

The Scroll of Set

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[1] Input -or- Poor Magistra Wendall

- by Margaret Wendall IV°

Gawd, what a day! If I have many more like that I'll just ... mumblemuttergrumble ... Oh well, maybe there's something interesting in the mail. Hmmm. Bill (flip) ... bill (flip) ... bill (flip) ... bill (flip) ... letter from Vic and Brenda ... ah! This month's *Scroll*. Let's just see now, what's in this one? (Rip)

Ummm-hmmm, yeah, what? Only four pages? Now why can't it be a bit bigger? You'd think Setians would be more ... mumblemuttergrumble. I mean, really now! Here we are a unique, select, unequaled order, and ... hey, this is pretty good. Says ... mumblemumblemumble ... Huh? Huh! Hadn't thought of it that way, but come to think of it ...

Hey now - that's pretty good! Wonder why more people don't send in things like that? Poor Magistra Wendall ... I betcha she gets kinda frustrated at times, Priest Waters too ... I've got it! Others have done it; I'll write an article! Aw, this'll be a snap.

Lemme see now ... Hmmm ... What about-nah, that's already been done. Well, there's visions versus hallucinations. That's a good one. O.K. ... "As a Setian I feel it's time we examined the possibility of what we consider to be hallucinations as ..." No ... "We of the Temple of Set have experienced what four out of five doctors ..." No ... "We of the Temple of Set have experienced what four out of five psychiatrists would consider to be hallucinations. As a Setian, I dispute this because ..."

Uh-oh. Because what? O.K., genius. Go ahead. Jump right on it, and make a fool of yourself when you start telling 'em about the psychiatric angle. Uhhh - I might better do a bit of reading before doing that one ... I'll do it later on.

Well, what about vampires? Yeah, that's it. Oh boy! Won't Magistra Wendall be surprised when she gets this little masterpiece? Poor Magistra Wendall ... She and Priest Waters work so hard on the *Scroll*, and nobody wants to help and ... Let's see now ...

"Most of us think we come in contact with vampires only in theatres, but then there's the psychic vampire, also there's the ..." Ummm ... there's the ... there's the what? Good grief! At this rate she'd use it to line the bottom of the bird cage if

I sent in something like that.

Oh, me. I really oughta wait 'til I've rested before trying this ... Ho-hum. I know - I'll get a cool one and see what's on TV. Then tomorrow for sure I'll feel better, and then I'll do one that'll make 'em sit up and take notice and mumble mumble mumble. Ah, the news ... Good. Nuts! Now there'll be a string of commercials. At least we don't have commercials in the *Scroll*. Guess I could make a list of things I could write on ... Naw, wouldn'tcha know the flippin' notepad's clear on the other side of the room and I dunno for the life of me where all the pens around here run off to ... Oh well ... I'll do it tomorrow ... Somebody really needs to input some ... Poor Magistra Wendall ...

[2] Profile: Jinni Bast III°

Member, Council of Nine

- by Jinni Bast III°

Born March 4, 1933. Put into an orphanage at the age of 14 months. Persistently brainwashed by Catholic nuns and priests until I was 19 years old, when I was released into the world. All the time I was growing up, everyone saw me as being "different" - they were fearful and resentful.

I wrote to and called Anton LaVey several times during the year VII/1972, inquiring about membership in the Church of Satan. I finally received word of my membership acceptance on my birthday, March 4, VIII (1973). Became Witch II° in December VIII. Grew as a Satanist and learned many things through the guidance of Priestess Lilith Sinclair, who was Leader of the Lilith Grotto.

Became an Adept II° of the Temple of Set in July X/1975. Was ordained a Priestess of Set later that same month. Elected to the Council of Nine in October of that year.

[3] Criticism

- by Michael J. Waters III°

That little word has two very sharp edges. While one edge functions to correct mistakes and remove misconceptions, the other often serves no higher purpose than as a tool for ridicule.

This relates to the *Scroll of Set* in a very direct manner. Are there Setians who hesitate to contribute to the *Scroll* for fear of chastisement should someone disagree with his viewpoint or interpretation of esoteric data? I think it not impossible.

One of the primary functions of the *Scroll* is to present new ideas and reactions to them, allowing all Setian concepts to achieve synthesis through a common forum. The *Scroll of Set*, not to mention the Temple itself, cannot do its job if Setians are reluctant to think out loud.

I began with one word: "criticism". I'll end

with two: "constructive criticism".

[4] **Two Poems**

- by Linda Parrinello I°

I.

Beyond perception; above the obviously simple universe;

Lying in wait for a whispered summons;

Loved, yet lonely; eternally powerful beyond imagination, yet carefully gentle when called;

Responding to hesitant whispers from an unsure entity ... and shouted demands from dark powers as well!

(And equally joyous with either!)

Seemingly omnipotent against Nature's stagnation, yet allowing no worship, only imitation.

Generously enfolding our minds in a timeless embrace; companionship without question for the knowing seeker.

Friendship unbounded by dimensional limits for the fortunate Chosen;

Freedom from mediocrity in our frustrated world and the understood promise of divinity!

Asking merely for **all** that we are to become **all** that He is;

Showing the path, providing a guide and silently urging with impatience and wonder.

Impatience at the humanity which is being fast overcome, but not fast enough ...

Wonder at the memory of having stood before the Flame with Him and having walked His path before.

And wonder at the joy while walking it again.

II.

I thought I heard someone in the night wind whisper my name just then!

Perhaps an invitation from the Milky Way to come join hands?

Moon brilliant arms outstretched;

Not seen nor heard,

Rather, sensed.

"Come walk with me again! The planets are your stepping-stones to a greater place;

The Earth will fall away

For you need not substance nor familiar roots;

Your knowledge

Understanding

Of my Essence shall be nourishment enough."

"Whose voice is that? Who in the night wind knows my name?

Who speaks to me?" I cry silently;

Till suddenly there are many beside me; some

knowing, as I do now; Some frightened, as I was, though comforted by the brotherhood.

All our names are whispered, then, by that silent, joyful night wind;

The Darkness becomes our strength - an unbreakable bond between us; And that now-familiar and beloved voice speaks clearly,

"Lo, I pass near to thee; I pass near to thee."