

The Scroll of Set

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[1] Æon and Self

- by Don Webb II°

I want to explore the political dimension of Satanism (how we present ourselves to the profane world) and Setian philosophy (how we deal with each other and our inner selves). This is of course personal analysis, which I hope will kindle thought as Priest Barrett's and Adept Reed's articles have.

Satanism is a necessary concept to provide us with Archimedes' platform. In order to work change on the world, we need to break ourselves from it. Presenting ourselves as Satanists, we take an irreconcilable position to the profane world. This enables our words and presence to obtain a certain weight that any other small religious group could never obtain. This attracts the focus of media from TV to encyclopedias. It allows the philosophy of *Xeper* to enter into the consciousness of mankind. Even the knowledge that a dark and alien elite exists sensitizes people to our will. Any people's movement to self-awareness begins with a sense of the uncanny. That we exist will cause so people to question fundamental concepts. We don't fit in. We can't fit in. And simply by our presence we weaken the social fabric allowing a new order to come into being.

Satanism is a focusing tool which allows us to evaluate cultural artifacts. The profane world, if it values its objects and institutions at all, does so by status [Does this possession or activity make me look better?] or by preservation [Does this object do what the last of its kind did - only better?]. Since we have broken our bond to the profane world, we can take what we will from their society [legally of course] and build a world most suited to our individual *Xeper*. The Word of Indulgence created the rift between "civilization" and the LHP, but failed to provide a reason for the Nemo life. We have a reason in Setamorphosis. We can choose - individually or collectively - such useful [or stimulating] items as we desire for the Nautilus of our lives. The Temple reading list is a good example. But we don't have to take anything. This empowers us to change the world rather than being buffeted along by it. If we lacked the concept of Satanism, the idea of the complete break, we would lose the distinction between taking things into our lives and simple acculturation. Additionally the materialist focus of Satanism helps those who

would spiral inward, always thinking of what great magic they were doing, rather than participate in an active, goal-oriented process. The idea of Satanism is a tool against degenerative mysticism.

Satanism exists at the edge between our evolution and the profane world's ceaseless, mindless change. Another way of saying this is that Satanism is our skin. Because of *Xeper*, the Temple is an always growing, evolving entity. The outside world continually seeks to redefine [defame] the LHP. Since we must live beside that world, we continually challenge their definition. This goes far beyond doing what we must in order to perpetuate the Temple. This provides a lever for working social, psychological, and legal change in the world. The best example we have of this is Dr. Aquino's legal marathon. He changed a personal witch-hunt into a lever that among other things changed the way the San Francisco Police do things. There are other examples, but they also point to the idea that the concept of Satanism provides a direct point of contact with society. Only by choosing their shadow labels can we touch them directly in their darkest places.

Setian philosophy exists at the boundary of inner and outer politics. There are two types of change that Setians must engage in. As evolving beings we occasionally encounter things within ourselves which we must modify or eliminate: Bad programming, if you will: useless concepts or guilt trips embedded by a "well-meaning" society. Setian philosophy provides "hands-on" psychomodifying techniques, namely the psychodrama developed in the Age of Satan. The second type of change flows from within to without. As we explore the inner world, we discover certain ideas, moods, ways of being that must be transferred to the outer world. This may go beyond a simple destruction ritual. It is changing the very nature of the world, putting your stamp on the feel of things. The best example of this is perhaps the broadcast-type magic of *Die Elektrischen Vorspiele*, wherein a single initiate, charged by the group, sends a personally-flavored command into the whole of the world. Far-reaching social change based on what is true for one's inmost self is at the heart of Setian politics.

Setian philosophy, via the mechanics of the Temple, provides a controlled environment for the interaction of inner and outer forces. As Setians awake, the inner force emerges. The inner force can be strange and fitful. Its existence makes you question many things, eventually everything. Being fully awakened would be crushed by the outer world. Such a person would have no standards to judge himself or anything else. The Temple provides through its initiatory system yardsticks as an aid to judging one's progress. The higher degrees can't answer your questions, but they can demonstrate the existence of other levels of being. The Temple offers guidelines for other awareness

and thus constitutes a separate culture. Internal interaction provides a socialization and structuring for a type of being rarely seen on Earth. It becomes necessary to interact and observe other Setians - not only to learn new magical techniques but also to gain an awareness of your new relationship to the world.

Setian philosophy seeks to recognize the many varieties of Remanifestation. Profane politics seeks to spread ideas through space: to get as many people as you can to think the way you do now. Setian politics seeks also to propagate ideas through time. In the Age of Satan it was recognized that one form of immortality was through ideas. We live on through our *memes*. We have begun to speculate that we might even Remanifest through our ideas. Adepts Michael Rigby, John Gyori, and I recently explored this idea in a vampiric working, wherein we cast our ideas into the genes of the sleeping profane. Chrono-politics becomes the territorial imperative of the Black Magician, much as geopolitics is the imperative of the superpower. Remanifestation means that our ideas must survive - through the perpetuation of the Temple, through the dissemination of our thought, and through magical sendings - as well as ourselves. The concept of Satanism is a tool to ensure our ideas enter the public's mind.

Setian philosophy changes your relationship with time. "Natural" beings like cats and dogs have no time, only states: hunger, sleep, excitement. Humans, an unnatural lot, developed a sense of time through the twin actions of memory and expectations. Expectations can be short term ["I want a drink of water."] or long term ["I want to be remembered as a novelist."]. As our awareness of time is a cultural artifact, we can expect to find a new awareness in Setian culture. The Setian may initially consider time through philosophical mulling on the Invocation to Set, or through meditation on the Word Remanifestation. As he begins to use magic, the transtemporal state ("sacred time") becomes familiar. Further work, particularly ECI, opens possibilities of exploring one's own timeline. The Setian may even encounter the existence of racial memory. Although many works on the reading list are preparatory for these experiences, each Setian must develop a personal psychology and politic for dealing with this range of experiences beyond "normal" human bounds. As the relationship to time changes, the profane view of time as just another commodity - or of memory as a random happenstance invading the world at the dip of a madeleine - is no longer sufficient.

Setian philosophy is an ever-growing concept. It can not be set down as soon as these words are read; it grows beyond them. If you wish

to hold this concept, you must nourish it within yourself. You must match its momentum. Hail XXV!

[2] **Reach Out!**

- by Andrew Nourse I°

Free the power to flow! Draw it into you. Feel the Black Flame grow inside you.

Let it flow through you. Let nothing impede the flow. Who blocks the flow of the Flame will be consumed by it! Who allows it to flow freely will live forever!

Reach out! Reach out with every cell of your body. Reach out beyond your body. Feel your reach growing in every direction.

Feel the the body of another. Find a place where the flow is blocked. Free it as waves of warm energy flow to you.

That power is yours now. It was only making him stiff and sore. It was keeping her awake. They wanted it not. Now it is yours. Direct it, transform it, use it. [You **have** to use it; any you don't use will hang around and make you uncomfortable.] It is a limitless source.

[3] **Order of Shuti Workshop**

- by Robert Menschel IV°

The first Order of Shuti Workshop was held in Pasadena, California, on Thanksgiving weekend, November 23-26, XXIV. We consider it to have been a success, and look eagerly forward to future workshops. Attendance at this workshop included Magistri Menschel and Moffatt, Adepts Farnsler and Gonzales, and Setians Hembry, Kawaguchi, Mulligan, and Southern. Two or three others had planned to attend [and had even sent in their registration fees], but were forced to miss the workshop due to circumstances beyond their control.

The workshop was designed as an intensive exercise in *Xeper*, including two preplanned sessions and one or two spontaneous sessions, plus a formal group ritual, on each of three days. The preplanned sessions covered the following topics in chronological order): Symbolism, creation, Astral travel (an actual experiment in travel), and the "crack in the cosmic egg". Two rituals were planned in advance for and by the Order of Shuti, and one ritual was designed by the workshop participants on the day of the ritual.

We originally planned to briefly summarize the outcome of the workshop in the *Scroll* and to report upon the workshop in detail in the next issue of *Dialogues*. But the workshop proved too successful for this; a transcript of just the first session, edited

for publication, ran 16 pages.

Instead the Order of Shuti will publish several issues of *Dialogues* as needed to cover the workshop - perhaps five or six issues in all. The first should be ready for distribution by late December, and the others will follow as quickly as the Grand Master can produce them.

Dialogues Subscriptions Available

Because of the amount of material to be published, the Grand Master will be unable to continue to distribute *Dialogues* free of charge to any and all interested Setians. For subscriptions, currently US\$3/issue, please contact the Grand Master. Back issues are also available at the same cost. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope (or equivalent) for a copy of the tables of contents of past issues.

In the interests of inter-Order communication, all IV^o+ Initiates of the Temple will continue to receive *Dialogues* gratis, as will all members of the Order and all Pylon Sentinels. We will also continue to credit free issues to those who actively participate in the discussions published in *Dialogues* issues.

[4] Sun Set

- by C. Joseph Berkey III I^o

Erect before sunset's gate, Earth life fades.
Enflamed, absolute,
Breath of darkness, comes the night.

The unseen footsteps of an icy fog -
Forth from the abyss she is born.
Room light fades.
Enters she and is gone, desires unanswered.
Babylon returns!

[5] MetaMind XXIV:

Experiment Report

- by Robertt Neilly IV^o

PART 1 - THE EXPERIMENT

On December 2, XXIV a few Setians from centers as "isolated" as Texas, California, and Canada joined forces in a combined Order of the Vampyre/MetaMind working. The purpose of our rite was to form a "metamental" link at a predetermined ritual base. The authors of the working were many.

Working Outline and Notes

- A. Prepare the MetaMind chamber.
- B. Dress for the working.
- C. Toll the bell.
- D. Ignite the candles.
- E. Invocation to Set.
- F. Drink from the Grail.
- G. The Quickening.
- H. Statement of working purpose.
- I. Working.
- J. The Link.

Most of the above steps are drawn from the *Crystal Tablet*. A few could use further explanation.

The candles, for instance, were ignited in Step #D. A special notation about this process was made because, for our purposes, the Black Flame itself would not be ignited until the climax of the working. The Invocation to Set included an "invitation" for the First to join us at our ritual base.

Step #G (the Quickening) departed from usual ritual activity. During this stage a special incense, constructed for the rite by Adept Webb, was lit. This was followed by starting a tape playing which was specially produced for the working. In it [copies of which went to all the participants] I read the first Part of the *Word of Set*. Then I recited the description of our base as created by Adepts Reynolds and Zimmer. As my voice droned on, music [drawn from Liona Boyd, the *Conan* soundtrack, and Walter Carlos' *Sonic Seasonings*] played in the background. At the conclusion of this stage, all performed their own compression.

All compiled their own statements of the working's purpose (step #H). At step #I, as the music proceeded to Carlos' "Fall", I reread the Base. At this point all Initiates were to begin their work of visualizing/traveling to our mutual chamber.

The final working goal came to fruition in step #J, the Link. After participants satisfied themselves that they were "at" the base and had achieved a metamental/vampyric link with one or more others, they would unite wills and hands with these others and collectively ignite the Black Flame. The basis of the ritual outline was provided by Adept Yolanda Anderson.

The base, as constructed by Adepts Zimmer and Reynolds, was a wonderful, Gothic environment. Set in a dark castle, its focal point was a trapezohedral chamber. At the narrow end of this room, we "met" in front of a giant thurible to ignite the Black Flame.

Instructions given to participants filled only the barest of voids. With all raw materials in hand - tape, incense, base description, and outline - they were to begin the working by tolling the bell (step #C) as close as possible to midnight EST. The only

other time “constraint” was that we begin the working (step #1) approximately 15 minutes into the rite. In past MetaMind workings we noticed that the “fugue” was in full effect, and thus I counted on the same sort of time-displacement possibilities for this working.

PART 2 - RESULTS

Individual Results and Commentary

Of necessity, and due to publication space considerations, these will be in point-form. At the conclusion of the individual results, I’ll offer some perspective on how the working turned out.

Magister Neilly

[My own results, at first thought rather dismal by me, have since been somewhat corroborated by other participants’ results. I should add that initially I found it very difficult to gain the level of concentration necessary to sustain the base. Once there, however, the links were significant and in some instances intense.]

Approaching the castle 3-4 times, each time being aware of its temporary inhabitants and overall darkness.

Entering the tower door itself [not traveling through the castle] and immediately finding myself at the foot of the spiraling steps.

Climbing the steps on a recurring basis and meeting Magistra Flowers on them on at least two occasions.

Facing the “heavy oak door” on a recurring basis.

After entering the chamber, staying near the back, to the left of the entrance, becoming aware of those already assembled.

Becoming aware of specific individuals who were also near the back of the chamber. Magistra Flowers and Aquino and Ipsissimus Lewis all seemed to interact.

Surveying the chamber arm-in-arm with Ipsissimus Lewis.

Becoming suddenly and strongly aware of Adept Reynolds [to my left], who then seemed to ask me to face her in a gaze and a bond. We remained facing each other, gazes locked and holding hands, for a few seconds.

Approaching the altar with Adept Reynolds, then facing it and collectively adding our wills to ignite the Black Flame.

Becoming strongly aware of others. I felt that Adept Webb and myself exchanged hugs and essence. Then Magistra Aquino and I joined hands in a “vampyric grasp”. Magistra Flowers again appeared, as did Ipsissimus Lewis. I know I felt and saw Adept Zimmer and Priestess Zajkowski around

this time as well.

Joining with Magistra Reynolds and others in [re]igniting the Black Flame.

Becoming very aware that the Flame shot forth and upwards as one huge, white column of flame.

Observing the column of flame, and exchanging final gazes with some of the nearby Initiates.

Magistra Nancy Flowers

When I arrived in the room, I sensed Magister Neilly’s presence as well as those of Adepts Zimmer, Reynolds, Webb, and Rigby; Magistra Reynolds, Priest Barrett, and Priestess Lance. There were others there - vaguely felt, sort of drifting in and out.

It felt as though we were in a semicircle in front of the altar.

My hands were being taken by a dozen people.

I was sensing, suddenly, a great “whoosh” and saw a huge tongue of white flame arising from the thurible.

After this the scene broke apart.

I found myself skimming over a white landscape; it was gently rolling ground, and I thought it was sand and sand-dunes, although there was little to no vegetation and it could have been snow. This vision went on for awhile until the tape clicked off.

[Magistra Flowers “visited” the base in advance of the experiment/working. Here are her pre-MM#25 impressions:]

My impression at that time was that it had been constructed pretty strongly. I flew in to land on the roof, but I found that it kept disappearing out from under me. I tried several times, but I finally flew out to the sea side and found a window to come in through. I explored the halls, found the door, the stairwell, and the room upstairs, which I found to be bare other than the altar which was covered in black cloth.

Adept Don Webb

After the first reading of the base I was in a deep trance.

After censuring the chamber, other people began to arrive at the base. I had strong impressions of Magister Neilly, Adepts Zimmer and Reynolds, and a dark-haired, somewhat androgynous woman who I assumed to be Adept Anderson.

There seemed to be a lot of tension in the base: people milling about - similar to an orchestra tune-up atmosphere.

I had the impression of 16 individuals including myself. At this time I thought, “We’re all here, but the link isn’t happening.”

I relaxed, and suddenly everyone turned to the altar, and the Black Flame went off with a whoosh -

a big yellow/black column that shot into the black sky above.

I opened the Gate.

Everyone linked arms, and we spun up and through the pentagram into a cold place of swirling, white/grey/blue luminous fog.

We had lost our human shapes. I grew extra arms (?) and seemed to link with everybody else. I was very aware of the vastness of myself and the others.

I opened my [physical] eyes, and my awareness of the swirling place did not diminish, although I was also aware of the material room.

About then something gripped Priest Barrett. He seemed to be pulled up from the couch. All the participants in the room leaned or moved towards him. I had no sense of alarm.

I closed my eyes and began to sense some of the personal in the others in addition to their wondrous vastness. I thought of Ithaqua, the Wind Walker, from the Algernon Blackwood story - a mystery from the wilds of Canada.

I returned to more-or-less normal awareness. I opened my eyes. Everyone had returned, or returned within a minute. I rose and rang the bell. It was 11:43 PM EST.

It was awhile before anyone could talk. I was slightly dizzy and disoriented for a few minutes.

[Adept Webb offered some comments about participants' moods and pre-working activities. The Working occurred for himself and other Setians in Austin, Texas, after the funerary rites for Magister Mitchell Wade.]

Everyone was in a state of emotional and physical fatigue. My usual state before a working is one of intense excitement. Before this working I was hoping that I would not fall asleep. Before beginning the working we had played part of the overture of Wagner's *Parsival*, and I was already in a light trance when I rose to ring the bell at exactly 11 PM CST. I had visited the base prior to the working, so I got there almost instantly.

Adept Elizabeth Reynolds

Upon my arrival at the base, I was greeted by Magister Neilly and Magistræ Aquino, Flowers, & Reynolds. We then waited for the others to arrive.

After all participants were present, we gathered around the altar in a semicircle, grasped hands, stood for a few minutes, and then approached the altar to light the Black Flame. Then we stood back to revel in one another's presence in the chamber.

A short time later I sensed a slow dissipation of those present, as if everyone were breaking away to continue with personal work. I also left the chamber and went on to explore and take care of some business.

Others had finished working or were still away from the chamber working.

It was interesting the differences I felt in the atmosphere when the chamber was full of Setians and the obvious emptiness when I returned. I was a little disappointed. I didn't have the opportunity to say goodbye to everyone.

The surroundings and the presence of other Setians were very vivid. Magister Neilly's comments on the working in your last letter were very interesting. At one point I **did** approach him and take his hands, and we had some unspoken communication. In fact Adept Zimmer also remembers seeing us together during the working.

I was so involved in and present at the base that I could sense all aspects of the chamber, including the coldness of the stone floor and the softness of the velvet draped on the altar. I could distinctly hear the crashing of the waves and see them when at one point I looked out one of the windows. In essence I was at the base in every respect.

Overall it was an excellent working. I felt the link was very natural to accomplish. The warmth and feeling of togetherness were incredible in the chamber. The atmosphere was as real as though the chamber and its occupants were physically, objectively there.

The success of our collective work triggered one of the more vivid personal workings I have experienced in quit awhile. I plan to return to the base for future workings.

Adept Brian Zimmer

I emerged from the forest and entered the clearing, gazing up the cliff toward the castle tower. Ocean spray stung my face.

There was no way to approach the tower on foot, so I took the form of a dragon and flew above the cliff, circling before landing at the castle entrance and resuming human semblance.

The castle door slowly opened, and I entered, making my way up to the door at the end of the hallway. This other door also opened silently at my approach. I ascended the steps.

Once inside the tower chamber, I sensed I was not the first to arrive.

The atmosphere became increasingly charged as I felt the other participants gathering. Almost immediately I became aware of certain Initiates of my acquaintance, and soon I experienced several encounters with Setians previously unknown to me.

After forming the link and igniting the Black Flame, I became aware of the arrival of the Dark One through the pentagon of the Pentagram of Set. Beholding the assembled magicians with approval, the Dark Lord bequeathed a greater portion of his essence to each, and I saw this essence enter them as

beams of red light.

After this various Initiates began their private work, and I sensed the departure of many from the base. I lingered at the base, soaking in the details of my surroundings and contemplating what we had wrought.

At one point the chamber seemed to lengthen behind me, and I had the impression of Black Magicians who had sought the Left-Hand Path long ago in attendance also.

The base began to recede and fade from magical consciousness. I cast more incense upon the coal, but the work was accomplished, and I sensed it was time to leave.

I came away from this working fully alert and with a profound sense of satisfaction as I thought of the success of the night's experiment.

Adept Michael S. Rigby

Opening the Gate, visualizing the approach to, and entering into the castle proved to be quite easy. I had read through the description of the base only once, and the tape proved to be quite helpful in this regard.

However once inside the working chamber of the castle, my magical sensory reception went static.

I perceived a white/greyish field (like a television screen not tuned to a station). Then I saw the outline of an object like a comet or a sperm with a curved tail. The tail had three or four jagged ridges on it. I suppose this figure was not unlike an Ouroboros. This figure dissolved.

I saw a series of circles, some with rays emanating from them. These figures were all very geometrical and precise. Just before the tape ended I had glimpses of a desolate beach which upon later reflection reminded me of certain scenes in William Gibson's novel *Neuromancer*. While I was perceiving the geometrical figures, I experienced a very short, intense headache.

I must add that the working took place at the end of a day which was very physically and emotionally exhausting for me. While my experience was less than ideal, my hat is off to those Initiates who helped create it. It proved to be an inspiration to work and explore using this technique in the future.

Perspectives in Summation

By all accounts MetaMind XXIV was a very successful working. As with all effects of Black Magic, results can be gauged only from observing the thoughts, minds, and spirits of the participants.

Early MetaMind experiments saw me trying to gauge results by "hits" and "misses", though I never went to the extent of detailed statistical or probability analysis. I won't do that here either, leaving such tasks to those who are impressed by

figures. If the participants of MM-24 have proved to themselves the success of the working, that's what's worth publishing. Hence my concluding remarks will be limited to two final paragraphs:

Of the more startling occurrences in MM-24 was that many felt a collective effort ignited the Black Flame. Perhaps this is a comment on one of the ingredients for successful interaction with Set. Bonds and links were experienced by many, though in different fashions. In several instances the Black Flame itself was seen as a white or yellow flame. Many experienced one-on-one encounters with their fellow Initiates.

Few who participated - and not all results have arrived yet - doubted the "reality" of their experiences. This is the crux of successful workings. No matter whether the reality is subjective, objective, or "omnijective", it is nevertheless reality. Congratulations to all communicators!

[6] Eye of the Skull: A Lyrical Verse

- by William Pridgen I°

In a vaulted chamber at the Mountains of Dawn, the relic lay at rest, to guard the ancient tomb. Bound in the skull the vampire's soul. Would he be released from the eye of the skull, your body contorts in a sea of pain. The feeding frenzy has begun. Shock-waves pulsate in your brain. Your time has come - nowhere to run. Don't gaze into the eye of the skull. The spirit will be free to hunt the warm flesh of the living.

[7] Come Into Being

- by Denise Willey II°

Drawn into darkness, embraced by the flames of desire, the essence of the Gift permeates my will. Primal vibrations rage from the depths, propelling me toward the unknown mysteries of my own heart, from absolute desolation to the heights of ecstasy, fierce agony and isolation rearranging my mind to create a new being strengthened by an experience of self - surviving crisis, promoting *Xeper*, radiating the blackness of change, forgetting and forsaking all that went before, awakening and becoming that which shines beneath the masks of personality, releasing the chains which bound me to the edge, falling endlessly into the clutches of the great abyss, waiting to be met for ages of perpetual toil, to discover that I can soar to greater heights within the depths.

Plagued by fearful illusions, I died in the past. The greatest risk of my imagination has opened the gates to freedom. Joyous laughter echoes inside as I recognize the eternal joke which mankind has

played upon itself. I stood on the edge of conformity, looking into the depths of my own soul. My eyes wide open, I plunged over the edge, never to return to that world again. I will seize the days to come with fierce determination, and never forget the living hell of dying from whence I came.

A living god I sought, and a god of truth I found. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine the journey that lay ahead. The never-ending path to *Xeper* has been revealed, and I set out upon the adventure with strength, courage, and a friend. Let my will become the will of Set!

[8] **Das Tierdrama: A Setian Perspective**

- by Patty A. Hardy III°

I attended a large, neopagan gathering at a campsite in May XXIV. The vast majority of people there were obviously shamanic, Wiccan, or some other flavor of nature-worshipper. By good fortune I encountered a few Children of Darkness and had the chance to organize a performance of LaVey's "*Das Tierdrama*".

The way it happened was this: I attended a rite performed by a group of Thelemites, mainly because a Thelemite friend of mine was playing the role of Nuit, the Egyptian star-goddess. Shortly before the rite began, a couple robed in black came over and complimented me on my cobra-headed walking stick.

The next day one of the pair approached me in the dealers' room. With intense interest he asked if it were true that I was a Setian and that I carried a talisman attesting to this. I learned that he was a Satanist, a student of Enochian & Cabala, and an artist. Among other things he showed me a set of Qlipothic seals that he had inscribed himself. Like many Satanists he'd written to the Church of Satan, hoping to work with other students of the Black Arts, but had receiving nothing from them.

After some conversation with him and his partner, I decided to organize a performance of "*Das Tierdrama*", along with a few Thelemites and one other Setian at the gathering. I stressed that this was not a Setian rite, that it was published in LaVey's *Satanic Rituals*, and that I had made minor changes to simplify its performance under unfamiliar conditions.

My own intention was to explore my feelings about power, and to examine the reactions of the other participants. The ritual took place in a fire circle at the northern edge of the camp, after dark, well away from the other rituals and activities. A total of nine people participated. Prior to going down to the circle, I briefed people on the ritual, showed them the text, and described the philosophy of the ceremony as I understood it.

We carried a duffel bag of ritual tools and masks, and a bench, down to the fire circle, cleared the area of debris, and started a fire. Five oil lamps on bamboo stakes were planted to define a perimeter. Masks were provided to the participants who wanted them. I myself wore a dragon's-head mask rather than the dog's-head mask of the invocator prescribed in LaVey's notes for the ritual. Our lictor wore black leather & a horned Viking helm, and carried a large athame rather than a sword. We didn't have a bullwhip [next time, maybe].

The bench was placed north of the fire and covered with the altar cloth. One of my Thelemite friends disrobed and served as the altar, balancing a dark West African wooden chalice of Midori on her tummy. ["Hold it steady," I said. "It's cold." One of the Satanists burst out laughing.]

The ceremony went off excellently. I was thanked by all of the participants most sincerely, and I thanked them for joining me in this ceremony of empowerment. We sat around the fire late into the night, gazing at the flames as the earliest humans must have done, thinking our strange thoughts.

I was utterly fascinated with the willingness and expressed gratitude of my companions at being involved in a ceremony which cast them as animals being instructed on how to become human. I considered this in the following days and found myself looking at human behavior from an unusual point of view.

I believe "*Das Tierdrama*" draws its psychological potency from its enactment of **the Gift** - the instant in which proto-humanity swore allegiance to what is non-natural and began fumbling toward the stars. Even today, in a thousand subtle ways, we enact that fateful bargain. I thought of how much human effort is expended, in every generation, to the maintenance and preservation of that "deal with the Devil". We are animals, we are men, we are gods.

There is no doubting the power of psychodrama to trigger insights and to open new doors. I saw clearly that it is ultimately on human choice that all civilization rests. Let us honor the power to choose, and thus to become.

[9] **Notice to all Australian Initiates**

- by Adam Campbell II°

All Australian Initiates of the Temple of Set who are interested in an Australian national conclave are invited to contact Adept Adam Campbell. Preliminary plans for the conclave are as follows:

The conclave will be held over a weekend in June or July, and will be approximately two days in duration, with individual Initiates welcome to extend their stay to sightsee, etc. as they desire. The

conclave will be held on the east coast - either Melbourne or Sydney. If enough Initiates express interest, more "exotic" locations, such as Kakadu or Uluru/Ayre's Rock, are possible. Ideas are welcome and encouraged.

The conclave is designed to give Australian members of the Temple the chance to meet and work with one another. There will be at least one ritual working, and you are welcome to suggest ideas for additional ones. The conclave will also provide Initiates with the opportunity to get into magical dialogue with an appreciative gathering of magical individuals. Thelemites with ideas for presentations or workshops are also encouraged to contact me.

Overseas Initiates are also welcome to attend. If you plan on being in the area at the time, please let me know.

[10] The Friday the 13th Working

- by Elana Thompson I°

Adepts Stout & Bozeman and I participated in a Friday the 13th working on dealing with entering the Underworld. Initially participants were to go through the twelve parts of the Underworld, and use this visit to take those parts of us no longer necessary for *Xeper* and Remanifestation and transmute them into new forms for Becoming. What follows is my account of this working.

Midnight in the Underworld. I stand at its edge. I walk down twelve steps to a cavern edge. Far deep inside is a throne. A figure at once alien and dear rises slowly from the depths to greet me. "Welcome, child of darkness; welcome and take my hand." After a brief hesitation, my hand reaches for one of cold fire. We walk slowly to the River Styx, which swirls depthless below our feet. It is so quiet here in the Garden of Death. Yet doom is not felt, more of dreams realized only in the safety of the womb, of fears clothed in the unconscious.

Ingwaz is emblazoned above the doorway of a room we are about to enter. Along one wall of the room are grey pod-shaped forms. As we approach, I know without asking to get closer to them - alone. One step, two steps, the pods rustle in response. They know me so well, and I know them. My fears neatly bound up, waiting here, yearning for the release that only I could give to all of us. But it could be done. Sometimes old monsters, fears, dreams are as dear to you as an old stuffed teddy bear you keep hidden in your closet. Odd, useless comfort is derived from their presence.

The first pod falls into my arms. Sighing, I open its covering and look inside at the weary face within as it crumbles to ancient dust. On and on, until each pod husk lies empty on the floor.

Softly a voice behind me says, "For now it is done. There will be other pieces of untransmutable rubble that you create and destroy. Always here, waiting." I shiver at the words, then become aware of a distant hum above us. It is Xepera in dark, jeweled splendor, keeping pace with us. What beauty in the blackness! Now the joy of this world comes to me. All Becoming, all birth, begins in some sort of death, some farewell to the familiar.

Above me Xepera transforms into a brilliant turquoise dung ball, an image to carry blazing in my mind's eye as I leave the chamber.

Weeks later I come across a turquoise scarab, lying quietly in a dark corner: Xepera reminding me of the eternal quest.

[11] Paths to the Path

- by James Knowles I°

Immediately after birth we set our feet upon a path - a path of deceit designed by those persons around us to "teach" us the ways we should be.

We travel these first paths as infants, and later on as adults. But we still have not received the total indoctrination of those who placed our feet upon those first paths. In our youth we are innocent and ignorant to what is taking place, but we know there is still much to discover around and within us. But the "teachings" of those who surround us are so fierce that we continue to follow the paths set before us by our "teachers", even though we know these paths are not what we seek and desire to understand concerning the true meaning of ourselves.

Some of us become involved with those who present themselves as our "friends" as well as our "teachers", who later end up becoming our mentors in a society we do not understand. We accept what is before us as truths because we have been "taught" that these things are what is "right" and "normal". These "teachings" are nothing more than a veil of falsehoods placed before us that we may be blinded to our true selves and to the path of true understanding which lies before us.

While living with these sores upon us, some of us may become involved in actions deemed abnormal or even criminal by society, without the profane judges ever really understanding the true depths and causes of these actions. Sometimes even those most affected are blinded because the veil which covers them is so tight. And sometimes it takes a drastic change in one's life before one is able to see the truths behind the falsehoods.

This is exactly what happened to me. I had to undergo a drastic change before I finally decided to open my eyes completely and see what was before me. Having opened my eyes. I came to realize that what lay before me had always been there. I had

been too blinded to see. And at times I even refused to look because I was always “taught” by my “teachers” that it was wrong. Wrong indeed - wrong to ignore the truth!

Once I began to undergo this change, I realized that each step in my life was a step in the truly right direction. No matter how much I tried not to see, it seemed I automatically followed my steps to this drastic change, which in turn led me to the Left-Hand Path. I was led to undergo this drastic change by my insatiable desire for truth, which was deeply rooted in myself.

Each one of us who has finally acknowledged the truth about ourselves and begun our tread upon the path so brightly lit by the Black Flame has also acknowledged that we are indeed Elect. True, the Gift is bestowed upon anyone who wishes to recognize it for what it is. But it is the ability of the truly Elect which nourishes this great Gift and allows it to blossom. Each time we blossom we experience a new Remanifestation towards our *Xeper*. Unique, truly unique.

[12] **Set and Satan: Commentary**

- by Shane Egan I°

I would like to add to the comments by Priest Barrett and Adept Reed regarding Set and Satan.

The issue struck me most when I first wore my medallion in public, which attracted a lot of attention. I was swamped by people asking whether I were a Jew, as they thought the pentagram was a “Star of David”. As I had not foreseen such interest in my attire, I had not prepared any explanation. After a couple of attempts at describing the Temple of Set and its philosophy, I realized the answer lay in a declaration to define myself as a Satanist. As always, it seems that the essence of Satan breaks the ice, casts aside all the barriers, and gets right to the heart of the matter.

This response usually sorted out the idly curious and bored troublemaker from the genuinely open-minded enquirer. It was also a great test of my character and commitment. Satan holds such a stigma that the mere mention of his name elicits a rapid response one way or another.

I realized, though, that this was not in fact incorrect, and that the Age of Satan and the included theology, although possessing minor flaws, had cleared the path to the discovery of his truer form - that of Set. Without the ground-breaking Satanists, and our determination to seek out the Prince of Darkness directly, much of what has since been accomplished might never have succeeded. I had always considered that the “Way of Satan” had the sheer force and vitality necessary to smash through the quagmire of misinformation and guilt/inhibition,

but it never seemed to hold answers in itself.

I would liken the Form of Satan to that of a destroyer of falsehood and adversary of deceit, and that of Set to the final breakthrough - the confirmation. At last we have the answer to our call, and now real progress can be made on the true Left-Hand Path.

I too admire and respect the various manifestations of the Prince of Darkness, and can also see many parallels between our respective paths. We have something daring, exciting, and yet often frustrating in common. The Father of the true human spirit knows this only too well.

My motto would be this: As a Setian I am also a proud Satanist; and through being a Satanist I have become a Setian - and the better off for both.

[13] **The Angles of Set**

- by Adam Campbell I°

Set, the Prince of Darkness, is manifest in various forms throughout the world. Not only do these forms illustrate the different aspects of the Prince of Darkness, but they can actually partake of different natures in themselves.

Basically the Prince of Darkness can be actualized and manifested through a variety of methods as well as forms. These I call the “angles of Set”.

The first angle of Set is that of Set the symbol. This angle functions at the symbolic level: Set representing certain concepts - a world view. With this angle Set becomes a figurehead, representative of an entire approach to life. All symbols are useful vehicles for the imparting of ideas and concepts, and this is no less true with Set the symbol.

Beyond Set the symbol there lies a much more profound angle: Set the telemic image. This is the second angle of Set, which takes place with the concise and willful creation of the form of Set within the subjective universe of the magician. This angle is an astral entity in the truest sense of the concept. Once so conceptualized and actualized by the magician, the telemic image will take on a “life” of its own. Consequently the magician will be able to interact with this image in a unique way to pursue his own Becoming.

Beyond the telemic image lies the third and most sublime of the angles of Set - Set the Form of separate intelligence. This angle of Set is the most significant, for without it the other angles would not be conceivable.

While Forms in themselves are not necessarily intelligent, it is simple to deduce that the Form of separate intelligence must partake of the qualities it imparts. If this is so, then a most profound possibility is available to the magician: that of

sentient exchange with this Form - contact with the consciousness of the Prince of Darkness.

Clearly as the magician progresses with his initiation, he will be able to access and utilize the more profound aspects of the angles of Set. Access to one of the more profound angles does not preclude use of the lesser ones. Nor does it mean that the lesser angles will be of no use to the magician. Possibly he will have uses for the various angles at different times, depending upon the nature and aim of his work.

Such are the possibilities of the angles of Set.

[14] **Nomen**

- by William Farnsler II°

Three times mystery sang; three more did majesty ring; a final three the dragon roared.

Rightfully my place is among these: the right of the Elect Ones. Rightfully the night time comes.

Is there one who could dream victory against we who hold the scepter long buried - we whose might is more than gain?

Three serpents joined circle us. Three rows form the circle, three rings forged in the fire within.

Of the First it is named Wonder. Of the Second it is called Blood. Of the Third it is known as Flame.

Never has the light faded away, the flaming furnace of destiny hidden away among the stars.

[15] **Questions**

[reprinted from *The Crucible*, Canis Prometheus Pylon newsletter]

- by Heather Snow II°

Recently I heard that an Adept of the Temple was being evaluated for the Priesthood. Being a humble Adept too, I thought that entering the Priesthood "just happened", and had no idea that any evaluation is part of the process. Since I aspire to someday enter the Priesthood, I would like to gain some insight into the evaluation, such as:

Will my kindergarten teacher be interviewed?

Will I have to recite the alphabet backwards three times as fast as possible?

Will I be given a lie-detector test?

Will I have to walk on rice paper, leaving no prints of any kind?

Will I have to levitate a small compact car?

Will I be asked if I've ever been a member of the Communist Party?

Will I have to name every city in ancient Egypt?

Will I be dropped from a plane into a remote jungle with only a canteen of water, and be expected to find my way home?

Will I be asked about every lover that I had in the last eight years?

Will I be given a written quiz on the *Her-Bak* novels?

Will I have to knock off a member of a rival organization to show my loyalty?

Will I have to name every herb and its purpose?

Will I have to run an obstacle course?

Will I be shown ink blots and ask what I see in them?

Will I have to compete in a swimsuit and evening gown beauty contest?

Will my chamber be given the black glove test?

[16] **Set-XI**

- by Lilith Aquino IV°

The Set-XI International Conclave will be held October 24-28, XXV (1990 CE), details to be announced in the next *Scroll*. Setians who want to attend should make yourselves known to any member of the Priesthood. Also please let me know as soon as possible, so that we can plan for numbers of people/dæmons/shoggoths/etc. and tell you where in the United States it will be. [We had hoped to schedule Set-XI for a European location, but simply do not have the indications of attendance necessary to justify it yet. The Temple will have to grow a bit more overseas, or more U.S./Canadian Setians will have to get restless for a plane flight, before we can commit resources in that direction. But we've got our eye on it!]

Once you receive the information as to the precise location of Set-XI, you will then have until October 8, XXV to send in your registration. As usual, the name and location of the hotel, and program information, will be provided only to those Setians who are registered. Again, please notify me at the Temple's mailing address, or by E-mail, if you think you want to attend Set-XI. This may be a most unusual Conclave!

[17] **Protocol**

- by Lilith Aquino IV°

One of the most important considerations when Setians interact with one another is protocol, and all of us are expected to observe the common courtesies entailed, as outlined in Magister Menschel's essay on the subject in the *Crystal Tablet*.

This leads me to a rather simple but oftimes-neglected area: the answering of letters from the Priesthood of Set which obviously request specific information from you.

Initiates of the Priesthood all understand, as a function of their office, that they must be alert to

matters of importance involving the Temple. Among such matters may be items of information which only **you** can provide - either about yourself or about some topic with which you are most likely familiar.

When you receive such a communication from the Priesthood, therefore, please answer it promptly, or at least advise the sender when to expect a detailed response.

All Setians are busy people. The Priesthood are generally busier than other Setians, however, because they must divide their time among a large number of Setian correspondents. Many of them are also occupied with other Temple activities, such as Pylons, publications, or special projects. Therefore it is also important for you to understand that their replies to you probably won't come as promptly as yours should be to them. This is not because they do not read or appreciate your correspondence, but because their time can be stretched pretty thin.

Along this same line, try to direct questions to the most immediate degree-level which can answer them. The Masters of the Temple like letters too, but also have the entire Priesthood - and their Orders - to work with.

If you have written to a member of the Priesthood and not received a reply within two weeks or so, then it is perfectly appropriate to send a follow-up note to ask about your letter, particularly if there is something urgent in it. If the particular Priest/Priestess you have written to is unable to respond, or has time-constraints which prevent any new correspondence, then he or she will usually ask another Priest/Priestess to reply to and interact with you instead. So if you have contacted a member of the Priesthood, and do not hear from anyone within a reasonable period of time, don't assume you are being ignored. Just ask that person what the status of your letter is. Don't be shy; they don't bite ... unless, of course, they are members of the Order of the Vampyre ...

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The Black Pyramid

- by Michael A. Aquino VI°

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[18] The Æon of Set: Silver Anniversary

As of this April 30th it will have been 25 years since Anton LaVey founded the Church of Satan in San Francisco. And, to echo the Grateful Dead, "what a long, strange trip it's been" since then!

Setians are now entering the Temple of Set who weren't even **born** until the time when some of the Masters of the Temple, then Priests and Priestesses of the Church of Satan, were founding Grottos across the United States in the early 1970s. If this seems weird to you young whippersnappers, believe me it seems a lot weirder to us!

I suppose it's because, as in ancient Egypt where time was cyclical rather than linear, we have always felt that there is an ageless quality about the Temple of Set. It has not "progressed" since it was founded in X; it has remained essentially the same institution it was back then; it has just found out more about itself and welcomed more aspirants to the Great Work in through its pylon gates.

This timelessness of the Temple of Set is something you can probably expect to continue to see. Profane organizations, churches, political parties, and the like all have linear/progressive attitudes towards time. Accordingly they all feel an intense need to "go somewhere": to announce new programs, drives, campaigns.

By contrast the Temple of Set doesn't want to "go" anywhere. Rather it wants to develop, to increase in essence, to further refine and purify itself. Thus honed and polished, it becomes that much better a tool for the new Setians yet to come, who are just **now** being born!

Time is one of those concepts which is unique to the Gift of Set. All species save humanity know nothing of "time". As G.J. Whitrow observes in #20B:

We now have abundant evidence that our sense of temporal distinctions is one of the most important mental faculties distinguishing men from all other living creatures. It seems that all animals except humanity live in a continual present. Such examples as may be cited to the contrary do not survive critical investigation. Dogs frequently display powers of memory when they give vent to the wildest joy on seeing their masters after long separation; but this does not necessarily indicate any image of the past as such. Similarly there is no firm evidence that any animals have a sense of the future. Carefully analyzed experiments have shown that, even in the case of the most intelligent animals such as chimpanzees, any actions they take that might be thought to indicate some such sense are in fact purely instinctive.

If profane humanity is sufficiently awake [in the #19B sense] to sense the past and the future, the distinguishing characteristic of the magician is to be able to move within the past and the future - or

alternatively to bring them to the “present” that they may be explored, enjoyed, controlled, and/or shaped as desired.

This is, when you pause to think about it, the essence of magic: and, as you are the magician, of Black Magic.

In a GBM Working on May 30, X, I happened to conjure up a sphinx and a chimæra who proceeded to engage in a spirited (!) discussion concerning, well, a great many things [see the *Ruby Tablet*]. At one point the sphinx asked the chimæra for a definition of immortality:

The Chimæra: I should say the continuous existence of the mind or soul.

The Sphinx: That would be the case if there were no such thing as relativity. But there is. So let us say rather that immortality is the ability of the mind or the soul to exist unbounded by time, i.e. the fourth dimension. Mortality is measured according to the notion that time is a constant. But relativity disproves this, showing that time may be retarded, hastened, stopped altogether, or, presumably, raised to infinity. Thus the prison of a so-called temporal span of existence is no real prison at all. It is only imagined as such by a mind untrained in fourth-dimensional movement. The mind that is immortal is one that **breaks free of time**, not one that merely plods along within it as it ticks off the æons.

If you look at XXV through the eyes of a sphinx, we are all present as Anton LaVey founds the Church of Satan, as the words of the *Book of Coming Forth by Night* appear for the first time, and as the Temple of Set evolves into something so beyond the animal tethers of humanity that words do not exist to describe it.

The Silver Anniversary of the Æon of Set is thus this is something of a peculiarity; it exists only for those who are not Setians, and whose very acknowledgement of it imprisons them in time.

Unknown chimæra, take us, for we tire
Amid the known monotony of things!
Descend, and bearing sunward with bright
wings
Our mournful weariness and sad desire,
Pause not to prove the opal shores untrod,
Below thee fading, and the fields of rose;
Till on thy horns of planished silver flows
The sanguine light of Edens lost to God.
There, for the weary sense insatiate
Primeval sleep from towering scarlet blooms
Would fall in slow and infinite perfumes;
Or we could leave thy crystal wings elate -

Riding the pagan plain with knees that press
The golden flanks of some great centauress.

- Clark Ashton Smith