

Quarterly Journal of Sekhet Bast Ra Lodge
& Sol Invictus Camp



Volume 8
Number 4

-December 21, Anno IV x

-Sidereal Astrology:
Sol in Sagittarius
Luna in Gemini

-Tropical Astrology:
Sol in Sagittarius
Luna in Cancer

-December 21, 2002 e.v.

OPHIUCHUS

Sekhet Bast Ra Lodge
Ordo Templi Orientis
5030 N May Avenue #324
Oklahoma City, OK 73112
405-720-6349

info@sekhetbastra.org
<http://sekhetbastra.org/>

Ordo Templi Orientis
USA Headquarters
PO Box 32
Riverside, CA 92502



Ordo Templi Orientis
International Headquarters
PO Box 33 20 12
D-14180 Berlin
GERMANY

[HTTP://OTOHQ.ORG](http://OTOHQ.ORG)

publisher: Sekhet Bast Ra Lodge

info@sekhetbastra.org

editor: AHBH

Ophiuchus@sekhetbastra.org

contributors: Sol Invictus Camp

Members & Associates of Ordo Templi Orientis

advertising inquiries: Ophiuchus@sekhetbastra.org

subscription inquiries Ophiuchus@sekhetbastra.org

subscription price: biannual issues \$10.00 a year

This publication, Ophiuchus, is presented quarterly at the Equinoxes and Solstices, and is the official organ of Sekhet Bast Ra Lodge and Sol Invictus Camp. Copyright 2002ev Ordo Templi Orientis, Sekhet Bast Ra Lodge, Sol Invictus Camp, individual authors and others where mentioned. The viewpoints and opinions expressed herein are the responsibility of the contributing authors.

From the desk of the Sekhet-Bast-Ra PR officer:

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

For those of you who are curious as to what OTO stands for, or, more to the point, what we represent.

You are cordially invited to any of our various, *open to the public events*. You are also welcome to come to any of our bi-monthly *Gnostic Masses* celebrations held by Sekhet-Bast-Ra Lodge, sponsored by the membership of the OTO.

Contact information for scheduling of various *events*, and the *Gnostic mass* are listed below. Also some events are held at differing addresses, you will need to verify the location as well.

Sekhet-Bast-Ra Lodge
Ordo Templi Orientis
c/o 5030 N. May Avenue #324
Oklahoma City, OK 73112-6092

info@sekhetbastra.org

405-720-6349

<http://sekhetbastra.org/>

Love is the law, love under will.

Cordially,
Frater Mem

Sol Invictus Camp Quarterly Calendar

January

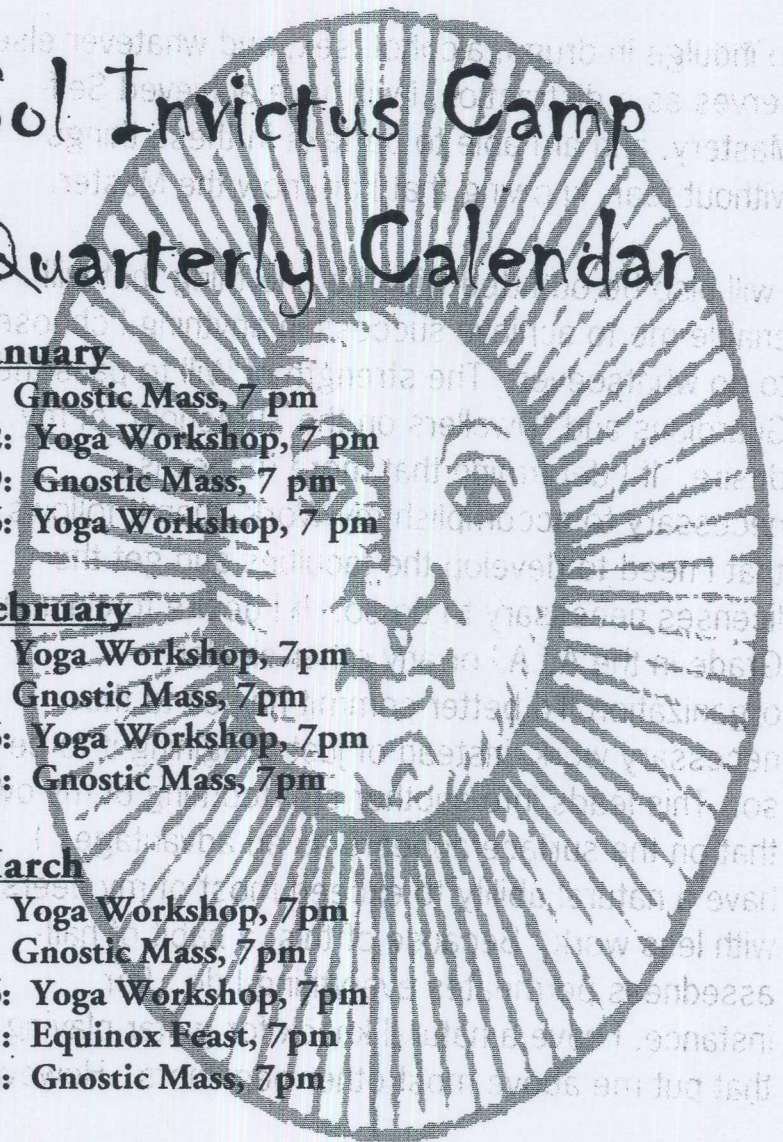
- 5: Gnostic Mass, 7 pm
- 12: Yoga Workshop, 7 pm
- 19: Gnostic Mass, 7 pm
- 26: Yoga Workshop, 7 pm

February

- 2: Yoga Workshop, 7pm
- 9: Gnostic Mass, 7pm
- 16: Yoga Workshop, 7pm
- 23: Gnostic Mass, 7pm

March

- 2: Yoga Workshop, 7pm
- 9: Gnostic Mass, 7pm
- 16: Yoga Workshop, 7pm
- 21: Equinox Feast, 7pm
- 23: Gnostic Mass, 7pm



A Blurp on Will.

BY FRATER CORVUS

I'm writing this mostly to inspire us all, including, and especially myself. Consequently, the accusative of it all is directed at myself. Using myself for an example will hopefully also save any hard feelings.

Hopefully, if you have experienced any of these issues, it will inspire you to further apprehension of your own work. At any rate, I don't think this concept has been emphasized enough.

"What is my Will?" or "How can I achieve my Will?" are the most common questions we experience on the Thelemic path. The first question no one specific answer can really be given, but as a goal, it can be viewed as "What can I contribute to the human race?"

If we have such an End, whether we call it

“accomplishing the Great Work,” or “achieving our True Will,” or whatever else, it necessitates a Means. This means is also the Will.

For myself, I know all too well the dangers of pursuing things to excess. I have fallen prey to debauchery, and fairly dedicated myself to indolence. In other words, I have done virtually everything except what my Will is. Although I desired to accomplish my Will, I refused the most important thing in order to be able to do so. Even when I discovered what my Will was, and began the pursuit, I was still plagued by certain distractions that still to this day hamper my ability to Work. I have tried to thresh out how to approach my Will in such a way that it would still accommodate my appetites. In the end, paradoxically, what is happening is that I've discovered that my appetites are being threshed out in order to accommodate my Will. One word emerged as the only thing that would liberate me from my morass, and probably for that matter, holds true for everyone else. This word is “Self-discipline.” This word is synonymous with Will. If I can out will my lazy streak, my desire

to indulge in drugs, alcohol, sex, and whatever else serves as a distraction, I will have achieved Self-Mastery, and am able to partake in these things without fear, knowing that I am now the Master.

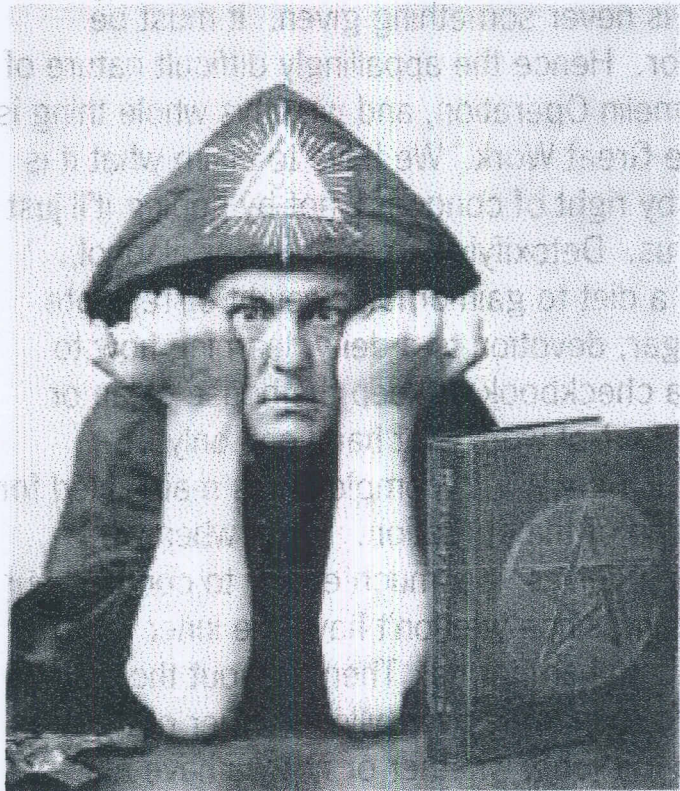
I will also be outfitted with the one thing that will enable me to achieve success in anything I choose to do whatsoever: The strength of Will to pass the Guardians and "Dwellers on the Threshold" of my desire. If I determine that more money is necessary to accomplish my Work, then it follows that I need to develop the faculties and get the licenses necessary to do so. If I desire to claim any Grade in the A.'.A.' or any other similar organization, I'd better commit myself to the necessary work, instead of just imagining it to be so. This leads into another shortcoming of my own that on the surface appears as an advantage. I have a natural ability to exceed most of my peers with less work. Because of this, a habit of half-assedness permeates everything I do. For instance, I have a natural knack for guitar playing that put me above most other beginners. However,

since I haven't dedicated myself to constant practice until recently, and even that is going at it half-assed, I can't compete on a professional level. This analogy holds true in every other aspect in my life. I lack dedication. As I'm writing this, I'm grinding my teeth to get through it, because I so want to do something else, or maybe it's that I don't want to commit to the work of putting it out, or even furthermore, I'm afraid of playing everyone's, including my own, devil's advocate. Any way about it, discipline is what will make me finish it. I did, after all, dedicate myself recently to a deity whose nature involves criticism, including self-criticism.

The word "Yoga" implies discipline. As a (albeit occasionally, again on the indolence) devotee of Shiva, I have to accept not only Parvati, but also (and especially) Kali as my bride, especially in her terrible aspects. "Fear not to undergo the ordeals" is the catchword in this instance. This not only applies in our initiations, but also in our daily lives. As this is the Aeon of the Child (crowned and conquering, I might add), we are in a constant state of growth. Growth implies learning experience, aka

ordeals. This implies Devotion. When holding up an ideal, be it Thelema in general, the OTO specifically, or even Nothing, we can expect flack from without and within. It is then our duty to put our noses to the grind, and push until we break through. Success is never something given. It must be worked for. Hence the appallingly difficult nature of the Abramelin Operation, and why this whole thing is called the Great Work. We have to claim what it is we want by right of conquest, not by hoping it'll just come to us. Detoxifying from drugs or alcohol, going on a diet to gain or lose weight or regulate blood sugar, devotion to a deity, learning how to balance a checkbook or keep the house clean or whatever sort of work is at hand can only be successful if the Will to complete it is maintained for the duration of the operation. Then, when we conquer ourselves, it is much easier to conquer our environment, since we don't have the inner distraction to hamper us. Then, without the outer distraction (concerns over bills, whether or not we can keep our jobs, whether or not we have an appropriate lover, etc.), it is much easier to conquer the Empyrean. Within these things lies

Devotion. Within Devotion lies Will. The essence of Will is Discipline. To finish, I quote Uncle Al, "90% of Thelema is self-discipline."



conquer the Egyptian. Within these things lies appropriate love, etc. it is much easier to

Sekhet Bast Ra Lodge

Quarterly Calendar

January 2003 e.v.

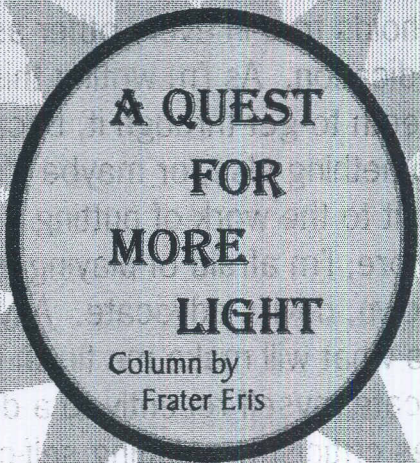
Sat 11 Goetic Research Guild, 7:00 pm at
Mem's & AHBH13's
Sun 12 Business Meeting, 6:00 pm
Sun 19 Gnostic Mass, 6:00 pm
Sat 25 Class, tbd, 7:00 pm

February 2003 e.v.

Sun 2 Gnostic Mass, 11:00 am
Sat 8 Goetic Research Guild, 7:00 pm at
Mem's & AHBH13's
Sun 16 Gnostic Mass, 6:00 pm
Sat 22 Class, tbd, 7:00 pm

March 2003 e.v.

Sun 2 Gnostic Mass, 11:00 am
Sat 8 Goetic Research Guild, 7:00 pm at
Mem's & AHBH13's
Sun 16 Gnostic Mass, 6:00 pm
Sat 22 Spring Equinox Ritual & Feast, 6:00 pm
Sat 29 (Greater Invocation adaptation)?, 6:00 pm



**A QUEST
FOR
MORE
LIGHT**

Column by
Frater Eris

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

This column is dedicated to the transmission of the Gnosis. A place where Brothers and Sisters may come together to share information they have found to be illumination to their path. If you have something you would like to contribute towards the edification of your brethren, I encourage you to send it to the editor. It can be a work you have read or written or an experience that revealed a truth to you.

Love is the Law. Love under Will.

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

Winter

When Icicles hang by the wall
 And Dick the shepherd blow his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-sho: a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who: a merry note
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Shakespeare 1595

Love is the Law. Love under will.

AHBH

Sekhet Bast Ra Lodge

Quarterly Calendar

January 2003 e.v.

Sat 11 Goetic Research Guild, 7:00 pm at
Mem's & AHBH13's
Sun 12 Business Meeting, 6:00 pm
Sun 19 Gnostic Mass, 6:00 pm
Sat 25 Class, tbd, 7:00 pm

February 2003 e.v.

Sun 2 Gnostic Mass, 11:00 am
Sat 8 Goetic Research Guild, 7:00 pm at
Mem's & AHBH13's
Sun 16 Gnostic Mass, 6:00 pm
Sat 22 Class, tbd, 7:00 pm

March 2003 e.v.

Sun 2 Gnostic Mass, 11:00 am
Sat 8 Goetic Research Guild, 7:00 pm at
Mem's & AHBH13's
Sun 16 Gnostic Mass, 6:00 pm
Sat 22 Spring Equinox Ritual & Feast, 6:00 pm
Sat 29 (Greater Invocation adaptation)?, 6:00 pm

THE GOOD BOOK

Do What Thou Wilt: A Life of Aleister Crowley. By Lawrence Sutin

Reviewed by: Soror AHBH

I read Confessions about a year before this book came out. Enthusiastically I bought DWTW, hoping it would be a more interesting read (We all know how Crowley liked his own words). I was not disappointed.

Although there were certain parts of the book I disagreed with that made me feel defensive of Crowley and Thelema, the book is an excellent read. The opinions and theory's seem to be unbiased or judgmental. Also, Mr. Sutin makes interesting observations of Crowley as a man of his time, a magickian, as well as a human, and ordinary man made of flesh and blood.



I would suggest this book to anyone wanting to know about Crowley, as it seems fair, but realistic.

SIR RICHARD BURTON

This is the second installment about Sir Richard Burton's experiences as a Muslim worshiper on the holy pilgrimage. The British Museum originally published this pamphlet in 1865.

Stage II - The Caravan March Across the Desert

Few pilgrims endure the dreadful heat, the dust, and, worst of all, the cologne-like odors of Jeddah. Most of them encamp on the plain behind the town after securing the services of a "circuit man", so called because, besides serving as guide in religious matters generally, he dialing puts the pilgrim through his seven obligatory perambulations round the house of

Allah. He also collects cattle for the march, and is ready to provide the stranger with highly-priced bed and board in the sacred city.

Before leaving Jeddah, pilgrims perform a pious visitation. Outside the town lies, or is supposed to lie, no less a personage than "our mother Eve", whilst our first father reposes in a mosque near Mecca. The word Jeddah, in Arabic meaning "Grandmother", is popularly derived from this circumstance. Riding through a mass of foul huts and tattered coffee-sheds, we pass over the sandy plain to the north-east of the

town and find the doors of the precinct closed. As usual in holy places, it must be opened with a silver key.

"Our mother" is supposed to lie like a Mohammedan woman, sideways, fronting Mecca, with her head to the south, her feet northwards, and her right hand supporting your right cheek. Whitewashed and conspicuous to the voyager from afar is the dome opening to the west, and covering a square stone planted upright, and fancifully carved to show where the middle of the body lies. Having prayed there and at the head, where a few dwarf trees grow, pilgrims walk

along the low walls which define the outlines of "our mother's" mortal remains. They are parallel, and about eighteen feet apart. As the "mother" measured one hundred and twenty paces from head to waist, and eighty from waist to heel, she must have presented a somewhat peculiar appearance. The archaeologist will remember that the great idol of Jeddah in the days of the Arab stone worship was a "long rock".

And now let us set out with the caravan, on its desert march of twenty hours between Jeddah and Mecca. There is danger on the road from

lurking Bedouins and, by order of government, pilgrims must journey in parties. Striking is the appearance of these caravans as they thread their slow way over "The golden desert glittering through; The subtle veil of beams," as the poet of the "Palm leaves" has it. The sky is terrible in its blinding beauty and pitiless splendors, while the simoom, or wind of the wild, caresses the cheek with the flaming breath of a lion. The filmy spray of sand, and the up seething of the atmosphere, the heat-reek and the dancing of the air upon the baked surface of the bright yellow soil,

blending with the dazzling blue above, invests the horizon with a broad band of deep dark green, and blurs the gaunt figures of the camels, which at a distance resemble troops of gigantic birds. There are evidently eight degrees of pilgrims. The lowest walk propped with heavy staves; these are coffee-makers, sherbet-sellers, and tobacconists vending their goods, Negroes from far Africa, and country folk driving flocks of sheep and goats with infinite clamor and gesticulation; here a shrieking woman or a lost child; there some moaning wretch ready to die, but yearning to

breathe out his life in the sacred city. Then come the humble riders of laden camels, mules, and asses, which the Bedouin, who clings monkey-like to the hairy hump of his animal, despises, saying, "honourable to the rider is the riding of the horse; But the mule is a dishonour, and the donkey a disgrace."

Respectable men mount dromedaries or blond camels, known by their small size, their fine limbs, and their large, deer-like eyes. The saddles have huge crimson sheepskins between tall metal pommels and these are girted over fine saddle-

bags, whose long tassels of bright
worsted hang almost to the ground.
Irregular soldiers mount
picturesquely equipped "screws".
Here and there rides some old Arab
shaykh, preceded by his valets
performing a war-dance, compared
with which the bear's performance is
grace itself firing their duck-guns in
the air or blowing powder into the
naked legs of those before them,
brandishing their swords, leaping
frantically with bright-coloured rags
floating in the wind, and tossing high
their long spears tufted with ostrich-
feathers. Women, children and

invalids of the poorer classes sit upon rags or carpets spread over the larger boxes that form the camel's load; those a little better off use a short cot fastened cross-wise (shibríya), and the richer rider in pairs, using panniers covered with an awning (shugduf), and made to resemble a miniature green tent, that sways and tosses upon the animals back. Grandees use gorgeously painted litters (takhtrawn), borne between camels or mules with scarlet and brass trappings, and they are accompanied by led horses. The vehicle regulates the pilgrims'

expenses, which may vary from five pounds to as many thousands, and the pauper must live on alms.

It is a haggard land, this—a land of wild beasts and wilder men—a region whose very fountains murmur the warning words "Drink and away", instead of "Rest and be thankful". A sandy valley, in which the beasts sink to the fetlock, threads the peaky hills behind Jeddah. About half-way is a mass of reed huts and leaf-thatched hovels, called the boundary (El Haddah), where caravans halt for coffee and water. Here all unbelievers who intend to visit the sheriff or prince

of Mecca at his country quarters in the Taif mountains must leave the direct road, lest their glances pollute the shrine. And here I may observe that though neither Koran nor Sutan enjoin the death of Jew or Christian intruding within the columns that note the sanctuary limits, nothing could save a European detected by the populace, or one who after pilgrimage declared himself an unbeliever. The Turkish and Arab authorities would do their best and fail. I mention this the more particularly as my friend, the learned Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, once proposed to attempt the sacred

city in English garb—he would have been shot by the first Bedouin that met him. Another friend informs me that in 1860 a Jew, who refused to repeat the Moslem creed, was crucified by the bigoted and turbulent Meccans.

After "the boundary", we enter upon the Meccan Plateau, which is now hard with gravelly clay, then covered with sand—heaps. And here I may observe that the popular idea of the desert being a "sandy sea", dotted with oases like islands, is rarely realized by the traveler. The wilds of Arabia and Africa are mostly plains of rock and of a hard clayey earth, which

wants only water to become luxuriantly fertile. Our final rise is by a long flight of rough and broken stone steps, dangerous to the animals for whose convenience they were made; it is a comparatively modern construction, ascribed to one of the ill-fated Barmecides. The pilgrims who try to arrive about midnight, pitch their tents on a plain or table-land outside the city, and with loud cries of "Here am I!" impatiently await the dawn. Many are the thanks to Allah, and mutual congratulations that their eyes are about to rest upon the edifice towers which every

Mohammedan from his earliest days
turns in prayer, and which long
before the birth of Christianity was
revered by the patriarchs of the East.



ADVERTISEMENTS



**Dr. Ben Sanders, Jr
Chiropractor**

Moore Chiropractic
1500 SW 104th St. #102
Oklahoma City, OK 73159
PH: 405-378-0800
FX: 405-378-3463

Hair – Makeup – Wax – Photo – Video

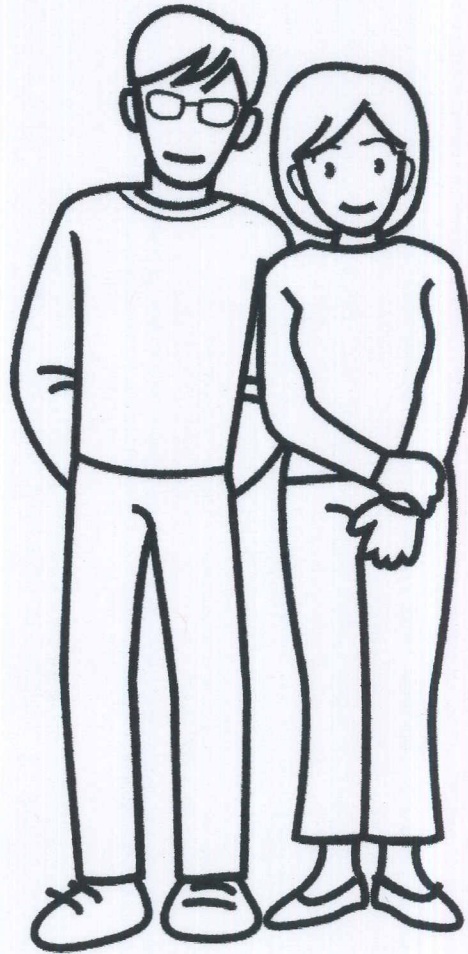


Services Available by appointment only &
Consultations Always Free

Molly

405-942-6306

salon@email.com



T-SHIRTS
*Available with
the Ecclesia
Gnostica
Catholica emblem*

**All Sizes
Available**
*Small-Medium-Large-
Xlarge \$10.00
Xxlarge and up may
be more*

*Shipping and
Handling not included*

Orders:info@sekhetbastra.org