

The official organ of the U.S. Grand Lodge of O.T.O.

# Agapé

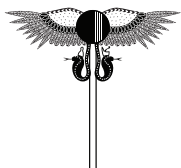


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ANNO VVIII

Volume XXI, No. 4, 2022 EV



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Mysteria Mystica Maxima

Ordo Templi Orientis, U.S.A.



E.G.C.

## FROM THE EDITOR

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

As you can see, we have finally made the move to color! Since we'll be publishing *Agapé* online for the foreseeable future, we made the decision to drop the need for grayscale art and black & white images. Please feel free to submit art and photos in color!

I am asked frequently about *Agapé* deadlines. We are always accepting submissions, and our deadlines for article submission for that quarter's upcoming issue is the same day as the U.S.G.L. E.C. Meetings. Our upcoming deadlines are:

Vol. XXII No. 1 - April 30, 2022 EV

Vol. XXII No. 2 - July 9, 2022 EV

*Love is the law, love under will.*

Andrew  
Editor, *Agapé*

# Agapé

The official organ of the U.S. Grand Lodge of O.T.O.

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*Agapé* is published quarterly by Ordo Templi Orientis, U.S.A., a California not-for-profit religious corporation with business offices at P.O. Box 32, Riverside, CA 92502-0032. • O.T.O. U.S.A. is a duly recognized Grand Lodge of Ordo Templi Orientis, an international religious organization with business offices at JAF Box 7666, New York, NY 10116, and corporate headquarters at 24881 Alicia Parkway E-529, Laguna Hills, CA 92653. • Donations, legacies, and bequests made to Ordo Templi Orientis U.S.A. are tax-deductable to the extent permitted by law. • *Agapé* is distributed to all O.T.O. members in good standing in the U.S.A., and is available for download in PDF format at the U.S. Grand Lodge website: <https://oto-usa.org/usgl/agape/> • Copyright © 2022 EV Ordo Templi Orientis U.S.A. All rights reserved and assigned to the respective authors. The viewpoints and opinions expressed herein are the responsibility of the contributing authors.

## FROM THE GRAND MASTER

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

### Some Comments about Our Declaration of Communion

What I call the “Declaration of Communion” is the statement in the Gnostic Mass that is uttered by each communicant in an attitude of Resurrection after having consumed the Elements of Communion: “There is no part of me that is not of the Gods.”

This phrase occurs, in this form, in the Adeptus Minor ritual of the Golden Dawn; and Crowley probably took it from that source for use in the Gnostic Mass. Its original source was a line from the Papyrus of Ani (“Egyptian Book of the Dead”) in Chapter 42 (Plate 32).

The line, in a roughly phonetic transcription, is “En aat am-a shu-t em Neter.” Modern translations typically render it as, “there is no member of mine devoid of a god.”

The line occurs near the end of a spell that associates various gods with various members or parts of the body (the specifics can be found in any translation of the Papyrus of Ani). Since it is part of the Book of the Dead, this spell is intended to be recited by a dead person. The “members” in question, then, are those of the transfigured body — the body that exists in the afterlife. Thus, our Declaration of Communion may be understood as a statement about the body that transcends death, a body that comprises a constellation of immortal gods. It is, therefore, appropriately uttered in an attitude of Resurrection, and constitutes an affirmation of the final clause of our Creed: “I confess my life one, individual, and eternal that was, and is, and is to come.”

*Love is the law, love under will.*

Sabazius



## UPDATES FROM THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

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

The Electoral College took the following actions pertinent to local body leadership at the Winter meeting held online on January 15, 2022 EV:

- Passed mastership of Bubastis Oasis (Dallas, TX) from Br. Tony G. to Br. Kenneth Jordan.
- Passed mastership of Chalice of Heaven Oasis (Chicago, IL) from Fr. Lammassu Dam Ki Ag to Br. William Anhalt.
- Passed mastership of Crux Ansata Oasis (Denver, CO) from Sr. Dian Ericksen to Sr. Agni.
- Passed mastership of Golden Thread Oasis (Pittsburgh, PA) from Br. Terry Murdock to Sr. Kashmira.
- Passed mastership of Khephra Rising Camp (Boise, ID) from Fr. MABUS to Br. Kelly Lannigan.
- Passed mastership of Khonsu Camp (Las Vegas, NV) from Sr. Hokulani to Br. David as Master Pro Tem.
- Passed mastership of Knights Templar Oasis (Salem, MA) from Sr. Jen P. to Fr. Demian.
- Passed mastership of Lapis Lazuli Oasis (Phoenix, AZ) from Sr. Prunikos to Br. Josue Cuevas.
- Extended the tenure of the masters of ARARITA Oasis (San Diego, CA) and Azul Nox Oasis (Hanover, PA) for one year.
- Suspended the charter of Swirling Star Lodge (Miami, FL) pending S.G.I.G. investigation.

The Electoral College wishes to thank the outgoing masters for their years of service and to congratulate the new masters on the trust placed in them.

Our Spring meeting will be held on April 30, 2022 EV (deadline for submission of items to be considered is March 19), and our Summer meeting will be held on July 10, 2022 EV (deadline for submission is May 29).

If you would like to learn more about hosting a meeting of the Electoral College at your local body or would like to volunteer to host, please contact us at [electoral\\_college@oto-usa.org](mailto:electoral_college@oto-usa.org).

*Love is the law, love under will.*

Fraternally yours,  
Mike Estell  
President

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## 93

by Soror AVO

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

Before you read this, I want to point out that the information I am presenting here is just my observations and not something that is rubric or an official O.T.O. stance. I am by no means an expert, so feel free to pick it apart and add your insights and comments.

"93" is shorthand for "Do what thou wilt." Now I want to point out that "93" itself does not mean "will," nor does it add up to 11 (don't laugh, someone posted that on Facebook once). The phrase "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law" does, however, have 11 words in it. "Love is the law, love under will" has 7, which is another very important number because it's one that we associate with our Lady Babalon. Will is associated with Logos, which is also associated with the Lord. 93 then is both Lord and Lady, male and female, yin and yang, you get the idea.

### **It's All Math, Baby!**

But to truly understand 93, we first have to journey back in time to visit the great philosopher Pythagoras. He brought to light an important mathematical theorem. Some say he invented it, but the math behind structures like the Great Pyramids of Giza and Machu Picchu say otherwise. He did however make it popular, so it got named after him: The Pythagorean Theorem.

The Pythagorean theorem states that the square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the square of the other two sides ( $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$ ).

So, what does that have to do with 93? Well...

The Pythagorean theorem is specific to a right triangle; we have a 90-degree angle with 3 sides.

90 and 3 are — wait for it — 93. But that's not the real reason this is important.

The meeting of the two sides of a right triangle at a "right" angle signifies the need for us to meet each other at "right" angles so that we can support each other. The whole of a stable foundation is equal to the square (as in right angles) of its sides. In other words, right actions such as kindness, truthfulness, humility, and understanding (note that understanding is represented by a downward triangle in the Mass!) form the foundation on which true fraternity can grow.

The base of the pyramid is made up of a square, which has four right angles. As we know from our work with Magick, four represents stability, foundation, and much, much more. Now, add four upright right triangles to that, and you begin to see the Pythagorean theorem at work in all its glory.

When we say "93" we are essentially saying that we are meeting each other in a "right" angle, that is to say, in true fraternity. But wait, there's more.

### **The Good, the Bad, and the H.G.A.**

93 also represents the principle of "Above and Below." The number 9 represents, among other things, the destruction of the old (as in rebirth) and the point of transmutation. The number 3 represents the supernal triad or the "above," "Hold on!" you say, "9 is 90 so that doesn't work!" Ah, but it does. You see, 90 equals 9 multiplied by 10 which corresponds to Malkuth. 9 corresponds to Yesod, and when we combine them, we get Earth and Water, the principal forms of the feminine or darker aspects. If the supernal triad is the light half (or mercy) of the tree of life, then the 90 is the darker half that balances it. What's more, if you look at the number itself, it is 9 plus 0 which represents both annihilation and completion. Think circle. Adding the light of the number three, we get 93, which represents us as we transcend the material planes and reach toward and find union with our HGA. But wait, there's more.

In Hebrew gematria, the number 90 is represented by ט or ת (Tsadi, or Tzaddi). The number 3 is

represented by ג (gimel). Tsadi represents a “fishhook” and sometimes the papyrus plant. As we know, the fishhook is symbolic of the neophyte at the beginning of their journey, as is the papyrus plant because it is the material that makes paper but is not yet formed. Because of its significance, Tsadi is one of only 7 (note the important number here) letters in the Hebrew alphabet that are given a tagin, a special mark that denotes its holy significance in the Torah, specifically, the Sefer Torah (a holy relic).

According to Ginsburgh, Gimel:

[...] in Hebrew means both the giving of reward as well as the giving of punishment. In Torah, both reward and punishment have the same ultimate aim: the rectification of the soul to merit to receive G-d’s light to the fullest extent.

Let’s break this down: When we talk about “reward” and “punishment” in Thelemic terms, we’re not talking about Heaven and Hell or any other divine intervention. We are talking about cause and effect. What we get out of something is directly proportional to what we put into it. In other words, the sum of the square of two sides (what we put in) is equal to the square of the remaining side (what we get out of it). If we approach things with the right action, we reap the benefits of that. If we don’t, we end up with the consequences of that action as well, though this time it is unpleasant, hence the punishment. It’s where we get the phrase “Do the right thing.” Think about it. Not only does this apply to have the right relationship with ourselves and others, but it also has to do with how we live our lives with the world. An examination of Crowley’s commentary on the Scourge, Dagger, and Chain in Book 4 will reveal much more about this, as will a study of Kamma and S̄la.

Moving on, we look at the camel, which as stated above represents “the angel of death.” The camel travels in the wasteland of the desert. If you think about the desert as the wasteland of ignorance and the uninitiated, the camel is both the savior that brings water to those dying of spiritual thirst in the form of wisdom, but in doing so brings about the death of the person. Because, just like Plato’s “Allegory of the Cave,” once a person is enlightened, that is to say, has received wisdom, they die because

their view of the world is forever changed. You can’t go back to the shackles of the cave and believe in the shadows once you have seen the light of the outside world. But wait, there’s more.

The Tree of Life, much like the temple at Mass, is comprised of 3 triangles along a central axis with the last point, that of Malkuth, as the Earth. No one could technically argue that there are more, but for now, I am concentrating on the three main ones. Would you be surprised to learn that those three triangles are RIGHT triangles? Didn’t think so. Each triad has specific representations from birth to death. Have you ever noticed that all of the actions in the Mass take place within those triangles? That’s because, for the whole of the Mass to have any real meaning, it has to take place within the context of fraternity, that is to say, within the triangle. But wait, there’s more.

If you look at the Tree of Life, you will notice that each of the main triangles—that is, those formed by Kether, Chokmah, and Binah; by Geburah, Chesed and Tiphereth; and by Hod, Netzach, and Malkuth with Yesod in the center—are divided by the central axis of the Middle Pillar. That means that each of the triangles has TWO right angles, not one. They represent the perfect balance of the two elements of 93: the male and female, above and below, yin and yang, etc. It tells us that to achieve true unity with our H.G.A., we must learn to be balanced, and that we must apply this to fraternity as well. We cannot be whole if one limb of the tree is diseased. To be whole, we must be true (right) to others and to ourselves. And so, my dear siblings, 93!

*Love is the law, love under will.*

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## Hecate

by Sr. ReMic

Tie the rope  
Turn the key  
Let the torches be lit  
IO Hecate IO Hecate  
Oh triple form of darkness

Spin the wheel  
Release the hounds  
Unlock the viper pit  
IO Hecate IO Hecate

We walk along the Sacred path  
The crossroads at our feet  
Here for you we leave the offering meat  
IO Hecate IO Hecate

To understand the Knowledge  
True will be known to all  
All who persevere all who heed your call  
IO Hecate IO Hecate

Attended by the dogs of war  
Dagger tinged in blood  
Bestow your blessings through the mist  
IO Hecate IO Hecate

Oh beauty found in darkness

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## The Flame that Burns in Every Heart of Man Part Three

Vivian Caethe  
Crux Ansata Oasis  
Valley of Denver, Colorado

*For Parts One and Two, please see Agapé Vol. 21  
#2 and #3*

Outside the massed adversaries roar with one voice. Tightening my grip on my sword, I charge out to meet my fate.

The first of them to clash with me takes the length of my sword to its chest. I twist the weapon in its torso and pull it out, striking with a backhanded strike of the double-edged weapon to remove its head from its body.

First blood spilt, the battle becomes a frenzy of flashes of a nightmare as I fight for my life. Jack and I are soon surrounded, back-to-back as we defend ourselves against the enemy. There are no corpses in the astral planes, and when defeated, the enemy merely disappears into the nothingness. But more and more come, a veritable horde of foulness and despair.

Their words wend through my mind as I fight, trying to defeat my will so they may defeat my spirit. They promise that I can be better, that I can be less emotional, less troubled, less doubtful, if I only give in. Their followers whisper of technologies that can make me stronger, more powerful, less pitifully human. I gaze into their eyes and see therein the death of all that I love about myself and my fellow humans.

Baring my teeth, I shout my defiance, my righteous anger, and my fury. In these domains, emotion carries power, a power denied to those who would deny us our humanity. A white light like the brilliance of the sun strikes my upraised sword and flattens the adversaries within a wide radius around me.

In the brief respite, I take a breath, then raise my shield, ready for the next onslaught. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Jack kneel, raising his hands to clasp his palms over his head, his expression determined. Adrieb lets out a deep belly laugh that echoes across the moonscape. "Little human who lost her heart, you fight well!"

I bow to him and then turn the motion into my next strike as the adversary rallies.

What feels like days pass as I fight on. In the distance, Adrieb shakes the moon as he stomps and destroys many of the throng.

And yet they keep coming.

The world becomes my sword and shield. Parry, strike, block. My limbs move as my will directs, tireless in their astral form. Yet I am not invincible here, and my soul grows weary.

“But ye, O my people rise up and awake!” Jack’s voice carries across the battlefield as he rises to his feet. The reverberations of his shout shake the firmament of the heavens, bringing all but the djinn to their knees.

A cheer breaks free from my throat as I see my brethren emerge from the flows, people from across the world, all devoted to the protection of the freedoms of humanity.

Susanna gives me a grin and a pat on the shoulder as she passes. I catch my breath and follow her to our advantage.

Although the adversaries still number in the legions and we are but a few hundred, we are not without power. Brilliant spikes of light cascade across the battlefield as my brethren cast down the adversary. Shouts of joy and gladness surround me, clashing with the screams of the adversary like sword against shield.

An immense shadow falls across me, and I look up, expecting Arideb. But instead a monstrous adversary looms above me, its claws swiping through the air swiftly enough to knock me from my feet.

I land, roll, and come to my feet, sword and wand raised just in time to deflect another tremendous blow. The ferocity of the creature’s attack shows its unspeakable anger as it growls wordlessly, shaking the ground with the tremor of its footsteps.

“Watch out!” Jack cries and I duck just in time as the creature strikes again. Rolling out of the way and towards Jack, I come to my feet at his side.

“What is that thing?”

“It’s the embodiment of all the adversaries’ intent.” Jack says, pulling me out of the way as I gawk up at the terrible creature. “It came into the world the same day as the Babalon Working.”

“You called this thing?” I ask, my voice more shrill than I’d like, as I dodge another heavy blow. The thing isn’t fast, but it is determined and very, very large.

“I didn’t. My erstwhile friend did,” Jack says, his expression grim. “I was trying to call Babalon, he was calling something darker.”

I feel the air rush by me as I dodge another attack and swipe at the thing with my sword. The sharpened blade bounces off the creature’s shadowy skin, doing nothing but irritating it.

“How do we kill it?” Susanna shouts, joining us. She points to the others of our number harrying the adversary, their attacks just as useless as mine.

“We have to summon Baphomet,” I say, putting several things together at once. Of the three primeval forces, Babalon, CHAOS, and Baphomet, the third is the most likely to be willing to help us. Babalon has already given what assistance she must, and I fear what would happen should we invoke CHAOS. But Baphomet has been our sword.

“OK,” Jack nods. “Ready?”

I inhale deeply and nod. This is our only chance.

“O Lion and O Serpent who destroy the destroyer, be mighty among us!” I shout, my voice cracking with the effort.

The world shimmers briefly and the creature above us roars its defiance.

“O Lion and O Serpent who destroy the destroyer, be mighty among us!” Susanna and Jack repeat the invocation with me.

The shimmer makes everything on the aetheric seem more real, giving light and color to the battlefield where the adversary had drained the life and beauty from it. The surface of the moon

glows with ethereal beauty, and even the fallen aetheric bodies of my brethren look beautiful in their rest. Tears flow down my cheeks as I see the devastation for the first time.

“O Lion and O Serpent who destroy the destroyer, be mighty among us!” The others hear me, and, taking up the invocation, echo it throughout the battlefield.

The base of an immense caduceus strikes the ground next to the monstrous adversary, shaking the ground and sending us small humans reeling. The adversary roars, swiping at the shaft of the caduceus. Above us, Baphomet raises their weapon from the ground and swings at the adversary, banishing several of the smaller ones that swarm to defend their kind.

When Baphomet’s caduceus strikes the adversary, the sound is like that of a gong, deafening us lesser creatures with the impact. The adversary shrieks and claws at Baphomet, who blocks the strikes with their weapon.

“We have to get everyone out of here,” Jack shouts, barely heard above the ringing in my ears.

I nod. Although we have summoned the mystery, there is no guarantee we will survive their conflict with the adversary.

Susanna joins us and the three of us grow our number, gathering our brethren and defeating the last remaining smaller adversaries. As we moved away from the conflict, we found ourselves in front of the djinn’s mansion, but with no sign of Adrieb.

Concerned for his safety, I scan the battlefield, but see no sign of the djinn’s colossal form. Cupping my hands over my mouth, I shout his name, “Adrieb!”

In the distance, a mound of earth rises. But it is not earth, but rather Adrieb, casting off hundreds of the adversary. His form has grown smaller, less vibrant, weakened by the adversary’s teeth and talons. He swings an enormous sword weakly, his

power fading as the beauty of his existence is torn from him.

“We have to help him.” I say, starting toward the fight.

Susanna grabs my arm, “We can’t, look.”

The djinn falls beneath the adversary and although I pray for him to rise again, the swarming darkness consumes him.

“No!” I shout, not caring that I have put myself in danger. The only reason he fought is because Jack and I brought the fight to his door. Gripping my sword and wand, I yank my arm free and dash toward the fight, not caring for my own safety.

The swarm of adversaries senses me, or perhaps heard my cry, for they turn to me, their eyes dark and their mouths gaping, dripping with the color they would drain from the world.

As the fight between Baphomet and the monstrous darkness escalates, shaking the very firmament of the heavens, I draw closer to avenge the djinn. Adversaries swipe at me from all directions, but I block with my wand and strike with my sword, ripping through their number.

A shout comes from behind me, and I turn to see the others have joined the combat. As my brethren slash and strike at the adversary, I fight my way through the throng, searching for Adrieb’s body.

The adversaries part before me and I pause, seeing at the other end of the path they have made, the strange creature that stole my heart. In the light of the mansions of the moon, it looks strange even for one of its kind. Its skin shimmers like a deep sea creature’s light, its form morphing between angler fish, scorpion, and falcon, a confusing combination of features that make my eyes hurt.

It holds a sword and a wand of its own, mirroring my stance. Behind it, I see the still, small form of Adrieb. The message is clear: if I want to stand a chance to rescue him, then I must defeat this creature.



Firming my determination, I tighten my grip on my sword and swing my wand in a blinding arc, creating a shield out of its motion.

The strange adversary charges toward me, its blows harder and stronger than that of its fellows. It shrieks as it strikes and parries, and I bare my teeth in response, refusing to give ground.

As we fight, the world narrows to the blade and the wand. I focus on the enemy in front of me as it pounces and strikes. I know I am on the defensive, but the adversary leaves me no room to attack.

*You think you can defeat me? I, the one who brought low your precious Jack Parsons? I, the one who stole your heart?*

I snarl as the creature's insidious thoughts insinuate into my mind. The puzzle clicks into place, and I see its plot as it unfurls in my mind, or perhaps it is merely showing me as a means to distract me. I block its next strike and lunge with my sword, but my sword goes through its form with no appreciable effect.

*His death signaled the beginning of a new era. An era where humanity will finally join its place in the planes. No longer will we be weak and human, we will be strong and mighty.*

"You think it is a weakness to be human?" I ask through panting breaths.

Its laughter resonates through my mind as it shows me an image of myself, weak and sweating even in the aether, barely able to block its blows or dodge its strikes.

*This... this is weakness. Let me show you my strength.*

The creature shifts and before me I find a mirror image of myself. Yet where humanity and wonder once shone through my eyes, this simulacrum stares at me with eyes as dead as the planets of the outer worlds, the worlds they have already drained dry.

It pushes its advantage at my horror and swipes at me with the sword that matches my own. I block, but barely, feeling despair wend its way through my soul. Of all the adversaries I could imagine, fighting myself frightens me the most. I have no confidence that this version of myself would not triumph over me, its determination and evil a match for my hope and belief in humanity.

As it batters me back, I fall to one knee, my shield raised to block its strikes. Yet it pushes its advantage, driving fear and uncertainty into my heart. It shows me all my failures, all my vices as an endless barrage on my mind, pointing out the flaws that keep me from perfection. Before its attack, I am small and weak. Merely human while its power draws from a superhuman darkness. "Have courage, small human." A voice speaks to me and in it, I hear a faint echo of Adrieb's voice. I glance over and see his still form, wondering how he could summon the strength to encourage me.

Courage. A human quality and a strange one for such an inhuman spirit to try to engender within me. And yet, isn't that what we are known for? We have the capability of being kind, of being brave, of being wondrous. And this creature would take that from me, from us.

I stand, encouraged and inspired. I lower my weapons and stand, seemingly defenseless before the adversary. It sneers at me and swipes, its sword aiming for my chest. But it stops as I smile, wavering before my cheerful expression.

"You can't hurt me." I say, returning my weapons to my belt. "I have something you will never have, something you can never gain, no matter how many of us you destroy."

"What would that be?" the adversary snarls. "You are nothing, you are small and weak."

"And yet I stand before you, defiant." I say. "And with that defiance, I reject you. You may have taken my heart, but I have taken it back. My heart is my weapon, my Will is to destroy you."

As I speak, hope blossoms in my chest at the creature's uncertainty. This hope suffuses me, and in its light, all the flaws that it wished to show in me are transformed. I am weak, yes, but I also stand in opposition to everything it represents. I am but one fallible human, but my humanity is my strength. It can never take that from me; even when it stole my heart, I persevered and fought on.

The light grows blinding from my chest and then expands to surround me. The adversary snarls and strikes at me again, but the light deflects its blow, shattering its sword into a thousand dark pieces that fall like glass to the moon's surface.

I approach it, step by step. Fear takes over its expression, so similar to my own, yet so different. It raises its wand and shield, but even these tools cannot help it, for they are the weapons of the magician, not natural to its own nature.

"Your mistake was copying me." I say, stopping a foot from it and looking at it with compassion. "You wish to destroy us, and yet you have an obsession with us. You are nothing without us, and yet you seek to remove the traces of us from the planes. You are nothing, and want us to be nothing. Yet we will always persevere, for we have one thing you do not."

"What is that?" the creature snarls, but its defiance has grown weak.

"Hope." I say, stepping forward and grasping the creature in an embrace.

The light shines through me and into the adversary. It screams as the brilliance strikes through its despairing form. I close my eyes, drawing on the wonder and hope that fuel me.

When I open my eyes, the adversary is gone. The moon shines below me and several feet away, Adrieb groans in his prone position. I rush to kneel at his side. "Hail glorious Adrieb, powerful in battle and honorable in nature."

"Hail, small human." The djinn pushes himself to a seated position and takes in the battlefield.

I in turn also look to examine the devastation. No adversaries remain, and even Baphomet has gone, taking the immense adversary with them. And yet there are many of my brethren deceased on the field of battle. My heart saddens, and the djinn must have seen the change in my expression, "They fought well, small human. They fought for beauty."

Jack walks across the battlefield toward us, stopping a few feet away. I stand as well, "Well, Jack what do we do now?"

"We do our will." He smiles, his expression as quirky as ever. "Each within our particular orbit."

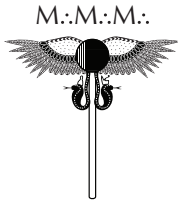
I nod and see Susanna join us as well. I smile at her, but my weariness must show through my expression. She returns my smile. "Go and rest, sister. There will be more battles to fight in future days."

I nod and smile at Adrieb. "I will keep my promise, and sing your praises to speak of your great deeds today."

"I know you will, small human." The djinn grins. "Next time, bring a larger army for me to fight. This one wasn't much of a challenge."

I laugh, then take a breath. The world wavers around me and I close my eyes.

When I open them again, I am in my room, my heart beating strongly in my chest, filled with hope and wonder for the strange world we live in.



# Ordo Templi Orientis



# U.S.G.L. Officers Directory



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