

The Scroll of Set

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[1] Editorial

- by Robert Robinson II°

This issue of the *Scroll* is dedicated to the presentation of Setian creative writing and art. The magical quality of this work is as impressive as the fact that most Setians appear to be endowed with genuinely poetic natures. Although no reason for this is needed, it is interesting to think that such expressiveness is the result of the severe kind of introspection that is necessary in becoming a competent Black Magician.

Poetry is insight, and these pages exude with a very special kind of Setian insight that is the outgrowth of coming face-to-face with the Dæmons that lurk within us all. It is almost certain that if a poetic edition of the *Scroll* had been announced in advance [as opposed to deciding to do so simply because no other material was on hand] that a flood of high-quality work would have come in for publication. Perhaps in the future such an announcement may be made, but for now I hope that this issue is as much a pleasure to read as it was a pleasure for me to put together. Enjoy and *Xeper!*

[2] The Abyss

- by Carol Roper I°

To find the Abyss from which we came.
To turn about, go back again.
Though there are problems finding ways,
The end result is never dismay.
Whatever reason for delay,
The route in mind will show the way.
In the Abyss where storms dare not toss,
The fate of humanity is to us no loss.
And should one deceive us, he will know
Burdens and torments, however slow.

Once committed, never let it rest,
For all of eternity is ours for the best.
And once we arrive, we shall see;
Wherever we will is where we will be.

[3] Initiation

- by Anonymous

Beautiful being, look into the mirrors which reflect the being within you, and your beauty will

confound you.

For you sense your beauty in limited vision, thinking it comparable to beauty that is known.

Yet yours is a beauty of the unknown, and cannot be compared to the image of anything not of the realm of your being - which of itself is not of this world.

[4] The Greatest Tragedy of History

- by Robert Robinson II° (Sokaris)

The greatest tragedy of history is not the suffering of the innocent nor the guileless victims of the hunt. No! The greatest tragedy of history is the destruction of humanity, the despoiling fear on which it's built.

The will is shattered. Pieces scattered like the broken stained-glass windows of the sheltering churches of the world. As the losers' hideout crumbles, they run wild from haunting questions that bear truths they want to ignore.

The greatest circus act of history is not the survival of insanity; there is forever plenty for us all. No! The greatest circus act of history is the deepest human blasphemy: denial of oneself, of one's own soul.

[5] The Kaleidoscope that is Setian

- by William Butch III°

All these colors, all these feelings, combined together in separate ways. The brightness of a yellow friendship, with the glimmer of green freedom freshness, deepened by dark blue crawling time, highlighted by light blue powers, calmed by purple peacefulness, strengthened by glowing orange arrogance, that increases amber ambition, inspiring determined red endurance. Above all, the shining golden light on all these positive colors will produce answered dreams of higher man.

[6] Soul Wind

- by Demon O'Brien II°

A gold wind blows through my soul, through my soul for life eternal, to go on and on. Death does not know me. Only my self looks beyond.

Tears flowing into rain drops, blood mingling with fire, I pass from one life into another; one hundred thousand have passed me by, for the will lives forever. I am you.

[7] Fascination

- by Anonymous

Fascination: Soul expression of a heart and mind not bound. Expectation: Dreams expanding to a zenith wistfully crowned. Resolution: Still

increasing, must allow what seems to be. Everything's complete and total; what I am and yearn to be.

Questions come, answers wander as my dreams all seek fulfillment.

Hiding shadows of the future hold its phantoms in concealment.

[8] **The Long Walk**

- by Mark Thornally II°

There was this being - a thing really more than a being. Truthfully it occurred as an event or phenomenon, more so than a thing or being. Actually it makes little difference how it's referred to. All that is required to be known is that something did appear to take place somewhere, sometime.

It shall be designated with the masculine pronoun to give it familiarity and a mold to identify with. But familiar molds are deceiving and treacherous and lead to old standard thought processes, as an old comfortable chair contains a mold or old pattern of impressions for the one who habitually occupies it. Nevertheless an attempt shall be made to describe the event as objectively as possible.

A certain preliminary activity must be described, however, before proceeding to the main story.

The astronomical expression known as the "Big Bang" is the first visual event to happen. This is followed by a scene of coalescing galaxies as they scatter throughout the expanding space of their origin. One galaxy in particular becomes the focal point of the entire scene as a multitude of stars approach and soar by until one spot of brightness becomes the center of view.

The luminous object in question is ponderously zoomed into until a yellow planetoid encircled by five suns becomes discernible. This planet is the matrix upon which this story shall be woven. The planet's surface consists of nothing but yellow sand, and from the point of view of a terrestrial observer the entire face of this world, from pole to pole, would be viewed to be completely flat and devoid of all forms of life, except for one unusual, unique entity. This entity is the protagonist of the story.

His humanoid-shaped face and body are totally featureless. He is neither male or female, and his unclothed physical appearance is as plain as the ground and sky through which he walks. His skin is yellow.

The temperature of the air never varies, and the flat, barren ground is smooth and unchanging - thus no need to protect the body. His sense of existence is entirely absorbed in the yellow sky, yellow sand, and the endless task of walking, which has never

been interrupted by anything. That is what he is: "the act of walking" - a verb before a noun.

As far as he knows, the walking has been going on for eternity. That is all he does or is. He doesn't think or talk, sing, stop to rest or sleep. He needs no nourishment nor air to breathe. There is no water. Where he walks is an entirely smooth landscape. There are no outcroppings of stone nor hills to designate any one particular area from another, and vegetation is nonexistent.

As far as he knows he walks a straight, continuous line, although he'd have no way of knowing if he traversed merely an enormous circle. Nor would he care, for he has only the memory of walking aimlessly since time immemorial, and everywhere is the same flat, empty, indistinguishable ground.

To be redundant: He does not think about a thing. There is no language in his experience, nor any temporal sense of past or future. Only the sensation of interminable walking occupies his reality of ground and sky. There is walking being done, but there really is no walker. He is an eternally nonexistent pedestrian, inseparable from the wholly empty act of walking.

The yellow planet where this monotonous purgatory is being staged is bathed in a continuous light due to the five symmetrically-positioned suns, but even if there were a day and night, the walker would take little notice nor keep track of them. He never stops walking nor ever stumbles, as there is nothing to trip over or fall into, and tiredness cannot touch him. He need not search for food, companionship, warmth, coolness, nor stimulation. All is as it is, and nothing strikes him as peculiar, extraordinary, sad, enticing, exciting, or dull. He is defined not by what he is, but by what he is not.

And thus this walking has been for who could know how long: unbeginning, uncounted, unmeasured. His being, eternally empty, is barely cognizant of any separate existence beyond the long, infinite walk.

And so was his state when the intrusion created an addition [or a subtraction] and tilted the level of the unmade, inexperienced, empty void of the walker's dull mind.

The day was like any other. The ground was the same undifferentiated flatness and the sky the same spotless ceiling of yellow haze, but the most distant edge of the horizon revealed a minute, single protrusion marring the imaginary line. One slight object occupied the pristine landscape, and an unconscious urge directed the walker's aimless, empty wandering toward the distant point.

As he walked, miraculously, slight physiological changes began to occur upon the surface of his completely featureless, smooth ellipsoidal face. Tiny

slits began form where on a humanoid the two eye sockets would normally be. Now with the emergence of the corneas, the long walker's mind received its first primeval impression: namely the mysterious object now clearly discernible.

Amazingly throughout the seemingly eternal long walk, this particular path had never been tread until now, and the strange object, as well as the equally strange, oncoming destiny ahead, was about to collide with the emerging consciousness of the long walker.

The object, clearly in view yet still miles away, is revealed to be an awesomely-huge edifice constructed of a stone-like material, apparently by some form of advanced intelligence.

To describe its size and design would involve combining elements of the Mayan and Egyptian pyramids, the ancient ziggurats of the Sumerians, the vast steel, plastic, and glass towers of late twentieth century Earth, and the meticulously detailed structures found in certain parts of India that are literally "encyclopedias in stone".

The walker, now at the base of the structure, detects, with his newly hatched eyes, a formidable spiral staircase ascending into the very deepest heights of the monument. A seemingly instinctive urge compels him to proceed up the stairway until he encounters the first panel carved in bas relief. With this he ceases all movement, gazes into the panel, and vanishes amidst the scene being evoked, finding himself in a weird little drama.

The walker experiences himself to be a disembodied "point of view" observing a circular clearing surrounded by a thick, dark forest. In the center of the clearing sit three aged gentlemen. Their long hair and beards are of the whitest that maturity could possibly bestow. They are wearing full length robes, each of a different color. One is black. One is white. And the third is yellow. The black-clad figure was quietly speaking to the other two men, and the long walker was able to interpret in a primitive manner what was being communicated. This is what the old man was saying to the others:

When considering the matter of consciousness we, meaning the multitude of "separate beings" incorporated into a single "collection" of interstellar substances and forces called "a sentient being", must ask ourselves the following questions:

What is consciousness? Is it fundamentally incomprehensible, or is it possible for "it" to recognize "itself" through some form of feedback that is as yet unknown?

Is it fruitful for us to even attempt to ask such questions, or does it merely reduce us to a state of pathological self-indulgence wherein

we narcissistically reflect the old cliché of a dog chasing his own tail?

Is it the mark of a well-balanced individual who never even notices his own self in operation and thus never questions whether or not there is any hidden meaning behind the apparent surfaces of everyday life?

The profound difficulties involved in these questions may just be an indication that they are fruitless, and any individual who gives birth to such ponderings would do well to immediately turn his back to them and forget he ever encountered them.

The old man dressed in white was sound asleep. The entity wearing the yellow robe noticed this and gave him a gentle kick in his side, causing him to stir back to life in order to continue to listen to the monologue being delivered by the black-robed speaker:

However, the fact that the question "what is consciousness?" can even arise in the first place gives itself its own credibility and justification, possibly even being a first step toward arriving at the aforementioned "feedback system".

But the fact that a question can be asked does not necessarily lend credence to the possibility of an answer. For within the provence of the mind dwell countless illusions and fantasies that could be accepted as objective truth if it were not for a conflicting outer reality to contradict their apparent validity.

So then are we ultimately doomed to a state of mental catalepsy when confronting the questions of our own reality, and therefore living out the rest of eternity in a state resembling perpetual bewilderment? Or is there some hope for some kind of at least partially satisfying solution?

And if there is a possibility of eventually recognizing the absolute "point" to it all, would we benefit from the revelation, or would we instead deeply regret having found it? Might the great "point" be such a void and inhuman one that we would desperately yearn for our lost ignorance, and frantically search out any means possible to lose our completed awareness? And if we could again regain our "lost innocence", would we then feel impelled once more to search for the great meaning to life and therefore end up condemned to an endless cycle of remembrance and forgetfulness?

However this situation ultimately does turn out, we must continue the questing journey

with as much confidence and stoicism as we can muster, for we are insatiable creatures of "mind" with the precarious fate to be eternally cursed, or blessed, with an unyielding habit of "wonder".

The ancient speaker fell silent at this point and placidly looked upon the other two as they were deeply and soundly asleep. He rose slowly from his crouched position and quietly wandered off into the thickly wooded forest, leaving the other two to dream and wonder if anything had ever really happened.

The long walker, having observed all this, understood very little of what was said and done. He felt himself pulled from this lonely scene, and at last returned to the steps of the massive temple, where he continued his own wandering up the hard stairway. Now, however, a major change had occurred upon the surface of his head and face. Those particular features forming and constituting the five senses of consciousness were now present on him, and they were being used to clarify and intensify his absorption and concentration into the next panel on the wall that he passed by. Now ...

[9] **From the Gallows**

- by Robert Robinson II°

Yes, Master Inquisitor, I do have something I say before the world is withdrawn from beneath my feet:

Life is but a dying thing,
That ends the same as all bad dreams.
You dare not question; your lot is sin.
You can't escape or try again.
You fear that all good things must end,
That death your useless flesh shall rend.
So right you are, as you will see -
Death ends your schemes eternally.

The meek shall have the Earth, 'tis said,
But what a shock: They too are dead.
And you who stand, dare spurn defeat,
Will be the next to feel Death's feet.

Body, flesh, and hopes must die.
Your unclean, muddied minds ask "Why?"
Why must man, proclaimed supreme,
End despised, a pitied thing?

Man, you're doomed 'fore you begin.
You'll strive in vain, but you can't win.
With hands held high, on knees you'll pray
Like worn-out rags you've thrown away.
Your courage fails, your strength is drained,
Useless now, your ill-used brains.
A chance, you beg, just one more chance,
But Satan laughs and joins Death's dance.

Oh, hang me now; I have nothing left to sell!
But it's not the end, my friends - Oh, no ...
We'll meet in Hell!

[10] **Jungle Song**

- by William Butch III°

For I, with the shape of my kin, the ape,
And the soul of a soaring hawk,
I fought my way from the jungle grey,
Where the hunting creatures stalk.

For I was made of the forest and dew,
The dust and the clouds and the rain,
The snow and the grass, and when I pass,
I'll fade to the jungle again.

I laughed when Nero's minions sent
Fire-tortured souls to the sky.
Within the halls of Pilate's halls,
I shouted "Crucify"!

I roared my glee to the sullen sea
Where Abel's blood was shed.
My jeer was loud in the gory crowd
That stoned St. Stephen dead.

Oh, ye prophets, men of Christian faith,
Doff the sandal and the staff,
The Moon rises silver over the Earth.
Follow me and learn to laugh.

You say God's spark has kindled my eye.
As the Sun-rise reddens the east;
Into your beards I roar the lie:
"'Tis the gleam of the stalking beast!"

**[11] Recollections of a Trip
to Mount Tamalpais**

- by Michael A. Aquino VI^o

[Transcribed from a cassette recorder found next to a teenager who hanged himself in the San Francisco Jail on November 2 of this past year, after being arrested on suspicion of murder.]

I shouldn't have gone with them that night,
those fools who laughed at the old Indian's tale.
"By day you white men are tolerated," he nodded,
"but the night is not your time, and we of the old
folk are allowed on the lower slopes only because of
the honor we do to the spirit
of Mount Tamalpais."

Drunken and brazen, we lurched towards the
car. The wind was brisk and chill as we crossed the
Golden Gate. "We'll make an ass out of that old
fool tomorrow," we jeered, as we drove past
Sausalito and took the Highway #1 turn-off to
Stinson Beach, and saw before us the dark mass
of Mount Tamalpais.

Up the slopes we staggered, tearing wantonly at
the branches of trees unfortunate enough to be in
our way. I sent a crushed beer-can sailing o'er the
brush and into a small pool whose clear waters were
yellowing as one of my companions belched and
relieved himself
on Mount Tamalpais.

We climbed to the summit and looked out o'er
the vale at the twinkling lights of Tiburon so far
below. We were going to build a fire and warm up,
but we couldn't get the wood to light. And besides it
was kind of creepy up there. So we finished the rest
of the beer and started down through the forests
of Mount Tamalpais.

It was then that the cold, tearing things came ...

Why won't you believe me?

I couldn't have smashed bones to pulp with
nothing but my bare hands!

I can't grind through the flesh of a human face
with these teeth!

The old Indian visited me yesterday in jail.
He said that they are saving me until later.