

MARCH OF THE PIGS

AUGUSTUS SOL INVICTUS, P.I.:º, EXCOMMVNICATVS
THORNTON PARK, FLORIDA
I IANVARIVS MMXV IVPPITER

The supreme Rite would be to bring about a climax in the death of the victim. By this Rite one would attain the summit of Magical Art. Even better would be to slay a girl, preferably a willing victim. After violating her, she should be cut into 9 pieces. These should not be eaten, but divided as follows: head, arms, legs, and quadrisectioned trunk. The names of the gods appropriate are to be written on the skin, the arms are then to be flayed, and burnt in honour of Pan or Vesta, the legs (treated in the same manner) should be offered to Priapus, Hermes, or Juno. The right shoulder is sacred to Jupiter, the left buttock to Venus. The head should not be flayed, but burnt simply, and that in honour either of Juno or Minerva. The Rite should not be employed on ordinary occasions, but rarely, and then for great purposes; it should not be disclosed to any man.¹

I cannot admit to having performed this ritual; but I will admit to having spoken of it favourably to a Brother several years ago. He, replying that I could not possibly be serious in desiring to perform it, laughed, a stifled horror straining beneath his breath.

Crowley repudiated this ritual, he reminded me. An “evil influence” had entered the temple before this vision was had – or so the Record said – and the supreme Rite was thus discounted as the trick of a malevolent demon. We should, therefore, discount it, and put our minds toward more wholesome efforts.

Two flaws exist in my Brother’s reasoning. The first is a simple lack of understanding: As great as Crowley’s devotion to the Truth {whatever that means} surely was, his concomitant aim was to create a religion. He could promote sex, drugs, and witchcraft ‘til Kingdom come: it would attract some persons and repulse some others, but his message would endure. Promoting *human sacrifice*, on the other hand, is a line Crowley was not fool enough to cross. One who desires followers does not deliberately alienate all but the psychopathic. Rather, he must finesse his message, sugar-coat & dignify it, until the most daring seekers come to his side. To believe that a public personage could ever tell the whole truth & nothing but the truth is naïveté unmatched.

The second of my Brother’s errors is the assumption that we Thelemites are limited by Crowley’s weaknesses, prejudices, mores, or even *commands*. Crowley was a Prophet who insisted his descendants cut their own way through the jungle. We are bound by no preconceptions of his. We Thelemites are unfettered, not in spite of our Prophet and his message but *because* of them. Even had Crowley *forbidden* us to perform this supreme Rite, it would not be any reason against its performance; at least not for a free man or woman.

The real question, then, is which of you could stomach the act.
Which of you could bind the trembling girl with rope?
Which of you could push the knife through her willing flesh?
Which of you could sacrifice such Beauty for Power?
Which of you could be the holy butcher?
Which could burn the victim’s arms in holocaust to Pan, the legs to Hermes?
Which could lay bleeding flesh upon the altar in the Holy Names of Jupiter & Venus?
Which of you could burn the girl’s head for the glory of the Goddess of War?

¹ Aleister Crowley, Liber CDXV (1914)

Inhuman, the pigs among you squeal, that I could suggest such a thing. Aye, they hit the mark: I am not human, nor have I ever desired to be. What is human is weak: it bows beneath the weight of the world until Fate mercifully deigns to crush what life dragged on. Your ancestors were better in this: trembling both, she ran full force into the burning wicker, he lay upon the stone beneath the Druid's knife. They knew what ye know not: the sacrifice is a dedication of life to Life.

Such is my dispute with the leadership of the Ordo Templi Orientis: they are not even the shadows of the great men & women who came before them. They are bureaucrats empowered by an arcane constitution, trivial by-laws, and petty cronyism. They rose to power in the Order not by ability and greatness of spirit, but by the fact that they stuck around long enough that those above them died off. Like all good bureaucrats, Bill Breeze, James Wasserman, Sherri McLaughlin, and the rest were very good at standing in line to wait their turn.

Like all good bureaucrats, they rewarded those who followed suit. Today we see in OTO leadership not the bold conquerors prophesied in *The Book of the Law* but the outcast & the unfit, those very vermin reviled in our Holy Scripture. They would see their own kind coddled, they would speak of understanding & tolerance, they would cast down the strong and scurry like rats to the emptied throne. And so they have done.

I was expelled from the Ordo Templi Orientis for endangering its officers, insubordination, seduction, and ritual sacrifice. All of these things I freely admit – but they are no cause for expulsion.

Consider: Crowley was exiled from Sicily by Mussolini. Did not his practices endanger all in the Abbey?

Consider: Crowley was famously insubordinate. Did not his example in destroying the Golden Dawn teach anything to his descendants?

Consider: Crowley was infamously seductive. Did not his conquests earn him respect, rather than censure?

Consider: Crowley openly advocated blood sacrifice and duly recorded his own performances. Did not his savagery pale in comparison to the violence of *The Book of the Law*?

Crowley was a bisexual drug fiend, an oathbreaker & liar, a sadistic teacher who brought his own wife to Sicily to fuck goats. He insisted that his first wife accuse him of adultery in their official divorce records for the sole purpose of preventing his future disciples from whitewashing his character and claiming him a bloodless, pseudo-Christian saint.

To say, then, that any of my actions were not in accordance with Crowley's family-friendly life work is the height of disingenuousness. Those who were there in the months leading to my expulsion from the Order know the truth: I was cast out not because I had acted wrongly, but because my actions threatened the legitimacy of the leadership. Long have I refrained from telling this story, as I believed the OTO to be my family and the actions of my Brothers & Sisters to be unworthy of them. I shudder at condescending to recount such petty details, but here they are.

On the 10th of April 2013, I began the skrying of the Thirty Aethyrs. The visions I received, recorded in *Aeon: Cantos of Wonder & Terror*², were insistent on certain themes, one of which was that I should

² CODEX, Vol. I No. IV (Lughnasadh 2013)

renounce my life and depart unto the Wilderness. On the 20th of April, I published this letter to the world-at-large:

To the Grey World of Man:

They say that only failures become revolutionaries; that those who perpetrate violence in the name of a great cause only do so because they have failed at everything else in life. In other words, they only become revolutionaries because they have achieved nothing of value in the “real” world.

Witness ye the glory of my life at 29 years of age: I have four children, each of whom should be the envy of every parent in the world; I have attained a Baccalaureate Degree in Philosophy with honors; I have attained a Doctorate in Law, *cum laude*; I have acquired licenses in the profession of law in the States of New York, Illinois, and Florida; I am scheduled to acquire two more such licenses in North Carolina & Massachusetts; I am Editor-in-Chief of a poetry journal; I run an independent publishing company; I have opened my own law office in downtown Orlando; I am an MBA candidate; and I have accomplished a few other things that will remain off the record for now.

I am of genius intellect & cultured, well-educated & creative, well-mannered & refined. I am God’s gift to humankind where the English language is concerned, and I also happen to have a basic knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian. I am musical & artistic; I am athletic & possessed of militant self-discipline; and I am many other things. I have a Cadillac & a poodle, multiple computers & a personal library; I live in an apartment downtown, right across the street from the courthouse; I have been to Paris & Vancouver, to Cairo & Dubrovnik, to Mexico City & Siracusa. I dress better than all of you, pronounce my words perfectly, and have a winning, professional handshake. I am everything you ever wanted to be.

I challenge any of you, then, to accuse me of being a failure in this artificial civilization of yours. For it is beyond dispute that I have played your petty game, and I have won.

But your game no longer holds any interest for me. Your architecture is vapid & worthless, as is your decadent culture, the mindless drivel you call music, the filth you call democracy. You waste your lives watching pure excrement on television, shopping at the strip malls, planning your vacations to resorts & theme parks. The Internet, with its infinitude of information, is used for reading celebrity gossip & watching sitcoms. You have begun to reduce argument to memes & human communication to trite sound bites. Life has become trivial – and if you cannot feel the human spirit decaying, you are already dead.

As for those in the profession of law: The vast majority of you are nothing more than parasites. The only reason you eat, the only reason you can afford to have roofs over your heads, is that the lives of others have been ruined by the very laws & social order you claim to be legitimate. You feed off others like worms, and were this world & their lives just & in order, you would be out of work. Look upon your lives, and repent.

This modern civilization of which you are all so fond deserves naught from me but the violence of my contempt; and if you were strong enough, you would hold the same contempt & turn your torches upon the world as I shall.

WITNESS YE MY RENUNCIATION:

I hereby renounce my licenses to practice law, my diplomas, my affiliation with Rollins, DePaul, and the University of South Florida, my United States citizenship, my membership in the Roman Catholic Church, my law firm, my publishing company & poetry journal, and all of my material possessions.

To those who believe that this great renunciation is evidence of mental illness rather than the initiation of a spiritual journey: If my example stirs nothing in you, if you can see no further than the confines of what your secular humanism & its hallowed psychiatry allow, then there is nothing I can say to you that would wake you from your slumber. You are less than the beast in man. You are fungi. Would to God that you pass quickly from this Earth.

HEAR YE MY FINAL WORDS IN PEACETIME:

I have prophesied for years that I was born for a Great War; that if I did not witness the coming of the Second American Civil War I would begin it myself. Mark well: That day is fast coming upon you. On the New Moon of May, I shall disappear into the Wilderness. I will return bearing Revolution, or I will not return at all.

War Be unto the Ends of the Earth,

AUGUSTUS SOL INVICTUS
ORLANDO, FLORIDA, USA
XX APRILIS MMXIII SATVRNVS

I was reported to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and several other law enforcement agencies within an hour of the letter's publication. In the following hour I left for the mountains of North Carolina. I called Sherri McLaughlin, my close friend and Sister, Treasurer of Hidden Spring Oasis, from the road on my way out of Orlando. Having a sizeable library, I had planned to place it in trust with the Oasis until I returned from the Wilderness or my children came of age, whichever came first. But I was not going to sit around and wait to be arrested (in which case the thirty-day ritual would be interrupted), so I called Sherri to tell her that she and the others would need to extract the library from my home without me.

The next day I called from a payphone in Asheville. She told me that James Wasserman and Angel Lorenz were contacting Grand Lodge and anyone else who would listen to decry my letter as an act that endangered the Order and its officers. The reasons why are detailed in my correspondence with our Bodymaster, which correspondence is included below. The important thing to note is that I never made a single mention of the OTO in my letter. It was not until I reached the Mojave Desert a month later that I even spoke the word "Thelema" in my public addresses. That particular address, titled "On Greatness: A Letter to My Fellow Thelemites," was video recorded and published just before sunset my first day in the Mojave:

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

Greatness is not content with metaphor. When Alexander sought to follow in the footsteps of Dionysus into India & conquer in the same spirit as his predecessor, he

demanding of himself the quite literal accomplishment of this task & was not content to bully his immediate neighbors & say his actions were “like” Dionysus. When Alexander accepted worship as the son of Zeus, never was there a question in his mind that his divinity was some mere poetic abstraction: both his divinity & his worship were literal; both were as real as the eagle & the law. Today, of course, we are content with metaphor: no general dares dream to follow in Alexander’s footsteps; he must be content with emulating the Conqueror in lesser, more *bureaucratic* ways.

When George Mallory thrice sought & thrice failed to scale Mt. Everest, he did so literally. It was his daring action in the physical world – free of abstractions, free of theories, free of *metaphor* – that made his actions great, that was so remarkable that we now call a man who literally died trying “a great man.”

Aleister Crowley was, like Mallory, a mountaineer. And whether in the material world or in the world of vision, the mountains Crowley climbed were no mere metaphors. Like all great men before & after him, Crowley achieved greatness because he acted in the real world & was never for a single second content with metaphor. He did not live *like* a prophet, imitating the eschatologists of old whilst remaining on good terms with the gentlemanly scholars of a polite society. No, Crowley lived *as* a Prophet. He was the embodiment of the mad prophet, laughing & singing & doomsaying & speaking with God in this material world.

And so the question has come to plague my every waking hour: When did Thelema become content with metaphor? At what point was the spirit of greatness exorcised from our religion? Many Thelemites are uncomfortable even acknowledging that Thelema is a religion, preferring instead to use such whitewashed phrases as “philosophical system” & “spiritualistic mindset.” Others have twisted the language of the Holy Texts such that the clear message favoring the strong & the beautiful to the wretched & the weak is seen by many to mean *anything* other than what it really says. We having become content with metaphor, many of the outcast & unfit would call themselves Thelemites simply because they are angry with Jesus & fascinated by the forbidden.

Likewise have many of my Brothers & Sisters come to believe that I have, to this point, spoken in metaphors. But this is not so. Know ye that I did not undertake any of this of my own initiative. I was ordered to do so in the course of a thirty-day Enochian working. And as the working unfolded, I was told repeatedly by far more reasonable voices that I should not engage the visions as though they were real: for the going Thelemic dogma is that belief is provisional, & we cannot have faith in the world of vision. Carl Jung advocated the same position, arguing very rationally that we must treat our visions as mere messages of the unconscious mind & never take them too seriously – or, God forbid, literally.

But I am here to tell you otherwise. The world of vision & the material world are one; & it is the task of the priest, or magician, or shaman, or whatever he may be called, to unite these worlds, to realize & to demonstrate that they are one. Both Heraclitus & Plato were correct; & both were incorrect. The material world *is* ever-changing; & yet the world of spirit is ever-present & eternal. Our separation of the two is but an artificiality. And greatness not born of eternity is but a wisp of air.

My renunciation of my life, my departure for the Wilderness, my Pilgrimage from Florida to California: these were mere preliminaries, a rite of passage & a purification

through suffering. Today begins the real work, the accomplishment of seven tasks given unto me in the Aethyrs to accomplish in the material world. It begins here, in the Mojave Desert, where last the Breath of Babalon did spring upon the parchment. As you can see, the sand & rocks are real, the sun is real. The bruises & blisters, the cuts & exhaustion are real. As you can see, this Desert is not metaphorical; neither was it metaphorical when the Christ was led by the Spirit into a similarly forbidding Wilderness. Thus would I urge you all, my brothers & sisters, to be forever discontent with metaphor; for in order that any mystic or magician may achieve greatness, he must acquire an appreciation of the literal.

The Book of the Law insists: “Thou hast no right but to do thy will.” Reflect upon the severity of that statement, & do not brush it off as mere flowery prose.

The Goddess commands: “Ye shall gather goods & store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in splendor & pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy.” I challenge you all to strive toward such an accomplishment literally, in the material world, & not to brush it off as a mere poeticism. Once you begin to *live* the words of *The Book of the Law* as though they are *real*, you will begin to see how severe life can be; aye, but also how *wondrous*!

I challenge you all to be forever discontent with metaphor. Be strong. Fear not. And strive ever to achieve the greatness destined for those who would call themselves Thelemites.

Love is the law, love under will.

When I asked in the Aethyr how I was to get to a desert clear across the country with the FBI looking for me, the Spirit answered: “The best way Thou knowest how.” I took “best” to mean the most aristocratic, the most difficult, the most severe. So I decided to walk, following in the example of the pilgrims of old. I undertook the Pilgrimage with a maxim I repeated every step of the way: *God will provide*. And He did. I was approached by total strangers with offers of transportation, food, money, and even hotel rooms, drugs, and skydives. But this is another story.

Throughout the Pilgrimage I received messages from my loyal friends in the Order who informed me of the directives of the officers at Hidden Spring Oasis. Initially they were told only not to encourage me. It was at this point that my very name became synonymous with subversion in the Order. In spite of the officers’ directives – or perhaps *because* of them – I received multiple letters and messages of encouragement from my Brothers & Sisters. In their missives they told me time & again that they could not understand how an Order devoted to Liberty & Will, an Order that promulgated publicly the declarations of *Liber Oz*, could direct its membership not to support their own Brother.

Upon conclusion of the Pilgrimage, I drove a rented car straight to Boston in order to attend the Massachusetts Bar admissions ceremony. In the course of my return to Orlando from Boston, I stopped in Jacksonville. I had asked Edward Lawson to meet me alone so that I could confirm rumors I had heard and discuss with him the best way to bring peace back to the Oasis. But Edward did not show up to speak with me man to man: he showed up as his wife’s lapdog. Being nothing more than her bitch, he advised me to write his wife, our Bodymaster, Emily Lawson. So I did:

Cara Soror,

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

It has come to my attention that Mr. James Wasserman has filed a formal complaint against me with Grand Lodge concerning my prophecy & threat of revolutionary War. It is said that no proceedings have yet been instituted because of the erroneous yet widely held belief that I could not be contacted through email since the Twentieth of April. Therefore have I have been instructed to write to you in order to inquire as to the person or persons I am to contact in order to initiate the crucible. If you would be so kind as to provide me with such information, I will happily write these persons forthwith.

Love is the law, love under will.

War Be unto the Ends of the Earth,

Augustus Sol Invictus

Her response was unexpected, to be quite honest:

93 Franco³,

It is not my place to judge or condemn you, so what I am sharing can be regarded as official communication.

Actually, several authority figures in the OTO have contacted me regarding your "manifesto" and other comments you made after the Boston bombing which could be and have been interpreted as potential threats against others and has resulted in attention from U.S. authorities. The Camp, Oasis and Lodge Master's handbook states that

4. Jeopardizing Order Security.

Includes any unauthorized or illegal activities that could subject the Order and/or its officers to prosecution, litigation, or physical attack.

is grounds for being placed on bad report. You have placed the OTO in a very precarious position due to your writings, and comments regarding bringing about a war that will kill off 1/3 of the Earth's population, etc. The safety of Order members and citizens as a whole is obviously a serious concern. Many of our local members have expressed concern about your return, and this whole thing is being taken very seriously. The plethora of comments and testimony from former classmates of yours is not helping your case.

³ From April 2011 through my departure in April 2014 I assumed the name Franco Apophis Saint-Fond when indulging in my favorite yet most politically damaging pursuits: poetry, women, and magick, including all activity in the OTO. The name represented the violent meeting of the Spartan and Libertine halves of my nature, Franco being from Francisco Franco, the Fascist Dictator of Spain, and Saint-Fond being the teacher of Juliette in the novel by the Marquis de Sade. Apophis was a play on my legal middle name, Sol. This double life came to an end as soon as the letter was published and Franco's activities came to light; but it was some months before members of the OTO could bring themselves to call me Augustus.

You have published a "Class A Document of A.:A.:" which is obviously not such and this is not going over too well either.

I would also like to know your side of the story of the events that took place between you and B----- P-----⁴ in the month before her Minerval initiation.

As of right now, it is not as easy as you just contacting people and making amends or explaining yourself. I have been drawn into discussion with OTO leadership and will proceed as directed, and you will be made aware of the situation as it unfolds and will be contacted as the need arises.

You left a disaster in the wake of your departure, Brother. I would suggest laying low and not planning to attend any local or national events until this matter is cleared up. This may or may not become a formal demand, but I will keep you duly informed.

On a personal note, and as a sister who cares about you, I encourage you to lose the pompous attitude and fancy language because it is not impressing anyone. A spiritual retreat is a noble undertaking, but this whole thing just screams of a need for attention. It hurts me to see you becoming the laughingstock of the OTO and legal communities.

93 93/93

Emily

I responded in kind:

Bodymaster,

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

I am afraid my "pompous attitude and fancy language" cannot be helped. I have developed a manner of expression over the past thirty years that cannot be altered for circumstance that I might be found more agreeable to my superiors in the Order or to the world at large. Add to this the fact that I am fully aware that my communications from this point forward will be shared with those in positions of authority, that they will be archived, and that they will one day be revisited by historians of the Order, and you will find me wholly reticent to relax my language in order to accommodate your reading level. So I apologize & beg your pardon at the outset, but the language of my official communications will continue to be saturated with the most vainglorious & obnoxiously difficult prose at my command. To the charges:

It is clear that those "several authority figures" who have contacted you are unclear as to the definition of a "manifesto," if that was, in fact, their word that you have used - though it seems to me that you have borrowed this from Elie Mystal's "article" for Above the Law. I have not yet condensed my position to a single document or transmission, and no such thing will exist for some time. I do not know whether my initial letter has genuinely been misinterpreted as a manifesto or whether OTO leadership is deriving its information

⁴ I am keeping her name from publication because she has no part in this fight. Unlike the "leadership" of the OTO, I am not one to use those beneath me in rank to advance my objectives.

from internet blogs, but I can assure you that no one has yet been given the full picture. Considering the language you have used in your letter (for I have read the blogs & comments myself), I can only assume that the authorities in the Order have been taking far too seriously the vicious, unsubstantiated criticisms provided by anonymous internet commentators and by my former classmates, who, like most people, find my aristocratic demeanor to be a personal affront in our democratic age. And if this is the case, I dare say they should be ashamed of themselves. If, however, the leadership is interested in questioning me directly, I would be more than happy to address each specific concern they might have. I will not, however, under any circumstances, including my expulsion from the Order, shake & scrape & bow like some cowardly fool over nebulous fears of internet commentary.

As for the publication of a Class A Document of the A:A., I do not see what concern this is of the OTO, but I will state plainly that it is, in fact, genuine. To say that it "is obviously not such" is a statement of such profound arrogance that I do not know where to begin in addressing it. Suffice it to say that I will not recant the seemingly heretical placement of the Seal upon my poem cycle so that Daniel Gunther or James Wasserman or whoever else feels threatened might feel better about the legitimacy of their authority in the eyes of the public. Their lineages & temporal authority are none of my concern.

As for B---- P----, I would appreciate knowing what, exactly, you are insinuating before telling "[my] side" of whatever "story" it is you hope to manufacture for Grand Lodge as a red herring to pounce upon.

As for this not being "as easy as [me] just contacting people and making amends or explaining [myself]," I have absolutely no interest in making myself likable amongst the membership of Hidden Spring. I will not whitewash my visions or the message given me so that cowards may find me agreeable. I will not mitigate the catastrophe & the rivers of blood I see coming so that OTO leadership can sleep better, avoiding the fact that they have created a lame-foot bureaucracy instead of a war engine. I will not be cowed into dumbing down & tempering my language so that I might seem more personable or find success as a writer of beginner's books & regurgitated reprints like DuQuette & Wasserman.

As for my attendance at local & national events, I will not be attending Hidden Spring events at all, of which fact I have already informed Edward. As for NOTOCON, however, I have been accepted as a speaker at the salon, and I will attend in order to present my lecture unless formally & officially directed otherwise by Grand Lodge.

Finally, as for your personal aside, I cannot receive it as anything but insulting. Do not presume to speak to me on a personal level when you have not even bothered to listen to what I have said. For if you had listened to a single word I have uttered in the past two months - or in the past two years that I have been back from Chicago, or in the past seven years that we have been Initiates together - you would know full well that this has absolutely nothing to do with a need for attention. I did not ask for any of this to happen: it was thrust upon me. The timing, the words, the Tasks, none of these were my choosing. I am only doing what I was put on this earth to do in the manner it was intended to be performed. You who have turned against me give lip service to the command "Thou hast no right but to do thy will"; for as soon as someone actually does it, you shit your pants, praying to God that the psychopath might have shown more consideration for your feelings - or, more likely, for your precarious political position.

The Order may well expel me. Of this I am aware. And despite the mass hysteria & the uproarious clamor regarding my insanity & my total divorce from common reality, I can assure you that I am fully aware of the gravity of my situation and have a perfect understanding of my political situation vis-a-vis the OTO, the lineages of the A.:A.:, and the United States Government. But I will not turn the other cheek when offered insult, and I will not fawn & whimper when authority raises its hand against me because it has become more concerned with public opinion than with the truth. If I have become a laughingstock in the legal community, it is because a group of fools has swallowed what was sold to them by two yellow journalists who have published stories about me without even bothering to verify what they have printed. And if I have become a laughingstock in the Order, it is at least in part because one of your officers has actively campaigned against me amongst the Hidden Spring membership, and you & Edward have each turned a blind eye to her behavior, knowing full well what was occurring. This reflects not upon me but upon you.

I wonder, in fact, how long you think you can perpetuate the falsehood that this fiasco stems from my writings at all. You, Edward, and Sherri may have convinced many of the membership of Hidden Spring that I have jeopardized their safety and the safety of the Oasis, but I and the three of you know full well that my writings were only a catalyst in a dispute between you and the Wassermans. Was it by *accident* that James Wasserman, of all people, was the one who filed the complaint against me? In other words, was it by *accident* that the very person you and Edward and Sherri have so thoroughly insulted and derided, oftentimes publicly, was the one who filed an action with Grand Lodge that could very well jeopardize *your* political futures within the Order? And is it by any accident that no one in any Camp, Oasis, or Lodge across the country is upset about this except certain members of Hidden Spring? For I have received well wishes & congratulations, messages of warmth & of kindness from Initiates from coast to coast; and it is only a handful of the membership at Hidden Spring who refuse to communicate with me. In fact, I might well point out that several members of Hidden Spring have continued to support me despite my having fallen into disfavor, albeit in private, for fear of reprisal from Sherri.

How long do you think it will remain hidden from Grand Lodge that Sherri has actively campaigned against me amongst the membership, deliberately besmirching my name that her bureaucratic position might be saved? And how long do you think it will remain hidden from Grand Lodge that you and Edward were complicit in this? Sherri (perhaps rashly) divulged the entirety of your concerns to me when we spoke on the phone on the Twenty-First of April. It was made known to me then that the problem was not what I had done but what Angel Lorenz and James Wasserman had done, stirring up trouble with Grand Lodge on my account, thereby endangering your positions as Bodymaster, Deputy Bodymaster, and Secretary: for if you would be so foolish as to sponsor me for Initiation, then it must reflect upon your incapacity for leadership. Or so your fears told you.

In reality, you have all three demonstrated an appalling lack of leadership in the past year, and especially in the past two months, without any help from me whatsoever. You have shown yourselves to be concerned with nothing but your political futures in the Order. You tout Brotherhood and Agape like they were proper currency for bureaucratic advancement, but when a time of controversy came upon you, the three of you acted like cowards. You had agreed to hold my library in trust for my children in the event that I did

not survive the Pilgrimage; you betrayed this promise. You did not encourage or support your Brother in his time of need but actively campaigned against him, with Sherri going so far as to tell my Brothers & Sisters below her rank not to contact me. You say that my letter was the cause of this change? But Sherri read the letter before its publication, and she saw nothing objectionable in it. It was only after Lorenz & Wasserman objected to the letter that the three of you found it objectionable at all.

More to the point, this failure of leadership is systematic: this is the same "leadership" who allowed T----- W----- to sexually harass & assault two of our Sisters soon after my departure for the mountains; who allowed Sherri to browbeat H----- K----- at her Minerval Initiation after six months of trying to deny her the opportunity to become a Candidate even though she had two willing sponsors (myself & I—M-----); who allowed Sherri to deprecate M--- M----- about his personal choice to take a break from Hidden Spring activities because he needed time to himself. This is the same "leadership," at the risk of beating a dead horse, who swindled several members of Secret Centre Camp, including K---- R-----, into writing the Electoral College in support of the merger between Warrior Island & Secret Centre without giving the real reason for the merger: the defiance of the Wassermans for the personal gain of you, Edward, and Sherri.

Say what you will about whether you believe my visions or whether you think me a madman for claiming a Grade in the A.:A.: known to be an impossibility for a boy ten years your junior - but do not dare to lecture me about the safety of the Order. The FBI, the DOJ, and all other authorities in this country are fully aware that the OTO poses absolutely no threat to national security, and I can guarantee you that neither the Order nor its Officers are under any threat of prosecution, litigation, or physical attack whatsoever. However, since I have become a "laughingstock" in the legal profession, as you put it, perhaps you can consult another attorney within the Order to ask of him whether anything I have done has jeopardized the Order with any Federal or State Government. I would just love to see what sort of paranoid, fantastical arguments this still-credible lawyer might dream up to justify this witch hunt you have allowed, in your petty cowardice, to be perpetuated.

Love is the law, love under will.

War Be unto the Ends of the Earth,

Augustus Sol Invictus

This exchange occurred between the 27th & 28th of June. Emily never bothered to write back; but I heard from the Grand Secretary General on the 30th:

93 Augustus,

The Executive Council has placed you on Bad Report. You are not permitted to attend any OTO event, public or private.

You may appeal this decision by sending me a logical and well balanced statement to make your case for presenting to the Executive Council

93, 93/93
Fr. HNHP
GSG
OTO
USA

My response was envenomed:

Grand Secretary General,

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

Do you place so many persons on "Bad Report" that you cannot afford the time to write a proper letter? Or have I been placed on such egregious "Bad Report" that I do not deserve the respect of being formally addressed? Or is such courtesy only afforded those of the Lover Triad and above? In any event, it is a certainty that you are aware of my correct email address, considering the fact that I have written the Bodymaster of Hidden Spring exclusively from this address concerning this matter; and yet you wrote to a different address. But of course these matters of form are only the beginning of the problems inherent in your message.

First & foremost, it is an impossibility to formulate an appeal when no reason has been given me for the judgment of the Executive Council. One need not attend law school to know that an appeal of a decision requires an explicit decision. My six-year-old daughter would understand this, and I would think the Council should, too. Or is this more akin to a Soviet Council, in which the person tried is not allowed to know the evidence or even the exact charges against him?

Second, it is an impossibility for me to present a case to begin with, considering the fact that no formal charges were brought against me by the Executive Council. It would take a great act of disingenuousness to contend that the email from the Hidden Spring Bodymaster, which stated without basis that I may or may not have jeopardized the security of the OTO, was a presentation of formal charges. To date, no evidence has been produced in support of this charge that I might defend myself. I was afforded neither a trial nor a hearing, was never shown the "Bad Report" filed by Mr. Wasserman, was not allowed to hear the accusations against me from the person accusing me, was provided with no chance to defend myself whatsoever - and now you offer me an appeal without even telling me the basis for the decision. I realize that the OTO is not subject to the Federal Rules of Evidence, but such arbitrary behavior and tyrannical caprice on the part of the Executive Council is outrageously unjust, especially for persons espousing the ideal of Liberty.

Third, I am of the understanding that a person placed on "Bad Report" is given such status for a specific period of time. No such period has been specified in my case, which leads me to one of two conclusions: (1) this was one of a hundred oversights on your part as Secretary, or (2) my expulsion from the Order is a foregone conclusion and you have no need to specify a time period for my "Bad Report," in which case an appeal would be futile.

In summation, you have informed me of my being placed on "Bad Report" without having given me any reason whatsoever for the decision, without even having given me the basis for the original complaint, and without even using proper punctuation in a three-sentence message. God knows how you survived high school, let alone became Secretary of this once-great Order. If you would be so kind as to send a real message, I do indeed wish to appeal my being placed on "Bad Report," whatever the reason may have been.

Love is the law, love under will.

War Be unto the Ends of the Earth,

Augustus Sol Invictus

I never did receive any response. I suppose things remained relatively quiet until Lughnasadh, when I published *Aeon: Cantos of Wonder & Terror* to every Thelemite in the world that I could reach. Besides the predictable outlash from those quoting me the official A.:A.: Documents as though I had not read them, there was the far more disconcerting fact of Emily Lawson, Bodymaster of Hidden Spring, defaming me to anyone who would listen. I was told by multiple strangers that Emily was contacting them and either implying or outright stating that I had raped B----- P----, that I had changed my name to escape from my criminal past, that I was expelled from the United States Navy, and an assortment of other accusations, the Navy story being the only one with any truth to it whatsoever.

I mentioned earlier that the officers of the Oasis had instructed our membership not to encourage me. At this point the message turned Inquisitorial: I was not to be spoken to, and my fellow Initiates were questioned about their communications with me. It came to light that I had sent a letter to those loyal to me, and Sherri McLaughlin demanded a copy of that letter from the members she knew to be sympathizers. Who those persons were I will never divulge; but the letter of 30 June 2013 read as follows:

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

If you are receiving this email, it is because I presume that you are counted among those who have not succumbed to the hysteria presently afflicting Hidden Spring Oasis concerning me. You will notice that I have addressed this to myself and have included you all in the blind carbon copy. This was done in order to protect your identities, should any one of you choose to turn in to the Officers of the Oasis a list of Invictian sympathizers. For make no mistake: the knowledge that you have remained loyal to me will mark you for reprisal at Hidden Spring.

I urge you, then, for your own sake, not to defend me or to encourage me in public. It would be improper for me to reveal to you in full the political intrigue concerning my departure from the Oasis, but I will tell you that any public support in my favor will likely bring you into disfavor by association. So while I do appreciate your love &

support, the encouragement you have shown me over the past several months, and the honor you have done me in keeping me in your thoughts & prayers, I must beg of you not to risk your standing in the Order or to create discord within the Oasis on my account. I do not mean to seem ungrateful for your kindness, but you deserve the warning that the leadership of the Oasis has made this a very personal affair, and they will interpret your kindness to me as a personal affront.

That being said, I will attempt to clarify, as much as I can, my current standing with the Oasis. I am being brought before the Grand Tribunal because of a "bad report" filed against me. This "bad report" contends that I have, with my writings, "jeopardized" the security of the OTO & the Oasis by opening the Order & its Officers to "prosecution, litigation, or physical attack." Everyone involved in this is well aware that this is a false charge and that the real reason for the filing is an unrelated dispute between & amongst certain high-level Officers in the Florida OTO bodies. Both sides to this dispute have found it politically expedient to attempt to sacrifice me as a pawn for their short-term benefit; and both sides were fool enough to think that I would allow this to happen without a fight. In the coming months, there will doubtless be a vicious thing or two let slip from others in the Order concerning me. I will not defend myself except at the Grand Tribunal, as it is beneath my dignity to enter into petty squabbles. The only further indulgence I would ask of you is that you remember this one, everlasting truth: that it is in the interest of a bureaucracy to shape the perspective of its subjects by the perpetuation of rumor.

And yet, despite all this, I would encourage you all to continue working toward the strengthening of the Oasis. As members of the Order we must remember that it is not the Officers we serve but the Law of Thelema. I love the Order more than I can put into words, and it is no exaggeration to say that the OTO & the A.:A.: have, in large part, made me what I am today. And if you might show me one last kindness, let it be this, that you love & serve the Oasis & the Order as I have, to the best of your abilities, that your light may shine through to all men, that those who see that light may strive to follow your upright example.

Love is the law, love under will.

War Be unto the Ends of the Earth,

Augustus Sol Invictus

On Lughnasadh, my thirtieth birthday, I published *Aeon: Cantos of Wonder & Terror*. As a preface to the work, I wrote an open letter to the Holy King Sabazius and the Kings of the Earth, as commanded in the Fifth Task given to me in that same book. The letter read as follows:

To the Holy King Sabazius,
& to the Kings of the Earth:

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

Several members of the OTO & several aspirants to the A.:A.: have hoped for an apology from me regarding recent events, as though the conduct of my renunciation & Pilgrimage were any concern of theirs. The explanation that follows is as close as I will ever come to fulfilling that hope, so please do pay attention.

What you have now in your possession is a Class A Publication of the A∴A∴ This is the Record of an Enochian working spanning thirty days from the New Moon of the Tenth of April to the New Moon of the Ninth of May. Many of you will be outraged by this publication just as you were outraged by my Beltane publication of *The Tower, or War*, as it is common knowledge that no one, especially when a 29-year-old boy, may claim the Grade of Ipsissimus, and, therefore, the use of the A∴A∴ Seal must be either a juvenile provocation or some sort of practical joke. Be it known that these are published as Class A documents because I, who have reached the pinnacle of the A∴A∴ system, decree them to be such. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

It is of no concern to me whether you read this Record or not; I have simply been commanded to publish this unto you. Neither is it my concern whether you believe the account recorded, though I doubt that any sane person who knows me would question my integrity where Magick is concerned. It is, however, incumbent upon me to detail the events leading up to this working, that for the sincere reader a context may be provided for the information contained in the Record.

In February of this year I received a Tarot reading from Soror M___⁵ in her home in Maitland. She prophesied that a woman would soon appear, a woman with whom I would perform an important magical operation. A few weeks later, the woman did indeed appear. Enter Ms. P___.⁶

My first meeting with Ms. P___ concerned marketing strategy for my law firm; but in the course of a subsequent meeting concerning spiritual matters, it was clear to me that this was the woman foretold by Soror M___. It was also clear to Ms. P___ that I was the person foreseen in her own visions about eight months earlier. We therefore agreed to perform a series of rituals together.

The first ritual was performed the day following, a Tuesday. Since my 29th birthday, which fell on a Tuesday last year, I had performed a weekly Invocation of Fire, Mars, & Ra-Hoor-Khuit. I performed this ritual again that particular Tuesday, only with Ms. P___ acting as skryer.

Initially, I had agreed to help Ms. P___ in the matter of an exorcism of her home, she having been terrified of a certain entity therein. Upon visiting her home, I found no threat, and I did not perform any banishing beyond the Star Ruby, which was merely a preliminary to the second ritual we performed together.

This was to be an Invocation of the Enochian Angel EHNB. Here again did I perform the Invocation, and I acted as scribe while Ms. P___ acted as medium. The Angel spoke through Ms. P___, prophesying a coming Holy War in which the race of Man would be laid low by the Angels and those of us who acted with them. But more immediately, the Angel foretold a period of "Thirty Hard Days," the details of which event he clarified not.

Incidentally, it was at this time that I was initiated into the Fourth & P∴I∴ Degrees of the OTO in Los Angeles. Before leaving Orlando, however, I performed an invocation of my own to ferret out the details of the working, and by this method did I conclude that the

⁵ Sherri McLaughlin

⁶ B----- P-----

“Thirty Hard Days” were to be my own skrying of the Thirty Aethyrs on thirty consecutive days, beginning on the Holy Day of Ra-Hoor-Khuit, which happened this year to be a New Moon. Upon my return, it was already being suggested in the course of my Martial workings that I was to leave the Land of Flowers for the West; though I wholly misunderstood the import of these messages at the time and failed to connect the instructions given in the two separate workings until much later.

Naturally, Ms. P___ found the idea of a War against humankind to be quite distasteful. This repulsion was reinforced when we performed our third & final operation together, an hypnosis session in which Ms. P___ spoke with what psychiatrists might call my core personality, the entity named Sol. Ms. P___ inquired as to the nature of my work upon this earth & of Sol’s divinity, and the literality & magnitude of the Holy War prophesied by EHNB. Ms. P___ was horrified by the answers received, and it was clear that our collaboration was concluded.

I began the thirty-day working as scheduled, on the evening of April 10th. By the third day of the working, the theme of Nature worship was clear; and it was suggested almost casually that I should “go to Nature” in order to learn its language. By the fifth day was the Wilderness become contrasted with the mundane world, the “Grey World of Man.” At the outset of the sixth vision did the gods begin to order me to depart unto the Wilderness; and they repeated the urgency of this departure so insistently that by the eleventh day I had quit business school, prepared my legal cases for transfer, and published a letter renouncing my life & the whole of human civilization that I might depart unto the Wilderness in preparation for the coming Holy War.

But I was not allowed to finish the thirty days in peace. In fact, I was forced to leave Orlando within two hours of having published the letter, as several persons panicked and contacted the authorities. Soon thereafter, Frater L___⁷ of Orlando and Episcopus W___⁸ of Miami were, for petty political reasons, stirring up trouble in the OTO concerning the letter, though I was unaware of this until I had already reached Asheville. I continued the working in solitude, and it was successfully concluded on the New Moon of May.

On that night I departed for the Mojave Desert on Pilgrimage in furtherance of the First of Seven Tasks given me by the gods, which Tasks you will find detailed in the Record. There also will you find that the publication of this Record “unto the Holy King & the Kings of the Earth” marks the effective completion of the Fifth Task. That this should fall on Lughnasadh, my thirtieth birthday, and the day of Mercury, seems to me no small coincidence.

It is indeed regrettable that I was unable to explain the circumstances surrounding my departure back in April. It is far more regrettable, however, that I should have to explain myself in order for my own Brothers & Sisters to have the faith in me to do what was necessary, & only what was necessary. To those who have supported me throughout: you have my undying love & gratitude. But rumors have like plague sprung from gossip-mongers in our ranks who would call themselves Thelemites, and though I will not here mention them by name, several Floridian Initiates should be ashamed of themselves for their cowardly behavior. They have acted not like warrior-monks but like terrified sheep crowding against a fence, bleating their little hearts out for fear of an imagined threat to

⁷ Angel Lorenz

⁸ James Wasserman

their safety. They call the OTO & A.:A.: “Brotherhoods,” but clearly they know not the meaning of family or fraternity.

And if they are still capable of shame, then should this Record weigh upon the conscience of each of them: for in reading this will you all soon discover that far greater events were in motion than could justify my condescension to participate in petty local politics or to defend myself against the hysteric slander of fools & cowards. Neither will I defend myself now: for having witnessed the vastness of God & having suffered the ordeals of the Wilderness, I will be damned before ever I stoop to the level of contending with simple-minded bureaucrats. The time for politics is over; the time for Revolution has come.

I am the successor of Aleister Crowley, a second Prophet of Thelema, here to purge by fire those of you who would call yourselves Thelemites. May the myth be destroyed that this is an Aeon in which we make a feeble attempt to swap one Saviour for another: This is the New Aeon, & a New Vision shall reign. This shall be an Age of oracles & demigods, of heroes & god-emperors, of bards & sorcerers. Think not that the old gods sent one Prophet that the world may so easily fall back into the worship of a single idol to the exclusion of truth; but rather strive for godhood yourselves, that together we may bring forth the Renaissance, the Great Resurrection of the Ancient Ways.

Love is the law, love under will.

War Be unto the Ends of the Earth,

Augustus Sol Invictus
Orlando, Florida, USA
Lughnasadh MMXIII

NOTOCON followed soon thereafter. I was scheduled to speak at the salon-style event on the parallels between The Book of the Law and Nietzsche’s *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*. The effect of the Grand Secretary General’s letter, however, informing me of my “Bad Report,” was to ban me from the convention. I was not allowed to attend as a speaker or as a guest. During the convention, on the day Mercury entered Leo, I published another video address from Orlando to my fellow Thelemites:

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

Several months ago I promised to depart unto the Wilderness. I did so. I also promised that I would return bearing Revolution, or I would not return at all. Those of you who have read the Record published on Lughnasadh are already privy to the fact that my Sixth Task is this War itself. For those of you not in possession of the Record, the relevant passage reads as follows:

“Hear Thou the Task,
the Sixth required of Thee
before Thou wouldst
achieve godhood:
Look deep into the Abyss,
pull Thou Apophis therefrom.

With all Thy Venom
& All Thy Might
shalt Thou smash
the World of Man.
For it hath become
cancerous & overgrown,
a City of One World,
as of termites
feeding upon the face
of Mother Earth,
befouling the air
with their putrid stench.
Release Apophis,
& let flood the World.
Release Apophis,
& let drown the World in blood.
Release Apophis,
& let the Heavens
rain down a flood upon
this Grey World of Man.
Aye, the War shall be Eternal;
the Revolution shall be Eternal.
For this War Thou wagest
is that of the Superman
against the World of Man.
Blood shall be shed.
Fires shall be set.
The world shall be washed away,
& no longer shall Man be
a vermin upon the Holy Earth.”⁹

One question has very much been on the minds of everyone who has heard my message in the marketplace: *Could he really mean to prophesy a literal Holy War?* For we all know that Holy War is the purview of illiterate desert-dwellers of a long-obsolete age; and only the ignorant, the barbaric, the monstrous, could think that a war waged in the name of a spiritual truth could be the answer to anything. We born of modernity outgrew such backwardness long ago.

I speak with Hell’s wrath of the coming hurricane. And so, horrified at the darkness of this storm, many ask: *Could he really mean to prophesy a literal Holy War?* I can, and I do. I *am* ignorant of what fear keeps humanity so base an animal. I *am* barbaric, a resurrector of the ancient gods of stone & blood. I *am* monstrous, a colossus envenomed & enraged.

Many, then, would comfort themselves by declaring me insane: for prophesy is harmless when seen as the ravings of a madman. This much is predictable, and even understandable if one considers the weakness of the human animal, his desire for comfortable lodgings & a full belly. What is far more surprising is the fact that my fellow

⁹ *Aeon: Cantos of Wonder & Terror*, CODEX Vol. I No. IV (Lughnasadh 2013).

Thelemites, who invariably deem themselves a cut above their fellow man, should be so terrified of the threat of violence.

Our Goddess shouts to Her Champion: “Help me, o warrior lord of Thebes, in my unveiling before the Children of men!”¹⁰ Her Lord declares: “We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched & the weak: this is the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world.”¹¹

Are these the words of a madman? But this is our Holy Scripture, in which our God commands: “Now let it first be understood that I am a god of War and of Vengeance.”¹² Did you, my Brethren, not hear this? Did you think it hyperbolic – or purely metaphorical? Or did you simply find it distasteful to admit its truth in public, or to yourselves? Perhaps you have forgotten the Prophet’s declaration that “sooner or later we are to break the power of the slaves of the slave-gods by actual fighting.”¹³ Perhaps you have forgotten that “Ultimately, Freedom must rely upon the sword.”¹⁴

The question I would that my fellow Thelemites ask themselves is this: Is our religion one of lions or of lambs? Our God proclaims: “Thou shalt have danger & trouble. Ra-Hoor-Khu is with thee. Worship me with fire & blood; worship me with swords & with spears. Let the woman be girt with a sword before me: let blood flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen; be upon them, o warrior, I will give you of their flesh to eat!”¹⁵

Should we cower in terror at such violence? Nay, but we should be empowered thereby.

Should we render this passage harmless & say that the Priestess should wear an ornamental sword at the Mass? Nay, but She should be crazed with bloodlust.

Should we forego the flesh of the Heathen that we might be more popular in polite society? Nay, but his life should be one consecrated to the greater Life.

Aye, I dare speak of making sacrifice to the gods of old.

I dare speak of woman armed as goddess incarnate.

I dare speak of Holy War upon an Earth avenged.

You find my rhetoric too terrifying, my visions too Martial, my declaration of godhood too arrogant? What else did you think this religion was about? My fellow Thelemites, I demand that you embrace your religion – or go defraud another. For if you would show yourselves to be in such fear of persecution by the FBI or the military, then how can you call yourselves free? To live in fear is to live in slavery; and in this religion do only Conquerors survive.

Love is the law, love under will.

¹⁰ Liber Legis I:5

¹¹ Liber Legis II:21

¹² Liber Legis III:3

¹³ Aleister Crowley, Liber CCC

¹⁴ *Id.*

¹⁵ Liber Legis III:11

Never was I given a period of time for my “Bad Report,” whether by my local body officers or the officers of Grand Lodge, and so I remained in limbo the next couple months. During that time I continued to pursue the accomplishment of the Seven Tasks assigned to me in *Aeon*.¹⁶ Additionally, I skried the Thirty Aethyrs again in October, the Final Aethyr falling on the Second of November. In the midst of this, I planned a Rite of Pan, a blood sacrifice to the God of the Wilderness. Falling at sunset on Samhain – the Holy Day of our ancestors in which the veil between the two worlds is lifted – the Rite symbolized a doorway: it was both an act of thanksgiving for my life being spared, and the act of commencement for the religion I was commanded to establish.

I sang the Enochian calls; I slashed the throat of the goat & drank its blood; I declared that the Apocalypse had come. This was video-recorded and published on the Internet. I also published the handwritten transcript of the Rite in the Samhain issue of *Codex*. One week later I was expelled from the Order – but not informed of my expulsion.¹⁷ On the Tenth of November I awoke in Charlotte, North Carolina to a message from a Lodge Master sympathetic to my plight who wishes to remain anonymous:

“As a courtesy, I am informing you that you have formally been expelled from the OTO, if you did not know already. I am truly sorry.”

Amazed, in disbelief, perhaps still half asleep, I asked when this happened and on what grounds. He replied that he had no idea of the grounds; all he knew was what appeared in the exceedingly brief, official announcement from Grand Lodge:

“This is notice that Augustus Sol Invictus, AKA Franco A. Saint-Fond, is no longer a member of the Ordo Templi Orientis.”

This announcement went out to the whole of the Order – but not to me. The officers of Grand Lodge, cowards all, were too scared to inform me themselves. My friend went on to say that he inquired of the Grand Treasurer General as to the reason for my expulsion. The answer: “only because of your public pronouncements and because you apparently scared Wasserman.”

James Wasserman: author of several titles, “editor” of myriad more; self-avowed Libertarian prophet; rabid promoter of Second Amendment rights in the name of Thelema; third-rate, Tea Party-style agitator and faux political activist. Wasserman is the forerunner in the garbled, misguided attempt at aligning Thelemic Scripture with American Constitutionalism. He spouts “freedom,” “liberty,” and the like from the pulpit every chance he gets, talks of free speech and the necessity of revolution – and then he all but shits his pants when he hears my pronouncements.

The dedication of Wasserman’s book *The Slaves Shall Serve: Meditations on Liberty* reads thus:

¹⁶ The account of the Second Task, the Great Rite commanded by the Goddess Babalon, is published in *Alostraël*, CODEX Vol. II. No. II (Imbolc 2013). The Sixth Task, an eternal War, was initiated with an audio recording published 20 August 2013, the transcript of which will be published in the Beltane 2015 issue of CODEX.

¹⁷ Much later I was told by a sympathetic officer that the Rite of Pan was the final straw for Grand Lodge. Even though the blood sacrifice did not violate any policies of the OTO, it was too terrible to tolerate. If I were to speculate, I would imagine that the officers were, to that point, hoping that my public addresses advocating violence were just words, and that this video finally demonstrated that I was willing to shed blood, that my speech would be matched by action.

*“Those who beat their swords into ploughshares
Will do the plowing for those who don’t.*

*This book is dedicated to
Those who Won’t.”*

He writes in the same book:

By the way, about attracting people to the O.T.O., I still think *Liber Oz* is the best bet. There is a vile threat to the “rugged American individualism” that actually *created* the U.S.A. by the bureaucratic crowd who want society to be a convict prison.

“Safety first” – there is no “social insecurity,” no fear for the future, no anxiety about what to do next – in Sing Sing.

All the totalitarian schemes add up to the same in the end. And the approach is so insidious, the arguments so subtle and irrefutable, the advantages so obvious – that the danger is very real, very imminent, very difficult to bring home to the average citizen, who sees only the immediate gain, and is hoodwinked as to the price that must be paid for it.

Liber Oz, which he posts in full on the previous page, reads in part:

Man has the right to think what he will:
to speak what he will:
to write what he will

Man has the right to kill those who would thwart these rights.

In seeking to have me expelled from the Order for prophesying revolution, James Wasserman has exposed himself as a coward and the worst sort of hypocrite. The worst part about this betrayal is that I had always viewed Wasserman as a respectable figure and a worthy authority. I grew up in Orlando, spending my days reading his publication of the Egyptian Book of the Dead in the downtown library. From the time I joined the Order at nineteen, I learned from him, whether it was instruction in the Gnostic Mass or in the principles of ritual magick. To think that I looked up to him before all of this fills me with shame for my younger, more naïve self.

I met with a Brother in Orlando soon after meeting with Deputy Bodymaster Edward Lawson in Jacksonville in late June of 2013. My Brother is psychic, and he said he had a message for me that was somewhat urgent, something he needed to tell me but in person. He told me he saw me as a Luciferian figure, anti-human and pro-Nature, who would draw power from the Natural world & restore it. But the key of it all, the very essence of his message, was that the OTO was finished, and that I was to create my own Temple, my own Order. I was still very much invested in the OTO at the time, and I did not want to take any steps against the Order, especially considering my Oaths.

But there were forces in play far beyond my control, and I watched with amazement as each step was taken against my wishes: my expulsion from Hidden Spring; my being placed on Bad Report & banned from attending NOTOCON, at which I was scheduled to speak; my name becoming anathema in all public Thelemic circles; my silent, unceremonious expulsion by Grand Lodge. These things happened inexorably & without any action on my part, such that the decision of whether to leave the Order was never really mine at all, such that I came to be apart & alone with no choice but to wage war against the very Order I loved, all because the gods have found it to be corrupted & have willed its destruction. I now

know the meaning of this Fate, and I embrace it fully: The Ordo Templi Orientis has become a disgrace. The Order has fallen, and the ruins must by fire be annihilated.

I call to those Brothers & Sisters disillusioned with the Order to leave for the Wilderness, as I did, to forsake all you have gained. Abandon your officerships, your bureaucratic standing, your political capital. Renounce the prison in which we were born, and breathe with me the free air. You who fear not War, who desire Power, you see my hand extended in Brotherhood. Sprint from the crippled city and into the uncertain wilds beyond. Hold not to the constitution; spit on the by-laws; cut off the hands of those who would grasp your garments to keep you close. We depart for new lands: we are a Beginning.

