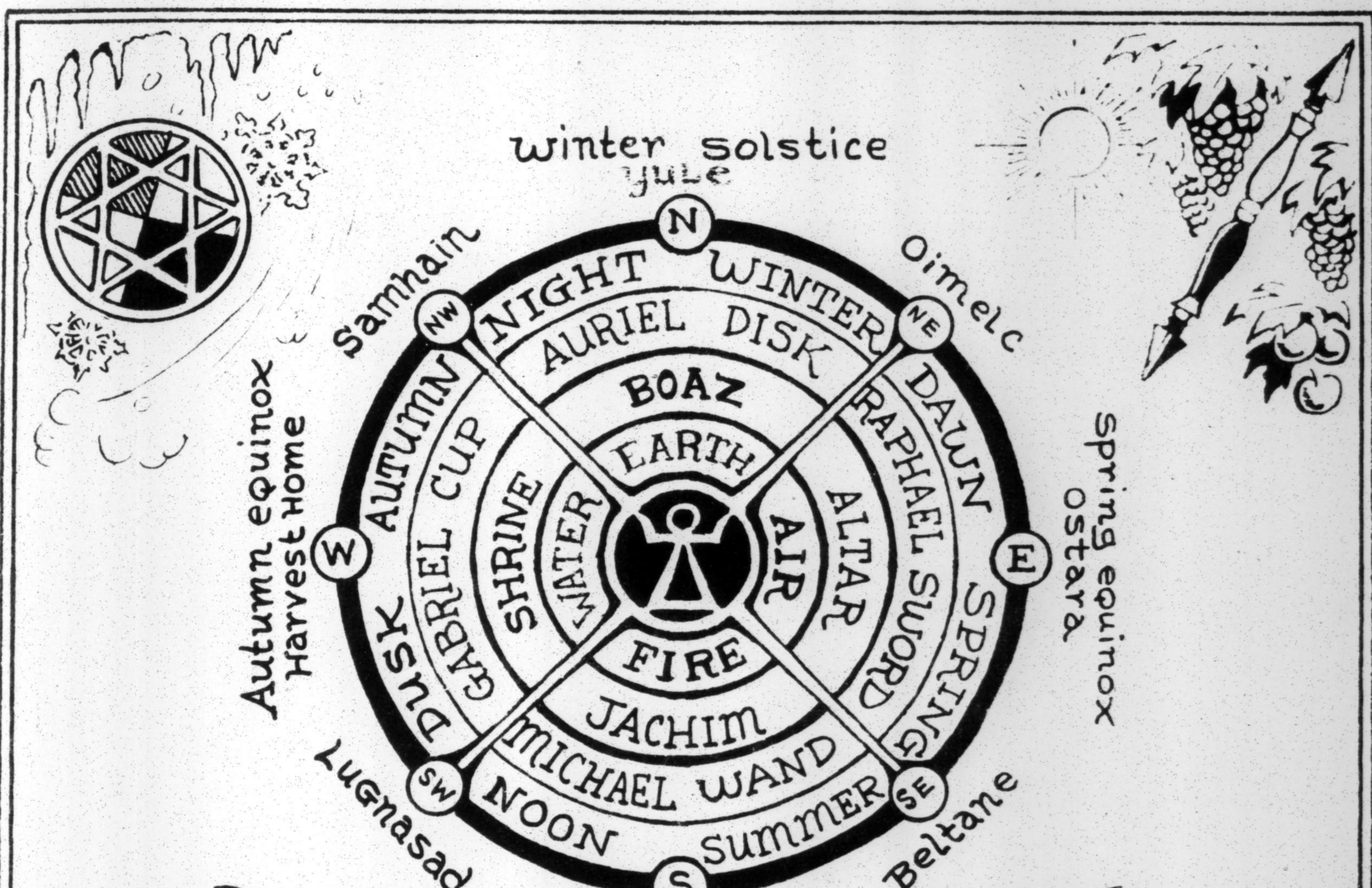
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As everyone knows, we are unusually late with this issue -- even with the Yuletide confusion, et al. We apologize but we were holding publication for a sensational feature that we thought we would have ready. We couldn't hold any longer and went to press without it. The Gods willing, next issue of T7R will contain something that will be remembered as long as there is a Western Tradition.



*The Seventh Ray*

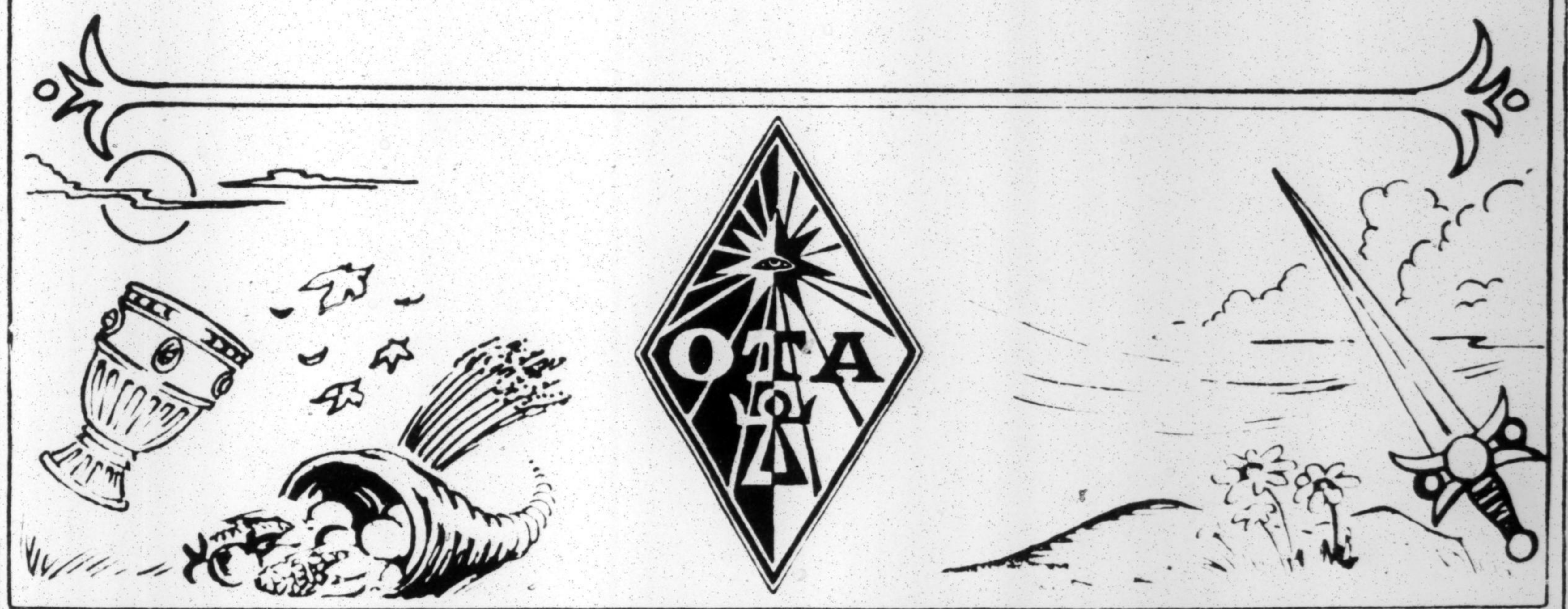


midsummer  
Summer Solstice

# Calendar

## January      February      March

6th (Sunday) Lodge	3rd (Sunday) Lodge	3rd (Sunday) Lodge
13th (Sunday) Lodge	10th (Sunday) Lodge	10th (Sunday) Lodge
20th (Sunday) Lodge	17th (Sunday) Lodge	17th (Sunday) Lodge
27th (Sunday) Lodge	24th (Sunday) Lodge	21st (Thursday) Vernal Equinox (Feast)





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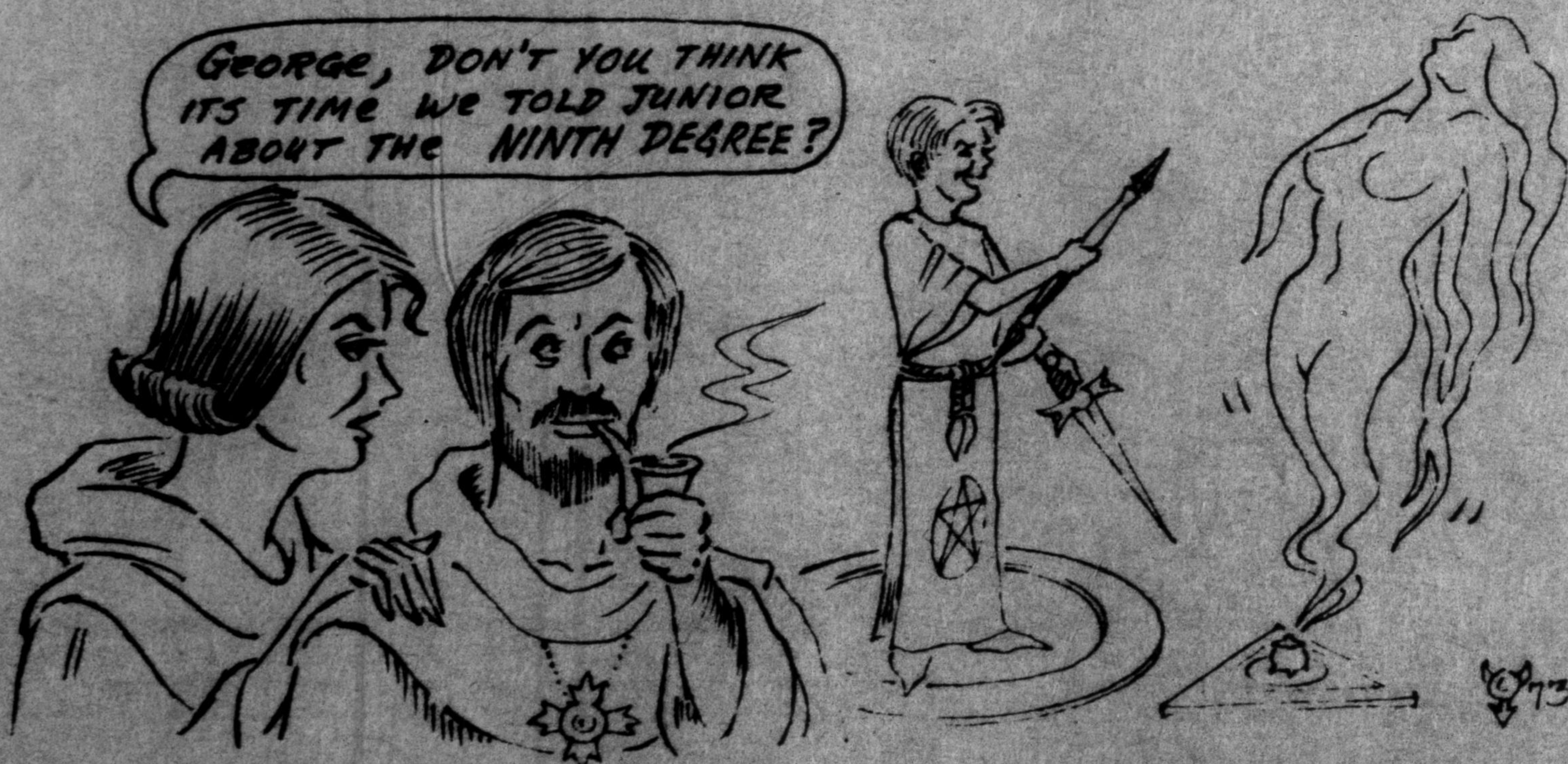
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midsummer Summer Solstice

# calendar

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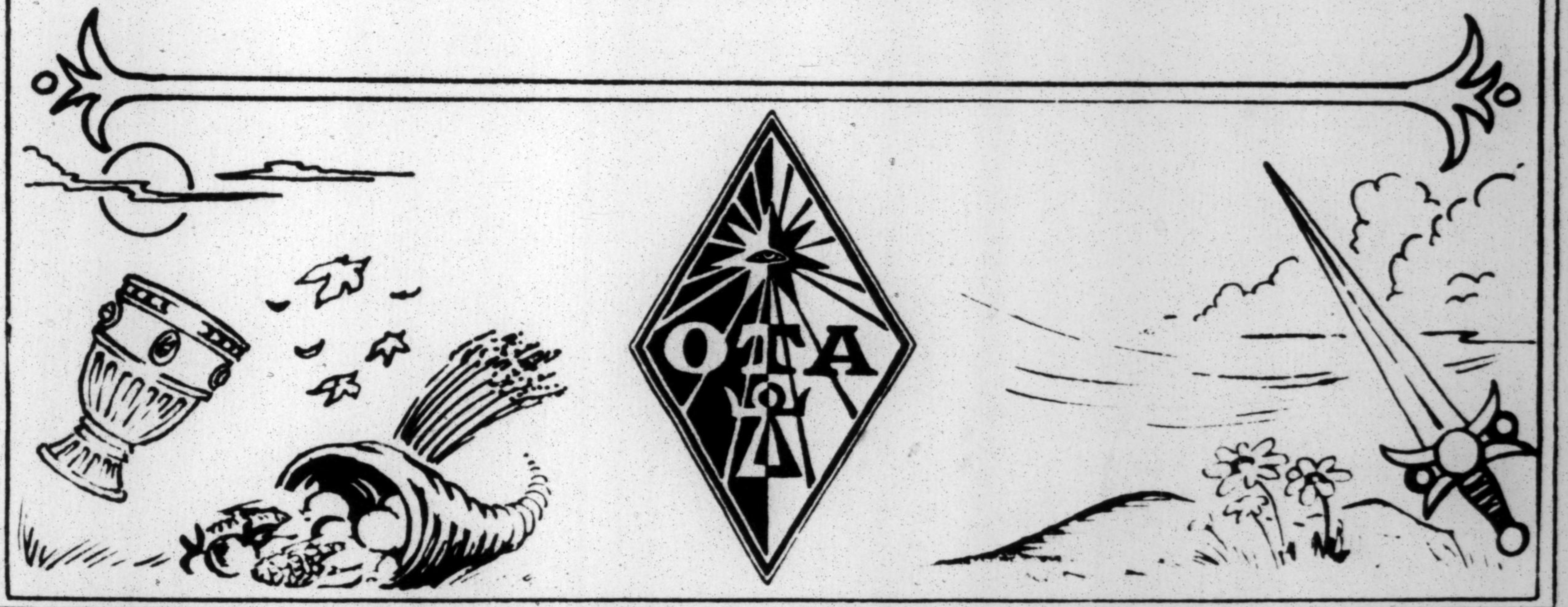
## February

## March

- 6th (Sunday) Lodge
- 13th (Sunday) Lodge
- 20th (Sunday) Lodge
- 27th (Sunday) Lodge

- 3rd (Sunday) Lodge
- 10th (Sunday) Lodge
- 17th (Sunday) Lodge
- 24th (Sunday) Lodge

- 3rd (Sunday) Lodge
- 10th (Sunday) Lodge
- 17th (Sunday) Lodge
- 21st (Thursday) Vernal Equinox (Feast)





# THE SEVENTH RAY

Church of the Hermetic Sciences

P.O. Box 3341, Pasadena,

Calif. 91103

FORWARDING AND RETURN  
POSTAGE GUARANTEED.