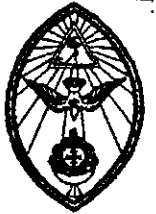




# THE SCRIBE



Volume I No. 7

The Journal of Tahuti Lodge, O.T.O.

Spring Equinox 1997 E.V.

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



## Table of Contents

<b>The Lodgemaster's Rant</b>	<b>Page 2</b>
<b>A Star Must Shine!</b> by Frater Yehi Aour	<b>Page 3</b>
<b>Myths of the Solar Lodge Revisted</b> by Frater Achad Osher 583	<b>Page 6</b>
<b>The Garden of Babalon</b> by Sor. Akenanubis	<b>Page 15</b>
<b>Felo De Se</b> by Aleister Crowley	<b>Page 16</b>
<b>Excerpt from the unpublished writings of Jeremy Taylor</b>	<b>Page 23</b>
<b>Basic Considerations</b> by Fra. Taceo	<b>Page 24</b>
<b>The Pentagram</b> by Aleister Crowley	<b>Page 27</b>
<b>Taoist Ideology of Chi: In Life and Death</b> by Frank Allen	<b>Page 28</b>

### Illustrations:

Cover Art - ATLAS BEARING THE HEAVENS (Coelifer Atlas) (Woodcut, 1559), from Art and Symbols of the Occult by James Wasserman, Tiger Books International, 1993. Scanned by Fra. MY9RDDIN

Page 2: Kodax moment of the Lodgemaster, photo taken on April 8, 1997 e.v. by Fra. Puck

Page 4: Illustration by J.F.C. Fuller from "The Star in the West", Neptune Press, 1976

Pages 5 and 22: Computer generated artwork by Fra. D.V.F.N.T.

Note: I wish to acknowledge Fra. Kevin Bold of Whiskey Rebellion Camp for his drawings of the Liber Resh God-forms which I used in my chart accompanying my essay on Liber CC in the last issue of The Scribe. Thanks again Brother.

## The Lodgemaster's RANT



93 and welcome to the 7th issue of THE SCRIBE. Sorry it's so late but this is your editors' first issue since becoming Lodgemaster for Tahuti Lodge and somehow finding the time to get this out on schedule didn't seem to be in the cards with everything else that was going on this past year.

In the early months of my new job, I would find myself up late at night, scratching my head thinking: "how the hell did I get myself into this?" Things were going along pretty okay having become somewhat adept at body surfing during my Man of Earth initiations; although I'm still vulnerable to wipe out - but aren't we all? The role of "Lodgemaster" is still being defined for me as each month goes by. I think I'm finally starting to find my groove, although I'm sure it'll always be an on-going process of learning and self-discovery - like any good initiation should be.

Having served as Lodge Secretary for a number of years, I thought "okay, so what's the big deal? I'll keep on taking care of business in my usual efficient and timely manner." Boy, was the joke on me! In the beginning, being appointed Lodgemaster for Tahuti Lodge was like becoming the father of a 150 ft, 10-ton baby stomping its way towards me, reaching out crying "Daddy!" (Oh no, it's Godzilla Lodge!)

It's been rumored that when one is invited into the higher degrees, no sooner does the initiation take place, you lose your job, apartment, spouse and your cat explodes! While I've managed to somehow hold on to some of these aspects of my life, others ... well, I guess timing is everything. And I suppose that's the key to my understanding why I find myself where I am today. Situations, relationships, lovers - even Lodges - all continually evolving and growing into something other than what it once was.

Yeah, it's a lot of hard work, but it's the GREAT WORK so I'm just gonna keep on rockin' and having fun!

93 93/93

Fra. Basiliskos

(Formerly Scorpius Yod - maybe now everyone will stop assuming I'm a bloody Scorpio!)

## A Star Must Shine!

by Frater Yehi Aour

(In Celebration of his Greater Feast - January. 6, 1997 e.v.)

Upon reading The Book of the Law for the first time, one is immediately introduced to one of the most important teachings of this Holy Book in particular and of Thelema in general: "Every man and every woman is a star." (I:3) In other words, no two individuals are exactly the same. Each is unique in nature and purpose. No two 'Stars' may share the same orbit. They may accompany each other like 'Twin-Stars' but each has its own center and path to follow. This is called one's True Will which is not like any other.

Likewise, no two people can view the same object or experience from the same point of reference. The basic power of each person lies in his or her own unique expression. There are, of course, similarities between people who have shared common experiences; who share the same challenges; who join together in working to bring about common hopes and dreams, but this is where the similarities end.

Labels and prejudgements are blatant acts of ignorance to this fact of nature. To insist on limiting individuals by categorizing them by means of psychological terminology or prejudice according to ones behavior, beliefs or life style, only serves to distort the truth and hides the power of one's individuality. It keeps that person from realizing the existence of ones True Will.

In our society, the harm of this restriction manifests in the consciousness of the masses. People seek cults, religions, self-help groups, leaders and heroes to help them find their identities. They lose themselves and deny their own responsibility for their actions and forsake the fulfillment of their desires, hopes and dreams. Even in the "Occult Community" there are those who are bent on labeling correct and incorrect behavior; on dogmatizing what must be, in essence, a flexible structure. The end result, as history has shown repeatedly, is crippling internal dissent and eventual destruction.

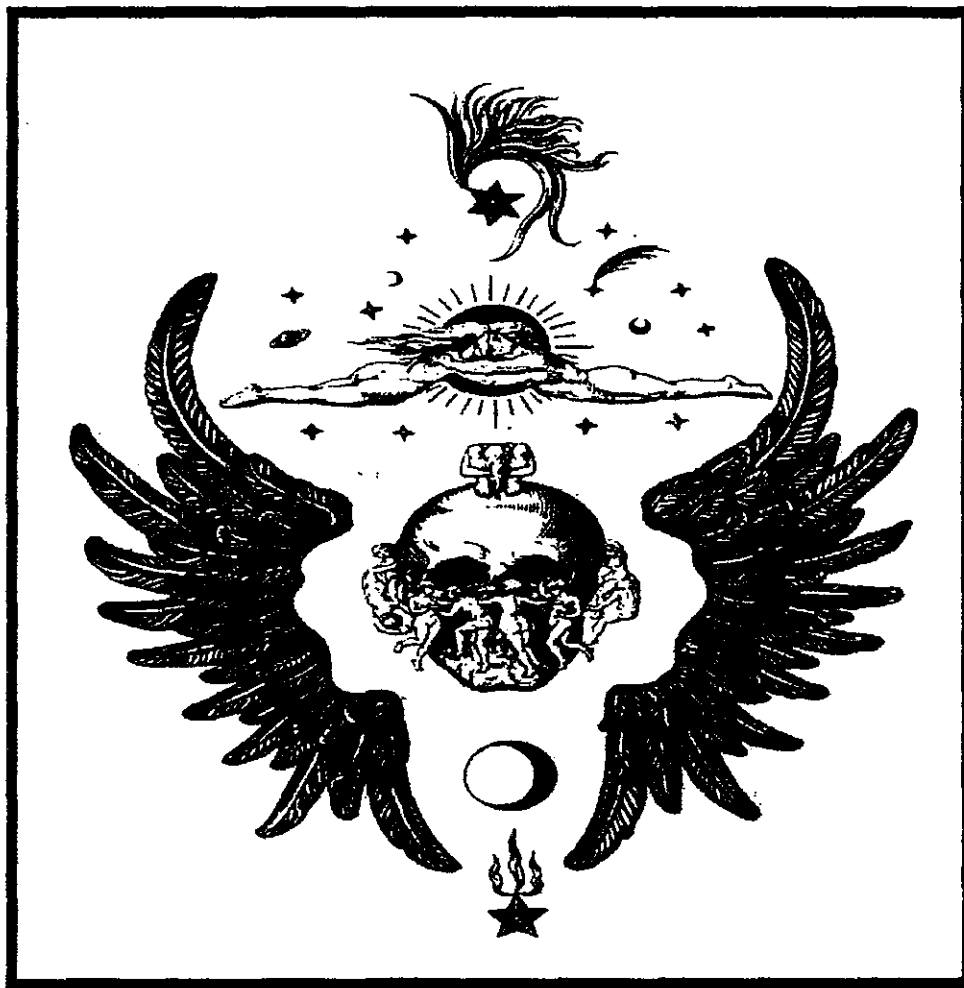
Traditional religions label some beliefs as good and others evil. They go to war against each other and cause distress and dis-ease with the psyche of the congregates; they forbid the inevitable need of each individual to find the truth for themselves. Taken to the extreme, some people may be led to commit murder and other violent acts against those who live and/or worship by other religious views at the request of 'a leader' to maintain their vested interests and power.

Also, most people in our society deny themselves the joys and pleasures of earth because of one or all of the following reasons: 1) to appease some external god fabricated by the clergy, 2) to become a member of the herd out of fear, or 3) in hopes of salvation in some after life from the pain and suffering in this life which is caused by this very behavior!

Every inherent problem in our society may be traced to this underlying ignorance of the expression and beauty of human individuality; that is 'The True Will.' Dare to be the god or goddess that you are. You have the power to experience anything you desire. The only price is that of owning your own life. Power does not come without Responsibility. Pain and suffering are but as shadows. There is eternal ecstasy, joy, and light which empowers us and drives us onward; ever to seek more.

Prejudice, fear, weakness, and hopelessness are lies perpetuated by our society which keeps individuals paralyzed and more easily controlled by church and state. As long as we continue to seek satisfaction and comfort outside of ourselves, these ailments of the human spirit will continue to plague our lives. Every man, woman and child must be viewed as an individual "Star" and must be given the chance to shine.

The very essence of the founding our United States was based on the personal liberty to choose your own life style and live ones life as an individual. A little over 200 years has since passed and we are now forced to see that the time has come to take a step forward. It is time to grow and move closer to the realization of the power that we possess individually which is our most valuable asset. Our social structure must evolve from the perpetuation of our current forms of government and economics to the expression of the individual spirit. The monopolies of knowledge and wealth are power must end! Governmental-Rule must be replaced by Self-Rule. Every man and every woman must discover their own True Wills for themselves and be afforded the freedom to travel in their own orbit. Then perhaps we can create a better society for future generations.





## MYTHS OF THE SOLAR LODGE REVISITED

by Frater Achad Osher 583

Many religious groups have captivated readers in the last thirty years with their bizarre antics. Yet I have never understood the fascination which some authors have with the group calling itself the Solar Lodge, prompting them to dredge its story from near oblivion into their articles or books. These authors usually begin by discussing legitimate O.T.O. history, a bit sensationalized but never-the-less true, then immediately confuse the facts by bringing up the Solar Lodge. Readers are often left with the assumption that these are one and the same organization, which is far from true. The mere idea of connecting legitimate O.T.O. leaders like Wilfred T. Smith or the legendary Jack Parsons with a group of wanna-be's like the Solar Lodge is ludicrous. Authors who do so are comparing apples with oranges. Just because a group of individuals, like the Solar Lodge, 'lifts' the name of a real organization, like the Ordo Templi Orientis, that organization should not be held hostage by every sensational journalist who can not determine the difference.

The most common misconception about the Solar Lodge that authors love to foster is the connection with Charlie Manson. Contrary to what some would like readers to believe, this is a misconception. He was not a member, nor is there any strong evidence that he ever visited the group. The sole source of these stories is found in Ed Sanders' book *The Family* published in 1971. Here Sanders wrote that at "least five separate individuals have claimed that they were told by a member of Brayton's rebel O.T.O. Lodge that Manson was involved with the Lodge."<sup>(1)</sup> These allegations have never been substantiated and appear to be only second hand gossip told to a third party who then talked to Sanders, hardly the type of evidence which would stand up in a Court of Law. The only tenuous connection to the Manson murders is that the Solar Lodge problems occurred two months before the Tate-LaBianco murders. The paranoia of the general public dictated that since both incidents were committed by hippie drug cults in the Los Angeles area they must be connected. Many researchers have spent years in their quest to tie these two groups together but to no avail. There was no vast hippie conspiracy. Still, with all the information available on the Solar Lodge we find authors like Alex Constantine whose article recently appeared in *Paranoia Magazine* titled "The False Memory Hoax"<sup>(2)</sup> along with Peter Levenda, the author of *The Unholy Alliance*,<sup>(3)</sup> promoting the same old, tired misconceptions, if not creating new outright lies.

Some writers, like myself, strongly believe these authors simply think it's plausible to attach all the evils of society from drug trafficking, sexual promiscuity, satanic murders, child abuse and kidnapping onto the Ordo Templi Orientis. Unfortunately anyone with half a brain, or capable of doing the simplest of research, quickly uncovers that this is not the case. The above mentioned travesties are totally foreign to the O.T.O.'s thinking and have absolutely nothing to do with the practices taught within its hallowed halls. However the Great Beast is the man whom everyone loves to hate and is often called, wrongly so, the father of modern Satanism. To these idiots it is only logical that if Crowley was once the world leader of the O.T.O., then of course this organization would continue practicing his personal proclivities rather than following its own Rules, Regulations and Bylaws. The facts are clear; the O.T.O., before Crowley and after Crowley, does not advocate the Beast's peculiar habits. This is where trash authors often hit a brick wall. How can they make the quantum leap from fantasy to reality, from a man who died almost fifty years ago and the modern day practices of the Ordo Templi Orientis? After all, how can you write about the evils of an organization if such evils don't exist? The only logical solution is to get a shovel and dig up a dead horse whose name is the Solar Lodge. By doing such these authors can bring up Charlie Manson, drugs and murder

while tenuously dropping the name O.T.O.

Most tragic is that the reason for the Solar Lodge's longevity in history will be its ties to Aleister Crowley, but not in the way that most authors think. To fully understand the real connection we must begin with the death of the Beast himself on Monday, December 1st 1947. That was when Karl Germer became the O.H.O. or Outer Head of the Order of the Ordo Templi Orientis. Grady Louis McMurtry, a IXth Degree O.T.O. member at the time, summed up Germer's reign when he wrote that during "the mid '50's -- I came to realize that the Order was dying because Germer wasn't initiating people. So I brought this up in one of my periodic visits up to West Point to see him. His reply, which I have in writing, was that, and I quote, "I consider all that to be lower magick." Well, lower or not, and human mortality being what it is, you still have to have a supply of new members if an Order is to survive.<sup>(4)</sup> Although Grady and Karl had known each other for many years this issue strained their friendship and slowly they drifted apart. Grady left California and took a job in Washington DC. Still more tragic is that the Agape Lodge closed its doors, which meant that there was no official O.T.O. Lodge left in America.

A year after Grady McMurtry moved into seclusion Karl Germer died of prostate cancer in West Point, California on October of 1962. Few members in the O.T.O. knew of his death - even Grady was unaware. According to Germer's Last Will & Testament he left "the whole of my property and possessions to my beloved wife Sascha Ernestine Andre-Germer as sole heir."<sup>(5)</sup> He did not, as some historians believe, leave the O.T.O. property to her. To further quote his will, "As regards the property of the Order Ordo Templi Orientis, of which I am the Head, I direct that this is passed to the Heads of the Order, but that, my wife, Sascha E. Andre-Germer, has to be the executor of this part of my will, together with Frederic Mellinger IXth Degree of the O.T.O."<sup>(6)</sup> The executors' basic job was to make sure that the O.T.O. property ended up in the hands of the 'Heads of the Order.' We know that Mellinger, then in Germany, was eventually notified to assist Sascha in concluding the administration of the will. However his earlier treatment by both Karl and Sascha made him cautious and so he refused to help. Sascha was left on her own to decide what to do with Crowley's library and his possessions, something she was incapable of doing due to her increasingly fragile mental state. She distrusted everyone, especially the old Agape Lodge members, most of whom were not even contacted regarding Germer's death. In the end Sascha decided to keep all the possessions and leave everything basically as it was.

Thanks to Germer's restrictive reign and lack of leadership, the O.T.O. slipped into near oblivion. After his death only a small handful of initiates remained active in the entire world. The main tragedy of Germer's death was that although he dictated where the O.T.O. property should go, he never officially named a successor. This is contrary to what some individuals, like Alex Constantine, would have us believe by claiming that "Germer, on his death bed, had insisted that Matta (sic) succeed him as the Outer Head of the occult order."<sup>(7)</sup> Constantine should have done better homework. If he had he would have realized that it's Marcelo Motta, not Matta; further he would have discovered that this false claim of succeeding Germer was fostered by Motto himself, a man who lived in a paranoid delusional world believing himself a Napoleon when in fact he was little more than a school teacher baked too long in the Brazilian sun. Anyway, since most of the O.T.O. initiates were never notified of Germer's death there was no conclave called of IXth Degree Members to vote upon a new OHO. This meant, for all practical purposes, the O.T.O. was dead.

It took almost five years for the news of Germer's death to slowly trickle down to southern California. Sascha Germer decided not to contact anyone in Southern California partially based on the advice of another

old O.T.O. Agape Lodge member in 1962. Sascha didn't need much prodding in this direction as she was always suspicious of anyone from the old Agape Lodge, just as her husband was when he was alive. Unfortunately this advice, which was later regretted, was given by Soror Meral who had joined the Agape Lodge on August 22, 1939. At the time Soror Meral felt that something was wrong in southern California with certain Agape Lodge members and she feared that if they discovered the O.T.O. archives were being guarded by one helpless widow something dreadful might occur. She was obviously privy to some inside information but what she felt was wrong she has never explained. Still, time proved her fears to be right.

What occurred next would require a rather lengthy book to explain all the graphic details, but it can certainly be summed up as regrettable. A group of individuals, believing the O.T.O. was dead, took it upon themselves to break into certain homes and steal the Crowley libraries – just as Soror Meral had feared would happen. Their intent was to preserve what they felt was 'rightfully' theirs and to re-establish the O.T.O. This sounds like a noble gesture but, regardless what these individuals thought, they had no right to other people's personal property. Wanting to jump-start the O.T.O. was one thing, but their methods of obtaining Crowleyanity was felonious and nothing less than pure thievery.

The first break-in occurred in the summer of 1965, the second in 1966. Both were at Mildred Burlingame's house, an old Agape Lodge member whose husband had died shortly before the first incident. The third break-in occurred shortly afterwards and was at Israel REGARDIE's house while he was away. The fourth house which was ransacked was at West Point, California, the home of Sascha Germer. Soror Meral's fears had come true. This break-in occurred over the Labor Day weekend of 1967. Again, contrary to the 'great' research done by Alex Constantine. I must remind the reader that Germer did not, and I stress did not "settle in Dublin, California."<sup>(8)</sup> He lived in West Point.

Unlike the earlier cases, Sascha Germer was home during the theft. It began when someone knocked at her front door. She asked who it was and a reply was heard that it was a member of the O.T.O. Unfortunately when she opened the door she was immediately sprayed in the face with a gas, knocked to the floor and overpowered. A drug was then injected by a syringe which knocked her out cold. When she came to she found that her house had been ransacked and that many books in the second floor library had been stolen. Aleister Crowley's personal robes, many O.T.O. documents and ritual papers were also missing. Sascha tried to call the police but found that the phone lines had been cut. When she finally did notify the local Constable, he took her story, along with a few photographs, but no fingerprints were taken or any serious investigation was done. Soror Meral has stated that it was obvious that "they put her story down to the wanderings of the demented mind of a lady who had been alone too long."<sup>(9)</sup> In other words, they didn't believe her. Her house was dirty, being normally in disarray, and they weren't sure she was actually burglarized.

A strange twist to the story occurs when Sascha's phone lines were finally fixed. The first thing she did was to call Western Union and send Soror Meral's daughter a telegram on September 15th. Sascha claimed that upon opening the door, just before being gassed, she saw a woman standing there and although she couldn't really identify the person, she 'knew' it was Soror Meral's daughter. The telegram stated, "I request that all stolen goods, stolen books papers are returned without delay. I accuse you of long time conspiracy toward me getting entrance to my person under false pretension Sept. 3. Attacking me personally harming me impairing my eye sight enduring. Robbing with help of three other men the library completely. Destroying willfully all library furniture. Breaking open wooden strong boxes cleaning out their contents.

Being held against my will but one man under sedatives against my will during the whole time bound of hand and feet.”<sup>(10)</sup> The telegram was simply signed, Mrs. Germer. When Soror Meral heard about these accusations she was totally flabbergasted stating, “You can imagine my extreme shock when this was read to me over the telephone (by her daughter). When I recovered, I wired back that she (Mrs. Germer) was mistaken and that no one person in my family would touch one hair of her head.”<sup>(11)</sup> In reflecting back Soror Meral has further stated, “Naturally, I was alarmed that my daughter, an innocent person if there ever was one, and completely uninterested in Crowley literary remains, would be harmed by these insane accusations.”<sup>(12)</sup> In truth, the woman whom Sascha saw has never been identified.

Soror Meral immediately began a personal investigation to discover the identities of the real thieves and to clear her daughter's name. One of the people who responded to her letter of inquiry was an Agape Lodge member named Mildred Burlingame. It was during a visit with Mildred that Soror Meral learned that her house, like Sascha's, had been burglarized. She was quick to learn that Mildred had her own suspicions as to who was responsible for the thefts. She believed that it was a former student of hers named Georgina 'Jean' Brayton. The first time Mildred's house was broken into it showed absolutely no signs of forced entry. Since Jean had keys to her house, she became a suspect. Mildred decided to change the locks and because of such, the next time her house was burglarized a back window was jimmied open.

How the student-teacher relationship of Mildred and Jean broke down cannot be pinned on any one incident. We do know that shortly after Mildred's husband died Jean Brayton approached her with the idea of starting up an O.T.O. Lodge in hope of reviving the Order. Mildred declined the offer claiming, rightfully so, that she had no authorization to do such. Upon hearing this Jean Brayton was not deterred. She decided to go ahead with her plans and create a new lodge. She called it The Solar Lodge of the O.T.O. It was also known as the Velle Transcendental Research Association Inc., a non-profit California chartered religious organization. It is very important to state at this point that although Jean Brayton was the student of a real O.T.O. Initiate, her lodge was never officially chartered by the Ordo Templi Orientis. It was definitely unauthorized and time would prove that the four previous burglaries had been done by members of Brayton's organization to gain Crowley information needed to begin their organization.

Once established, the Solar Lodge grew and prospered, from owning two houses on West Thirtieth Street in Los Angeles, to another on South Menlo. Soon it acquired a ranch near Blythe, another in Ensinada Mexico. It also operated two bookstores, both called The Eye of Horus. One of the bookstores was near USC campus on West Eighth Street and the other was in Blythe. Jean Brayton also owned a Richfield gas station No. 1087 and applied for a liquor license to open a magic bar-cafe near a motel they were running in Vidal. It was no secret that the Solar Lodge was thriving, but in time trouble was knocking at the front door as if karma was catching up with them.

The stories are very conflicting depending on who one's listening to. Either, or, the bottom line was that a single incident led to the downfall of the Solar Lodge. It all began with the actions of a six year old boy named Saul Anthony Gibbons on June 10th 1969 at the ranch owned by the Solar Lodge outside of Blythe. The young boy and his sister, Kathy, were sent to the ranch by their parents who were recently separated. A Solar Lodge member later stated that they began having trouble with the kids right from the start. Being the product of a broken home it seems the children were always seeking attention and were extremely difficult to handle, especially without their parents nearby. On the day in question, June 10th, young Saul decided to burn down his own quonset hut or bedroom dwelling in the hope that it would force

the adults to allow him and his sister to stay in the main house. A Solar Lodge member has publicly stated this was because the children "liked to listen to the adults talking instead of sleeping as they should."<sup>(13)</sup> The building which was set on fire was not a "school house" as the author Mr. Constantine claims in his article. Regrettably, the fire got out of hand and within moments explosions occurred. The entire ranch was soon ablaze and, in the end, it was reduced to rubble and debris.

Solar Lodge members tried in vain to return the children to their natural parents, both of whom were living in Los Angeles. The parents simply declined to accept them. The mother claimed she could not take the children due to financial difficulties. The father thought it best "for Saul to remain at the retreat center and assist in the rebuilding project so he could learn from his mistake."<sup>(14)</sup> It was decided that Kathy should be separated from her brother. She was moved to the motel in Vidal which was also owned by the Solar Lodge while Saul remained at the ranch under the supervision of a member named Steve Quilley. Then came the final straw. After months of rebuilding, on July 25th, Quilley was shocked to discover Saul in the main kitchen trying to set another fire. He immediately called Saul's father and related the incident. This time the father agreed that Saul had to leave the ranch. Unfortunately Saul's father couldn't drive to Blythe that evening since it was already late. He asked if there was some place that Steve could put the child until he got there the next day, claiming "Do anything you have to do to keep him and everyone out of danger. Tie him, chain him if you have to."<sup>(15)</sup> In other words, the child was considered a threat to everyone, including himself, because of his fascination with fire. Saul had to be put somewhere which could guarantee his safety and isolation.

Regrettably there weren't too many buildings left standing from the previous fire. So, although it might sound like a bizarre solution, young Saul was placed in a wooden storage shed, measuring 36 square feet, for his own protection. Tragically, few authors bother to read the state's star witnesses' testimonies where he described the shed as "a little A-frame building."<sup>(16)</sup> Somehow authors feel it sounds better if sensationally referred to as a 'wooden crate' or as Mr. Constantine claims that Saul was placed in "confinement in a locked shipping crate left in the desert."<sup>(17)</sup> For the record, the entire ranch was in the middle of the desert and the shed was simply on the property. So, in an odd way, you can sensationally say that the crate was in the middle of the desert and you wouldn't be lying, but it's not an accurate portrayal of the facts. Still, my view is that, whatever the real facts might have been, placing a young six-year old child in a wooden shed even for one night could be construed as abusive. There is no need to fabricate the story to the extent that most authors do.

Anyway, the following morning and I stress morning not "two months"<sup>(18)</sup> as Mr. Constantine and others want us to believe, is when everything seems to have unraveled. All it took was a 21 year old police informant already 'in trouble with the law' and a story being blown way out of proportion for the police to be called in to rescue an abused child. A child, whom the informant claimed, had been chained in the box for a whopping 56 days.

With things getting blown out of proportion the Braytons immediately fled but within hours many members were arrested and dubbed 'wicked monsters', 'animals' and, of course, 'religious maniacs.' This sensational story of child abuse shocked the country and nineteen people were quickly indicted by a Riverside Grand Jury, with twenty-three John Doe warrants being issued in all. Conflicting stories quickly started to surface in the papers. The police and news media immediately believed the informant who claimed that contrary to what lodge members were saying, the boy was 'not' placed in the box for 'his safety' only the

night before, but insisted that members statements were an alibi fabricated to escape child abuse charges. Everyone believed the lying snitch. The informant further claimed that cult members wanted to punish the child by putting him in a box in the middle of the desert to show him how it felt to 'burn.' Making further allusions to the tragic death of two goats who were burned alive in the fire Saul started. Other stories even had young Saul being forced to bury the remains of the charred goats as his punishment. Some papers even claimed Jean Brayton held a fire under the child's hand to show him what it must have felt like for the poor goats to die such an unfortunate death. The stories go on and on, whether true or not, at this stage it is very difficult to ascertain.

The police informant's testimony was a side show. Stories flowed like water from his lips to save his skin. According to one report the informant said that one day young Saul was temporarily removed from the box and taken into the main house and he "seemed very weak and unable to move around. He was extremely dry in the mouth - having a lot of trouble speaking. He was dirty, and the pupils of his eyes were extremely dilated. (he) kept reaching for a glass of water on the table but was unable to grasp it."<sup>(19)</sup> These types of comments insight anger and fed the flames of times but, like everything, there are always two sides to a story. Court documents plainly show that the doctor who examined young Saul when he was originally rescued by the police stated the boy was "quite bright and oriented, alert .. appeared like a healthy kid."<sup>(20)</sup> He continued stating there was no "signs of dehydration" ... "malnutrition" nor "any medical treatment required in any respect"<sup>(21)</sup> when he was originally rescued by the police. This is hardly the image of a child who had been chained inside a "shipping crate" in 110 degree desert temperature for a whopping 56 days. In all honesty that would have killed the child as anyone with common sense should have realized. Obviously the child was not abused. The doctor's testimony plainly contradicted the police informant when he stated, "I don't think his (Saul's) condition would correspond with one who had been kept in a box that length of time."<sup>(22)</sup>

The truth is these ludicrous claims were fabricated to allow child abuse charges to be filed against everyone at the ranch. Mr. Constantine, like many authors, fails to point out that the police informant, whose testimony was integral in prosecuting the defendants, later recanted his entire story in a television interview. The informant publicly stated that he was forced to make up most of the graphic details simply to obtain immunity from prosecution. He feared that if he didn't perjure himself in court he would go to jail, facing other more serious charges filed against him. Once he gained immunity from those charges he publicly recanted everything. He even admitted that yes, "the boy was only kept in the box one night to prevent him from starting fires at the ranch."<sup>(23)</sup> This was exactly like lodge members originally claimed. Unfortunately, the man whose outrageous and fabricated stories everyone originally believed now found that no one was taking him seriously. The damage was already done. The Manson murders had now occurred and southern California was gripped in the fear of hippie communes. The Solar Lodge became a victim of the times. This was the true conspiracy which Mr. Constantine and others failed to uncover. Instead of reporting the facts these writers decided to use the lies spewed forth by a police informant while under threats of prosecution as the single source of their information about the Solar Lodge.

There is much more to the story regarding what really happened at the ranch in Blythe California which this short article cannot address. The main idea behind bringing up the story was not to defend the antics of the Solar Lodge but rather to point out the differences between it and the legitimate O.T.O. Something most authors have difficulty in ascertaining. The O.T.O., a worldwide organization, has not been involved in what Mr. Constantine describes as an "indulgence in sadomasochism, drug dealing, blood drinking, child molestation and murder."<sup>(24)</sup> This remark is simply libelous. Other modern allegations are

equally groundless, as when Mr. Constantine writes that the O.T.O. is a 'cult' being 'influenced' by the CIA, this too is totally baseless and deserves a round of hearty laughter. The O.T.O. is neither a cult nor is it being controlled by anyone other than itself and even then that's debatable.

To digress for a second, earlier I had mentioned that Soror Meral did her own investigation of the Solar Lodge. During her quest she contacted another old Agape Lodge member named Grady Louis McMurtry who was living in Washington DC. They began a correspondence from December 1968 until April 1969. Much was discussed and through one of these early letters Grady learned of Karl Germer's death. At this point Grady Louis McMurtry left his job in DC and arrived in California on April 29th 1969. He did not, as some conspiracy theorists believe, come out to California to investigate the 'Solar Lodge' for either the US Government or the CIA. The truth is that Grady, being a legitimate IXth Degree Member of the Sovereign Sanctuary of the O.T.O., came to California to pick up the pieces of the O.T.O. in hopes to reestablish the Order using the authorizations which had been given to him by Crowley during the war. He also wanted to investigate the stolen Crowley library for the O.T.O.'s sake.

However, I guess there will always be authors like Mr. Constantine, or Peter Levenda, who will write nothing less than sensational dribble on this subject in an effort to sell their articles and books. To begin with, if one researches the Solar Lodge the stories become extremely conflicting depending on who one is reading, or which tainted source you choose to quote. Mr. Constantine picks only the best of the tainted versions coming from none other than the Riverside police department and a lying government informant. Peter Levenda, also known as Simon the author of the *Necronomicon*, uses Ed Sanders chapter on 'The Solar Lodge of the O.T.O.' which is legendary for utilizing every unsubstantiated rumor he could find. Levenda casually points out that if anyone is interested they should seek out "the first edition of Ed Sander's *The Family* for more detail on the so-called Solar Lodge of the O.T.O. and other ancillary information."<sup>(25)</sup> By specifically mentioning the first edition he shows that he is aware that future editions of *The Family* omitted this chapter from publications. This was done by Sanders himself after realizing the gross inaccuracies that the chapter contained, but does Levenda point this out? The same can be said for Francis King (1934-1994) who first wrote about the Solar Lodge in his book *The Magical World of Aleister Crowley*<sup>(26)</sup> long before the truth became common knowledge. At least when he re-released his book in 1987 he too pulled all the information about this incident not to further the falsities he had earlier written. Most authors with common sense and intelligence, unless they're propagating 'sensationalistic dribble', have done likewise.

Even more ludicrous is Mr. Constantine's highly doubtful claim that the Solar Lodge was a mind controlled cult originally founded by the CIA. What better place to make this claim than in a magazine called *Paranoia*! To make such a claim as the author does, based simply on the fact that Jean Brayton was "the daughter of a ranking Air Force officer"<sup>(27)</sup> is ridiculous! I wonder how many businesses, religious organizations or readers have fathers who were ranking service men? Does Mr. Constantine expect us to believe that we are being 'controlled' by the CIA simply because we had parents in the military? It is my belief that some of these conspiracy theorists need serious therapy to over come their paranoia.

In Peter Levenda's book there is another more twisted blurb to government connections with the Solar Lodge. He briefly mentions L. Ron Hubbard's claim of being Naval Intelligence and infiltrating the O.T.O., another dead horse being beaten which is definitely not true. However, Levenda then drops a bombshell from out in left field by asking if the late Grady Louis McMurtry was on a "similar mission ... this time for the army or for some secret, frantic faction thereof?"<sup>(28)</sup> He continues by wondering if McMurtry, while working

for the government, was "reactivated at the time of the Manson killings to investigate the possible involvement of the group calling itself the 'Solar Lodge of the O.T.O.?'"<sup>(29)</sup> This is nothing less than pure fabrication and the delusions spewed forth by someone who needs a reality check after invoking Cthulhu while writing the Necronomicon! For the sake of an argument, let's ask, which version is true? If we acknowledge Constantine's version as well as Levenda's it implies that the wanna-be O.T.O. Solar Lodge CIA experiment was being investigated by another "frantic faction" of the Federal Government using a legitimate O.T.O. member named Grady Louis McMurtry as a spy. Are you as confused as I am?

It is true that Grady McMurtry was a Major in the Army Reserves while he was living in Washington. He was pulling special Reserve Duty one night a month with the Mobilization Designation Detachment No. 26, Office of Comptroller of the U.S. Army at the Pentagon. Unfortunately, due to typical Pentagon red tape and paper shuffling, somehow Major McMurtry failed to complete all the appropriate forms in triplicate or get all the signatures required by December 12th 1962. This meant he was forced to take permanent retirement by 'Special Orders 46, 15 Feb. 63, HQ XXI US Army Corps, Indiantown Gap, Pa, Paragraph 177.' Therefore on February 15th 1963 Grady found himself a 'real civilian' for the first time since 1941. Having absolutely no military attachment, Grady left the Army in 1963 and was never reactivated. This is hardly the image that conspiracy theorists want us to believe but the facts are all there. However, creating an illusion that Grady McMurtry was some top secret spy, infiltrating and working behind the scenes of the O.T.O. for our government in 1969 sounds much better. To these authors I say, enough with these fictitious 'US Government-O.T.O.' connections, stick to the facts. I personally knew Grady, he was no government stooge.

The list of books which create further myths about the Solar Lodge are numerous. Michael Newton's *Raising Hell*<sup>(30)</sup> is another recent example using scare tactics rather than facts to sell its pulp. He comments on the O.T.O. by stating that although it "officially denies any link with criminal activity, various lodges and individual members have been tied to crimes ranging from child abuse and drug running to ritual murder."<sup>(31)</sup> This is slanderous lies with no basis in reality. Newton himself offers no proof to these outlandish allegations outside of attempting to link the O.T.O. to "One 'renegade' faction, the so-called Solar Lodge"<sup>(32)</sup> and the Manson Family. He makes the connection simply by throwing around the term 'renegade' thus implying the Solar Lodge had forsaken its parent organization the O.T.O., and gone its own way. However, you can't quit and become a renegade of something which you were never a member of in the first place.

Sadly, even the official FBI report, declassified in March of 1979,<sup>(33)</sup> reveals the same misinformation spread throughout the media of the times. It included nothing informative or revealing, it simply portrays the lack of incentive that many government branches have when investigating occult groups. In other words, it accepted the public's hysteria and failed to look for the real truth. Hopefully this article shows that there were, and still are, many stupid comments being made about the Solar Lodge. However, the real conspiracy, one which most authors fail to uncover, has nothing to do with a strange murderous drug cult. It's the conspiracy fostered by themselves when they stretch the facts of the Solar Lodge in order to sensationalize their own twisted theories about Aleister Crowley and the Ordo Templi Orientis. The bottom line is this, the antics at the Solar Lodge occurred over seventeen years ago - let it die in peace, or at least get the facts straight.

**Notes:**

1. Ed Sanders, *The Family*, Chapter Ten, *The Solar Lodge of the O.T.O.* (NY: E.P.Dutton and Co., Inc., 1971) pg. 159.
2. Alex Constantine, *The False Memory Hoax*, *Paranoia* magazine, Vol. 3, No.4, Issue 11, Winter 1995/96, pg. 32. In particular the section titled *The Riverside Lodge of the Ordo Templi Orientis*, pg. 35.
3. Peter Levenda, *Unholy Alliance* (NY: Avon Books, 1996).
4. Fr. Achad Osher 583 VIII° OTO, *The Warrior-Troubadour, The Life & Times of Grady Louis McMurtry*, an unpublished biography. A 40 page excerpt was published in *RED FLAME*, A Thelemic Research Journal, No.1, 1994, although this story was not included.
- 5.-6. *Last Will & Testament of Karl Germer*. OTO Archives.
7. Alex Constantine, *The OTO & the CIA, Ordis Templis Intelligentis*. (Internet 1996) pg.1.
8. *Ibid.* pg.1.
9. In *The Continuum*, Volume II, No.2, 1978, pg. 10.
- 10-12. *Ibid.* pg. 10-11
13. Ed Hoffman, *The Case of the Boy Chained in the Box*, *Los Angeles Free Press*, September 17th 1971, pg. 18.
- 14.-15. Ed Hoffman.
16. Dorothy Watson, *'Box Boy' Defendant Testifies for State*, *Daily News, Indigo Ca.*, Oct. 23, 1969.
- 17.-18. Constantine pg. 35.
19. *Daily News, Indigo Ca.*, Oct. 23, 1969
- 20.-22. Ed Hoffman.
23. *'Boy in Box' Case Arrests*, *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, September 10, 1971.
24. Constantine pg. 35.
25. Levenda pg. 273.
26. Francis King, *The Magical World of Aleister Crowley* (NY: Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc. 1978) *The Solar Lodge* is mentioned on pages 185-188, but was pulled from the later British edition (Arrow Books Limited, London 1987).
27. Constantine pg. 35.
- 28.-29. Levenda pg. 273.
- 30.-32. Michael Newton, *Raising Hell* (New York: Avon Books 1993) pgs. 283-284.
33. Misc. Info Concerning the Ordo Templi Orientis, United States Government Memorandum, Director FBI, February 10th 1971.

*THE GARDEN OF BABALON*  
*Sor. Akenanubis*

Up through the rich black moist Earth  
 twining slowly insidiously seductively  
 round the secret soul of my heart  
 mad impossible vines strong as leathern ropes  
 consume me and I surrender!

Behold! The Garden of Babalon!... for it is Midnight  
 the time and place betwixt this and all creation  
 and a black sun blazes forth amidst the darkness of solitude  
 and blasts away all vision save that of Her enthroned!  
 Blossoms spring unto the mind's eye unbidden  
 dripping the thick sweet drops of their narcotic perfumes  
 which burn away all fear  
 as they sear and eat into the flesh living,  
 as strange infernal gales sing their cacophonous melodies  
 within the pure and frozen pores of the mind  
 sucking and feeding hungrily  
 upon the last drop of my dying breath,  
 Intoxicating to lust and to madness and to Love!  
 I live!

At long and luscious last and anew in Her embrace.  
 The black swoon hath slain me and birthed me  
 all in one sweet and eternal kiss and caress of pain.  
 For She hath made me new and in Her likeness  
 Her sigil forged within each cell of me like a secret kiss!  
 O Thou to whom I wouldst give all  
 and joyously unto eternity!  
 Even as I Her daughter love Thee in Her for Her through Her  
 at the root of my soul doth grow a tender shoot  
 brought forth by thy hand and in thy name alone.  
 O Thou whom my soul loves  
 I await the pleasure of thy Will  
 and water tender care upon the sprig of my love  
 with the blood of my heart  
 and the wine of my tears  
 In Her service....O Babalon the Beautiful!

## Felo De Se

by Aleister Crowley

(From The International, August 1917 e.v.)

It lacked a little of midnight. In the east the moon, rising high above the trees that fringed the river, made a lane of light. Her beams fell full upon the face, delicately pensive, with the lips thinly tightened from their drooping corners, of a young exquisite, in whose slender and nervous fingers trembled a gold-headed cane. He was standing at the very edge of the calm water, upon the narrow grass that lay between it and the towing-path. On his right, across the river, rose a hill, cloaked in giant woods, a menace and a mystery. On his left, a clump of beeches sheltered a knoll of velvet grass, one would have said a lover's bower. Behind him lay many miles of pleasant fields and villas. There was no sound in the night but the rare hooting of an owl in the great wood, and the secret undercurrent of sound caused by the commotion of a distant weir.

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. A fine night!" said a strange voice in the young man's ear. He failed to catch the first part of the greeting, so absorbed was he in his thoughts; to the second he answered mechanically "a fine night, sir!" As he did so he turned to look at the stranger. He saw a man between thirty and forty years of age, both full and broad, yet slender, and giving the impression of great strength and activity. It was, however, the face, barbered in Vandyke fashion, which startled him. No one could ever forget it. Deep melancholy lay upon it, yet only as a veil to roguishness. The mouth was small, scarlet and voluptuous, although firm. But in the eyes lay something beyond any of this. The pupils were extremely small, even in that dim light, and the expression was of such intensity that the young man, startled, no doubt, by the suddenness of the apparition, thrilled with fear. By instinct he moved backwards to the towing-path, for in that place the river runs exceeding deep - and who could decipher the portent of such eyes?

"I am afraid that I have broken in upon your meditations," continued the new-comer. "Pray excuse me, I will resume my walk." But the young man gave a little laugh, harsh and bitter. "Not at all," he said with a little sneer, "I am only going to kill myself".

"Good," returned the other, whom we may identify as a Master of the Law of Thelema - and this story will explain what that is - "I applaud your decision."

The youth, although not a disciple, failed entirely to understand that the Master meant what he said. He sought instantly to excuse himself. "If you only knew all my reasons," he began gloomily.

"I do not ask them," replied the elder man. "You have announced your intention. I do you the common courtesy to assume that your intention is in accordance with your Will. That is reason enough and to spare. There is no Law beyond: Do what thou wilt. Besides, you'll make a bonny corpse."

The young man stared rather wildly. "No, I'm not a lunatic," smiled the Master; "would it perhaps bore you if I explained my reasons for not excluding felo de se from that infinite list of acts which are now lawful? It may relieve you of some silly scruple, and enable you to take the plunge with that calm ecstasy which should accompany our every act."

"You interest me greatly," acquiesced the youth. The other nodded.

"Let us then sit here, where we can enjoy the beauty of the moonlight. Perhaps you will join me in a cigar?"

"I only smoke cigarettes."

"Every man to his taste. Well," and he lit up, "in order to set ourselves right with the Academies we had better begin with Plato. What say you?"

The youth removed his cigarette and bowed with deference.

"The *Phaedo*," continued the adept, "is certainly the feeblest of all the Dialogues. It is a mass of very silly sophistry, and the classic of *petitio principii*. But the argument against suicide is put with all the cogency of a nursemaid. 'The Gods will punish it, probably,' is the Alpha and Omega of that monolith of stupidity. Socrates himself saw it, no doubt, for he changed the subject abruptly. His only attempt to save his face is to shelter himself behind Pythagoras. Now he saw, just as you do, that death was desirable to the philosopher and young though you are, my friend, if I may dare call you so, that brow bespeaks the love of wisdom yet he would not 'take death the nearest way. Gathering it up beneath the feet of love, or off the knees of murder reaching it,' because of the gods. He has given the most excellent reasons for wishing to die, but he will not admit their validity. Yet he had himself, as he admits later, committed suicide by not escaping 'to Megara or Boeotia.' True, he gives an excellent reason for so acting, but to admit one reason is to admit the edge of the wedge. If an act is permissible for love of law and order, even unjust law - and this is, as you know, the reason advanced by Socrates - then why not for - let us say - the safety of the republic? What of the messenger, fallen into the hands of the enemy, who kills himself lest torture wring the army's secret from him; the man who throws himself from the raft, that his comrade may be saved - or his enemy -

'I alit  
On a great ship, lightning-split,  
And speeded hither on the sigh  
Of one who gave an enemy  
His plank, then plunged aside to die.'

One can think of a thousand cases from Curtius to Jesus Christ, this last surely the most deliberate suicide possible, since he had planned it from all eternity, even taking the trouble to create a universe of infinite agony in order to redeem it by this suicide. You are, I hope, a Christian?"

The young man declared that he was a humble and erring, but sincere, follower of the Man of Sorrows.

"Then observe how suicide is the hallmark of your religion. 'If thine hand offend thee, cut it off.' Scourge thy body, starve it, lick the sores of lepers, risk everything, but save the soul. This is all suicide, some partial, some complete. It does not even demand a reason; sheer hatred of the body is sufficient. Again 'The carnal mind is enmity against God'; suppress it; faith and obedience are enough; reason will surely destroy them and the soul as well.

“Now, even those unfortunate persons, who, like myself, not being Christians, cannot assent to so much, can at least admit that some one man, in some one strange circumstance, may rightly lay violent hands upon himself. Then who is to judge of such a circumstance? Is the man to consult his lawyer, or to ask for a referendum? Absurd, you will agree. Then what is left but a private judgment? And if it seem good and sufficient cause for self-murder that ‘I am idle; also, it is true, I have no more money,’ as in the case of Prince Florizel at the Suicide Club, who shall judge me? You may disagree; you may call me mad and wicked and all manner of names; I can do the same to you with equal right, if I wish to be discourteous. But I can imagine many a situation, incomprehensible to any but its central figure, which would justify such an act in all men’s eyes if they understood the case. Every man is commander-in-chief of his own life; and his decisions must always be taken in the sanctuary of his own soul. The man who goes to others for advice abdicates his godhead, except so far as he does it merely because he wishes to hear the case argued by another. The final decision is his own responsibility; he cannot really evade it, even if he would, except by a subservience and slavishness which is more horrible than any suicide of the body could be to those who most object to it.”

“Of course, the law forbids suicide,” urged the young man, puffing violently at his seventh cigarette, “on the ground that a man owes service to the King.”

“It is a convenient weapon, like religion itself, and all its other precepts, of the tyrant against the slave. To admit this argument is to confess yourself a slave. It is a wise weapon to have forged, moreover. If one hundred workmen were to commit suicide simultaneously instead of starting silly strikes, the social revolution would arrive that day. I did not ask the King for permission to be born; I came here without my own volition; at least allow me the privilege to depart when I please! In the Middle Ages the necessity of preventing suicide was so well understood that they devised horrible and ridiculous maltreatments of the body - as if any sensible suicide would care. Nowadays populations are larger, and it does not matter so much. The tyrants rely on silly superstitious terrors. I am supposed, by the way, to have a great deal of what is called occult knowledge, and when I make a magical disappearance, as I do now and then, without warning, my most devoted disciples always console my anxious paramours with the remark that I can’t have killed myself because I ‘know only too well what the penalties are.’ It would be more sensible to retort, ‘Anyhow I bet he hasn’t killed himself for your sake, you cuckoo! But my disciples have no sense; they prefer to utter pompous and blasphemous nonsense, and to defame my character. James Thomson makes Bradlaugh say, in that stupefying sermon:

‘This little life is all we must endure;  
The grave’s most holy peace is ever sure;  
We fall asleep and never wake again;  
Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh  
Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh  
In earth, air, water, plants, and other men.’ -  
that sermon which concludes on the grand diapason:  
‘If you would not this poor life fulfill,  
Then you are free to end it when you will,  
Without the fear of waking after death.’

I know of nothing to reply to that. I tell you on my magical honor that it is so. I will admit that I know of states of Being other than that familiar to you as a man. But does the ego persist after death? My friend, you know very well that it does not persist after one breath of the nostrils! The most elementary fact in

Buddhist psychology is that! Then (to pursue Gotama into his jungle) "What can be gained, and what lost? Who can commit suicide, and how?" But all this metaphysics is more unsatisfying than chopped hay to an alderman. I counsel you, my young friend, to avoid it in your next incarnation, if you have one. (It doesn't matter to you whether you have or not, since you won't know it. What has posterity done for you, anyway?) At least let us avoid it for the few brief moments that remain to us. To revert to the question of the right to make away with yourself - if it be denied that you have the right to end your life, then, a fortiori, I think you must admit, you have no right to end another's. Then you should be in revolt against a government whose authority rests in the last resort on the right of capital punishment. You are particeps criminis every time a murderer is hanged; you deny the right of peoples to make war, and possibly that of doctors to practice medicine. You have excellent reasons for hanging and shooting others, and do so, by your own hand or another's, without a qualm. Surely then you are on unassailable ground when you sacrifice a victim to Thanatos not against his will but at his express desire. The only objection I know to allowing doctors to offer a fuller euthanasia to hopeless sufferers than is now permitted is that it might facilitate murder. Well, do any further objections to your very sensible decision occur to you?"

"People say it's cowardly," ventured the young man, who was now enjoying a cigar, slipped to him by the adept, and lit with the acquiescence of one half-hypnotized.

"Shame, foul shame!" returned the Master with indignation, as he started to his feet and began to pace the path to and fro in his honest wrath. "Shame on the slanderers who try to mask their own cowardice by branding with that stigma of indelible infamy the bravest act that any man can do. Is not Death the Arch-Fear of Man? Do we not load with titles and honors and crosses and pensions the man who dares death even by taking the small chance of it offered in battle? Are we not all dragged piteously howling to the charnel? Is not the fear of death the foundation of religion, and medicine, and much of law, and many another form of fraud and knavery? But you, in perfectly cold blood, face this fiend calmly and manfully - you with no chance of temporary escape like the soldier or the man in the consulting-room - you who face a certainty when the rest of the world tremble at a chance - they call you coward! Why, death is such a fear that the very word is taboo in polite society. Is it not because religion has failed to fortify the soul against this apprehension that religion is no longer the vogue? Instead we indulge in dances and music and wine and everything that may help to banish the thought. We permit no skeleton at modern feasts. Philosophy dwells much upon death: perish philosophy! Mankind today dreads every discussion of realities, because to modern men death is the supreme reality, and they wish to forget it. It is the fear of death that has fooled men into belief in such absurdities and abominations as Spiritualism and Christian Science. I would be honored, sir," he stopped in front of the youth, "if you would allow me to grasp the hand of the bravest man that I have ever met, in the very moment of his culmination!"

The youth arose, automatically almost, and gave his hand to the adept.

"I thank you, sir," continued the latter, "you have given me an example, as you have taught me a lesson, of sublime courage. You are a thousand times right. When the evils of life become intolerable, they should be ended. I have half a mind to join you," he added, musing. "I have many disciples."

He sighed deeply, and threw away the butt of his cigar, first lighting another from the glow. "It seems to me that far too much fuss is being made about death now-a-days, as it is about death's deadlier twin-sister, Love. The ancients were our masters in these matters, and so are the Japanese and Chinese of today. The fear

of these two things - who are but the man and wife at the lodge gates of Life Park - was probably imported from the effeminate, cowardly and degenerate races of the Indian peninsula. Early Christians, with their agapae and their martyrdoms, feared neither. The Crusaders feared neither. But those nations that have become effetes, cur's spirit, the eunuch's soul, and in these nations death is dreadful and love dangerous. The virile temper of the Romans grasped love and death like nettles that excite even as they sting. That temper has decayed - the war should revive it - and men flee from death and love. Love stands apart and weeps; but Death cries Tally-ho and hunts them down to hell. 'But dried is the blood of thy lover, Ipsithilla, contracted the vein,' 'Novem continuas futationes!'" ended the adept, raising his voice even more than possibly the best taste would have sanctioned, though after all a river's marge at night is not an alcove. However, he recollected himself, and continued more gently. "Pardon me, young sir, I beg," he said, "my feelings overcame me for the moment. Balk at love, you balk at death; balk at death, you balk at life. It's hard to score," he added laughingly, "with both balls in baulk.: (The allusion is to the English game of billiards.) The young man laughed, not wholly from courtesy, but because he was really amused, despite his tragic situation.

"If we all took things more easily," the Master added, "they would go more easily. Confidence is two battalions in every regiment that we have. Fear, and you fumble. Go ahead, a song on your lips and a sword in your hand; and meet what comes with gaiety. Damn consequences! If you see a girl you like, prove it to her by Barbara and Celarent all the way to Fresison or whatever the logician's Omega is - I forget."

The boy was unable to remind him. He had taken Paley for the Little-Go.

"If you see a danger, embrace it," went on the elder man. Nothing seemed to exhaust the energy of his harangue. "If you escape, you have lived more beautifully and more intensely. If you die, you die, and one more bother is done with. Best of all, then, when one is tired of life, to face the Great Adventure gay and gallant - as you do to-night!"

"Then do you see no objection, of any kind," answered the youth, a trifle more earnestly than his habitual manner (Harrow and Trinity Hall) would have permitted in more usual circumstances, "to the fatal act which, as soon as you deprive me of the great charm of your company, I shall have yet one more excellent reason for putting into execution?"

"None," smiled the Master, bowing rather pontifically at a politeness to which years of the servility of disciples had inured him. "Unless, perhaps, we look at the matter in this way. Assume one moment that you are what we empirically call an immortal soul incarnating from time to time in various bodies as occasion offers. Very good; then you willed to live in this body. You knew the conditions - assume that! Good: then you formulate the accursed dyad, you deny your own will, by cutting short this life. Or, say this; assume that your body is an instrument by which you perceive material things, for a whim, or for some inexplicable desire, I know not what. Then, why destroy your instrument? True, it is hopelessly damaged, let us suppose, so that it perceives badly. If it were possible to mend it, you would cheerfully endure the necessary pangs; but all being decayed, scrap it, and get a new instrument. The only argument is that you may have willed to observe the great cruelty of Nature, not only by seeing, but by feeling it, so that you may thereby become fortified in your resolve to 'redeem it from all pain.' But this is all a mass of assumptions, little better than the twaddle of the Buddhists and the Christians and the Theosophists and all the other guessers. Ignore it. 'Thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that and no other shall say nay.' Then since it is your Will to kill yourself, do not be turned from your purpose. That indeed would be a crime. The best argument I ever heard against suicide,

if you will pardon my introducing a new witness, was an English journalist whose face resembled a cancer of the stomach in a rather advanced stage of the disease. 'Excuse a personal remark,' said I, 'but consider our feelings. Why not blow it all away with a pistol?' He replied with ready wit: 'I use it to pour drink into.' Clever Cecil!"

The adept rose once more. "But I detain you," he murmured apologetically. "Religion, philosophy, ethics, and common sense concur in approval of your purpose. I am infinitely obliged to you for the pleasure you have given me by your elegant and informed conversation; I dare not even voice a regret that I shall have no opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance. Farewell! Love is the law, love under will."

The Master bowed and moved slowly towards the towering beeches. But the boy - he was barely eighteen years of age - sprang to his feet and followed him. "You say," he babbled eagerly, in his enthusiasm a little forgetful of propriety, "you say you are a Master, that you have disciples. Won't you take me?"

The adept showed no embarrassment. He would not even seem to rebuke the outburst, unconventional as it was.

"Certainly," he returned. "Since I have persuaded you with all my power to do a thing and you now desire to do the opposite, you are pre-eminently fitted for a disciple. You will get on splendidly with the others, I am sure."

Such ready acquiescence, couched as it was in the delicately-phrased English of which the adept was an acknowledged master, and made tart by that silky subacidity which had made him famous and infamous, delighted the boy beyond all bounds. He sank to his knees and caught the Master's hand and kissed it, his face wet with tears, and his throat choking. The Master's own eyes dimmed for a moment; something rose in him that he did not even try to suppress. He stooped and put a friendly arm about the lad and raised him. "Come," he said, "it is no such great matter. Let us talk of other things. Or, if you will, enjoy and silence of this moonlit loveliness."

Presently the sun rose, and woke the world to a day's life worth living.





## Happy New Year e.v. or McHillary Rising

Nineteen days of Pranayama and Jon thought he had this down.

Read Caballa at fourteen. Tarot at fifteen. Sex at sixteen.

Plays lead guitar and has his own band.

Why is he here on the gurney? What are these people trying to do to help him?

That cold caress and sweet stench of dying anticipation - it's here and not so romantic.

Didn't he say once that only cowards ignore their own actions?

What a benign hero to have believed that.

It's strange to have people move you like a sack and you don't care and can't feel anything to respond to.

Even thought is recognized as having occurred but you don't feel it any longer, though emotionally you feel you should.

The realization of your inability to scream is what brings you to consciousness.

Nothing happens.

It's somehow peaceful; you don't even remember what scared you.

You open your eyes.

It was a dream. A bad one. You examine its shadows and try to remember its sensations and what caused them. The cause is elusive and something to harp upon later.

Was this a nightmare?

The face is the same in the mirror but it's changed since he was twelve looking in the mirror to see how ugly it was when he cried. Or when he was twenty.

He wet his face and as he pulled each razor stroke he grew more anxious on what was under the years of facial growth.

He laid down the razor and looked into the mirror to the point he couldn't lean in any closer. It was all there.

"You are only alive for a certain time - you're dead forever. What are you doing besides dying every day?"

He dropped the razor and listened for that voice to speak again.

It had been quiet for so long.

As he turned back to the mirror. It said "maybe no one's capable of always listening." - Or possibly the problem is in its understanding or its implementation - who's thought was that?

How long before the nightmares of our dreams become lost in the light of our lives?

Sitting on the bed looking at the mirror by the door many choices are a writers' paradigm - only one leads to a story suggesting life.

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

Love is the law, love under will.

Jeremy Taylor  
(unpublished)

## BASIC CONSIDERATIONS

Fra. Taceo

One point common to the more serious groups of "seekers" is the very fact of grouping. Whether it be Ordo Templi Orientis, Golden Dawn, Wicca, or the Nagual's party of warriors we read about in books by Carlos Castaneda, initiates or magicians rarely, if ever, proceed alone on the path of increased awareness. There is always a joining together, coupled with assignments of place, task and function. In our Western tradition, degrees and grades are awarded to act as signposts along the path, if not "badges of merit" intended to indicate the initiate's level of attainment. At the very least, an initiate works with a teacher in some way; the grouping can be as small as two, but it is never one.

This is not to say that there have never been successful initiates who worked completely alone from start to finish, but such an occurrence is certainly rare and tends not to leave a record behind it.

What does one get from a group? Consensus, to start with. A grouping of individuals forms from a certain like-mindedness, coupled with an ability to glean the same or similar message or series of messages from a given source of information. A cosmology or world-view must be shared to a certain degree; people have to agree on certain basic "truths" of life and reality; and these perceptions must then be used in a common field of practice to accomplish mutually understandable goals.

I submit that an initiate requires the feeling of companionship and understanding in the intrinsically lonely and sometimes bizarre world of initiation. Perhaps more importantly, it is likely that human consciousness requires certain interaction with other human consciousness to produce the positive effects of magical attainment; the most obvious example of such contact being that between the teacher and student. Certain things have to be communicated personally and at a select moment in time or the "transmission" does not take place. Teaching also has to be individualized, both to the teacher as well as to the student, to take best advantage of the strengths and weaknesses of both.

A less obvious possibility, but one that seems likely, is that consciousness "resonates" between individuals when they are uniformly engaged in a single task. Musicians and actors are quite familiar with this sensation; presence or absence of this "resonance" is usually given as the reason for the success or failure of a performance. Similarly, if people are grouped in a circle and evoke a spirit, the likelihood is that more than one person will "see" the spirit in more or less the same form. The Nagual Juan Matus from the Castaneda books might say that everyone's "assemblage point" moved to the same position; allowing them to "see" the same thing. Also, he might say that the fact of their grouping is what caused the "assemblage point" of each person to find the same position.

In works of alchemy, the natural chemical polarities of male and female form a necessary grouping, both in theory and practice. Here, the participants are themselves the magical elements of the operation, striving to undergo transformation. The historical practitioners of alchemy, besides braving the considerable hazards of the work itself, lived and practiced under conditions of intolerance and outright danger, forcing them to couch their teachings and results in obscure codes, as well as meeting in secrecy and forming surreptitious methods to allow them to recognize one another. In this fact, we have a major indication of a basic principle: all work on the path must be practiced out of the context of society at large; these practices

are actually opposed to the collective consciousness of the great majority of people in their everyday lives. We can see, then, that a magical grouping in our time and place has the quality of an army of insurrection; unlike a grouping of musicians or carpenters or college professors or even criminals (all of which are understood and accepted by society at large), initiates find solace and support in a group of like-minded individuals who are, in a sense, exiles. They are in a state of exile from the predominant form of consciousness in the society of which they are ostensibly a part. They are purporting, or intending, an attainment of consciousness which, if successful, is radically different from the prevailing point of view, and effectively separates them from that societal view, and ultimately from society itself.

In some other times and places, this was not the case. Some societies integrated the magical or shamanic person into the very fabric of everyday life. These adepts often served as curers, artists, preparers of food, and, of course, priests, whose job would be to lead the masses as close as possible to the same place they themselves have reached. Today's major religions, however, seem not to be concerned with serious changes in the nature of consciousness; if anything, they are dead-set against any such changes. The "priests" of today are charged with the task of keeping "the people" in a comfortable state of no-change; smoothing off the rough edges of life's ups and downs; a real "revelation" (i.e., a strong change in consciousness leading to new knowledge) on the part of anyone would, if anything, threaten the cozy order of things (and usually does).

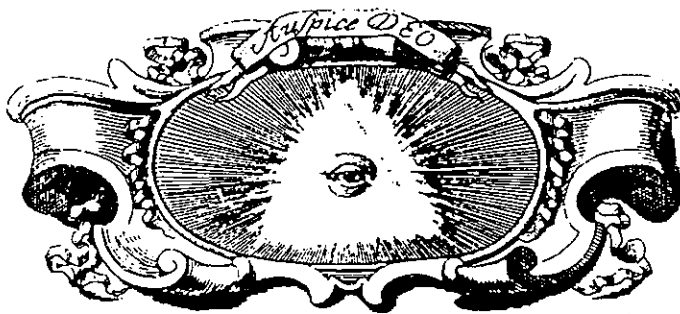
I believe that at any given time, there exists a potential grouping of initiates whose goals and concerns fall into the "anti-societal" category of the attainment of awareness, or, to borrow yet another phrase from Mr. Castaneda, a "separate reality." I also believe that this potential grouping, if they are to realize any of their goals, must proceed in a clandestine fashion. This would involve a forsaking of such instrumentalities as public orders, "officially" determined assignations of rank, grade, degree, and status, and the public knowledge and scrutiny which goes along with such trappings. It should be understood that one can participate in the aforesaid public orders, etc., but as more or less a "front" for one's more protected magical activities. This would involve a serious re-examination by the participants of such an "invisible" grouping of the "realities" to which they are subject, and of the actual requirements of its members in their goals of such attainment. I further submit that, in addition to the learning of practices and procedures in the performance of magical rituals, the group must take upon itself a behavioral and "moral" set of guidelines to aid the members in their quest. By that, I mean that part of the magical practices one learns is **principles of living consistent with one's world-view and with one's goal in life**. This is not to be confused with the abstract "moral" codes of neurotic restriction currently imposed upon most of mankind. If these restricted codes had any true practical reason for existing in the first place, the teachers of such codes make sure that the reason remains a "mystery," probably to themselves as well.

To illustrate: a ban on sex could be placed in a situation where the adept, recognizing the limited amount of energy available to him at a given time, and the heavy expenditure of energy involved in sex, wishes to store up this energy by stopping or diverting its release. This is a practical act with determinable results, performed by someone who has overcome sexual imbalances and inhibitions prior to its performance. Our society and most of the religions in it, on the other hand, spread a childhood-trained, knee-jerk response of fear, disgust and loathing in response to thoughts of sex, invoking the image of "God" as an angry parent who feels fear, disgust and loathing in regard to sex, and is eternally poised to ferret out offenders and punish them. The nature of sex is not explored at all, and certainly the reason for abstinence or for the negative disposition on sex is completely ignored, as if just the mention was somehow dangerous or likely to invoke punishment. This oppressive act of ignorance is designed to limit and stultify its victims. The effect of all

this is to produce fundamentally dysfunctional persons who fit nicely into a totalitarian scheme, and will meekly submit to all authority regardless of the harm or degradation to which they are subjected. This is, perhaps, the main reason that functionaries of our society (political leaders, police, army, priests, teachers) hold so firmly to "traditional values" - they are the values which keep the structure of power in place, and out of the hands of "people." But I digress.

There is an implied code of behavior in Taoism, also known as the path of non-action, which necessarily results from the philosophy itself. This manifests as a tendency to touch the world as lightly as possible, disturbing as little as possible, so to invoke those highest conscious forces which are seen as existing "above" the cause-and-effect turmoil of our world. The idea is to allow the universe to proceed in its events while you, as a conscious being, endeavor to remove your own willful interference from those events while experiencing them. This attitude derives from a cosmology where the adept perceives the universe as an interconnected complex with its own direction which can only be degraded by further "help" from individual people. (Remember, "non-action" is *not* "inaction" - the Taoist will avoid interfering with even his own impulses if he senses that *they* must act.) He will also tend towards peacefulness and politeness, while exuding a sense of pleasure and contentment with the world as it spontaneously presents itself to him. That quality of "joy" is one of the attainments of the path, looked forward to as a known and natural result of invoking higher consciousness, and can perhaps be considered a reward for the work done. Interestingly, the Judeo-Christian philosophies are superficially similar, indicated in biblical phrases like "turn the other cheek," and other actions originally meant to take the focus away from the limited, short-sighted ego (who might want to hit back, but in doing so, accomplishes only more pain and dissatisfaction) and give attention to the higher spirit (who ostensibly lives outside of such considerations and emotions, thereby allowing the "joy" to enter). The premise is valid, but as we saw earlier in the equally valid sex restriction, the result will tend to be a person with a neurotic tendency towards victimization and an *inability* to express or internalize true anger, fearful that a wrathful "God" will punish him for having such feelings.

We are looking for a scheme which accepts the existence of non-rational and non-logical consciousness, but one which also integrates reason and logic in its own precepts. The Nagual Juan Matus said that a warrior has to be a paragon of reason to even begin to embark upon the path awaiting him, even though one of the necessary tasks on this path must be the abandonment of reason and logic at will. Most difficult. Can this even be accomplished? If we are to take hints from others like Castaneda, the answer is yes, but the odds against success are admittedly high.



## The Pentagram

In the Years of the Primal Course, in the dawn of terrestrial  
birth,

Man mastered the mammoth and horse, and Man was the  
Lord of the Earth.

He made him an hollow skin from the heart of an holy tree,  
He compassed the earth therein, and Man was the Lord of  
the Sea.

He controlled the vigour of steam, he harnessed the light  
ning for hire;  
He drove the celestial team; and Man was the Lord of the  
Fire.

Deep-mouthed from their thrones deep-seated, the choirs  
of the aeons declare  
The last of the demons defeated, for Man is the Lord of  
the Air.

Arise, O Man, in thy strength! the kingdom is thine to  
inherit,  
Till the high gods witness at length that Man is the Lord  
of his spirit.

Aleister Crowley  
from "The Winged Beetle"

---

## Taoist Ideology of Chi: In Life and Death

by Frank Allen

Chi is simply life-force energy. It is no more or no less mysterious an idea than that. It is what gives living things life. Chi is circulating through, and emanating from, all living things. It wells up from the earth, and rains down from the sky. The stars and planets, themselves, absorb and project Chi.

As human beings, we are constantly drawing Chi in and putting Chi out. We should also be developing a Chi-storage. This is much like earning, spending and saving money, but much more important. You may survive with a monetary deficit, but not with a Chi deficit. This makes the storing of Chi all-important.

The catch twenty-two of this system is that when one is ill or emotionally upset, one is putting out more Chi than one can possibly take in. At these times one is living off one's Chi-storage. When the day comes that one is sick or upset, and one's Chi-storage runs out, that is the day one dies!

People constantly receive Chi naturally, as when one breathes, when one eats, when one immerses oneself in water, when one is near living plants, when one receives emotional input, when one is under an open sky, or when one touches the earth. One is also constantly emanating Chi, when one does anything in which physical, emotional, or mental energy is used. This in and out movement of one's Chi is an aspect of one's part in the universal pulsation of the cosmos. Everything, from the universe to one-celled amoebae, expands and contracts, as does one's Chi.

The basis of Taoist meditation, yoga, and martial arts is the cultivation and development of Chi. First Taoists must recognize the universal flow of Chi, and their parts in this flow. He/She then, armed with the basic idea, proceeds by awakening their nervous system realizing that each nerve in their bodies is made of the same gray matter as their brains. Each nerve has something to say (if one wakes it up and listens). One's whole body is alive (if one just doesn't over-intellectualize or give all the power to one's brain). There are many different techniques used to accomplish the awakening of the nervous system.

Once the nervous system is awakened, the Taoist can start to feel the Chi. When the Taoist understands that energy is a thin stream of matter, they realize that this matter is fairly easy to feel, although still quite difficult for the other senses to perceive.

As Taoist adepts feel the Chi, the next stage is to dissolve the Chi-blockages within themselves. They recognize these blockages as deposits of congested Chi, each put there by some physical, mental, or emotional shock to the energy-system. As the Taoist loosens this congested Chi-spot, freeing the energy and opening the flow, he/she will release some after-effect of the initial shock. This after-effect will usually manifest as some physical or emotional sensation. The adept must feel this sensation and let it go. If he/she fights it or holds on to it, he/she will recreate the energy-blockage.

Clearing the blockages in the energy-system is mandatory before bringing in to the system larger amounts of Chi than the system is used to. This is akin to re-wiring the house before one hooks up the new generator. If one leaves in the old wires, one might burn the house down. In the energy-system, this could

result in a shattered nervous system, or a seriously weakened major organ. Therefore, it is paramount to clear the energy-system, before practicing yoga, meditation, or exercises that raise new larger amounts of Chi in the body.

When the deposits of congested energy have been loosened, the practitioner will feel relaxed, stronger, more alert and energized. This is the effect of the Chi, which was already there, but is now free to flow and to be used. This is a great feeling, but only a portent of things to come, when the adept can actually bring abnormally large amounts of Chi into the body.

The first stage of learning to bring large amounts of Chi into oneself is to set up a grounding-wire. This is done by learning to bring the energy-blockage dissolving meditation into one's secondary consciousness. This is the back on one's mind, which can listen to a song on the radio and know what it's about, while the front of one's mind carries on a conversation. In this technique, one's secondary consciousness does the "energy-blockage dissolving," while one's primary consciousness does the energy-drawing. This blockage-dissolving ground-wire can be used as a safeguard for any energy-gathering method, whether Kundalini Yoga, Sex Yoga, Taoist Arts, or any other method.

The basic Taoist technique for gathering energy is pulsation from the bottom of the aura up through each energy-gate in succession. Next is the drawing of spiraling energy into the lower tan-tien (or navel chakra). This is the Chi-storage-point. From the lower tan-tien, the Chi can be jumped to any and all energy-gates, and back again. When adepts are accomplished in the spiraling energy method, they can feed any weak energy-gate from the lower tan-tien, and draw Chi into their storage-points from any overstuffed energy-gate. In this manner, Taoists can regulate their Chi-Flow.

While Taoist practitioners are learning the energy-gathering methods, they also learn external energy-dissolving. External energy is always cleared towards the source. Therefore, if one is dissolving energy which one sent out, one dissolves from where one sent it, back to oneself. On the other hand, when dissolving energy which one is receiving, one starts with oneself, and dissolves it back to where it came from. The end results is the ability to clear the energy-system while either pulsing Chi up, or spiraling it through, the system. Done simultaneously with this is the dissolving of external energy, both received and sent.

When Taoist adepts have accomplished this, they are well on the road to controlling their life-force. This will allow them both to maintain their full powers up until the hour of their deaths, and to some extent, the ability to choose that hour. Of course, if they are hit by a bus, or an electric fan falls in the tub, it probably will not happen at the hour of choice. Barring accidental trauma death, accomplished Taoists should be able to maintain, rebuild, and ration their Chi to make it last until their life's work is finished. The big plus is that this is accomplished without the usual invalid end-game. Taoist Adepts will be completely themselves until they pass out of their corporeal form.

The Taoist will have no problem recognizing the moment of passing out of their body. Their still wide-awake senses will feel their lower tan-tiens shut down. For the first and only time in that body, they will feel their energy storage-point empty and close. At that moment, they will know that the layers of their energy-body will start to exit through their crown chakra. How long it takes for the seven layers of the energy-body that reside in the physical body to exit will vary from person to person and by circumstance of death.

The first seven layers of the energy-body relate to the Egyptian concept of the seven souls. There is an eighth layer to the energy-body, but this is normally only accessible after one has shed one's corporeal form. The big secret of the Ancient Taoist Immortals, who could live to be a thousand years old, was how to access the eighth layer while still in their bodies. Most Taoists see this practice as excessive time spent in one body, causing a slowing of their overall spiritual development. Most Taoists are content to live a normally long life-span, living it to its fullest to accomplish all that they will.

The less fear and anxiety that accompanies death, the smoother and easier the transition will be. Only in a very bad death-transition could the energy-body be trapped on the physical reality plane. This is the phenomenon that explains the legends of ghosts. A bad death-trip is usually the cause of past-life memories. A smooth death-transition, with its avoidance of ghost and past-life phenomena, is the superior path of spiritual evolvment.

When the energy-body leaves reality (or the Earth plane), it passes through a series of intermittently frightful and pleasurable experiences. These are akin to the heavens and hells of the various religions. The energy-body travels through these experiences, until one of them shocks it freaks it out. This shock creates knots in the energy-body that holds it in this experience. This shock is an overload of either fear or pleasure, depending upon which type of experience the energy-body was in when it was shocked. The larger number of experiences that the energy-body can pass through before it becomes stuck, the higher the possibilities of evolvment during this transition.

The energy-body must then realize that it must move beyond this place to continue to evolve. In this respect, the hells are probably easier to escape than the heavens. One knows that one wants the fear to stop one might not be so sure about the pleasure.

To escape this place, the energy-body must dissolve the knots in its energy that were created by the shock that initially stuck it there. There are other, deeper knots (or Karmic debts) that they brought into this place. These knots they will take out of this place when they leave.

Most energy bodies will continue to stay in this place until the knots that hold them there dissolve of their own accord. Those who have mastered the energy-dissolving techniques in life can speed-up the process drastically. They can use these techniques to dissolve the knots that hold them there.

What happens to the energy-body when it is released depends totally on its level of evolvment. The average being at this point will have the eight layers of its energy-body separate. They float around in the miasma of the cosmos, with all of the other disassembled energy-body layers. Eventually, eight compatible layers will bump into each other and meld into a new energy-body. Each layer will carry part of the Karmic knots of the earlier being. These will intertwine with the knot parts of the other layers, to form the energy knots, or Karma, of this new being. This will then reincarnate on a level ordained by these new energy knots. This customizing of energy-bodies accounts for the phenomenon of soul-mates. A person will feel close to someone whose energy-body has a layer that was once a layer in one of that person's previous energy bodies.

When a being has done enough proper energy-work to bind the layers of the energy-body together, it moves beyond this separation and customization stage. This evolved energy-body, when released from the sticking-place, will reincarnate as the same energy being. From this place, it can continue its spiritual

evolvment, as opposed to starting again as a newly customized being. All souls strive towards this place. For this reason, it is important to do energy work in one's lifetime.

These customized new souls and evolving old souls logically explain western mysticism's theory of the world being peopled mostly with the once-born, and sprinkled with people on the path. This is so put forth in the idea that the Earth is full of "new souls" with a few "old souls" among them.

When an evolving soul reaches the level of meditation master, it is in line for a totally different death-transition. Meditation masters have no knots in their energy bodies. They are few and far between. One must be able to reach empty mind-point which is the goal of all fixed-focus and free-flow meditation. From that point, the master can mesh his consciousness with the universal conscious energy flow known as the Clear Light. A true master can do this under any conditions, not just in a perfect meditation setting. A master can accomplish these things under the most adverse conditions. A master can accomplish these things as he or she dies. When a being can do this, it has the option of entering the Clear Light as soon as its energy exits its body. Some of these wholly evolved beings decide not to enter the Clear Light, but to turn back. They consciously decide to re-enter the reincarnation cycle until they can help each and every being reach the Clear Light level. These beings are the eastern concept of the Bodhisattvas, and the western concept of the True Holy Masters.

From Taoist ideology, we learn that we must work with our Chi. What method we use is not important, but the clearing and binding of our energy bodies is paramount to our evolvment as whole beings.

## CELTIC TAOISM





Peace, Tolerance, Truth; Salutation on All Points of the Triangle; Respect to the Order.

To all whom it may concern: Greeting and Health.

The O.T.O. is a serious and secret Order, pledged to the high purpose of securing the Liberty of the Individual and his advancement in Light, Wisdom, Understanding, Knowledge and Power through Beauty, Courage and Wit on the Foundation of Universal Brotherhood.

The letters O.T.O. stand for Ordo Templi Orientis, or Order of the Temple of the Orient and have a secret meaning for initiates. It is the most revered of the Orders of antiquity, and dates back beyond the dim ages of history.

Under the name of Templars alone we find the Order's Historical records in the year 1118, over 800 years ago. Through treachery some 200 years later, in the year 1312, the Order was overthrown. This is true in that its external manifestation was no longer apparent to all but the fewest.

Though it ceased to wield the same power in the affairs of man which it had done formerly, it has existed in secret right down to the present time. The continuity has been maintained, and the inner secrets have been transmitted to us through an unbroken line of Grand Masters.

Most of the great Initiates and Geniuses of history are numbered among its members and their names are listed in other manifestos of the Order.

In its bosom repose the Great Mysteries, its brain has resolved all the problems of philosophy and of life.

It possesses the Secret Stone of the Wise, of the Elixir of Immortality, and of the Universal Medicine.

Moreover, it possesses a secret capable of realizing the world old dream of the Brotherhood of Man.

This knowledge reposes in the Sanctuary of the Ordo Templi Orientis and in none other on earth and may be attained by those who prove themselves worthy.

To join the Order is to ally yourself to the Royal line and connect yourself to the Occult Current that has initiated every movement which has made for Man's real advancement and illumination.

It is the first of the great orders of antiquity to accept the Law of the New Age, which is DO WHAT THOU WILT, and to reorganize in accordance with the modern needs of humanity, to guide Mankind into a more noble social order.

The candidate, through a series of initiations, is gradually led to a perception of truths undreamt of by the profane.

There are 10 principal degrees, and every man and woman of full age, free, and of good report, has an indefeasible right to the first 3, beyond which advancement is invitational.

The aims of the O.T.O. can only be understood by its highest initiates, but it may be said openly that it teaches all branches of the Secret Wisdom of the Ancients, and its plans embrace all the activities of human life and endeavor.

The more mundane aspect of the objective and principles of the Order may be embraced in the term Brotherhood of Man, involving the mutual co-operation of each for the weal of all.

Tahuti Lodge, O.T.O.  
is proud to present a musical adaptation of  
**THE HEART OF THE MASTER**

by

Aleister Crowley

Original Music

by

**BABALON SUI**



# BABALON SUN

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

BABALON SUN is a group of magicians/musicians formed by members of Tahuti Lodge, O.T.O. who combined their creative energies and various musical styles to write and arrange the music behind the little masterpiece known as "The Heart of the Master" written by Khaled Khan (Sir Aleister Crowley).

We spent the majority of the summer months of 1996 e.v. in a recording studio working to capture the music, mood and Magick of this important Crowley text onto tape. We succeeded! The program runs almost two hours, 15 original compositions written while under the influence of ritual. This little manifestation is now available as a love offering to ALL, but especially to the Thelemic Community around the world to whom it was dedicated.

The purpose of this recording was two-fold: 1) it serves as a permanent record of our magical working together as a group of ritualists, and 2) so that those who were not able to attend our concert engagements might enjoy the fruit of our labor in the privacy of their homes and Temples.

*Love is the law, love under will.*

## BABALON SUN

is

Kent Finne (Electric and Acoustic Guitars)

James Strain (Bass Guitar)

Dennis Breen (Flute)

Bocar (Lead Guitar and Harmonica)

Susan Strain (The Voice)

Tony Olavarria (Drums)

With Readings by James Garvey, Lena Bender, Peter Seals, Trinity Canty,  
and Cathie Finne

Write to Tahuti Lodge for your copy today!

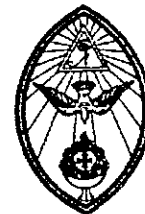
A suggested donation of \$11 dollars to cover cost of production and postage would be appreciated.

Thanks.



## THE SCRIBE

is published by Tahuti Lodge of New York City  
Edited by Fra. ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΚΟΣ



### INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

**Ordo Templi Orientis**

JAF Box 7666

New York, NY 10116 U.S.A.

### TAHUTI LODGE

**Ordo Templi Orientis**

Old Chelsea Station - P.O. Box 1535

New York, NY 10113-1535

Fra. ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΚΟΣ, Lodge Master  
Fra. MY9RDDIN, Lodge Secretary

Fra. PUCK, Lodge Treasurer  
Fra. HYPERION, Lodge Quartermaster

Visit Tahuti Lodge on the Web: <http://www.geocities.com/soho/7771>

**THE SCRIBE** is published bi-annually, scheduled upon the Equinoxes. Subscription information and all submission queries may be addressed to SCRIBE EDITOR c/o Tahuti Lodge.

Those wishing to submit materials to **THE SCRIBE** are encouraged to do so. Please include a self-addressed stamped envelope. Those manuscripts selected for publication will be kept for editorial purposes and are subject to minor corrections for the sake of spelling, grammar and punctuation only. No other revisions will be made. Please indicate if you wish to see a final draft. All other materials will be returned. Do not submit original art through the mail. Send either color or B/W photo copies or submit to a Lodge Officer directly.

All contents Copyright (c) 1997 e.v. by Ordo Templi Orientis. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED and assigned to the respective authors. All writings by Aleister Crowley, Copyright (c) 1997 e.v. Ordo Templi Orientis. The viewpoints and opinions expressed herein are the responsibility of the contributing authors.

Love is the law, love under will.