



ORDO TEMPLI ORIENTIS NEW ZEALAND

September 2011, Anno IVxix

... and pets

“DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW”

As has been Lodge tradition of late, midwinter saw us heading into the Waitakere Ranges to do Man of Earth initiations. This time we had the pleasure of five wonderful candidates – one for Minerval, two for First Degree, and two for Second Degree.

A miscalculation by yours truly, as to how long these ceremonies would take, meant the initiations finished more or less around the time we were supposed to be out of the hired space. This meant we had to pack down the temple and load up the wagons with superhuman speed. Such a feat required remarkable energy and organisation from all present, but, as usual, everyone pulled together brilliantly, and there was success.

As I write this one month on, I am still awash with inspiration and insight from that weekend. A powerful magick came through for all present, not just the candidates, and once again we all found ourselves quite gobsmacked by the raw power of the Degrees. The rituals of our Order are invaluable jewels, revealing ever-deeper layers of gnosis and wisdom every time one gets to experience them. It is a great privilege to be involved with OTO initiations, and it is especially wonderful to have so many in temple when they are performed. Congratulations to the new

initiates, and a big thank you to all who came along and made the event so special.

Fr Nomad



The nerves got to him!



A treasure from Wellington



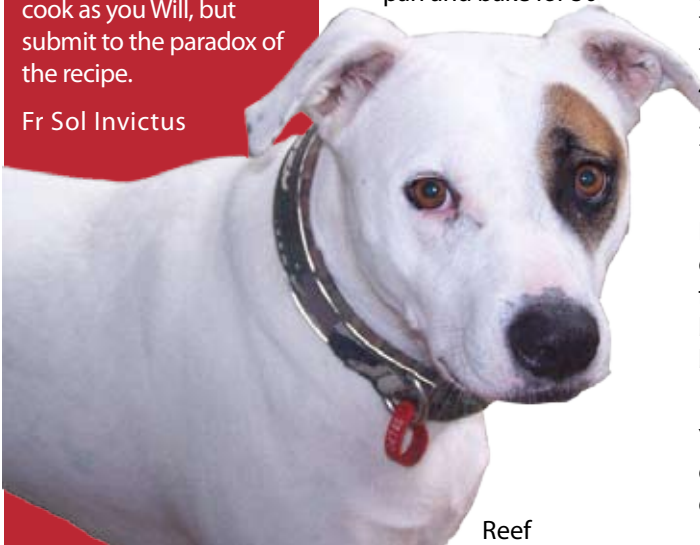
Girl power



THE RIGHT TO COOK WHAT HE WILL

After providing food at the last initiation, I was asked to give out a couple of the recipes - Easy Vegan Chocolate Cake, my wife's specialty, is possibly the best chocolate cake I have eaten, they will never know it is dairy free. In true Thelemic fashion, cook as you Will, but submit to the paradox of the recipe.

Fr Sol Invictus



Reef

Chocolate Cake

- 3 cups flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 6 tbsp cocoa powder
- 2 tsp baking soda
- 1 tsp salt
- 2 cups water
- 1 cup vegetable oil
- 2 tbsp white vinegar
- 1 ½ tbsp vanilla essence

Method

1. Preheat oven to 200°C
2. Grease a 9 inch or 12 inch cake pan
3. Sift all dry ingredients first and then thoroughly mix the dry ingredients together.
4. Mix in wet ingredients in this order - water, vegetable, vinegar and vanilla essence. Continue mixing until you obtain an even batter (no lumps).
5. Pour mixture into cake pan and bake for 50

minutes – 1 hour. Check the cake after 40 minutes; use wooden skewer to test by placing the skewer all the way through the middle of the cake, if the skewer is almost clean then leave in for another 10 – 15 minutes, if it is clean all the way through, cake is cooked.

6. Cool cake in the cake pan for 10 minutes then rest on cooling tray afterwards until completely cooled down.
7. Icing cake is optional, instead of using butter, use Olivano or Pam's Canola Spread (margarine).

Courgette and Bean Slice

- 2 cups grated courgette
- 1 small onion finely chopped
- 1 can, 310gm cannellini beans, drained and rinsed
- ½ cup grated cheese
- ½ cup self raising white flour
- 4 eggs, lightly beaten
- 3 tablespoon oil
- ¼ tsp salt
- 1 medium carrot grated

Place ingredients into an electric mixing bowl, and mix for 1 – 2 minutes. Grease a basic loaf tin or baking tin and bake in a pre-heated oven at 180° for 35 – 45 minutes.

You can add in any manner of spices, this recipe is quite forgiving.

RECONSTRUCTING MY WORLD

I read somewhere that the average person sees between 150 and 3,000 adverts per day – that’s a lot of unsolicited influence. The word “advertisement” means “to turn the mind or attention” or “to make something known.” Advertising agencies actually use brain scans on test subjects to figure out which adverts stimulate the most. The inner voice doesn’t stand much of a chance in this sort of environment, does it?! How can a quiet voice stack up against a campaign of ads constructed by a team of ad men and doctors?

I think I have a way.

By associating various products with useful reminders that we select for ourselves, we can subvert the force and vigor of these agencies to our own ends.

My work at present is:

- To recall my dreams
- Write better diary entries
- Listen to the voice of my HGA.

So, I associate burger ads with dream recall (they both repeat!); shoes with diary entries (its like leaving footprints); and perfume with the HGA (smell is attributed to spirit).

Now the noise seems less obtrusive. I am not as concerned with keeping the world out, and rather enjoy absorbing these new sigils. Furthermore, I feel more empowered by my surroundings, and my faculties are less dispersed and re-directed in the direction I would like them to go.

Is that Issey Miyake, or my Angel?!

Fr Ascendas

WHAT IS YOUR MAGICAL NAME?

Sr Ashlar

I found my name reading Gunther and then read it again in another book. I like its conventional meaning of being a “dressed stone” and I really like its Masonic meaning - an imperfect block of stone which is chipped away to be made perfect to become the cornerstone of the temple. I also like the fact that Ashlar is neither male nor female, that it isn’t the name of someone, that it’s just a word for an object undergoing a transformation to take off the rough edges. I also like the sound of it on the tongue.

Fr Nomad

I took the name Nomad in August 2008, after thinking for several months about a name change. I had used the letter N as a starting point, for the concept of Death was prevalent in my understanding of initiation

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When I smile, Thou dost smile through me
When I cry, in me Thou dost weep
When I wake, Thou greetest me
When I walk, thou art with me
Thou dost smile and weep
Thou dost wake and walk
Like me, my likeness Thou
But when I dream, Thou art awake
When I stumble, Thou art sure
When I die, Thou art my life.

From Songs of the Soul, by Paramahansa Yogananda

at the time. As I played with this letter in my head various names popped up, but it wasn't until I was on my way to Japan to receive my next Degree that Nomad came to me. In this word I perceived many key truths regarding my path, truths that are hard to put into words. However I think they are well expressed in the Book of Lies: "Death rides the Camel of Initiation."

Fr Ascendas

I took on the magical motto; Ascendas Penitas Veritas while still a candidate for the Minerval degree. I liked the aesthetic of a Latin motto so after spending some time considering my aspiration, I condensed it into three words - Climb Inside Truth converting it into Latin.

Over the years I have become aware that there is no actual climbing involved in the process. I've also come to understand that truth has no inside or outside however I have kept the name as I don't really feel I have outgrown it yet somehow.

So, if you find you have a book lying around and it's got Ascendas written in the front, you know where to drop it off!



"It is magnificent to live for others."

Dharma thought by Venerable Master, Hsing Yun



A visit to Fo Guang Shan Buddhist Temple, Auckland



Sr Igrewl

How I got my name is different from most on a magical path as I didn't choose it. It was given to me by my great-grandparents on the third day of my birth. There are now only three people living that have the right to call me by it

- Igrewl is not a name to pass lightly from another's lips.

I've spend most of my life piecing together the significance and symbology around my name and the gifting of it. The nearest I've got to a really solid answer was from my Gran, a wise

and witty old bird who said "A name is what you make it, that's all there is you need to know."

It's who I am at my very source; I do get the sense that it owns me too.

ON BEING PRIESTESS

As there are two new prospective Priestesses in our group, it occurs to me that I may never have taken the time to talk to people about my experience of being Priestess. It has been a

remarkable opportunity and the experience of our Mass team continues to expand, as I hope it does similarly for the congregation present.

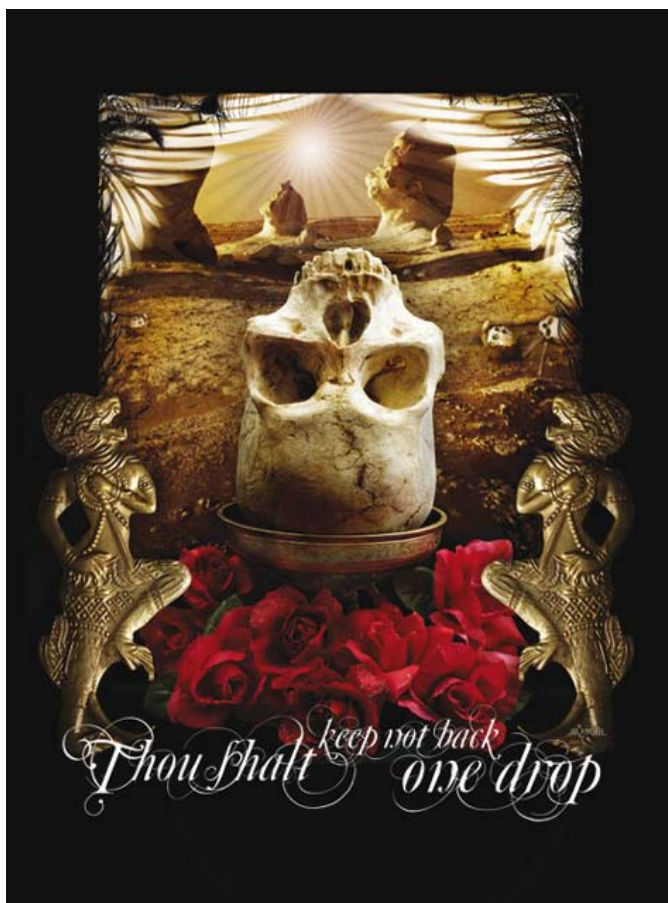
I was Priestess at the first Mass I attended. I was

living in Inverness, Scotland in the late '80s and had contacted the OTO's closest body, which was then Abrasax Encampment in York, England. I was initiated in York, and before too long moved down there to be closer to the brethren. The camp master was Ben Fernee. He was mentored, I guess you'd say, by David Rietti, who was living in Wales at the time with his wife Irene (if memory serves me correctly), and they attended our first Gnostic Mass.

It was a magical time and the Gods colluded in bringing the event to bear – it was effortless to create the Mass equipment and all the wood we needed for building the altar was found in a single pile on the side of the road.

I must have rehearsed with a script, but I remember the Mass was well above my head by the time we came to do it. Irene acted as my “hand-maiden” and anointed my body with Abramelin oil just prior. It was all a bit of a blur after that really.

When I returned to New Zealand a year or so later, we had a period of doing Mass every week. I recall that I would suffer quite severely at times from what I refer to as “the storm before the calm.”



"ONE DROP" - an A3 print by Annette. Limited to 49 prints. US\$31 + postage - all profits donated to Ordo Templi Orientis Grand Lodge of Australia. Contact aygulart@me.com or [facebook.com/AyguLArt](https://www.facebook.com/AyguLArt) regarding postage prices.

I would have a strong bodily reaction leading up to the Mass, almost a revulsion that would see me sometimes sobbing and crouched on the floor. Ha, I'm not painting a great picture! Nevertheless, the Mass always went ahead, and it was, always ... awesome!

All these years later, this malaise continues. On the day of Mass, the entire day becomes one of suspension in anticipation. Simon, who is usually Deacon, feels similarly. Though we know to assure ourselves it will be worthwhile and that

we will be well rewarded – and we always are – in abundance.

I've done enough Masses to be pretty cool and relaxed about it all. I used to be fussy about the dramatics, now I know it is the Gods that perform the Mass and we are merely vehicles – it makes no odds what we bring to it, other than our surrender.

Bloopers have been abundant over the years – the censor once melted in the Deacon's hands; many times the charcoal has gone flying; a Priest dropped the cup with wine spilling everywhere;



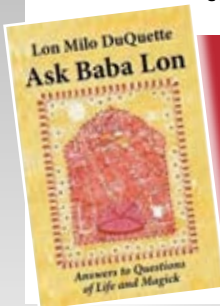
once my carefully teased hair caught alight; and another time, we lined the temple with a hand painted Egyptian fabric which let in no air - no-one could breathe, and we were only just able to finish the Mass all in a pool of sweat! I'm sure every Mass team must have a tale.

Early in the piece I even had a go at playing Priest. I wouldn't do that now, but it was a very useful exercise, particularly as it took me many years to understand that the roles are not really sexed at all.

A notable Gnostic Mass I was in was with Frater Siva at his Coronation in Sydney in 2006 and it was possibly one of my worst. With a number of international OTO dignitaries present, and with the energy of it all,



Lhani and Pinto completing their adorations of the sun. Above Terrance, ever adoring.



ASK BABA LON

Best-selling occult author and magician, Lon Milo DuQuette, wraps his turban on to become "Baba Lon" - answering letters and questions of magick and

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we were both nervous to say the least. And nerves really have no part to play in the Mass.

Still, we can't always get it right and once, quite recently, I even had a full blown panic attack while the creed was being read in the next room. I wasn't sure that I could even stand to enter the temple.

I wish I had written this a week ago just after Mass. Mass brings with it a sort of trance state I suppose that lasts some time afterward, and then it fades – although I trust we have some little permanent change each time.

To talk of Mass is difficult of course, which is surely why people don't. Every Mass is unique, and possibly unique to its Officers, with myriad new insights that happen on more than one level.

Perhaps the best way that I would describe Mass is as the interplay of Hadit and Nuit - continuous death and re-creation.



Cashew riding his AT-AT. He's definitely part of the Rebel Alliance, helping Luke and the Jedi to bring down the might of the Empire...

Tim is the most magnificent Priest. He gives every drop of his life's purpose into the role, so that when he passes the cup back to me, it is as though he gives his life's blood to Babalon. What is not compelling about this intensity of purity?! It calls the Priestess forth to engulf him in the warmth of the Great Sea. And this Great Sea is a place of no difference where the Priest, and the Saints, and Gods become one.

The congregation similarly bring what they do to the Mass and Babalon responds accordingly.

Hriliu brings no end to the play - for me at least. Why should the shrill scream of orgasm end? It continues long after the veil is drawn.

What is magnificent about a Gnostic Mass? It is the Thelemic current – a tangible, unique Gnosis which the adepts allow us to manifest through this script that Crowley wrote for us. Each Mass is beautiful, each Mass brings forth a stream of love, each Mass gives us the opportunity to change, to re-create ourselves - it opens the path of enlightenment and crystallises the light in our blood.

I don't know how this will read to someone that hasn't been an Officer in the Mass previously, but I encourage you take this opportunity – it has the ability to be transformative, and life doesn't always offer such opportunities for getting closer to our Beloved.

Sr OSIS

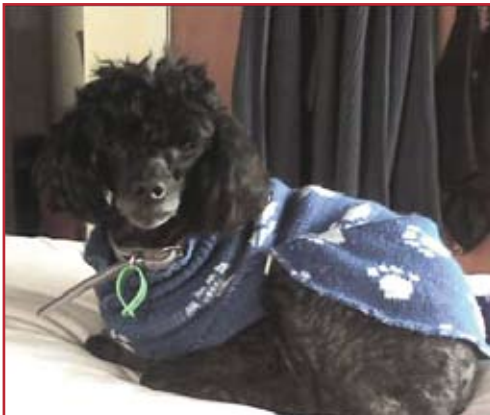
Fr Sol Invictus

My Magickal name is Sol Invictus (Invincible Sun), this was a Godform during the later Roman empire. I have always had great affinity within our "Solar Cult" to "our Father the Sun." I am also drawn to AL I, 9 to "Worship then the Khabs, and behold my light shed over you!" as personal instruction towards adoration of the sun as a symbol of God in the micro and macrocosm.

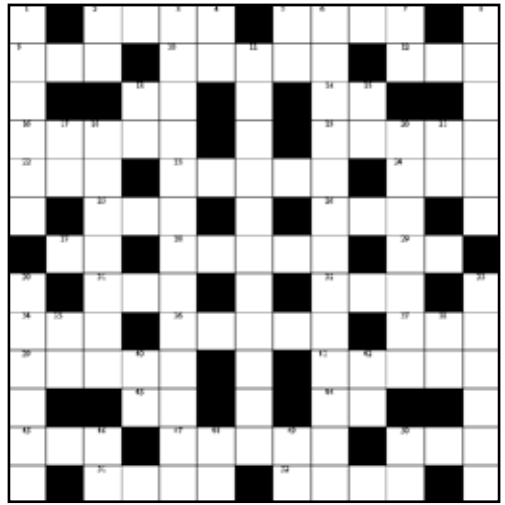
GROSSWORD

ACROSS

2. Poem
5. Masonic structure
9. Cutter
10. Entertain
12. Sacred syllable
13. Else
14. Musical note
16. Conjoin
19. Delete
22. Aries symbol
23. Comparative of 'mere'
24. "There is no ___ but man." (Liber Oz)
25. Legume
26. Night before
27. 6
28. Bestowed
29. Not
31. Strange
32. Dove sound
34. Letter of 1 down
36. "I am ___ you and in you." (AL I:13)
37. Short sleep
39. King of herbs
41. Sire
43. That is
44. Aleph
45. Ocean



Max



47. Prefix for a nitric compound
50. Self
51. Falsehoods
52. Related by blood

DOWN:

1. Binah planet
2. About
3. Biblical female [4,9]
4. 13th letter
5. Like
6. Authoritative written source [9,4]
7. Final syllable of Liber AL
8. Obstruct
11. Light higher than eyesight?
13. Belonging to
15. 18th letter
17. Sodium
18. Irreverent
20. Everlasting
21. Consequently
30. In the most satisfactory conditions [2,4]
33. Choice
35. Great White Brotherhood
38. One
40. 2
42. From
46. A title of the Book of the Law
48. "That is not which ___." (Book of Lies, ch 5)
49. Sun god
50. 14th letter



STAY IN TOUCH

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Polly doing her Will

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AUCKLAND DATES TO DIARY

EACH THURSDAY

Study Group: Daniel J Gunther's Initiation in the Aeon of the Child.

Just three more weeks of our Gunther study group and we'll move on to weekly group ritual opportunities.

FRIDAY, 23 SEPTEMBER

Feast for the Equinox

SUNDAYS

25 September 2011

30 October 2011

27 November 2011

18 December 2011

A celebration of the Gnostic Mass

WEDNESDAY, 12

OCTOBER 2011

Crowleymass