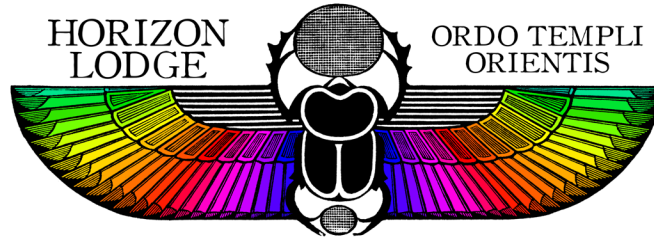


The circle of the horizon is the earth and sky's embrace

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Sky's Embrace

A Publication of Horizon Lodge, OTO



SHE IS THE UNIVERSE BY SARAH RILEY

Oil on canvas 22 × 28

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A Bridge from Earth (excerpt)

Away with time-worn thought! Who gives free space
Of seemly silence, in some form of tongue
Not wholly secret, not at least unknown,
May hear God speak ...

Arthur Edward Waite, *Strange Houses of Sleep*

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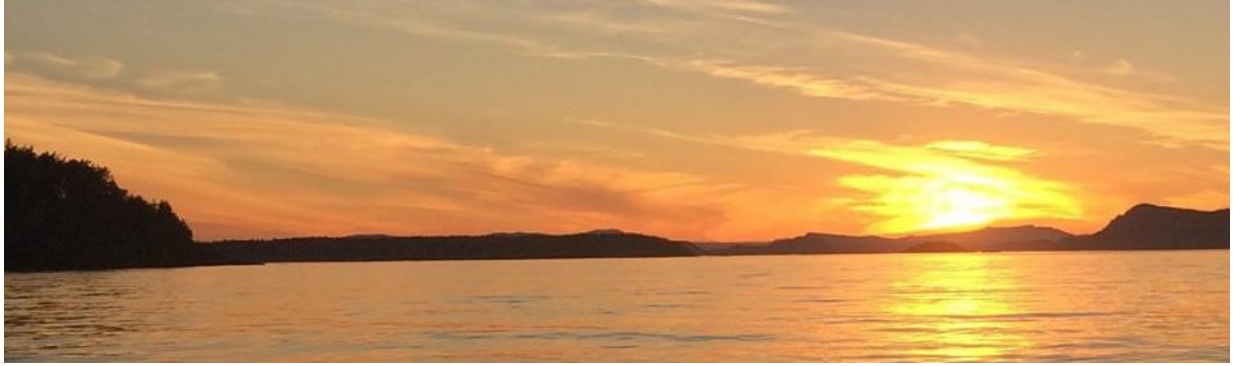
Horizon Lodge is a local body of Ordo Templi Orientis, the Order of Oriental Templars, or Order of the Temple of the East. We are located in Seattle, Washington.

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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Picture "Sunset" by Cindy Ponko

INVOCATION OF THE SOLSTICE SPIRIT OF THE SUN

BY AION 131

Look and See
Look and Watch
Look and Be,
Listen Beyond
Feel Beyond
Touch Beyond
Smell Beyond
See Beyond!

Thus is revealed the true essence of the Sphinx
Beyond the Secret of the Sphinx
Beyond the union of Human and Beast
In this True Union
Is the gateless-gateway found and entered.
The Sense Elements are stepping stones
The body is fuel for the flame of awareness
The Noise enwraps the Silence
Like a nest of dead twigs protects and hides
The Egg of Light within.

On this day the Egg Cracks
And the Light pours forth in waves
Obliterating all shades, doubts and illusions
A pure clarity born in pure bliss!
The is aware consciousness of Gaia — and
The open-borders awareness of Nuit — and
The everywhere-center of Hadit — and
The eternal vibration of the Laughter of Pan

And so much more, embracing the infinite
cosmos!
As the New Sun Rises
We honor the Primal Powers
We honor the Earth and the Heavens
And all the many beings dancing between.
So we honor the eternal dance of the Light
In all its infinite forms!
We honor the Ancestors, the Beloved Dead
And we honor with Open Flame
The unborn avatars of the New Truth, of Hope!
In all things, in all ways, we honor the Eternal
flame of Creation

Sol Invictus!
Sol Spiritus!
Sol LVX!
IAO!

Hail the rebirth of the Solar Egg shining
Hail the Nu Phoenix arising!
Hail the New Moment, New Hour, New Day,
New Month and New Year!

Hail this, the New Aeon, Our Age unfolding!
Above all, Hail to the Infinite Spark Within us all
May it ever guide us with Love and Will
On the Path
Of Truth and Joy.

Aum. Ha.

Done

BY SOROR MAO

By fire and earth I am undone.
A hole was never deep enough to contain me.
The kiln on which I was forged was as
Imperfect as the hand that molded me.
The house I was kept in burned down
A long time ago and
I am still living in the walls.

There was a time when I was water and
Wore down the rocks and trees
Around me until the landscape was
As still and smooth as my expression.
An ocean could not contain my emptiness,
My wrists and ankles locked in clouds.

But my undoing was my own,
A rage of flame burning through me,
A burial in a very deep well.
Until the perfection of the landscape
Broke and I rested,
Weeping in the desert.

Book Review: *Aleister Crowley in India* by Tobias Churton

BY MARK DALTON

Tobias Churton has been immersed in the works of Aleister Crowley for many years now. His biography of Crowley, *Aleister Crowley: The Biography* (Watkins Publishing) was released in 2011, but that was just the beginning, being followed by *Aleister Crowley: The Beast in Berlin* (Inner Traditions, 2014), *Aleister Crowley in America* (Inner Traditions, 2017), and now *Aleister Crowley in India* (Inner Traditions, 2019). If Churton's biography was an overview of Crowley's life, seen from a bit of a distance to address the path of his sprawling, complicated career, the following books zoom right in, close up on his thoughts and adventures – sometimes moving almost day-to-day, drawing on the Beast's voluminous diaries as well as surrounding documents and sources to give a clear picture of the times he was living in and through.

Aleister Crowley in India is no exception. We follow his treks through the far east – Burma, Ceylon and China as well as India. His major climbing expeditions on K2 and Kangchenjunga are examined in detail, with many photos taken on the mountains by fellow climber

Dr. Jules Jacot-Guillarmod. His relationship with a primary influence and role model, Alan Bennett, is well illuminated at last, as is his ultimately sad marriage to Rose Kelly (who proved herself a “trouper” during their long hike across Chinese territory, on foot!).

This volume, however, tackles a larger chore. Subtitled “The Secret Influence of Eastern Mysticism on Magic and the Occult,” Churton takes remarkable and, I think, largely successful pains not only to detail Crowley's explorations into eastern thought – Buddhism, Hinduism and, perhaps most importantly, the discipline and methods of Yoga – but also to explain Crowley's heroic efforts to import and incorporate elements of these bodies (in an objective, scientific manner) into the development of his revolutionary “social or spiritual philosophy,” Thelema.

To support this effort, Churton offers detailed information about the development of the A.:A.:, the writing of *Book Four*, the various “Holy Books,” *Magick Without Tears*, and his lectures on Yoga and the subsequent publication of his book, *Eight Lectures on Yoga*.

A thoroughly enjoyable and important addition to the study of the life and thought of the Prophet of Thelema. Highly recommended.

THE BOOK OF THE LAW



CHAPTER ONE



CHAPTER TWO



CHAPTER THREE

THE BOOK OF THE LAW, BY BROTHER JIM

Liber Quartus vel Mortis (excerpt)

COLLECTED WORKS OF ALEISTER CROWLEY
VOLUME III, PAGE 207

I bring ye wine from above,
From the vats of the storied sun;
For every one of ye love,
And life for every one.
Ye shall dance on hill and level;
Ye shall sing in hollow and height
In the festal mystical revel,
The rapturous Bacchanal rite!

The rocks and trees are yours,
And the waters under the hill,
By the might of that which endures,
The holy heaven of will!
I kindle a flame like a torrent
To rush from star to star;
Your hair as a comet's horrent,
Ye shall see things as they are!
I lif the mask of matter;
I open the heart of man;
For I am of force to shatter
The cast that hideth — Pan!

Divestiture - The story of how an Enochian working became my favorite song from the Telesteron catalog.

BY SR. MELISSA HOLM

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM BR. JON SEWELL

Jon and I love music. More particularly, we love to create music together, and have found that doing so is one of our favorite and most gratifying forms of group magic. Thus, we have produced our rock opera *Rites of Eleusis*, and assembled our band, Telesterion, and other musical projects for the manifestation of our work, which includes expressions of our personal truths, our trials and discoveries, and songs of deific devotion.

These collaborations form in many ways. Sometimes, through a strong experience, the words come out and create poetry of their own, and music gets built around it. Sometimes, a hook (a short riff, passage, or phrase, that “catches the ear of the listener”) will stick in our brains, driving us crazy until we sit down and figure out what it’s going to lead to. Sometimes, another person’s poetry will inspire us to bring it to music. This last type describes what we did with Crowley’s *Rites*, and it was a lot of fun (and a huge challenge).

My current favorite of our musical creations is a song called Divestiture which was arranged in 2017, and which was collaborative on multiple levels. Our bandmate, Ryan, had created a “hook” but didn’t have an idea how to use it. I liked it, and asked if I could run with it and see what I could make of it. The piece had spoken to me, and I knew what message it needed. It drew me back

to another magician’s poetry, that I hadn’t thought about for some time.

Over a period of nine months in 1999, Jon engaged in a regular practice of skrying the Enochian Aethyrs. As a part of the process, he would draft poems that described the visions in order to synthesize the experience. At certain intervals he would reach a barrier to progress. At these times, he would synthesize his experiences to date into a singular poetic piece, and recite it before attempting the next Aethyr. Divestiture is the first of these transitional, or gate-way, poems.

Written in April of 1999, some time around Jon’s 30th Birthday, this poem contains symbolic elements from the seven visions that preceded the gate to which he sought admission. By conjuring and synthesizing these symbolic figures, he would achieve the mindset necessary for advancement to the next series of “lessons”.

“I certainly make no claims that my visions were the vehicle for great, universal truth, or that the poetry is of lasting value to the English literary corpus, but the experience was of inestimable value to me as a human and I count it among the greatest personal accomplishments of my life. As obscure or convoluted these visions may seem to outside

The Rhyme of the Aethyrs

Divestiture At Ring-Pass-Not

BY JON SEWELL

(Addendum to the Aethyrs, April 1999)

A spider in the wheels turning, a ghost in the machine,
A candle in the darkness burning, a man reaching for reason.
The flame, a spark in a sea of dark, a blossom on the Tree of Life,
In arrogance we claim to know, goodness in a sea of night;
Here am I, clothed in armor; call it reason, call it law,
Seeking to define life's purpose, answering a silent call.

In her naked aching doth the sky of night call out "To Me!"
Every star therein in rapture, armor shields me from this ecstasy,
Deprive myself of reason, like sweet breath, fall to the sirens' song,
A star within the azure night bound up in azure bonds;
For here doth reason reach its end, and here must it remain:
The candle lives to light the dark, and night to shroud the flame.

Form that life may dance therein, each seen in their relation,
Thus reasoning doth not transcend unto the purpose of creation.
To sing, to dance, to live, to love, for these there is not "why",
But for the chance to sing and dance, to live and love and die!
I strip away my armor, standing naked, not alone,
For all who claim to reasoning are equally unknowing.

I see beneath their armor to their nakedness and shame,
And love them in my ecstasy, I am the candle's flame,
And in the night my reason ends in That Which Hath No Name,
In the bosom of the night I am the candle's flame.
I am thus a naked Fool, and so we are the same,
In the bosom of the night, we are the candle's flame.

Jon completed the last installment of the “Rhyme of the Aethyrs” in February, 2000. When we met later that year, and got together the year after, the “Rhyme of the Aethyrs” was still fresh in his mind, and he shared it with me. I was impressed with the body of work, and, in particular, the poem “Divestiture”. It spoke to me, particularly as a new

Thelemite, about the work of self discovery and removal of accumulated baggage taken on to “protect” me but, ultimately blocking my progress.

Taking this new piece of music and Jon’s piece of poetry with his permission, I set about to create an arrangement to re-express the piece.

Divestiture (lyrics)

I’m stepping out, the wheels are turning
A ghost in the machine
A candle in the darkness, burning
I’m reaching out, I’m seeking reason.
A flame, a spark in a field of dark,
A blossom on the tree of light
In arrogance I call it “goodness”
An anchor in a sea of night.

[Chorus]

Here am I...
I’m clothed in armor.
Call it reason, call it law.
Here am I...
Seeking out life’s purpose,
Answering a silent call.
Here am I...
Here am I...
On the cusp of my divestiture.

In naked aching doth the night sky cry,
“To me! To me!”
And every single star, in rapture
Can someone shield me from this ecstasy?
No longer seeing things so clearly,
Intoxicated by the siren’s song
I, a star within the azure night,
Caught up in the azure bonds.

[Chorus]

Here am I...
The candle,
living to light the darkest dark.
Here am I...
The darkness,
that lives to shroud the flame.
Here am I...
Here am I...
In the midst of my divestiture.

Form is form that life may dance therein
Each dancer seen in their relation
See what the surfaces cannot reveal
The truer purpose of creation.
To sing, to dance, to live, to love...
For these there is no reason why.
Each birth emerging to a another change
To sing, to dance, to live, to die!

[Chorus]

Here am I...
I’ve stripped away the armor
I’m naked, not alone
Here am I...
Immersed in understanding
All the things I’d thought I’d known.
Here am I...
Here am I...
At the conclusion of my divestiture.

Divestiture explores the limits of rational thought as a tool for understanding human motivation, and achieving self-understanding through the renunciation of false guises that we use to navigate the world; it is an exploration of the sources of joy, and an exhortation to become that joy. It began as an exercise for one person, a tool

toward individual growth. My enjoyment of expressing it through music is, in part, driven by the desire to share the message.

Listen for free at <https://telesterion1.bandcamp.com/track/divestiture>

Khnum Ritual

SPRING EQUINOX 1987

BY AION 131

Excerpt from the grimoire *Liber Eos*
Waning Moon Publications, limited edition

1) HAIL WEPWAWET – JACKAL GOD OF UPPER EGYPT – OPENER OF THE WAYS – REMOVER OF OBSTACLES – WHO OPENS THE SKY TO THE LIGHT OF DAWN THAT I MAY SPEAK THE WORDS OF POWER

“SEKHEM INUK UA AM CHEN”

2) HAIL KHNUM – RAM GOD WHO CREATED LIFE UPON THE POTTER’S WHEEL – SOUL OF THE SUN AND EARTH, WAR CHAMPION OF RA – BROTHER OF SHU – YOU ARE THE DIVINE BREATH OF ALL CREATED LIFE

“SEKHEM INUK UA AM CHEN”

3) HAIL MAAT – GODDESS OF COSMIC HARMONY WHO MANIFESTS AS THE PRIMEVAL MOUND – WOMB OF KHEPHRA – STATION OF THE STILL HEART – I, WHO LIVE BY MAAT, AM BELOVED OF MAAT.

“SEKHEM INUK UA AM CHEN”

4) I CALL YOU FORTH:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. KHNUM – AB – N – MAAT | (KHNUM IS THE HEART OF MAAT) |
| 2. KHNUM – AB – RA | (KHNUM THE HEART OF RA) |
| 3. KHNUM – MAAT – RA | (KHNUM THE MAAT OF RA) |
| 4. KHNUM – NEHEP | (KHNUM THE POTTER) |
| 5. KHNUM – KHENTI – TAUJ – NECHERU | (PRINCE OF THE TWO LANDS OF THE GODS) |
| 6. KHNUM – SEKHET – ASH – F | (WEAVER OF HIS LIGHT) |
| 7. KHNUM – KHENTI – PER – ANKH | (PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF LIFE) |
| 8. KHNUM – NEB – TA – ANKUIT | (LORD OF THE LAND OF LIFE) |
| 9. KHUM – KHENTI – NEDJEMDJEM – ANKH | (PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF LIFE-JOYS) |

5) DWELLERS UPON THE HORIZON – STAR GODS OF THE NORTH, THE HEAVENS DISSOLVE IN A FLOOD OF WATER, THE STARS DROP LIKE RAIN OUT OF THE SKY.

6) I CALL YOU FORTH:

1. SAH (ORION)
2. SOPED (SIRIUS/SOTHIS)
3. AKHEMU-SEKU (THE STARS THAT NEVER SET)
4. SHETU
5. NESRU
6. SHEPET
7. APSEDJ
8. SEBSHES
9. UASH-NECHER (THE STAR GODS BEHIND SOTHIS AND ORION)

7) I AM KHNUM LORD OF THE CIRCUIT – KHNUM YOU ARE THE SPIRIT THAT IS IN MY BODY AND YOU ISSUE FORTH THE LIFE-GIVING POWER OF THE FLOOD FROM YOUR MOST SECRET SELF.

8) MY HEKA (MAGICK) CALLS YOU FORTH:

1. ATIR – ATISAU
2. ATIRKAHA – ATISAU
3. SMAUIMATEMU – ATISAU
4. SMAUTANEMUI- ATISAU
5. SMAUT – TEKAIU – ATISAU
6. SMAUT – TEKA – BAIU – ATISAU
7. SMAUT – DJAKARAJA – ATISAU

9) I AM THE CHOSEN ONE OF YEARS

I AM THE GOD KHNUM IN THE OF (N.N)

I AM YESTERDAY

I AM TOMORROW

I AM THE WIND, STARS, AND MOON

I AM KHNUM

The Gift

BY BROTHER JIM

My introduction to OTO and Thelema took place in 2013, the summer right before I moved to Seattle.

I was listening to the *Speech in the Silence* podcast, which if memory serves, I found after finding one of David Shoemaker's *Living Thelema* talks on YouTube. I had gotten interested in the Kabbalah after reading a book called *Mastering the Core Teachings of the Buddha* by Daniel Ingram. In that book he lays out a path of attainment in meditation which he correlates with the sephiroth on the Tree of Life. I must have done a search for that subject on YouTube, because I found Brother David's talk on the tarot and the path of initiation on the Tree of Life. It was the first time I was exposed to the idea of the tarot as a map of spiritual attainment, but more importantly, it was also one of my first exposures to Thelema.

After a couple years of hardcore vipassana practice, I was switching my focus to magick. I was practicing a series of basic rituals in my apartment in central New Jersey every day which I had gotten from reading Donald Michael Kraig's book *Modern Magick*. I had been going through a difficult time that summer, struggling with circumstances that I viewed beyond my control. But then one evening around the 4th of July, in the middle of practicing basic ritual, something inside me gave way.

I could see, as I had seen many times before, that my life, my existence, my reason for being here was a mystery. This is something that had first occurred to me when I was about 5 or 6 years old and had asked my father why I existed. But there was something different this time. In addition to it being a mystery, I could see something else about my life that was rarer, more difficult for me to see.

It was a gift.

I had been given this moment and this whole stretch of time on Earth—who knows how long?—and for no discernible reason.

And I was ungrateful.

I wasn't just ungrateful. I was resentful. I was impatient and angry. I wouldn't stop to acknowledge the gift. I ignored it. I trampled over it on my way to something else. I kicked it in frustration.

As much as I tried to destroy the spirit of life within me and around me, as much as I resented it, as much as I raged at it, as much as I hated it, as much as I spit in its face, as much as I would even hope that it would die in me so I could stop feeling pain, sadness, and loneliness all the time, life seemed to spring back eternal. It was as fresh and as innocent as the day I was born.

And yet despite my cruelty and negligence toward it, it didn't seem to mind.

And this realization made me completely lose myself.

A river of regret poured out of me. I was not a religious person, but I begged forgiveness from any god that would hear me. But when I was done crying, as I lay numb in my temple in my little studio apartment, listening to the hum of the air conditioner in the window, I marveled. I marveled at the resilience of something that could take my hatred and resentment for all these years and still remain innocent, unstained.

Years later I would read a passage from one of our Holy Books that brought back to mind this incident:

Moreover I beheld a vision of a river. There was a little boat thereon; and in it under purple sails was a golden woman, an image of Asi wrought in finest gold. Also the river was of blood, and the boat of shining steel. Then I loved her; and, loosing my girdle, cast myself into the stream.

I gathered myself into the little boat, and for many days and nights did I love her, burning beautiful incense before her. Yea! I gave her of the flower of my youth.

But she stirred not; only by my kisses I defiled her so that she turned to blackness before me. Yet I worshipped her, and gave her of the flower of my youth.

Also it came to pass, that thereby she sickened, and corrupted before me. Almost I cast myself into the stream.

Then at the end appointed her body was whiter than the milk of the stars, and her lips red and warm as the sunset, and her life of a white heat like the heat of the midmost sun. Then rose she up from the abyss of Ages of Sleep, and her body embraced me. Altogether I melted into her beauty and was glad.

The river also became the river of Amrit, and the little boat was the chariot of the flesh, and the sails thereof the blood of the heart that beareth me, that beareth me.

O serpent woman of the stars! I, even I, have fashioned Thee from a pale image of fine gold.

—LXV, II.7-16

With a new, dumbfounded appreciation for this gift which could neither be destroyed nor even stained, I went to work the following day, sat down at my desk, and decided that after 34 years, I was going to leave New Jersey. Three and a half months later, I was driving across the country with whatever possessions I could fit in my car, journeying into the total unknown.

At Horizon we utilize several metrics of success. These metrics are reflected in information we present at our monthly meetings.

From the Lodge Master and the Deputy we hear about upcoming events. We receive reports about events that have just happened, how many people attended them, what went well in the planning and execution and what did not.

From the Treasurer we hear how the lodge did financially the preceding month, whether the final number is presented in black font or red font. We hear about the current balance in the bank account, how much money we made in merchandise, and how many members we have.

From other officers we hear what initiations or masses or rituals are scheduled and when—all the nuts and bolts information required to run a lodge.

These bits of information are useful measures of our work. They help provide the feedback we need to execute our mission. The more we can measure, the more we can intervene in and improve upon. But are these metrics really the measure of our success as an OTO body?

What is the purpose of Horizon? Is it to put on a performance of the Gnostic Mass? To initiate someone? To hold a potluck feast?

If we did one of these events once and only once, we would not have fulfilled our mission. But how many times do we have to do them before we are successful? Do we have to perform 100 initiations? 500 masses?

How many members do we need? 30? 50? 500?

Of course there's no point at which we have performed enough masses or enough initiations. There's no amount of members that is enough. The pursuit of things for their own sake is inherently unsatisfying. Any spiritual practitioner worth their salt knows this.

So then what is the measure of our success? What are we really here to do.

I would suggest the true purpose of Horizon is to not put on any particular event or hit any particular external measure of success. I would suggest its true purpose is to change lives.

I believe we have the capacity to change lives, because there is a particular gift we as a community give to anyone who interacts with us.

In other words, the measure of our success does not lie in acquiring money, acquiring members, acquiring congregants, or acquiring initiates, because the measure of our success is not in acquiring anything at all. On the contrary, our success derives from what we give.

All those other means—initiations, masses, events, etc.—are mechanisms by which the giving is allowed to occur. Without them, we would be nothing. But we must never forget that they exist to serve our ultimate purpose of positive life change. If we are not changing lives for the better, then no amount of performance—no matter how technically perfect—can redeem us.

As our community continues to adapt to external demands, let's not lose sight of why we're here. Let's not lose sight of the measure of our true worth. This is not determined by how quickly or how well we jump through anyone else's hoops. It's not determined by any number or by any thing. It is determined by the quality of our giving and what that gift allows us to go on to be and to do.