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question of whether the 'program' is re-run in another body at a later date (reincarnation), or in a system which we do not perceive as part of the physical universe (in Heaven?), or whether it is merely 'stored' in some sense (limbo)The existence of a program, like that of a symphony, once created, is essentially timeless....

(pp. 98-99.)

The Spring Equinox is a day of great importance to a Knight of Baphomet, as it was particularly sacred to the Priests of Mendes, who sacrificed at this time a Ram in the honor of Ba Neb Tettu. (I will not digress here into my usual diatribe against the worshipers of Set-an or Satan, who try to pretend that Set and Satan are synonymous with Baphomet, any more than I will offer an exegesis of why Elphas Levi was wrong to portray Him with an upright (as opposed to inverted) pentagram where a man's pineal gland would be. Those arguments are outside the scope of this essay.) In any case, it was during a Spring Equinox ritual in 1986 that the Grand Master as Magus received his Word, *genesios*, from his Holy Guardian Angel, Andreae, and the command to drop the "pro tempore" from his title. Now, as head of the Outer, he would promulgate the *gnosis* that had been entrusted to him.

Each Spring, the Grand Master asks members of the O.T.B. to participate with him on the astral, wherever they are, in an Equinoctial ritual designed to celebrate receipt of the Word. This year, however, he was too occupied with X^o operational matters, having created a governing body, the Classis of Seven, taken on various writing projects, and so forth, not to mention mundane matters such as having to make a living. (The mortgage on the Temple must be paid, even Jupiter being unable nowadays to prevent nonjudicial foreclosures.) All that the Grand Master could muster at the appointed time was a brief meditation. He felt that he had "let down" the membership of the Order. What he did not know was that a far more significant event would occur just days later.

In the Temple of Pan Jupiter rituals are celebrated only on Thursdays, as the word "Thursday" is derived from "Thor's Day," Thor being the Norse equivalent of Zeus-Jupiter. Furthermore, Jupiter is invoked in the Temple in his aspect of paedophilic lover of Ganymede, VIII^o and XI^o sex-Magick being practiced in His honor employing Ganymedian imagery and poetry. The specific area of interest or object of a Jupiter ritual is luck or the bringing of money and riches. The author recalls one particular invocation of Him that resulted in an unexpected check from someone whose debt had long before been written off entirely! Cry *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* all you will; the author has had success with such rituals (and with IX^o workings with Soror Chadakiel in which orgasm was accompanied by Ajna activation at the point of orgasm using imaging of gold coins -- a method employed by Papa on many, many occasions). The Grand Master is in all things a pragmatist in things Magickal: If it works, do it!

Alas, Thursday seemed to come and go without event. The author had a chela in his home, a friend visiting from California. This necessitated the spending of much time discussing why the placement of a letter at the beginning, middle, or end of a Hebrew word, for example, determined its numerical value for purposes of gematria. Or why it was that the phallus

of Osiris could not be found by Isis when she went searching for the 14 dismembered parts of her husband's body. Or why, in order to avoid Qliphoths on the astral, time would be better spent practicing a non-violent form of strengthening of the Will in *Liber III vel Jugorum* than reading the hoary claptrap of, say, Dion Fortune.

On the morning of Friday, March 25th, the Grand Master awoke with an odd feeling of agelessness. He felt that he could be two, or two thousand years old. He went to shower. As he was lathering himself with soap he noticed a tingling sensation of the skin; to his utter astonishment, his epidermis felt softer than it had since infancy. Even when he had the soap washed off was this so. It was no longer his skin; it was hers. But, then, whose?! Soon, he was doing a working in the VIII^o, but it was not himself who was manipulating the athanor. It was a woman. Like most sex-Magickal opera, the working ended in an explosive orgasm that caused the Grand Master to shudder and almost fall onto the shower floor.

No sooner had he dried himself off than he rushed to the Athenaeum to consult his Book of Days. There was the explanation: June 25th is the Hilaria. In a flash his mind's eye imaged a vast tapestry depicting the events of that festival and the days immediately preceding it and following it. His subatomic "Self" had disintegrated into the psychological time-flux of what Hofstadter called "the whirling vortex of self-reference." Only later, and by quantum analysis of the Hilaria Working did the author ascertain what had happened to him in the shower: His biocomputer had re-processed some information that had perhaps enfolded itself into his Self by cosmic accident and he was going through a ritual that had taken place 2,194 years ago!

It was once again 206 b.c.e. The sacred stone of Cybele has been brought to Rome at the behest of the prophetic Sibylline Books, thought to contain all manner of trustworthy oracle. One verse has been interpreted as calling for the stone as a talisman against the onslaught of Hannibal. Three days ago, I assisted in the felling of a tall pine tree and, in my rôle as a Dendophri (tree-bearer) helped carry it through the streets of Rome in commemoration of the Death of Attis. The following day, March 23 -- which happens to be my birthday in this incarnation -- I witnessed the Cleansing of the Trumpets for the great procession of the Dies Sanguinis, or Day of Blood. Thousands of us line the streets on March 24, watching the Priests of Attis and Cybele, wearing dresses and coiffed in long tresses made fragrant with scented unguents. They're moving through the streets to the accompaniment of flutes and tambourines, cymbals and castanets, while we shower the image of Our Lady with rose petals.

The trunk of the pine tree -- pine, because Attis is said to have committed his act of self-emasculatation beneath a pine -- has been swathed like His corpse. The priests have fastened to it violet blooms, which represent the blood of the deity, whose effigy has been tied to the trunk. We sacrifice bulls and some of us bathe in the blood. The High Priest and lesser clergy dance wildly, working the crowd into a delirium. We gash our bodies and allow the blood to flow onto the sacred tree while the novices, as an initiation into the priesthood, scourge themselves into a frenzy before committing the ultimate act of *enthusiasmos*: castration. Once done, the act is consummated first by dashing the dismembered phalli against the image of Cybele (whose rejection of Attis prompted the self-emasculatation and death from loss of blood); then, by wrapping their *membra virile* in linen to be buried in the earth. All culminates in the eating of a sacramental meal of flesh and blood, which extends the *enthusiasmos* to all who partake, uniting us with our God.

Yesterday we celebrated the resurrection of Attis by ceremonially purifying His image. And today, we celebrate the Hilaria, a licentious carnival whose very name gave origin to our modern English word for jollity and frivolity: After all, has not the High Priest pronounced the injunction, "Do anything you wish!"? Tomorrow, we have a day of rest and solitude, the Requieto, while on the 27th, we wash up (the Lavatio).

The pure information of the "me" of 206 b.c.e. had mysteriously wound up in the biocomputer "me" of 1988, e.v. Time, which is neither linear nor universal, had allowed the subatomic "me" of the present to exist both in the present and in the past as well. Davies, again: "(The physicist) does not regard time as a sequence of events which happen. Instead, all of past and future are simply there, and time extends in either direction from any given moment in much the same way as space stretches away from any particular place...." (p. 124.) I am hardly the only person to ever have experienced this quantum leap through spacetime: The feeling of agelessness that I reported feeling when I awoke on the 25th of March is a common phenomenon to persons in possession of both psychic abilities and knowledge of their past lives.

Take, for example, "Mrs. Smith," the patient of psychiatrist Arthur Guirdham, whose book, *The Cathars and Reincarnation*, documents a startling "record of a past life in 13th century France." Early in his friendship with the mysterious Mrs. Smith, Guirdham says that when she experienced her flashes of reincarnatory illumination she felt that "time has no significance -- the past, present and future are blended. I feel I am dreaming and yet all the time I know I am wide awake." It is even possible that I knew the Mrs. Smith of the 13th century, when the program of her Self was being run in the biocomputer of a Cathar girl, tried by the (un)Holy Inquisition and executed -- as were they all. For my own program at that time was as a Templar, the Inner (secret) Order of which practiced Magick, including sex-Magick, and worshipped a strange idol called BAPHOMET. My name was Rawlfe and I was close to the Grand Master, de Molay. For my dualist and heretical beliefs I was assassinated; yet, along with the last of the Cathars who died at Montsegur in 1243, I, too proclaimed that I would live again "in 700 years." I was born March 23, 1943. And the program re-runs anew.Ω

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