

# The Scroll of Set

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## [1] Chaos, Order, and the Pentagram of Set

- by Michael Kelly III°

I, Set, am my Self distinct from the Order of the Cosmos, yet am ordered in and of my Self. -  
*The Book of Coming Forth By Night.*

A while ago I felt moved to perform the “Awakening of the Black Magus”, the Order of Leviathan Working from a past Conclave [included in *Gems From The Trail* Vol. I in the *Ruby Tablet of Set*]. This, coupled with subsequent thought and correspondence with other Initiates [thank you, Magister Webb] provoked reflection on the interplay of the forces of order and chaos in the objective and subjective universes, and the manner in which this dynamic is illustrated in the figure of the Pentagram of Set.

Taking order first, we know that the objective universe is in a comparatively ordered state. Throughout Setian writings, it is referred to as the “cosmic order” or some similar label. Only a cursory glance at the world out there will convince us that there are certain laws of physics which govern the patterns of interplay in the objective universe.

Human beings are too ordered. Every society produces its hierarchies of functionaries, all attending to their own business in the maintenance of the status quo. Even when revolutions occur, the same patterns are soon mirrored in the “new” order until the same routines of social interaction are apparent once again.

This is usually evidence of the natural instincts of an animal, herding together for protection and mutual benefit.

The higher human being, the Setian, is also ordered. Any Initiate who has worked his way through a series of related magical concepts, such as the Runes, the Tarot images, the Enochian Æthyrs, and so forth, will be aware that each component of these larger symbolic systems represents a given part of the psyche. In working with the system, the Setian is analyzing and ordering his psyche as a whole.

There is a fundamental difference, however. According to the Parts of the *Word of Set*, the ordering of the objective universe is not planned, is not ultimately meaningful; it is simply the product

of randomness. [”The Earth is but a part of this nature: its course is without purpose; its creatures ever change. Even those of the second ordering of nature are confused and aimless ... Why? The second ordering was mere accident of chance. For a moment the Earth becomes conscious, then it becomes forgetful and savage ...” - the Nineteenth Part of the *Word of Set*]

The laws of the objective universe are sustained by inertia. It is easier for the universe to continue to run along these tracks than it is to alter its course. These inertial laws tend ultimately to total consistency, threatening to devour all that is individual and non-conforming. Why? Because it is easier that way - and non-conscious inertia favors the easiest course.

Setian self-ordering is contrary to this. Rather than relying upon the “asleep” state of the instinctual animal nature, we choose the difficult and “awake” state of self-knowledge, evolution and effort towards that which is higher, nobler, and more individual. We seek to tear ourselves free from this cosmic consistency that would blank us out. In doing so we impose a subjective order of our own.

This new ordering of self is achieved by bringing each aspect of the psyche into full conscious recognition and integration. The self is made a discreet and separate entity in its own right, awake and aware. It has catalogued and understood its facets and taken delight in their existence as parts of itself.

This self perceives the cosmic order as chaotic, since it is non-conscious and purposeless, tending to disperse all individuality into the horror of its own entropy. And [if it possessed awareness] the cosmic order would perceive the self as chaotic, as the Setian has rebelled against its consistency and championed individuality over union. These terms “order” and “chaos” are therefore relative, dependent upon context. We seek to order and understand our selves, but revile the smothering order of the cosmos. We seek the freedom and choice to make our own decisions, but revile the random purposelessness of the cosmos.

We need a balance of both forces in order to flourish. It is a difficult and painstaking task to progressively order the self, but it becomes easier with effort, patience and practice. However, here we are in danger of creating an inertia of our own. Our own subjective order can become too rigid if we fail to allow spontaneity and progress. *Xeper* implies change and evolution.

This one of the implications of *Runa*. Even as we progress towards an ordered state of selfhood, the sphere in which we work expands away from us, ever drawing us on into new experiences, quests and insights. The self may become ordered, but it must never become static.

This leads back to the title of this article and the Pentagram of Set. The cosmic order is represented

by the surrounding circle, static and all-encompassing. But the Setian's self-order stands apart from the circle; it does not touch the cosmic order; it has Come Into Being in its own right, as a thing separate and unique. The pentagram is indeed a symbol of order; it is replete with examples of the  $f$  ratio, "timeless measure of beauty through proportion". But it is shown inverse, "that creation and change be exalted above rest and preservation". Although a symbol of self-ordering, the pentagram is poised and active; it is ever-changing and dynamic. It has to be, in order to maintain its balance upon a single point. [I do not claim to be the originator of this last observation; I believe it was first made by Magister Robert Moffatt.]

In short, the order which we create for ourselves is a vital and evolving one; its stable framework is that which resists the chaos of dispersion inherent in the objective universe; we will survive. Paradoxically it is the chaos of our individual genius and our ability to act rather than react that prevents us from becoming entrapped in the stasis of the cosmic order. The correct balance of the Setian will, Ma'at, is illustrated in the Pentagram of Set. *Xepera Xeper Xeperu*.

The confrontation with chaos is an encounter in which the Black Magus triumphs. Chaos falls back before him, and a void is created in which anything the Magus wills can and will take place. - James Lewis VI°, *The Black Magus*

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## [2] Gaia and Set, With His Tail in Mouth: The Urobos in Æonic Words

- by Scott G. Kearn I°

In *Black Magic* Ipsissimus Aquino brought up the cyclical view of the Universe held as the mechanism of the Egyptian cosmology. The basic principle - that everything which occurs has occurred before and that there are reactions to each that form the return part of the cycle by nature, and therefore are found in past accounts of the events - was stated to be universal, at least in that worldview. It seems to me that this principle applies to the Words of HarWer, Satan, and Set, both initiating and supporting. These words form a five-fold event chain or feedback loop which is fundamentally the same for both RHP and LHP magicians, although differently applied for each.

In order, the five Words are *Thelema*, Indulgence, *Xeper*, Remanifestation and *Runa*. This is not only the chronological order suggested by the dates on the *Crystal Tablet* papers "Remanifestation: The Process Explained" (Ipsissimus Lewis) and "*Runa*" (Magus Flowers) of these Words, but also the functional order, simplified, of the cycle.

Words have many meanings, though related; Æonic Words are no different. However, for the purposes of the cycle, they shall be strictly defined here: *Thelema* represents the will, not necessarily divine or human, but as distinct from whim. Indulgence represents sexual interaction similar to *Agape*, but with the willing party being a definite instigator. *Xeper* represents change in the sense of genetic mutation, which is the mechanism both for evolution and extinction [the pathological effects of Black Magic are thus defined as *Xeper*, just not a type of it that we choose to strive for if we're sane]; such mutation is caused both by exterior sources and by the division of cells for sexual reproduction. Remanifestation is the mechanism of chaotic systems, where the result is fed back into the system as a variable. *Runa* is defined as the total space on the graph of a system, chaotic or not, and may be finite or infinite; we simply don't know which one it is yet.

Then apply the series; the Words are connected in sequence. The self could be defined at its base as perception, which is necessary for stimulus-response patterns in all life forms. To this is added *Thelema*, which allows those patterns to be guided by the mind. Adding Indulgence, the will can now assimilate new concepts, allowing it to temporarily join with its subjective universe [this produces the "Babe of the Abyss" concept, since the will cannot permanently join with anything in the SU; at the Abyss it is forced to confront this]. With *Xeper* the assimilation is made permanent, to be modified only by additional assimilation. This is how genetic traits are varied over generations by sexual reproduction, and it also explains why no one could be a true Black Magician before the advent of the Setian Æon. To this chain is added Remanifestation, which allows the changes allowed by *Xeper* to modify the will as well as the mind, creating a new *Thelema*. The self becomes fluid in a directed sense, or malleable. With *Runa*, the self-creating will comes into permanent sexual connection with the SU and beings to assimilate it. *Thelema* ultimately becomes the SU in its entirety.

The assimilation of the Universe by a self-manifested *Thelema* produces a difference between LHP and RHP occultism that is no longer one of degrees, but of extremes. The only difference is whether the magician views the assimilation of *Runa* as correct. The LHP magician continues the cycle, developing it in chaotic fashion, never crossing the same point on the Universe system graph twice [to do so would turn his cycle into a repeating loop, limiting his *Xeper*], while the RHP magician intentionally forms a repetition or turns his *Thelema* upon itself, eradicating the changes as best he can by assimilating the opposite.

Thus the mechanism of LHP and RHP magicians is the same, and that mechanism is made up of a symbiotic relationship between all five Words. If Remanifestation and *Runa* are said to support *Xeper*, *Xeper* must be said to support *Thelema* and Indulgence in the same way. All five Words are symbiotes, introduced in the order necessary for their mutual survival.

All of this suggests two exciting ideas: First, that it is highly unlikely that this series would have Come Into Being by chance or by human design - unless the Bavarian Illuminati really are out there. One wrong timing and the house falls down. Second, if the cycle is actually complete, the job of the next Magi is to orchestrate these cycles - embodied as individuals - possibly in the same way that DNA creates messenger RNA. The subjective universe then becomes a living organism; it is the application of the Gaia concept to Mind-at-Large.

I find this concept, joining the Word of the Æon of Horus to those of the Age of Satan and Æon of Set, may relate to the GBM Working mentioned in *Scroll #XXI-1* in the article "The Order of Horus". I hope that these ideas may be of benefit to its *Xeper*.

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### [3] The Ninefold Rite of Happiness

- by Don Webb, IV°

I have mentioned the idea of fierce joy as a key for the Setian to exploit the elements present in the Heb-Sed Year, the thirtieth year of a Pharaoh's reign wherein rebirth is possible.

In the Heb-Sed (or Festival of Set) like any magical event, mood forms a gateway. All of our magical workings are accessed by mood, mood determines what works and what doesn't. Fierce joy is the feeling of precious happiness, of holding or finding something so rare that you would fight to keep it from being taken from you [although you may quite easily give it to someone you love and respect]. All of us have at some time felt that way toward the Temple of Set, the chief manifestation of the Æon of Set.

I offer to those who wish to make a practical use of this feeling the following rite. I suggest that, if you should choose to perform it, you do so alone - it is highly personal, and would not work well in a group setting. Likewise do not inquire of others concerning the manner of their performance, unless they choose to volunteer the details. The Temple always works best when its beautiful and formal Darkness is well veiled with privacy. Divinity requires dignity, and familiarity breeds contempt.

The rite works on the story of the magician and the mandrake. Magicians possessing the root of mandrake are said to be able to double money. They

put the money with the mandrake and leave it in the dark, and the next morning they find twice as much money. This is the method of using the forces of productivity to bring something out of Darkness and is exactly what we're using here.

However we are dealing with something much more precious than money, and much more personal - memory. Anton LaVey, the Magus of Reconsecration, developed Erotic Crystallization Inertia (ECI) as time-travel magic under the Word Indulgence. Anton sought the creation of good memories through vital existence ["evil" is "live" spelled backwards], and then sought continued re-enjoyment of them through imagination. I propose the use of good memories as a method of rebirth. Live and be reborn!

Read over the items carefully, because you will need some thought for numbers one and five. Note that this rite, in pledging yourself to be true to your memories and impressions, does have an eternal effect on you. This rite damns you to the Left-Hand Path, much more effectively than any number of Black Masses. If you have doubts about this being the Path for you, you are advised to skip over it. If after reading the rite you think I am joking, then you do not Understand what is before you!

The rite may be performed in any style chosen, from the most elaborate piece of ceremonial production to the most austere. It can be done on nine nights or in a single evening. The only suggestions I would make are that the invocation from the *Crystal Tablet* be used [preferably spoken aloud], and the two items in quotes in parts one and five be said. Beyond that please use as much creativity and passion as you can muster.

0. Open with rubrics of your choice, including the *Crystal Tablet* invocation.

1. Pick your happiest Temple-related memory; or if no one memory is clearly your happiest, pick a happy memory. Relive it as strongly as possible. It could be the day you got your *Crystal Tablet*, or the day of a Recognition, or anything - provided that it made you very, very happy and was clearly connected with the Temple of Set.

You may wish to use props from the event, music, special scents, whatever to re-create the experience. Run through it in your mind, until you are as full of joy as when the event first happened. Then say: "By my memory of this event I know that I have Come Into Being and that by my Coming Into Being this event Came Into Being!"

2. Command all the forces of the universes within and without that you will have a similarly happy event in some future time.

3. Command all the forces of the universes within and without that someone joining the Temple after you are dead will have such a happy time.

4. Command all the forces of the universes within and without that **you** will have such a happy time when you rejoin the Temple in a future life.

5. Pick your happiest memory, to which your Setian magic and philosophy has led you, outside of a formal Temple experience. If you cannot decide on your happiest memory, pick a happy memory. Relive it as strongly as possible. Run it through your mind until you are as full of joy as you were when the event first happened. Then say: "By my memory of this event I know that I have Come Into Being, and that by my Coming Into Being this event Came Into Being!"

6. Repeat step #2 for this event.

7. Repeat step #3 for this event.

8. Repeat step #4 for this event.

9. Now consider that there are such forces, such enemies of consciousness in the world that would take the chance of you having such happiness. They would take from you, and from that descendant of your consciousness, these treasures. Think about that until you are really, really mad. Then utter such a curse or defensive spell that you would level against such a person or persons. Use whatever magical technology that appeals the most to you.

When you have vented your anger, transfer the spell to the Temple with words like these: "As a Heb-Sed gift I give my spell to the Temple of the Prince of Darkness. Let it go forth into the furthest darkness to there gain power so that it may return when needed, moving all forces within and without to strike with precision the enemies of the Æon of Set."

Close the rite in the manner of your own choosing.

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#### [4] **The Thirty-Year Cycle**

- by Don Webb IV°

The Temple of Set draws its origins from the eternal nine-year cycle. This is a cycle linked to the mystery of evolution, discovered by the Magus of Reconsecration. This mystery is the way things come into being, pass away, and are reborn in a stronger and more concentrated form. The work of the Magus LaVey made this system transpersonally valid, and reunited the eternally discarnate Æon of Set with certain historical [and biological] forces.

The cycle of nine was known to the Egyptians as well as to the Greeks and the people of the North; time itself did not begin until the birth of the last members of the Ennead. The eternal nine-year cycle is mainly a useful tool for the helmsmen of the Temple; although comprehension of it can facilitate us to in our own world-changing projects.

The thirty-year cycle is linked to an equatorial mystery. It is not evolutionary, but like Set himself

eternal. The Festival of Set celebrates a new youth. The earliest recorded Festival of Set happened somewhere around 3100 BCE when Narmer, the first Pharaoh of the I Dynasty, celebrated his first thirty years of reign over two disparate groups of people - a Nilotic people who had come up from Central Africa about 5,000 years before (the Sudanese black pot culture - they also went west which is why the Dogon and other west African folk have so many "Egyptian" elements in their religion) and Fertile Crescent folk who had invented the New Stone Age about 6,000 years before.

This synthesis of the Two Lands into one is the first time culture went beyond bloodlines. The first Heb-Sed was a magical ceremony involving Set and HarWer that celebrated ideas being freed from a particular cultural matrix. Indeed this is the keystone to the southern mysteries, which is why they can Remanifest in anyone intellectually prepared for them.

Those Heb-Seds were a kind of physical-fitness test. The Pharaoh had to prove he was still strong enough to run the race around representatives of the northern and southern groups. If he wasn't, it was time for the Pharaoh to "visit his *ka*". Narmer did survive the Festival, and his descendants got rid of the human sacrifice aspect by introducing the "designated runner".

Notably both of these people had a god of Darkness, represented by a fabulous animal. From the south came the recumbent Set-beast carved on ivory, called *Sutks*, the "isolator" (?). From the east came the griffin/dragon figure called *Hk\*Hk\**, the "monster of darkness" (?). When the two figures merged into one, the Third Ordering begins.

Now two questions are before us: (1) Why is Setnakt introducing the thirty-year cycle? (2) What use can the individual Setian make of it for her or his *Xeper*?

I will answer the first and give some hints for the second. But as in any initiatory activity the individual must win the technique for himself. If enough of the truly dedicated seize this tool, the results we achieve in XXX will be small in comparison to those achieved in LX. And by XC ...

- The Word Indulgence, which opened the way for the Æon's temporal manifestation, refers to all that with which we can obtain union. In the LHP we don't seek union with the all, but we do seek union with those moods that arise from certain experiences that allow each of us to not only feel most intensely alive, but make us aware of that process within us that allows to feel. Once that experience is captured by the magician, he may revisit and use its mood as a part of the elements to create inner work.

The Festival Year is not only an excuse for a good time, but a time-proven formula for having a

good time as a door to eternity. And of course because of the “binding” aspect of the Word of Indulgence, the more the Æon is “tied” to the flesh, the more fixed it becomes in this world. This will eventually aid in the extension of personal power and pleasure of the dwellers in the Æon.

- The Word *Xeper*, which wears the garment of the Gift, was Uttered by Ra-En-Set in the Year X. Now it so happens that when Magister Aquino first read the word, in Budge’s *Egyptian Language*, Budge had “luckily” used a Greek c (c) to symbolize the “kh” sound that begins *Xeper*. This coincidence linked up with the Year X and the number Aquino would have in Crowley’s Magi list (the Tenth).

These “coincidences” helped Magus Aquino change his Word from a personally valid system into a transpersonally valid system. Now we can each magically exploit the coincidence even further, as we each explore the Formula of the Æon, *Xepera Xeper Xeperu*, so that we can - based on an Understanding of our Coming Into Being - prepare to each create those works that will empower our individual and Temple selves as much as that Formula empowered Michael Aquino.

- The Word Remanifestation, the emerging of a new state of being resulting from work with past and present æonic Words, points to the present- and future-looking potentials of the festival of Set.

We in the Temple are not neo-Egyptian religionists looking backward and longing for fatted hyenas on new year’s day. We realize that all of the cycles that the concept of Set has gone through have been necessary, just as our own cycles of Remanifestations have been necessary. Thus we seize the chance for a current celebration to adjust our current chemistry with the current matrix of the eternal Word of Set (*Xeper*).

We can study how the concept has changed, growing more isolate and stronger through periods of dismanifestation, and how when it was a ruling paradigm set up those conditions for its Remanifestation. As we observe how the concepts that rule our life have changed, grown purer and stronger after periods of dormancy, we can observe our kinship with Set. A simple revelation, perhaps; but like the dropping of a pin which disturbs the entire universe, our subjective universes can use this Festival Year to tune up for immortality.

- The Word *Runa*, which is the science of making the unknown known and thereby causing the object of the knowing to alter one’s subjective universe, has an operative effect: that when we discover a truth hidden from the rest of mankind, we gain in power.

One of the clearest examples is the Law of the Trapezoid. The magician who knows this law is able

to draw magical strengths from certain environments that are baleful to the forces of naturalization.

The thirty-year cycle, now that it is known through the work of the Order of Setne Khamuast, will have an effect on the Setian mind. It will provide certain inspiration: You want to protect the Temple because of fond memories you’ve had this year. Or you’ll explain the cycle to a new Setian, and become a transmitter of the true magical lore that can only pass from mouth to ear. Or you’ll become aware of being part of a magical working that goes beyond the time of your physical body, and thus begin to be aware of those energies that go beyond the focus of your body.

Notably in the OSK we often use the Egyptian phrase *Ir Shti Shta-tu!*, which is the best translation I’ve come up with for *Reyn Til Runa!*. The Egyptian phrase has two secondary meanings: (1) “Consult the magical writings!” with the determinative of a scroll for *Shta-Tu*, or (2) “Cross through rough territory!” with the crossed sticks determinative. In all cases *Shta-t* is feminine like *Runa*, and like the phrase *Reyn Til Runa!* the verb and noun have the same root. *Ir*, which makes infinitives into imperatives, literally means “see that it is done”. [The First Beast listed the Egyptian word of *amen*, which means secret, claiming it as the Word of Thoth. Here is wisdom concerning writing and initiatory lore.]

- Initiation - as we know intellectually, but often fail to know - is a lifetime pursuit. The eternal nine-year cycle is an organizational process with effects on the Church of Satan, the Temple of Set, the Rune Gild, and other organizations.

The thirty-year cycle, which may come to have an organizational status, exists to broaden the Initiate’s Understanding. Where were you in Year I? Where will you be in Year LX? This will hopefully make the wise decide not to rush the development of their Temple selves, and to spend more time on their selves outside of the Temple. Better to go to school and get that degree than to spend time getting that medallion. The Temple will be here when you’re done, and you just might be a person of more substance to contribute to it then. Likewise your practical magics may change from weekly concerns to decade concerns. The thirty-year cycle can help those who look upon it with a little dread to know what they need.

- The numerology, which is a way for the left hemisphere of your brain to buy into a magical working, of this first Heb-Sed of the Æon of Set is suggestive. The Heb-Sed, which for a while was lost to the Egyptians, was re-introduced by Prince Setne Khamuast, who performed it to insure the rejuvenation of his father Rameses II, the longest-lived of all the Pharaohs over their three thousand

years. That Prince, whose name means "Set-Is-Beautiful", died in 1225 BCE, exactly 105 thirty-year cycles from this year.

Thirty symbolized a time of completion to the Egyptians, whose months were three periods of ten days. Ten represented a totality of time and space; three times ten, the totality of time and space in all worlds - the Island of Fire, where all *neteru* lived and died [save for Set]; the Earth; and the *Tuat*. On January 1, XXX there were 270 Setians in the Roster (30x9).

- The repeatability of the Festival is a mark in its favor. After the Pharaoh's first Heb-Sed, he could repeat them whenever he felt the need to rejuvenate himself and the Two Lands. He didn't have to wait for thirty years to pass. Rameses II celebrated fourteen festivals. Although the Temple should only celebrate the Heb-Sed every thirty years, each Setian may consider the idea of a year-long gathering together of forces as a new magical tool after passing through this Festival. Remember where you learned this secret, so that you may pay back some of the magical and other energies your own rebirths bring you. This establishes a personal link between the Setian and Festival.

- The thirty-year cycle is a time-cycle fed by a Setian aesthetic which does not derive from our evolutionary predecessor the Church of Satan. We have claimed space with Setians living in eleven countries, in a way the Church of Satan never could. In fact the Sun never rises on the Temple of Set. We now claim time in a manner of our own choosing. We do not abandon the working formulas of the Church of Satan - for those difficult-to-discover laws of consciousness belong to the Prince of Darkness - but we now lay claim to time and space in ways uniquely our own.

- The cycle proves that we - like Narmer, the first Pharaoh of the I Dynasty - are fit rulers. We have seen and will continue to see great warfare from the forces of naturalization. The small-minded will loathe us and misunderstand us; and as Magistra Aquino pointed out recently, the Christian Right made significant inroads in the last U.S. election. In this friction we each partake of the Curse of the Word - but we now unite many lands. Narmer's new idea changed the world. Aquino's idea changed the world. Now we - each of us - must resolve to do the same. From this place and time of Festival we must be reborn not as dependent babes, but as independent warriors, having tasted of new powers that are only now being brought to this Earth by our words and deeds!

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## [5] The Musicality of Set

or "I can name that *neter* in five notes."

- by Eric Kauschen II°

Phil Spector, the famous Motown record producer was asked once how he recognized a hit song. His answer was: "When it makes the hair stand up on the back of my neck." This phrase is probably a good starting point for my topic.

I have been a musician all my life. I began plunking out simple melodies on the piano by ear at the age of four, and performing and composing music has been an integral part of my life ever since. I have rather varied tastes in music, but one unifying factor is that what attracts me the most to music is its ability to "make the hair stand up on the back of my neck".

I was listening to a piece of music one day that I felt would be really good for use in ritual (Amin Bhatia's "Interstellar Suite" if you must know). This gave me the idea of composing music myself for a ritual setting, only I would compose the music **within** a ritual setting.

I thought about this for several days as to how I wanted to construct this ritual. What sounds would I use? What style of music would I use? As can be expected I began to suffer from self-doubt and anxiety over the project. Finally I decided that the best way to compose the music was by **not** composing the music. By this I mean that instead of trying to build on an idea I had within a ritual setting, I would clear my mind, enter the ritual setting, and let those I invoke from within me and without guide my hands in the composing of the music.

I am one of the lucky few in that I have a dedicated music room that is roomy enough for one person to move about freely, has nice black walls with purple trim and is located in an area where there is almost no interference from the outside world. I set up a small altar against the south wall of the room and started the ritual in the standard way with the ringing of the bell and lighting of the Black Flame. I then proceeded with the following invocation to those beings that have been major influence to me:

Hear me now, Set, come forth this night and stand with me in my work. Lend your essence to mine so that I may give life to my creation.

Hear me, Odhinn the Alfar, come forth this night and stand with me in my work. Lend your essence to mine so that I may give strength to my creation.

Hear me, Vampyr, come forth this night and stand with me in my work. Lend your essence to mine so that I may give feeling to my creation.

The studio was rather crowded with all those *neteru* standing around, but at this point something began to happen. I found that my anxieties and blockages had passed. As my hands touched the instruments, it was as if they were being guided by another. I could actually feel the presence of others guiding me, helping me with their suggestions. Ultimately I had the final say in the matter, but I found that as one idea would surface, another would come to complement it.

Within the span of two hours I had a nearly-finished piece of music. I was also extremely tired from the experience, and decided to let things rest and return to it again the following night.

This time the experience was as before and the piece was finished. While the entire piece is only under three minutes long, it is quite powerful and moving. I have let only one person other than myself hear this piece, and that individual was driven to tears by it.

Since its creation I have had a yearning to create additional music to complement this work. In the near future I will again be entering my chamber, and will again make invocations to finish my creation. As I do further work on this piece, I feel that it has a life of its own and that it does and will continue to *Xeper* like myself. The Gift of Set has many facets, and I feel very strongly that every time I hear this piece of music, Set comes forth and touches me with his Gift.

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## [6] Recognitions

Jay W. Thomas was Recognized as an Adept II° by Priest Michael Kelly on 2/19 XXX.

Eleanor Harris was Recognized as an Adept II° by Magister Don Webb on 1/24 XXX.

Jodi Cohen was Recognized as an Adept II° by Priestess Ruth Nielsen on 1/21 XXX.

Aaron Besson was Recognized as an Adept II° by Priest Peter Rivera on 12/21 XXIX.

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## [7] I am not a Satanist!

- by James R. Johnson II°

The Christian Satan: arch-enemy of Jehovah, prince of lies, symbol of evil and carnal existence. The Satanic interpretation of Satan is that of the liberator of man, symbol of truth, bearer of the light of reason to the inhabitants of the Earth.

Where do I, as an Adept Setian, fit into this scheme? I don't! I am neither Christian nor Satanist. I call myself Setian, and my approach to

life is Setian.

I shall assume that this statement is readily understood by other Setians. How then do I adequately explain this to people who are not Setian? Should I even bother? My position on explaining myself has been, and remains, that I will take the time and energy to do so only with those who are intimately involved with my life, such as family, friends, and lovers. I do this not because I want them to "accept" what I am, but to "understand" what I am.

The best example of this sentiment would be my mother. She was born and raised a South Carolinian Southern Baptist. Her father read daily from "the scriptures", etc. Having me for a son certainly put a new spin on things for her!

Our first ordeal began when I, at age 14, told her that I was homosexual. "God did not intend for two people of the same gender to share love, life, and sexual experience. This is a crime against nature!" I promptly presented her with evidence and documentation that homosexuality does indeed occur within nature. I've never asked my mother to accept homosexuality - only that she attempt to understand that I have accepted homosexuality. We've worked on this for many years, and I think we've done pretty well. She no longer fears that I will roast in Hell because of it; she just worries that I'll become infected with HIV disease - a very rational and just concern.

Our second "trial by fire" began when she found a copy of the *Satanic Bible* in my dresser-drawer while I was still in my early teens. This was unspeakable. I had brought Satan into the very home that we shared. This didn't worry her; it scared the hell out of her! Devil-worshippers kill babies, dig up graves in bizarre midnight rituals, and do other horrible deeds that she as a Christian dared not even give thought to. How could a child so intelligent and creative [I was beyond the "straight A" student] fall into such an insidious trap?

Psychotherapy was certainly in order. They must've had a 2-for-1 special, for she requested that I be cured of my "queerness" as well. After a few months of bi-weekly sessions, imagine my mother's surprise when she and her second husband were called into the office and squarely told: "Get the hell off of Jim's back! You should consider yourselves lucky to have such an intelligent child!" Needless to say, these "visits" were axed!

This too we have worked on. When I joined the Temple of Set in XXIII ÆS, I produced for her the Informational Letter. We've discussed at length this "non-Satanic Satanism".

The real breakthrough came when, on a trip to Kentucky, we stayed the weekend at the home of Magistra Linda Reynolds. At the time this didn't

seem to be an extraordinarily-significant visit. We watched television; my mother spent time “visiting” [as Southern ladies will do] with Magistra Reynolds’ mother. We went out for dinner; we went tooling around Nashville. Pretty mundane stuff. However this is exactly what struck my mother as significant. A Magistra Templi of the Temple of Set, the Executive Director of the Temple of Set, a “high ranking official” of this organization must surely be “just a little strange”. Magistra Reynolds is a mother, a wife, a daughter, has two dogs [which my mom adored], some cats, a nice home, a normal job. She was quite impressed that we are “normal folk” with much of the same pressures and pleasures of life that most people have.

I didn’t want to “prove” to her that we are normal people. Rather, I wanted her to understand that we really aren’t that different. This too has been successful. She asks about the Temple, and we discuss magic and more “unorthodox” subjects from time to time. Granted she won’t be applying for membership in the Temple, but she also won’t be appearing on Geraldo to recount sordid tales of how Satan stole her son’s soul, or that she was a breeder for a “secret devil cult”.

Dr. Aquino has asked for input regarding the Temple of Set’s role in Satanism. Personally I think we are becoming more and more the babysitters of Satanism rather than the caretakers of it. We are not the “Temple of Satan” nor the “Second Church of Satan”. We are the Temple of Set, and I think we should project ourselves as such. I’m not charging that we deny our heritage, but we should enjoy it from a historic perspective.

We are very different from Satanism, so why bandy about “definitions” of public [mis]perceptions of Satanism? I would go further to say that I also don’t think we should be listed in the phone book under “Churches, Satanic”.

Contrary to the statement in the film *Rosemary’s Baby*, God is not dead. God and Satan are dead, so let’s put them to rest.

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## **[8] Truth in Advertising: A Response to the Satanist Label Question**

- by Scott G. Kearn I°

What is a “Satanist”? This question plagues me, especially since my background is heavily entrenched in RHP work.

I suppose that there are two possible answers to this. The first is that a Satanist is a non-RHP worker, while the second is that a Satanist is an anti-RHP Worker. While both orientations require the existence of a Dark force (either internal/psychological or external/actual), the difference between the two lies in the existence of a Light

force.

This issue is outside of the question of whether RHP goals are obtainable. The question is whether there is a force at work with a Gift opposed to that of Set. If there is, then the title of “Satanist” is not only useful but necessary and accurate: Temple members in this scenario are by their non-natural nature in opposition to this force.

I think that two types of events suggest that there is a Light force. These are “channeling” and “near-death experiences”. In the first case, illustrated by Bartholomew, Edgar Cayce, Seth, even the occultist Franz Bardon, the messages sent refer to “virtues”: love and especially providence. There is also the preponderance of “Ascended Masters of the Great White Brotherhood”.

In all of these cases the messages are said to be sent from an outside agency, and the messages are in direct opposition to Set’s principles [at least as I understand them]. These messages are mainly that mindset - not environment and activity - make happiness; that love - unrestricted and undifferentiated - is the prime virtue; that life is not the prime focus of existence; and most importantly that the individual is subservient to “divinity”, whether that is exterior or interior [but somehow separate from the personality].

Many of the same characteristics manifest in near-death experiences. One of the prime characteristics is that the person is not allowed to die because he or she has a purpose to fulfill. This could only be the case if that “purpose” were given by an exterior agency. Otherwise the individual would be able to choose not only what he wanted to do with his life, but when he wanted to die. It also seems to be the case that these purposes tend to be for “saving” people or bringing them to a certain viewpoint.

As an aside, most RHP magicians and mystics that I know display these qualities. In fact they phrase it as being there to “fix people who have gone wrong”, usually not knowing that they have done so. In all of these cases these people say that they received their purposes from an outside spiritual agency, usually through NDEs or dreams.

All of this suggests to me that there is a Light force and that it works counter to Temple principles. As Initiates of the Temple, it would seem our duty to oppose it, if only for our own survival.

Because of this we should take the title of “Satanist” with pride. As for the issue of debased and illegal “Satanism”, perhaps the best defense is reinforcement of our own strengths, economic, political and otherwise, for our own protection. Possibly this may involve a greater public presence. We cannot allow criminal activity to blacken our image [pardon the pun], but factionalism and



combat would only weaken Satanism in general. As history has noted, you can't fight a war with another country while you're facing a civil one of your own.

Don't take this as suggesting that I have any kind of plan how to do this while avoiding backlash. I don't. But staying where we are - as Satanists - may be dangerous as well.

It is likely that a man of the public is harder to kill than a man of privacy. In my opinion, if we want the image of Satanism changed, we have to either break out the makeup or put on a hood.

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### [9] Whither Satanism?

A Belief System By Any Other Name ...

- by Carl Nicastro I°

In response to the recent question by High Priest Aquino regarding whether or not to continue identification as a "Satanist" group, I must express my feeling that the time has come to disassociate ourselves from what is essentially an outdated, overused, and misrepresentative term.

Setian belief is an outgrowth from, and more importantly a direct improvement upon the concepts put forth by Anton LaVey. True, at one time association with a "Satanic" organization gave one a sort of glamorous "status" in the mundane world. But what has the horned "fallen angel" with the pitchfork done for us recently? As we have seen, the profane religions, especially worshippers of the Jewish carpenter, have been working overtime for the past dozen or so years to discredit anything remotely associated with "Satanism".

I do not believe we should back down from the concept of Satanism in order to appear more "respectable" to the mundanes. Hardly! What good would it do us anyway?

Would we say we acknowledge Jesus as "lord and personal saviour"? That idea is not just silly, it goes against all we are and strive to be as Setians and Black Magicians. No, we should not "distance" ourselves from Old Scratch because we want the approval of the profane sects.

Rather we should do so because, simply put, "Satan" is not the entity we acknowledge. As was stated in the *Book of Coming Forth by Night*, Set has never been associated with the bastardization dreamed up by Hebrew slaves. Set was the first and most powerful entity of that blessed realm we call "Darkness"; Satan was simply a cheap carbon copy and not a very accurate one at that.

As any Setian must intelligently admit, the Temple does owe a debt to the Church of Satan for having paved the way of the Left-Hand Path. But Satanism was only a stopping-off point for true students of Darkness - those with the vision to see beyond LaVey's psychodramas to a more perfect

Path discovered by the Temple of Set. Those who could or would not see remained with the "Church", which unfortunately has become the "LaVey Fan Club" complete with Baphomet-sigil coffee mugs, T-shirts, and posters. And I would assume that those who could not even understand LaVeyan concepts, let alone Setian philosophy, went back to Wicca.

More and more I have been made aware of the elitist nature of this organization to which I belong. I long to read the *Book of Coming Forth by Night* and the *Diabolicon*, and early on I asked about purchasing these books. Unlike other "Satanic" organizations, the Temple does not make its materials available just because you have the money to pay for it. I was both disappointed and encouraged when I learned I would not be able to obtain these books until I had become an Adept II°. Disappointed because I desire to study them as soon as possible, encouraged because the limitations imposed on my study by the Temple made me realize the hierarchy is not in this to make bucks but to create Black Magicians. It is a difference that speaks volumes when we sit down to consider whether or not we should classify ourselves as "Satanists" or "Setians".

To sum up, I vote for acknowledgement of our past and our roots, but finally making a distinctive break from the concept of Satanism. We have outgrown and used up all need to associate with any organization describing itself as "Satanist". Just as Christianity grew out of Judaism, so must we Setians get on with the business of being totally Setian and representing this to the public. It is not distancing for the sake of good public relations. It is distancing from a system that no longer has any relevancy to us, and will certainly do nothing to assist us in the process of *Xeper*.

"Stand with us, or stand out of our way!" So let it be written. So let it be done.

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### [10] Satanism vs. the Temple of Set

- by David Kramer II°

Regarding Dr. Aquino's article on Satanism, I would like to respond with a quote from *Saints and Sinners* by Lawrence Wright:

The Gallup Polls, which have been measuring religious trends and church attendance for more than half a century, show a remarkable stability over time. In 1991 42% of Americans regularly attended church, which is almost exactly the same figure as the number of church-goers in the thirties (41% in 1939). More than half of all Americans said they believed in the existence of the Devil (up

significantly from 39% in 1978). On Easter of 1991 85% of Roman Catholics and 72% of Protestants attended services. Nine out of ten Americans prayed every week and said they never doubted the existence of God; eight out of ten said they believed in miracles and expected to answer for their sins on Judgement Day.

With this type of religious climate in the United States, it is apparent that any organization labeled "Satanic" is in effect painting a huge, bright "bullseye" on itself and inviting attack by religious zealots. At the very least, a lot of resources and energy are tied up in explanations as to what Satanism actually is.

To compound the issue, today we have the teenage "Satanist", with inverted-cross earrings, tattoos, typically a high school dropout, on drugs, listening to "Black Metal" music, carrying around a copy of the *Satanic Bible* - which in my opinion does not elevate or enhance the image of the Prince of Darkness.

I feel that many people who were conditioned since childhood in the J/C tradition may actually need to experience the Satanist role in order to rebel and have a sort of catharsis to free themselves from the J/C conditioning. Does the Temple need to be a vehicle for this process, or haven't we transcended this situation?

I'm most certainly aware of our roots in the Church of Satan, and I absolutely believe we need to honor those roots historically. The real question is: Do we need to carry this excess baggage?

In the film *The Occult Experience* Magistra Aquino stated, "The Temple of Set is the Church of Satan grown up." Using an analogy of the Temple of Set as a serpent, would the serpent carry around in its mouth the eggshell from which it was hatched?

I don't see that giving up the "Satanic" image would in any sense classify the Temple as "New Age" or white-light. In fact I would see the Temple as taking on a new persona - one which is actually "Darker" and more Elect. Keeping the "Satanic" image ties the Temple into the J/C myth regarding the Devil. It is limiting in terms of *Xeper*, because of the energy consumed in having to accept the title of "the bastard Hebrew fiend".

Another question: Do we really want a membership which has not resolved the J/C conditioning beyond the I° level implied by being a Satanist?

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## [11] Comments on "Meditations on the Vampire"

(Dennis Stevens I°, *Scroll #XX-5*)

- by Paul McAtee III°

The vampire's "ambiguity" with regards to life and death is an intriguing notion. The vampire is not living, but not really dead, hence the term "undead". Life and death as they are commonly understood refer to laws of nature - things in nature are born, live, then die - and all things which do live must eventually die.

This is a law of nature precious few things in the universe seem able to avoid. But since there is something within us that is **not** subject to those laws, something that is **not** natural, we may be able to avoid them or somehow move between them. This is where I see that idea of "ambiguity" really coming into play. Regarding the question of immortality, the vampire is a strong archetype for the Setian.

I think the fact that some people tend to gravitate away from the mainstream [perhaps even in the form of teenage rebellion] is a reflection of that same non-natural essence on a social level. This is the stepping-block from which most people initially perceive the Gift of Set, before discovering those more abstract and metaphysical aspects of it, such as with the possibility of immortality. The vampire archetype, with his familiar "look" and mannerisms, encapsulates this social level as well.

Ouspensky (RL #19B) used the terms "essence" and "personality" - the former to refer to that which we are born with (soul, *psyche*, etc.), the latter to refer to that which we obtain and collect through extended interaction with the universe and other humans. The question inevitably arises: What would remain if we could successfully transcend personality and dwell as pure essence? Would we remain isolate? Could we perceive boundaries of reference as to the self?

I suspect that the Gift of Set was **intentionally** placed in a context where personality **could** develop. Perhaps this is the only way we can begin to formulate unique perspective. The RHP in general seems to want to destroy personality in order to return to essence, which they idealize as a state of "no-self" or no boundaries-of-self. Personality at the very least is a useful tool in exploring these boundaries, and is a property the vampire seems none too eager to dispense with.

It is true that many people look upon essence as a smiling, angelic, idealized version of self - they imagine it to be just as they are now, except happy all the time! I think that neither the process nor the result will be quite so pretty, and that people who

claim to experience it so are not really experiencing it at all. You have to be on some kind of opiate to experience that much bliss, and every opiate has its price. Real self-transformation is a violation of natural law and requires moving **against** the inertia of the cosmos. Though Setians find it ultimately rewarding, it is neither easy nor a consistently pleasurable process.

The vampire is an archetype of this violator of natural law. His transformation into an undead being is not a pleasurable one, and the task of maintaining that state of being is not easy.

So my question is this: If the vampire is a valid archetype for the Black Magician, and if the idea of a "vampire society" existing is impossible because they're all too busy striving for ultimate power, then how can a society of Black Magicians [such as the Temple of Set] exist?

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## [12] More on Ritual Music

- by Tony Pizzini II°

I would like to continue along the vein of Setian Kramer's *Scroll* #XX-5 article "Ritual Music", which I found excellent, and express some of my own thoughts.

While I believe it is true that music and sound effects can be powerful tools for the Black Magician during a working, I have also found that occasionally no music at all has its place. Before I end this article I will have listed a couple of CDs/LPs that I have found useful to this end. Many times I have used recorded music only during decompression and not during the ritual itself.

Setian Kramer's suggestion to listen to as many different and unusual types of music as possible is something I would also recommend. As Setians we do a tremendous amount of reading and study in different areas. As some of the arts may be considered for individual tastes, and necessary to particular Setians, music appears to be something in which one can indulge without too much [if any] study in order to appreciate it. Of course the size of one's bankroll at any given time has a corresponding effect on how often one may approach the cashier at Tower Records!

While it is true that some kinds of popular music can easily put one into an hypnotic trance, there are an equal number that tend to magnify the tension of the creative moment rather than amplify its ambiance. As musician Brian Eno has said, it is the province of modern art and music to "find an extreme, and then defend it". This kind of thinking has produced some beautiful things (music, painting, etc.) as well as wonderfully-packaged junk to which, despite good intentions, one may become quite attached.

Being concerned over whether or not other people like what you're listening to has never been a problem for me, but it is interesting to spring something peculiar or shocking on an unsuspecting acquaintance every once in awhile.

Below are a number of recordings that, upon reflection, I decided ought to be listed under the corresponding feeling/emotional state I associate with them, knowing that you may vary in your individual responses. It is also worth mentioning that, for every title listed, a Pandora's Box in that particular musical direction can be opened!

### Power/Strength

Laibach: (1) *Opus Die*, (2) *MacBeth*:

This Slovenian (formerly Yugoslavian) band has number of recordings out, but these two seem to sum up what they are aiming at. Very Teutonic, slow, powerfully abrasive songs that at times have espoused the thoughts of Tito and Hitler. Also the only place where you are ever likely to hear Wagner sampled!

Danzig: (1) *Lucifuge*, (2) 4:

An American band that many would consider heavy metal, but in my opinion, appear to be closer to a new fusion of blues and rock than might be apparent at first listen. Lyrics generally deal with Satanism as a source of personal power, and - unusual in rock - many questions are asked. Some of these songs are so intense lyrically and musically as to defy others who have done this kind of thing longer and supposedly better.

Joe Satriani: (1) *Surfing With The Alien*, (2) *The Extremist*:

It bears repeating that these are choices I have made among a great number of favorites. Satriani is a West Coast guitarist who is quite remarkable. It may take another guitar player to fully appreciate what is going on here! Very possibly one of the world's most tasteful, imaginative, and fast players alive. This has an effect like coffee.

Karl Stockhausen: (1) *Trans*, (2) *Geburtsfest*:

A pioneer in modern *avant garde* music. There are some who feel that this man is responsible for every single development in music and recording technique since the late 1950s. Extremely detailed music that, using the theories of composers Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg as a jumping-off point, employs various mathematical schemes [including use of the Fibonacci series] and the manipulation of all musical parameters, often by electronic means to control not melody, harmony and rhythm, but rather the relationships between moments.

What does it all sound like? I find it breathtakingly beautiful, while others have called Stockhausen the Devil himself! *Trans*, listed above,

is the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* as a musical experience. It literally sounds "melted", while a weaving loom (!) slashes across the speakers every few Fibonacci-inspired moments. The piece's climax, somewhat near the end, arrives when everything comes to an unexpected halt, perched on the edge of increasing tension. *Geburtsfest* is a brand-new vocal piece that is equally unusual.

There is a tremendous amount of music available by Stockhausen, but most of it is now only privately available. One or two CDs are in print in this country, while the rest must be obtained from the composer. If anyone is interested, I'd be happy to assist.

### **Trance/Hypnotic**

Ozric Tentacles: *Pungent Effulgent*

Psychic TV: (1) *Ultrahouse*, (2) *Jack the Tab/Tekno Acid Beat*

Philip Glass: (1) *Glassworks*, (2) *Einstein On The Beach*

Hawkwind: *It Is The Business Of The Future To Be Dangerous*

Steve Roach: *Dreamtime Return*

Jon Serrie: *And The Stars Go With You*

Klaus Schultze: (1) *Drive Inn* (2) *Moondawn*

Tangerine Dream: *Poland*

Mickey Hart: *Music To Be Born By*

The Gyuto Monks: *Freedom Chants*

Brian Eno: (1) *On Land*, (2) *Neroli*

The Mickey Hart recording uses a human heartbeat as its rhythm. The Gyuto Monks use a technique known as "overtone singing" to produce a deep, raspy, vocal sound that can be quite eerie. The Steve Roach recording is a long, spacey piece commissioned originally for a film on the Native Australian Dreaming. Ozric Tentacles are the premiere European psychedelic band of the '90s: very intelligent instrumental pieces that go in a variety of directions. The ambient music of Brian Eno [and there is a lot of it] can give one a feeling of vast spaces and landscapes. Of course the music of Richard Wagner has this as one of its features also.

I hope that this list will be of some use in experimenting with different types of music for ritual. There is a great number of recordings available, from babbling brooks to thunderous storms, recorded with and without musical accompaniment. The San Francisco-based Residents have a recording entitled "Eskimo" that will make you feel as though you have set up camp somewhere in the Arctic, while the Mickey Hart/Smithsonian Institution project "Voices of the Rainforest" is better listened to with at least a fan on!

Should any Setian care to inquire about any of these or other types of music for whatever purpose,

feel free to write me via the InterCommunication Roster. *Xeper* and *Remanifest*!

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### **[13] The Rose:**

#### **A Retroactive Enchantment**

- by S. Thomas O'Connor II° (SetAtman)

Out of nowhere it appears, sending streams of swirling smoke spiraling upwards from the desk it threatens to burn through. The young man sitting there jumps nervously, his eyes narrowing and pupils dilating in curiosity. "What the hell," he thinks while leaning forward to get a better look. What is it? Amidst slowly dissipating tendrils of smoke, just to the right of his old beat-up Macintosh, an object approximately nine inches in diameter shimmers. Jet-black obsidian that's polished impossibly smooth, it seems to hover there, an other-worldly disk.

If one looks closely, as the young man does, he may see lines etched into the surface of this wyrd object - lines converging and creating the outline of an unnaturally geometric five-petaled rose. Connecting to the two uppermost petals of the rose, and continuing halfway down and through its lowermost petal, is a square. Well, not exactly. The square doesn't look right. It's skewed, and the top isn't as wide as the base; it's a trapezoid. The smoke is stopping, and the disk is now cooling, now completely materializing into this world.

Suddenly the young man finds his hand creeping forward. He doesn't know how it came to be or where it's from. Yet there is something compelling about it. His hand touches the disk, and in a flash, he knows ...

Electricity sparks through his mind, as silent words form on his lips; he's tracing the lines, starting at the lowest petal, and moving his finger upwards. At the point where the upper right petal and the trapezoid meet, his finger stops.

Somewhere far away a flute is playing. A strangely melodic flurry of notes dances through the air and touches the young man, tickling his ears, whispering in gibbering voices. But wait: The sound comes from the disk, not from afar, but the young man doesn't know this. He no longer knows much of anything. He doesn't think, cannot move, not even twitch; and he sits silently with his finger pointing stupidly and his young eyes glazing over milky and unseeing.

The young man now becomes the sound of the flute; he is the wind that has begun to howl outside his window. If he could just step outside himself, the young one would see the cosmos in its entirety, everything compressed into a single point with no dimension whatsoever - a point both infinity and nothingness at once.

The computer upon which he had been working beeps, its screen flickers, and a swirling pattern of chaos appears on it, projecting a strange, multicolored, stroboscopic light into the now-dark room. The young man sits staring in mindless bliss - not focused on any one thing. The shape becomes a whirling vortex, like a whirlpool, and it appears to suck its colors into itself, pulling spiral arms into its center like a black hole.

[How amusing that the software the young man loaded prior to my arrival should mirror the blooming of the rose, but I know how the web is connected, how its wyrd strands interconnect and react with one another. It's no mystery that this is happening - only a mirror of a soul's inner workings.]

Seeming to act on its own, the young man's hand twitches and begins to trace the lines again. His hand moves across the top of the trapezoid to the petal just left of where his finger once rested. The computer continues its swirlings, bringing into focus something like a cell undergoing mitosis.

As the young man's finger reaches the next petal, two distinct vortices form on the computer screen, each the opposite of the other in shape, color, motion, and feeling. The young man's eyes take on a hard look. He's back from wherever he was a moment ago, and his eyes are again of the living, yet they seem to lack true intelligence. Perhaps the rose has destroyed his mind, because he now looks animal. [He looks feral, and his eyes remind me of those of a wolf. But I know what's happening. I sent it.]

Through his mind desire courses, sensations run amok, and the slightest thing catches the young man's attention, provoking knee-jerk emotional reactions. His being oscillates between two distinct poles, never aware of each other, never aware of me. Looking toward the computer screen he feels safe and content. Its swirling colors are soothing his animal brain and bringing a feeling of safety. Although he is conscious, the young man feels he has no free will. He only reacts to environmental factors. If you asked him if he lived, he would surely answer "yes", but he hasn't awakened and therefore wallows in the lowly awareness of humankind. Without knowing why, he moves his finger along the lines again, compelled by something deep inside.

Arriving at the third corner of the trapezoid, that place where the angles of the rose meet the edge of the black disk, the young man immediately understands. He has a choice, remembers that he exists, knows that he is, and that he can lift his hand, withdraw it from the disk, and continue the course of his life unchanged, static, and forgetful of the greater possibilities promised within its strangely

shimmering obsidian.

With this understanding comes a greater sense of self. The young man knows that until this moment he hasn't truly lived. Soon he is laughing while sirens wail outside in the night. Looking once again at the disk, he sees the rose more clearly, but before he can examine it further, reflections on its surface catch his attention. Three multi-colored spiral shapes twist, contort, and transform there, sending shimmering shades of undulating oranges, reds, blues, golds, and greens dancing before his eyes. One of the spirals becomes angular; it is easy to see it is not natural. These shapes are reflections coming from the computer screen and the young man's mind, illustrating the changes taking place to a soul who has until now never questioned the essence of things, a *psyche* now becoming aware of its own true existence and possible future.

Truly horrified, the young man stops, feels a slight chill, shivers, and withdraws his hand from the disk as if it were some kind of venomous reptile. Looking at the time, he decides he'd better go to sleep. He's very tired, and he must go to work early in the morning, slave for eight hours at a job he barely tolerates, and then return home to a world of computer entertainment, writing, and, yes, the rose! As he rises and turns from the desk, he glances back.

The rose is gone, nothing but a strange memory sent by an even stranger being. There are no burn-marks on the desk, no black disk, nothing to show what happened this night - nothing but the Black Flame kindled anew in a young soul. Confused, the young man wanders toward his bedroom, looking back every few steps to where the rose once was. "Was all that real?" he asks himself, and painfully bumps headfirst into a doorframe while sneaking one more backward glance!

Crawling into bed, the young man recollects the events of the night while rubbing an aching temple. He imagines the black obsidian, the lines etched in its surface, and the wyrd feeling of recognition/frisson as he traced **its** angles.

[Soon he edges into sleep, and I whisper to his sleeping brain. I tell him: "I sent the Rose to you, and I am you - SetAtman in the future. Seek after the mysteries, become your own god, and remember this night. For without it I, your future self, shall not exist."]

The young man mumbles, turns over, and dreams of the rose, exploring its angular petals and bringing himself into greater being. [Laughing to myself, I dream too; I dream of the rose and what I shall become. *Xeper!*]

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### [14] **Snow in Egypt?**

- by James Knowles II<sup>o</sup> (The Black Tiger)

Yes. On Tuesday, February 7, 1995 Alexandria, Egypt was blasted by a snowstorm - for the first time in living memory! Eight people were reported killed and 21 injured in road accidents.

A tourist bus carrying Brazilian tourists was also damaged, but according to the newspaper *al Ahram al Massa'i* there were no injuries.

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### [15] **Xeper, Raptors, and Me**

- by David Andrus II<sup>o</sup>

As I evolve, I find I am faced with aspects inside and outside of myself I formerly would not have considered relevant. One such area concerns how I have chosen to allow animals to influence my *Xeper*. This is part of shamanism, another aspect of my *Xeper* which I would like to address here.

I've always liked and studied animals, and have always felt a deeper respect for them over a majority of the human population. One major learning experience has developed from my involvement with the John Innskeep Environmental Learning Center. There they have eagles, falcons, hawks, owls ... and a turkey vulture.

When I first visited the center, I was in awe of these creatures, which are among the highest evolved, at the top of their food chain. I'm not certain what the appropriate term would be, but I felt a call, draw, or attraction to these birds. Locating the director, I informed him of my desire to become a volunteer and was happy to hear they needed just such involvement.

At first it wasn't crystal-clear as to exactly what I expected to discover at the center, but I felt it was definitely something I needed to do. I was unsure of my motivation: I didn't know if it involved curiosity, pride, dominance - or simply wanting to prove something to someone. But I approached the birds with a very respectful attitude, and I believe the outcome as a learning experience has far exceeded my expectations.

Initially I was cleaning the empty mews - then cleaning them with the birds in them. This was an amazing experience, because it is an entirely different perspective to be "in with the birds" as opposed to merely viewing them from the outside!

I'll admit I felt some fear. These birds had sharp beaks and claws, and they can fly!

I regarded my body and realized just how underdeveloped my features were. What do I have for a beak? A fragile nose. What do I have for claws? Fragile fingernails and toenails. Of course being unable to fly topped it all off.

The main distinguishing characteristic between myself and the birds, I feel, is the Gift of Set.

I began to look at how the birds carried themselves and how I carried myself. I've observed similar characteristics in all animals at the top of their food chain. They move within their environment with the utmost control and calm confidence in their abilities.

These animals have the advantage of being born highly evolved within their species, whereas I have to work toward it. The potential is within me; it's a matter of unveiling it and proving it to myself.

Feeling that in the past I'd carried myself in such a way as to avoid confrontation with others, I began to transform myself after regarding the raptors and their mannerisms. I feel there is always room for self-improvement, and this is where the mutual respect comes in. I seemed to do better with the birds the more I put this into practice. I displayed calm and confidence while working with them, and they responded the same way in my presence. They seemed to realize I wasn't there to harm them.

Eventually it became time for me to start actually handling the birds. I had been waiting for this moment, but I learned that some things take time and patience - again like my *Xeper*.

Now the birds and I were eye to eye. This really put mutual respect into practice. I became more and more aware of myself. I learned to move in more and more of a slow, calm manner when the birds were on my arm - no sudden movements. In fact I found that looking at them in the wrong way could upset the fragile balance between us.

I also found that when I extended a feeling of calmness toward them by focusing my will, the birds responded by being more at ease. They are fierce and strong, yet also fragile and sensitive, characteristics I have discovered also apply to myself.

It was through my experience with the raptors that I learned exactly how animals can be valid tools and symbols of my own *Xeper*. Being a Black Magician, I'm always working toward being able to exercise my *Xeper*, and this has proven to be a very valuable method for me.

I have been able to look back and reflect upon that which originally drew me to an association with these evolved creatures. I believe it was the fact that I saw a reflection of the similarity of traits and power between myself and the raptors, and a reflection of my state of being within the Temple of Set.

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**[16] The Dream of the Wizard-King**

- by William Sariego I°

I am the Wizard-King, and I see all things.

My spirit has flown upon the wings of eagles to soar beyond the highest mountain peaks. Come, my children, and fly with me, taking your souls to the farthest reaches of the cosmos.

Celebrate with an air of innocence due you as naked babes before an altar of sacrifice, throwing off the shackles which bind you to the world of mortal flesh, and become pure spirit.

Dream.

Dream with a mind free of restraint and the cares of the mundane world around you. Listen to the desires of your heart, and shut out the rationality of your earthly selves.

Travel to the Astral Plane, bridge between the outer worlds and path for those who know the way.

The sweet smell of incense will float about you as you see sights which cannot be described and some you would not had you the power to do so. Meditate on the Rainbow Bridge, stairway to Heaven above the City of Angels where time never comes.

But do not be deceived, for thou art but a seed yet to be planted in this place of otherness. Then return, and know that you have been. When the time is right, there you shall dwell.

For I am the Wizard-King, and I know all things.

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**[17] Terminal: Haven**

- by Tony Pizzini II°

I stare into an onyx and watch a voice that ghosts emulate.

Then I dreamed a table rose, and in its flight across an altered desert, the legs dropped away, carving wind, striped light, and undulating moon.

At measured intervals you exchanged glance after glance, sword against sword, point to point. These Runes at the Gate warn of falling structures within the mind, where waves of spiralling Gamma scurry in the shadows of the ultrasonic halls of the ever-darkening Temple of Set. I lie in the leaves, still watching the rain, burrowing through the weaving of dawn, deep in dream.

My room is a desert and the sand her lover. It digs the claws of no-reason into her dress, rips it from her, throws it far into the night, where it echoes in the hands of the shores of Earth.

Is the lair of the Nine Stars that angle - terminal haven - within angle, so great that deer swim upstream; that trees lie flat; that Set, ears squared, (Veil of the Prescience) and the order of the

trapper's void rise; Majestic above the Feather, the Falcon, and the Fish?

I saw a place one time, in branches like antlers, all nature curled.

In winter, heavy shelling. In water, pallid jade. While faster than an icon falling, barred Gate fading, turning gently into black flame.

The corner is deserted; a car flies by. The world dissolves. That is the case.

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**[18] The Surge of Life  
and the Dogs of Reason**

(A Response to Setian Rych's "Detachment")

- by Scott G. Kearn I°

Some years ago I experienced a divorce from my emotions not unlike the one you described as a result of the working. My experience, however, occurred prior to my getting involved in magic. It was not done through work but through trauma. Recently I have been able to patch up the breach, using GBM-style techniques [I was not in the Temple at the time] in combination with years of living. I don't consider myself an expert on the subject, but I can say this on the subject of detachment:

The experience of darkness is common to it. This darkness has a tangible quality that is not evil or depressing exactly, but is well described by the word "annihilation".

There seems to be a massive drive toward control - making the individual more effective in strategy, organization, any type of structured activity. But when this control is lost, there is the non-emotional equivalent of anger: what R. Talsorian's *Cyberpunk* game would call "cyberpsychosis": a raving hatred toward everything living.

Of course this isn't always carried out to a violent conclusion, but only because, as emotions are divorced, there is less of the passion that drives men to murder. People who have distanced themselves from their emotions are thus in a Limbo world where failures and obstacles drive them to anger which cannot be expressed through emotional outlets or through most rational actions.

Eventually the strain of this can get to be too much. I've seen it happen. If the experience can be assimilated, however, the emotions rejoined, the result is something unexpected. The individual finds that it was not his emotions that became detached, but rather his intellect. With enough time to develop, the intellect gains confidence in its ability to function outside of the emotions, outside of biology in general.

When rejoined, logic and emotion function like computers running parallel, one analog and one

digital. While sharing their data, both operate independently, able to make more use of their potential.

What this means for Initiates is that there is a greater access to the subjective universe. If there is one thing that prevents such access [while paradoxically being the means to it], it is the body. Its very existence, its senses, are the only connections that we have to the objective universe. Since most objective events hurt more than the subjective ones, the body tends to take precedence. Detachment and its reunion, in the sense given here, is a tool for minimizing the body's involvement.

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### [19] Lesser Black Magic

- by Larry L. Roberts I°

I recently had an opportunity to utilize Lesser Black Magic at work in an effort to extend a job that I had been doing temporarily into one that I am now doing permanently. The magic worked so well that I thought I would share the experience and techniques used with my fellow Setians.

I work for a large manufacturing company that had for a limited time allowed me to put together training programs for different pieces of manufacturing equipment that were being used in the production process.

To make a long story short, putting together the courses, training manuals, and then giving the training to fellow employees gave me much more enjoyment and much better working conditions than I had normally been accustomed to during my employment with this company.

At the end of this training, I found that I was going to have to convince higher management that it would be in their best interest to keep me in the present position in order to further the training of their workforce. After gathering the appropriate data together to help prove how the training has increased production and made for a more informed, educated work force, I decided that I would present this data using Lesser Black Magic techniques.

The following is a list of some of the techniques that I used.

1. I set up a meeting with management on a Friday right after lunch. I did this knowing that they would be full, tired, and ready to go home.

2. I made sure that I reserved the largest conference room that was available, and I spaced the chairs far enough apart so that there would be very little conversation between the different members of management.

3. I went to the conference room one hour prior to our meeting and set the thermostat at a rather warm 82 degrees. I then loosened several of the fluorescent lights in the light fixtures so that the

room was no longer bright but rather on the dim side. I did this to make the room a little overly-comfortable.

5. I asked the janitor if he could use the electric floor scrubber on the conference room entryway after lunch. This machine, when heard in the conference rooms, sounds like a low yet audible hum. I had seen this same hum place people in other meeting that I had attended into what I can only term a hypnotic state, which is exactly the effect I was looking for.

6. I made sure that I wore a gray suit the day of my presentation, as I didn't want to wear anything that is eye-catching or flashy.

7. While giving the presentation I made sure that I talked in the same low monotone voice throughout the presentation, and I spoke in sentences that did not give the opportunity for questions, such as "we must" and "we will" rather than "we should" and "we ought" - this leaving no room for argument or debate.

The results were great, I think I could have talked them into just about anything by the end of that presentation. The combination of the factors above placed them into an hypnotic state where I was able to bring about a conformity of my will as a magician.

As I watched them shuffle out of the conference room, it gave a whole new meaning to the term "herd mentality". I almost feel guilty.

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### [20] Laying a Foundation

- by Patricia Scott I°

(reprinted from *The Citadel*,  
Promethean & Tower of Belial Pylons)

When my decision to join the Temple was finally made, a conversation with Priest Van Patten took place in which he gave me some very good advice. He stressed the importance of laying a foundation in Temple philosophy and magical concepts. For the last six months these three words have been ever present in my mind and in everything I do regarding magic.

I am aware that certain sections of the *CT* have been recently removed and that my copy no longer contains them. I know these sections pertain to a more mystical aspect of magic, and my initial reaction was that I was "missing out on something". My studies and Priest Van Patten's advice have caused me to change my viewpoint on this matter.

Since my occult background is extremely limited, I find this to be both an advantage and a disadvantage in my magical studies. The advantage is that all previous background magical garbage does not have to be relearned; the disadvantage is



that I have to start from scratch. This is just as well, because I can now build a foundation upon which my magical future depends.

I have recently done a study on the Word Remanifestation for the Gates of Hell Pylon. As Priest Kelly put it in the January issue of the *Scroll*, “‘Remanifest’ is not in its essence a terribly difficult word to comprehend.” I found this to be true after my study, yet I spent a great deal of time reading articles written by others and reflecting on what it means to me and how I can relate to it that which I already know.

I am currently in the process of striving to attain an understanding of the word *Xeper*; this is infinitely more difficult. I stated to a correspondent that I searched through back issues of the *Scroll* for articles on *Xeper*, but was not very successful. His response was that “**all** *Scroll* articles pertain to *Xeper*”.

Although I could get an individual’s perspective on the definition of *Xeper*, it will be through my own initiation that I will gain my own perspective and opinion on the Word. From this statement, I have come to realize that *Xeper* is a concept that is as unique to one’s perspective and experience as the uniqueness of the individual.

*Xeper*, Remanifest, LBM, GBM, the person of Set, the Graal, the *psyche*, and the Black Flame are only some of the major issues of Temple philosophy and magic. I have come to a decision that these areas of study are not only pertinent, but a **must** for all Setians I° in order to lay the proper foundation upon which to build.

Another important point which has come to my awareness lately is that a person can spend a **great deal of time** in research and study of whatever wished. Yet if nothing is done with it, what good does it serve? We can spend **all our lives** studying and never attain complete knowledge or perfection. So we must not wait for that “complete knowledge or perfection”; we must take our incomplete knowledge and do something with it **now** - as it will take us to the next step in our evolution and growth.

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## [21] Time and Empire

- by Patty Hardy IV° with Ronald Barrett, Jr. III°

Many of us have had the experience of hearing a song lyric that seems innocent enough in one context and takes on unexpected significance and depth in another. As a teenager I viewed the film *The Yellow Submarine*. In that film - nowadays aired on American television around Thanksgiving - an occupied land sends a messenger to seek champions that will destroy forces of stasis.

It is a psychedelic cartoon full of surrealistic images. I wondered about the odd craft perched on

an Aztec-style truncated pyramid - the submarine in which the founders of Pepperland were said to have arrived. A song fragment from the sound track stuck in my mind:

Set me on a silver sun  
So I know that I’m free.  
Show me that I’m everywhere,  
And get me home for tea.

Strangely enough the champions who accomplish the deed of liberation do so bearing musical instruments rather than guns - a typical sixties’ touch, but one echoed elsewhere. More of that another time. Years later, viewing a Beatles album with the image of Aleister Crowley in the photo montage on the cover, I wondered if that silver sun had been the *Astrum Argentum*, the Silver Star. The dabbling of the English intelligentsia in folklore and myth, ceremonial magic, Hermeticism, Theosophy, and Freemasonry veils many secrets.

As I read the stories of Howard Phillips Lovecraft, a would-be Tory born a hundred years late, the veils thinned a bit. I studied what he’d written of the mind-blasting Shining Trapezohedron, the stone that is the gate of an alien intelligence. I came to understand his plight by degrees, this man who as a child gazed through a telescope of his own making while other children slept, who penned xenophobic letters and loathed leaving his home town while his fictional characters were drawn to Yuggoth at the rim of the solar system or to the Hyades a hundred and forty light-years beyond. He wrote of how men are unprepared for the black seas of infinity, while his monsters struggled to cross that abyss and often did.

What gods had he offended? What quest had he forsaken, to feel so keenly the chasm between dream and waking world? “Set me on a silver sun so I know that I’m free.” I thought of the sextant, the instrument by which the navigator measured angles between sun or star and horizon. Lovecraft hated travel. Yet his beloved Empire rested upon a world-navigating fleet: “Show me that I’m everywhere, and get me home for tea.”

They had snared the world in a cartographic web, these sea-farers. While the planetary poles form natural zero-points for the latitude, England had claimed the zero-point of the longitude, passing through that country within sight of the Royal Naval College. Time was reckoned from there by convention - the so-called Greenwich Mean Time.

Just as we use today, in time and trigonometry, the base sixty number system of lost Babylon, so four thousand years hence maps of old Earth will bear the mark of these scalawags.

The totality of it staggered me. The power! I myself was the result of this. Only by traveling to its source could I hope to wield such power, rather than remain its result - or so it seemed to me. I resolved to make that journey - to travel to Mordor, not to cast the Ring of Power back into the fires of origin, but to make it mine.

At the dawn of the thirtieth year of the Æon of Set my chance came: the Fifteenth International Conclave of the Temple of Set. I applied for and received a passport, and cashed in frequent-flyer miles for a round-trip ticket to Heathrow. Protesters marched in the London streets against the infamous Criminal Justice Bill as I hastened to Greenwich. There I climbed the hill of the Old Royal Observatory, within sight of the Thames and the Royal Naval College.

I stayed until closing time. I learned of the navigational instruments developed over the centuries, of almanacs whose compilation and publication were funded by royal gold, of costly ventures ruined and ships wrecked by navigational error, and of the prize the Crown had offered to spur development of a high-precision clock - the key to the computation of the longitude. I traced the saga of the invention of the bimetal spring and the struggle of its inventor to wrest his rightful prize from a sullen bureaucracy. There, in that very place, chronometers were once tested for accuracy and sealed with the seal of the Observatory before being issued to the ships of the Empire. With their use England extended her dominion over much of the planet.

Though I saw no word of it, I wondered if there'd been standing orders to throw the chronometer into the sea if boarded. Construction of those timepieces must have been a state secret of the highest order.

Not that England guards that secret any longer, now that maps and clocks rule the lives of billions beyond her shores. In the lobby of the Old Royal Observatory an electronic clock display is bolted into a plexiglass wall that bears the proud words "The centre of space and time". I smiled. How objective it seems to us, the inheritors of this grand historical working. A thousand peoples have claimed the *axis mundi*, and we dismiss such claims as myth without thinking twice. But **this** myth became real, for acknowledgement of its reality was - and is - reinforced daily in commerce, science and warfare.

It was a proud claim, the cornerstone of an age built on faith in universals grounded in ideas of natural law. That those who articulated that faith and framed those ideas were also the rulers of the planet is something that demands the attention of the magician.

How is one's existence as a magician subject to the framework of space and time created by others? Is it within the power of the magician to redesign this framework? Can the magician alter the frameworks of space and time that define existence for others? What phenomena must the magician mark, to guide exploration of the unknown and bring the Universe under his or her dominion?

Within England herself the magicians among the intelligentsia never came wholly under the spell of the Universal Law and the single frame of reference. When Einstein set forth his theories of relativity, destroying the foundation of the age, his conclusions came as no surprise to the magicians, though they inspired Lovecraft to prophecy of the horrors they would unleash on a sleeping humanity. Quantum physics, challenging the idea of time as a continuum, dealt the final blow to determinism.

Amid the theoretical confusion, scientists in scattered fields began to speculate along new and alien lines. The computers which had secured victory for the Allies in WWII through breaking cryptographic codes were turned to exploration of the fundamental questions. Self-similar curves of chaos and discontinuity, once shunned by mathematicians as "monsters", became the basis of a new understanding - as well as a new artistic motif, for with the aid of computer graphics the layman could perceive the eerie beauty of these "fractals".

That men spoke of the dawning of the Atomic Age shows how slowly the materialism of that older worldview ebbed as the rising tide of chaos and pluralistic confusion engulfed the aging Empire. Looking out from the hill where the Old Royal Observatory stood, I wondered about distant Liverpool at the far shore of the isle, where four young men had emerged and bewitched the children of a coming æon. It took thirty years for a doddering Empire to stir in response - the laughably-named Criminal Justice Bill, making it a criminal offense to dance in public to the pounding heathen drumbeat of world music.

But it was too late. The iron dragons that guard the ways into the old City of London remained still and silent as I passed by. Serpents of magic, black and rainbow, stole into the crevices of the fortress upon the Isle of Power, and the poetic mead was there for the taking.

I left the museum hall and began my descent, reflecting on Starry Wisdom, the objectification of the subjective, and the politics of measure. Halfway down the hill I met a man who bore on his arm, falcon-style, an owl with huge dark eyes and fierce talons. I greeted the man and admired the owl. The falcon, like the eagle, is ever the symbol of state power, but the nocturnal owl is the familiar of the magician.

There were other events at Set-XV, other sights and marvels, and they too shall have their telling. Yet it is when I see those dark eyes and talons in my mind's eye that I recall how I flew into the heart of historic England, how I saw the secret and seized it, and how I wheeled and soared on Atlantic winds, returning safely to my chamber with the Ring of Power.

The Heb Sed is here: the festival of rebirth in the thirtieth year, longest of natural cycles marked by the ancestors of our ancestors, the Saturnian year. It takes thirty years for Saturn to orbit our sun, its muted golden spark wheeling against the backdrop of the zodiac, longest of planetary cycles. Thus Saturn became Lord of Time in Western esoteric lore, as well as the most powerful of the Gnostic planetary Archons.

That the impulse received, articulated, and passed on by LaVey continues to foster *Xeper* after thirty years is a marvel. It is even more of a marvel when I reflect that the impulse expressed in LaVey's Satanism and remanifest in the Temple of Set has begun breaking free of its cultural matrix. The manuscript *Lords of the Left-Hand Path* by Magus Stephen Flowers is a model for this work of transcultural interpretation.

This emergence of an internationalized and multicultural understanding of the Left-Hand Path is still in its earliest stages. "Beginnings are delicate times." It is clear that the forces of inertia and stupidity are not going to go on vacation while all this is going on.

LaVey painted a picture of the Satanist as a hidden master of humanity, isolated from the masses and manipulating them in their folly. This was done to emphasize the disgust of higher beings for mediocrity and *isfet* while appealing to the love of solitude, mystery and power in the Elect.

But he was also writing to sell the *Satanic Bible*, in quantity, to less-than-higher beings nursing a sense of entitlement. This must be remembered when speaking of a Setian perspective on politics. The Priesthood of Set, on the whole, has taken a slightly different view of humanity - wary caution, impatience, perhaps the sadness that accompanies the Understanding of the Master of the Temple.

The test that the Saturnian Heb Sed places before us is contact with a profane world that is filled with more and more unhappy people. Saturn, Lord of Time, also presides over death and transformation. The Elect **can** avoid the fate towards which mankind hastens. But this cannot be done by retreating into the "escape pod" of the ritual chamber or the astral temple. It can only be done by renouncing inertia, by using the forces of change and the tides of chaos to steer a course through and beyond the annihilation.

On the last day of the collision of the fragments of Shoemaker-Levy with Jupiter, a small group of Setians went forth into the Californian hills in search of a clear view. The low-lying clouds to the west shrouded the explosion from our sight; yet we knew the moment. Through a break in the clouds overhead I glimpsed a star where no star ought to have been. After a moment's reckoning, I concluded that it was most likely Saturn. With a small telescope I confirmed it, and we took turns viewing the distant giant beyond Jupiter.

Weeks later, on a clear night I could view the dark shadows of persisting turbulence on Jupiter's surface. Natural forces of inertia slowly erased the impact of that collision upon the surface of Jupiter and on the minds of the masses. But on another plane of existence - the subjective worlds of men and women - a train of events was triggered that continues to spread outward, a shock wave in the flux of change.

That wave intersected my path as I stood upon the hill of the Old Royal Observatory and viewed an instrument for marking the transit of *Gamma Draconis* overhead, on the site an Empire once reckoned the centre of time and space. But I did not make the connection. It crossed my path again when I stood on another hill six thousand miles west of Greenwich - at another observatory, where I saw an instrument like unto it, also used for marking the transit of a star overhead. At my side a guide explained that the comet collision had brought more people to their small facility in ten days than in the entire previous year, and came at a critical time for their new efforts. Among these plans was was the display of this antique instrument formerly used to set the observatory's clocks. These clocks, in turn, had once been used to time signal whistles so that boats in a nearby harbor might set **their** chronometers.

At that moment I realized the connection. I cast my mind back to Greenwich, and to the present moment, and backwards to Stonehenge, and to the present, and backwards to the star-temples of Egypt, and forward to the present. And like the light pulse that bursts from the twin mirrors of a laser, or an arrow let fly from a bow, my mind hurtled forward.

Sunken R'lyeh, of which I had read so much - of which I had spoken with my fellow Setians - evoked countless times in the Trapezoidal Lodge of the same name: The city of R'lyeh burst upon the world, its monstrous angles looming within and beyond the circles of time, defiant of terrestrial geometry, potent with promise.

Was it not claimed by the astrologers of the Renaissance - the rebirth! - that a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn presaged the birth of empires? The conjunction at the comet crash was purely

subjective; it existed nowhere but in my mind and in the minds of the magicians who stood there with me as a link between the view of Saturn - photons reflected from the planet touched our eyes - and the thought of Jupiter's cataclysm.

But that, I believe, will suffice.

Among certain peoples it is believed that a seashell buried with a dead man gives refuge to his spirit and carries it to glory. When first I heard this it seemed to me a touching custom. Then I reflected on the mystery, the link between the beauty credited to the seashell and its spiral proportions, which are - of course - a function of  $\phi$ , quintessence of self-similarity. I considered the homely, slimey entity that created that structure of porcelain beauty, its tentacles reaching into a turbulent world. I smiled. Did the idea of adding that shell come to the ancestors of my ancestors in a dream?

Poor Lovecraft! He grew ill at the very thought of shellfish, and no one who reads his stories will fail to mark the tentacle phobia. But for all that he was a prophet: the prophet of R'lyeh, timeless city of the starborn.

Did the lads from Liverpool also foresee an empire to come, back in those strange days when LaVey shaved his head and stood forth as spokesman for the being men dubbed "Lord of This World"? When Pepperland - their cheerful code name for the multicultural, pluralistic Pandæmonium under the temporary rule of "the centre of time and space" - would break free?

Set me on a silver sun  
So I know that I'm free.  
Show me that I'm everywhere,  
And get me home for tea.

[the End?]

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## [22] May Gathering in the Isle of Man

A gathering of Setians, hosted by the Gates of Albion Pylon, will be held on the Isle of Man in the British Isles between the dates of 6th-8th May 1995 (May Bank Holiday weekend in the UK).

The Island is rich in its heritage, and contains fine examples of Runic and Ogham inscriptions, Viking and Celtic remains, haunted areas, Viking longships, a reputed vampire's grave, and many other sites of interest to Setians.

The main working will be an outdoor one in a suitably atmospheric location, and will address the personal challenge of the Heb-Sed year.

Those interested in attending should contact Priest Michael Kelly.



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# The Black Pyramid

- by Michael A. Aquino VI°

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## [23] *Crystal Tablet Updates*

While many components of the *Crystal Tablet* are updated as often as weekly, at about this time each year I try to do a "global update" on the whole tome. This has now been completed for the onSet (!) of 1995, and all of the Glinda *Crystal Tablet* files now reflect these updates.

If you have a Glinda account, of course, you can download all or any part of the most current version of the *Crystal Tablet* whenever you wish.

If you haven't yet made the trip to Oz, you can request printouts of the InterCommunication Roster and Pylon Directory from Magistra Reynolds. However please do not make such requests of her any more frequently than 6 months, as there are a lot of you out there and she has a lot of regular things to do. Also, if you do request updates from her, be prepared to wait until she has time to process your request. The Temple of Set does not have a paid staff - we all "do this" when we can fit it in - and the avalanche of daily mail often makes prioritizing a difficult task.

Again - I know I sound like a broken record on this! - this is the most important reason that Glinda exists: to give you **immediate** access to **the most current** information. So if you are an information freak, please consider a Glinda account if you don't yet have one.

If for any reason you want a complete, printed *Crystal Tablet* to replace a seriously-outdated one, this can be accomplished by sending a donation (US\$35 USA/Canada, US\$40 overseas surface, US\$50 overseas airmail) to Temple of Set, P.O. Box 470307, San Francisco, CA 94147, USA.

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## [24] "The Elect"

One of the changes in *Black Magic* this time around is a brief discussion of this term, as I have occasionally seen some confusion about it. The *BM* passage - added at the beginning of Chapter #3 - is this:

Individuals who find their way to the Temple of Set are known as the Elect. This term has a subtle significance of its own. It means "chosen" - but it does not identify the chooser. That chooser may be Set; it may be oneself; it may be pure hazard (#6l). Nor does it

imply privilege, aristocracy, or guaranteed success. It is, simply, an acknowledgement that the aspirant stands at these gates which only a comparative few have encountered. Like Parsifal (#14C, #14U), Jonathan Harker (#8B), Her-Bak (#2L), or Nicholas Urfe (#6I), the aspirant either steps forward into the Temple - or turns back into profane existence.

Other modifications to *Black Magic* include an even more detailed and precise discussion of ethics in the LBM chapter, and a superb essay on ancient Egyptian anthropological terminology appended to the Ancient Egyptian History chapter.

Yes, I know that the ethics discussion is guaranteed to glaze your eyeballs within the first 30 seconds. But I hammer on this subject because, like it or not, the ability to define and choose ethical values and ends is absolutely crucial to the wise use of magic. If you do not have a "clear eye" about the **consequences** of your magical workings, you are a fire burning out of control.

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### [25] The "Satanism" Discussion

Thanks to all of you who have sent me your comments on whether the Temple of Set should continue to use "Satanic" terminology - and if so, to what extent.

Cutting to the bottom line, what I am hearing is overwhelmingly in favor of removing such terminology from "casual" use in the Temple's publications. It would continue to be used in a historical sense (i.e. when discussing the Temple's Church of Satan origin, etc.), and when making specific references to Judæo/Christian mythology and its influence in past & present social culture.

However the discussion is not over yet, and there are far more diverse views on this than I had anticipated. So I am continuing to read & consider them as they are offered. I understand from Magistra Reynolds that this issue of the *Scroll* will contain some contributions on this topic; also the Internet mailing lists *Xepera-1* and *Setian-1* have been abuzz with comments.

One point I think I should make right now is that this whole prospect is **not** in the nature of a "purge" ["Oceania is no longer at war with Eurasia, is it, Winston?"], but is rather with the idea of untangling the Temple and the Æon from a mythology in which they are not contained. To put this another way, we should be able to use "Satanic" mythology and terminology as a **device** when and if we choose; we should not feel that the entire Temple or Æon of Set is **derivative** or **dependent** upon them in any way.

Accordingly Orders, Pylons, and individual Setians who want to use Satanic terminology, or have Satanic interests, would be quite at liberty to continue to do so. So the Order of Leviathan wouldn't have to become the Order of Apep, and the Order of the Trapezoid wouldn't have to stop monkeying around with all that delightfully Gothic stuff.

As mentioned in the last *BP*, I am going to try to get an official profile for the Temple roughed out on this by this year's Conclave. That doesn't mean that anything will be locked in concrete, but rather that the principal publications of the Temple will change their terminology accordingly. [This too will be a gradual process. When I was going through *Black Magic* this time, I took note of the difficulty of discussing much of the material for Western/JC-educated readers **without** using "Satanic" terms. Quite a challenge!]

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### [26] The Order of Horus, Continued

Philosophy is supposed to be a peacefully contemplative pastime, right? Then why is it that the Temple of Set is always biting off so much more than it can chew: trying to figure out everything all at once, right now, about as placidly as Cruella de Ville's hot rod automobile chase in Disney's *101 Dalmatians*?

After the last *BP* I received quite a few questions & comments concerning that closing "tickler" about an Order of Horus. So here is a bit more on that:

First of all, we are not talking about the Osirian Horus (son of Osiris & Isis), but rather about the **original** Horus (HarWer, the Great Horus) who was Set's most ancient counterpart, together comprising the *Samtaui* - the two primal *neteru* as **active forces** in the Universe.

And since we are not talking about the Osirian Horus, we are not talking about resurrecting, restoring, or reforming Aleister Crowley's Æon of Horus, which was completely within the Osirian mythos as far as its Egyptian mythological frame of reference was concerned.

This leaves us with the very interesting question: Is there a Horus-Form operative in the Universe - and, if so, what is its significance? How is it different from Set? Is it of positive value? And, of course, how would we know it? How would we validate any *næsis* of it we might experience?

What we know of Set is that he is the *neter* of isolate self-consciousness and all which follows non-naturally from that. We know that the objective universe is non-conscious, that it is a pizza of matter and energy combining, falling apart, and hanging around, as it were. So is there a "missing element"

to this?

The human intellect is non-naturally **distinct** from the objective universe, but through its incarnation in a physical body it is intimately and continuously **connected** with that same OU.

Profane people allow this connection to control and govern their thoughts, hence relax into being “slaves” of the OU. Without some kind of supporting mythology, this is materialism. Add some religious fluffs to it and you get the various profane religions - J/C, Islam, Wicca, whatever. Add political fluffs to it and you get mass-intensive political movements - communism, fascism, etc.

What about people who become aware of the **distinction** between themselves and the OU without being aware of the Set-Form? This phenomenon, when it began to be remarked upon earlier this century, was called Existentialism. Its features were at first a shocked realization of the distinction - the “nausea” of Sartre’s novel by that name - and then a kind of aimless, *ad hoc* experience of one’s existence as a being. A succession of existentialists - Kierkegaard, Heidegger, Sartre, Jaspers, Marcel - grappled with this situation, trying to move the realization into a philosophy, but failed - in my opinion because they were all unaware of the Form of Set, its juxtaposition to the OU, and its relationship to individual human self-consciousness. This is why Setians feel no nausea upon being sensitized (initiated) to the *næsis* of their divine selves.

Let’s return to that “what’s missing?” question.

The self-aware human - the Setian - is aware of his distinction from the OU, and of his prerogative to act against and upon it. This is the realm of the Æon of Set, and of the Left-Hand Path generally. But let us consider: **Without** denying the consciousness or allowing it to be submerged/sublimated in bodily stimuli from the OU, is there a “key” for **harmonious interaction between the individual and the objective universe**? A willful decision that one might make, in order words, to deliberately and consciously order his existence in a manner supportive of the systems of the OU, and at the same time supportive of his own existence in contrast to it?

Please be careful to note the difference between this and the non-aware, non-distinction-sensitive nature-religion kind of thing. That merely reduces the self to a passenger, the human to an animal trying to “fit in” to nature. The way of Horus, as it might be called, in no way abrogates the divinity of the individual. Rather it involves a deliberate, continuous, and almost exquisite act of will to **harmonize**. [It is perhaps no magical accident that the root of “harmony” is in fact the hieroglyphic

name of Horus.]

The *Samtaui* - the famous ritual gesture of cooperation between Set and Horus in ancient Egypt - now begins to be intelligible. Without Horus - the Temple of Set to date - we had a cosmology consisting of the random OU, and the disconnected Set-consciousness as an element apart from and against it. The *neter* Horus gives us an “intelligent connection” between the two extremes, as it were.

Following along this same line of thought, may I hypothesize that the eventual notion of Set as “evil” - as opposed to Horus - might have come about because of the ancients’ conviction that harmonious living with the world around them was essential, hence “good”, and that a complete breaking away from such responsibility - the consciousness unbounded, as it were: Set - was correspondingly dangerous, hence “evil”.

Well, there you have it - so far. This is a rather curious notion. No *Book of Coming Forth by Day* here where Horus announces himself. Rather it is as though we of Set may **bring him [back] into being** through our creative will. Isn’t that a startling notion?

So what about this Order of Horus?

You might say that it’s a “Frankenstein laboratory” to bring this *neter* to life.

It’s going to operate a little differently from other Temple of Set Orders. For the time being it will have no formal structure, membership, or Grand Master. It will begin as an **idea**, to which all Setians may contribute. I will “loosely coordinate” such interactivity. I envision an eventual Grand Master, and possibly, eventually, the evolution of such an Order into a Temple of Horus to complement the Temple of Set. I think that would be a wondrous thing; I also know that it would be beyond me personally: I am my self of Set alone.

The implications for such a reawakening of the *Samtaui* are phenomenal. An authentic Temple of Horus would expose and explode, for instance, all of the profane religions professing to be nature- or universe-oriented/sanctioned. It would express with an almost painful clarity the **perfection** which for so many centuries they have all been scrabbling so incoherently to conceptualize.

**That** would be a true Æon of Horus!

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## [27] Tex

For years, whenever I visited Magistra Reynolds, I was greeted by her cocker spaniel Tex, whose world was one of boundless love for his human family and welcome for all of its friends. Tex has lain down for his last time on Earth, and now runs with the great jackal Anubis among the stars.