

Senatorius Sacerdos
Harpyiae

Ordo Aurum Aurae

Temple Order of the A.'.A.'. .

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

The Ecliptic and the Fool

The following journal the 'The Ecliptic and the Fool' was privately circuited to members and associates of 'The Temple of Baphometr' a temple of the Silver Star, Wellington New Zealand.

Adamas 161 the Praemonstrator of the Ordo Aurum Aurae previously served as Chief Adept/Hierophant of 'The Temple of Baphometr' and the publisher of 'Circlecaster' and 'The Ecliptic and the Fool' journals.

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We hope that you enjoy reading these journals which have many brilliant insights into the magick and lore of Thelema; and give our many thanks to the publishers of Circlecaster for the opportunity to include them within our corpus.

- Jean de Cabilis (Magister)

Love is the Law. Love under Will



The Ecliptic and The Fool

Volume 1, April 1999

The Ecliptic and the Fool is the Journal of the Outer Circle of the Temple of Baphometr.

The Temple of Baphometr encompasses a wide variety of styles and traditions, including Wicca (in many of its variations), Ceremonial Magick (in a variety of forms), Shamanism (including the newly evolving Shamanki tribal lore), Esoteric Voodoo. It is, however, first and foremost, a Thelemic Temple working in the glory of the Silver Star.

All who follow a path of enlightenment are welcome to participate. Only those who would hinder or oppose the 93 Current are excluded.

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The Ecliptic and the Fool will be issued when volume of material justifies or when the publishers perceive a need.

Those wishing to work more closely with *The Temple of Baphometr* are invited to contact us for further details.

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Welcome.

It was with considerable sadness that I ended the life of *Circlecaster* last year. The seven issues caused many a ripple, and I have received much favourable comment.

In many ways *Circlecaster* was an experiment. As it turns out, it was enormously successful in this respect. The scope and character of New Zealand's occult community was fairly much an unknown. With *Circlecaster* I cast the net as wide as I could. And now I have a strong sense of who is out there. As much as I would love to continue to serve everyone, I have realised that my Work is better served by a tighter focus.

The focus of *The Temple of Baphometr* and, indeed, *The Ecliptic and the Fool* is detailed in the masthead. While this may appear too inclusive to be considered 'focused', it is a scope that is consistent with the approach to magick documented by Crowley – anything is valid if it works, is repeatable, and leads in a useful direction.

Response to the initial notices about *The Ecliptic and the Fool* has been mixed. There seems to be some concern that in order to participate, one must declare oneself a Thelemite. Far be that from the case. While *The Ecliptic and the Fool* is the publication of a Thelemic Temple, any magickal work that is even remotely consistent with ours is important to us and we would like to share in it.

This is a sample issue which is being distributed relatively broadly so that potential members may make an informed decision on whether or not to participate. Future issues will be available to members only and may contain substantially more detailed accounts of events or controversial material. As a private publication distributed only to those with a common interest and direction, it is felt that no censorship or limitation of scope of discussion should be necessary.

Fr Prima Lux 3°=8°

631/93/93

*Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
Love is the Law. Love under Will.*

The New Milleni... ummm

In a couple of hundred days or so the world will experience a wide range of assorted calamities – ranging from minor inconveniences to wholesale failure of critical systems. So they say. ‘They’ have many opinions on many things. But that’s not important. That a few electronic mishaps may or may not occur on the day designated 1 January 2000 is of little consequence in the grand scheme of things. Because the day designated 1 January 2000 is of absolutely no consequence whatsoever.

So many hopes and dreams are pinned on this day. So many fears and phobias hinge upon this day. So many prophecies are linked to this day. But this day has no valid traditional, religious, terrestrial or celestial significance. It may not even be the relative date intended by some of the prophets. It isn’t even really 2000 years since the count began.

None of this will change the way people deal with the event – it now has a certain magic of its own – maybe a bit like watching the odometer of a car roll over onto a new thousand or ten-thousand. And I certainly would not be the one to deny the world an excuse for a good party - surely we need the unity (although the battle for Millennium dollars could see some pretty interesting tangles).

But on with the story. Some of the facts about our calendar.

The chaos began when, in the sixth century, the Pope commissioned a monk by the name of Dionysius Exiguus (or Denys the Little) to prepare a calendar which dated all events from the birth of Jesus Christ. Prior to this the Romans had used the foundation of Rome as their reference (Anno Urbis 1). Needless to say this new calendar was adopted quickly throughout Christendom (even today other calendars are in use in other cultures).

Denys did a fine job. Except that the number 0 (Zero) had yet to be discovered in the west and hence the year of Christ’s birth was numbered 1, making Jesus one year old at the moment of his birth. And except that even

now the actual year of Christ’s birth is subject to debate - it seems that he was born in 749 or 750 Anno Urbis (which equates to 4 or 5 BC, although the idea of BC to express the years before his birth did not arise until the Venerable Bede dreamt it up in the 8th Century), some four or five years earlier than Denys calculated. So, from the beginning we could be five or six years off any significance with respect to the birth of Christ.

By the way, the zero/one for the first year error leads to the 2000/2001 argument - which year should our celebrations take place. If being right means anything then there is no debate – it has to be 2001 (Kubrick got the significance). But there is no way that the facts will get in the way of a major money making opportunity - the streamers will surely fly on 1 January 2000 (and chances are the opportunists will have another go a year later).

Anyway, we’re not out of the woods yet. The length of a year has always been a bit of a problem. The ancient Egyptians used a Solar year, while the Babylonians (and modern Hebrews) used a Lunar year of twelve months. The Lunar year is 11 days shorter than a solar year, so an extra month is slipped in every third year. The Romans started out with a calendar with only ten months, but in 44BC Sosigenes suggested to Julius Caesar that the calendar could be made to keep in line with the seasons more accurately if a leap year (every fourth year, a year with 366 rather than 365 days) was incorporated. And so the Julian Calendar came into existence (and is not to be confused with Julian dates which are a recent scientific invention, calculated in daily units from midday UT, 1 January, 4713BC).

The Julian Calendar commenced on 25 March, the Feast of the Annunciation (which coincidentally happens to closely correspond to the Vernal (Northern Hemisphere Spring) Equinox).

While the Julian Calendar was much better, it still wasn’t quite right (a tropical year, the time between two successive Northern Hemisphere Spring Equinoxes, is actually 365.24219 days,

not 365.25, so the Julian calendar accumulates error at approximately 8 days per thousand years). Not a big problem, but this in itself would have us missing the big moment by about 16 days. Incidentally, if you ever want to become properly confused, you could try calculating the year based on Sidereal Years (the period of Earth's orbit relative to the stars - 365.2564 days), Anomalistic Years (the time between perihelia - 365.2596 days, Julian Years of 365.25 days, or even Eclipse Years (246.6200 days).

Fortunately Pope Gregory noticed this little problem and in 1582 decreed that 10 days should be vaporised, and hence 4 October 1582 was immediately followed by 15 October 1582. This brought things back into step and he further added that leap years were not to take place in century years unless they are divisible by 400 (hence 2000 is a leap year, where 1900 was not). The Gregorian Calendar, which is the current Western system, returns an error of 1 day every 3,300 years. (By the way, Britain, from whom we inherit the system, actually only adopted it in 1752 and had to correct an 11 day error with 14 September 1752 directly following 2 September 1752). Pope Gregory was also responsible for the adoption of 1 January as the start of the new year. (From the useless information department it is vaguely interesting to note that our standard 31 March financial year-end derives from rounding back the old year-end of 25 March plus the 11 days lost in 1752).

Earlier on I mentioned other calendars. One that is worthy of mention for its novelty and relevance to the pagan way of life would have to be the French Republican Calendar. This system was adopted briefly in France in 1793 when the revolutionaries sought to design a calendar with no ecclesiastical associations. It divided the year into twelve months of thirty days, plus five festival days, plus an extra festival day every fourth year. The months reflected the seasonal character - Vendemaire (Vintage, 22 September to 21 October), Brumaire (Mist), Frimaire (Frost), Nivose (Snow), Pluviose (Rain), Ventose (Wind), Germinal (Seedtime), Floreal (Blossom), Prairial (Meadow), Messidor (Harvest), Thermidor (Heat) and Fructidor (Fruits).

There is no direct application for any of the preceding information. And that is the point.

The calendar is a totally arbitrary system for the communication of points on the time axis. At finer resolution the time axis becomes even more difficult to manage, with a multitude of different measures and actual of day length and milliseconds being lost and gained all over the place. Complexity rises further when you take into account that the Sun, the basis of most of our time measurement, is actually not truly central in the solar system (barycentric dynamic time allows for this by timing from the centre of gravity of the solar system). And as if that's not enough, the Theory of Relativity even prevents the same time being measured at two different locations.

Specific references for repetition and startpoint are selected for specific purposes. The year 2000 is neither meaningfully referenced to any start point nor properly a multiple of similar years.

All of this ties back to the fact that the Earth itself is not a particularly good clock. While many factors come into play, the net effect is that the planet's spin is slowing and is variable. An example of the slowing effect is the time of 'first morning rising' of groups such as the Pleiades (which happens to be the marker of Matariki, the Maori New Year) – this, and every other event linked to celestial risings, falls about one day later every 71 years.

Related to this is Precession. Depending upon how you understand the significance of the Zodiac this can be a real problem. Astrology is based on charts plotting the whereabouts of the Solar System objects (planets, moon and sun) relative to the 'fixed' constellations (the twelve forming a band along the approximate path of the Solar System objects). Astrology draws its reference from times past when the Vernal Equinox corresponded to "The First Point of Libra". Unfortunately Precession has caused the Earth's tilt to swivel round leading to the Vernal Equinox actually corresponding to the first point of Virgo.

None of this need matter in the slightest (unless you wish it to). What it does do, though, is illustrate the extent to which we are divorced from the cycles that are the foundation of many of our rituals.

Should one apply the six-month shift to the Feast Days? Seems pretty silly celebrating harvest in the dead of Winter doesn't it? But on the other hand, maybe there is a case for

connecting with others of like spirit by celebrating the same thing at the same time.

Should one circle deosil or widdershins? Whatever - on the one hand it depends whether you're invoking or banishing, creating or dissipating. And whether deosil means clockwise (the way the hands of a clock move - regardless of hemisphere) or sunwise (clockwise in the Northern hemisphere, anti-clockwise in the Southern hemisphere). And, of course, it depends on how (and if) the concept of 'evil' fits into your system.

Should you carry a compass so that you can be sure to call the right quarters? That depends - you will need to decide for yourself whether the elementals acknowledge magnetic or polar alignment - there is currently a 23.5 degree difference, increasing at 0.5 degrees every seven years (as a result of the Earth's spin). This is near enough to one-sixteenth of a circle - probably not too ambiguous for the quarters but it could confuse things in the Eight-Fold Banishing. And did you remember to keep your athame well away from the compass anyway?

For that matter, there is the perpetual question of transposing quarters for the hemispheres. Do we place Fire in the North or South (or somewhere else completely)?

And what about the day and hour correspondences? Clearly this depends whose you are using and whether you consider the correspondence to have intrinsic significance or be of pure psycho-stimulant effect. Most of the correspondences are 'modern', they were established or reviewed after the major

shambles associated with time and date, and work with simple reference - their probably pretty much untouched by all this chaos. If you work with symbols on a pure psycho-stimulant basis personal to you, you're probably pretty safe from any information that may come along anyway.

Any new-agers out there? Worried that your Biorythms may be all wrong? Relax - biorythms are calculated on the basis of standardised days since your moment of birth - standardised repetition, fixed reference. All is well.

Of course, you can always resort to high magick to resolve all - the Witch declares the circle to be "between the worlds" suggesting that is beyond the laws of terrestrial mechanics, the Magickian works in Tiphareth, beyond space and time. Although, of course, a serious practitioner will still record and account for all known variables, including physical aspects such as time, location and climatic conditions at the time of the ritual.

This article has explored a number of apparently loosely related concepts connected by their dependence upon our travels in the celestial sphere. Ideally it should be all tied together to make some sort of final point. The difficulty with this is that the 'point' is personal. If one must generalise, then maybe it just comes down to the simple idea that physical 'fact' doesn't have too much bearing on magick - that whatever you do is fine, providing that the decision to do it is conscious and informed - that it is an act of true will.

The Problem with Intellect

In many ways the conscious mind, is an obstacle to the practice of magic. It does not matter whether we call the conscious mind the rational mind or the intellect. There is a paradox however. That is, that the mind or the intelligence are absolutely necessary to practice magic. For an aim of magic, is to evolve as intelligent thinking and rational beings within full awareness -that is intelligence. Yet due to its nature of the mind, its value systems and logic, it is the mind which can be an obstacle to spiritual development. So, it is the mind which is a hindrance to enlightenment and magic. Yet it is the same mind which is absolutely necessary for the phenomenon of enlightenment and intelligence.

For example during a ceremony, we may use various pentagrams and hexagrams within our workings. Logically the intellect may say that we are simply drawing shapes in the air, and they may decry logic; that these shapes are illusionary and have no substance. Yet without the intellect we would be unable to recognise the mystical validity of these forms. Obviously at a much more rudimentary level, we required the intellect to learn the forms and god-names in the first instance.

Another example, concerns words of power. The witch-magician can express sounds or words of unlearned tongues, either as chant or words of power. These unlearned and verbal expressions arise from the depths of one's psyche and spirit. In situations like this, the intellect may face an internal battle between logic, with its intellectual accusations of insanity, and one's inner worlds who are now expressing verbally the symbolic language of the soul.

So herein is the problem. The same intellect, which limits our "Intuitive Connections" is the

very same medium which is absolutely required for dialogue with our Inner Worlds. And if allowed to function unchecked, it can and will limit the ability of the subconscious to communicate with an open conscious mind.

So how do we resolve this apparent dilemma? Well, the intellect is required as an instrument of communication with the soul. It is the intellect that learns the language of our Inner Worlds and then relays these communications, using pictorial language, from our subconscious to our conscious mind – and vice-versa. The problem is that very often that we allow our intellect, our knowledge and our facts to be our aim.

The Boucca Wicca system teaches that facts and knowledge should be considered as and likened to the blocks of Babel. If we pile them up too high, then they will come crashing down; and far before they reach heaven, and the more complex they are the greater the labyrinth.

While useful magically, make not facts and knowledge your goal. It is only the language of archetypes and images which can pass the inner barriers and communicate and express our inner worlds. And this is why we stress importance of the 'Unlearning', the removal of conscious methods within our ceremonial workings. For it is realised that magic requires the effective communication and manifestation of unconscious forms. For by becoming sensitive, by being open to our inner selves without the prejudice of a multitude of magical systems, we become free. Free to allow ourselves to become open to the greater reality of the magical worlds.

Jean de Cabilis

End of the Old Aeon

Religious people losing faith in their beliefs,
finally realising that they have been deceived,
of the laws that they were brought up to think true,
now the time has come, there's nothing they can do.

Society has failed at what it tried to accomplish,
broken down, now there's mostly tension and anguish,
depriving people of what the cosmos has to offer,
the majority blind-eyed decay unto their coffins.

Does anyone care about the search for inner self?
Or developing their senses to their full amount?
What has become of this carcass we call "man",
who wanders blindly, even in his own land.

Off to work he goes, forth and back, to and fro,
but meanwhile hidden knowledge that he will never know.
Where is the will to know, to understand?
I guess that this is just the ignorance at hand.

But meanwhile there are others of a different kind,
with desire to search, and the urge to find.
Working on 'the self' and trying to make a change,
Learning what's available, but with always more to gain.

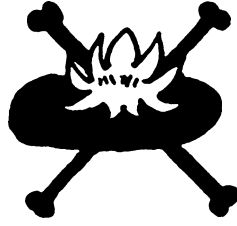
They are looked upon as "lunatics", never making any sense,
so understandably, they go about their business in silence.
Centuries ago they were burned for gaining knowledge,
So that explains why these days there aren't many of us.

But the numbers are growing larger, I know this to be true,
Improving their selves and surroundings, wouldn't you?
The power of will is stronger than one thinks,
And this is the daily pleasure that magick brings.

Uniting one by one, day by day, like you and I,
Creating groups of people all living by,
the code of life itself and energies that surround us,
doing what thou wilt and developing our powers.

Spreading and becoming the new world's human race,
maybe our own country is a good starting place.
Welcome to my realm of thinking, is it what you'd choose?
It's the end of the old aeon, and the beginning of the new...

*Written in Leo, 1998 with 'B**'*
*by L** G***
21/93



The Unveiling of the Lily

Come.
Meet me.
I lie placid on the water's surface.
Perhaps my petals reflect the gentle sunrise.
Perhaps they shimmer under the noonday sun.
Perhaps they lie pale in the moonlight.
Come closer.
Am I not pretty – nay – beautiful to behold?
Hold?
Yes, you wish to hold me.
To softly touch the petals.
Maybe even to taste.
Ah – what sweet dreams and visions I could give you.
But only if you come close enough to taste.
Don't be afraid of the water.
It is the soft bed on which I lie.
Come float with me.
Let me wrap my underwater tendrils and roots around your body.
Feel the gentle caress.
Close your eyes and float and dream.
Do not struggle as I pull you close.

Under the water.
Continue to sweetly dream.
Yes, I will always hold you close.
So that as your body rots and decays below the pond's smooth surface, you will give me the nutrients I require to become even more beautiful, more alluring.
And perhaps then I will bring you a friend to keep you company in the watery depths.
Come.
Meet me.
I am Lily Aqua Mortis, also known as Lily le Mort.
I am a Shamanki Sister.
I dance at the crossroads and follow moontides.
I speak with the ancestors and turn with the seasons.
I am a friend of serpents and a follower of she who is three.
I greet you all.
Come.
Meet me.

*L**A**M***

The Celestial Passage of the Sun

A contemplation on the Solar Cycle, prepared for the WANZ Autumn Equinox, 1999

Twelve months ago we acknowledged the Autumn Equinox, as it has been acknowledged by almost every culture and civilisation for countless millennia.

For this is no time fixed by man, dependent upon race, colour or creed, but a time of significance in the cycles of the celestial sphere.

Since last we marked this equinox, the sun has travelled eastwards on its path of the ecliptic until, in the dark of Winter, it reached its northernmost point in late June. There we celebrated the dark mysteries of the longest night, the death and rebirth of light. We felt the midnight of the year. "Hail unto thee who art Kephra in thy Hiding, even unto thee who art Kephra in thy silence, who travellest the heavens in thy Bark at the midnight hour of the Sun". Yes, few knew better of the quiet scuttlings of hidden creatures of the night than the Egyptians.

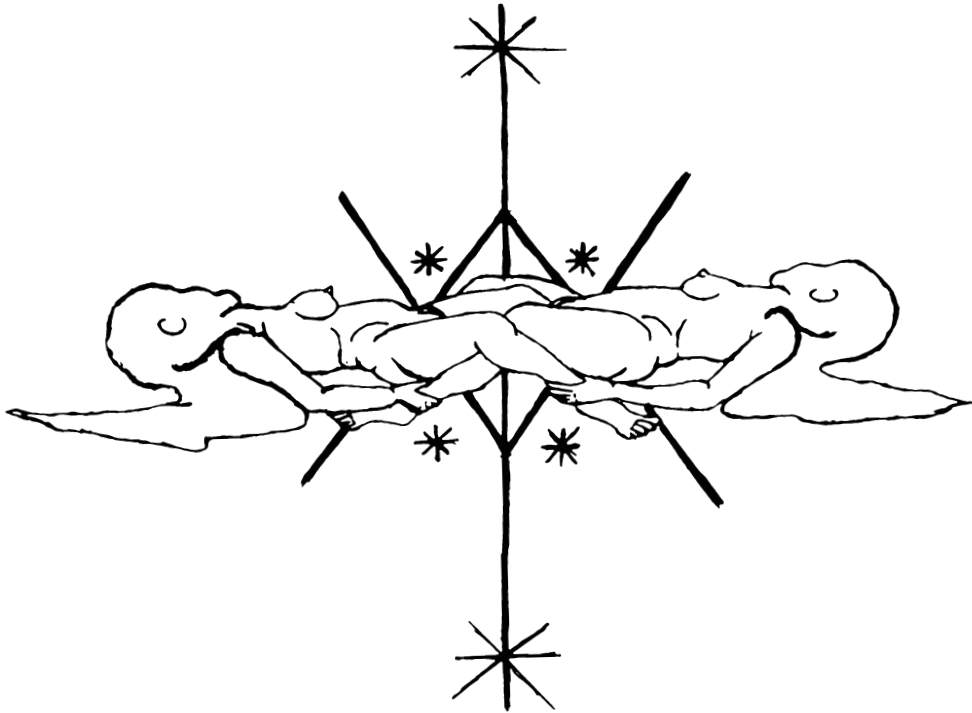
And the passage of the Sun continued until the night and the day became once more equal. The observers saw the Sun cross the celestial equator at what is known in the north as the First Point of Libra, for in ancient times, before our Earth shifted in relation to the Zodiac, the Sun had just entered the constellation of the Scales. There were stirrings in and upon the Earth. The rebirth was begun. "Hail unto thee who art Ra in thy rising, even unto thee who art Ra in thy strength, who travellest the heavens in thy Bark at the uprising of the Sun".

The days grew longer and the seeds planted in the spring germinated and grew. We reached the Summer Solstice late in December. The Sun was at its southernmost and the days were long. Sol was King for the day, but in his strength was his downfall, and thereafter came the descent into darkness. "Hail unto thee who art Ahathoor in thy triumphing, even unto thee who art Ahathoor in thy beauty, who travellest the heavens in thy Bark at the mid-course of the Sun." Yes, we were at the fullness of the year.

And now, we come again to this day where neither night nor day is dominant. At 1.46pm today the Sun was directly over the celestial equator on its northward journey, and today all the peoples of the world are equal in the light of our lifegiving star. The ancients knew this day as the First Point of Aries, as the sun just nudged into the constellation of the Ram. Through the countless generations we have come to know that the darkness is soon to be upon us and we give thanks for the bounty that fills our storehouses, and we petition our Gods for safe passage through the Winter. "Hail unto thee who art Tum in thy setting, even unto thee who art Tum in thy joy, who travellest the heavens in thy Bark at the down-going of the Sun." It is a time of contemplation as the Earth settles down for the renewing sleep of the dark months.

Blessed Be

Fleetwind
(Extracts from Liber V vel Helios,
Aleister Crowley, acknowledged)



Blue Moon 1999

An Evening of Esoteric Voodoo

What words can one use to describe the events that unfolded on the day the *Hounfor Du Marche* and the *Hounfor of the Emerald Coils* joined forces for an evening of Voodoo Magick.

Surprising. Astonishing. Intense, at times verging on terrifying. Ecstatic. Joyful. Wild. Exhausting.

Yes, all of these are apt words.

A moon has passed since that night of wonder. It has taken that long to assimilate the experience and make a kind of sense of, if one can, or even should attempt to 'make sense of', the wonder and intensely powerful mystery that is voodoo!

Approximately thirty souls joined in the ritual that evening. The temple was a sight to behold.

Tonight 'Oya', the mighty mother of storms, dancer on death's thin edge, Matron of the *Hounfor Du Marche* was to be called. Also to be called was Damballah La Flambeau, the mighty Fire Serpent of Voodoo, Patron of the *Hounfor of the Emerald Coils*.

All those present can bear witness to the events that unfolded.

Sacrament was shared, and so we began. Members of the temple calling the mighty Oya to earth. Symbols sacred to her alive in the eerie half light of dusk. Her headstone, eggplants, sword, her banner emblazoned with a lightening bolt.

A handful of voodooists choose to take on the mantle of this dread Orisha. As each came forward Mambo, Houngan and Hounsis lifted the elaborate costume of the Egangan dancers over the voodooist.

Standing now over seven feet tall, and moving slowly, invoking with ritual steps and rattles, aided by the drummers and voodooists whose voices were lifted to the heavens calling Oya by her praise names, the dancer began to spin faster and faster. Layer upon layer of colourful torn strips of cloth made up the body, head hidden by a beaded mask. A vision of swirling colour.

Oya moved through the hounfor, her name on all lips. As her name was called the night sky was rent with lightening and thunder. Oya Mother of Storms, come dance!

The dancer now spinning wildly out of control – Oya had entered! Dancing with deity – oh Mother have mercy!

As the dancer momentarily lost consciousness and began to topple, many loving and strong arms reached out to steady and support, then lead the exhausted voodooist to the side to rest.

Another flash of lightening! All now turned to Damballah's beautiful altar and banner emblazoned with the serpent, all in red. Hot chilli peppers to temp him. Come Fire Serpent, come!

The snake dancers, faces and hands blackened, patterned with white, now came to prominence, singing the names of praise.

Spirit Chief, drummers and voodooists invoking this ancient and mighty Loa with sacred symbols, song and dance. Voodooists invite possession, looking deep into the sacred mirror of Voodoo held before them as they knelt before Damballah's veve, eyes not recognising the image held within the mirror's surface. All present forming a circle around the dancer inviting possession, all of one will, to call forth the great Serpent!

Bodies swaying, flowing, voices chanting. Come dance with us Damballah!

Rattles hissing in unison as the serpent struck!

Now faces lit up with rapture as they were joined with the snake. Now stunned as Damballah left, to dance with another.

Voodooists dancing up storms and snakes – the sky opened. Voodooists dancing in water as it rushed through the spirit house. Sacred drummers not missing a beat, as blood and rain bounced off drum heads!

Lightning illuminating the now ravaged temple, and appearing as the flash of a camera to capture

the isolated scenes. Our heads now opened by the ritual and the Loa.

Dancing on the edge of magick, beyond exhaustion, on and on, with the fury of the storm raging around us. Falling through the mirror of Voodoo, now dancing in the arms of Oya, now wrapped in coils of splendour!

My own consciousness began to move away. It stretched out in all directions, thinner and thinner. I was dissipating like a mist. No longer able to distinguish between the sound of drum, voice or rattle, but surrounded, nay, engulfed by powerful rhythmic throbbing.

A blind came down over my vision. I was thrown to my knees.

As the blind lifted and crashing sound returned, I found myself kneeling next to the centre pole (spirit tree) of the Temple. How much time had passed? Seconds? Minutes? My arms hung at my sides, hands still clutching the rattles. My lips still silently forming the name.

Damballah, Damballah, Damballah.

Another flash of lightening, another scene.

Spirit Chiefs, Mambos, Hounsis, La Place and a few hardy Voodooists still left standing, giving thanks and closing the Hounfor.

The ecstasy and sublime forgetfulness of Voodoo was apparent on many faces that night.

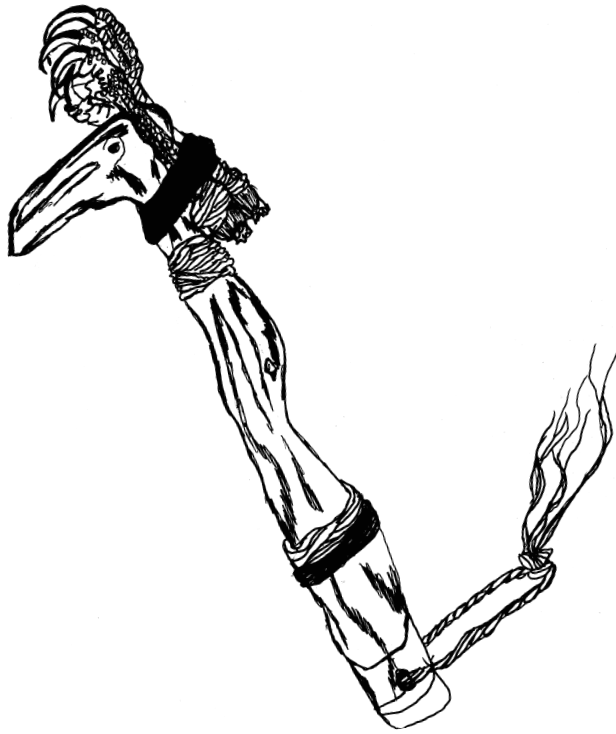
By morning light it appeared that the Temple itself had indeed been the centre of a storm. All was in wild disarray, all toppled and washed away.

Visible on the ground, running through the Temple, etched in the earth, was the unmistakable imprint of an undulating snake.

We give thanks to those fearless souls who joined us, for their energy and enthusiastic participation, and their generous gifts of food for the poor.

Until again we dance the sacred dance, until again we meet at the crossroads.

N***



Shamanki

Hail and greetings Dread and Terrible Sisters!

Hail to you Brothers most fierce!

The tribe has had a most happy and joyous increase.

Two Sisters and two Brothers have, in their great wisdom, chosen to run and hunt and make magick most awesome with the Shamanki of the Four Winds.

The moons leading up to the initiation into the mysteries of our clan had been hard and danger filled for our newest sisters. Many ordeals they passed through seeking their Names of Power.

When at last they were revealed and the Sisters spoke their Names most powerful, members of the tribe saw signs and portents. In the sky showers of comets, the ground trembled underfoot, the sea boiled. Yea, the very fabric of the universe was rent when the triumphant cry was released to reverberate through the heavens and the hells.

Vipera Aspis

Lily Aqua Mortis

Let these Names of honour be committed to clan memory.

In Shamanki sacred space, before our ancestors and our Supreme and Terrible Goddess, White Fang, we called to our Sisters who stood outside the circle. Ordeals over, heads held high, they walked as true Shamanki, powerful and free, into the arms of their waiting Sisters.

For our newest Brothers, however, the ordeal was just beginning.

The Consorts, seasoned warriors, now strong and hard from running with the Shamanki, took our newest Brothers under their wings. For them and our new Sisters we danced the dance of Beginnings, and the Coming of the Consorts.

As they circled our sacred space, the challenge was put forth by that most feisty and restless-footed Shamanki, Aconita Pythia.

The warriors sang their Songs of Power. They stood, showing no fear, before the legendary and terrible Shamanki. For to show fear would have meant a swift end for them!

They each spoke in turn, revealing their Name of Power and making an offering to the Shamanki. Would they be accepted, or would they perish for their impudence?

Ragwort came forward first. A thousand, thousand times he could be struck down, but would instantly rise again like his Herb of Power – he could not be defeated! Strong as a hundred lions – he offers his many lives to the Shamanki.

Aye Brother, join our fire!

Next came Stinkhorn. He has a most awesome and powerful crystal with which to show the Shamanki the stars!

Oh Brother! Take us there!

Next, Strongarm.

With no need for sleep, he can dance with the Shamanki from Sundown till Sunup until the end of time.

Aye, Brother – so be it!

Now, standing tall and seemingly unafraid, was another.

‘Who goes there? What will you offer the Shamanki?’

‘I have something good in my pocket and I am known for my open handed ways and knowledge of power plants. My Name of Power is likewise that of your well loved Herb of Power.’

The Shamanki cried out as one, ‘Brother Skunk – a most hearty welcome!’

Finally, a much younger warrior stood outside the circle alone.

What could one so young offer that the Shamanki could have need of?

The nameless one stepped forward unafraid, most pretty, with a colourful feather through his nose. He offered a poem, praising the Greatness of the Shamanki. None but one whose spirit

burns with the bright light of the Shamanki, could know that the high art of flattery is a most respected and sought after skill!

This young one also carried with him a large thigh bone – which he uses to great effect on his drum.

And so, with the hot generosity that marks the Shamanki, we honoured him with a name... ‘Brother Bone, join us!’

The Brothers now faced the ordeal of the clubs. The Shamanki formed a double line and as the Brothers ran through, they were soundly beaten by their club wielding Sisters.

Now in the bosom of the Clan, each was given a pictograph telling the ‘tail’ of that most stupendous and holy event – The Great Remembering of the Shamanki, and our Dread Goddess.

Also Amanita Raptor was honoured most hugely with a woollen Cap of Power adorned with her mushrooms most sacred, gifted to her by her well loved Sister and Brother, Belladonna Felinus and Strongarm, magickally wrought by the mate of Bone.

We fierce Shamanki stood with our Brothers, the Consorts, powerful makers of magick. In our Sacred Space, as one heart and spirit we sang the Great Mysteries.

And, as we sang, we swayed, for we were ever the most fragrant of Clans!

Until again we meet at the crossroads, good hunting...

Yours horribly,
*A**R***

A Temple Working The Mass of the Phoenix

The night was overcast, with the crescent moon, just a few days old, occasionally making itself known amongst the clouds. In spite of the wind, it was a humid 20 degrees.

At 9.00pm three magickians gathered at the The Temple of Baphometr to prepare for ritual.

In the course of the day Cakes of Light had been prepared, but for the addition of one final ingredient, the blood of each priest and priestess. This was duly done and the Cakes laid out on the altar, alongside the other tools, the bell, the burin and the thurible.

Each magickian took time in the vestibule of the Temple to wash thoroughly with hyssop water, and then took their place in the Temple proper.

The Master of the Temple declared the Sacred Space with the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram.

As each was to know the proper sacred symbol, a meditation based on a reading of *One Star In Sight* prepared the fertile ground of the individual's ingenium. Little time was lost, for the images flowed freely and soon the point of no return was reached.

First a priestess took her place at the altar. The atmosphere changed instantly. This was solemn practice.

The Enterer.

Harpocrates.

The mysterious Name.

The repeated batteries of eleven bells.

The heartfelt call for enlightenment.

And the offerings in that Name.

The overwhelming of instinct in the Name of Will as blood was shed, the sacred symbol indelibly traced. The reverberations of its significance felt by all on every plane.

And the sense of relief and strength of purpose as the final assertions are made, and the sustenance of the second Cake of Light takes hold.

Not once, not twice, but three times was this ritual performed, the energies building one upon the other, supportive, yet independent.

The Star, The Triangle and The Crossroads. Symbols powerful in their own right. Now etched into the being of the aspirants. New significance sensed at every level.

All filled with a sense of completion, the High Priestess of the Temple closed with thanks to the Great Serpents of Voodoo.

Time had again become distorted in the space of magick. We had completed our work in the twinkling of an eye, yet two hours had passed in the outside world.

Leaving, we all acknowledged the special trust that we had shared, and enjoyed the sense of elation that accompanies such ecstatic ritual.

Fr Prima Lux 3° = 8°
631/93/93

Notes:

It is the practice and policy of *The Temple of Baphometr* to observe appropriate health and hygiene precautions.

All participants have complete free and informed will in all aspects of the work.

One Star In Sight and *The Mass of the Phoenix* are to be found in *Magick* by Aleister Crowley.

Outer Circle Working – An Invitation

Fundamental to the work of *The Temple of Baphomet* is the belief that unqualified information, and indeed, information overload, is detrimental to the acquisition of wisdom.

Today we are bombarded by data – radio, television, internet, and even pagers and cellular phones.

While not seeking to suppress information, to censor, to limit its availability or to hinder technological advancement, we do seek to ensure that these TOOLS remain under the control of the individual, and that the individual still has personal choice in their application.

Today most of these tools are under the control of major corporates with a pure profit motive. Their conception of quality of life bears little relationship to any we understand. We are under constant pressure to succumb to the ‘necessity’ of these ‘products’.

Take some time to contemplate the messages being conveyed in some of the current advertising. Do you really want to be woken up by or play games with your cellular phone? What does Suzuki mean when it says on its diesel fume spewing, sapling crushing four-wheel-drives, “Suzuki Loves Nature” (Isuzu have a similar message on theirs too). And how about the Iridium phone network 76 satellites orbiting above so that you can be interrupted anywhere on the face of the planet (incidentally, as an amateur astronomer, I am horrified at the amount of scrap metal orbiting our planet and I’ll get onto “Reclaiming the Dark Skies” through elimination of light pollution some other time). And the ‘virtual banks’ on the Internet – now you can focus on your money 24-hours a day (and what happened to all the human tellers).

These are just a few to get you started. You will notice a general pattern of control and de-humanisation.

The Internet is an interesting case too. Most of you will be aware that it evolved out of a governmental and educational network that had no ‘ownership’ whatsoever. It was highly co-operative and relied on the good will of its

participants. It has now fallen into the hands of commerce – I’m sure many of you have a “free” web page of your own – doesn’t the compulsory sponsor advertising make you crazy? We have also been pressured into placing the medium above the content – if the site doesn’t have animated graphics and a wide range of tricky gizmos it doesn’t rate mention. Likewise, if you haven’t paid for priority attention from the directory services, you’ll be lucky to get in the top 100 hits on a general search.

All this is leading to a planned distributed ritual. You are invited to participate in a ‘reclaiming of technology’ ritual to be formalised and executed later this year.

At this stage, what is required is your expression of willingness and the name of the town from which you would be working.

Once we have all the participants mapped, we will provide a script for a simple ritual to be performed at a specific time on a specific date.

The ritual will use elemental silicon as its object – being the fundamental component of most electronic equipment. You might choose to use some silica sand or a semiconductor component off an old circuit board, or even a piece of silica glass. The work itself will be a modified binding ritual – aimed at liberating the spirit of technology from commercial interests and restoring it as a tool and servant of the individual.

Hopefully we will have participants scattered liberally around New Zealand, and maybe even in major centres around the world.

This will be an excellent exercise in applied will – irrespective of how one interprets magick, or what results may manifest, there has to be a favourable outcome as a result of our conscious acknowledgement of the manipulation that is taking place.

Fr Prima Lux
631/93/93

Anyone interested, please reply promptly via email or conventional mail to the address given on the masthead on the front page.

Temple of Baphometr Diary of Works...

This diary is a brief description of the primary ritual component of the Temple Working only - preliminary banishings, minor works and closing pieces are not noted. Full accounts are maintained in the Journals of the individual members.

The Temple Workings generally take place on Tuesday nights and are specifically dedicated to the Work of The Temple of Baphometr and conducted by its High Priest and High Priestess, with other members or invited guests participating. The physical Temple is also used for other rituals.

- 30/1/99 Preparation of physical space for the creation of the Temple.
- 31/1/99 Decoration of Temple and installation of the altar and sacred objects. Special thanks to Luke for the use of his original oil painting of Aleister Crowley.
- 2/2/99 Consecration and dedication of the Temple. Dedication of the High Priest in the Name of The Beast and High Priestess in the Name of Babalon to the Great Work Accomplished as symbolised by Baphometr. Blood and Water given in these names.
- 2/2/99 Initial announcement of *The Ecliptic and The Fool*.
- 9/2/99 Feather and Flame invocation of Maat.
- 16/2/99 Invocation of 'No'.
- 23/2/99 Liber HHH – Continet Capitula Tria: MMM, AAA, ET SSS as guided contemplation.
- 2/3/99 As 23/2/99 except changed reader.
- 9/3/99 Sirius Stargate. No/Maat invocation.
- 16/3/99 Lafcursiax Working. Guided contemplation on Lafcursiax from the Shadow Tarot, supported by Adjustment (Thoth) and Secret Societies (New Orleans Voodoo).
- 23/2/99 Liber XLIV – Mass of the Phoenix

Working with Others...

While no specific endorsements or affiliations are necessarily implied, members of *The Temple of Baphometr* have regular contact or involvement with the following groups and organisations:

The Wiccan Association of New Zealand
(Wellington/Auckland/National)

Boucca Wicca et Custosi Tutelae
(Southland/International)

The Unnamed Temple
(Dunedin)

The Hounfor of the Emerald Coils
(Dunedin/Wellington)

The Hounfor Du Marche
(Auckland)

Full Moon Drumming
(Wairarapa)

The Experimental Ritual Group
(Wellington)

The Blue Moon Co-op
(Wellington/Dunedin/Auckland)

The Shamanki Clan of the Four Winds
(National)

Should you wish to make contact with, or require further information about, any of these organisations, we will be pleased to assist.

The Ecliptic and the Fool
Volume 1, April 1999

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