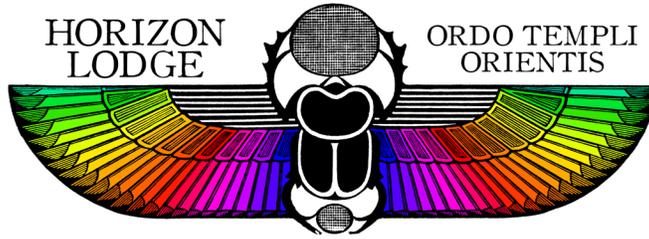


The circle of the horizon is the earth and sky's embrace

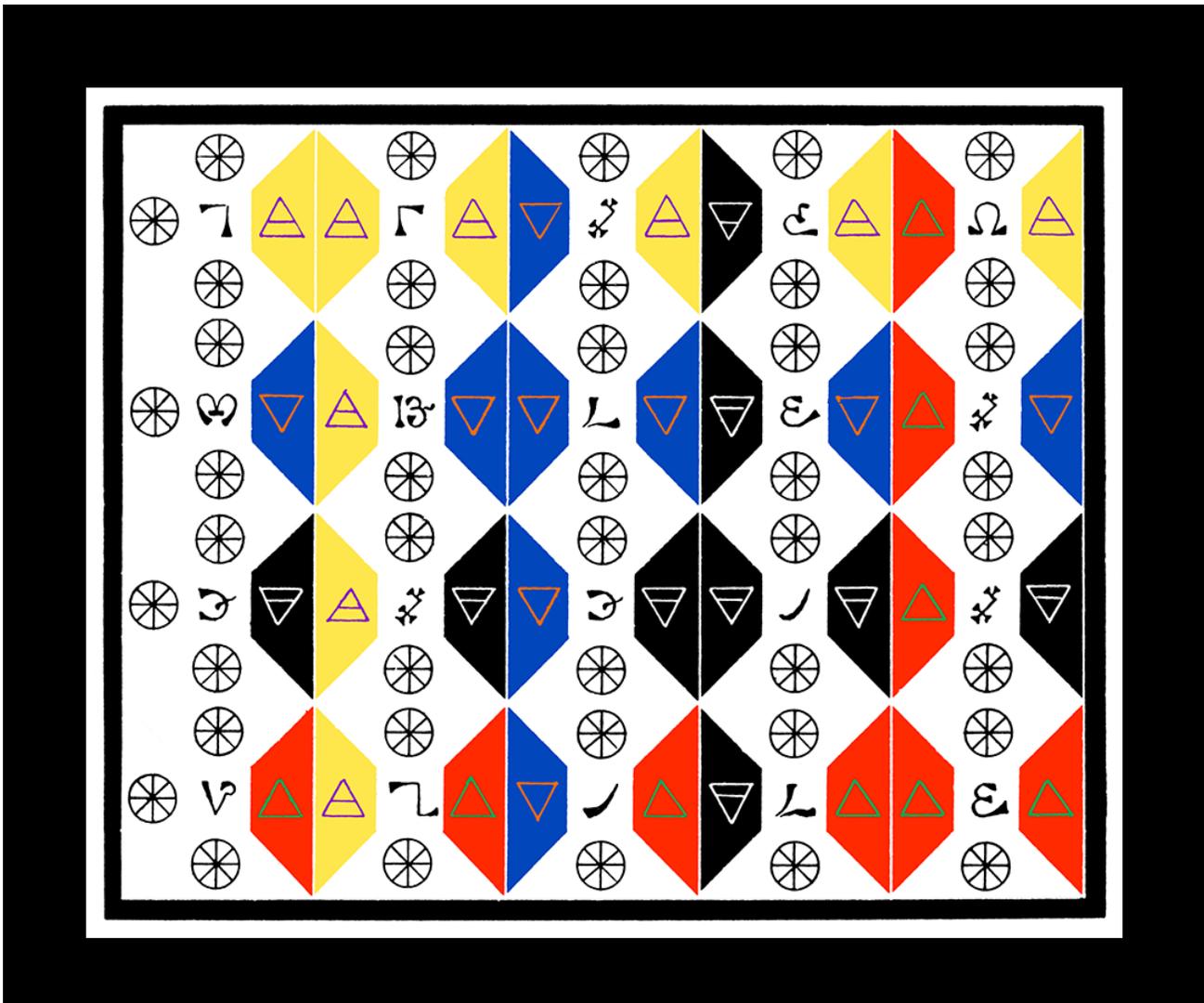
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Sky's Embrace

A Publication of Horizon Lodge, OTO



ENOCHIAN TABLET OF SPIRIT, RENDERED BY SCOTT WILDE

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When I Go

BY RW

Let me die in Autumn
And trees spread leaves upon my grave.
My eulogy be
Nature's whirling dance of change
Serve cool, intoxicating breezes
At my wake,
And let me greet Persephone
At her home.

From the Editor

Pubic Advisory: like a rock-and-roll album, this publication may be found to have demons or daemones perching upon it. But of course, they want you to open it and let them read along. There are magical rituals, mystical technology, and even wise counsel for spending your off-hours, all sealed and protected by puissant Angelic sigilla. There is no pumpkin spice.

May your Autumns be blessed!

Horizon Lodge is a local body of Ordo Templi Orientis, the Order of Oriental Templars, or Order of the Temple of the East. We are located in Seattle, Washington.

The O.T.O is a hierarchical, fraternal membership organization. Our mission is to effect and promote the doctrines and practices of the philosophical and religious system known as Thelema, with particular emphasis on cultivating the ideals of individual liberty, self-discipline, self-knowledge, and universal brotherhood. To this end, we conduct sacramental and initiatory rites, offer guidance and instruction to our members and organize social and educational events.

For more information, visit our web site at <http://seattle-oto.org/>

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A Method of Summoning Spirits

BY BROTHER JIM

I've been experimenting lately with a new (for me) method of summoning spirits. It's a hybrid of a method my friend Brother Scott introduced me to where you use the spirit's name as a mantra, and a method my friend Daniel Ingram introduced me to, the fire kasina method (<https://firekasina.org>).

The method is simple:

1. Stare at a candle flame. A tea light a little below eye level about two feet away works.
2. Chant the god-name or spirit name for 10 minutes. I start with a long, slow vibration and eventually work up to a very rapid repetition.
3. Close your eyes and just let the visions come. The after-image from the candle provides a great starting point.

I've done three experiments so far with this method. The first experiment was done with a relatively inexperienced group where we chanted the god names in Assiah for the four elements, starting with fire and working our way down to earth. So we would chant "ELOHIM" for 10 minutes while staring at the flame and then close our eyes and have visions for 10 minutes. Then we would chant "EL" for 10 minutes while staring at the flame, etc. We tended to have similar visions of an abstract or geometrical nature.

For the second experiment I worked alone with the god name, intelligence, and spirit for the path of Gimel. This was my first experiment invoking an entity with this method. The god name tended not to produce much in the way of a vision, just a general feeling or ambiance. I was concerned the method wouldn't work at all with the intelligence of this path, because its name is so long and unwieldy that I was having a hard time working up a rhythm for chanting. However, as soon as I stopped

chanting and closed my eyes, I had a particularly concrete, vivid encounter with an entity that freely conversed with me. I followed this by calling the spirit of the path by the same method, but unfortunately (perhaps owing to tiredness) I did not get much of a vision. I opened and closed with a banishing.

For the third experiment I worked again with the same group from experiment one. We did a deep dive on earth, chanting the god name ADNI HA-ARETZ and then calling Auriel and Pholakh, respectively the archangel and angel. Opened and closed with a banishing. Everyone had extremely vivid encounters here with overlapping descriptions, particularly of Phorlakh. To conclude this one, I asked all participants, at the height of concentration, to mentally formulate a petition for the spirits and then to blow out their candles.



While I would describe this method as colorful from the perspective of traditional Buddhist kasina meditation, it is austere from the perspective of modern occultism. Aside from opening and closing with a banishing when working with spirits, I've stripped the process of all the other typical trappings of occultism (robes, sigils, incense, elaborate prayers or incantations, etc.). It is nevertheless one of the most powerful methods of magick I have employed. One possible downside is that the austerity of this approach and the intensity of result can be jarring. One group participant described feelings of alienation and disorientation at the commencement of chanting. These feelings were replaced by more positive ones as the session progressed. I suspect that initial feeling of alienation could be ameliorated by creating a setting with more of the typical trappings—so long as one leaves the lion's share of time for the meditation itself. In general the duration of such workings (60+ minutes) makes them particularly effective. The constant chanting produces great tranquility and steadiness of mind, and as one's concentration increases, the visions become more vivid and more powerful. These experiments strengthen my belief that strong concentration is one of the most important (albeit usually missing) factors in effective magick.

A Birthday Ritual

WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY FRATER ENTELECHEIA

Anno VI, Sol in 21° Virgo, Luna in 19° Sagittarius
13 November 2015 (e.v.)

TEMPLE SETUP

Single double-cube altar in the center of the room with black altar cloth over it. On the altar is a wand, a cup of water, and a censer burning Abramelin incense.

PART I: OPENING

Dim white-amber light

Music: "The Waterfall" by Fr. Entelecheia

1. Star Ruby
2. Purification with Water
3. Consecration with Fire

PART II: LIBER SAMEKH

Light changes with each pentagram charged:

Air – East – Yellow

Fire – South – Red

Water – West – Blue

Earth – North – Green

Spirit – Center – Bright White

Temple goes dark at "DIATHANNA THORON".

PART III: TRANSITION

"To be myself, I must know myself

To know myself, I must bring myself forth

To bring myself forth, I must create a world

To create a world, I must first create - Time."

Dim white light comes on.

PART IV: PLANETARY/ZODIACAL INVOCATIONS

With ¼ deosil circumambulations. See commentary below.

<u>Hex/Sigil</u>	<u>Verse</u>	<u>Ecliptic</u>	<u>Invocation</u>	<u>Color after Invocation</u>
Saturn/Virgo	Moving, precision, calculation Grow and self-transcend Seek me in the starry heavens The image of my one true end.	1:45	DIATHANNA ThORON	Blue
Jupiter/Leo	Turn this wheel with force and fire Boundless motion and desire Erupting from the hidden source Concealed, the axle drives the course.	2:45	AR-O-GO-GO- RU-ABRAO	Purple
Mars/Sagittarius	Contraction, disruption, perturbation A shock wave rips the placid sky Cosmic bliss I abdicate Heaven falling, I separate.	10:30	A-THEle-BER-SET THIAF	Red
Sun/Scorpio	To possess yourself you must lose yourself Then find that hidden light Integration is self-control Reconciled with the night.	11:15	I PhOTETH ABRASAX	Orange
Venus/Scorpio	The heart has reasons apart from reason To lead you to that dim lit place Where all your strength will turn to weakness Forced to feel, to love, to hate.	11:30	ATHOR-E-BAL-O	Green
Mercury/Sag.	Smashed upon the waterfall My soul is cleaved in two One half winged, wielding words To guard the mouth of the tomb.	10:30	ANGELOS- TON-THEON AN-LA-LA	Yellow
Moon/Taurus	Deep inside the hidden cave Safe from all that's coarse or wild Swathed in linen, no motion disturbs The resting of the secret child.	5:00	ASAL-ON-NAI	Indigo

PART V: MAGICAL BIRTH

From behind altar, swap wand for cup:

<u>Sign</u>	<u>Invocation</u>	<u>Color</u>
Inverse Invoking Water Pentagram/Mulier	IAF SABAF	Stays blue
Inverse Invoking Air Pentagram/Puella	IAF SABAF	Yellow
Inverse Invoking Earth/Vir	IAF SABAF	Green
Unicursal Hex/MOB/Mater Triumphans	Aka du-a...	Fade,,,

PART VI: CLOSING

From Mater Triumphans: Aka du-a × 7

Slowly fade to black throughout.

“Such are the words!” One knock.

House lights.

Commentary

This is a ritual I wrote and performed for my birthday celebration last year. The temple opening is standard banishing, purification, and consecration. I used Crowley's Liber Samekh as the general invocation. At the end of each barbarous invocation, the light would change to the appropriate elemental color. The temple goes completely dark at DIATHANNA THORON and remains that way from, "I am He, the Bornless Spirit" up through "...and every spell and scourge of God be obedient unto me." But at this point, instead of doing the usual closing of "IAO SABAF," I inserted the "Transition" section.

The idea behind this ritual is that, with Liber Samekh, I'm uniting myself with my godhead, but in the latter half of the ritual, I want to demonstrate the creation of myself from godhead and the creation of the world at the same time. The condition of selfhood is to have the not-self to oppose it. This means creating conditions of space and time, which is what the Transition section kicks off. But shortly after that, the process gets out of hand. Spirit descends into matter. In attempting to know Himself, God loses Himself in the world. And now the path upward must start again.

I decided to base the second half of the ritual - the path of descent or self-creation — on my astrological birth chart. Saturn was in Virgo at the moment of my birth. So I advance to the east and draw the hexagram of Saturn there with the sign of Virgo in it. I do the same in the other three quarters. In each quarter, instead of intoning the usual "ARARITA," I recite a line of poetry expressing the particular way in which that zodiacal force manifests in my personality. Each planet has four lines of verse associated with it, one for each quarter. Then, retiring to the center, I trace the ecliptic with my wand until I get to the point in the sky where the planet was at the moment of my birth. Then using the Sign of the Enterer, I "project" the planet there with a line of barbarous invocation as the light changes to the appropriate color (King Scale for the planet). Then I do the same for each of the other planets and signs. (See chart above.)

Once this is done, I symbolically give birth to myself by drawing inverted pentagrams over the cup of water (the amniotic fluid). I end in the sign of Mater Triumphans while gently singing the "Aka dua" hymn from the Stele of Revealing and Liber XV as the lights dim to black.

Movie Review: *Moon Child* A film by Agustí Villaronga

Review by Mark Dalton

Spanish director Agustí Villaronga's 1989 film was finally released on Blu Ray and DVD earlier this year. The liner notes begin by saying the film was "inspired by famed occultist Aleister Crowley's 1923 novel of the same name," but, sadly, inspiration is primarily limited to the title. In an interview included with the disc's special features, the director admits to having read Crowley's book, but names a wide variety of other early-20th century occult influences as influences as well. He flatly says he took a (vague) concept of "creating a new human" (nothing like Crowley's ideas surface, however) and the name of the book for inspiration, but that's it.

So ... once we've gotten past the disappointment of this rather shallow marketing ploy, what's to like about this movie?

It looks great, for one thing. The digital transfer for both the Blu Ray and DVD versions is clear and sparkling. Villaronga has a true artist's eye for the images he puts on the screen. The locations and sets, in both Spain and North Africa, are often beautiful and frequently keep the viewer (me at least) happily occupied no matter what is happening (or, more often, not happening) in the film's slowly unfolding plot.

A major attraction for me was the presence of Lisa Gerrard, the spectacularly talented female singer of the group Dead Can Dance. She is in one of the starring roles as Georgina, possibly pregnant with the Moon Child (or, confusingly, maybe not). Gerrard is a beautiful woman in a very English sort of way (think a young Virginia Woolf), and the dissolute, not-very-bright character she played was a bit of a challenge, no doubt, but one she pulled off nicely. And we see a lot of her. All of her, in fact.

The other female lead in the movie is Maribel Martín, a supremely talented Spanish actress, who handles a difficult, ambiguous role with intensity and a powerful screen presence.

Problems with the film centered for me around the rather muddled plot; competing ideas about what (and who) the Moon Child might be were never resolved to my satisfaction; the rather vacuous performance of the 12-year-old main character; and a basic plot premise of black Africans waiting patiently to worship a legendary white moon child! (Clunk!)

So, you know, one of those films I'm not unhappy I watched (in spite of the deceptive marketing), but not one I can recommend unreservedly. If it shows up on Netflix, maybe give it a look. Lisa Gerrard might be worth it.

The Seven Faces of Babalon

SR MAO

First performed at Horizon Lodge on June 21, 2018

Temple set up:

6 Altars, one for each Goddess with appropriate correspondences. Under each altar is a bowl with offerings. Prior to entering, congregants are each given a small cloth bag and a choice of juice or wine. Congregation enters. Once they are settled, all Goddesses approach their altars. At the East is The Idol of Babalon, covered.

Kali

Altar: A raised table with a red and black cloth. Upon it rests a black skull, a chunk of quartz, sandalwood

Gifts: Her Icon

Invocation:

I breathe the fierce air, which comes forth from my mouth.
I exhale the dark matter, which I offer from myself with joy and ecstasy.

(incense)

(lifts bowl, passes to Attendant)

I, the cosmic creatrix, the opener of hearts.

I expand and contract, involution and evolution.

I am the kundalini, rising to my red eyes.

I, the tantric force of of trance.

Kali am I, whose force and fury dances on the dead.

I am creation and destruction, mother and destroyer
My name is howled by warriors and wailed in ecstasy
My necklace of skulls a reminder of my wrath,
My all absorbing dance the status of balance.

(Takes back bowl)

I am all the ever burning fire, and to whom all returns

I am exalted at my temple, and share my passion with my Sisters.

(passes censor to Astarte)

Astarte

Altar: Square table with a black and green cloth, a bowl with honey and wine, myrtle leaves, amethyst

Gifts: Dried Flowers

Invocation:

I breathe the deep love, which comes forth from my mouth.
I exhale the warlike dreams, which I offer from myself with joy and ecstasy.



(incense)

(lifts bowl, passes to Attendant)

I, Mother inexhaustible and incorruptible,
Born the first, engendered by thyself and by thyself conceived,
Perpetually fertilized, virgin and nurse of all that is,
Bathed in the foam of the sea who drinks libations of blood.

Astarte am I, named the Abomination and goddess.

I, chaste and lascivious, pure and revelling, ineffable, nocturnal breather of fire.
Whose Asheras are still topped with doves and whose power runs deep in the marrow of men,
Who unitest, lovest, seizest with furious desire the multiplied races of savage beasts.
I who am found with flocks of cattle and groves of trees,
Wanton is my worship, under the moon and evening stars.
I am exalted at my temple, and share my ferocity with my Sisters.

(passes censor to Isis)

Isis

Altar: A throne covered in cloth with her hieroglyph, a bowl of water, vervain, bloodstone

Gift: Shells

Invocation:

I breathe the sweet breath, which comes forth from my mouth.
I exhale the deep sorrow, which I offer from myself with joy and ecstasy.

(incense)

(lifts bowl, passes to Attendant)

In swirling seafoam I am the swallow.
I am the fish and crocodile.
I have instructed mankind in the mysteries.
I am the shrine at which thy desire devoured thee with fire.

Isis am I, wife and sister of the Slain One

I am she who rises in the dog star.
I am the overthrower of tyrants.
I am she who separated the heaven from the earth.
Mother of sorrow, I offer my wings and crown.

(Takes back bowl)

I know no ending for I have no beginnings.

I am exalted at my temple, and share my love with my Sisters.

(passes the censor to Tara)

Tara

Altar: A low table with green cloth with a star, with an upright white disk bearing 7 eyes, tourmeline

Gifts: Stars

Invocation:

I breathe the limitless adoration, which comes forth from my mouth.

I exhale the endless triumph, which I offer from myself with joy and ecstasy.

(incense)

(lifts bowl, passes to Attendant)

Mother of enlightenment, who supplicates movement,

Devoted and sentient to the accumulations of wisdom.

Who takes refuge in the dharma and the sangha,

Whose face is filled with a hundred autumn moons

Tara am I, who speaks the mantras that rise from the dharmadhatu

Whose enlightened path stirs the depths of samsara.

All appearances and existences dual and none,

Liberating the 8 fears as a venerated conqueror,

I, Golden One of the blue lotus, water-born, in hand adorned!

(takes back bowl)

In the mudras of my swelling joy, I stamp the seven worlds in my rapture and wrath.

I am exalted at my temple, and share my equanimity with my Sisters.

(passes censor to Ishtar)

Ishtar

Altar: Square table with a black cloth bearing an 8 pointed star, on it a bowl of lush fruit, hematite, and an evergreen twig

Bowl: Evergreen Cuttings

Invocation:

I breathe the pure light, which comes forth from my mouth.

I exhale the quenched thirst, which I offer from myself with joy and ecstasy.

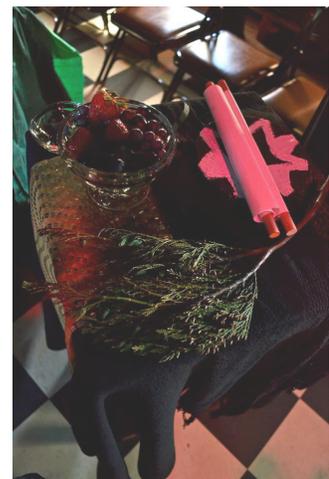
(incense)

(lifts bowl, passes to congregants)

Daughter of Anu, daughter of Sinn, I With Many Names.

Who journeyed to the underworld to alchemize my being.

Clothed in pleasure and love, laden with vitality, and charm.



Voluptuous pleasure spills from my lips and dances on my tongue.

Ishtar am I, prostitute compassionate who upholds the heavens.

Holy Queen of the skies, all life in my mouth.

I bring counsel and victory, compassion and ferocity.

Mistress of the peoples, the greatest of the Igigi.

I open the golden gate of heaven, the earth, and hell.

(Takes back bowl)

I who have passed down a line deific, born of wonder.

I am exalted at my temple, and share my protection with my Sisters.

(passes censor to Magdeline)

Magdeline

Altar: A small table with a dark cloth, Alabaster Jar, dried red roses and a plate of bread

Bowl: Cloth rose petals with perfume

Invocation:

I breathe the stainless purity, which comes forth from my mouth.

I exhale the tearful redemption, which I offer from myself with joy and ecstasy.

(incense)

(lifts bowl, passes to Attendant)

Sacred bride of The Christos, Consort to the Holy.

Scared whore of delusion, rewritten through the centuries.

I who summoned the first stone with my boldness,

Whose long hair and tears created my propitiation,

Magdelene am I, whore below and goddess above.

Apostle of Apostles, first witness to the act of transcendence,

Womb of the heirship of Christ, who wept and annointed.

“No longer will ye be called ‘forsaken’ and your lands ‘desolate,’
but you shall be called ‘beloved,’ and your lands ‘espoused.’”

(Takes back bowl)

I, the witness to the resurrection of my matriarchal nature.

I am exalted at my temple, and share my regeneration with my Sisters.

(Attendant passes each Goddess a goblet, then begins handing around juice and wine to the congregation.)

All Goddesses

As sisters we gather,

As goddesses we abide our heavens,

As warriors we rise,

Together we invoke our root,
Our darkest Sister,
From our hallowed temples,

(Idol is revealed.)

Bride of Chaos
Harlot of fornication
Abomination's mother
Every drop is of thy cup
Io Babalon, Io Babalon
ALSI KU NUSHI

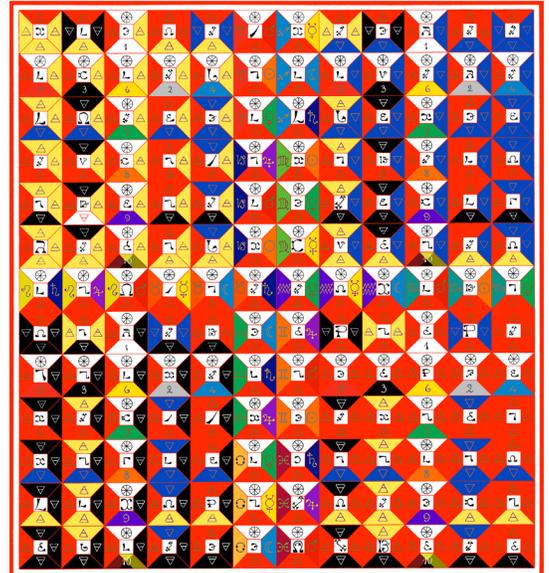
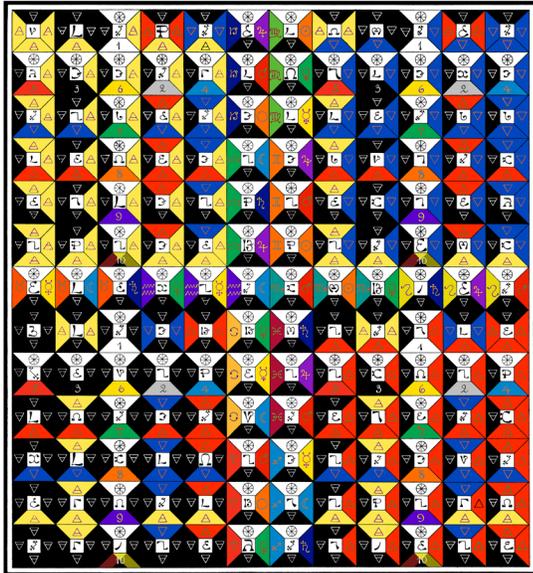
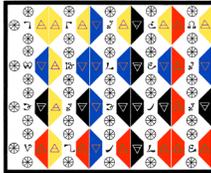
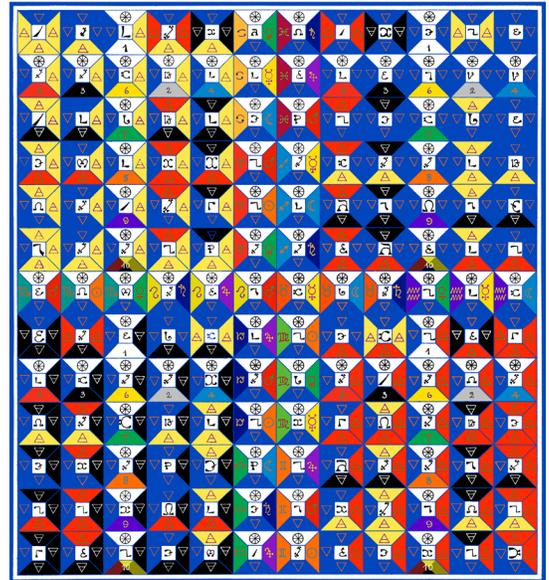
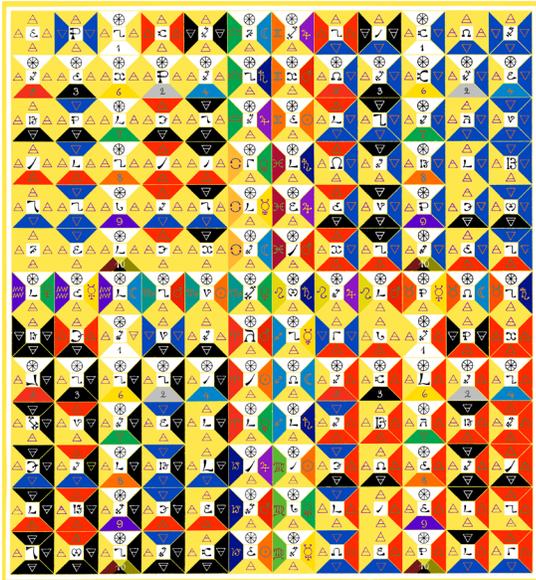
[Three times, each goddess taking an individual line, before just the last line is taken up by all, including the congregation.]

Goddesses raise their glasses:

In thy name Babalon!

(Raise glasses, all drink, lights out, Goddesses exit, lights back on)





ENOCHIAN TABLETS OF THE ELEMENTS SURROUNDING THE TABLET OF SPIRIT, RENDERED BY SCOTT WILDE