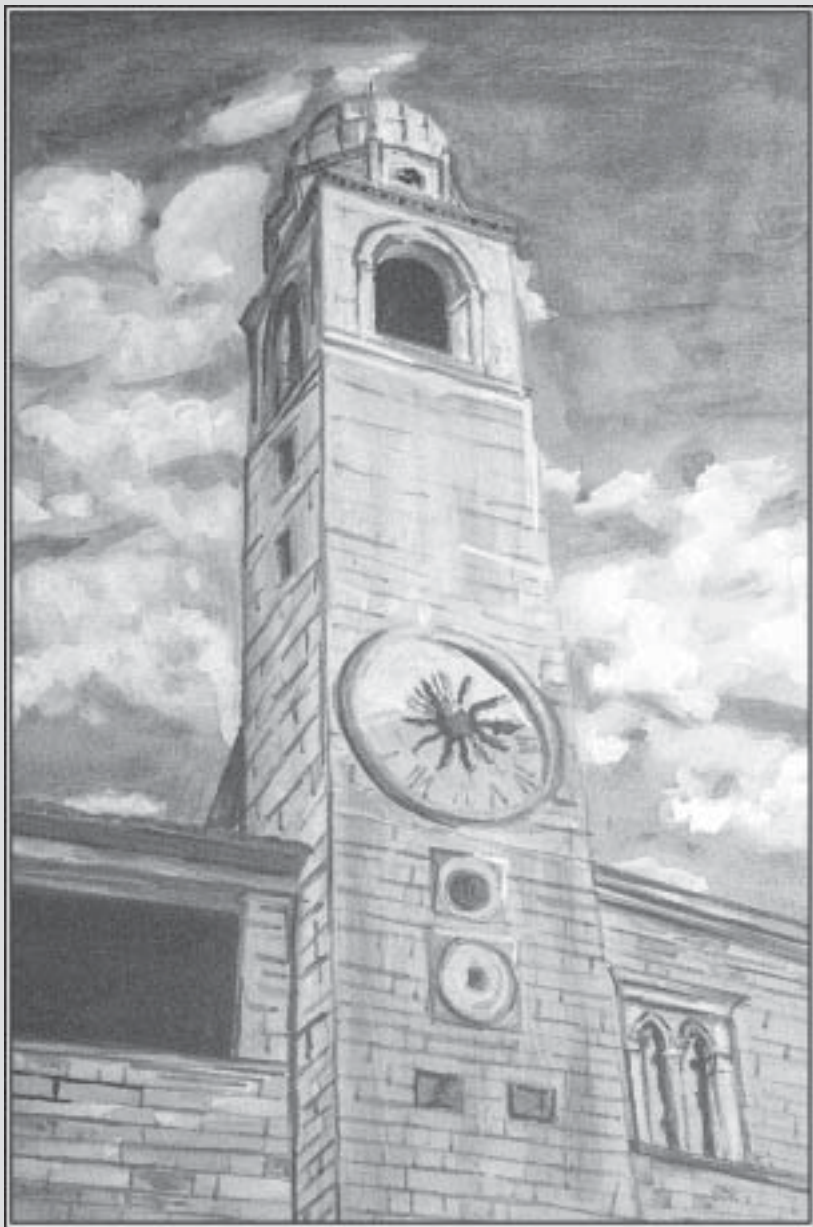



# Lion & Serpent

© in ©, Anno IVxii - Volume 9, Number 3



# Lion & Serpent

*the Official Journal*  
*of Sekhet-Maat Lodge, O.T.O.*

in  Anno IVxii  
Volume 9, Number 3

Publisher - Sekhet-Maat Lodge, O.T.O.

Managing Editor - Frater HydraLVX

Columns Editor - Frater Diapason

Art Editor - Frater I. P.

Typesetting & Layout - Frater Mantis

Proofreading - Frater Diapason

Production - Frater HydraLVX

Distribution - Frater LuxCanon

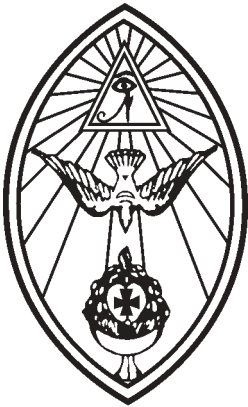
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Cover Art

**Clock Tower - Croatia**  
**Soror River Bastet Soma**

Anno IV:viii

Gauche/Watercolor

# The First Page

## Frater HydraLVX and Soror L.I.S.L.

In his *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, St. William Blake wrote, “Eternity is in love with the productions of time.” By that analogy, the productions of the last year at Sekhet-Maat Lodge have been a most intense period of romance between the worlds. As the sun reaches its northern limit in Cancer, we’re looking forward to another season of our regular classes, masses, and initiations.

Concurrent with the previous issue, Volume 9, Number 2, Sekhet-Maat Lodge held celebrations for the Three Days of the Writing of the Book of the Law, April 8-10 in the common calendar. Fr. K arranged and produced readings from each of the three chapters, one per night, with counterpoint readings of Crowley’s commentary. The dramatic and engaging presentation incorporated the digital projection of images – covering the large temple wall with a montage of art and photographs, always changing and always somehow related to the text being read. Several brethren, in turns, read the verses at a podium in front of the Mass altar, with red candles lit. A singular actor, playing Crowley, would jump in and read commentary between verses. Three actors (Frs. J, H, and K) played the Crowley part, one on each night, and brilliantly portrayed three facets of Crowley’s persona at different points in his life. All together, this was an immersive and inspiring experience and a climactic end to the Centennial Thelemic Holy Season.

Sekhet-Maat lodge also recently hosted the spring meeting of the Electoral College of U.S. Grand Lodge. Many changes were ratified at this meeting, most notably changing the face of the Portland OTO, a change in Mastership from Frater Diapason to Frater Mau-Bast, as well as the closing of Queen of Heaven Lodge and the merging of the remaining members into our body. The Friday night reception welcomed the Electors as they arrived into town. Many great conversations flowed through the air and folks reunited in fellowship. Saturday was exciting as the meeting commenced, the Electors busy and thoughtful. Fresh breads, jams and other tasty treats for breakfast, as well as hot lunch was served to keep them bright and ready. In the evening following the meeting, it was time to play! The Lodge was full of beauty, with nine local member artists featured in an art show, including the culinary art of a five-course dinner! We still hear the murmurs of happy tummies and dream of the *crème brûlée*. It is an honor to host the Electoral College, to give them the gift of space, time and ambiance in which to do their work. What was particularly inspiring to the present authors was the honor of participating in the dedication, hard work, and intelligent planning of so many local members working in concert.

As the sun progressed through Taurus, we had our quarterly rounds of initiation. Four candidates were initiated into the mysteries. Sr. M and Frs. M & P were all initiated Minerval. Frater P traveled to take his initiation, and expressed his appreciation for all of the hospitality and welcome he received from our initiates on a most important day for him. The joyous Soror K was received later that month as a Master Magician.

### In Memoriam Frater Mau-Bast

It was with sadness that we learned of the passing of Sister Phyllis Seckler, also known in the O.T.O. as Soror Meral, at 4.34 PM on May 31st, 2004 e.v. (An IVxii, Sol 10° Gemini, Luna 9° Scorpio Dies Lunæ). She was 86 years old.

Our Sister was born on June 18, 1917 e.v., and joined the O.T.O. in 1939 e.v., having been introduced to it by Hollywood actress and fellow initiate Jane Wolfe. She became an aspirant to the A.: A.: at around the same time.

Sister Phyllis is perhaps best remembered today for her part in rebuilding the O.T.O. in the late 1970s e.v. She was also, until very recently, Master of 418 Lodge in Oroville, California, as well as editor of the journal *In The Continuum*, founder of the College of Thelema, and a trusted friend and teacher to those who knew her.

A memorial page for our Sister has been set up at  
<http://www.sorormeral.org>.

# Masters of the Names, Masters of the Numbers

## A Very Concise History of the Jewish Qabbalah

### Part 4

Frater Brian Keck

[This is the fourth of six parts. The bibliography will appear in the final installment. – Ed.]

**The Messianic Movement of Shabbatai Zvi (1665-1810 e.v.).** In my opinion Shabbatai Zvi's life and movement is the most interesting episode in Renaissance Jewish history. His religious doctrines were fairly standard Lurian theosophic Qabbalah, except for the addition of his own interesting and bizarre messianic beliefs and rituals. Shabbatai Zvi was born in Smyrna on the 9th of Ab in 1626 e.v. His father and brothers were wealthy merchants, but Shabbatai's scholarly gifts were recognized early and he was trained in Torah and Talmud by some of the most famous Rabbis of the time. He was ordained a Rabbi when he was only 18 years of age.

He had an early tendency towards solitude and at the age of 15 it is said that he went off by himself to study without the aid of a teacher. He lived in semi-seclusion until 1648 e.v., during which time he began to develop odd character traits best described by Scholem: "During this period he began to display a character that conforms largely to what handbooks of psychiatry describe as an extreme case of *cyclothymia* or manic-depressive psychosis. Periods of profound depression and melancholy alternated with spasms of maniacal exaltation and euphoria, separated by intervals of normality. These states, which are richly documented throughout his life, persisted until his death." (Scholem 1974: 246)

During these periods of euphoria, Zvi began to perform bizarre rituals and commit acts that did not accord well with Jewish laws and customs. Chief among these peculiar acts was his predilection to speak the name of God aloud in public. His public proclamation that he was the messiah resulted in his banishment from Smyrna around 1651 e.v. He wandered through Greece and Thrace and then settled in Salonica for a time until the Rabbis there expelled him in 1658 e.v.

He then went to Constantinople where he attempted to exorcise his demons by means of practical qabbalistic magic. Yet in his euphoric states he continued to blaspheme, going so far as to declare that the commandments were abolished and fulfilled in him. He was banished from Constantinople and returned to Smyrna in 1662 e.v. Later that year he traveled to Jerusalem and from there went on to Cairo. On March

Hebrew	Transliteration
א	= ' (aleph)
ה	= h (he)
ו	= c (vav)
י	= ' (yod)
ז	= z (zayin)
ש	= š (shin)
אָ	= œ (ayin)

31, 1664 e.v., he married a Jewish whore named Sarah, and tried yet again to exorcize his demons.

His career as the Messiah did not blossom until he met Abraham Nathan ben Elisha Hayyim Ashkenazi, otherwise known as Nathan of Gaza, in April of 1665 e.v. Nathan (1643-1680 e.v.) was a brilliant young man, born in Jerusalem, who had studied with the famous Talmudic scholar Jacob Hagiz. He began studying the Qabalah in 1665 e.v. and delved deeply into the writings and methods of Isaac Luria. His intellect, imagination, and hard work resulted in visions and communications from the dead in a very short time. He soon found that he was able to perceive the "secret roots" of men's souls and could prescribe the proper *tikkun*, or sacrificial offering the soul needed for its repentance. He became well known as a holy man and was called the "Physician of the Soul."

Shabbatai Zvi heard of the reputation of this man and journeyed from Cairo to Gaza hoping that Nathan could cure his diseased soul. What happened instead, however, was that when the two men met in April 1665 e.v., Nathan informed Shabbatai that he had experienced an ecstatic vision in February of that year where he saw Zvi sitting on a divine throne. Nathan tried to convince him that he was the Messiah, but Zvi was not in one of his receptive moods. Nevertheless, he accompanied Nathan on a pilgrimage to the holy places in Jerusalem and Hebron. After their return, they were celebrating Passover at Nathan's house with a group of Rabbis when Nathan fell into a trance and pronounced to the group the high destiny of Zvi. Shortly after this Shabbatai fell into one of his periods of illumination and officially donned the messianic mantle.

On May 31, 1665 e.v., he proclaimed himself the Messiah and the whole city of Gaza was caught up in the movement. He summoned a group of his followers and appointed them apostles. Nathan of Gaza became his prophet and spokesman. Nathan was very active and the news of the Messiah spread extremely fast, as did the legends and miracle stories. Nathan continued to receive new revelations and Shabbatai continued to be charismatic and thousands fell under his spell.

Zvi injected his peculiar qabbalistic ideas into his version of Judaism and insisted that his followers pronounce the divine name. When conservative Rabbis objected, they were often attacked and beaten by mobs of Shabbatian religious fanatics.

Scholem summarizes the atmosphere of these days as follows: "A festive atmosphere of joy and enthusiasm marked the succeeding days. ... In a fit of mass hysteria, people from all classes of society started to prophesy about Shabbetai Zevi. Men, women, and children fell into a trance, declaiming acknowledgments of Shabbetai Zevi as Messiah and biblical passages of a messianic nature. When their senses returned, they remembered nothing. About 150 'prophets' arose in Smyrna, among them Shabbetai Zevi's wife and the daughters of some of the 'infidels.'" (Scholem 1974: 257)

The movement grew and spread to all parts of the Ottoman Empire, and of course, finally came to the ears of the Ottoman ruler. Shabbatai Zvi had prophesied that June 18, 1666 e.v. would be the “Day of Redemption” and that he would take the “crown of the Great Turk,” popularly interpreted as referring to the Ottoman Emperor. In furtherance of that design Zvi set sail from Smyrna on December 30, 1665 e.v. bound for Constantinople, the Ottoman capitol. Messianic fever was high among the Jews of Constantinople in anticipation of the coming of the Messiah. Even the non-Jewish population was aware of his coming; many sang satirical songs about Zvi in the streets.

Zvi’s ship was delayed due to storms and was then intercepted by Turkish ships on Feb. 6, 1666 e.v. He was brought to shore in chains on Feb. 8th and was brought before the Turkish Vizier a few days later. He was imprisoned, first in a dungeon, but later, probably as a result of bribery, in a less oppressive environment. At this point he had returned to a normal state of mind and again assumed his more ascetic and humble way of life. It is suggested that his followers could have bribed his way completely out of confinement, but he forbade it, feeling that the imprisonment was part of his repentance.

On April 19 he was transferred to the Fortress of Gallipoli, and again entering a state of frenzied illumination he commanded his follows to eat forbidden foods for Passover and blessing it with the now customary phrase, “he who permits the forbidden...” Through bribery, he was given a luxurious apartment and the fortress began to be called by his followers the *migdal ’oz*, the “Tower of Strength.” During his confinement, the Messianic fervor continued unabated as the Jewish communities worldwide looked in anticipation and suspense towards Gallipoli. The fact that he was not executed and that he was instead apparently held in high honor by the Turkish authorities increased his messianic reputation.

Again as a result of bribes, the apartment at the fortress was turned into a kind of “Royal Court” where Jewish delegations from all over the world visited to see and be instructed by the Messiah. During this period he alternated from states of illumination and his periods of melancholy, metaphysically explained by Nathan of Gaza as periods of imprisonment by the *qelippot*. But when he was in a state of enlightenment he was powerful and charismatic.

When the traditional days of fasting arrived that year he proclaimed that fasting was to be abolished and the holy days were to be celebrated as “the day of the revival of Shabbatai Zvi’s Spirit,” and the festival of his birthday. Nearly all of the Jews in Turkey celebrated these two days as high holidays.

As the “day of redemption” neared, the movement reached its zenith. The prophesied day passed, but the Jewish world held its breath, waiting for momentous events. These occurred, but not what anyone expected. The Turkish authorities had finally become alarmed at the radical Jewish fanaticism exploding throughout their empire, so on Sept. 15 Zvi was



brought to Adrianople and appeared before the Sultan himself. It is said that he was at the time in a state of melancholy and denied ever stating that he was the Messiah. The Sultan gave him the option of either being executed or converting to Islam. To the amazement of all, he converted, taking upon himself the Arabic name Aziz Mehmed Effendi and was granted a royal pension of 150 piasters per day. Some of his closest followers followed him in conversion to Islam, as did his wife.

Naturally this stunned his followers, but Nathan of Gaza, Zvi's chief apologist, was up to the task and he argued that the messiah had to redeem the gentiles, and to do this he had to outwardly become one of them. Thus, although many people quietly and disappointedly went back to Orthodox Judaism, many continued to follow the Messiah. Zvi himself performed the duties of a Muslim, but secretly also performed his Jewish rituals until his death on Sept. 17, 1676 e.v. Nathan of Gaza declared that the messiah had not died, but had been absorbed into the Supernal Lights. On January 11, 1680 e.v., Nathan of Gaza followed his Messiah into the lights.

But that was not the end of the Shabbatian movement by any means. Other leaders arose to lead the people and the belief was that the life of Shabbatai Zvi was simply his first incarnation—he would come again to finish his work and redeem the faithful. The movement spread into Eastern Europe and began to come into conflict with the orthodox Jewry there. By 1700 e.v., the movement had been driven underground, but still some prominent Rabbis were secretly Shabbatians, such as the famous Jonathan Eybescheutz. Shabbatianism survived into the first decades of the 19th century e.v., when it finally lost its momentum and faded into oblivion.

*Next issue: Post-Safed Qabbalah, Mošeh Hayim Luzzatto, Hasidism, The Baal Shem Tov, Rabbi Nachman of Breslav, Rabbi Shneur Zalman & HaBaD Hasidism, Modern Jewish Qabbalah, Rabbi Yehuda Ashlag, and Rabbi Philip Berg.*

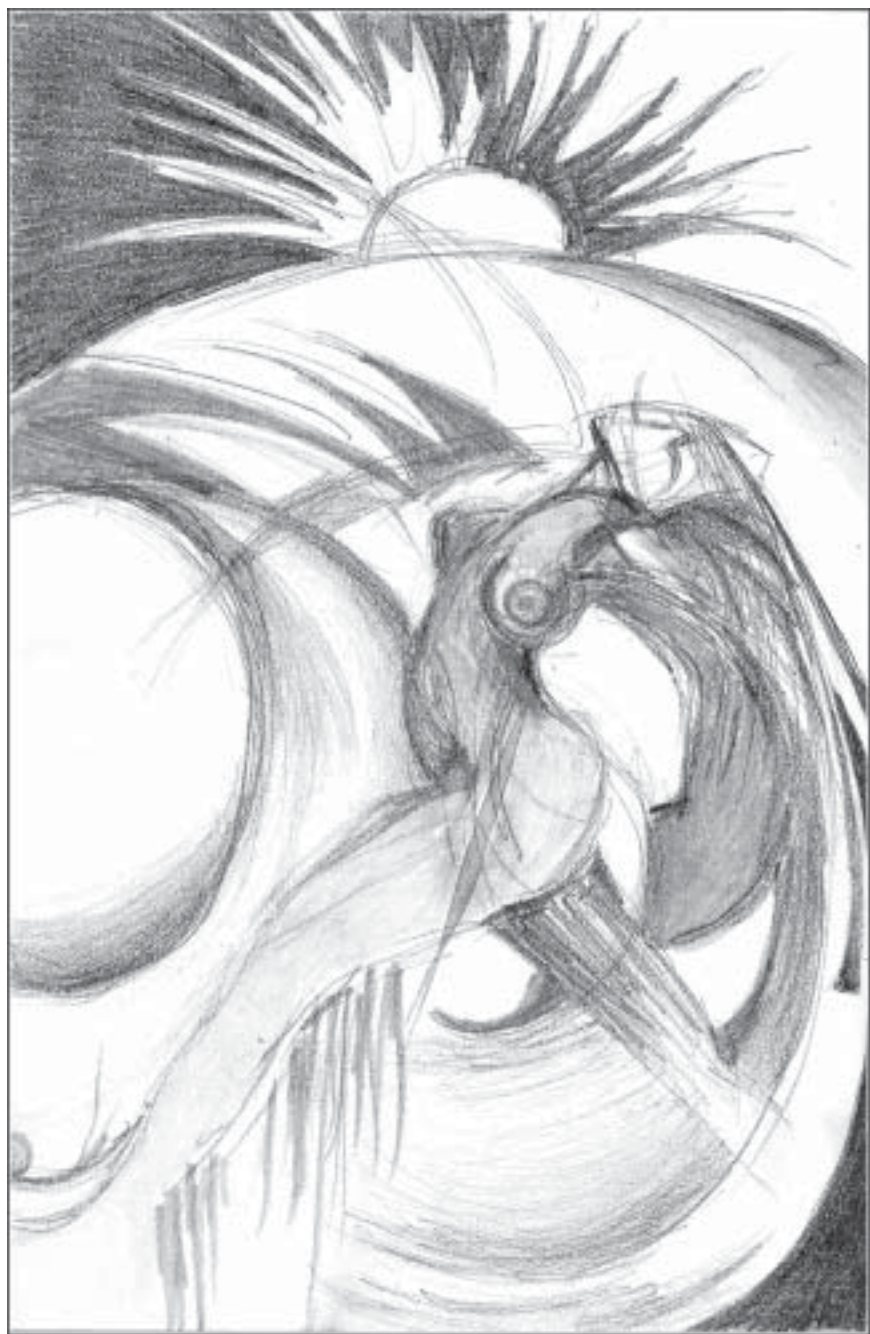
Following Page

Equinox

Soror SeC

Spring Anno IV:xii

Pencil on Paper



# Untitled

## Soror River Bastet Soma

I wrap around my own fingers  
For these clues to my existence  
Facing time, the subject for all instances  
Gritting and grinding teeth  
Thoughts of blinding lights so clear  
The vision of god I have so  
Obsessed over for so many years  
Puddles of mud trampled by  
Galoshed feet, wet already  
But still wanting to play.

Trapped by conformity and  
Comfortable cushions of cars  
And hugs I know I deserve  
Still wanting more, wanting to  
Be more, sleep more, feel MORE  
Don't wanna be a numb one  
Sucking my thumb and wondering  
What happened to my life when I turn forty

Treated me like shit so long ago  
But now there's the happy time  
What is happy? What does enjoying  
Your life really mean?  
It varies by the lens  
Of the eye - so how could anyone  
Ever tell you what happiness is?

Respected and projected - upon  
A canvass so white it screams  
To be spattered with hue  
Yellow maybe - No gold is the  
Color today. Ah, white, it begs  
So innocently. Like a child  
Wanting to see the pictures in  
The story book. A curious need

# A Priest Re-leased

Frater פארשיף-אל 671-31

Cleverly disguised, Therion-null Murkabyss, High Priest of Osiris, dressed alluringly in drag for the night's sojourn, choosing the *nom de plume* "Boobasstits" to complete his sacred stratagem.

He approached the Adytum brazenly (for this is how he imagined the heathen should act) with glossed lips, swaying hips, shadowed eyelids aflutter, intending to witness in disguise the Rites performed by the worshippers of the infernal god, Set. He wished to confront the Foe face to face, become acquainted with the depravity and wicked practices of the foul blasphemers whose Rites were, he doubted not, designed solely to mock serene Osiris.

The idolaters rested upon plush cushions coiled around the circular stage. At its center atop the cubical altar he spied a tripod smoldering with incense, sniffed the musky, evocative essence and watched as the smoke ascended serpent-like toward the high-vaulted ceiling. Openly on the altar lay the Golden Wand, the Silver Cup, and a large earthenware vial from which, Murkabyss conjectured, abominable libations would later be poured.

Young and voluptuous, the Green Robed Priestess arose from the cushion nearest the altar. A drum began to throb in harmony with her movements as she sauntered languidly, lasciviously about the platform, slowly circling widdershins while turning clockwise, performing complex suggestive gestures. Her gyrations became more enticing as the Dance continued to gain momentum.

Suddenly, from the farthest cushion the Priest sprang fully erect, proud, and regal in his Purple Robe. The hood concealed his head as he neared the stage, the magic circle, the bright opening created by the Priestess with her seductive undulations; he shook his head and the hood rolled back as he darted swiftly within.

Once having pierced the pylon established by her Dance, he approached the altar, poured tincture from the vial, and filled her Cup to the lip. He grasped the Wand firmly in his right hand, and raising it on high began chanting an eerie, euphoric melody.

The Priestess completed her circumambulations at center stage, breasts heaving, sweating profusely, to press her body tightly against that of the Priest; their Robes mingled, Green with Purple. She took the brimming Cup in her left hand, sinuously entwining her arm with his, she gently enveloped the length of his Wand deep within her Cup precisely as his incantation sounded its ultimate note. They embraced, remaining in this pose for what

seemed an eternity, breathing in unison, slowly, deliberately, coming together in a passionate kiss at the Consecration's climax.

It was then that Murkabyss realized he had lost control of his critical faculties, forgotten entirely his task, his purpose in venturing forth tonight, neglected his remembrance of the great god Osiris, exactly as had these pagan acolytes!

He prayed, and inwardly a honeyed Voice spake unto him:

*"Thou camest hither, "Boobasstit", to partake of the ancient Rite. Be not amazed, then, that something has awakened within thee, something ye dare not deny! Bear witness, if 'tis the Truth ye seek!"*

Realizing his deception had been penetrated by a High and Holy Presence, he was confident the message had come from none other than Osiris. With that Blessing as his Shield he took courage, joining the worshipers as each in their turn followed the Priestess' serpentine path about the stage unto the couple linked at the altar.

As the first communicant approached, the Priest and Priestess disengaged, and turning toward the congregants, she offered the elixir, one drop apiece, from the tip of his Wand. Each time a worshipper partook of the sacrament, the Priest re-dipped his Golden Wand into the Silver Cup presented by the Priestess.

Eventually, Murkabyss' turn drew nigh, and his revulsion mounted accordingly; still he strode forward with determination, to observe the Ceremony in its entirety. He would, he bethought himself, discover the dire effects of this unsavory concoction: his Guidance had come; Osiris was with him, and he feared nothing!

Nevertheless, his mouth gaped wide with horror as he watched the Wand transform into a Cobra - that struck his tongue! Its fiery venom seared; his vision blurred, his consciousness exploded into a fantastic kaleidoscope of bliss! Never had he imagined such Liberty and Love attainable in Life! A new Law of Light blazed within his Heart and the darkness fled in dire fear at Its radiance.

Thus and not otherwise did it occur that Therion-null Murkabyss, (now named Θεριον-Νῆ) ex-Priest of Osiris, was Initiated into the Adytum of Set.

# For the Record

**Frater Apuat (J. Arthur Roth)**

My senior year of high school I started journaling. Our class communications instructor instead of giving everyone a text book, gave everyone a blank journal. As an assignment for the year, each student would journal as much or as little as they liked. We did not have to turn in our journals. We did not have to share anything from our journals. My high school, at the time in its third year of operation, took risks that other schools did not. For at least one student, that risk paid off.

Journaling tends to enter a stage of perpetual motion after a while, but can take some hard work to get started. Don't confuse the journaling meant here with the Magickal Diary, Grimoire, or Book of Shadows. Journaling should encompass all elements of your life. The act should have NO restrictions. You may wish to keep a form of the aforementioned books, and feel free to do so. All the same, one should journal as well.

The journal represents you. You fill it with hopes, fears, insights, stories, events, statistics, information. Journaling has a relation to the magickal tool of the Disk. It represents the highest aspirations. It reflects the macrocosm and explores the microcosm. The journal acts as a cup, ready to receive all that you pour into it. Love it. Care for it. Keep it out of enemy hands. Make it your own. The act of journaling gives you a tool like a sword. Committing something to the book places it at a certain time and in certain terms. It allows one to look back over thoughts. In time one can test the validity of each, leaving behind some and revisiting and building upon others. When journaling, do so with the fervor of your Will. Here you learn to focus, to concentrate, to commit to the act with every atom of your body. Thus journaling combines the elements and culminates in Spirit.

Begin this effort by making or selecting a journal. This seems easy enough, but if you select one you end up not liking, it could kill or severely delay the whole endeavor. For this reason, consider these points:

1. Can it go everywhere with you? If you choose something a bit cumbersome you may decide to leave it at home rather than drag it with to the coffee shop. When something of note occurs, you want to write it down as soon as you can. Select a journal that will fit in your bag. If you don't typically carry a bag, several companies make pocket sized journals of adequate quality to survive in someone's front or rear pants pocket for quite some time. If you always have a briefcase or backpack with you, then a large three ring binder might just do the trick for you. Examine your lifestyle and select a journal that can come along for the ride.

2. Will you use it? Can you imagine writing in it at a bus stop? How about at your favorite restaurant? Do you see any problems breaking it out at your friends' homes or even at parties? Would you feel comfortable using it at work? Don't limit yourself as to when you can journal. Select one you will pull out anywhere.

3. "The word of sin is restriction." While the above points have you examine your lifestyle and make selections based on this, here comes an actual suggestion. DON'T use lined paper. Thoughts come in many ways. Allow yourself to write, sketch, diagram. If you feel the need for lines, consider graph paper as this tends to lend itself better to endeavors beyond writing.

At this point, let me advise against an electronic medium. While PDA's and laptops may go everywhere with you, they have limitations. Imagine sleeping in an airplane. You awake from a very bizarre dream that you feel **MUST** go into your journal. But you killed your laptop watching that DVD. Or your descent has begun and they don't want you using your PDA. Worse yet, your hard drive crashes and you loose several months worth of journaling (because no one backs up as often as they should). Of course, the choice is yours.

With a journal in your possession, you will need to select how you will put things into it. Use a tool that you feel comfortable with. If you use a pen, always carry two. No one wants to have their thought process interrupted by running out of ink. When using a traditional pencil, also carry a pencil sharpener or knife. With mechanical pencils, have spare lead as part of your supplies. Again, think practically. If you have a pocket journal and no bag, a capped pen will probably fit most comfortably in your pocket. Those who carry a bag with them everywhere can keep a broader selection of tools with them. Such an individual with an artistic bent may decide that they need several colors of pens, markers, and pencils. Typically I keep at least a pen with me at all times and will usually have a mechanical pencil with an eraser as well. At one time I kept a broad spectrum of colored pens in my bag. Start simply and expand as your needs demand it.

You now have the weapons of journaling; a disk and cup (the journal itself) for receiving, a sword (your thoughts and possibly an eraser), and a wand for enflaming the page (your pen or pencil). Use them daily. Through their constant use one can learn their power and how best to use it.

The act of journaling will develop an individual flavor for the practitioner. I have only found one rule worth following in this regard.

*"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law."*

Do not restrict yourself in any way. The journal can act as a tool of liberation. To do such, one must allow themselves to act freely within the

confines of the pages. While I cannot give advice as to how to accomplish this, I can give examples from my own experience.

In one of my journals, I felt the whole endeavor had taken on a feel of futility. I did not like the cover art I had drawn. The whole thing felt so linear and constrained. I needed to break out of this. By flipping my journal over I discovered a fresh cover and clean pages. I ended up journaling into the center of the book.

Some things seem to want dates attached to them. My tarot readings and magick workings nearly always have a date. Most of the time I leave the date off. Having gone back and read through earlier journals, this elasticity in time has actually helped me view the past as more of a conglomeration of things happening rather than a series of specific events. I have recently started the practice of dating my first and last pages in a journal. Some sort of time reference seemed appropriate.

My early journals have new ideas starting on new pages. During this time period I journaled occasionally with forms varying wildly between drawings, writings, rants, fiction, poetry, song lyrics, and even people's phone numbers. I always kept my journal with me and it got used when needed. This 200 and some page book took me over two years to fill. I now mostly write, adding little side sketches to illustrate ideas and the occasional drawing. To get maximum use out of the pages, I draw a double line between entries (sometimes decorated with patterns when the mood strikes me). My writing has gotten smaller and tighter. A journal similar to my first one (I've stuck with the same style even though people keep giving me other ones that I end up tossing or giving away) probably has close to twice the word count and lasts me three to four months. I never would have gotten to my current stage if I hadn't started with the open and free use developed in my earlier journals.

Recently I felt that my journaling process had gotten a bit predictable. I went through my journal and randomly selected pages on which to write brief thoughts or add quick doodles. These turned into "Easter Eggs" in the two months that followed and had a distinct effect on the process.

With these suggestions as to how to use the journal, you must still get yourself into the habit of using it regularly. As stated earlier, it may take some effort to get this ball rolling. Once it gets rolling, you might find that you can't stop it (and would have no desire to do such even if you could).



Begin by taking your journal with you everywhere. Make it your constant companion. When you leave your home think, “keys, wallet/purse, journal.” If you hear something you want to remember, write it in your journal. If you notice something you hadn’t noticed before, write it in your journal. When you get bored, write in your journal, even if you just write, “Bored bored bored bored bored bored bored!” It might surprise you how often this will turn on your brain and put an end to the boredom. When you feel you should make an entry in your journal but can’t think of anything, just write, “I want to journal but I can’t think of anything right now.” Your hand will probably take over from there. Did someone on the street hand you an interesting pamphlet? Stick it between the pages of your journal (and you might want to affix it with tape or glue later).

Nothing is too small or unimportant to go into your journal. Nothing is too big and overwhelming for your journal. Use it!

Back Cover

Satan

**Soror Smashanam (Jaime Ann Dunkle)**

Spring Anno IV:x

Collage Transmission

# OTO Bodies in the Pacific Northwest

## Oregon

### Eugene

**Coph Nia Lodge**  
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### Ashland / Medford

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