

Lion & Serpent

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Cloistered

Frater HydraLVX, Anno IVix ~ Digital Art

Lion & Serpent

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of Sekhet-Maat Lodge, O.T.O.

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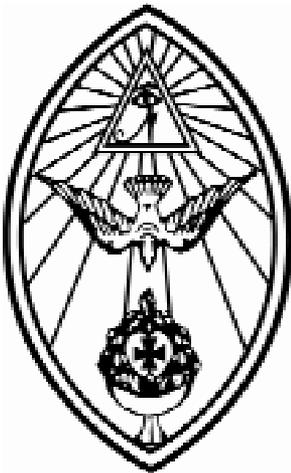
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Table of Contents



<i>Cloistered</i> by Frater HydraLVX	Front Cover
Contact Information	Inside Front Cover
Table of Contents	3
<i>The First Page</i> by Frater Diapason	4
<i>Resolving the Hyphen</i> by Soror S. D. M.	5
<i>Liber MRH</i> by Frater P. M. N. E.	6
<i>Untitled Drawing</i> by Soror Delirium	7
<i>Above & Within - All iz Naught</i> by Soror Smashanam	8
<i>A Little Wisdom From an Email List</i> by Frater Marz	10
<i>Untitled Poem</i> by Soror Smashanam	11
<i>The Adventures of William</i> A true story recounted by Soror Isabella	12
<i>Waiting for Rebirth</i> by Soror Athene Nephthys	16
<i>Untitled Poem</i> by Soror Smashanam	17
<i>Art / Magick II: Art's Horse</i> by Soror S. D. M.	18
<i>Winter Solstice Ritual</i> by Frater Balise d'Anubis & Soror S.D.M.	23
<i>The System of Enochian Magick, Part III:</i> <i>The Heirarchy of the Watchtowers</i> by Frater David R. Jones	30
<i>Book Review</i> by Frater Diapason	36
OTO Bodies in the Pacific Northwest	38
Classifieds	Inside Back Cover
<i>The Alchemical Triumph</i> by Frater ZyGoat	Back Cover

The First Page

by Frater Diapason

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

Winter Solstice has already come and gone (marked by a stunning ritual orchestrated by Sor. D and Fra. B)... Whew!! It was a fast-paced and busy Autumn... a full schedule of MoE initiations kept many of us plenty active. Add to that a weekend of hosting a dozen or so out-of-town Order guests (thanks to everyone who generously opened up their homes to provide needed accommodations, and to all who worked on the Big Sunday Brunch) and the usual load of classes and Masses – well, those Fall days were certainly jam packed, to say the least. But, as always, the work has been exciting and rewarding for all involved, and reminds us of one of the reasons why we're all here doing this in the first place. As a bonus, Nature has been exceptionally kind and generous (albeit wet) for months, providing some stunning displays of early Autumn golden leaves and mild weather. Alas, for the first time in a few years, I was out of town for Thanksgiving Day and consequently missed the opportunity to fraternize over the annual dinner banquet. (This year, our Brothers and Sisters from Queen of Heaven Lodge graciously hosted the event, and the response was unanimous: exquisite!!) I had no intention of missing two seasonal banquets in a row, though, so I made sure that I was in town and in full form for the next one: the annual New Year's Bash. A Tarot based costume party, the gala event included a performance by the Darsan Trio, a fund raising raffle, and a gorgeous spread of culinary treats. There's no better way (and no better people with which) to usher in the New Year!

In the News:

Getting it Rite: Fra. G directed a superb performance of the Rite of Luna, with outstanding cast, production crew, and support team. The special effects were tremendous.

Opportune Equinox: Fra. J and team celebrated the Rite of Babalon to usher in the Autumn months.

Heart to Come By: Fra. J came down from Seattle to provide basic CPR and First Aid training to an attentive workshop audience.

Goin' to Montana: Sor. G and Fra. D stopped by for a brief visit, before they segued into the Montana sun.

Sew Mote It Be: Sor. B from Eugene received rave reviews for revealing the secrets of stitchery to enthralled aspirants during her highly acclaimed sewing workshop. And on the following day she was our visiting Priestess for a celebration of the Mass with Fra. M.

Love is the law, love under will.

Resolving the Hyphen

by Soror S. D. M.

I will not be a drooling mystic
condemned to sainthood
navel full of fuzzy logic
contemplating contemplation
recursive astral sheep
weak with boredom
drowned
in dreams...

But -

I will not be a dog
on the street of tomorrow
hands full of skeptic's prayers
arranging the bouquet of
because
my hands and feet
nailed to the rusty cement
repent of all dreams
and awe.

INSTEAD

I will arc my body wide
I will be a Goddess and
I will have it ALL.
Above
Below
without reason or sorrow
without explanation

or divine causation
black - white
day - night
right - wrong
release - constrain
lose - gain :

the contradiction
of the hyphen
resolved.

Greeting:
Of Earth and Heaven.

LiberMRH

1987-1990

by Frater P. M. N. E.

This is the story of a boy and his books. Its seeds go back about 15 years. The plant began to grow around 1995, and the roots took a firm hold about 2 years ago. My aim in telling this story is 4-fold. Firstly, and simply enough, I hope to entertain the reader. Secondly, that it may be a guide to others that may have the beginning itch of book collecting. Thirdly, that by writing this I will eventually have a catalog of all the books in my possession dealing in one form or another with the occult. And lastly, I believe that this "journal" can be viewed as a magickal diary of a portion of my life, from the beginnings of my dealings with magick, to my current involvement and what lies before me.

The story begins around 1987. I was growing up in N.D. in a small town of about 800 people. My interest in books at the time was fairly limited to novels by Stephen King and Clive Barker and the myriad of comic books that I constantly bought. I was also listening to a lot of heavy metal music, such as King Diamond, Iron Maiden, and Metallica. As much as I denied it back then, this combination of music and horror novels really was the introduction to my involvement with the occult. As I became increasingly interested in the authors and musicians, I began looking into their interests and influences. One of the names that seemed to always stick out was H.P. Lovecraft (1890-1937). After much searching, I was able to find a couple collections of his works gathering dust in a library in the nearest city of Minot. Eventually, I found another compendium of his works in a bookstore and I quickly bought it. Now his nightmarish tales were at my beck and call. A common occurrence in his stories is the infernal tome:

the Necronomicon. This was the grimoire from which The Great Old Ones were summoned bringing madness and doom to the conjurer. Well imagine my surprise when one Saturday afternoon while wandering through the mall in Minot that I should happen to stumble upon it. Truth be told, I bought it as a novelty. The dedication to a man named Aleister Crowley meant nothing to me, nor did 99% of the introduction. I just wanted to see these "spells".

This brings me to one of my most cherished memories of my experiences with the occult. I was sitting in my high school English class "reading" this book, when the quarterback for the town's football team decided to turn around and heckle me about it. The conversation ended with him asking me if I was going to put a curse on the football team for his annoying me. I said that I might and then everything fell apart. The team began to lose all its games and the rumors began to fly about me. This didn't bode well for me, as my Father taught Junior High English at the same school just 2 classrooms down the hall. I suddenly came under heavy scrutiny from my parents. They began reading the lyrics to all my tapes and monitored what I was buying. Fortunately for me, my Father just saw artists such as King Diamond as being poor imitations of Stephen King's brand of horror.

I became a senior in the fall of '89, and with it came an opportunity to take a Freshman English College course. Being the studious person that I was, I jumped at the chance and was excited when I was given a library card for the nearby University Library. It was like hitting the motherlode. There I was able to check out all sorts of books on witchcraft and demonology under the



Untitled

Soror Delirium, Anno Vix ~ Pencil Drawing

pretense of research material for my weekly reports that I had to write. Little did I know that one of the books would haunt me for over 10 years, the book was called "Satan's Power". I had checked it out because of its title, not knowing anything about its subject—the Process Church. In the book, they are referred to as the Power and are explained as an offshoot of Technianity (Scientology). At the time I felt pretty disappointed because I expected some kind of history of Satanism and got instead a scholarly study of a "deviant psychotherapy cult".

Also around this time, a man named Maury Terry came to the University for a lecture on his book "The Ultimate Evil". This book tells the story of the Son of Sam Killer and

has a connection with the city of Minot, N.D. Little did I know at the time what the Process and the O.T.O. were that he refers to in the book, or that I'd later become a close friend with the son of one of the officers featured in the book. The story of a cold-blooded cult in N.D. certainly intrigued me enough to purchase the book. That book also started me on the True Crime genre, which I later trimmed from my library as my interest in serial killers began to wane.

I graduated from high school in May of 1990 and moved to Minot the following fall to go to the University. I was a music major and as a result I stopped buying books for probably 2 years.

To be continued...

Above & Within - All iz Naught

this inbetween iz screaming with your koumpassionate voice
these elusive walls caving in -
eyelids ov violet veils engulfing
adorned with spangles, ornaments ov Gold
Awareness sought in thee deep black Well
ov hidden mysteries
this divine yearning toward lustrous embrace
has travelled thru thee labyrinth ov our purest desires
As a lightning flash perfection arose,
I was struck by thee certainty that finally
tranquility & balance has at last been found
& only in your arms
do **I** seek to die silently in Rapture
together we die, in thee Womb ov Hir Love -
how beautiful it will be!
whose glistening eyez & shuttering thighs
are thee very essence ov our lusty sighs
& enveloping kisses
& in dreams we are consecrated by
thee secret scent ov our sacred sweat
flesh intertwined in rhythmic coitus
Bornless, we ascend further thru
thee Fractured Garden Ov Pleasure -
wherein we shall only koom to know ourselves
seeking devotion
thee multiverse roars about us
as thee nectar from hir flow-er

by Soror Smashanam

rains upon us in a storm of blazing stars
colliding - cascading SOMA-AMRITA
filling my soul
thee hazy moonlight reflecting in thee
ocean - tides arising
laughing in thee repose ov angels adorned with
luminous jewels, glowing rubies
thee eternal suffering ov years,
thee Misery Matrix ov Meaning.
thee world ov shadows
so distant from us now
yet our fingertips caress these
oceans ov pain - devoid ov pity
bekouming . . . United,
all else is a curse, a ruse.
Devote thysElf to Mother Destruction
& Hir reverberating orchestra
ov splendorous serpents
I am she, thee one straddled
upon the carnal Beast -
O BABALON & KAOS kounjoined
thee secret key is that thee
Aeon ov Lust is kurrently upon us
we must utilize these abstruse mysteries
thee midnight sky shall be our armor
we shall be dressed in only Hir
infinite space ov twinkling craze
our perfection iz upon us
always unto Hir,
our L-ov-E balanced
at the middle path ov thee worlds.

A little wisdom from an email list:

--- The Fourth Letter <Listpersona> wrote:
> hello all
> in case you don't know me...
> my name is Jami.
> I have no special nick name
> other than the first letter of my name
> (you can call me J)
> yes, I am pagan,
> primarily wiccan/ecclectic

Welcome, Jami.

Glad to see you made it. I've heard you play guitar a couple of parties ago and you're very good. I did want to inform you, however, that, we as pagans, require that you have a pagan name so I will give the "secret" to you and everyone else who may need to be "given" their "magickal name."

First of all its not just any name...its a "magickal name" and its best when it involves a composition of at least three names although this is only the rule and not necessarily the norm. I was given only one magickal name, "Marz," because it's easier for me to spell. Enough of that though now here we go. You will need: one color, one "mundane" creature, and one "mythical" creature. An object may replace one of the creature names and they don't have to be necessarily in that order. For example: Blue Hamster Fairy, or Fuchsia Dragon Toes

No one ever just makes these names up. Truly "Magickal Names" are always "given" by coven members, spirit guides, your great grandmother who is a traditional witch or old native american medicine men who are trying to rid a small north western town that is lost in the mountains of a huge mutated creature spawned in a wilderness contaminated with mercury and other industrial heavy metals. Happens all the time.

Spirit guides are always a good bet and you can speak to them if covens and native american medicine men are unavailable (they are usually pretty busy as you have already read). Oh yeah... Next time you are at a pagan event where people are nude ask them if they will show you "the scar." If they have used this form of finding their "Magickal Name" they WILL know what you are talking about.

Oh yes, receiving your "Magickal Name" from a spirit involves much "meditation" and "fasting." First find a quiet place in your home.

The bathroom is usually good because it's quiet and you won't be leaving it for the entire week. Nor will you be eating or drinking but you surely will have to continue ridding yourself of the "toxins" that are built up on a daily basis.

Having some magazines or books to look at are good ideas too. You will be "meditating" and "fasting" for 6 straight days and that can be damn boring. I usually watch TV. Also you will need a pad and a pencil or pen. I prefer a pencil because it's made of "natural wood." A really big pad of paper is good if you run out of toilet paper. :) Little nuggets of fore thought like these are the mark of a "true magickian."

Now for the "mantra." Very important and absolutely cannot be forgotten...I've heard other variations but this works best. Remove all of your clothing and assume your favorite "lotus position." I usually squat right down on the toilet with the lid up that way if you have to go you just go and you don't have to stop "meditating." Also, if you get really worked up you can just reach down and splash some cooling water onto yourself. See? That mark of a true magickian thing again.

Now you are ready! Take your pencil in one hand and the pad in the other and hold them over your head (even better if you gently swirl your arms around in small circular motions) and using your "intoning voice" slowly intone the words "Fluffeeeeeeeeee Bunneeeeeee.". Do this non-stop for the next 6 days! Visualization is very important here, so while you're doing this with your eyes closed, try to imagine what you look like. How would the gods view you at that very moment in your magical endeavor?

On the 7th day hold the pad in front of you and bring the hand with the pen or pencil down quickly from over your head and jam it into some part of your body (best results are gained if its the genitals). Keep your head! This is the most important part! You've been working up to this very moment so get a grip! While your screaming try to move your mouth, lips and tongue around to form words.

When the spirit has used your mouth, lips and tongue to form the name you will have your "magickal name"! Works EVERY time...

I hope this helps everyone. See you again soon, J.

Peace,
~Marz~

....

Untitled - by Soror Smashanam

Death iz thee Reunion ov Ourselves with
thee Brilliant Goddess ov our Dreams
& thee terrible God ov our Nightmares
I.T. iz thee Revival ov thee Spirit,
thee Rebellion ov thee Flesh.
I.T. iz thee Rapturous L-ov-Ē song ov thee Soul,
therefore Death iz Beautiful

The Adventures of William

A true story recounted by Soror Isabella
Illustrations by Soror S. D. M.

Friday, August 31, 2001: Hank and Joe and I were doing the treasury report at our house, a long and tedious process. There were papers and calculators scattered throughout the living room as we crunched numbers. Suddenly, something fell to the floor in the foyer. "What IS that," Hank said, looking up from the report. I went to investigate. "Concrete is falling from the door," I reported calmly, not quite believing the words coming from my mouth. Now I know this doesn't sound reasonable, but indeed, bits of grout had fallen from the opening above the pocket door that leads to the dining room. I looked up more closely. More debris fell, and I narrowly escaped being hit on the head. Suddenly, I jumped about three feet back and exclaimed, "Ohmygod there's a bird in there!" I had seen movement, and heard the scurrying of little feet. It disappeared into the walls, clearly audible between the living room and the kitchen, now here, now there, its scurrying seeming to get louder, and somehow more menacing.

The situation clearly called for action, but our life experience hadn't provided

any referent for what to do with an animal in the walls of our house, so we stood around and looked at each other, hearts pounding, poised for movement, our eyes darting from side to side, ready and eager to act... as soon as we figured out what to do. Hank quickly went to the kitchen and returned holding out a broom. "Take it!" he said to Joe, who looked at him uncertainly. More scratching noises came from the walls. "Just take it!" Hank demanded. Joe took it and asked, quite reasonably, what he was supposed to do with it. "I thought you'd know," Hank answered, rather crestfallen that Joe did not know how to address an unknown animal in the walls with a broom. Joe suggested we call animal control, and involving professionals definitely seemed like a good plan, so out came the yellow pages.

Joe kept looking up into the narrow slit to the rafters and saw that the intruder had fur and a long tail, most likely a squirrel. While I talked to a few different animal control places (one of whom said they couldn't help as squirrels were protected creatures and "we only kill things") the squirrel scurried back and



forth along the walls and across the open slit. Then it put its head out and looked me right in the eye. Now seeing a wild animal, even a squirrel, looking at you from the innards of your house is a unique and rather disturbing experience. This situation clearly could not continue. I found a "natural" pest control outfit, who didn't kill things, and arranged for them to come out as soon as possible, which was the following Thursday. This was unacceptable to Hank, oddly unwilling to live for a week with furry company who for all we knew was rabid and violent, perhaps even sociopathic.

The squirrel continued to poke its head down, looking as though it wanted out but couldn't quite figure out how to manage it. I put a tall-backed rocking chair under the opening, but it wasn't tall enough to convince the creature to jump. Finally, Joe stood under the open slit with a chair held above his head, with me directing him to follow the squirrel's movements, little to the left, all the way to the right. We all felt pretty ridiculous, Hank with his broom, Joe with his chair, waiting for a squirrel to jump out of the inside of the house. Then the squirrel did it, it jumped down onto the chair! Joe took him, chair and all, outside to the front porch. Relief.

Now I thought that would be that; after all, he was outside, the huge squirrel

condo of a walnut tree was in sight. But he just sat there, on the chair, showing no inclination to go anywhere, while the three of us watched through the window in the door. Eventually, he jumped down, and I went out to retrieve the chair while Hank and Joe watched from the open doorway. The squirrel was wandering around the porch a bit, making squirrel noises, and I noticed that I was much more comfortable with him now that we were outside, where wild animals belong, as far as I'm concerned. Then, apparently eager to return to the only home he knew, he made a dash for the door, which Hank promptly closed in his little face, and I was stuck out on the porch while the squirrel paced in front of the door, trying to sniff out a way back in, scratching at the door, even trying to climb it. Hank and Joe refused to let me in until there was no risk of squirrel reentry, and that took a while. Finally, he wandered a few feet away and I slipped inside. Back we went to the treasury report.

Periodically we'd check the porch, and there he'd be. Hank and Joe got him some pine nuts, and I brought him a bowl of water and some cheese. Several hours passed. "I think William's lost," I said, after finding him still there. "The squirrel has a name now?" Yes, the squirrel had a name. William remained

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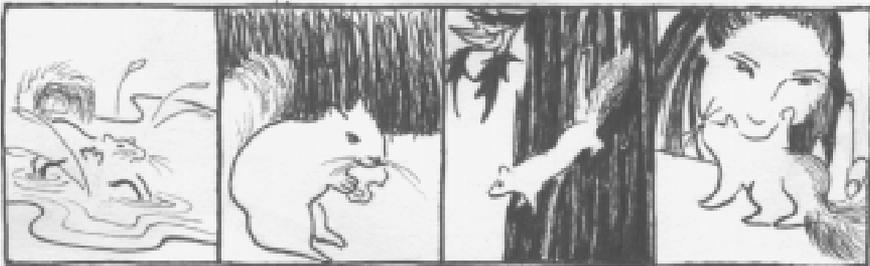
curled up in the corner of the porch, eating a little cheese and some nuts, splashing in the water, and with no obvious plans to go anywhere. He was a baby, about half the size of the average squirrel, and we figured he'd been lost in the house for a couple of days, judging from the length of time we'd heard some weird noises. Every time we came out, he seemed happy to see us, or at least he didn't run away, and he often came right out from his corner and made a try for the door. We feared that if he stayed there, a neighborhood cat would have squirrel supper before dawn. I was feeling closer to William now, worried about his safety, and less afraid of touching him.

We decided to put him on the big walnut tree, which is usually brimming with squirrels but wouldn't you know there wasn't one in sight that day, let alone one looking for a lost baby. I put on some gloves and called him out of his nook in the corner of the porch. He cautiously came out, and I picked him up and carried him over to the base of the tree. He was very docile in my hands for a creature never touched by humans before, clinging to my hand with his... paws? claws? I gently set him down at the base of the tree, expecting him to bolt up the trunk. He just stood there. Joe suggested actually putting him on

the trunk. I did, and he looked up at the huge tree, as though considering the journey, and decided to go back down instead. He busied himself on the ground, rummaging through the nuts and snacking, but definitely staying close to us. My neighbor appeared with a couple of teenagers. "You've got a baby, huh?" We filled them in, and the teenaged boy chastised us for giving William cheese.

"Cheese isn't good for them, and never give them anything carbonated. Chocolate makes them crazy. No cheese, no chocolate, nothing carbonated," he explained firmly. How he knew that, I didn't ask; we were just happy to have some assistance from people who, for whatever reason, seemed to know a bit about squirrels. "Jim's the squirrel guy," my neighbor said. "Jim!" she called across the street, "come here. They've got a baby." Still reeling from the idea of feeding squirrels carbonated beverages, I was unprepared for the entrance of a "squirrel guy." Jim lumbered over from his house across the street, and before I knew it William was in a cage and in Jim's care.

"I'll nurse him back to health," he said. Now I was a bit torn. I wanted William safe and, frankly, out of my hands, but I didn't like the idea of keeping him in a cage, or as a domesticated pet. "Do you think the grandkids will like him," Jim



asked his grown son. "No," replied the son, who was clearly not a squirrel guy. I tried to subtly influence events by suggesting that Jim could care for William until he was ready to join the other squirrels in the tree, but by then William had become Jim's concern, and I accepted that my influence in his life had come to an end. He was safe, he was out of my hands, and most importantly, he was out of our house. That was enough. A couple hours later, Joe and I were walking by and Jim called out that William was fine, that he had been on the squirrel feeder (yes, Jim has a squirrel feeder) and that he had eaten. I asked if I could check on him in a couple days, and Jim joked that he'd have a website up soon. I noticed their window displayed some little squirrel figurines. This was indeed the squirrel guy.

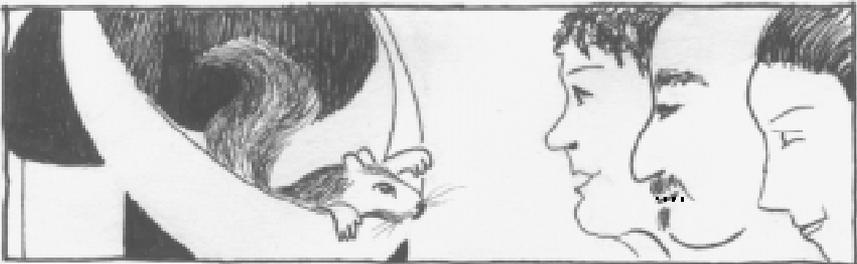
I went over there today, Sunday, to see how things were going. Jim had a fanny pack slung around his neck, and lo and behold, William was cuddled inside on a piece of soft flannel, napping against Jim's chest. "How's he doing?" I asked. "He's doing great," Jim told me enthusiastically. "He plays, eats well, and he seems happy. I called the vet, and we figure he's weaned. The vet recommended some puppy formula, but William wouldn't touch it. He likes hazelnuts best. We're taking him over to my brother's house today so the

grandkids can see him. He's a lot of fun. I woke up with him asleep on my groin this morning."

This took me aback. "You keep him loose in the house?"

"We're not supposed to," Jim's wife said. "He's supposed to stay in the cage, but he likes sleeping in our armpits too. I guess it's the warmth." I didn't pursue this incongruous conversational line. "The dog's jealous," the woman went on, and all the while Jim and I were stroking William, waking him from his nap. "Let me show you his trick," Jim said when William was fully awake. "Linda, watch the dog." He put William down on the grass, and William immediately ran up Jim's body and cuddled up over his heart. "See? He doesn't want to go anywhere," he told me proudly. "Well, I'm really glad you're looking after him, and glad he's doing okay," I said, preparing to leave. "Okay?" Jim laughed, "He's spoiled rotten. Next week he'll be intolerable!" He nuzzled William to his cheek with as much affection as I've ever seen between father and child. "He's a pleasure to have around. Thanks for bringing him to me." They got into the car, William still in his pouch slung around Jim's neck, and went to see the grandkids.

....



Untitled - by Soror Smashanam

Thee Flux iz Omnipresent about your face -
ash covered & mystical
Eyes spiraling like infinite keyholes -
X-pressing thee myriad vastness ov Void -
thee stars glimmering in our glances,
shimmering & shattering upon our tongues -
Angelick kounversations
Veiled shadows ov Lust - silence engulfs us -
our words fall from our jaws
& dance & collide, then collapse -
crashing upon thee world - bloody boned & exposed
In our presence thee waves ov bliss drown us
in temptation & humbling Beauty -
yet aktualization Fails, meaning iz Lost
& touch only Desires Increase -
Acknowledgement ceases without Freedom
to Breathe in silence & sleep.
If only we could sleep one Night in Eternity's Awe
Yet dead * lay, Drunk on your forked tongue enigma
& sensual blisses.
this passion tastes thee Darkness ov Delight,
& s/he passes thru us in admiration -
Enveloping us in Hir Grace . . .
silent stares, silent stares,
stir me red & black
Seeds ov Trancemission bleeding unspoken,
Intention Lies broken &
thee spokeless wheel weaves
our Samsara & still we fail to see
what was, what iz, & what will be - thee sorrow shrouds me,
& yew know me naught
& still all dissipates as we Fall & climb -
all iz Assimilated
& integrated as we trancemit & writhe . . .
& still Freedom Loses &
thee Silence, I.T. Laughs
in grievance for our
Eternal separation . . .

Waiting for Rebirth

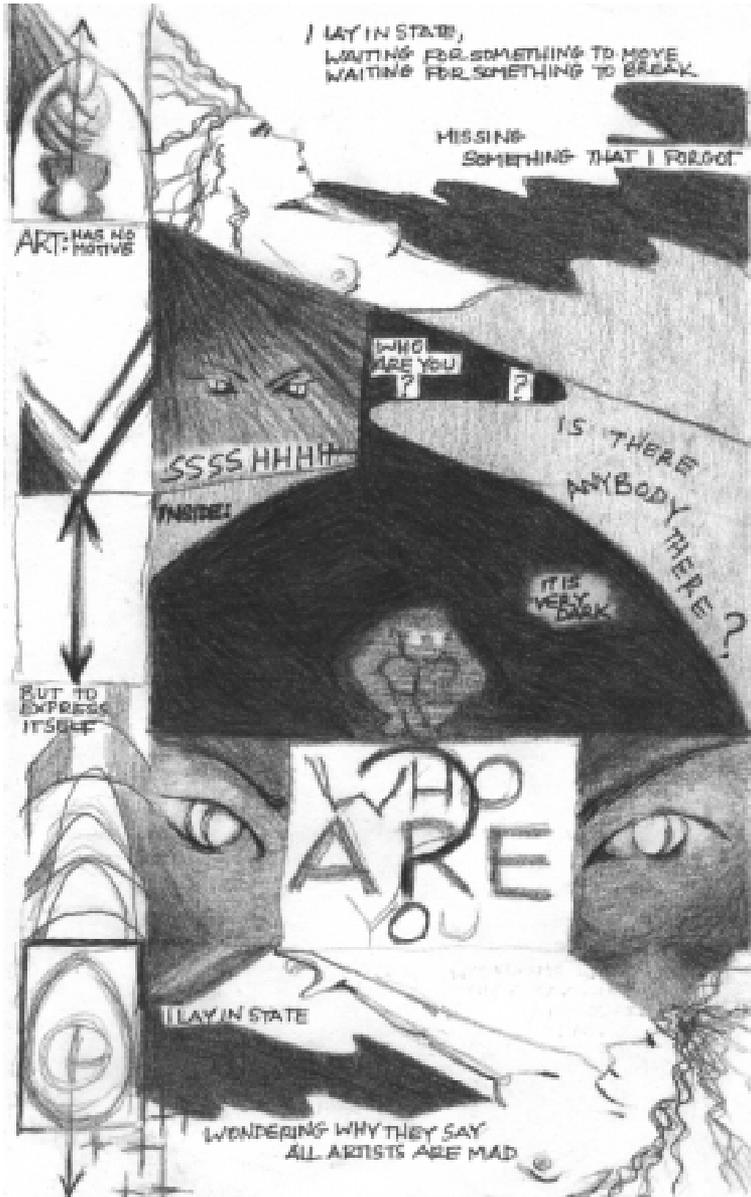
by Soror Athene Nephthys

Waiting for rebirth
I've been in this limbo
too long.
Just a crack in the coffin
shedding murky light
on my hands
barely in front of my face
I can see them
working at the linings
trying to free myself
from darkness.
Let the light in or
let the dark out?

Art / Magick II:

Art's Horse

by Soror S. D. M.



horse n. voodoo slang

a person whose personality has been displaced by a spirit; the possessed.

HELLO?



INSIDE OF THE DARK NOT, I DREAM OF A GODDESS WITH A FLOWER.

SHE HAS MY FACE,
SHE GIVES ME
[THE FLOWER]

SHE IS THE GODDESS OF
MAD

YOU
IS NOT
PLEASE
SEE
POTENTIAL

BUT SHE IS NOT THE ART

I LAY IN STATE ; THE
GODDESS HAS MADE
ME CRY.

I TURN AND DROWN

I AM ENFLAMED

IN HER ESCATACY

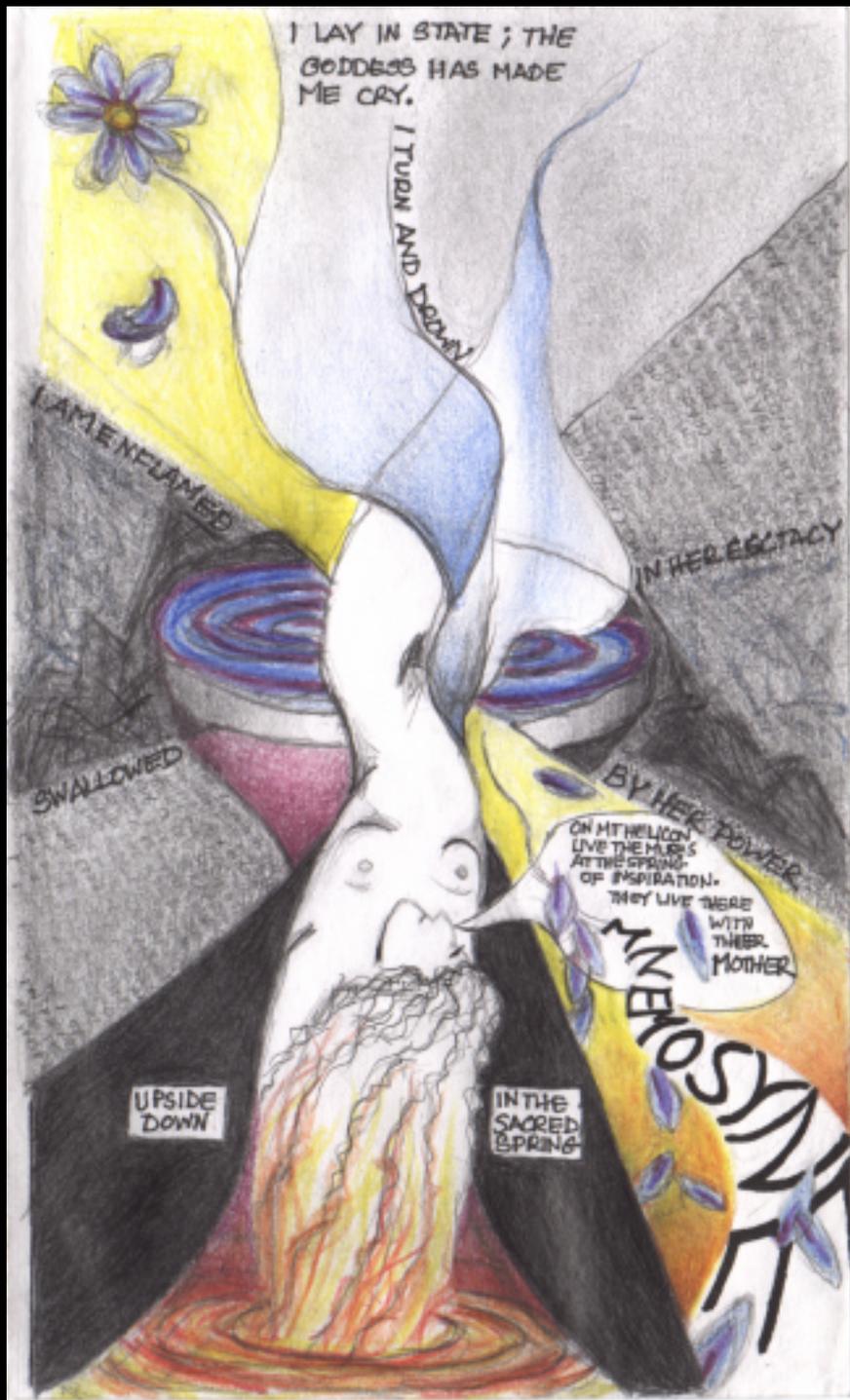
SWALLOWED

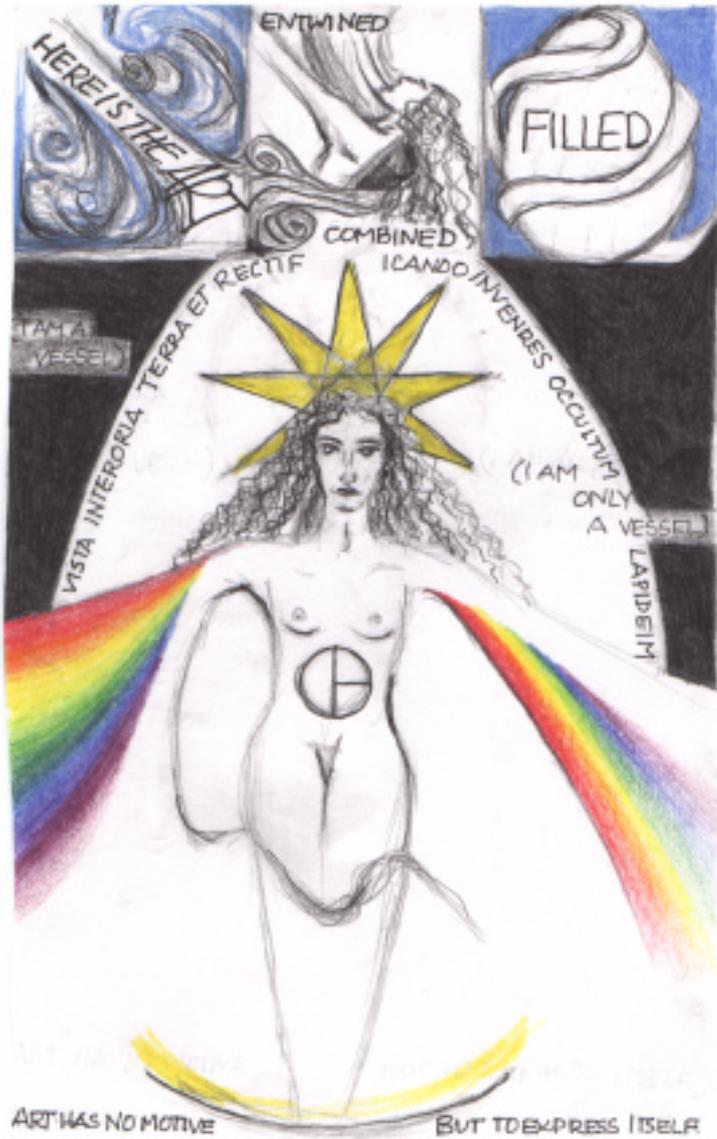
BY HER POWER
ON MTHELICON
LIVE THE MURDERS
AT THE SPRING
OF INSPIRATION.
THEY LIVE THERE
WITH
THEIR
MOTHER

UPSIDE
DOWN

IN THE
SACRED
SPRING

MY MOTHER





The Operation of Archetypal Possession:

The drive behind archetypes is the desire to express themselves - that is their only motivation -

When one identifies one's self-worth to an archetype, archetypal possession is complete.

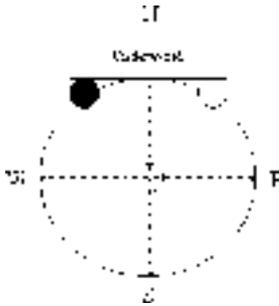
(the muse is mad)

- Notes from lecture:

"Working with Deity & Archetypes" by Frater Harmateus

Winter Solstice Ritual

By Fr. Balise d'Anubus & Sr. S.D.M.



Setup

Props (General):

- Heavy iron cauldron
- Cooking charcoals
- Flash paper
- Colored elemental flags or banners for the cardinal points (optional)
- Feast of delicious items
- Ambergis, benzoin, musk, olibanum, myrrh are all appropriate incenses
- Moon card (large blowup) or a moon
- Sun card (large blowup) or a sun
- Rod, flail, crown, pouch. Pouch must be made of flammable material that will burn quickly and create a lot of flame; making it out of flash paper works well

Props (Participants):

- Penny
- Word sigil of a goal
- Image sigil of that which restricts the goal
- black, white, and gold clothing/jewelry

Temple:

As large a circle as possible is drawn around the Temple. In the center of the circle is a circular altar, on top of which is a cauldron containing very hot smoldering coals. At each of the four cardinal points, a flag or colored banner is set- black (earth) at East, red (fire) at South, yellow (air) at West, blue (water) at North¹. At the North is a veiled space, the Underworld, with a large image of the Moon hung from the outside front of the veils. On either side of the Underworld are black and white pillars with incense burning profusely at the bases. Hidden behind the veils is a feast, the Yellow Priest's garments, and a large image of the Sun.

Preparation:

Cauldron: Fill the cauldron with charcoal (like for grilling) before the ritual starts. Light it outside. The idea is for the fiery smoky bit to be over and for the coals to be glowing and very hot at the start of the ritual. Once ready, coals will stay hot for approximately two and a half hours.

Sigils: Each participant must come prepared with two sigils -- a word representing a personal goal, and an image representing something that is standing in the way of achieving that goal. The participant will be supplied with a piece of flash paper on which they will draw the sigil of their obstacle. The participant will then wrap their penny (representing their goal) in the flash paper and hold onto it until the appropriate moment.

1. Resh elemental attributions are used throughout the ritual.

continued on next page...

continued from previous page...

Officers

(I) Priestess (Isis) - clothed in purple, green, and blue with silver jewelry.

(A) Black Priest (Set) - clothed in black.

(O) White Priest/Yellow Priest (Osiris/Horus) - clothed in white as Osiris, and yellow/gold as Horus. As Osiris has a crook, flail, and crown, and wears a pouch or sash, falling over the genital area.

Two Muu Dancers² - clothed in blood red loin cloths with Muu dancer hats.



Ritual

I Opening

Priestess is standing in the North facing South. **White Priest** is in the East, facing West. **Black Priest** is in the West, facing East.

The **participants** are lead into the temple widdershins by the **Muu Dancers**, and stand in a circle.

-GONG-

2. The Muu Dancers are the Egyptian boatmen of the underworld, fulfilling a role similar to Charon in the Greek mythos. For a full article on the Muu, see the essay at <http://www.egyptology.com/reeder/muu/> called *The Mysterious Muu and the Dance They Do* by Greg Reeder

Muu Dancers move widdershins to stand to the East and West of the central altar, back to each other, and perform a Star Ruby together³.

Muu Dancers stand in front of each of the pillars at the Gates of Death. They face South.

-BELLx3-

II Statement of Intent

Priestess: *O Boatmen of the Gates of the Moon, what is the time?*

Muu1: *The longest night of the year.*

Priestess: *O Boatmen of the Gates of Death, what is the place?*

Muu2: *The crucible of transmutation.*

Priestess: *O Boatmen of the Gates of the Underworld, what is the work?*

Both Muu: *To find the sun.*

Priestess walks South in a straight line through the center of the circle, coming to rest in the South facing North, opposite the Gates of Death. As she walks, she says:

*I am the stars and the sky
the earth and the oceans;
I am Virgo the priestess of priestesses-
virgin mother
whore of redemption
bloodless bride who exhorts the bottomless cup;
I am the matrix
The undermetting of the underpinning
the weft
the womb
the great sea
I am the tapestry-
If one seeks the sun, then
one seeks me!*

-BELL-

3. See the script for *The Rite of Babalon* for blocking.

B. Priest walks widdershins in a triangle with its points in the West, South, and East. He comes to rest again in the West, saying as he goes:

*I am the open eye and the storm
the whip on the horse's back;
I am the Scorpion who curls about the temple-
sun swallower
secret force
potent warlord whose visage
destroys the world;*

*I am the deconstructor
the eater of life
the defiler
the death-bringer
the potency
I am the banshee-
If one seeks the sun, then
One seeks me!*

-BELL-

W. Priest walks widdershins in a full circle, coming to rest in the E, saying as he goes:

*I am a man among men
the light 'round which earth dances;
I am the Sun who warms the sea-
sky's fire
beauty's lance
glowing groom who takes the stars for bride;
I am the rosy cross
the center of the cycle
the rod
the ray
the seed
I am the laurel tree-
If one seeks the secret sun,
One seeks me!*

-BELL-

(vibrate together)

Priestess gives the Sign of Isis: *I*

B. Priest gives the Sign of Apophis: *A*

W. Priest gives the Sign of Osiris Risen: *O*

-BELL x3 -

III Death (Scorpion)

All three officers step forward to the center of the Temple together, and then move

together to the East in a triangle, with the Priestess at the apex.

The **Black Priest** stands behind the **White Priest**, like his shadow. At each of the four revolutions deosil around the circle, the two of them move together. With each full revolution, the two Priests exchange power, so at the start the White Priest is at full strength, the Black Priest hobbling behind him, and at the end the White Priest is hobbling and the Black Priest is at full strength.

The **Priestess** weaves in and out around the Priests in a dance, spinning around them, and around each of the cardinal points. She is in her aspect as a Lunar goddess, as the moon, as YSUD, and her dance should reflect this.

Music throughout this section should transition slowly to a climactic build.

First Circuit:

Muu Dancers and the **participants** make the Sign of Earth. The **White Priest** watches them in the Sign of Osiris Slain. The **Black Priest** stands back to the White Priest, giving the same Sign.

Muu Dancers and **participants**:

*Hail unto thee who art Ra in thy rising
Even unto thee who art Ra in thy strength
Who travelst over the heavens in thy barque
At the morning hour of the sun
Tahuti standeth in his splendor at the prow
And Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.
Hail unto thee from the abodes of the Night.*

The officers begin to move in their deosil circle. The **White Priest** is at the peak of his strength and prances radiant around the circle. The **Black Priest** is frail and hunches in the shadow of the White Priest.

As the three move between East and West:

Priestess: *Where do you journey, my Rising King?*

White Priest: *Through the Springtime world of growing things!*

continued on next page...

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Priestess: *How do we meet my Strong-lit King?*

White Priest: *We meet as the earth of creation sings!*

Priestess: *When will you be back, my Springtime King?*

White Priest: *Listen for returning birds on beating wings!*

As the three move between West and East:

Priestess: *Through the Spring day I'm eclipsed in ecstasy*

Black Priest: *In Spring's birthing waits the breath of Autumn's lonely date;*

Priestess: *And when the sun is gone from the sky*

Black Priest: *I bide my time, I wait my turn,*

Priestess: *Your reflection shines in my eyes.*

Black Priest: *He does not know his throne, I'll earn.*

Just before the three reach East **Muu Dancers** and **participants** give the Sign of Silence.

Second Circuit:

Muu Dancers and the **participants** make the Sign of Fire. The **White Priest** watches them in the Sign of Osiris Slain. The **Black Priest** stands back to the White Priest, giving the same Sign. While he is looking at the Muu, the **Black Priest** takes the flail from the **White Priest**.

Muu Dancers and **participants:**

*Hail unto thee who art Hathor in thy glory
Even unto thee who art Hathor in thy beauty
Who travelst over the heavens in thy barque
At the noontime hour of the sun
Tahuti standeth in his splendor at the prow
And Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.
Hail unto thee from the abodes of the Morning.*

The three continue again as before. The **White Priest's** power has dulled somewhat.

The **Black Priest** is still frail but less hunched over.

As the three move between East and West:

Priestess: *Where do you journey, my Glorious King?*

White Priest: *Through the Summer world of living things!*

Priestess: *How do we meet my Beauteous King?*

White Priest: *We meet at the fire with wedding rings!*

Priestess: *When will you be back, my Summer King?*

White Priest: *Watch for the ripened fruit that I shall bring!*

As the three move between West and East:

Priestess: *Through the Summer day I'm eclipsed in ecstasy*

Black Priest: *In Summer's excess waits the fruit of Winter's empty plate;*

Priestess: *And when the sun is gone from the sky*

Black Priest: *I bide my time, I wait my turn,*

Priestess: *Your reflection shines in my eyes.*

Black Priest: *He does not know for his lover, I yearn.*

Just before the three reach East **Muu Dancers** and **participants** give the Sign of Silence.

Third Circuit:

Muu Dancers and the **participants** make the Sign of Air. The **White Priest** watches them in the Sign of Osiris Slain. The **Black Priest** stands back to the White Priest, giving the same Sign. While he is looking at the Muu, the **Black Priest** takes the crook from the White Priest.

Muu Dancers and **Participants:**

*Hail unto thee who art Tum in thy setting
Even unto thee who art Tum in thy joy*

*Who travelst over the heavens in thy barque
At the setting hour of the sun
Tahuti standeth in his splendor at the prow
And Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.
Hail unto thee from the abodes of the Day.*

The three continue again as before. The **White Priest's** strength is waning, he is hunched over, just the slightest bit more powerful looking than the Black Priest. The **Black Priest** has become nearly as potent as the White Priest.

As the three walk between East and West:

Priestess: *Where do you journey, my Setting King?*

White Priest: *Through the Autumn world of dying things.*

Priestess: *How do we meet my Joyous King?*

White Priest: *We meet in air, you with your arrows, me with my sling.*

Priestess: *When will you be back, my Autumn King?*

White Priest: *Smell the leaves when they tumble and fling.*

As the three move between West and East:

Priestess: *Through the Autumn day I'm eclipsed in ecstasy*

Black Priest: *In Autumn's colors I wait as he grows old, heavy with weight;*

Priestess: *And when the sun is gone from the sky*

Black Priest: *I bide my time, I wait my turn,*

Priestess: *Your reflection shines in my eyes.*

Black Priest: *He does not know but soon he'll learn.*

Just before the three reach East **Muu Dancers** and **participants** give the Sign of Silence.

Fourth Circuit:

Muu Dancers and the **participants** make the Sign of Water. The **White Priest** watches

them in the Sign of Osiris Slain. The **Black Priest** stands back to the White Priest, giving the same Sign. While he is looking at the Muu, the **Black Priest** takes the crown from the White Priest.

Muu Dancers:

*Hail unto thee who art Kephera in thy hiding
Even unto thee who art Kephera in thy silence
Who travelst over the heavens in thy barque
At the midnight hour of the sun
Tahuti standeth in his splendor at the prow
And Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.
Hail unto thee from the abodes of the Evening.*

The three continue as before. The **White Priest** has become frail and hunched over, like the Black Priest at the beginning. The **Black Priest** is now as strong as the White Priest was at the beginning. The White Priest looks like the Black Priest's shadow, stretching out before him.

As the three move between East and West:

Priestess: *Where do you journey, my Hidden King?*

White Priest: *Through the Winter world of frozen things.*

Priestess: *How do we meet my Silent King?*

White Priest: *We meet on the shoreline where life still clings.*

Priestess: *When will you be back, my Winter King?*

White Priest: *Feel for my heartbeat; the pendulum swings.*

As the three move between West and East:

Priestess: *Through the Winter day I'm eclipsed in ecstasy*

Black Priest: *The Winter ends my wait the time has come to greet my fate;*

Priestess: *And when the sun is gone from the sky*

continued on next page...

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Black Priest: *I bided my time, I waited my turn,*

Priestess: *Your reflection shines in my eyes.*

Black Priest: *and now he knows-*

Just before the three reach East **Muu Dancers** and **participants** give the sign of silence.

When the three reach east:

B.Priest gives the Sign of Set Fighting:

AND HE SHALL BURN!

The music becomes violent, sexy, passionate, and discordant. **White Priest** and **Black Priest** begin to dance with each other in battle toward the central altar. The **Priestess** continues to dance around them, sexy now, impassioned. She shifts from her aspect as a Lunar goddess, to her aspect as passion, love, NTzCh. The start of the fight should be witnessed by the participants before they are allowed to begin the ecstatic dance themselves.

As soon as the officers reach the center, the **participants** break from the circle even as the officers break from the orbit they were following to do battle, and are encouraged to dance wildly, by the **Muu Dancers** if necessary. Dancing should go on for quite some time- at least 10 minutes- long enough for the energy to build. When the fervor has reached its peak, there are three loud screams.

-SCREAM- (both **Priests** scream in rage)

The **Black Priest** strikes the **White Priest** in the forehead.

-SCREAM- (the **White Priest** screams in agony)

The **Black Priest** strikes the **White Priest** in the chest.

-SCREAM- (the **Black Priest** screams in triumph)

Black Priest tears pouch from **White Priest's** waist and throws it into the cauldron while the **White Priest** screams his word. The pouch should ignite on the charcoals, creating flame.

Music stops.

White Priest falls to the ground, dead.

Black Priest stands beside the central alter with his arms raised in triumph, in the Sign of Apophis.

Priestess dances sexily, seducing the winner of the battle, passionate.

These events are the cue for all **participants** to throw their pennies into the cauldron, scream their word as loudly as possible, and collapse on the floor, mimicking the actions of the **White Priest**.

IV Transmutation (Serpent)

While everyone is down, the **Black Priest** and the **Priestess** come together and have a moment suggestive of copulation. (Babalon rides the Beast) at the central altar.

Muu Dancers go to the body of the **White Priest**, bearing him away behind the veils of the Underworld. The **Muu Dancers** return and stand again in their places at the pillars.

Priestess goes to stand directly in front of the Underworld veil, facing South, and gives the Sign of Salt⁴. She transitions again now from her role as a Passion goddess, to her role as Mother goddess, as Nuit.

The **Black Priest** stays on the ground, spent; dead.

-KNOCK 3x5x3x-

Muu Dancers: *Abrahadabra!*

4. See the Empress card in the Thoth deck.



V Resurrection (Dove)

During the **Muu Dancers'** speech, the White Priest changes robes to become the **Yellow Priest** and lights additional candles at the feast, if necessary.

Muu: *O! the heart of N.O.X. the Night of Pan.*

Muu1 *P^SAN: Duality: Energy: Death.*

Muu2: *Death: Begetting: the supporters of O!*

Muu1: *To beget is to die; to die is to beget.*

Muu2: *Cast the Seed into the Field of Night.*

Muu1: *Life and Death are two names of A.*

Muu2: *Kill thyself.*

Muu: *Neither of these things alone is enough.⁵*

Priestess makes the sign of Muellier.

Priestess: *Remember all ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but as shadows; they pass & are done; but there is that which remains.⁷*

-GONG-

Muu Dancers rip the veils apart and the **Yellow Priest** bursts from between the **Priestess'** open legs to stand in front of the Priestess.

Yellow Priest gives the Sign of the Enterer, proclaiming: *There is no God but Man!⁸*

Yellow Priest gives the Sign of Silence.

Fall to feasting.

VI Closing

When the feasting is complete, each participant goes and collects their Lucky Penny. Water may need to be thrown on the coals to cool them first.

5. Greek pi, or "P."

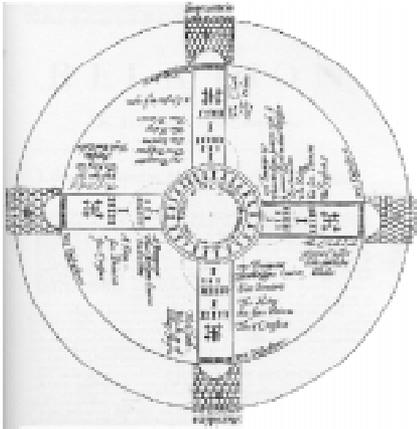
6. Aleister Crowley, *The Book of Lies*, 1: The Sabbath of the Goat.

7. Aleister Crowley, Liber AL, II.9.

8. Aleister Crowley, Liber OZ.

The System of Enochian Magick, Part III:

The Hierarchy of the Watchtowers by Frater David R. Jones



The Golden Talisman from *A True & Faithful Relation*.

The Structure of the Watchtower Hierarchies

On Wednesday June 20, 1584, Edward Kelly had a vision that would significantly effect the angelic magikal system that he and John Dee were receiving. In the days that followed it would be analyzed and explained, and ultimately it would produce the Terrestrial system of Watchtower magic that was to profoundly influence not only their own work but eventually the whole course of the Western Hermetic Tradition. The student of Enochian magic would do well to make themselves familiar with the pages (168-189) in *A True & Faithful Relation*¹ (henceforth *T&FR*). The Angel Ave summarized the material as follows:

Four sumptuous and belligerant

1. Meric Casaubon, *A True & Faithful Relation of What passed for many Yeers Between Dr. John Dee (A Mathematician of Great Fame in Q. Elizabeth and King James their Reignes) and Some Spirits:*, (New York: Magickal Child, 1992).

Castles, out which sounded trumpets thrice². The Sign of Majesty, the Cloth of passage, was cast forth.

In the East, the cloth red; after new smitten blood.

In the South, the cloth white, Lilly coloured.

In the West a cloth, the skins of many Dragons, green: garlick-bladed.

*In the North, the cloth, Hair-coloured, Bilbery juyce. The trumpets sound once³. The gates open. The four Castles are moved. There issueth 4 Trumpeters, whose Trumpets a Pyramis, six cones wreathed⁴ There followeth out of every Castle 3, holding up their Banners displayed, with ensigne, the names of God. There follow Seniors six, alike from the 4 Gates: After them cometh from every part a King: whose Princes are five, gardant, and holding up his train. Next issueth the Crosse of 4 Angles, of the Majesty of Creation in God attended upon every one with 4: a white Cloud, 4 Crosses, bearing the witnesses of the Covenant of God, with the *Prince gone out before: which were confirmed, every one, with ten Angels, visible in countenance: After every Crosse, attendeth 16 Angels, dispositors of the will of those, that govern the*

2. $4 \times 3 = 12$, announcing the 12 Ensigns to come, here indicative not of zodiacal signs but of the 12 House.

3. $4 \times 1 = 4$ the 4 Castles, 4 horsemen, 4 Beasts = 4 Kings, 4 Clothes of Passage, 4 Crosses etc. $4 + 12 = 16$ which will be the greatest number explicated in the hierarchy.

4. $4 \times 6 = 24$, the 24 Seniors, the 24 hours of the day, cf. Theorem John Dee. *The Hieroglyphic Monad*. <<http://w3.one.net/~browe/pdf/Dee%20Monad.pdf>>

Castles. They proceed. And, in, and about the middle of the Gate: The rest pause. The 24 Seniors meet: They seem to consult. ...

It vanisheth.

*King.

40. Angels of the 4 Crosses, attending on the principal +.

16Angels

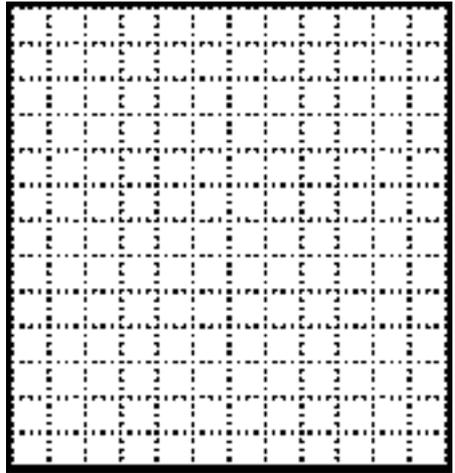
Thus we have a general hierarchy within the Great Table that can be outlined thus:

- A. Watchtowers
 - 1. The Castles
 - 2. The Trumpets
 - 3. The Clothes of Passage
- B. Crosses of 4 Angles
 - 1. 1 Kings
 - 2. 6 Elders
 - 3. 5 Princes
- C. The Lesser Crosses
 - 1. 4 Attendants
 - 2. 10 Countenances
 - 3. 16 Dispositors

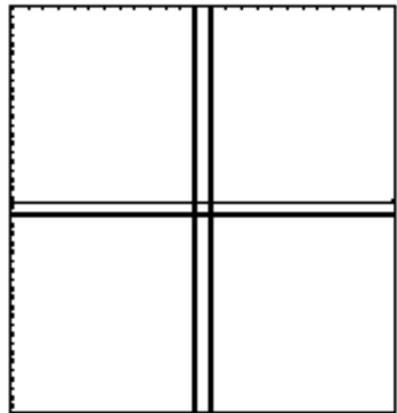
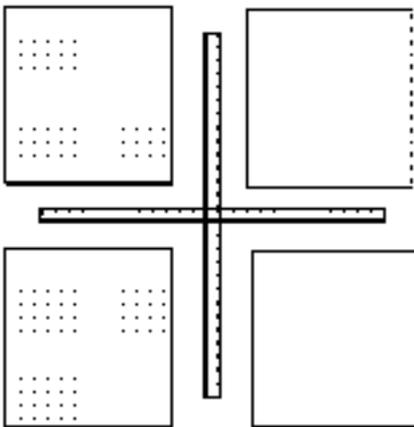
A. The Watchtowers as a whole

1. The 4 Castles

The 4 Castles are the 4 Tables themselves, the 12 by 13 rectangles that form each Watchtower.



These are gathered together by the Black Cross of Union into the Great Table⁵.

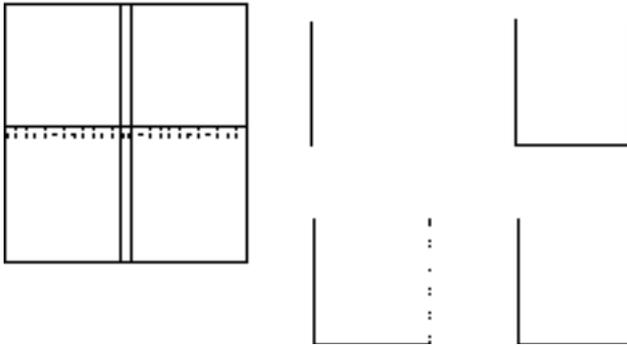


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5. From this is drawn the so called Spirit Table, which will be discussed in due course.

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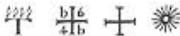
The 4 Trumpeters are the Seals set at the corners of the Great Table and ruling over each Watchtower thus.



The seals and authorities of these Houses are confirmed in the beginning of the World. Unto everyone of them be 4 characters, (tokens of the presence of the son of God: by whom all things were made in Creation.)

T&FR p 170

The figures are respectively a capital T with 4 flames ascending from its capitol; an Equal angled and equal armed cross with an upright perpendicular and a parallel horizontal; a circle with approximately 12 lines radiating from the circumference; a right equal cross with a letter “b” in the upper left hand corner, a numeral “6” in the upper right hand corner, a numeral 4 in the lower left hand corner and another letter “b” in the lower right hand corner.

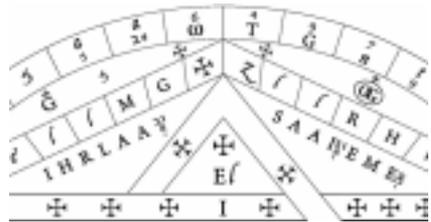


They represent Creation in that the 4/T correlates to the first letter in the circumference of the Sigillum Dei Aemeth⁶, symbolized Tetragrammaton as a title of Jehovah:



That part [pointing to that T] of the Table of the earth of those that govern the earth: that are governed by the seven Angels that are governed by the seven that stand before God, that are governed by the living God, which is found in the Seal of the living God, (Tan with four)

T&FR 173



6. *Liber Secundus* from Sloane MS. 3188: *Mysterium Libri Quinque* contained in Clay Holden ed. *Liber Secundus* (<http://www.dnai.com/~cholden/>), Christopher Whitby ed. *John Dee's Actions With Spirits : 22 December 1581 to 23 May 158,3* (New York: Garland, 1996). and Joseph H. Peterson ed. & trans., *Five Books of Mystical Exercises*, (Wales: Magnum Opus Hermetic Sourceworks, 1985). In part available as *Mysterium Libri Quinque* (<http://www.esotericarchives.com/dee/sl3188.htm>).

In practice it is said that this seal represents God in his rulership over the seven planetary Angels beneath the Archangels that connect the heavens to the Earth⁷. There seems to be a correlation being made between the 4 letters and the initial of Tetragrammaton with the 4 elements and the initial of Terrestrial. The 4 represents the angles and the arms of the Cross as T represents the cross, and the 7 Angels mentioned are those that cluster around the crucifix within the center of the Sigillum Dei Aemeth.



Creation can also be seen in the fact that the b|6 / 4|b cross is derived from the Tablets of the Creation⁸ associated with the 7 days of Creation in Genesis in Liber Tertius⁹.

It is in that Table, which consisteth of 4. and 8. Vide lib 3. Anno 1582. Aprilis 28.

(ibid)

<i>f</i>	<i>B</i>							
<i>D</i> ₂	<i>f</i>	<i>8</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>f</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>2</i>						
<i>o</i>	<i>p</i>	<i>f</i>						
<i>B</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>B</i>						
<i>g</i>	<i>B</i>							
<i>B</i>	<i>M</i>							
<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>
<i>M</i>	<i>T</i>							
<i>L</i>	<i>B</i>							

7. Levanael, Korabiel, Nogahel etc.
 8. For a view of the Tablet being described cf. *Liber Tertius* vide post, also a T&FR and James p. 178. where the Tablets of Creation are arrayed upon the Holy Table.
 9. *Liber Tertius*, from Sloane MS. 3188: *Mysteriorum Libri Quinque*, op cit. note 6

Next comes the simple black equal armed Cross.



*The earth is the last, which is with the Angels, but not as the Angels, and therefore it standeth in the Table of the seven Angels, * which stand before the presence of God in the last place without a Letter or number, but figured by a Crosse.*

It is expressed in the Angle of that Table, wherein the names of the Angels are gathered, and do appear, as of Michael and Gabriel.

* Vide 1582. 20 Martii. lib. 2.¹⁰

Z	l	l	R	H	i	a
a	Z	C	a	a	c	b
p	a	u	p	n	h	r
h	d	m	h	i	a	i
k	k	a	a	e	e	e
i	i	e	e	l	l	l
e	e	l	l	M	G	+

In Liber Secundus cited in Dee's note here, this is associated with Uriel as the terrestrial ruler below the 7 Archangels. Also this can be seen as the Cross (surrounded by AGLA) that is the reverse and base of the Sigillum. As can be seen above the traditional Archangels of the spheres can be read horizontally off of this table as noted by Dee.

continued on next page...

10. 20 March 1582 *Liber Secundus* op cit. note 6

continued from previous page...



The final figure was originally that of a small swirl of smoke that was later elaborated into the circular figure with the 12 rays. This may be related to the vision of Saturday 23 May 1587¹¹, as this follows directly after the reformation of the Tables by Raphael and contains this symbolism. It probably correlates to the 12 Angelic Kings that rule over the 91/92 Governors of the Aires.

These can be seen to have fairly straight cabalistic correlations to the elements they are set over. The Tetragrammaton is JHVH and that is the name that is called to rule air in the east in the traditional formulation of pentagram ritual. The Tablets of Creation from whence the water seal derives are concerned with the dividing the waters that are above from the waters that are below. Uriel is traditionally attributed to earth as is AGLA in the pentagram ritual, also the descent from the sphere of Saturn down through that of the Moon can be seen in the Archangelic Table. The final seal is correlated to smoke and where there is smoke there must be fire.

In Practice these four Trumpets can be seen as the heraldry of the 4 Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Clothes of Passage

And from the 4 horses of the 4 Horsemen can coloration of the Clothes of Passage be assigned to the 4 Elements. As the Aurum Solis notes a T&FR (p 170) clearly implies this with the inculcation:

Ensignes, upon whose Image whereof is death: whereupon the Redemption of mankind is established, and with the which he shall come too judge the Earth.

These are the Characters, and natural marks of holiness. Unto these belong four Angels severally.

(Ibid.)

That they are correlated to the cusps of the seasons as the Kings which follow are correlated to the 15 degree points of the Fixed signs, thus in combination indicating the 8 spoked wheel of the Druids and other pagan cultures, as in the Book of the Law:

II,36: There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times.

Thus the Trumpeters are the Seasonal ingresses or Lesser Sabbats, the “feasts of the times” and the Kings are the Midseasonal eves or Great Sabbats, the “rituals of the elements” because they correlate respectively to the 4 Horsemen and Cherubs of Ezekiel or the Beasts of Revelation.

Examining the relevant passages in Revelation VI we find.

1: And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard, as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, Come and see.

2: And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.

White Horseman = Fire

The Bowman is traditionally Sagittarius, and if we examine the relevant celestial space: RA 20H30 to 18H by Declination 40s30 to 20s30 it can be seen that the bowman has a crown, Corona Australis. In astrology the Winter Solstitial colour is at the cusp of Sagittarius and Capricorn. Note also that Sagittarius is the location of the center of our Galaxy, the southernmost Zodiacal constellation and the location of the conjunction of the Galactic Equator with the Ecliptic. Note also the triplicity of fire implicit in the above passage: Aries = Lamb, First Beast = Leo, and Bowman = Sagittarius.

11. T&FR p. 14 (2nd series) et passim.

3: *And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, Come and see.*

4: *And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given unto him a great sword.*

Red Horseman = Air

Red would then equal air, and mutable air is Gemini. And the cusp of Gemini and Cancer is the Summer Solstice. The Sword is attributed both to air and Mars equaling Red Air. Zain = Sword = Gemini in the Tarot. Castor the lucida of Gemini is both a swordsman and called the horseman of the Zodiac. Note too that as Sagittarius is the view in to the center of the Galaxy, Gemini looks outward to the closest edge, thus are both crossed by the Milky Way.

5: *And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld, and lo a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand.*

6: *And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say, A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine.*

Black Horseman = Earth

Here can be seen the cusp of Virgo and Libra that marks the Autumnal Equinox. Black = Earth, and mutable Earth is Virgo. The pair of balances is obviously Libra. Also the measure of wheat can be seen as Spica, a spike of wheat, the lucida of Virgo. Virgo is also Astreae who is in reality Justice. Note on a grand celestial scale Virgo is the location of the center of the great Galactic supercluster to which our local group and home galaxy the Milky Way belong.

7: *And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see.*

8: *And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.*

Pale (Green) Horseman = Water

The Greek for pale in this passage (chloros¹²) is actually more appropriately defined as green. Water equals the Hanged Man and Death is Scorpio, fixed water. The cusp of Pisces, mutable water and Aries is the Vernal Equinox, and by precession the equinox has drifted into Pisces towards Aquarius, who though airy is the Water Bearer. Note that the Lamb = Aries began this set of attributions and it ends with Pisces at the beginning of the year at Vernal Equinox so the first is both first and last and visa versa.

This becomes more obvious as the relationship between the Kings and the 24 Seniors is seen to reflect that of the 4 Beasts and the 24 Seniors in Revelation.

So if the Seals above the Tables are to be associated with the 4 Horseman, as purported by the Aurum Solis, then they are, I believe clearly associated with the cusps that begin the seasons as shown above. This can be further verified by placing a Reformed Great Table in the center of a circular astrological diagram and aligning the 4 corners to the cusps as given. I have attached a diagram which puts this in some perspective, but unfortunately isn't of the quality I would like. The center represents the Reformed Great Table; the inner circle the Tropical Zodiac; the outer circle the constellational/sidereal intersection with the ecliptic; the irregular shapes beyond the circles indicate the projection of the actual constellations with the sigils of some of the fixed stars for reference and the Sigils of the elements are placed beyond to show the relationship.

Next... the internal structure of the Watchtowers.

....

12. Χλωρός, cognate with the English chlorophyll, the green coloring in plants.

Book Reviews

Feuerstein, George, Ph. D. *The Yoga Tradition: Its History, Literature, Philosophy, and Practice*. Hohm Press, 1998.

White, David Gordon. *The Alchemical Body: Siddha Traditions in Medieval India*. University of Chicago Press, 1996.

Students of magical and mystical traditions intent on widening their general understanding of Eastern spirituality will benefit from reading George Feuerstein's (founder and director of the Yoga Research Center in Northern California) monumental textbook, *The Yoga Tradition; Its History, Literature, Philosophy and Practice*. Written for a non-specialist audience (and roughly based on his earlier publications, *Textbook of Yoga*, 1975, and *Yoga: The Technology of Ecstasy*, 1989), its nearly 700 pages are intended "to give the lay reader a systematic and comprehensive introduction to the many-faceted phenomenon of Indian Spirituality, especially in its Hindu variety, while at the same time summarizing in broad outlines what scholarship has discovered about the evolution of Yoga thus far."

The three chapters of Part One provide a broad overview of Yoga theory and practice, its key concepts, terminology, history, and seminal figures, as well as a discussion of Yoga's relationship to other Hindu traditions. Parts Two, Three, and Four present a detailed chronological survey of the literature and teachings of most of the major and minor branches of the Pre-Classical, Classical, and Post-Classical Yoga traditions. Finally, Part Five focuses on the unique contribution made by the Medieval Tantric and Alchemical schools. Detailed endnotes, a tidy chronology, a glossary of terms, bibliography, and a usable index complete this impressive volume. Of particular note are the Source Readings included in each of the textbook's eighteen chapters. Based mostly on the author's own translations of key texts, they provide the student not only with the opportunity to further study already accessible material, such as Patanjali's *Yoga-Sutra*, but also the chance to be introduced to many previously untranslated works, such as the important Hatha Yoga verses of the *Goraksha-Paddhati*. Also useful are the chapters devoted to

a discussion of the non-Vedic yoga traditions of Buddhism and Jainism. Although not intended to replace more thorough studies, they nonetheless assist the reader in situating the author's primary focus, Hindu spirituality, in a broader historical and philosophical context.

Readers already acquainted with Feuerstein's other publications, such as *Tantra: The Path of Ecstasy* and *The Shambhala Encyclopedia of Yoga*, will recognize the clarity, precision, and accessibility of his writing. First time readers can look forward to a refreshing and informative experience (alas, the Thelemite reader will no doubt be justifiably dismayed by the author's unfortunate, gratuitous, smearing reference to Aleister Crowley in the chapter on Tantrism (p. 457) which mars an otherwise intelligent and instructive presentation).

In contrast to Feuerstein's general-interest approach, students desiring more in-depth studies of particular aspects of Eastern spirituality will appreciate David Gordon White's monograph, *The Alchemical Body: Siddha Tradition in Medieval India*. He provides a detailed look at the largely unfamiliar, to Western readers, terrain of Siddha tradition and its relation to the larger currents of India *tantrism* and *alchemy* "from both a historical and phenomenological perspective." More specifically, he informs us that "this will be a study of the language of mystic experience and expression, and it will be from the standpoint of *language* that I will chart out the theoretical, symbolic, and analogical parameters of the alchemical and hathayogic disciplines within their broader Tantric and Hindu contexts. And, working from the semantic and symbolic fields of meaning that the alchemical material generates, this study will also look at a much wider array of Hindu and Indian phenomena through 'alchemical eyes.'" Although White reminds us that he is a non-practitioner and that his study is written from a decidedly exclusive scholarly perspective, he nonetheless shares his hope that it "may serve to bridge a certain gap between raw experience and synthetic description." Its 350 pages of text, 175 pages of endnotes, and 30 pages of bibliographic sources will assist both scholars and tantric practitioners alike in their perpetual search for the elusive alchemical Philosopher's Stone.

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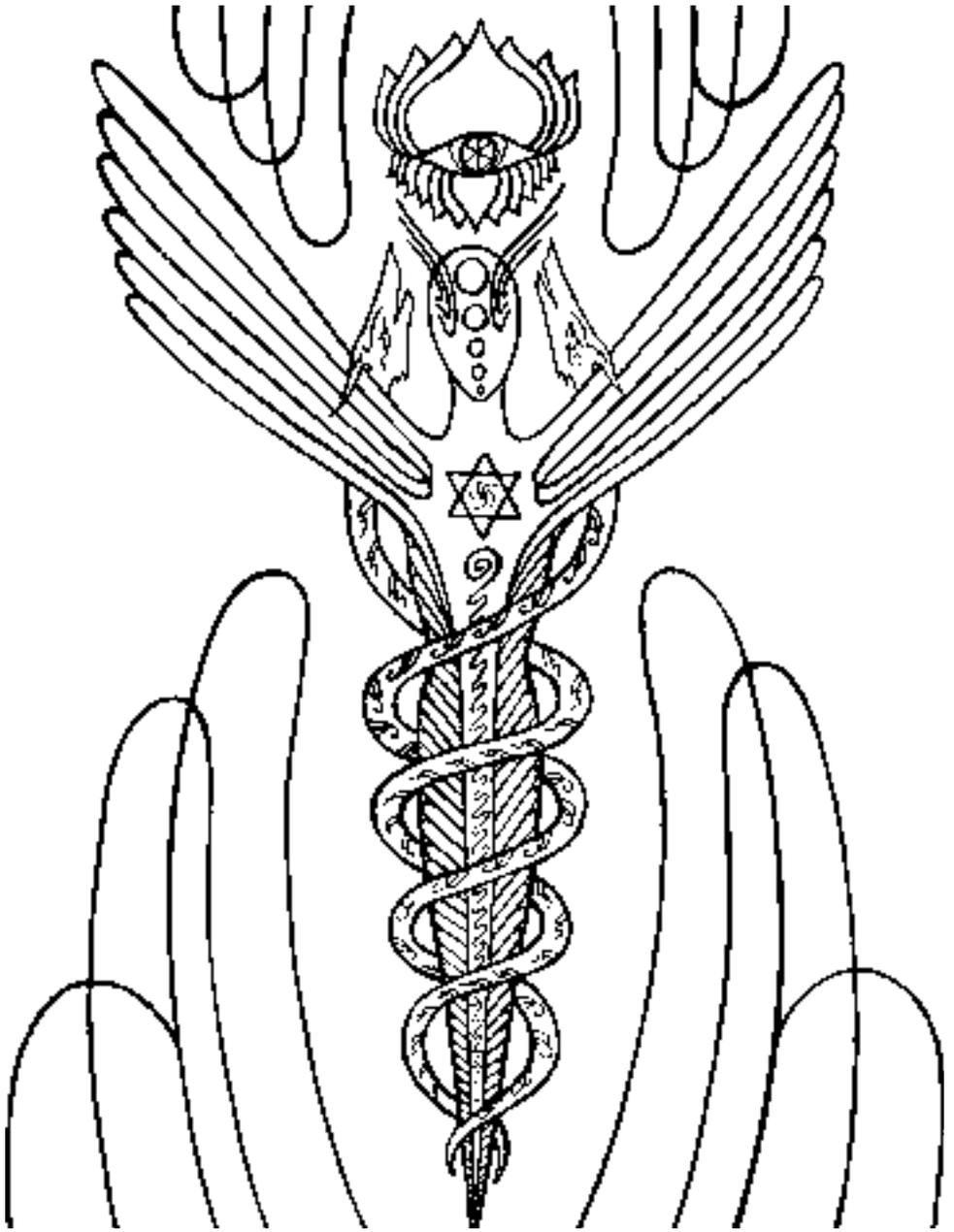
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