



# WARRIORS LVX

Volume 15 Number 3

Autumn Equinox 2008 e.v.

## The Official Organ of H.O.O.R.

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

### Words From the Overseer

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

Greetings of the Autumnal Equinox to all. As Our Father Sol enters into the sign of the Balances let us contemplate that which is written in AL ii 7, “Come unto me” is a foolish word; for it is I that go.”

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

939:.



“ ... it is written in the Book of the Law that all is Freedom, if it be done unto Our Lady Nuit. Yet also there is this Consideration, that for every Parsifal there is a Kundry. Thou mayst eat a thousand Fruits of the Garden; but there is One Tree whose Name for thee is Poison.” Liber Aleph, De Sirenis, chapter 100

### I write today on Vampires.

Students of the A.:A.: may recognize the chapter quoted above from one of their very first encounters with their instructors. They will be warned about obsessions, which arise to deny them of the energy and the will to continue with their Oath and Task. Brahm Stoker’s novel about blood sucking creatures has of course been wholly identified with the vampire. Anne Rice and her work has reaffirmed the mystique of the undead in popular culture. What do literary iterations of the energy-absorbing creature of legend have to do with the essay before you? These literary wanderings like most folklore are allegorical interpretations of the principal of life energy theft. The eternal empty shell whose existence depends on the life force of another being is of course the typical depiction of a number of phenomenon that we find described throughout the literature on folklore, magic and Magick. The Hollywood vampire is of course a possibility, though not necessarily as the blood sucking debonair royalty (lots of rich folks fit this bill it is true), but more often as the needy, time intensive and high maintenance “friends” that surround any creative person.

Acquaintances, human or non human, should make us feel more alive, more creative and more productive when we have social, psychical or sexual intercourse with them (note I did not say happy, safe or mollified). This last is an especial case of vampirism, which seeks first to lull you into a sense of security, pathos or sympathy before it sinks its fangs in your neck. If you feel less energetic, less focused or just plain tired when you retire from an exchange in one of the classes listed above it is very likely that you have been close to or in direct contact with one of these energy draining beings.

What to do? First if the attack is social extract yourself immediately from the situation or stop seeing that so-called friend. If the attack is psychical use the normal protection rubrics embedded in the literature of our System. If the attack is on a sexual level first make certain that you have left no talismanic remnants and then extract yourself from the situation. Silence is the absolute best answer to any further inquiries from such a being so if you are smart you will not pick up the phone, answer the email or the door when that being calls. To engage such a being in dialogue is to further their energy sucking activity at your expense. Use the forms of Magickal protection available to you and if necessary inform your superior in the Order in case the attack is meant to use you as an opening to disrupt operations at command central so to speak.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,  
939.:

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

“But I have burnt within thee as a pure flame without oil. In the midnight I was brighter than the moon; in the daytime I exceeded utterly the sun; in the byways of thy being I flamed, and dispelled illusion.” LXV v 9.

### **I write today on The Holy Guardian Angel.**

Inflame thyself in prayer. It is not truly possible to write an intellectual dissertation on the Great Trance of the Sun, Tiphereth. Is the HGA not yourself perfected? No for that one is the Adept and the Master. But nor is this true that the HGA is not yourself made perfect for He is all of these as well and neither. Paradox is the name of the Angel unknown. Dark clouds gather close around the eyes of the Neophyte, and the Zelator, and the Practicus, and the Philosophus who would attempt to describe and quantify Him through the veil of Paroketh. To the Adept He is the Lord and the Eidolon of the Smooth Point. To the Master whose relation with the Supernals is established it is not relevant to speak.

Inflame thyself with prayer?

[Here Follows Liber ART sub figura CCX –

The Meditation - From the dark home of the earth through the pathways of death to the reflection of His Eye in your Mother Luna's womb come thou to the still glade where an Huntress will bend the bow of your fervor and send your arrow arching toward the Sun.

The Practices –

1. Let the Zelator meditate upon this practice (replacing the meditation in Liber HHH therewith).
2. Let the Practicus devise a ritual to entice the Huntress and fashion an Arrow of Silver for Her bow.
3. Let the Philosophus become Her Lover and identify themselves with the Arrow of Silver; thus

fulfilling his or her Devotion as instructed in Liber CLXXV.

4. Let the Dominus Liminis fit the Arrow into the Bow of The Huntress and in one last aspiration unto the unknown allow themselves to be shot towards the Sun.

5. Thus shall they rend the veil on whose panels float in coruscating fire the words “No Separate Existence” and “No Existence”.

6. Thus shall they ready themselves for the work of Minor Adept Without.]

Inflame thyself with Prayer!

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,  
939.:

### ***Of Succubi and Incubi***

Extracted from “The Secret Rituals of the O.T.O.” by Soror EAEA

From all time the life of man has now and again overflowed, in sleep, without will, and only reflected itself dimly and fantastically by dream into his knowledge. Now since naught can be lost on any plane, but only changed in appearance, the inner substance of this life-stuff does indeed beget monsters in part material, which the doctors of the Middle Ages called Incubi or Succubi according as they performed the functions of male or female. These, too, begat children upon women; but not the reverse, for the succubus, for all his female function, is as male as his brother. Of these monstrous lovers some even became famous on earth; as that one who tempted San Antonio, and the angel that wrestled with Jacob at the place called Paniel. Also Merlin was the child of an incubus, and thus also were many heroes of old time begot. Consider of this.

1. The supreme means is declared fully in the Publications of the August Fraternity Most Holy the A. ’A. ’.

Liber XI and Liber DLV.

2. This other method is suggested.

On every occasion before sleep let the Adept figure his goddess before him, wooing her ardently in imagination and exalting himself with all intensity toward her.

And let him consider all involuntary movements of the mind as adulteries vile and criminal.

Therefore, with or without an assistant, let him purge himself freely and fully, at the end of restraint trained and ordered unto exhaustion, concentrating ever ardently upon the Body of the Great Goddess, and let the Offering be preserved in Her consecrated temple or in a talisman especially prepared for this practice. And let no desire for any other enter the heart. Then shall it be in the end that the Great Goddess will descend and clothe Her beauty in veils of flesh, surrendering her chaste fortress of Olympus to that assault of thee, O Titan, Son of Earth! Or at the least, this being denied thee, yet all thy life in heart and spirit being Hers, thy death shall be the consummation of these ‘betrothals’, an entry into the Closed Palace of thy Lady.

And of such Espousals mayst thou read in Liber CCCCXVIII, more especially in the Ninth and in the Second Aethyrs.

It is to be noted in all this that both God and the Soul are male or female as convenience requires. See, for a curious example, the mystic treatise called the *Bagh-i-Muattur*.

XI

### ***Of Lesser Marriages***

This matter is easy, for the souls of the elements desire constantly this salvation. But let the Adept beware:

1. That he choose wisely a reasonable soul, docile, apt, beautiful, and in all ways worthy of Love.

2. That he fall not ever from love of the Great Goddess into love of this inferior, but give only as a master and of his pity, knowing that this also is Service to His High Lady above.

3. That of such familiar spirits he have but four. And let him regulate their service, appointing hours for each.

IX

*Of the Work of Adepts*

Not only as a probation, and as a preparation, for the far greater Key of Magick Art that is given to Initiates of the Sanctuary of the Gnosis in the IX°, but for its own sake, and the practical and permanent value of its effects is a lesser work to be undertaken by Eopts — and how much more by Pontiffs! — of the Illuminati.

And this work is threefold.

I. Devotion to the Highest intensified on all planes until it culminates in Conjugal Union ratified by every God so firmly that Death itself is the gate to its fullest and permanent enjoyment. And the soul is to beget itself as a child for a new incarnation upon the Body of the Great Goddess. As it is written, so be it spoken unto you! ‘O thou who hast formulated thy father and made fertile thy mother!’

II. Acceptance of the devotion of a lower or partial being such as a nymph or elemental in such wise that it is thereby redeemed and made a perfect soul through the death which it must pay as the price of union with man.

III. The deliberate and well-considered creation of new Orders of Being.



*Poets' Mansion*

*Take me Higher*

By Daimon Beitz

Take me to the place in the absence of time.  
Yes,  
Deep to the time in the absence of space.  
Where crosses fold and stars explode,  
And the Sun and the Moon are One...  
Are None.

A darkness so deep that  
it implodes on itself,  
In the depths of reality  
within the maniacal Elf.

We are one,  
We are none,  
Children of the Sun.  
That is He that is me.  
With gilded Horus and red in mine eye,  
And dancing around the funeral Pyre.

Take me higher,  
Take me higher!  
Let us play with fire.  
Let the ashes fall to the grave.

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