

The Scroll of Set

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[1] Involvement with the Mundane World

- by Howard M. Sinnott III°

Director, First Foundation

Advancement as a Setian leads invariably to a conclusion: achievement of goals in the mundane world is futile.

One can see it in many ways: Yesterday's glaring headlines are today's forgotten memories; yesterday's glittering, proud monuments are today's piles of rubble; yesterday's powerful leaders are today's nonentities. Heroes of the past are now villains; and even gods once worshipped and held in awe by multitudes are now objects of hatred or in oblivion.

Temporal power, with its symbols, exists among the shifting tides of humanity. Nothing is more fickle than the adulation and approval of humans.

To look upon political, social, or economic power as a goal rather than a tool is to be a fool. Blind aspiration to temporal leadership without purpose will lead nowhere even if "success" is achieved. You will end up in that case as being the mannequin in the chair at a vaudeville show, with the ventriloquist sitting on your lap. To the audience, you will be the master, but what is the real truth?

Yet the mundane world must not be ignored. The more advanced the Setian, the more essential is involvement. Temporal life is a frame of reference. To lose sight or contact with it only leads to great danger. Indeed, temporal success is an excellent tool by which to manipulate the masses on their own level of understanding.

The vastness of this universe, if you can conceive of it, is staggering. With that realization it is easy to retreat, with a feeling of insignificance, into existentialism and fatalism. Many that even attempt to perceive this vastness recoil in horror and fill the void with religion, ideology, work, lust, or drugs.

The truly Elect instead know that this realization of the vastness of this universe symbolizes their true significance. It is the embodiment of the intellect, perception and vision of a god, with his own will and resulting freedom from the inflexible rules of the physical laws.

The will is the key. With it you have everything; without it you have no individuality. Your will fills the void and allows you to *Xeper* and accomplish

deeds so many cannot even conceive.

Quality of existence depends upon vision of the future. If we fail to strive forward, we fall back. This vision, however, cannot divert us so much that we stub our own toes on the mundane ground.

As Director of First Foundation I have encountered some members who feel that the mundane world can be ignored since we will eventually *Xeper* and thus become independent of it. We cannot ignore the mundane existence that is the bane of us all. Survival in the mundane world requires mundane solutions, keyed to our superior intellect and perception.

We are working on developing a communications and transportation system to allow the Temple of Set to function in case of breakdown with its dispersed membership. There will also be plans on food, shelter, and quality of life, to allow each individual member to deal with the consequences of disruption on his own.

You may notice that nothing is planned for a gathering of the membership in case of a crisis. That is because we will not do this at all. An enemy of the Temple would drool at the prospect of having all Setians together at one place, easily identifiable. During an artillery barrage, troops are taught to disperse, lest one shell kill them all. We will follow the same tactic. Our membership is canny and intelligent. They can survive on their own - and be more effective in their life. Therefore no gathering project will be planned by 1F.

Though any involvement in the mundane world is futile, and any achievements that result will be eroded by time and events, futility does not equal undesirability. Involvement will aid our survival and allow manipulation of the masses on their own terms without revealing ourselves to them.

1F News

Quality of Life Committee: Priestess Jinni Bast informed me that other activities require her to resign as coordinator. I accept her resignation with regrets. If anyone is interested in this position, please write me.

Communications: Priest Thomas Huddleston has the committee going full blast, with several projects on a full footing. Some projects will aid the Temple in its everyday operations.

Transportation: Under the able leadership of Adept James Lewis with a full staff, this committee has begun to mobilize and construct a plan for a safe transportation system.

Food and Shelter: Still awaiting a coordinator for this committee, which will deal with plans and suggestions that individual members can use to acquire the basic necessities during a societal breakdown.

New Areas: 1F is also planning to delve into Futures Research. If our plans are to be effective, we need to know the trends that develop throughout the

world in various fields. If this sounds interesting, write to me, and you will be informed when this project gets going.

[2] **Second Western Conclave**

November 4-6, XII

The Second Western Conclave of the Temple of Set will be held in Santa Barbara, California, on the weekend of November 4, 5, and 6. All active and honorary members of the Temple are cordially invited to attend.

Registration fee is \$9 per person, which includes dinner plus all sales taxes and gratuities. Dinner will be held at the Santa Barbara Inn.

Accommodations may be had at the local Motel Six in Santa Barbara, which provide clean, adequate rooms at the following prices:

- \$ 9.49 - 1 night - single with one bed.
- \$11.61 - 1 night - double with one bed.
- \$13.73 - 1 night - double with two beds.
- \$15.85 - 1 night - three to four people with two beds.

Since they are always full because of the low rates, and there is a tour coming in to Santa Barbara that same weekend, the Motel Six has asked that we contact them as soon as possible to reserve rooms, and that each member do so individually. They also require the first night's deposit, so be sure to send a check when you write to them for your reservations.

Dinner menu is as follows: Brochette of Steak and Lobster (cubes of marinated beef and chunks of lobster with tomato bell pepper, onion and mushrooms); Barbecued Chicken and Ribs (tender chicken and pork ribs served barbecued with green vegetables); Teriyaki Beef Brochette (chunks of marinated beef on bamboo skewers with green peppers, mushrooms, tomatoes and onions); Hawaiian Seafood Brochette (chunks of lobster and scallops on bamboo skewers with fresh pineapple, green pepper, tomato and onion); and Teriyaki Chicken (broiled boneless chicken breasts with teriyaki sauce, fresh pineapple).

All dinners are served with your choice of soup or salad, beachcomber rice, and specially blended tea. Dessert, coffee, and liquor are not included in the dinner and must be purchased separately. Please be sure to indicate your dinner selection when you send in the registration fee. Deadline for registration is October 28th. For further information please contact Magistra Lilith Sinclair.

[3] **Administrative Xeper**

Area administration is now a functional reality. In order to relieve some of the congestion plaguing the office of the Executive Director and to facilitate the efficient functioning of the Temple of Set on an organizational level, three Setians have been designated as Area administrators:

- West: Adept Janice C. Harris, Westminster, California
- Mid-West: Priestess Colleen G. Huddleston, Kettering, Ohio
- East: Adept John E. Renaud, Holyoke, Massachusetts

These Setians will act as the administrative representatives of the Temple for their respective areas. They will handle initial process of renewals, membership inquiries, and potential follow-up, and will forward orders for pins, medallions, and literature. In addition they will also act as supply points for III^o+ officials in their area. In general they will handle all routine administrative details. If you have any questions or are in doubt about a specific function, you should contact your area administrator.

Finally the *Scroll of Set* sends its best wishes to Priestess Huddleston, Adept Harris, and Adept Renaud in their new positions.

[4] **Life After Death**

- Lowana Knaust II^o

[The following is an account of one Setian's experience while in a brief state of biological non-function. While we substantiate Adept Knaust's veracity, we do not represent the experience as being either indicative or conclusive of anything. It is presented here solely as an account of an interesting phenomenon, and any value it may have as useful data must be weighed and decided by each Setian individually. - Editor]

What is death? Can an intellect survive without benefit of a biological form? If so, how?

In wanting to know more about the answers to these same questions, I can only explain my experience in hopes others will do the same. In this manner all of us may learn more about these subjects.

On the first Sunday after the Thanksgiving holidays in the year 1971, friends interested in all phases of so-called "psychic" phenomena met at our home in Florida.

Two friends helped me prepare the meal as we discussed the possibilities of the Yin/Yang principle of Kundalini Fires. Others were in the living room, with my semi-invalid husband (now departed) discussing the probabilities of a "spirit return" from my mother-in-law who had died a few weeks prior.

Since I was the "medium" of such sittings, it was decided we would begin holding seances in an effort to establish whether the probability was a possibility or not.

After the meal I left the others to determine days, times, and so on when this was to take place, and excused myself to go out in the yard to plant nine Calla lilies a lady-friend had brought me. I wanted to get them in the earth quickly, as a promise of thundershowers showed signs of aiding my efforts. I also wanted to hang three pale lavender orchids another member of the group had brought me on the oak tree beside my bedroom window.

While hanging the orchids, a feeling of dizzy weakness came over me. In hanging the last one I found myself holding onto the branch trying to take a deep breath. It seemed there was a hot band around my chest getting tighter, and tighter, and tighter. I sat on the bench at the patio table waiting for this discomfort to somewhat pass, before continuing.

In bending over to plant the lilies, the tightness returned. Quickly placing all plants in one spot, I sat down again. The only thought I had was that I'd become overly tired from all the activity during the death, funeral, and holiday preparations. After resting a few minutes, I went in the house and washed my hands at the kitchen sink. Something unusual for me to do, but I was a bit leery of trying to make it to the bathroom sink.

Someone had cleared up and washed dishes for me. I sang out, "Thanks to the new maid," to let them know I was back within the group. Different ones called for me to hurry as they wanted my ideas on something.

Stepping into my room to comb my hair before presenting myself again, I lifted my hand to my head. A blazing white light exploded within my brain and I felt myself fainting. The noise of dresser, scarf, and all on it, coming down with me brought everyone running. One of the group had enough presence of mind to know what to do. He began thumping my chest. On regaining consciousness I asked the usual moronic question of "What happened?"

Someone answered, "You just died on us. Your heart stopped. Now lay still."

"Well, good!" I said. It didn't perturb me one iota. The man who had "thumped" my chest and his friend got me in their car. An attorney and his

wife took my husband in theirs. I was transported to a nearby hospital.

During examination by the cardiologist and his assistant, my heart stopped a second time. My "self" was floating somewhere near the ceiling. I watched them as they placed electrophorus disks on my chest and back. I saw them reach for and place the oxygen mask over my face, and somehow knew they were fighting for my "life". I recall sympathizing with them before turning away. Like others who have died in such ways say, I did **not** want to return to "life".

I didn't "see" any of the so-called "heavens" that others who have gone through "death" have reported visiting. Neither did I see any of the "hells" that have also been reported. Nor did I "meet" any of my "departed" friends or family. What did happen was this:

With a feeling of utter peace and mental tranquility, I found myself approaching an area of "powder-puff" clouds in various shapes and sizes. These sort of floated, bumped, and moved apart in constant motion. Never once did they part to let me view whatever was beyond.

It seemed I had traveled quite a distance, and for rather a long time, when I came upon a "dragon", a gentle, friendly, golden creature with silver tips on its numerous scales. It seemed to be a "guardian" standing watch on some "threshold" that I must not be allowed to cross. I rubbed its head, scratched between its ears, and kissed it on its nose. I realized its temperament and personality were probably a reflection of the fact that I've always been definitely partial to dragons in any size, shape, or form. To any other "dead" person the creature may have projected as a fire-blowing, ferocious monster.

Turning from the dragon, I saw three females waiting behind me. The older one was dressed in vivid blue, with silver girdle(?) - a wide, sash-like affair - and silver sandals on her feet. Her hair was so black it was purple. The two younger ones were blondes dressed thus: (1) very pale pink gown with darker pink girdle and sandals; (2) wore a sunshine-yellow gown with golden girdle and sandals. They also wore sandals.

All three were breathtakingly beautiful. I asked the older woman, "Are you angels?" and received "No," in answer. They volunteered no information on who they were.

The older one put her arm across my shoulder, leading me back the way I had come. She said "You can't stay here. You must go back." I begged her to "let me go home".

Now "home" to me has always been somewhere "out there" for as long as I can remember. Another planet? Maybe even another galaxy? I don't know.

She gently refused to be moved by my tears and pleadings. "I had to go back." There was no other way, she explained, as the time was not right.

When I "returned" to this body and opened my eyes, I asked the doctor, "How long?" He said, "Only a minute thirteen seconds." No one asked if I had any type of experience, and I reported none, since I didn't want the hassle of questions and theories - not from them, by any means.

I asked, "Then I was dead that long?" The assistant answered, "Yes, from all physical indications."

From that experience and my studies [both before and after] I have formed many conclusions on "life", or rather on that which constitutes "living" within the body after having been born.

Adept James Lewis and I have been discussing this plus kindred subjects via letters. I believe some of our conclusions would be of interest to other Setians, and have asked his permission to combine our ideas in a single writing with the object of presenting it to our III^o+ Initiates. Hopefully they can help us go further within our reasonings, and clarify what we have already concluded.

With this in mind, my personal opinion would be that "death" is a departing of the "life spark" from the body it inhabits. I would also say, that, yes, an intellect [or some intellects] can survive without the benefit of a biological form. In saying "yes", that answer poses two more questions: (1) for how long, and (2) for what purpose?

Some suppositions on the two questions are included in the aforementioned discussion with Adept Lewis.

[Adept Knaust has raised two very intriguing questions. If indeed it should prove to be possible to survive beyond the normal life span, with or without benefit of a biological form, it must be asked: for how long and for what purpose. If this seems to be putting the cart before the horse, consider the possibility that speculation on these questions may provide the basis for a hypothesis or at least a surmise concerning the original question. Adepts Knaust and Lewis are using their discussions as a basis for a future *Scroll* article. In the meantime what are your ideas? - Editor]

[5] Invocation to Set

[May be used at the beginning or opening of a ritual. The first two lines translate to: "Hail Prince of Darkness, Set! Who comes forth by night!"]

A neb kekui Set!
Ami pert em kher!

Hail! the Master of the Universe!
You who were formed, as Xepera, from yourself!

The cosmos had not been formed; the Earth had not been formed.

You raised yourself out of the Abyss, from its inertness.

You made all forms - you alone!

Arise, O Set, beloved of Ra!

Assume thy place in this Pylon.

Come to your friends among mankind,

For we are your nobles, and none other.

Therefore, in witness to your bond, O Prince of Darkness,

We proclaim your Word: *Xeper*.

[6] Editorial:

Heresy and the Temple of Set

- by Michael Waters III^o

Take a moment and consider the concept of "heresy". The word has a myriad of implications attached to it, none very pleasant. Indeed it is safe to say that the word represents one of the most misleading and nefarious indictments ever used, because it is not an indictment of treason, as many suppose. In reality heresy is nothing more than a tool whose function is to suppress devout thought, that is to say free thought.

Though the answer to why and how heresy is used is very complicated and full of many nuances, I think it can be succinctly stated. Most if not all of the world's religions are built on very shaky philosophical ground. Their one goal, it seems, is to present a panacea in which enough people will believe to support the church. Of course in the process the church's hierarchy is supported as well, often in an above-average lifestyle. When an intellect comes along with the power to dissect the philosophy and expose the flaws, the hierarchy cannot take the risk of allowing doubt to be inculcated in the masses. This is where we come to the nastier aspects of heresy.

You see, a heretic is not always a traitor. Most have the best of intentions and are often right in what they espouse, and this makes them more dangerous than ever. So just to be on the safe side, a

religious hierarchy will brand as heretic anyone with thoughts or opinions differing from the established credos.

How does the Temple of Set handle heresy? The answer is: It doesn't. People become Setians because they have examined our philosophy and endorsed it. Prospective Setians are not told what to think; they are simply told **to** think. The whole point of the Temple of Set is to provide a structure in which to think, to carry on an evolutionary process, to grow, to *Xeper*. Each Setian is free to attain these goals in whatever fashion works best for his intellect.

If an intellect becomes destructive to the Temple and other Setians or our standards both intellectual and ethical, that intellect is simply cut off from the Temple and further Setian development. It is done dispassionately; there is no bad feeling, no scathing personal indictments. No one is branded "heretic".

The High Priest has said: "There is no such thing as being in or out of favor; there is only being in or out of the Temple of Set."

[7] Happy Halloween!

- from the *Scroll* Staff