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Sol in Scorpio

Sky's Embrace

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ON KNOWING ALEISTER CROWLEY PERSONALLY - Part 3 of 3

by Hymenaeus Alpha 777

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As I said in my last rap, I would see Crowley one more time at Bell Inn at Ashton Clinton. At the time it seemed all very accidental. Looking back, it seems all very karmic. But anyway...

What happened was that, having survived the invasion of Normandy and the Battle of Northern France, we were up in Belgium preparing for the assault on the Rhine. This was where the incident of the eighty 500 pounders occurred. One day I read in the Stars and Stripes, our Army newspaper, that they were offering a course in Explosive Ordnance in England to any Ammunition Supply Officer who didn't know his ass from his elbow. Since I had gone to Quartermaster O.C.S. (Officer Candidate School) and had never even seen Aberdeen Proving Ground, two things hit me at once: (1) It would be interesting to find out something about what I was doing, and (2) Crowley was in England. It was a long chance, but there was always just that possibility. So I find myself piling into a British plane up in Brussels Airport so antique that it had two pilots, but only room for four passengers. We started taking off down the runway under the usual cloud cover, as I thought at the time... it is always raining in Northern France and Belgium... stupid me, how was I to know that this was the fog blanket into which Glenn Miller would disappear flying east to France at the same time... and under which von Runstedt would launch the Ardennes Offensive (the Battle of the Bulge to you history buffs)... things like that I would find out later. At the time what I noticed was that neither pilot was looking down the runway in front of us, as pilots normally do on a take-off, but that the one on the left was looking to the left, and the one on the right was looking to the right. This did seem unusual, so I did the same. That was when I grabbed my seat and hung on for dear life. This twin-engined crate was so ancient that the tachometers were on the engine nacelles, and what the two pilots were trying to do was to keep the two engines turning at the same speed so we wouldn't ground -loop

and wind up a fiery pile of junk. But we finally lifted off, cleared the cloud cover, and started pocketing along toward England at about 60 miles an hour, maybe 6000 feet off the ground, under a brilliant sun and looking down on a pure unbroken carpet of white that went on... and on... and me twisting my head round to see if some stray line of ME-109s would come rolling in for a little target practice like that day in Normandy... but then I had been on the ground and could duck... a little hard to duck at 6000 feet... and on... At 60 miles an hour it takes a while to fly from Brussels to London.

Finally there was the blue of the English Channel... and the White Cliffs... and we landed at Croydon and by truck and bus and trolley and train up to Leicester (which we pronounce lei-CES-ter and the British pronounce LES-ter).

First they introduced us to the ka-VET (which seemed to be the British way of pronouncing the French word for cavity). A kavet was where a bomb had exploded underground, but had not broken the surface, leaving a thin layer of soil that would not support you if you stepped on it. Which meant that you would be dead by the time you scrambled out due to the toxic gases left by the explosion. Kavets were definitely to be avoided. Check. Then we met Herman, good old Herman. Herman was about the size and shape of a great white shark, had a funny ring welded to his nose to retard his depth of penetration on impact, was painted a sort of off-navy gray-blue, and weighed 1000 pounds. Herman was what the British called a "blockbuster." Also Herman was a man of mystery. Yes, Herman had many mysteries. The mystery was in the fuse. Herman could think. Now we Americans are very straightforward kind of people. A little mindless, maybe, but certainly straightforward, and our technology reflects. Our bombs were fused mechanically fore and aft. As she went in, if the firing pin in the nose fuse didn't function, it didn't matter because this neat little metal rod in the tail fuse would come slamming forward and

she would blow anyway. But suppose she lands on her side, says Uncle Heinie? So they devised a whole new technology of electrically fused bombs. By flipping a complicated set of toggles the German pilot could give Herman any number of options. He could explode on impact. He could be set to go off as a time-bomb hours later (very important in wartorn London. A UXB [UneXploded Bomb] found near a subway or power station could shut down a goodly part of London.) Or he could just lie there and think about it indefinitely while these curious little electrical charges went percolating through these rheostats and other circuit devices, waiting for the vibration of the jackhammers from the EOD (Explosive Ordnance Disposal) squad (there is an awful lot of concrete in London) to break that final circuit and set him off. Obviously the British had a problem. They had to get him out of there, but how? Solution #1: defuse him on the spot. The fuse was at about the center of the bomb on one side, and secured by these funny looking little locking rings. Unlock the rings, lift out the fuse, and away with old Herman. Unfortunately Uncle Fritzi had thought of that too, and had all these happy little anti-withdrawal devices so that as you lifted the fuse out he would blow anyway. Scratch Solution #1. Also the guy who was working on the fuse with the telephone around his neck, "I am now moving ring #2 to the left..." and then this god-awful explosion. Finally the British had lost so many EOD experts that they resorted to the only real practical solution, and that was to hoist Herman out with a crane, put him onto a sandbagged truck (for all the good that would do), and take him out with sirens screaming to some god-forsaken place and blow him on the spot. Yes, Herman was definitely bad news.

So was Betty. "Bouncing Betty," they called her. The Germans had this empty casing about the size of Herman (painted yellow) that would crack open about half-way down and spew the countryside with grenades retarded in their descent by these cute little beanies... a sort of four-bladed parachute. Once Betty had bounced, she would lie there with this timing device about the size and shape of a quarter, and ridged on the edge like a regular coin, waiting for any vibration to make that little gear move that one more notch and then all of a sudden there you are looking like a funny kind of shish-kabob. This was all very interesting, and fun in its own kind of way, but terribly academic, until the world exploded. I came down to breakfast one morning to find the Stars & Stripes on my table, headlines all over the place, and a may full of spear-heads supposedly depicting German armored divisions all pointing directly at where I left my Ordnance Supply and Maintenance Company at



"THE CIRCLE OF THE
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AND SKY'S EMBRACE"

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Brugelette, about 30 miles south of Brussels. What to do? Well, school's over, back to London, back to the Continent, back to the War. Only to have the desk sergeant tell me, "Lieutenant, we can't even drop paratroopers into Bastogne. How in the hell are we going to fly you back to the Continent?" So, my hunch paid off. But first things first. Grab one of those funny spare London taxis with the open front-end that can turn on a dime and score a bottle of black-market Scotch for an exorbitant price. Then scrounge up a couple of cigars from some place and off to Bell Inn at Aston Clinton. That may have been where I met Kenneth Grant, because I definitely remember meeting him at the Bell Inn. We rapped about many things, but the only thing he said that really stuck in my mind was his last sentence, which was, "You really must come back for Xmas. It is going to be the traditional English Xmas dinner complete with flaming plum pudding!" After all, the Bell Inn is a traditional English country Inn. And so back to London and check in with Air Transport and, "No, Lieutenant, all flights are cancelled for today, but be sure to be here at 8 o'clock in the morning."

It was about this time I met those Canadian girls and got introduced to the British Officer Club Circuit (which is quite different from the regular street pub) and a few days of living it up goes by... and then it is Xmas, and time to visit Crowley up at Aston Clinton. But hold! Enter the villain. The British Railway drivers (we call the guys who man the throttles on railroad engines "engineers") had had it up to the ears, and decided to pull a one day strike. They were not being unpatriotic, but you must understand that they had been fighting the war since Hitler had invaded Poland and the British were a tired people. So the railway employees just told the government flat, "For one bloody night, Gov, in all the years of this bloody war, we are going to have Xmas dinner with our families at home." Personally I approved, but it damn sure left me up a bloody creek, because how was I to get back to London by 8 o'clock the next morning? On the other hand, who could miss having Xmas dinner with Aleister Crowley? So I said, "To hell with it, I'm going." After all, I had been risking my life on a daily basis ever since Normandy. Why should I worry about a reprimand? So by taxi up

to Paddington Station, that great, gloomy, sooty cathedral to Victorian bad taste where you take the trains going north, and off at Aston Clinton station. Everything looked normal. Gates open, lights on. Looked cheerful enough. Even serving that awful slop they call "tea" in British railway stations in war-time England. That's why they filled the glass half full with watered milk, so you could gag down the stuff. At least it was hot and warmed your tummy on a cold night. Maybe everything would be all right. So off cheerfully to the Bell Inn and Crowley and we toasted the Yuletide with brandy and it was time to go down to dinner and all those suett things that only a Saxon stomach can take, and sure enough the flaming plum pudding. Then back upstairs for more talk and brandy and the cigars and a wonderful time and around midnight it is time to say goodbye and I walk back down to the station in the fog that had come up. It looked like a tomb — Lights out, gates locked, and not a person in sight. What in the hell am I going to do? Ah. Brilliant inspiration! What is the one place in town that is going to be open all night? The police station, of course. Not hard to find. It was the only house in town that had its lights on. So I walked in and explained my problem to the Desk Sergeant. He was sympathetic, but said, "Not a chance. With the heavy ground fog not even the lorries are running." (English country winters are subject to what we would call a Yule fog, and a lorry is what they call a truck.) Then he brightened and said, "But there's a bobby on a wheel (motor cycle) coming through in a few minutes going down to the next town toward London. Maybe you can hop a ride with him!" So I find myself on the back end of a motor bike blasting along through the fog freezing my end off down to the next station. And again to the next station. What happened after that is a blur. All I remember for sure is waking up standing in the open back end of a milk truck running into the outskirts of London in a cloudy dawn trying to find some place where I can catch a tram. I made it to the Air Transport Office at just exactly 8 o'clock only to be told, "Sorry, Lieutenant, all flights are cancelled for today. But be sure to be here at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning!" It is really remarkable what some people would go through just to have lunch with Aleister Crowley, but personally I wouldn't have missed it for anything. ♦ ♦ ♦

A History of Ordo Templi Orientis

Part 1 of 7: Antecedents

by Sabazius X° & AMT IX°

Acknowledgments and Notes can be found on the USGL website at <http://oto-usa.org/history.html>

Although officially founded at the beginning of the 20th century e.v., O.T.O. represents a surfacing and confluence of the divergent streams of esoteric wisdom and knowledge which were originally divided and driven underground by political and religious intolerance during the dark ages. It draws from the traditions of the Freemasonic, Rosicrucian and Illuminist movements of the 18th and 19th centuries, the crusading Knights Templars of the middle ages and early Christian Gnosticism and the Pagan Mystery Schools. Its symbolism contains a reunification of the hidden traditions of the East and the West, and its resolution of these traditions has enabled it to recognize the true value of Aleister Crowley's revelation of The Book of the Law.

Carl Kellner

The Spiritual Father of Ordo Templi Orientis was Carl Kellner (Renus, Sept. 1, 1851 - June 7, 1905), a wealthy Austrian paper chemist. Kellner was a student of

Freemasonry, Rosicrucianism and Eastern mysticism, and traveled extensively in Europe, America and Asia Minor. During his travels, he claims to have come into contact with three Adepts (a Sufi, Soliman ben Aifa, and two Hindu Tantrics, Bhima Sena Pratapa of Lahore and Sri Mahatma Agamya



Carl Kellner

Paramahansa), and an organization called the Hermetic Brotherhood of Light.

In 1885, Kellner met the Theosophical and Rosicrucian scholar, Dr. Franz Hartmann (1838 - 1912). He and Hartmann later collaborated on the development of the "ligno-sulphite" inhalation therapy for tuberculosis, which formed the basis of treatment at Hartmann's sanitarium near Saltzburg. During the course of his studies, Kellner believed that he had discovered a "Key" which offered a clear explanation of all the complex symbolism of Freemasonry, and, Kellner believed, opened the mysteries of Nature. Kellner developed a desire to form an Academia Masonica which would enable all Freemasons to become familiar with all existing Masonic degrees and systems.

Academia Masonica

In 1895, Kellner began to discuss his idea for founding an Academia Masonica with his associate Theodor Reuss (Merlin or Peregrinus, June 28, 1855 - Oct. 28, 1923). During these discussions, Kellner decided that the Academia Masonica should be called the "Oriental Templar Order." The occult inner circle of this Order (O.T.O. proper) would be organized parallel to the highest degrees of the Memphis and Mizraim Rites of Masonry, and would teach the esoteric Rosicrucian doctrines of the Hermetic Brotherhood of Light, and Kellner's "Key" to Masonic symbolism. Both men and women would be admitted at all levels to this Order, but possession of the various degrees of Craft and High-Grade Freemasonry would be a prerequisite for admission to the Inner Circle of O.T.O.

Unfortunately, due to the regulations of the established Grand Lodges which governed Regular Masonry, women could not be made Masons and would therefore be excluded by default from

membership in the Oriental Templar Order. This may have been one of the reasons that Kellner and his associates resolved to obtain control over one of the many rites, or systems, of Masonry; to reform the system for the admission of women.

The discussions between Reuss and Kellner did not lead to any positive results at the time, because Reuss was very busy with a revival of the Order of Illuminati along with his associate Leopold Engel (1858-1931) of Dresden. Kellner did not approve of the revived Illuminati Order or of Engel. According to Reuss, upon his final separation with Engel in June of 1902, Kellner contacted him and the two agreed to proceed with the establishment of the Oriental Templar Order by seeking authorizations to work the various rites of high-grade Masonry.

Masonic Foundations

Theodor Reuss, in addition to being the head of his revival of the Bavarian Order of Illuminati, was also the Grand Master of the Swedenborgian Rite of Freemasonry in Germany (charter dated July 26, 1901 from W. Wynn Wescott), Special Inspector for the Martinist Order in Germany (charter dated June 24, 1901 from Gérard Encausse), and Magus of the High Council in Germania of the Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia (letter of authorization dated Feb. 24, 1902 from W. Wynn Wescott). With Kellner's assistance, Reuss applied to English Masonic scholar, John Yarker (1833-1913), to purchase charters to operate three systems of high-grade Freemasonry known as the Antient and Primitive Rite of Memphis of 97°, the Ancient Oriental Rite of Mizraim of 90°, and the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of 33° (Cernau Council of New York, 1807).



John Yarker

Reuss received letters-patent as a Sovereign Grand Inspector General 33° of the Cernau Scot-



Theodor Reuss

tish Rite from Yarker dated September 24, 1902. According to a published transcript, Yarker issued on the same date a warrant to Reuss, Franz Hartmann and Henry Klein to operate a Sovereign Sanctuary 33°-95° of the Scottish, Memphis and Mizraim rites. Yarker issued a second charter confirm-

ing Reuss's authority to operate said rites on July 1, 1904; and Reuss published a transcript of an additional confirming charter dated June 24, 1905. Reuss commenced publication of a masonic journal, *The Oriflamme*, in 1902.

These rites, along with the Swedenborgian Rite, were adopted as integral elements within the overall scheme of the Order. The Swedenborgian Rite included a version of the Craft degrees, and the Cernau Scottish Rite and the Rites of Memphis and Mizraim provided a selection of the workable "high grades" as nearly complete as had ever existed. Together, they provided a complete system of Masonic initiation at the disposal of the Order. With the incorporation of these rites, the Order was enabled to operate as a completely independent Masonic system. Reuss and Kellner together prepared a brief manifesto for their Order in 1903, which was published the next year in *The Oriflamme*. Kellner died on June 7, 1905, and Reuss assumed full control of the Order. With the assistance of co-founders Franz Hartmann and Heinrich Klein, Reuss prepared a Constitution for the Order in 1906.

To Be Continued...

Saturday November 28th 3PM at Horizon Temple

J. Daniel Gunther Lecture

Horizon Oasis O.T.O. is pleased to bring J. Daniel Gunther, author of *Initiation in the Aeon of the Child*, to Seattle for two lectures followed by a book signing and reception.

J. Daniel Gunther is a life-long student of esotericism, mythology and religion. For over thirty years he has been a member of A. .A. ., the teaching Order established by Aleister Crowley. He is considered one of the foremost authorities on the doctrines of Thelema and the syncretic method of Magick and Mysticism taught by A. .A. . He is on the editorial board of *The Equinox*, published by Weiser, and has served as consultant and advisor for numerous other publications in the field of occultism.

Initiation in the Aeon of the Child provides a penetrating and cohesive analysis of the spiritual doctrine underlying and informing the Aeon of the Child, and the sublime formulas of Initiation encountered by those who would probe its mysteries. The book examines the doctrinal thread of Thelema in its historical, religious, and practical context.

Visit <http://tinyurl.com/dgunther> for more information.

New Regular Event Starting November 6th @ 8PM

Enochian Group Ritual

Br. Scott will begin hosting an enochian group ritual every first Friday of the month. The purpose of the ritual is to allow the participants to experience enochian magic and to scry in a group setting. Scott has led group ritual where the enochian calls were used but never to scry the aethyrs and he is excited to see the results of such workings.

This event is for beginners and advanced practitioners alike. If you are new to scrying or have tried in the past with little result, we will provide a short introduction into how to get useful results from the practice.

The first meeting will be Friday November 6th at Scott and Onyieh's home. Please email asicath@keepsilence.org if you need the address. The ritual will begin at 8:00pm, please arrive at least 15 minutes early. You may bring a robe to wear during the ritual if you wish. The ritual will last for 30-45 minutes followed by a 30 minute scrying session. For this first session we will be scrying the 30th aethyr, TEX.

After the ritual there will be hospitality and conversation, feel free to bring some wine to share.

Horizon Oasis Regular Monthly Events for November 2009

All these events open to the public and held at the Horizon Oasis Temple, 1423 10th Ave, Seattle WA 98122 (except as noted!)

Gnostic Mass

Nov. 14th @ 6PM

Nov. 21st @ 8PM (White Robe)

Nov. 22nd @ 6PM

Horizon performs Liber XV, The Gnostic Mass, on the 2nd & 3rd Saturday and 4th Sunday of each month. All are welcome.

Saturday Social

2nd Sat. - Nov. 14th (After Mass)

Drinks, fellowship and cake.

Stick around after mass and mingle...

Horizon Orientation

4th Sun. - Nov. 22nd (After Mass)

Orientation is an opportunity for newcomers to be introduced to the basics of O.T.O. and Thelema.

Kundalini Yoga

Every Monday @ 6:30PM

Local instructor Ai offers this class in our space each week, teaching the esoteric yet practical discipline of Kundalini Yoga.

RPG Night

1st & 3rd Thurs. - Nov. 5 & 19 @ 6PM

Join fellow Horizoners for a night of gaming.

Offsite Events

Magic in Theory and Practice

1st Sunday - Nov. 1st @ 5PM

Br. Kolson hosts a study of *Magick in Theory and Practice*, Aleister Crowley's "treatise on magic and mysticism for beginners." Contact mkolson@attglobal.net for details.

Enochian Group Ritual

1st Friday - Nov. 6th @ 8PM

Br. Scott hosts and leads a group ritual and scrying of the enochian aethyrs. All levels of experience welcome. Email asicath@keepsilence.org for directions.

Daughters of Lilith

3rd Friday - Nov. 20th @ 7PM

A monthly women-only gathering hosted by Horizon. All are welcome. E-mail matertiamat@gmail.com for more info.

Schedule correct as of printing date - all events subject to change - visit the Horizon Calendar online @ <http://www.seattle-oto.org/calendar.htm> and the Sea-OTO Yahoo Group @ <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/sea-oto/> for the most current information.

Horizon Oasis Calendar

November 2009

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 Offsite Study Group 5PM Magic in Theory & Practice	2 Kundalini Yoga 6:30PM	3	4	5 RPG Night 6PM	6 Private Rental Offsite: Enochian Group Ritual 8PM See page 7 for details	7 2° Initiations Order Members 2° and above only ALL DAY
8	9 Kundalini Yoga 6:30PM	10	11	12	13	14 Liber XV The Gnostic Mass 6PM Saturday Social (after Mass)
15 *** at 3PM Members and guests only	16 Kundalini Yoga 6:30PM	17 Offsite Officers Meeting 7PM Horizon officers and invited guests only	18	19 RPG Night 6PM	20 Offsite: Daughters of Lilith 7PM	21 Liber XV The Gnostic Mass 8PM (White Robe)
22 Liber XV The Gnostic Mass 6PM Horizon Orientation (after Mass)	23 Kundalini Yoga 6:30PM	24	25	26	27	28 J. Daniel Gunther Lecture 3PM See page 7 for details
29 1° Initiations Order Members 1° and above only ALL DAY	30 Kundalini Yoga 6:30PM	1	2	3 RPG Night 6PM	4	5