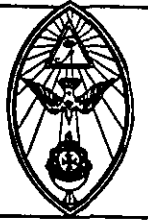




The Scribe



Volume I No. 2

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Fall Equinox 1994 E.V.

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

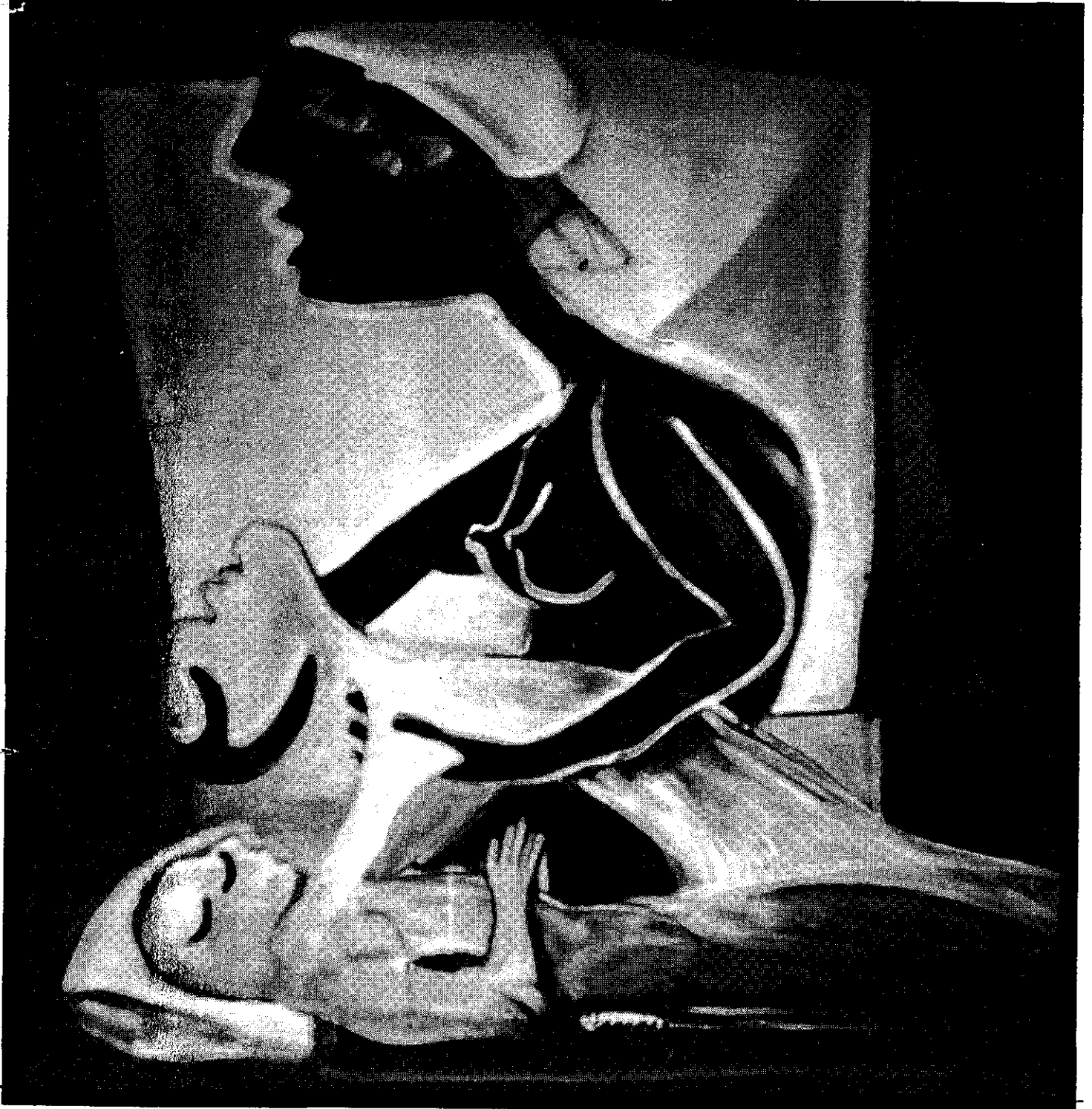


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Lodgemaster's Address:

Tahuti Chapter and Lodge has had the privilege of hosting the Autumnal Equinox meeting of the Electoral College here in New York. As being privy to attend the meeting, along with other Chapter members, it did my old heart good to bear witness to the fine work that they do. Each issue, charter, etc. were discussed '6 ways from Sunday'. Their patient and balanced natures were exemplary as they discussed their labor. It was good to break bread with them later in the evening and exchange ideas and anecdotes. It's not often we get the opportunity to share time with our visiting Sisters and Brothers, to kick back and relax and even joining us in celebrating the Gnostic Mass.

The Electoral College has, as always, an invitation to come and gather with us here at Tahuti Lodge in our Work.

Editorial Commentary:

THE MASSES AND THE BEAST

The majority of the stupid is invincible and guaranteed for all time. The terror of their tyranny, however, is alleviated by their lack of consistency.

In order to form an immaculate member of a flock of sheep one must, above all, be a sheep.

In talking about human rights today, we are referring primarily to the following demands: protection of the individual against arbitrary infringement by other individuals or by the government; the right to work and to adequate earnings from work; freedom of discussion and teaching; adequate participation of the formation of his government. These human rights are nowadays recognized theoretically, although, by abundant use of formalistic, legal maneuvers, they are being violated to a much greater extent than even a generation ago.

- Ideas and Opinions by Albert Einstein

There was a time when students received what was termed 'a classical education' consisting of the four "R's" of reading, riting, rithmatic and rhetoric. The first three disciplines we all grew up with; the fourth, rhetoric, we did not. It became grammar, reading comprehension and speech. Some students, who were gifted verbal strategists and recognized the potential power that rhoetoric had, joined various trite Thespian organizations. The majority of those receiving a good public school education however remained, and still remain, in a state of communicative limbo - a Creole class produced by the intentional under-development of the common person, W.H. Audens' "unknown citizen".

However, it would be a mistake to conclude that, since there is an under-class, there is a privileged class in this matter. This 'privileged class' should be obvious and apparent to those who would take the time to look for them. They would be the members of government, church, industry, military, lawyers, etc.. The professions mentioned are those who adhere or are themselves temporary players. The real players, whose

lineage goes back probably thousands of years, created the real power structure which has existed even until today. It may be that those who created this power structure can no longer control this 'God' they have created on earth. That they may not be able to control it anymore but will kill, lie and destroy to protect It and It's lesser incarnations (at any cost) is also apparent.

R. Buckminster Fuller, in his book Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth, gives an excellent account of who they were and how they have trans-mutated their identity through history. L.C. Lewin published Report From Iron Mountain. This was a 1963 commissioned government study of the feasibility of the survival of society in times of global peace. It paints a grim picture of the reality of the power brokers and their underlings. It is a matter of numbers not people.

This editorial is not about conspiracy and secret cartel theories. There is a hidden "Them" that exists - that is all that is important to state here and now. If one wants, the information is out there to be found.

What all this means to us and how we are affected by it, again, comes back to rhetoric. There are two main power structures in the world that we deal with. They take the form of Government (which controls our daily lives) and Church (which controls our spiritual lives). Together they attempt to control the micro- and macro- universes of our existence.

The teachings of the learned Taoists briefly exemplifies, in my opinion, the correct method rulers of government should take. Gnosticism, as the personal experience of the ecstasy of God, in my opinion, should form the basis for religion. (There are others who are enlightened and know what is best for all who call themselves such things as anarchists and liberators. Crowley deals with them in LIBER 333, Chapter 81. So does J. Thurber in The Last Flower.)

We are lucky, we have THELEMA. We have the Law. All's well and good but let's not get the impression that we are invulnerable. We do not seek the consequences of the struggles of the martyr though we need to recognize it's presence; nor the way of the anarchist - we know his methods. They become myth, song and legend - good and bad/ true and false - it does not matter because what is involved is the individuals right to exist. Society has constructed itself to a point where it needs to feed off of the individual and the masses in order to perpetuate its own survival. The power structure is not geared - by its own definition of itself - to deal with the individual as a sapient being with inalienable rights of freedom to do one's True Will. It mandates the control of the rights of the liberty of the individual in order to guarantee its own survival.

In 1990, the United States Supreme Court heard the State of Oregon vs. The American Indian Church and gave its Smith Decision ruling. The Smith Decision allows the State of Oregon to forbid the use of peyote by the American Indian Church as a part of their religious ceremony and ritual. This is an important stepping stone for the government, special action and interest groups ("Them") to impede the practices of any religious organization, group or individual to worship as one so chooses. The members of the A.I.C. are now criminals by their continued observation of their ancestor's religious and cultural tradition.

The First Amendment is torn up. The first step to tear up the Constitution of the United States of America has been accomplished because the government does not have to uphold the tenets it purports to represent and protect. Once one part of the rights of the individual are no longer upheld by the government - it is gone. They are all gone. The Constitution no longer exists.

An example of this decision's effect could be the outlawing of the use of wine as part of the Eucharist in our own Gnostic Mass or even in Judeo-Christian ceremonies. Think about it.

This editorial will continue in the next issue of THE SCRIBE. Until then I leave you with this:

- Fra. Roncelin

A Poet's Advice

(by e.e. cummings)

A poet is somebody who feels, and who expresses his feelings through words.

This may sound easy. It isn't.

A lot of people think or believe or know they feel - but that's thinking or believing or knowing; not feeling. And poetry is feeling - not knowing or believing or thinking.

Almost anybody can learn to think or believe or know, but not a single human being can that be taught to feel. Why? Because whenever you think or you believe or you know, you're a lot of other people: but the moment you feel, you're nobody-but-yourself.

To be nobody-but-yourself - in a world which is doing its best, night and day, to make you everybody else - means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight; and never stop fighting.

As for expressing nobody-but-yourself in words, that means working just a little harder than anybody who isn't a poet can possibly imagine. Why? Because nothing is quite as easy as using words like somebody else. We all of us do exactly this nearly all of the time - and whenever we do it, we are not poets.

If, at the end of your first ten or fifteen years of fighting and working and feeling, you find you've written one line of one poem, you'll be very lucky indeed.

And so my advice to all young people who wish to become poets is: do something easy, like learning how to blow up the world - unless you're not only willing, but glad, to feel and work and fight 'til you die.

Does this sound dismal? It isn't.

It's the most wonderful life on earth.

Or so I feel.

A NEW YORK NIGHT

By Aleister Crowley

["The Ballet Russe" and "Broadway" are two extrant selections of an unpublished series of articles by Aleister Crowley. The other sections of A New York Night are presumed lost. The tone of these two essays read very much along the same lines as Under the Furile: A Study of New York (see The Scribe I (1)) and may have been written during the same time period of 1915 to 1917; during Crowley's second visit here in New York.

We'd like to thank the Harry Ranson Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin, for contributing this article to the O.T.O. Archives.]

Part II - The Ballet Russe

(SADKO)

(TILL EVLENSPIEGEL)

(LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE)

(SCHERERUSADE)

The hunt is up. Colour shall chase colour through the rainbow of the spectrum, sound spur upon sound from octave to octave. The great hound love shall leap from the broken leash, his deep and dreadful bark awakening to alarm the deer of innocence as she dips her muzzle upon the waters of the wooded upland pool. Death shall lurk like a boar amid the rashes, keen to ensanguine jutting tusks. The hunt is up.

We thrill to fate and consequence. Let us hide away to lands of faery, that lie somber beneath the measureless laughter of old Ocean. There lie monstrous and fantastic kingdoms, where beauty matches her magic against creatures of nightmare; there love dances all unconscious of the sad symphonies of wisdom, and there the cadence of ripple, and the clash of storm pass overhead unheeded, while giant polyps, and starfish like a battle of crocodiles, and anemones like volcanoes in eruption, dispute the mastery of that silence that broods sterile thoughts weighed down by the proud and perpetual body of the sea. Stranger than dream, this antiphone of happiness and horror! Yet like a dream the pageant vanishes. Oblivion unrolls its fatal veil - look! we are in a market place, a smiling mouth of plenty with the frowning brows of lofty castles beetling over it. Who is that mocker that intrudes upon the simple folk that throng the streets? Who, masked in mockery, flouts their staid worth or their harmless happiness? Who is it that calls forth the spirit of perverse glee, conspires with youth against time, raises the banner of anarchy in the house of order? We see fatality in every impish gesture; each prank is played upon a precipice-edge; for there, shrouded and sinister, is the stern angel of retribution, the weight of the world's woe incarnate in that hooded man that stands apart, nor breaks his silence for all the extravagance of the masquers; he knows his hour must come. And so we witness the steady stride of the soldiery, the firm step of the catastrophe without a pang, even as we acquiesce in our own tragic destiny, we, ephemeral jesters with eternal jealousies! Come, there is the great gallows; the ropes creak; the mock king sprawls in mid-air under the lurid crimson of the executioners' lanterns. About him stand the frightful brotherhood like vultures - and the dance of delight reawakens with moon-pale lamps swung high by merry men and maidens! We start - the dreams shakes us as a terrier shakes a rat - we sink into a deeper lethargy. It is a maiden's room of white and blue. Against the mighty open doors she stands,

awake and dreaming, while on the balcony the night is thwarted by roses, souls of sunset incarnate in the world of flowers. At her throat is one red rose; she plucks it forth. She sinks into a chair; she sleeps; she dreams. The spirit of the rose bewitches her; her heart's love formulates itself in flesh. Even as sunrise sheds its bloom upon the snows of the Jungfrau, so her dream-lover breaks into her slumbers, dances through every portal of her heart. Every gesture is a caress. Life flows in her limbs; he carries her from measure to measure - to beyond measure. For all is lost and won; her limbs relax; the dream is over; sleep claims her last allegiance. Ah no! she cannot so forget. The dream being gone, she must awaken. Alas! She only clasps a crimson rose, a soul deciduous, null, incapable! Quick! let us wake, we also; we cannot endure the melancholy of our disillusion. We too were dreaming; life must be real, must be vivid - or - or? The anguish and the passion of our souls create a new illusion in accordance with our desire; fierce and full-blooded, our imagination runs amuck. This is a formulation of our will as monstrous as an afrite; as horrible as the demon-queen of hashish, and as furious in fascination. The Orient submerges us. The green and red of love and war, the vivid blue of passion star-strewn, grim arches opening on the abyss of death. And death indeed shall issue thence in gusty guise of lust, black-limbed and silver-sandalled. See power - fawned on by beauty, smiling and complaisant! A moment's in attention, o king, beware of it! Take but thine eye from that beast beauty, it will bite! Thine happiness is but thine own creation and reflection; its price is vigilance. Trust not the guards; they are corrupt. Turn not thy back upon them that say they love thee; they can strike up between the ribs to the heart; they only wait for the moment. What avails thy vengeance? Will the dead rise to caress thee as of old? Thou art twice beggared - ah! this time we wake indeed. Life tricks us all; love, justice, death, the event, all stand mocking around us in our pillories, the scarlet letter of our shame that we are men branded upon our foreheads. Ah, in our very shame we are heroic - for we willed our own doom when we accepted the ordeal of life.

Where am I? What wave of sleep has overwhelmed me? I do not see the swift, enormous limbs of Nijinsky, like the threshing of the flail of Time; I do not hear the savage cunning of the clashing harmonies of Rimsky-Korsakoff. I only see the soul of Russia as I have known and loved her - the Kremlin, passionlessly pallid, like the face of a brave man under the surgeon's knife; for in its heart are knotted the torment of the basilica writhing in damnation, and among them, more awful than they, the eyes of Ivan the Terrible as he struck down his only son to death; I only hear over the frozen steppes tumultuous and inevitable, the joy of the myriad bells of Moscow.

Part IV - Broadway

I came into Broadway at 45th Street; a few minutes had to pass before my midnight assignation with Fun. So I moved idly in the multitude, and gave the mood of the moment to taste to the tongue of my grave soul, my too clear-seeing soul. I saw these people formicacious and futile; all that they lacked of ants was order. On them all was the great load of humanity. Each bore his soul like an old soldier with an ever-aching wound. In every eye I saw the fearful hunger which is the heritage of man. Some needed economic independence; some needed love; and fate had slowly doled out mere orts of money and pleasure. Some, glutted with those false meats, drunk on those vain delusions, thought themselves happy - then why so restless, so intent? Surely if there be happiness, its symbol must be peace. And this street -

It is like a mining camp; the tawdry flashing lights, the rotten planking of Broadway full of deep holes where stagnant pools reflect the glare, the insane traffic, the vulgarity and shouting, the coarse appeal of

charity, the apish mimicking of trade, cheap imitation jewellery, cheap imitation women - Stop! where is Rita Gonzales? She was a real woman; she was a woman of gold! So simple, so innocent, so gay, yet so profoundly passionate - I would envy de Quincey his leisure and his opium, that I might haunt eternally this street where first I saw her, dawn of two miraculous months, where last I saw her before the eternal curse drew her away from me, hiding her under the empurpled robe of silence. I cannot ever weep. Such is our life; under the silence of inexorable night we jostle and splash to artificial lights and sounds; we struggle and show, going no whither, not understanding anything, not even that when all is said naught may remain but the silence of inexorable night.

I am not moved by social inequality; the rich man in his furs, the poor man drawing his worn coat about him, the successful prostitute, the starving artist, fat props of drama, shrill haters of society, burgess and parasite and worker - high and low, all are so terribly equal in the eyes of inexorable night. Even on earth there is not so much to choose between the lots of fate; weigh Franz Joseph 68 years an Emperor against that old woman selling potions (?) on the curb. Who (?) can measure the ways of Fate?

And Fate is - seems - to me - to-night - on Broadway. The idea of purpose, of intelligence, in the universe, becomes incredible: if I be wrong, then it proves that I at least have no intelligence - the Cretan paradox!

It is strange how few of the passers-by have any business. Some are going to or from some place of amusement or refreshment; but most are merely flies, drawn by the dazzle. They do not know why they are there. I too feel something of the fascination; or why do I linger? May it be that once - when Fire was new on earth - the light, the company of men, even strange men, were symbols of safety? Are we still half-brutes, hunted by old growling instincts no longer reasonable, no longer intelligible? It seems as if it might be so; for here are all the primitive passions peering from these animal faces. Civilization? I look for lofty brow, for grave calm eyes, for tightened mouth and strongly-jutting jaw. I see only greed and cunning and brutality and lust - and that awful hunger of the half-human soul, struggling to grow, and starving by reason that its brother the body hates it. Oh folly - oh homicidal race! These men and women do not even understand that they are destroying their bodies also when they neglect their souls!

"What do you want to be in life?"

"What do you want to be in life?"

On Broadway the only answer begins, I want to have - - -

What can one get? Food, drink, women, poverty, money - and then more money. So soon it tires, this game! Death is certainly the friend of those whose orbit is no wider than this. Weariness would annihilate them as disease does not; what else have they invoked?

We teach them to read, and what to they read? Music - and for what do they clamour? Science - and how do they use it but to destroy each other and themselves? Was it not better in the 'dark ages' of humanity?

One light has dazzled us, destroyed us, moths in the flame!

Oh, men, you were right, perhaps, to kill your great ones!

Now you have spared us; you have let us give all power into your hands - you will not accept our greater gifts, love under will, freedom and peace - Virtue, and wisdom, and multiscient truth!

Ah! the adepts were wrong who lifted the bar of silence from inexorable night - but they invoked the abuse of knowledge without understanding, whose name is madness, whose badge is universal suicide. And yet how else may man attain? And - to what?

We must go on -

But we must compel the acceptance of new aims, invoke light - then knowledge, the light of love and will - - -

En avant, mes enfants!



"It is always foolish to be shocked. It shows a lack of both restraint and knowledge"
from *The Starlight Mire*, 1911 (178 x 128mm)

AMRITA & Natural Health

by Sor. Astrum Arcanum

*In practical everyday life, the implements of the Magician are the four life essentials:
Light (Wand), Water (Cup), Air (Sword), and Food (Pentacle) - Paul Foster Case*

For those of you who have not read AMRITA (Thelema Publications, 1990), it is a collection of essays and lectures, given by Crowley in 1932 at the National Laboratory of Psychical Research, which hints at a method of rejuvenation. The methods involved included the use of the Magical Elixir; so, of course, he was inhibited as to what he could reveal.

The word AMRITA is a Sanskrit word meaning 'immortal nectar' or 'nectar of the gods'. When spelled out with a period after each letter (A.M.R.I.T.A.) it refers to a magical formula - the Elixir of Life.

Crowley did not think of his treatment as a panacea. It was more in line with the Hindu notion of repeated rejuvenation than with the semetic idea of eternal life. It being a qualitative rather than a quantitative method of rejuvenation. The emphasis being not on the length of life but rather the ability for activity and enjoyment. However, before the Elixir could be administered, the body had to be purified and cleansed of all toxins before the magical medicine could have its effect. Crowley's system of purification was a method that included the Four Elements: Fire (Fasting), Water (Baths), Air (Pranayama), and Earth (Massage/Food/Diet).

It is in the area of food and diet that I noticed a close resemblance to the principles of natural hygiene. Although Crowley failed to elaborate on any of these areas, I shall clearly define the principles of natural hygiene so that they can be used on a daily basis. First we'll take a look at what Crowley had to say in his lectures so long ago and compare it to what has been scientifically proven today.

"The Elixir of Life: Our Magical Medicine"

In this lecture, Crowley's first point is that in order to affect a healing it must be worked from the astral plane as well as the material plane.

That form of matter which is directly perceptible by the senses... may be regarded... as circumstantial evidence of reality. ... the essence of magick is the working upon phenomena by spiritual forms of energy.

This sounds like shades of Dr. Taverner from Dion Fortune's book. This concept forms the basis for all holistic works from crystal healing to Bach flower remedies. He also stresses: *It is known also that the principal cause of cellular degeneration is failure to get rid of waste tissue... [toxemia]. A great many modern methods of rejuvenation lay special stress upon attempts to cleanse the body.*

"The Elixir of Life (1)"

In this essay, Crowley asks us to regard every deposit of poison in the system as an accident, one of the minor accidents, whose sum is death. I would change that word 'death' to 'disease' because no one can prevent death but we might try to prevent certain diseases. And what exactly constitutes a poison? As we will learn, even fine fresh foods can putrefy and rot in our bodies if they are not eaten in the proper combination.

He also goes on to state that if only pure nourishment entered the body, it would renew itself daily in perfection; instead of in that slight imperfection which makes its story a slow but certain tragedy. Crowley loved to use the expression "dig your grave with a spoon". Proper food combining is like the alchemy of making rich blood and vibrant health (a true wealth). It is especially important for women who prepare meals for others.

"The Elixir of Life (2)"

Here in this essay, Crowley talks about our bodies being 75% water and the importance of maintaining a certain elasticity in our veins, avoiding foods likely to leave insoluble deposits, and the importance of exercise.

He also talks about the importance of giving the organs rest so that they may restore themselves. He states, *We can give our digestion rest by eating only at noon and sunset, thus allowing a clear twelve hours of the twenty-four.* That is one of the basic points of natural hygiene that I will explain further on.

He mentions the benefits of live raw foods such as raw oysters as opposed to food canned or stored in any manner which has lost their nutritive value. *Nature everywhere is prolific of live things, animal and vegetable. (Pray note that these things, and only these things, avail to feed us).* Spoken like a true natural hygienist.

Now on to the facts about natural hygiene. All it is is basic nutrition. Nutrition is not an occult topic but it may as well be with all the mystery that surrounds it. It seems talking about nutrition is similar to discussing religion. People argue, they skepticise, and they philosophize. The problem of nutrition has long been a topic of interest in the Lodges and, of course, it is a big part of the Yogic lifestyle which we also embrace but here we will deal strictly with facts.

Natural Body Cycles

| | |
|-------------------|--|
| Noon to 8 P.M.: | Appropriation (eating & digestion) |
| 8 P.M. to 4 A.M.: | Assimilation (absorption & use) |
| 4 A.M. to Noon: | Elimination (of body wastes & food debris) |

The above shows that up until noon, the body is still eliminating and, if you eat, you are interfering with this cycle by making your body digest when it should be ridding itself of waste. This is why Crowley states it is best to eat only at noon and at sunset.

Metabolic Imbalance

Toxemia is a term which means metabolic imbalance. I have also heard the term 'auto-intoxication' used to describe the same thing.

The human body is finely designed to stay in balance in terms of tissue building (anabolism) and tissue breakdown (catabolism). An excess of one over the other is metabolic imbalance.

- John H. Tilden

The first way Toxemia is caused is through the metabolism; when the old, toxic cells are not eliminated by either the four channels (bowels, bladder, lungs or skin) at the same rate that it is produced. The second way Toxemia is produced in the system is from toxic food residue; from food that is improperly digested and assimilated. Since we are accumulating toxins everyday, it is extremely important that the elimination cycle be allowed to proceed without interruption in order to rid the body of as much waste as possible each morning.

High Water-Content Food

The Earth is made up of 70% water. Our bodies are made up of 70% water. In order to maintain optimum body conditions, our diet should also be made up of 70% water. This can only be achieved by eating a diet of high, water-content foods primarily consisting of fruits and vegetables. Yes! 70% of our diet should consist of fresh fruits and vegetables and the remaining 30% should consist of grains, meat, dairy products, legumes, etc.

All three of our body cycles function optimally when supplied with high, water-content foods. Every meal should consist of 70% fresh fruit or vegetable in order to cleanse and not clog the system. This is a method of cleansing and rejuvenation with every meal. You can keep yourself fresh and vibrant with fresh, live fruits and vegetables. No practice will expedite the all-important elimination cycle more than the regular consumption of adequate amounts of high, water-content foods.

Proper Food Combining

The human body is not capable of digesting more than one concentrated food at a time. Any food that is not fruit or vegetable is concentrated. Studies have shown that eating protein and carbohydrates at the same meal retards and even prevents proper digestion.

Starches and proteins should never be mixed because they are chemically incompatible. When proteins and carbohydrates are eaten at the same meal, the different digestive juices needed for each, neutralize each other leaving the food improperly digested. According to William J. Mayo, founder of the Mayo Clinic, *If fresh foods are not fully broken up, decomposition results, and active poisons are thrown into an organ not intended for their reception.* Over consumption and improper digestion of protein has been linked to breast, liver and bladder cancer.

When eating a protein, only one type of protein should be eaten at a meal and no carbohydrates or

starchy foods should be taken at that particular meal. For example, you may have steak or fish with a vegetable and a salad but no rice or potatoes. If you wanted to have a carbohydrate like spaghetti that would be fine with a salad but without meatballs. This may take a bit of getting used to since we are usually served almost every food group at a "well balanced" meal. We can eat from every food group but not at one meal.

Correct Fruit Consumption

Fresh fruit is the most beneficial food you can eat. Cooked or processed, fruit is actually acidic to the body. An eminent anthropologist states *our ancestors appear to have subsisted chiefly on a diet of fruit*. Fresh fruit has the highest water content of any food. Fresh fruit is eighty to ninety percent water; besides containing vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, amino acids and fatty acids. The life force is inherent in fresh fruit.

Fresh fruit requires less energy and less time to be digested than any other food. Fresh fruit does not digest in the stomach, so it should never be eaten with or immediately following any other food group as it would cause food in the stomach to ferment and turn to acid. The instant fruit comes into contact with food and the digestive juices in the stomach, the combined mass of fruit and food begins to spoil.

How long to wait after eating other foods before you can again eat fruit is showed in the following table:

| | <u>Time to wait</u> |
|---|---------------------|
| Salad and raw vegetables | 2 Hours |
| Properly combined meals w/o fresh fruit | 3 Hours |
| Properly combined meals w/ fresh fruit | 4 Hours |
| Any improperly combined meal | 8 Hours |

From the time you wake up in the morning until noon, you are in the elimination cycle; consume nothing but fresh fruit or fresh fruit juice. Eating fruit during the elimination cycle actually helps the cycle to function because fruit is cleansing. In the above table, you could also substitute the words 'dairy foods' with 'fresh fruit' since dairy foods are also an animal protein.

For Further Reading:

"Fit For Life" by Harvey and Natalie Diamond

"Vibrant Health" by Dr. Norman Walker

"Toxemia Explained" by Dr. John H. Tilden

"Works" by Dr. Herbert M. Shelton

In addition to the above, more information can be obtained from:

The American Natural Hygiene Society

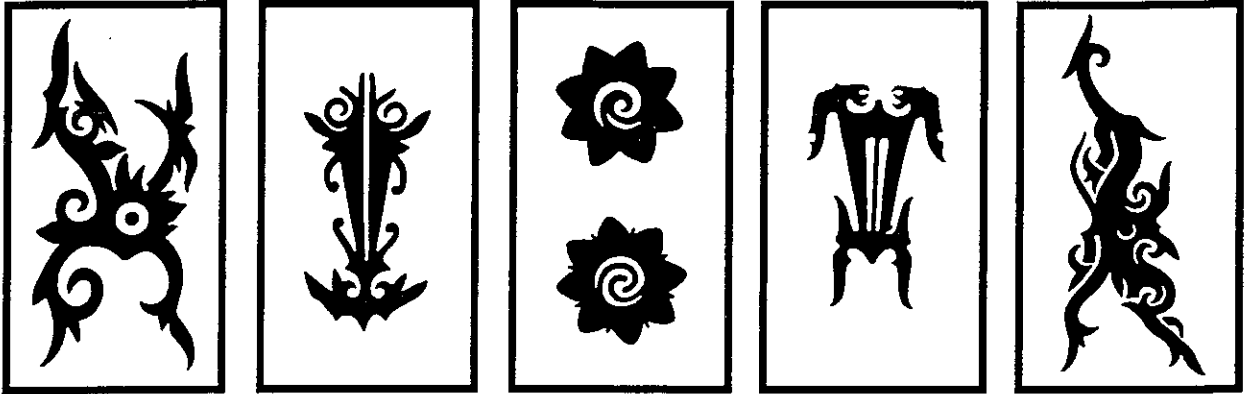
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THE MAGIC OF TATTOOING

by Frank "the Snake" Allen



Tattooing is obviously one of the peoples' oldest art forms, coming in somewhere between scratching in the dirt and cave painting. All it took was for a few klutzes to fall in the fire and land on a charred, pointed stick and someone to notice that a mark was left when healing took place. It was more complex than scratching in the dirt, but a lot simpler than mixing paints and constructing brushes for cave painting. Sharpen a stick, char it in the fire and stick holes in yourself - art! Early man didn't see tattooing as just art though. Due to the three major factors of pain, permanence, and the release of the sacred life force (blood), cave people gave tattooing a mystical or magical significance. Tattooing to bring a person into a relation with God, a magic power, or future state was an idea with wide geographical distribution. Early tattooing was used to symbolize the fertility of women and the earth, preservation of life after death, the sacredness of chieftainship and other factors of the culture.

There is little archaeological evidence of tattooing cave people. Unfortunately, skin doesn't keep very well. A few Paleolithic artifacts have been found that appear to be classified as tattoo artist's tools. Other than that, all we have is positive archaeological evidence to show that tattoos were applied to female figurines and human beings in Egypt between 4,000 and 2,000 BC. Also Libyan figures from the tomb of Seti (1,330 BC) show tattoo markings on the arms and legs. All primitive peoples seem to use some form of body marking (tattooing, scarification, and, for some of the lighter-weight folks, body paint) right up until the time that they became civilized. By looking at some of the later primitive peoples we can learn the esoteric meanings of our ancestor's tattoos.

Primitive people usually believe that the spirit is an exact replica of the human body. This matches many modern occultist's beliefs on the astral body. In either case, spirit or astral, this allows you to use the proper tattoos as a rite-de-passage in the spirit worlds. The people of Borneo, especially the Kayans, believed that not only would their tattoos get them into the proper spirit worlds, but could also be used as further qualification for entering certain profitable occupations in said spirit world. Clan markings were another common power tattoo. Not only could you recognize your friends quickly in the frenzy of battle but, more importantly, your people were connected even beyond death. The Wu Tang Physical Culture Association is one of the modern groups trying to bring back the clan tattoo though I think that the Hell's Angels beat us to

it by a few decades.

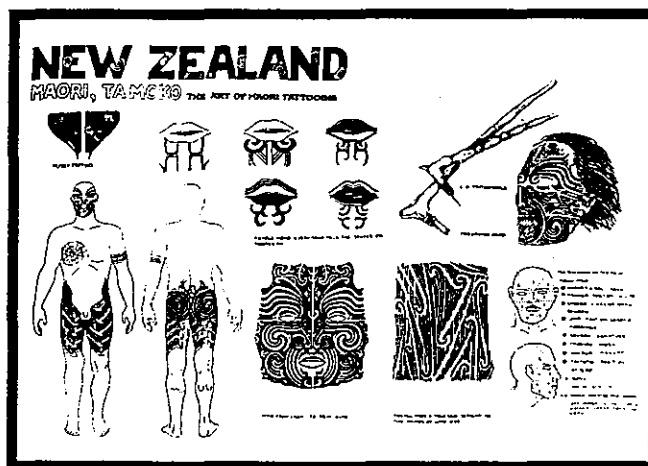
Family and marriage tattoos were used in much the same manner as clan markings. Marriage tattoos were particularly popular to ensure that you could find and claim your lawful spouse or spouses in the afterlife; even if you had 'passed through the veil' at vastly different times. My ex-wife and I have a couple of matching marriage tattoos. Ainu marriage rites stated that any woman who married without first being tattooed in the proper manner commits a great sin and when she dies will go straight to Gehenna. Modern people still tattoo to continue relations with deceased loved ones; even if they do it on a subconscious level. You see gravestones with children, spouses and friends names on them, sunken ships on surviving sailors, and losing battle symbols on returning soldiers. You also have the Harley with the name of the last brother who fell to a cage next to it. All are modern examples of tattooing to connect the living to the dead.

Tattooing as a rite of adulthood or passage to puberty was another common tattoo ritual of primitive people. That idea was that if a girl couldn't take the pain of tattooing, she was unmarriageable because she would never be able to take the pain of childbirth. If a boy didn't deal well with the pain of his puberty tattoos, he was considered a bad risk as a warrior and could end up an outcast.

Since the dawn of tattooing, people have been marking themselves with the signs of their totem animals. On one level of meaning they were trying to gain the strengths and abilities of the totem animal. On a more inner and mystical level, totem animals meant that the bearer has a close and mysterious relationship with this animal spirit as his guardian. Totem animals sometimes double as clan or group markings. Modern dragon, tiger and eagle tattoos often subconsciously fall into this category. My snake tattoos are all totem markings. My ex-wife, Jackie, has her totem of a deer tattooed on her in the classic Celtic style.

Love charms are still a much used magical tattoo. Your girl or boy friend's name with hearts and roses is a modern love charm meant to make the relationship endure. Primitive love charms were often more complex than a name. The dye for a Burmese love charm tattoo was mixed with vermilion and a magic drug made from such things as the skins of trout and spotted lizard with certain herbs and vegetable ingredients. Tattoo magicians need only to tattoo a small triangle containing a few dots for a spell to work. A Burmese

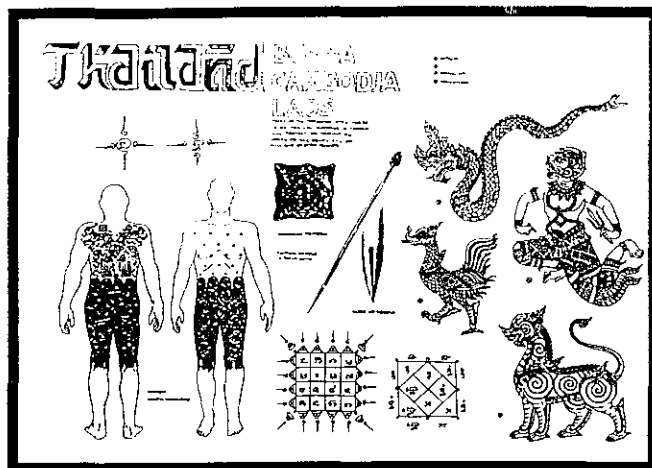
girl would be tattooed on a part of her body that was always covered with clothing so that no one would think that she was an old maid looking for a husband.



Some primitive tribes used tattooing as a rite of social status. The Maori of New Guinea used tattooing primarily for this purpose. To the Maori, a person's Moko designs enhanced their prestige and showed transition from one social status to another. At its highest level, the Moko designs proclaimed the sacredness of chieftainship.

Tattooing for health was a widespread practice in the Orient and South Pacific. The Tibetans learned to tattoo from their southern neighbors - the Shans. The Tibetans quickly decided that tattooing a sacred mantra on a moving part of the body was like chanting it continuously. This would give the wearer inner and outer balance. The Tibetans also tattooed on acupuncture points and with medicinal herbs in the dyes for certain

medical effects. In the 1970's, Richard Tyler (a/k/a Rev. Relytor) revived magical Tibetan tattooing in his Uranian Phalanstery on the lower east side. The Rev. was even in touch with the Dalai Lama's hospital and received his medicinal dye additives from them. The Rev. passed away in 1983 but, luckily for us, before he died he passed his legacy on to his apprentice, Michael McCabe (now of Shadow World Tattoo). Another common practice of health tattooing was the tattooing of a god on the afflicted person to fight the illness for him. In India, the Monkey God Hanuman would be tattooed on a recurring dislocating shoulder to relieve the pain. Ainu women tattooed marks to assume the appearance of their goddesses so the evil demons of disease would mistake them for the goddess and flee. An offshoot of tattooing for health was tattooing to preserve youth. Maori girls tattooed their lips and chin for this reason. When an Ainu old lady's eyesight was failing, she would re-tattoo her mouth and hands so that she would see better.



Tattoos for general good luck were seen world-wide. A man in Burma who desired good luck would tattoo a parrot on his shoulder. In Thailand, a scroll representing Buddha in the attitude of meditation was considered a charm for good luck. The scroll must be right-handed for a boy and left-handed for a girl. Today you can see dice, spades and Lady Luck for the same reason. My first tattoo was a lucky spade that I got during my first month in the Army during the Vietnam era.

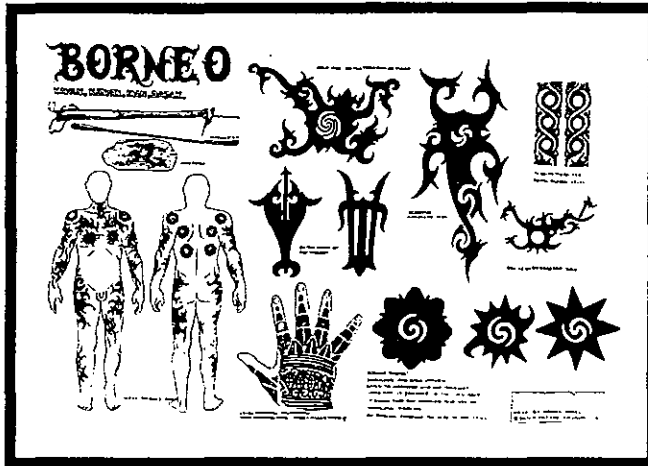
Uncivilized people often got tattooed before an ordeal or dangerous enterprise. My lucky spade with the thirteen from my Army days could also fall into this category. A thief in Burma, before robbing a sacred pagoda, will have a new tattoo to appeal for help from the tutelary power presiding over the robber's craft. His charm is known as the a-hpee-say. While the tattoo is in progress the thief will utter a spell which goes like this: "Steal gold from the pagodas fine, bright gold. Refine it in the fire repeat the magic words in the house, on the lonely path, before the lucky star at the pagodas repeat them a thousand times save one consecrate the water draw the circle of the flying galohn. Put it under the left arm, then under the right arm. No harm will befall the safe and invulnerable."

From South America to the South Pacific, primitive people had taboos involved with their tattooing rituals. Usually the person being tattooed was kept in a separate place, fed a special diet, and did many preparation rituals with members of their own sex. The Hawaiians were prominent among people who had specific tattoo gods. In Hawaii, the images of the tattoo gods were kept in the temples of the tattoo priest. Each tattoo session began with a prayer to the tattoo gods that the operation might not cause death, that the wound might heal soon and that the designs might be handsome.

Many modern American tattooists will tell you that when you should get a tattoo, the tattoo will tell you it's time. In the 1970's, American tattooing discovered primitive tribal tattoos. People wanted simple designs with meaning and they began copying designs primarily from Japan, Borneo, and the islands of the South Pacific. By the 1980's, people of European stock were looking for tribal tattoos of their own origins. Micky Sharpz Lewis in England and Mike McCabe in New York answered the call with Celtic design tattoos. There were followed by Pat Fish in California. The ancient Celts didn't believe in written record keeping so there is little left for evidence of their tattooing. Most modern Celtic designs are taken from the Irish Illuminated

manuscripts of the 6th and 7th centuries; a much later time that the height of Celtic tattooing. Designs from ancient stone work and metal work are more likely to actually be from the same time period as the tattoos.

Recently a few serious scholars have actually mentioned Celtic tattooing in their work. In Celtic Britain, Charles Thomas writes: *A suggestion is that Picts painted or tattooed their faces, bodies and exposed limbs and that by so doing they were maintaining in the far north a custom of great antiquity and former wide occurrence.* In Scotland, tattooing may have been a pre-Celtic, pre-Iron Age inheritance yet there appears to be tattooed cheeks on Gaulish coins; and we know of Caesar's remarks about the painted bodies of British tribes. While one post-Roman Irish source refers to tattooed shins. By far the most likely meanings would be those concerning the status or rank, the group affiliation and the occupation of anyone bearing such marks. In Celtic Art, I.M. Stead writes: *All the Britons dye their bodies with woad, which produces a blue color and this gives them a more terrifying appearance in battle!*



Caesar's observation is expanded by Herodian: 'they mark their bodies with various figures of all kinds of animals and wear no clothes for fear of concealing these figures' Herodian was mistaken in thinking that they wore no clothes; although they might well have stripped for battle. The leaves of woad were an important source of blue dye until the first half of the present century and the Britons evidently used it to paint or tattoo their bodies. No Briton's skin has ever been found tattooed or painted but the body of an Iron Age warrior completely preserved in Siberia's permafrost gives some idea of the scope of what might have been a common British art form now completely lost. In his 1925 book, The History of Tattooing and its Significance, W.D. Hambly wrote: *It seems clear that the Picts tattooed by puncture and that animals were the chief subjects portrayed.* The forms of beasts, birds, and fish, which the Cruithnae or Picts tattooed on their bodies, may have been totem marks. Certain marks on the faces of Gaulish coins seem to be tattoo marks. Tattooing by puncture was possibly known among such Gaulish tribes as Ambiani, Baiocasses and Caletes. The markings of Picts is historically important in showing the advances of tattoos by puncture to an extreme northern point of Great Britain before the Christian era.

The rise of the Christian and Moslem era brought a screeching halt to widespread tattooing in Europe and the Middle East. In the Old Testament of the Bible (the Book of Leviticus) states: *Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you: I am the Lord.* The problem, obviously, was one of religious competition. Rites of tattooing were a trademark of the earlier religions in Palestine. Unfortunately, when the early Jews simply tried to ban the marks of their competitors, they doomed the art of tattooing through two millennia by way of two younger and more powerful religions. This edit against tattooing had the might of Rome and the power of Islam behind it because the Old Testament is revered by both the Christians and the Moslems. Even this powerful ban could not completely eradicate tattooing from either Europe or the Middle East. Instead, tattooing worked its way into these regions by way of pilgrims. When a person left his village in the Middle Ages in Europe and said he was going on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, no one knew where he really went. No one else ever left the village, so if the pilgrim went twenty miles down the road to Uncle Harry's house and came back in ten years, no one was the wiser. The only way to

The Early Heaven Formula

(A Short Story of 5,995 words)

by Fra. Abrasax



There are 108 postures in the exercise form called Tai Chi Ch'uan and it is impossible to execute all of them correctly in a single session. Typically you may feel really good about one or two of them. It was a beautiful winter day and I was practicing that ancient Chinese art in the summer house of Sukuro Park, across Riverside Drive from Grant's tomb. The flagstone floor of the little structure provided a smooth, soft surface. I often practice both the Long River form and the Chinese sword there.

As I completed the final 'Snake Creeps Down' with that wonderful sense of exhilaration you get when you feel the move is nearly perfect, I was aware of someone watching me. Although disappointed when I missed touching my toes in the 'Lotus Kick', I managed to finish the form slowly and with concentration before turning attention to my observer. He was a Chinese man in his mid-twenties with a lean build, a little above medium height. I nodded to him, acknowledging his interest and he spoke.

"Yang style," he said. "Nicely done. You've studied a long time?"

"Not really," I said. "About five years. Do you practice?"

He shook his head. "No. My grandfather is a long-time student, though. He knows several forms and several weapons, too. He's an enthusiast about all things Taoist and he's influenced me a lot."

"Not enough to learn the art?" I stretched and changed my martial art slippers for my street shoes.

The young man shrugged. "Someday, perhaps," he said. "I'm a student of computer science at Columbia now. My real love is film-making but my father wants to be sure I'll earn a living." He laughed and my interest renewed.

"I'm a screen writer myself," I told him, "but I make my living in computer graphics." We both laughed.

"Have you ever written a Tai Chi film?" He asked. "You know, *Kung Fu* only with Tai Chi instead?"

"I've thought of it," I admitted, "but I wouldn't know where to get it produced."

"I'll produce it," he volunteered. "I think it's a great idea. We can do it cheaply on a camcorder and use that first film to raise money for a more expensive sequel." He extended his hand. "I'm Danny Shu."

I shook it. "John Rhine," I said. "Pleased to meet you."

In the weeks that followed Danny Shu became my closest friend. He was from a large Chinese family that lived all over the United State. His father owned Lo Sun across from Lincoln Center, one of the best

Chinese Restaurants in New York. The grandfather he'd mentioned was really his great grandfather, Suan Shu. Suan Shu lived in a family-owned building on 110th Street. He was ninety-seven years old, and had come to the United States from China in 1917 with his first wife. He worked on the railroad in Ohio. He and his wife had six children. They opened a laundry in Cleveland and that wife died in 1938. Trusting the laundry to his eldest son, Suan Shu left Cleveland in 1940 to come to New York where he married a Chinese woman, had four more children and started another laundry.

His interest and inspiration throughout life was his native Taoist religion, the works of Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Sun Tzu, the I Ching and the art of Master Chang San-feng: Tai Chi Chuan. Although he raised ten intelligent, successful children who had produced over seventy grandchildren and over a hundred great-grandchildren, so Danny claimed, to none of them had he passed his passion for Taoism. Each had evolved, with the success of the various family businesses, enjoying America's free-enterprise system. Most had married Chinese Catholics and adopted Christianity as their religion.

Danny was skeptical about religion in general and though he found Taoism intriguing in a romantic way, he felt that it was steeped in superstition and scientifically incorrect in its belief, for example, in chi energy. No amount of arguing about Reich's Orgone theory and mind-body awareness on my part would get Danny to consider the possibility of post-sensory existence. I learned to enjoy his practicality and wild sense of humor and left philosophical discussions for my more open-minded acquaintances.

We hammered out a workable script about a young Taoist monk in early-twentieth century Manhattan at the time of the great Tong wars, and started auditioning actors. The project was called *Tai Chi* just as the old T.V. show was called *Kung Fu*. But we were not in complete agreement about the style of fight choreography or the training we wanted our lead actor to have. I felt he should be trained in Tai Chi, Pua Kua or Wushu, strictly Taoist pursuits. Danny, on the other hand, felt it made little difference if he had Buddhist Kung Fu training as long as he understood the concept of yielding. The Taoist art of yielding in the face of force in order to gain victory in the long run, was the underlying concept in our script. Danny thought that the definition in the Buddhist fighting style would give our hero needed pizzazz. Tai Chi is noted for being "empty" stylistically. But wasn't that exactly why we were making a Tai Chi film? Both of us were smart enough to avoid emotional attachment to our opinions. We wanted a good film that would help us make others. We expected it to be flawed and also expected to learn from our mistakes.

One rainy afternoon in March Danny called me to join him on an excursion to Chinatown. We were to meet a promising Wushu dancer who wanted to be our lead actor. This dancer also planned to take us to see a Kung Fu film that he felt was a break-through in the genre. Unfortunately, Danny was low on funds. He asked me to meet him at his grandfather's apartment on 110th Street where he would borrow pocket money from the old man. I arrived there a little after four o'clock and was buzzed into the lobby where I took the elevator to the top floor. Danny met me in the hallway and I followed him to the roof.

Rain had fallen hard all morning and into the early afternoon. It had let up but the sky was still overcast and intermittent drops fell creating shallow puddles on the tar roof. Danny led the way around the elevator shaft where a large canvas canopy was tied to heatpipes forming a long, narrow shelter. Under this in a folding chair, an old, round Chinese man in shabby clothing sat. His hair was clipped short and stringy strands of white beard grew from the center of his chin. He stared intently ahead of him and I assumed that this was Danny's grandfather.

I was wrong. In a whisper Danny introduced me to the gentleman whom he said was his uncle, Po Li. (Rolly Po Li the grandchildren called him, Danny later explained mischievously.) Po Li nodded to me without a smile. He was seventy-two years old and had been a student of his uncle, Suan Shu since he was twelve. He was Suan Shu's only Taoist protege in the whole family, his only close friend, too, Danny confided. I followed the old man's gaze and my heart skipped a beat. A very old Chinese man was practicing a beautiful long-sabre form on the roof in the drizzling rain.

The long Taoist sabre looks like a spear or halberd with a large sword blade for its point. Such weapons are often seen in museums and martial art stores, often pictured in books on Chinese warfare. But that form of Tai Chi Chuan I had never seen anywhere before. It was beautiful, graceful, complex in its simplicity. The old man stood about five feet six inches tall and the weapon was easily six and a half feet long, yet he handled it as though it were light and easy to use. The concentration of his movements and his eyes was exhilarating to experience. We three watched quietly as he completed the last series of motions and carried the long weapon under the canopy. With a ragged towel that was draped over the back of a folding chair he dried first the sword blade then his close-cropped hair.

"I like to practice in the rain," he said in heavily accented English to no one specifically. "There is spirit in the rain."

Danny introduced me and I may have been overly solicitous. It is not every day I meet a man who has practiced Tai Chi for nearly a century.

"You work with these computers, too?" Suan Shu asked. He looked me up and down; his eyes lifted and weighed me.

"Yes," I told him, "but like Danny, my true love is cinema. I too want to make movies."

"Why?" Suan Shu moved a wooden folding chair close to the edge of the canopy and sat down carefully.

"I have some ideas I think will be best expressed in that form," I told him.

"So, you are going to tell the world that with Tai Chi, good can conquer evil?" He spoke gently. Danny glanced at me, then up at the gray sky. Apparently he had covered this territory with his grandfather already.

"I think you could say that," I assented.

"But in the Taoist way of thought, there is no good, no evil; there is only the Tao and as Lao Tzu said, 'That which is not one with the Tao, soon ends.' Is it evil that a wolf should eat a rabbit?"

"Mr. Shu, what we want to do is to entertain people and perhaps give them something to think about."

Suan Shu smiled. "Oh, yes, entertain. And they will say how clever you are. You will become famous. Perhaps you will be rich. But how far will you be from the Tao? Lao Tzu said: 'Gold and jade endanger the house of their possessor. Wealth and honors lead to arrogance and envy, and bring ruin.'

"Your country here, America, has no philosophy that works. Here they give honor to ideas that when you try them, you see they do not work at all. Democracy: it is crazy. One man from one party leads the country in one direction for eight years, then another from a different party takes it in the other direction for eight more. In a mere century you have as many as ten different policies back and forth. You get nowhere. If you wage war and defeat your enemy, you then take money from your own people to rebuild the damage you have deliberately done to him. Soon he is richer and stronger than you. What is the logic?"

"What form of government is better than Democracy?" Danny rejoined defensively. "Surly you see, grandfather, that Democracy is supplanting all other forms of government everywhere in the world. Do you really believe that the people don't know what is best for them?"

Suan Shu looked calmly at his great-grandson. "Democracy is everywhere," he said, "because it is easier to lie to the people in a Democracy than under any other government. Monarchies ruled the world successfully for thousands of years. In only two hundred years of this experiment with Democracy we see it breaking down. It is a government of the mind and it misses the heart. Democracy judges its leader, it does not love him. When should a cobbler converse of royal matters? In Democracy there is only judgment, there is no respect." This was a subtle reprimand and Danny did not miss it. The old man turned his attention to me and spoke again.

"I had ten children and I taught each of them the way of the Tao. We made a modest living washing clothes, we made more than we needed. We saved. That money became everything. Better machines for washing more clothes did not wash clothes as well. I recalled Lao Tzu's words: 'If we forgot our machines and our business, there would be no knavery.'

"But my children want to prosper, wear expensive clothes themselves. They all marry Christians. Christians mean well. They want to be kind. But what they think is all just fantasy. Even the loudest of them do not follow their own teachings and how can they? The teachings of Christianity are impossible to follow. If a man takes your coat, give him your cloak? What will you have left if you follow that? But it doesn't matter; no one follows it. They just go to church and give money. And 'turn the other cheek'? What if he strikes you with a sword? When Lao Tzu spoke of the way of non-action he meant doing what is correct and natural, not doing nothing. 'The wise man,' Lao Tzu said, 'avoids effort, desire and sloth.' He also said 'the good general strikes decisively once and for all.'"

I laughed. "You're preaching to the converted, Mr. Shu," I said. "I am in complete agreement with you."

The old man didn't pause. "Then why do you want to be a movie maker. Why don't you become a cobbler or a plumber. These are useful trades. Movies and computers are useless."

"Perhaps you know, grandfather," Danny began more carefully this time, "that the theory on which the computer works is the same as the I Ching and the Tao Teh King. "+1 and -1, like the solid lines and the broken lines, the positive and the negative, the dark and the light. It is the Tao that permits the computer to work. They call it digital technology."

Po Li, who had been listening attentively to Mr. Shu's comments snorted loudly at this. He folded his

hands in his lap, closed his eyes and seemed to go to sleep.

Suan Shu looked at his great-grandson with stern affection. "Imagine a beautiful horse that can run like driving rain, so you kill it and stuff it and set it on a carousel because that way, children may enjoy it. That is how your computer makes use of the Tao. The computer does not improve the world. It makes it more complicated and more expensive. The movement from strong to weak is eternal. First you watch it, then you sense it, finally you can know it before it happens. I do not need a computer to predict these things, nor can a computer do so. They have a game here where you predict six numbers and the state gives you millions of dollars. Only in this country, where philosophy is nonsense, would they make a man a king for determining the obvious. As a child we were taught to calculate the number of the day and its influence just as we learned to tell time. Here they say, 'what time is it?'" Suan Shu did an elaborate pantomime of looking at his watch. "Oh, ho, it is four thirty-two, 'amazing,' they say, 'here is four million dollars.' Stupid."

Po Li opened his eyes slowly and looked at Mr. Shu as though he was not sure he had heard him correctly. I glanced over at Danny and found Danny gazing questioningly at me. As I write, I'm approximating the things Mr. Shu said and I'm not expressing his accent at all, which was very hard to understand. Even Danny; even Po Li to judge from his reaction, were not sure they had understood Mr. Shu in this last statement.

"Excuse me," I said. "Are you telling me that you can predict the lottery numbers for any given day using Taoist philosophy?"

"Yes," he said simply. "I calculate the I Ching hexagram for a given day and determine the number for each of the lines. You can use Fu Hsi's Early Heaven Formula. But I would not want to win a lottery. It would cause too much trouble."

"With respect, Master, that is the first thing you have said in ten minutes that I can merit," Po Li interjected. His comment caught Danny completely off-guard, so used was he to his uncle's subservience to the grandfather.

"He who posses judgment has need of it," Suan Shu sternly quoted from the Tao Teh King. "To keep silence is the mark of one who is acting in full accordance with his will."

Chastened, Po Li folded his hands and nodded.

"Today is raining," Suan Shu announced as though this, itself, was the winning number. "Therefore the upper trigram is K'an, danger, the middle son.

"It is also four thirty-seven on the twenty-fifth of March in the year of the silver sheep. The hours between three and five in the evening are calculated in China as nine. The day is twenty-five, the month is three, the year of the silver sheep is eight. The number forty-five is greater than eight, the number of trigrams. Five times eight is forty, so I subtract forty from forty-five and arrive at the fifth trigram, Sun, the wind and the eldest daughter."

"Master," Po Li interrupted passionately, "you must not go on with this. Is it not said: 'Fill not a vessel,

lest it spill in carrying"?

Suan Shu smiled tolerantly at his old student. "It is also said 'the Tao proceedeth by its own nature, doing nothing; therefore there is no doing that it comprehendeth not.'"

He met my eyes sharply. "As we said, water above, wind below, Hexagram 48, 'The Well.' Now we will determine the moving line." He looked up at the sky which was clearing as it darkened. "The moving line is the predictive line in the hexagram. In the early heaven formula it is decided by adding the hour, nine, with the day, twenty-five, Month, three and year, eight which still equals forty-five but this time, subtracting from it by six, the number of lines in the hexagram. Six times seven is forty-two which leaves the line in the third place which then becomes a nine moving to broken."

Po Li clapped his hands, pleased at last. "Well done, Master Shu; 'The well is clean but no one drinks; no blame,' a lesson without recrimination."

Suan Shu's mouth drew down at the corners, his almond shaped eyes narrowed and he looked suddenly his age. "Every action has an equal and opposite reaction," he said sadly. "Such is to be expected, Mr. Li." He looked me hard in the eye. "The numbers of the day next Saturday are 9, 16, 27, 29, 45, and 48. Danny is my forty-eighth great-grandchild so the number is most auspicious." Suan Shu took a twenty dollar bill from the pocket of his Chinese jacket and handed it to Danny without a word.

I jotted the numbers hurriedly on the back of a flyer for a tarot card reader that had been handed to me on Broadway. "How did you arrive at them from the hexagram?" I asked but Suan Shu was taking apart his long sabre and putting it carefully in a canvas bag. He was finished talking.

"You remember and see if I am right. Perhaps I am only a foolish old man. Come again and I will explain the secret of Early Heaven more fully. I am tired now." He disappeared through the black door behind the elevator shaft.

Po Li rose slowly and looked at Danny. "'The adepts of the Tao have no need to show their youth and perfection,' he quoted. "'To appear old and imperfect is their privilege.'" He followed his master down the stairs.

Danny and I took the elevator to the ground floor. "Give me a quarter," Danny said, a little irritated. "I'll have to call Sonny Yi and tell him we're running late after all that nonsense."

"I think I'll run across the street and invest a dollar in your grandfather's number," I said.

Danny looked at me with good-humored contempt. "Those old Chinese," he said, "they love to gamble. The lottery is the idiot's tax. If you're stupid enough to pay it, they'll take your money." He examined the toe of his sneaker for a moment. "I do not want to live so long that my mind goes like that," he said. "I love my grandfather but he is a victim of both future shock and culture shock and, as Woody Allen once said, he is 'a major loon.'"

I waited while he phoned Sonny Yi and we headed down to Chinatown together. I told myself I'd play

the number later, but I didn't.

The following Saturday was the Thirtieth and a girlfriend and I rented Wim Wender's *The American Friend* which we both found very exciting. While the VCR was rewinding, the network came on the tube and by chance we caught the lottery drawing. I suddenly remembered Suan Shu's prediction and dug through my jacket pocket for the folded scrap of paper with his numbers written on it. I listened to the drawing attentively, my interest being only curious. When the first two numbers were nine and sixteen I was impressed. When the third number was declared to be twenty-seven a kind of chill settled over me. In a moment I was staring at the winning New York State Lottery number in my own handwriting on the back of a flyer for Madam Villrreal, reader advisor. The number paid three million dollars.

"May I use your phone?" I asked my friend excitedly. I felt as though I had stepped into the Twilight Zone.

Danny answered on the first ring. "I am looking at today's winning lottery number, dictated to me last Tuesday by a relative of your's I think you referred to as 'a major loon,'" I said quietly. "The 'idiot's tax' paid three million dollars."

Danny did not speak right away. "You're jerking my chain," he said finally.

"I am not 'jerking your chain.' Your grandfather predicted the lottery just as he said he would."

Danny was silent again. "Get out of here," he said at last. "Did you play it?"

"Do you think my voice would sound like this if I'd played it?" I was now nearly shouting at him.

Danny mentioned the names of a couple of bodily functions. "He says he can do it any time," he reminded me. "Maybe he can give us next week's."

"What if he can't? What if he won't? We had this week's." I was shouting now and my girlfriend looked over at me, concerned.

"Well, this'll teach you to follow your instincts. Why the hell did you listen to me? You know I'm a cynic."

We agreed to meet at Suan Shu's at eight o'clock the next morning, right after the old man's meditation.

"I don't remember what numbers he rattled off last week," Danny said thoughtfully in the elevator. "You didn't just jot this down last night as a goof, did you?" He was staring at my little scrap of paper. I did not dignify the remark with an answer.

Suan Shu had an old-fashioned twist doorbell and Danny turned it. It was exactly eight o'clock by my watch. There was the sound of several bolts being drawn and a Fox lock pulled aside. In a moment Po Li peered critically around the door. He cast down his eyes when he saw us but he opened the door, ushered us in and instructed us to take off our shoes.

"Master Shu is still in meditation," he said, "but you may wait for him if you want." He disappeared down a hallway.

Danny conducted me along another hallway with his index finger on his lips as an indication for me to be silent. The apartment, to my New Yorker's eye, was tremendous with halls and rooms leading off in several directions. We entered a large sunny living room with no furniture except an ancient divan. Suan Shu, dressed in pajama pants and an old tee-shirt, was kneeling on a pillow in the middle of the floor. Danny and I took a seat on the divan and waited in nervous anticipation. We did not wait long.

Suan Shu opened his eyes slowly and lifted an old Westclock pocketwatch close to his face. "You sneak in like foxes but with very noisy thoughts," he said reproachfully.

Danny cleared his throat. "John was very interested in what you were saying about the Early Heaven Formula last week," he began cautiously.

Suan Shu smiled very lightly. "Are you a student of the I Ching?" he asked me coolly.

"For some time," I said truthfully.

"And you would like me to explain further how to arrive at the numbers of the day?" His eyes were both frank and sarcastic. A lump formed in my throat.

"Yes, Master Shu," I said.

"Very well," he said, his tone ironic. "The rain is gone now; it is a beautiful, sunny morning, there are clouds in the sky. From my window I can see the river shimmering, and I feel joyous because my great-grandson has come to pay me a visit. Let us then make the upper trigram Tui, the joyous lake and the youngest daughter. You will also note that if you seek the number for April sixth, next Saturday: The month is four, the day is six and the year of the silver sheep is eight which equals eighteen. When you subtract sixteen: two times eight because there are eight trigrams, you arrive at two which is Tui, the joyous lake and our upper trigram.

"Now, for the lower trigram, we add the hour. At what hour do they draw the numbers of the day?"

"I guess about five in the afternoon," I said.

Suan Shu nodded sagely. "Five in the afternoon is a nine by the Chinese system. Nine and eighteen are twenty-seven minus twenty-four (three times eight) is three so our lower trigram is Li, 'the Clinging', most appropriate." His eyes laughed at me as I wrote every word he uttered in a little notebook I'd brought for the purpose. "And our hexagram is 'Revolution,' number 49."

We all looked up as Po Li shuffled in and stood in the doorway, listening to Mr. Shu with a look of disapproval on his never very cheery face. "Fire in the lake," he quoted slowly from the I Ching. "Thus the superior man sets the calendar in order and makes the seasons clear."

"Yes, he does," Suan Shu said softly. "The moving line is calculated just like the lower trigram, but instead of subtracting by a series of eight, you use a series of six, because there are six lines. You understand?"

I assured him I did, which was not quite true but he continued.

"Six times four is twenty-four, subtracted from twenty-seven leaves again three. This is nine in the third place..."

"Nine in the third place," Po Li's voice was ominous. "Starting brings misfortune. Perseverance brings danger."

Suan Shu looked up sharply. Neither spoke for a moment. "When talk of revolution has gone around three times," Mr. Shu continued the quote from the I Ching, "One may commit himself and men will believe him." He fastened his eyes on me. "The numbers next Saturday are: 2, 17, 27, 31, 41, and 49."

"How do you arrive at those numbers, Mr. Shu?" I asked breathlessly.

"The 2 is the number of the upper trigram, Tui; 17, the number of the new hexagram formed by the moving line: Sui, 'Following'; 27 is the moving line itself, the nine in the third place, 3 times 9, hence 27; 31 is today, the thirty-first of March; the 41 is the combined numbers of the trigrams: Tui is 2 and 7, so 14. Li is 3 and 9, so 27; together they are 41. And 49 is the number of the hexagram, 'Revolution.'"

I jotted madly, trying to keep up with him. Even as I wrote, however, I thought this was crazy. These random numbers coming from very obscure interactions gave absolute accurate knowledge of the Lottery numbers? Well, he'd been right before. What the hell, it only cost a buck, as the song goes.

Suan Shu seemed to read my thoughts. "It is like Tai Chi," he said firmly. "It takes time and you must learn to trust your intuition. You are at a disadvantage because you grew up in a block-headed culture, but you may, with persistence, learn this too."

"But, Master Shu," I said, "how did you get yesterday's numbers from last Tuesday's date?"

Suan Shu's expression did not change at all. "All things are one in the Tao," he said softly. "Any day's numbers are in every day. You must learn to read the changes. Today's was a lesson for beginners."

Danny and I took the elevator to the street and bolted diagonally across Broadway. We entered a convenience store in the center of the west block between 110 and 111 streets and I filled out a card with the number. They run two games for a dollar. "Let's try to figure a number ourselves using the formula," I suggested to Danny. He looked at me as if my forehead had fallen in the street.

"You got your trusty I Ching with you?" he asked sarcastically. "I don't have it memorized like those old guys, you know."

"We should really put this under your grandfather's name," I said. "It's really not our number; know

what I mean?"

That was the only time I ever saw Danny moved by sentiment. When I think back on it, I can no longer see it logically. The old man had given us the number; he had told us he didn't want to win a lottery. "Yeah," Danny said looking at the black and white checkered floor, "it's his number, not ours."

"Pick another set," the man at the cash register said good-naturedly. "Ya get two for a dollar. Can't go wrong."

"That's the number," Danny said. The guy shrugged and gave him the receipt.

It was a week filled with anticipation. We drank beer on Sunday night and talked about the movie we'd produce. Neither of us were ready for Monday morning. By Wednesday we were certain that the whole enterprise was folly. Suan Shu had made a lucky coincidence a week before and we'd lost out by not playing it. I felt resentful of Danny all day on Thursday for no intelligent reason. By Friday I'd sorted it out and I was his friend again. My girlfriend, Sherry, invited Danny and me for a Lottery celebration dinner on Saturday night. She served Chinese beef with broccoli, and champagne and proposed a toast that set the evening off to a raucous start. Sherry held up her champagne flute and said, "To the amorous Chinese wife who, when her husband suggested a little 69 late one evening, asked incredulously, "You want beef with broccoli now?"

We both roared and Danny tried to top it with another story. By the time the news was on we didn't care if we won or not. Sherry shushed Danny as the commentator came on to read the winning numbers. Silence reigned for a moment. Danny and I knew the sequence by heart the way we knew our own phone numbers. When it was over we actually sat silent for another two or three minutes. Danny broke that interval with an oddly artificial howl. He turned his face up to the ceiling and cried just like a dog. I got up to hug him and Sherry joined in the clinch. Our number had just won 4.2 million dollars.

I took two hundred dollars out of the bank on my ATM card and we bought Perrier Jouet in the flower bottle. It seemed more festive and appropriate than Dom and certainly no less expensive. We looked like hell after a fire alarm when we arrived at Suan Shu's apartment at eight o'clock the following morning, still drunk on wine and exuberance with no sleep at all. The day was overcast and from his window we saw the river roll turbulently in the distance.

Suan Shu came out of his meditation more slowly that morning and looked at us with bemused annoyance. "Sunday is not a Taoist Sabbath," he said. "Is there a special reason that brings you to visit me each week at this time?"

Danny sat forward anxiously on the battered, old divan. "The number, Grandfather," he started awkwardly. "It won."

Suan Shu nodded very slightly. "Yes," he said.

"Four point two million dollars, Grandfather."

"Of course." The old man closed his eyes and I thought he was going back into meditation but a

moment later he arched his back and stretched.

"Because it was your number, Master Shu," I started uneasily, "we took the liberty of putting the winning ticket in your name."

The old man noticed me for the first time that morning. He arched his head and looked down his nose at me. His mouth suddenly hung open. He looked rather ridiculous. Po Li shuffled by the door. "Revolution. On your own day you are believed. Supreme success," he quoted sarcastically and shuffled down the hall.

"My name?" Suan Shu asked incredulously. "But you cannot do that. I have no desire. How could you be so stupid? I am ninety-seven years old and you have ruined everything I've worked for."

"I told you to let me explain," Danny said to me severely. "I should not have brought you. You are still drunk."

I felt like an idiot. "I'm sorry, Master Shu. You don't have to use it, of course. You don't even have to accept it but we have called to claim the prize. I hope you're not too disappointed."

Mr. Shu glanced at me and looked away. "I am very disappointed," he said. "Now I will know no peace for days, perhaps weeks."

He was right, of course. *The Daily News* got wind of the strange old Chinese Taoist who'd won 4.2 million dollars and they followed him everywhere. When they got a load of his line about not wanting it and the whole thing being a mistake they played it up like a Kennedy scandal. The more Suan Shu protested the more interesting he appeared. He explained his philosophy to the best of his ability and they faithfully reinterpreted it for the American *Daily News* reader. If he'd wanted to, Suan Shu could have started a Taoist movement that first week but, of course, he clung desperately to his former anonymity. He was totally noncommittal, even evasive when asked how he'd chosen the numbers and this, far from allaying interest, was also intriguing to the press. Danny and I were so embarrassed we said very little when asked.

Through it all both Danny, myself, and Po Li too judging from his various comments, saw that the old man was enjoying himself to no end. He had a clear understanding of manipulating these people by doing the very opposite of what was expected. The whole experience was so full of Tao and Tai Chi that there were times when Danny and I laughed 'til our sides hurt watching the flow of it.

One day, while the four of us were talking, Suan Shu suddenly quoted from the Tao Teh King: "Is thy way becoming famous and thy name, renewed? Withdraw into the Tao." He became very thoughtful and Danny and Po Li and I left him alone. The next morning he did an interview for Good Morning America on which he was his most buoyant and charming and that ended it. When Danny and I called on him later that day, Po Li explained that he was performing a Taoist retreat and would not be available for six weeks. Everyone who called got the same response.

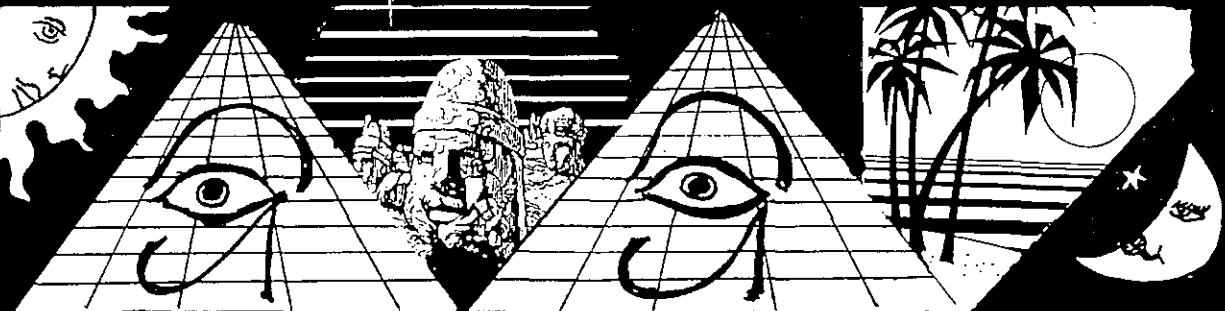


Gaius Cassius and the Harpies

One day Gaius Cassius went walking in the wilderness.
Just to see what the Three Fates might cast before him for his amusement.
And soon his travels brought him to the Crossroads,
the usual site of such adventures.
It was twilight there and Gaius Cassius witnessed a most curious thing.
Harpies playing at dice with a mortal man.
And the prize:
a great golden lyre lay forgotten in the dust between them.
This mortal man soon lost all but his meagre life and was driven off
to lurk among the shadows, naked and in great shame.
So then, did Gaius Cassius sit himself down within their midst.
But the Harpies laughed at him and spat upon him and made all manner of sport of him
in all their countless and despicable ways.
But then the eldest among them recognized Gaius Cassius from certain old songs and legends,
and so decided that she might indeed barter the golden lyre for the soul of Gaius Cassius.
And Gaius Cassius was agreed.
And so they wagered - the Harpies and Gaius Cassius.
And in this way did they pass a year and a day
wagering at dice for a soul upon the twilight Crossroads
between here and there and nowhere.
And poor Gaius Cassius, whom some said was a fool, for he was also an honest man.
The Harpies cheated and Gaius Cassius lost.
The Harpies rejoiced in their greedy victory
and Gaius Cassius smiled.
And the elder Harpie came forth to claim their prize
and she bade Gaius Cassius to humbly surrender to her his immortal soul.
"Alas", said Gaius Cassius, "I have it not.
For so it dwells within the city where dwell the gods,
and it is there that ye must go if thou would's't claim thy prize."
And so the Harpies in their rage did drain the Well of Hades!
And led their savage hordes against the very walls of Heaven
to claim the soul of Gaius Cassius.
And still that siege endures and shall forever,
each side to claim as slave in chains the soul of Gaius Cassius.

And Gaius Cassius sits in the dust
upon the Crossroads at twilight, laughing
and playing old songs upon a golden lyre.

Sor. Akhen Anubis



A FIRE RITUAL: (A Thelemic Male Confirmation Rite Celebrating the Passage from Boyhood to Manhood)

by Fra. Scorpius Yod & Fra. Roncelin

In Chapter Two of the Book of the Law is given the times of our Thelemic Holy Days and reasons for celebration. In his Commentaries, Aleister Crowley, as the prophet of the New Aeon, described "a feast for fire" as that time when a boy reaches puberty and is initiated into manhood. Correspondingly, "a feast for water" is a similar rite of passage for a girl.

What follows is a dramatic ritual that we performed here at Tahuti Lodge at the Summer Solstice of 1993 e.v. for the nephew of one of our Lodge members. As the young fellow had already been baptized into the E.G.C., this ritual also served as a confirmation rite.

We present it here in the hopes that it may be of some use to other O.T.O. Order bodies who may wish to experiment with it. This Fire Ritual is the first of a series of original rituals performed at Tahuti Lodge that we will reproduce for THE SCRIBE.

An ideal time for the Fire Ritual is at the Summer Solstice at 12 Noon as "Our Lord and Father the Sun" is at Its zenith.

I. The Temple Arrangement

Divide your Magic Circle into four equal portions by marking a large "X" on the Temple floor (i.e. with masking tape.) The dividing lines should be straight and no one section should be any wider than the other. The four segments of your Circle thus produced represent, and should therefore physically align to, the four cardinal quarters. The division not only corresponds to the Four Elements but also to the Formula of the Sphinx and the Thelemic four-fold current of Light, Life, Love and Liberty. (See illustration.)

A Fire Altar draped in a 'flaming' red altar cloth is placed just ahead of the center or cross-point of the "X"; placing it physically in the Fire Quarter. Upon this Altar are the following ritual items: The Stele of Revealing as pantacle for Earth; The Book of the Law (the Spirit of Thelema - placed on top of the Stele; Spirit upon Matter); an incense burner with charcoal symbolizing Fire (incense used should emit a strong fiery, solar energy); a Bell (sound vibration for Air); and a Chalice with wine or water to maintain proper equilibrium within the Circle.

Within each of the four quarters, halfway between the perimeter of your Circle and the Fire Altar, stands one glass-enclosed, seven-day candle which is UNLIT. The color of these candles should correspond to the elements as follows: red candle in the south; blue candle in the west; yellow candle in the north; and a green, brown or black candle in the east. These candles should stand at an equal distance from each other in their respective quarter forming a cross. The 'fire' candle will, of course, be closer to the Altar than the others

for they are both located within the same quarter of the Circle. The assignment of the elements air in the north and earth in the east is in keeping with the magical formula employed in other Crowley rituals such as Liber XXV and Liber V vel Reguli.

Centered upon each 'Elemental' candle is attached the corresponding Atu from Aleister Crowley's Thoth Deck. The Atu faces towards the Fire Altar.

Upon the Red candle is attached Atu. XI - Lust
 Upon the Blue candle is attached Atu. XIII - Death
 Upon the Yellow candle is attached Atu. XVII - The Star
 Upon the Black candle is attached Atu. V - Hierophant

Outside and north of the Circle stands a small table upon which is a vial of Abramelin Oil, a Staff, one white taper candle (which is unlit), and a Lantern (within which is housed a LIT white candle -the Element of Spirit).

II. The Ritual Officers

Six magicians are needed to work this group ritual.

Two Spirit Officers robed in white. This Office is dual in nature reflecting the Active and Passive currents of Spirit. The Passive Spirit Officer is Male. The Active Spirit Officer is Female.

Four Elemental Officers ("the Four Beasts of Power") personifying the Thelemic God-form, zodiacal and archetypal current of their assigned station as follows:

| | | | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------|---------|----------|---------|
| Elemental Officer of the South | (Male role) | HADIT | Leo | Light |
| Elemental Officer of the West | (Female role) | BABALON | Scorpio | Love |
| Elemental Officer of the East | (Male role) | THERION | Taurus | Life |
| Elemental Officer of the North | (Female role) | NUIT | Aquarius | Liberty |

The Elemental Officers are robed in black with an outer garment or sash draped over the shoulder (active element/right shoulder, passive element/left shoulder); the color of which corresponds to their respective stations. The outer garment or sash is tied at the waist with a white cord symbolizing their origin from the element of Spirit.

The Elemental Officers are seated within the Magick Circle in their respective quarter facing the Fire Altar; their candle before them.

The Attendees of this Fire Ritual should be seated around the "X" themselves making the physical circle with their bodies. The Active Spirit Office is seated among them in the North. The Passive Spirit Officer is outside of the Circle when the ritual begins.

Each individual is a Star in the Body of Nuit as the Circle itself is a symbol of Our Lady. The "X"

marked out within the Circle is the Axle of the Wheel symbolizing Hadit; the point of which reflects the consciousness which is Ra-Hoor-Khuit emanating from the union of Nuit and Hadit. It is at this precise placement within the Circle that the Candidate stands at the beginning and at the conclusion of the Ritual.

III. The Fire Ritual

The Fire Ritual commences with Liber XXV (the Star Ruby) which not only banishes but charges the four quarters and magically confirms the attributions employed. The Elemental Officers of each quarter concentrates upon and absorb the charge from the Magician doing the banishing as she or he stands before them vibrating the Thelemic Divine Name; identifying themselves with their office.

The Passive Spirit Officer brings the Candidate into the Temple to the table where he is anointed with Abramelin Oil upon his Ajna Chakra and is handed the unlit taper candle. The Officer then arms himself with the Staff and Lantern and acts as a Guide to the Candidate, lighting the way for him during the course of the Ritual. He symbolizes the H.G.A. (or see Atu. IX- The Hermit for additional insights).

The Candidate is now led into the Circle via the Northern gate; the Active Spirit Officer rising to allow admittance. The Candidate is to stand upon the point of the intersection of the "X" marked out upon the Temple floor. He is standing north of the Fire Altar facing South.

The Passive Spirit Officer moves to the South (deosil) and stands directly across the Candidate in the Fire Quadrant. The Officer begins to recite Chapter 152 of Liber Aleph vel CXI: The Book of Wisdom or Folly.

Firstly, this Sphinx is a Symbol of the Coition of Our Lady BABALON with me THE BEAST in its Wholeness. For as I am of the Lion and the Dragon, so is She of the Man and the Bull, in our Natures, but the Converse thereof in our Offices, as thou mayst understand by the Study of the Book of *The Vision and the Voice*. It is thus a Glyph of the Satisfaction and Perfection of the Will and of the Work, the Completion of the True Man as the Reconciler of the Highest with the Lowest, so for our Convenience conventionally to distinguish them. This then is the Adept, who doth Will with solid Energy as the Bull, doth Dare with fierce Courage as the Lion, doth Know with swift Intelligence as the Man, and doth Keep Silence with soaring Subtly as the Eagle or Dragon. Moreover, this Sphinx is an Eidolon of the Law, for the Bull is Life, and Lion is Light, the Man is Liberty, the Serpent is Love. Now then this Sphinx, being perfect in true Balance, yet taketh the Aspect of the Feminine Principle, that so she may be Partner of the Pyramid, that is the Phallus, pure Image of our Father the Sun, the Unity creative. The Signification of this Mystery is that the Adept must be whole, Himself, containing all Things in true Proportion, before He maketh Himself Bride of the One Universe Transcendental, in its most Secret Virtue. And now therefore, o my Son, comprehending this Mystery by thine Intelligence, I will (show) further unto thee of these Four Beasts of Power."

The Passive Spirit Officer gestures for the Candidate to come around from the Altar (deosil) and to

join him in the Southern Quarter. They both turn to face the Elemental Officer of Fire.

The Fire Officer takes his candle and rises before them. He holds his candle out before the Candidate who is instructed by his Guardian to retrieve the 'Flame of Spirit' from the Lantern and, with his taper, transfer the flame to the Fire Candle. Having done so, the Candidate blows out his taper.

When this is accomplished and by this illumination, the Fire Officer recites Chapter 154 of Liber Aleph holding his candle steady at eye level before the Candidate so that the attached Atu is facing him and is clearly visible to him. (The Officers, when necessary, should make reference to the Atu during their recitation.)

This sequence of the lighting of the candle between the Candidate and the Elemental Officer is repeated at each quarter.

Of the Lion, O my Son, be it said that this is the Courage of thy Manhood, leaping upon all Things, and seizing them for thy Prey. His Letter is Teth, whose Implication is a Serpent, and the Number thereof Nine, whereof is Aub, the Secret Fire of Obeah. Also Nine is of Jesod, uniting Change with Stability. But in *The Book of Thoth* He is the Atu called Strength, or more truly, Lust, whose Number is ELEVEN which is Aud, the Light Odic of Magick. And therein is figured the Lion, even THE BEAST, and Our Lady BABALON astride of Him, that with her Thighs She may strangle Him. Here I would have thee to mark well how these our Symbols are cognate, and flow forth the one into the other, because each Soul partaketh in proper Measure of the Mystery of Holiness, and is Kin with his Fellow. But now let me shew how this Lion of Courage is more especially the Light in thee, as Leo is the House of the Sun that is the Father of Light. And it is thus: that thy Light, conscious of itself, is the Source and Instigator of thy Will, enforcing it to spring forth and conquer. Therefore also is his Nature strong with Hardihood and Lust of Battle, else shouldest thou fear that which is unlike thee, and avoid it, so that thy Separateness should increase upon thee. For this Cause he that is defective in Courage becometh a Black Brother, and To Dare is the Crown of all thy Virtue, the Root of the Tree of true Magick."

The Candidate and Guardian both turn to the right, and the Candidate, being led, begins a slow deasil circumambulation one quarter of the Circle until they reach the Western Quadrangle. The Water Officer picks up her elemental candle and rises when the two stand before her. The Candidate lights the Officer's candle from the flame of the Guardian's Lantern and blows out the taper. The Water Officer reads Chapter 157 of Liber Aleph.

Threefold is the Nature of Love: Eagle, Serpent, and Scorpion. And of these the Scorpion is he that, having no Lion of Light and of Courage within him, seemeth to himself encircled by Fire, and, driving his Sting into himself, he dieth. Such are the Black Brothers, that cry: I am I; they that deny Love, restricting it to their own Nature. But the Serpent is the Secret Nature of Man, that is Life and Death, and maketh his Way through the Generations in Silence. And the Eagle is that Might of Love which is the Key of Magick, uplifting the Body and its Appurtenance unto High Ecstasy upon his Wings. It is by Virtue thereof that the Sphinx beholdeth the Sun unwinking, and confronteth the Pyramid without

Shame. Our Dragon, therefore, combining the Natures of the Eagle and the Serpent, is our Love, the Organon of our Will, by whose Virtue we perform the Work and Miracle of the One Substance, as saith thine Ancestor Hermes Trismegistus, in his Tablet of Smaragda. And this Dragon is called thy Silence, because in the Hour of his Operation that within thee which saith "I" is abolished in its Conjunction with the Beloved. For this Cause also is its Letter Nun, which in our Rota is the Trump Death; and Nun hath the value of Fifty, the Number of the Gates of Understanding."

The Candidate, led by his Guide, continues on his "travels with the Sun" so that they next stand before the Air Officer in the Northern Quadangle. The candle lighting sequence is repeated and the Air Officer proceeds to read Chapter 156 from Liber Aleph.

Learn now that this Lion is a natural Quality in Man, and secret, so that he is not ware thereof, except he be Adept. Therefore is it necessary for thee also To Know, by the Head of thy Sphinx. This then is thy Liberty, that the Impulse of the Lion should become conscious by Means of the Man; for without this thou art but an Automaton. This Man moreover maketh thee to understand and to adjust thyself with thine Environment, else, being devoid of Judgment, thou goest blindly upon an Headlong Path. For every Star in his Orbit holdeth not his Way obstinately, but is sensitive to every other Star, and his True Nature is to do this. O, Son, how many are they whom I have seen persisting in a fatal Course, in Sway of the Belief that their dead Rigidity was Exercise of Will! To Know: this is what teacheth thee how best thou mayst accomplish thy Will. And the Letter of the Man is Tzaddi, whose Number is Ninety which is Maim, the Water that conformeth itself perfectly with its Vessel, that seeketh constantly its Level, that penetrateth and dissolveth Earth, that resisteth Pressure maugre its Adaptability, that being heated is of Force to drive great Engines, and being frozen breaketh the Mountains in Pieces. O my Son, seek well To Know!"

The Candidate and Guide continue on their 'travels' and stops before the Earth Officer in the Eastern Quarter. The sequence is repeated and the Earth Officer reads Chapter 153 of Liber Aleph.

Concerning the Bull, This is thy Will, constant and unwearied, whose Letter is Vav, which is Six, the Number of the Sun. He is therefore the Force and the Substance of thy Being; but, besides this, he is the Hierophant in the Taro, as if this were said: that thy Will leadeth thee unto the Shrine of Light. And in the Rites of Mithras the Bull is slain, and his Blood poured upon the Initiate, to endow him with that Will and that Power of Work. Also in the land of Hind is the Bull sacred to Shiva, that is God among that Folk, and is unto them the Destroyer of all Things. And this God is also the Phallus, for this Will operateth through Love, even as it is written in our Own Law. Yet again, Apis the Bull of Khem hath Khephra the Beetle upon His Tongue, which signifieth that it is by this Will, and by this Work, that the Sun cometh unto Dawn from Midnight. All these Symbols are most similar in their Nature, save as the Slaves of the Slave-Gods have read their own Formula into the Simplicity of Truth. For there is Naught so plain that Ignorance and Malice may not confuse and misinterpret it, even as the Bat is dazzled and bewildered by the Light of the Sun. See then that thou understand this Bull in Terms of the Law of this our Aeon of Life."

The Candidate is led back to the Fire Quarter completing the circumambulation and the Guide continues to lead the Candidate back around to the North of the Fire Altar and has him facing South, as in the beginning, standing upon the point of intersection of the "X" on the floor of the Temple. (The Candidate faces the Fire Quarter during the first recitation; starts his 'travels' from this point; and completes the circle of initiation when he again reaches the South.)

The Four Elemental Officers are now standing and holding their lit candles. They take one step forward and place their candles down before them; always mindful that the Atu faces the Candidate. The Officers step back to their original spot and, still facing the Candidate, each assumes the Godform of Osiris Risen.

The Passive Spirit Officer places the Lantern upon the Fire Altar, retrieves the Bell, and moves to stand behind the Candidate assuming the form of Osiris Risen. You now have four Elemental candles surrounding the Candidate and the one Spirit candle upon the Fire Altar. This is the ritualized formulation of the Shin of Spirit descending into the four-fold world of the Elements (IHVH to IHSVH); symbolic of the ritual objective of the decent of the Spirit (illumination) upon the Candidate.

The Active Spirit Officer rises and steps forward into the Circle. The persons seated to the left and right of the Officer should be mindful to close the Circle between them.

She retrieves the Lantern and proceeds to recite the Preface to Liber CL while walking deosil around the parameter of the Circle; addressing all present.

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

In Righteousness of heart come hither, and listen: for it is I, TO META OHPION, who gave this Law unto everyone that holdeth himself holy. It is I, not another, that willeth your whole Freedom, and the arising within you of full Knowledge and Power.

Behold! the Kingdom of God is within you, even as the Sun standeth eternal in the heavens, equal at midnight and at noon. He riseth not: he setteth not: it is but the shadow of the earth which concealeth him, or the clouds upon her face.

Let me then declare unto you this Mystery of the Law, as it hath been made known unto me in divers places, upon the mountains and in the deserts, but also in great cities, which thing I speak for your comfort and good courage. And so be it unto all of you!

Know first, that from the Law spring four Rays or Emanations: so that if the Law be the centre of your own being, they must needs fill you with their secret goodness. And these four are Light, Life, Love, and Liberty.

By Light shall ye look upon yourselves, and behold All Things that are in Truth One Thing only, whose name hath been called No Thing for a cause which later shall be declared unto you. But the substance of Light is Life, since without Existence and Energy it were naught. By Life therefore are you made yourselves, eternal and incorruptible, flaming

forth as suns, self-created and self-supported, each the sole centre of the Universe.

Now as by Light ye beheld, by Love ye feel. There is an ecstasy of pure Knowledge, and another of pure Love. And this Love is the force that uniteth things diverse, for the contemplation in Light of their Oneness. Know that the Universe is not at rest, but in extreme motion whose sum is Rest. And this understanding that Stability is Change, and Change Stability, that Being is Becoming and Becoming Being, is the Key to the Golden Palace of this Law.

Lastly, by Liberty is the power to direct your course according to your Will. For the extent of the Universe is without bounds, and ye are free to make your pleasure as ye will, seeing that the diversity of being is infinite also. For this also is the Joy of the Law, that no two stars are alike, and ye must understand also that this Multiplicity is itself Unity, and without it Unity could not be. And this is an hard saying against Reason: ye shall comprehend, when, rising above Reason, which is but a manipulation of the Mind, ye come to pure Knowledge by direct perception of the Truth.

Know also that these four Emanations of the Law flame forth upon all paths: ye shall use them only in these Highways of the Universe whereof I have written, but in every By-path of your daily life.

Love is the law, love under will."

With the final words of her speech, "Love is the law, love under will", the Active Spirit Officer faces the Candidate, replaces the Lantern back upon the Fire Altar, and assumes the Sign of Osiris Risen.

After a momentary pause each Elemental Officer gives the Sign of N.O.X. respective to their station and cries out their names in the sequence of manifestation as follows:

| | | | |
|---------|---------------|----------------|--------------------------------|
| Yod | Fire Officer | Sign of Puer | cries out: " HADIT! " |
| Heh | Water Officer | Sign of Mulier | cries out: " BABALON! " |
| Vav | Air Officer | Sign of Puella | cries out: " NUIT! " |
| Heh (f) | Earth Officer | Sign of Vir | cries out: " THERION! " |

The Active Spirit Officer gives the Sign of Mater Triumphas, meets the eyes of the Candidate, and utters the word: "**THELEMA!**"

The Passive Spirit Officer, Bell in hand, raises it above and behind the Candidate's head and strikes it eleven times (333-55555-333).

All the Ritual Officers (the Elemental Officers surrounding and the two Spirit Officers standing before and behind the Candidate) throw out their arms in the Sign of Apophis and shout out: "**ABRAHADABRA!**"

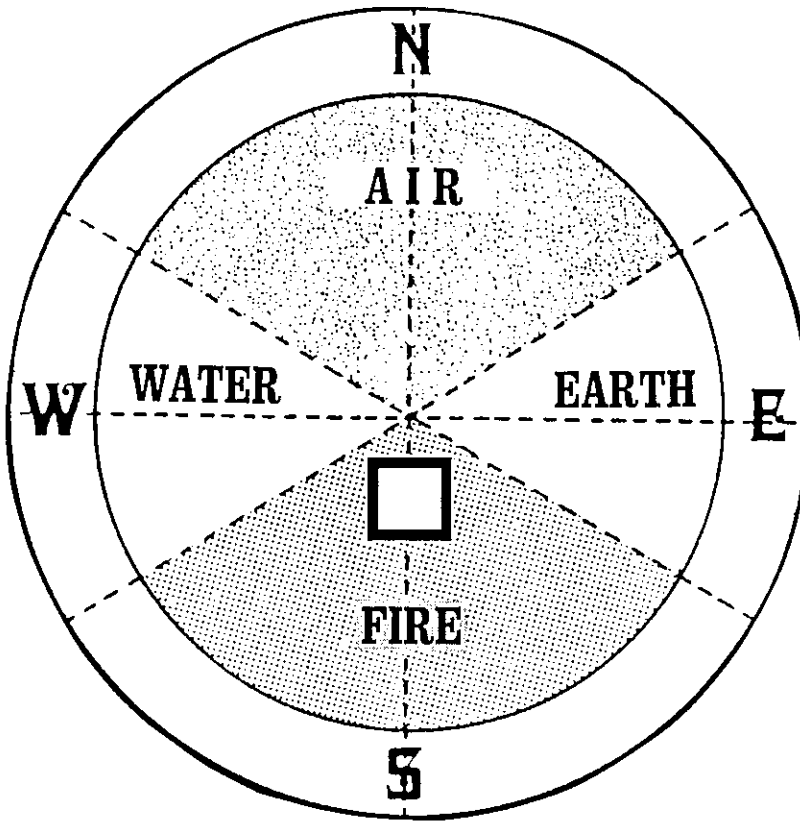
The Fire Ritual is accomplished.

NUIT

♊ Aquarius (the Man)
 Puella/Liberty/Intelligence
 Scire (To Know)
 Atu XVII - The Star

BABALON

♏ Scorpio (the Dragon)
 Mulier/Love/Soaring Subtlety
 Tacere (Silence)
 Atu XIII - Death



THERION
 ♉ Taurus (the Bull)
 Vir/Life/Energy
 Velle (To Will)
 Atu V - The Hierophant

HADIT

♌ Leo (The Lion/Beast)
 Puer/Light/Courage
 Audere (To Dare)
 Atu XI - Lust

BOOK REVIEW

The Magick of Thelema: A Handbook of the Rituals of Aleister Crowley by Lon Milo DuQuette

[Published by Samuel Weiser, Inc., 1993]

After numerous delays the long anticipated Magick of Thelema has finally hit the streets having been anxiously awaited by many Crowleyian magicians that I am acquainted with. The overall opinion that we share is that this is a book one wishes was available years ago as it is, at the very least, a pretty good "beginners" manual.

Unfortunately, I have to admit to a sense of disappointment. Although a fine effort has been achieved by Fra. DuQuette, The Magick of Thelema isn't all that it was hyped up to be and does contain some flaws.

Basically, this is a collection of Crowley rituals each preceded by explanations of their function and purpose and there are several informative footnotes scattered throughout the text. However, the author's overall "personal experience" of some twenty years isn't as evident as I would have liked or expected it to be (aside from the Liber XLIV anecdote).

Fra. DuQuette has done a fine job of collecting bits and pieces of related information (some of which were previously unpublished) regarding the history and theory behind the rituals themselves but a valuable and exciting addition would have been detailed, step-by-step elucidations on these rituals based upon an experienced magician's personal research and workings; conveying one's personal observations and conclusions to ensure that, more often than not, younger students are working the exercises properly. This was almost achieved in chapter eight in discussing Liber Samekh in which the author offers an innovative study and work version of the ritual which should prove to be advantageous to someone just learning the ritual; but this is just an example of cut and paste editing.

An outstanding error that is immediate to those who work the Star Ruby is the fact that the instructions are flawed. The descriptions and pictorials concerning the Signs of N.O.X. are 'seemingly' inaccurate when compared to the instructions in Crowley's Magick in Theory and Practice and the Sign of Mater Triumphans in particular has been left out of the ritual entirely. If the author is writing in regards to his own innovations or publishing alternative versions which he uncovered during his researches then this, I think, is valuable but it should be stated as such so as not to be confused with the original version.

The author does present to the reader an informative commentary pertaining to Liber V vel Reguli which clears up the meaning of "averse" pentagram and offers an explanation of the magical viewpoint (heliocentric vs. geocentric) when employing the Thelemic versions of these pentagram rituals. This should bring the student to a better understanding of the underlying principals involved.

An interesting albeit controversial chapter concerns the Star Sapphire which has been described as a workable Thelemic banishing hexagram ritual. As a new Initiate in the Order, I inquired about the practical application of this aspect of the ritual. I was then, as now, advised that the Star Sapphire is not a banishing hexagram ritual although it certainly appears as such; just as the Star Ruby is a banishing pentagram ritual. There are younger students who are intuitively aware of the sexual implications inherited in Liber XXXIV.

If not, it didn't take one long to come across the idea during their studies as it has been strongly suggested in print over the years and by way of the Reuss/Crowley encounter concerning Crowley's Book of Lies. However the situation on learning of this aspect, a straight answer was never forthcoming from anyone I asked. So I found it refreshing and personally gratifying to discover that Fra. DuQuette considers the Star Sapphire ritual Crowley's elaboration upon the Golden Dawn's Banishing Hexagram Ritual and to be employed as such.

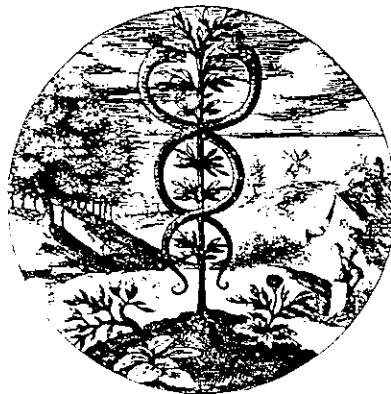
Subtitled a "Handbook of the Rituals of Aleister Crowley", perhaps "A Collection" would be more accurate. The Magick of Thelema seems to be part of a disturbing but continuing trend among occult book publishers to re-release previously published and readily available materials; reprinting entire chapters from other books to fill out a "new" release. When spending one's hard earned bucks on a "new" book, you want it to contain new information. A reference as a footnote is fine but why should we be subjected to paying for materials that we already have on our bookshelves? Never before have the rituals of Aleister Crowley been more readily accessible than today.

As the new millennia draws closer and begins to dawn we need the works of Thelemic Magickians utilizing Crowley's system of Magick, those who will build and expand upon his methods, to publish new, pertinent information. For to sustain the manifestation of the 93 Current into the new century is to keep it fresh; growing and learning from each other's experiences rather than just picking the bones dry from the body of material that A.C. left behind for us.

As a manual for one just beginning to study these rituals, The Magick of Thelema is a fine effort and Fra. DuQuette should be commended for his work but, in my opinion, this book doesn't quite meet the objective of making the rituals of Aleister Crowley any easier to implement nor does it share with its more experienced readers the authors personal experience of working with them in any great depth.

One last note: The Magick of Thelema is not a well produced book. Upon my third read through (for the purposes of this review), my copy literally came apart in my hands; the glued-in pages becoming separated from the spine. This was not the result of mishandling on my part. I imagine that production costs must be sky-high nowadays but this is a rip-off. It would be nice if publishers could dip into their profit margins a little and pay more attention to quality control. The days of beautifully produced hardbacks are long dead and gone and apparently along with it are craftsmanship and the thought of publishing textbooks that will last years of study.

- Fra. S.Y.



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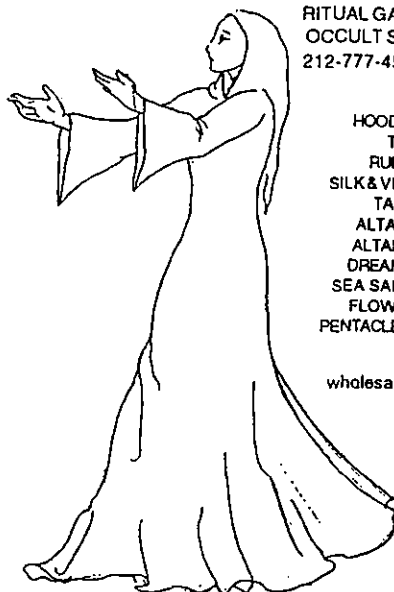
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