

# The Scroll of Set

---

Issue Number 128

Volume XIX-3

June 1993

Editor: Linda Reynolds IV°

Copyright © 1993 Temple of Set

---

## [1] Editorial

Greetings from the Editor!

In the last issue I requested that no further material be sent for about a month. The main reason was that I found an abundance of poetry which I previously lacked the space to publish, since I try to maintain a somewhat even balance between articles, artistic offerings and general information.

This issue will feature that wonderful poetry for your enjoyment.

Regarding mail: I recently was notified that there were a few letters to pick up at my previous address, even after printing the new address (P.O. Box 1011, Placerville, CA 95667) in *Scroll* a number of times! Also regarding mail, if you write another Initiate overseas and want us to forward it, make sure you attach the proper postage for overseas mail. We are still getting letters addressed to Australia with a 29¢ stamp attached!

Included with this issue is an informative updated version of Glinda user information from Dr. Aquino. Read it carefully, since there are additions and changes which you'll find extremely helpful and necessary to utilize Glinda easily and properly.

On a much sadder note, I must relay the news of the sudden passing of Adept Ross Thomas (29), Sentinel of the Anubis Pylon (London); Member of the Order of the Python and the Order of the Vampyre. The earthbound presence of Adept Thomas will be deeply missed by his friends and fellow Initiates, but these words from the Rite of Setian Passage (Priestess Nielsen) more clearly define our feelings.

Let us with spread wings hover over this one from our midst. Let us call his name one last time while we honor his memory. Let us protect his shadow while his body changes, and his spirit departs upon the funeral barge. Let us perform the rite of passage that he may have company upon his last and most fearful journey into the western lands of darkness; that he arrive safely among the gods and take his place amidst the shining Beings who wield their Will in full awareness of Who they Are.

I wish it were possible to print all the articles I receive between editions of *Scroll*. Obviously I

cannot. If your submission does not appear, please don't take it personally. It certainly doesn't diminish the value of your efforts, but I must select the material that I feel is of interest to the Temple of Set as a whole.

Attention all Setian Martial Artists: Please note that there is a group of Setians interested in networking with others with an interest in Martial Arts and/or The Way of The Warrior as a form of *Xeper*. All those interested contact Eve Martin II°.

---

## [2] Vision

- by Cinda Seaton II°

Beyond time ... beyond space  
Wings spreading ... impending flight  
Dark jewel studded ...  
wings ...  
beating ...  
Lovingly Raven calls  
Longingly ...

I submit to death ... to drink of the chalice of life! Ahhh, who is there to stop me ... Immortal blood empowers flaming sword ... and I dance my passion like a mad woman in the night ... Serpent springs as tongue of dragon, primal lair revealed as womb of demon spawn ... Dark Grace ... the gate being eyes that see the powerful beauty in fierce disguise ... Eyes that reflect a fire like molten rubies, streaming through night's fluid grasping ...

Panther, unleash thy claw and fang, defy denial of thy sacred feast. Thrive, mighty dark beast, my beloved. I resurrect thy life in me ... I am life's obsession, and your peace ...

I will not be subdued.

---

## [3] The Atu of the Æon Exalted in Set

- by Bret Cagle II°

The Æon of Set is an awakening within one's self to the dawn of self ordered existence. In the Word *Xeper* man does not have to look outside himself in the vain hope of finding "salvation", but rather is empowered to create himself as he Wills to Become through the awareness of the Black Flame - the Gift of Set.

In the Atu of the Æon we see HarWer (man) enthroned, bearing the tcham sceptre in his hand, the powers of darkness that are his to command; power to recreate and adapt the cosmos according to his Will. Acting upon his inspiration and Will, man receives the essence of Set Becoming among the Elect. Then is the form of HarWer transformed into the neter of the individual self, wherein the threefold power of the Black Flame is enshrined in a dynamic creation. Through knowledge, vision and will, man becomes the god of his subjective universe.

That the Black Flame is symbolized by the Hebrew letter *shin*, meaning tooth or fang, suggests

the bite and venom of the Serpent of Initiation, the reception of gnosis which causes a death to the limitation of Self and awakening of *neter*. By this fire, that which is not-self is burned away, leaving the void in which the creation or birth of Self may occur. Thus is the ethereal figure of Isis pregnant with ourSelves yet to Become, ever hidden, yet continually coming into Being.

Hadit as the winged disk is that secret center of True Will. That it is red reminds me of the master Black Magus Become Red Magus to whom nothing is impossible. Thus is Nuit, the infinite possibility of the Elect who succeed in the Work of the Æon of Set, Becoming the gods of a new Setian creation.

Prior to the Æon of Set, the Æonic Atu, formerly called the Atu of Judgement, was bound unto time - the fourth dimension. Now the conception of the Æon is liberated into mind - the fifth dimension, and the pure mutability we find therein.

Perhaps with this liberation we could create myriads of æons, yet would they all exist within the Æon of Set, for the Word *Xeper* of the Æon of Set has no boundaries, no limitation, save for those of our imagination.

Hail the Dawn of the Æon of Set,  
Æon of the Graal Bearer!

---

#### [4] **Book Review: *Coming into the Light***

- by James L. Knowles, Jr. II°

*Coming into the Light: Rituals of Egyptian Magick* by Gerald & Betty Schueler, is highly recommended for the new Setian who is just learning to write his/her own rites. This 359-page book is packed with rituals - over 40 - and is a good reference for new Setians in helping to formulate ideas for personalized Workings.

There is one major drawback to this work: it leans toward the Osirian. The reader is therefore admonished to keep in mind that there should be no feeling of obligation to follow precisely any of the rituals. Remember "the text of another is an affront to the Self". Take what the book has to offer, and create something personal.

The book can be ordered through Abyss [see the *Crystal Tablet* Resources section] or through your local bookstore.

---

#### [5] **Reflections on the 3rd Annual Midwest Conclave**

- by Danielle McGranahan II°

Nearing the end of the gathering held here in the Midwest, I was asked if I would like to submit an article to the *Scroll* detailing the many things that took place. I began to think: How does one begin? Begin to relate such wonderful experiences,

conversations and Magical Workings so that others may hopefully relate.

What comes to my mind first and foremost is my need to express my heartfelt thanks to each and every Initiate who was present, be it three hours or three days.

**Thank you** Magistra Reynolds; Priests Barrett, McAtee and McGranahan; Priestess Nielsen, Priests Webb and Zimmer; Adepts Alex, Cagle, Gray, Hagman, Kalivoda, Lamkin, McLir, Osborn, Ross, Severson, Skelton, Waldmann and Webb; Setians Cohen, DeLong and Del Rio.

At one point I watched all of these people slowly filter into the hotel and into my life only to watch them filter back out again; leaving behind a magical residue that is as unique as each of them and personally felt by me.

Thursday evening, within the Birch Room-B, (our meeting place/ Chamber), members of the Order of the Trapezoid gathered for the Opening of the Yn'khe Rohz Lodge. While this took place, I sat in the hotel lobby, chatting with Adepts Gray and Severson. We had finished a Working of our own just in time to watch the lights in the hotel flicker on and off. We all thought fondly of the Set-XIII Conclave.

By Friday morning our numbers had increased. By 9:00 AM we were situated in the Birch Room. It was time to let the Introductions begin! All took a turn relaying their Order and Pylon affiliations as well as interests.

At this point I'd like to take a moment to list the Orders and Pylons represented at the Conclave, as it seems we've never had so many present. The Order of Leviathan, The Order of the Python, The Order of the Sepulcher of the Obsidian Masque, The Order of Shuti, The Order of the Trapezoid and the Order of the Vampire. Pylons represented were as follows: The Antywey Pylon, The Asmodeus Pylon, The Bull of Ombos Pylon, The Draconis Pylon, The Gates of Hell and Melek Taus Pylon. I hope I haven't forgotten any.

We then moved on, listening to Priest McGranahan explain the Opening of the Yn'khe Rohz Lodge and some of the theories behind its sigil, based on his Work with the Nine Angles, Chaos Theory and Fractal Geometry. The sigil itself drew much attention, as it is quite beautifully alien and intriguing.

Priest Barrett then took the floor, introducing everyone to his plans for the Proptera Project, a research cooperative, in which Initiates can conduct work in regarding the Gift of Set in all its aspects. He touched upon the axioms involved in the project and concluded with the four areas in which work would be conducted: Threshold workings/rites of passage, ethnographic work, genealogical work, and

a database.

Priest Webb then came forward to read his work entitled *Sabbath of the Zeppelins: An Incident from Texas History*. Applause filled the room as his magnificently strange story came to an end.

As we returned from our lunch break, we continued with the presentations. Adept Rosemary Webb took the floor, introducing us to her Setian *Book of Questions*. Each person present wrote down at least one question, which Adept Webb collected and then read aloud for all to contemplate, answer, or expound upon.

For example, one question was: "If you could spend four hours with any living person, with no language or practical barriers, who would it be? What would you do?" Questions such as the ones presented by Adept Webb and the others present set the mood for some very interesting and intense conversation. Bravo!

Just before dinner, the Working for Friday night was decided upon. During our introductions earlier that morning, the Priesthood observed a fairly similar theme running through each Initiate's current interest: death. It was decided that the Working focus would relate to death and that which is reborn or brought into being after one's experience of symbolic death. Priest Webb laid out his idea. Two Dromen(a) of O.S.O.M. would take on the roles of "Death", "killing" everyone, including a third Dromen who would be the first to experience reawakening and its subsequent transformation.

The Working was quite dramatic as Magistra Reynolds summoned Death (Adept Severson and myself) to come forth. The drama continued with some actually falling to the floor as we each in turn were "killed"! We journeyed deep within ourselves to search and utilize the source of transformation and rebirth. And this was all only a prelude to what would occur the following night!

Conversations continued well into the early morning as we traditionally took over the sitting rooms in the hotel.

On Saturday morning the schedule for the day's events were shared with everyone. At the Conclave we've found this organized, yet unstructured format works quite well. Due to the size of the group and the spontaneity of these gatherings, time limits or time slots are rarely used. Somehow everything comes together quite well. It reminds me of one big spontaneous Working, comprised of a great many smaller ones, with confidence and trust playing major roles in the outcome.

Adepts Cagle and Severson were perfect examples of this spontaneity and confidence in action as they presented their impromptu Workshop which focused on the nine chakras or power zones -

the fundamental modes where consciousness manifests. We then took another break, returning to view the Setian art display.

Priestess Nielsen had quite a wonderful assortment of her oils for sale and judging by the group surrounding her table, I would guess she did quite well, in addition to providing some very valuable information regarding her craft.

Adept Cagle displayed some beautiful jewelry creations of his own design, including Set rings and pendants, displayed before a black mirror; Adept Hagman and myself displayed our drawings and paintings. While she stood by her wonderful pen and ink originals used in the Asmodeus Pylon newsletter the *Dragon Chronicles*, I stayed near my paintings which were resulted from my Work with the concept of Death in my Initiation.

Adept Skelton had a most humorous, ingenious display in which he showed off his collection of "recycled" religious icons, some of which had a dual purpose.

Last but not least, Priest McGranahan had set up a display which included his Hellraiser cube, Cthulhu and Goat of a Thousand Young (Shub-Niggurath) sculptures and Runic tools.

Near the end of the show, a drawing was held to see who would win the "door prize": Molly, the Kitchen Witch created by Priestess Nielsen. Everyone held his breath with anticipation as the winner was announced - Priest Zimmer!

The next matter at hand was to allow some time for the different Orders/Pylons to meet and discuss relevant topics face-to-face while we had the opportunity. Later everyone found their way back to the conference room to listen to a wonderful reading by Adept Patrick Skelton on "Setamorphic Alchemy". Quite impressive!

Afterward, Priest Webb and Priest McAtee read letters from Ipsissimi Aquino and Lewis, both of which left us with much to contemplate.

As day turned to night, we began to prepare for part II of the Conference Working. This time everyone, dressed casually and seated comfortably in the room, was in complete darkness except for the slight illumination from the Black Flame. The general focus would be for each of us to examine that which had come into being via the "death" experience the night before. We would remain completely silent in order to enhance the feeling of solitude. When the door to the Chamber was opened, everyone would leave for one half hour, going wherever they wished, alone, with no communication. We either wrote down or contemplated our individual experiences which we could discuss once we returned to the room. It was a very intense experience within the Chamber, as well as out among the other guests milling around the

hotel. I felt a total sense of separation and yet was in complete control, understanding totally what this meant to and for me. Part II of the Working lasted for more than two hours and I cannot even begin to express its intensity without taking up too many pages of this publication!

Sunday evening found the few who remained in Priest and Adept Webb's room conducting one last Working. Everyone now would have time before the altar to contemplate the knowledge and/or insight gained from the two previous Workings, possibly discovering more in relation to them. These last moments spent in chamber before "**The End**" were very important for me. It was a perfect ending!

On a lighter note some of us had the opportunity to visit the Oriental Institute at the University of Chicago, as well as the Field Museum, both of which had wonderful Egyptian exhibits.

As usual the activities drew to a close with reluctant good-byes, lots of hugs, many promises of "I'll be in touch soon" and even "see you on the Fourth of July!" By the way, we learned a new word, which was put to use almost constantly throughout the gathering: "Kuhl!" (to be pronounced proudly and loudly). (Those of you who used this word know who you are!)

Finally I can only repeat how much I enjoyed everything and everyone ... and can't wait until we meet again! *Xeper* and *Remanifest*, my Dark Sisters and Brothers!

---

### [6] **The Return of Slumber**

- by Don Webb III°

The stars wheel in their mechanical course and our thousand-year dance comes to an end.

Our memories to other dark worlds wend, or hid themselves in stone and sea and dream-source.

Man will rule where once we have been.

He will build sane cities in the light of returning day,  
and as we nightmares take flight into his art, he will the Earth mend.

He will shiver when we pass near;  
he will fear the dark and the strange;  
he will fear his own kind whose minds range.  
Like the tomb-worm we will feast on his fear.

"That which is not dead can eternal lie  
and after strange æons death may die."

---

### [7] **Written on a Persea Leaf**

- by Don Webb III°

I am Set, slayer of Osiris,  
who offers his children  
a way out of the cycle of rebirths.  
I am the Elder Magician, great of Heka,

who teaches Mysteries to those  
daring to come forth by night.

I am Iai, father of rebels,  
a red sun in the firmament of wrath,  
who slays his enemies with the arrows of time.

I am Bata, red ox of the South,  
I can not be slain,

For I return each time stronger than before.

I am Babi, the ever-copulating one,  
whose phallus opens and closes the sky.

I am Ash, red Lord of Libya,  
I bring the trials of the desert,

I am as eternal as the sand.

I am Evil Day, Master of words,

You can swallow only my words,

you may spit out only that which is pleasing to me.

I am Typhon, who rules the world below,

Wherever primal Chaos rules,

I am king.

I am Set, who alone shall not die,

I am the Ageless One,

the darkness who knows His own name.

---

### [8] **Recognitions**

Initiates Recognized to the Degree of Adept are as follows:

Alex Bell and Niko Karppinen by Priest Knowles

Janet Finegan and Andrew Came by Magister Austen

James Graeb by Priest Felczak

Mace Anton by Priest Van Patten

James L. Knowles, Jr. by Magistra Hardy

Nico Lair by Priest Evans

Maharani Parivarto by Magister Moffatt

Marie Buckner by Priest Webb

Pamela Hagman by Priest Zimmer

Formalization of earlier Recognition of Connor McLir by Priestess Nielsen

---

### [9] **The Eleventh Hour of the Night**

- by Linda Reynolds IV°

Skyclad figures, golden etched upon crystal earth; remember ...

The shadows tremble with icy, flutelike notes, invisible, impossible; remember ...

Scales, leather wings aloft, music from a million throats; remember ...

Stone, earthbound, towers and banners, built by mad genius, forever; remember ...

The river, oh the river, nightdark, swift; remember ...

This is my journey, this is my Path - I remember.

---

**[10] A Setian Reliquary**

- by Linda Reynolds IV<sup>o</sup>

CoGrand Master, The Order of the Python

I have started a special project recently, one which will represent one of my contributions to this year's Order of the Python Art Show which will take place during the upcoming Conclave.

It is my wish that this project will also engage the imagination of each of you II<sup>o</sup>+ Initiates, since it involves you as well!

[A reliquary is traditionally a vessel or container holding moldy scraps of saints or other long-decayed churchly figures. Buried in a marble altar, they are no good to anyone, particularly to their departed owners.]

I have reached deeply into the depths of Castalia, the Spring at Delphi, and brought forth a new form of Inspiration, the Setian Reliquary. Thus I have redefined its name and recreated its function to suit the purpose of mySelf and of my dark brothers and sisters.

Its new function shall be to hold safely and permanently those artifacts held sacred by the Adepts and Priesthood of the Temple of Set.

Your artifact can be anything of personal magical significance, something no larger than your Pentagram of Set medallion, preferably smaller (there will be many pieces held within the Reliquary). It can be something you've created yourself or that you've collected somewhere along your Path.

If you are definitely attending the upcoming Conclave, then bring your artifact with you. A special rite will be held to deposit your pieces within the Reliquary. If you are not going to be there, send me your artifact and I will see that it is placed inside, along with the others. Again, please make it small. You may inscribe it with your name if you wish, but it's not necessary.

The Setian Reliquary will be on display at the art show and will be placed on the altar during the main Conclave Working. It will then be presented to the High Priest to become a permanent part of the Temple's sacred artifacts, symbolic of the timelessness of Setian essence. Thereafter, as each Initiate is Recognized to the Second Degree, they will be given the opportunity to have their personal relic placed within.

---

**[11] Lifetimes**

- by Jennifer Rush-Hunter II<sup>o</sup>

Ice cold dreams become reality,  
Thoughts surrounded by shadowed figures,  
Unearthly beings to guide my way.

Through the gates, existing there-in each,  
Untold truths and splendours for the soul to crave.  
Until the 7th, where the soul is rested,  
A long-awaited journey begun and ended,  
Almost in an instance, only to begin anew.  
Lifetimes of dreamquests,  
until reality is at grasp.

---

**[12] The Awakening**

- by Adam Campbell II<sup>o</sup>

It comes again and it is near,  
The primal darkness that feeds my soul  
It is alive, awake, aware.

A symbol fades and the void begins to shine darkly,  
As the sun at midnight dies and is reborn,  
By power of self-becoming -  
A majesty beyond all description,  
Invisible to mortal eyes.

"Why me?" I ask,  
An archaic smile,  
The irony of One Who Should Not Be,  
That haunts me through the angled realms of my  
soul.

It comes again, and it is near,  
The primal darkness that feeds my soul,  
It is alive, awake, aware.

"The sleeper has awakened."

---

**[13] Sepulchritude and the Sixth Angle**

- by Col-Lea Lane II<sup>o</sup>

Two recent events have given me the impetus to examine the Sixth Angle: the Order of the Trapezoid's Nine Angles seminar and its prerequisite study as well as the February *Scroll* article, "Death In Process" by Magister Robinson. The following article contains that which I have learned from both combined with my thoughts and experiences. All comments are welcome.

**The Sixth Angle**

I see the Sixth Angle, and in it I see sepulchritude - the beauty of death as transformation. I am drawn to it as a process, as an idea and as an object (the Gate itself). Its existence is an enhancement to my *Xeper*. It is the "sleep ... in symmetry" which is the resting-time in preparation for change.

During this sleep the Self is gathering all which has come before - knowledge, experiences, processes, results - into the patterns of change. This is the rest that allows the Will to be strengthened

and the Self to *Xeper*.

The journey of the Elect is said to be expressed in the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Angles. My perception of the Fifth Angle is a place of intense learning. For the initiate, it is the acquisition and absorption of information. The Fifth Angle may also be a space for tremendous productivity and creativity.

After being inside the Fifth Angle for a while, the Sixth Angle must begin to exert a strong pull. However, the sleep which is representative of the Sixth Angle should not be accepted prematurely. There is potential danger in separating the temporal self from the substance of being too soon. If the Self and Will are not sufficiently educated/trained, there is a greater possibility that one would not be able to "awaken."

There is also the possibility that the sleep inside the Sixth Angle may have deleterious effects. Once inside, the Will may be blunted by a sense of oneness with Objective Universe and the ease with which the appearance of balance is achieved. This could be a time of frivolity and release, and/or avoidance of conflict/challenge. Such a path could be very seductive, were a traveler weary from the rigors of a Self-conscious existence. It would be easy to lose Self awareness through a gradual resonance with the harmony of the Objective Universe. In doing so, one would "gain" the immortality of particulant matter: mindless, Selfless existence. This resultant loss of Self is a horrifying end for any Self conscious being. Therefore, it would seem prudent to be aware of the possibilities before entering, as well as to ascertain that the Will is strong enough to (eventually) exit.

As examined above, the Sixth Angle contains both benefits and traps. If the traps are overcome, great rewards may be reaped. One such reward comes from being able to release personal terrors.

Lately I have been working almost exclusively with the Sixth Angle. During such, I have been confronted by (personal) fears which seem to arise from nowhere while I am "levelling off". The first time this happened, I did not know what to make of it. Subsequently, I realized what an excellent opportunity this presented. It was/is a space in which I was/am able to work through, and be rid of, some of the things that were/are holding me back. This is achievable due to the transitional nature of the state. By this I mean that (being in a transitional state) I have no emotional energy invested in any single state. Therefore, when confronted by these fears I am able to view them dispassionately, see them as useless and further, release them. [This is not to imply that I have become totally fearless. It means merely that I have been able to get rid of a few of my more useless fears.]

This is just one benefit. There are many others: necessary rest, understanding of change and/or death, slowed (as opposed to rushed) transformation, temporary freedom from responsibility, etc. The Sixth Angle can act as the ultimate in rejuvenation as well as the end of corporeality. It is that which is, encompasses the major fears, de jure or de facto growth, possible gateways, and so on.

### **Tension = Potential = Energy**

The benefit-versus-trap situation within the Sixth Angle creates an internal tension. This tension grows as time inside continues. A potential is produced by the increase in tension resulting from the addition of the pull of the Seventh Angle. Eventually, the pull of the Seventh Angle is stronger and the symmetry of the Sixth Angle is ruined: an imbalance occurs. The creation of this potential is of tremendous importance, in my opinion. It is a source of energy. The sleeper of the Sixth Angle requires this energy (and its accompanying momentum) toward the end of her/his sleep in order to achieve the violent awakening which denotes entry into the Seventh Angle. Without this energy, awakening and bursting free would be difficult.

### **The Sixth Angle as a Gate**

There is another aspect to the Sixth Angle which I would like to explore here. It is the use of the Sixth Angle as a Gate. I suspect from what is written and said that this Angle harbors the formula for entrance into another dimension. During my recent work with Skinwalking I have been attempting to Gatewalk (pass through into other places while in a non-corporeal form). This is the traditional method which Skinwalkers are said to use in order to avoid (natural) death. [I am calling this the traditional method based on memories from a long time ago. It has been more than two decades since I have had direct access to a source.] Allegedly, the Toltec priesthood were masters of this type of gatewalking. In my Skinwalking I have added the Sixth Angle as my point of focus, as my Gate.

I surmise that once one has passed through the Gate of the Sixth Angle one can come back - but not through the Sixth Angle. The trapezoid is, in itself, a Gate. Once the Pentagram was added to it, a new series of gates were added as well. With new gates come new possibilities and new dangers, too. The Sixth Angle may be used as an entrance (indeed, one of many) but return is through the Seventh Angle. The perfected balance which it is necessary to achieve in order to use the Sixth Angle, must be destroyed by returning through the Seventh Angle (the ruin of symmetry). Otherwise the symmetry

(corporeal and mechanical sleep) remains.

### **Sepulchritude and the Questions of Corporeality**

Is there anything more conceptually beautiful than the effecting of Willed transformation?

It is the evolution which the Self needs and desires. It is the appreciation of *Xeper*. The tension has created potential and explosive energy, the sleep has ended and the sleeper has emerged to new possibilities.

Corporeality is not necessarily an essential part of this transformation. To my thinking, the decision to maintain a corporeal existence is a personal one. Both corporeality and non-corporeality have advantages as well as drawbacks. Willed travel would be easier without a body to contend with. However, if one has no body, does one lose the pleasure inherent in sensuality?

An interesting side question also arises. If one gatewalks via the Sixth Angle, returns through the Seventh Angle and decides not to continue as a corporeal entity, what happens to the physical envelope left at the Gate of the Sixth Angle? Does it continue to exist in a reduced or damaged condition - somewhat like a non-recovering stroke victim? Or does the castoff body die?

Also if a traveler has traversed the Angles and decided not to return to her/his former body, is the traveler "locked out" from returning at all? Additionally, would a loss of corporeality/sensuality result in a nullification of the desire to communicate with one's former friends/relatives/ colleagues? In other words, is our need for social and familial contact simply part of our corporeal existence?

### **Sepulchritude**

I see the Sixth Angle and in it I see sepulchritude: the beauty of transformation wearing the Masque of Death.

I walk inside the Sixth Angle, and therein I know the Sleep of the Dæmons: the symmetry that is the rest in preparation for change.

Herein I watch as the threads of my existence - knowledge, experiences, processes and results - are gathered into the patterns of change.

As I rest while my Will is strengthened, the threads are pulled tight, thereby creating a tension from which occurs potential.

I use this potential to release my Self from this Sleep, and as I force my way outward, I become my transformation.

---

### **[14] The Sacrifice of a Dark Soul**

- by Adam Campbell II°

They have condemned me - the dull-eyed savages of the Jealous God. They have abused me, tortured me, and weakened my body. Yet they cannot really destroy me, or the essential dignity of my soul.

They do not understand the power or the majesty of my Dark Prince, or why I have stood up for him in this sad, blind world; and why I will stand by him in the next. Wherever that may be.

The time comes soon when my body shall die. No doubt they shall rejoice in the "holy deed" they have done. I fear not.

I have been true to my soul - that dark essence that has made me what I am. It shall always be. They cannot destroy it, for it dwells in a realm that they can neither sense nor see. Yet they hate and fear it with such convulsive intensity. That I can never understand ...

My thoughts return to death once again. Ah, the ultimate mystery. What lies beyond? I have often wondered. Now I shall know.

Good bye, dear body, you have served me well. I shall miss you, but we must part if my essence is to survive this vile deed. I shall remember you, always.

They come. Blind idiots serving an abomination. Yet already I am beyond them. The clanging of bars, a dank corridor, then the killing room. An instrument of death. They are perplexed, not a sign of fear or struggle from me. This disturbs them. I smile.

The ritual begins. A blinding flash, a searing pain and then the blessed darkness comes. I am free.

The Dark One is with me ...

---

### **[15] Better Late than Never**

- by Carmel Hind II°

Infernus Pylon, Australia

[This is a contribution to the *Scroll* of our participation in the "International Working" for 18/19 July. I realize this is a bit late!]

Our Ritual consisted of the traditional opening rite in the *Crystal Tablet*.

Theme: Transformation.

Purpose: 1. To give this type of change known as transformation a "push" via Setians working at the same moment in time. 2. To actually transform people, events, world views through the mass application of magic.

Preparation: Made up a bind Rune, using three Runes that embodied the powers of transformation and one Rune as a base. The binding Stave and

force of union and evolution through Hagalas. Gathering of Magical power via the primal energies of Lagus. Integration, development, and creation of the will by the powers of Isa. Control, regeneration and Transformation through Kenas. [For details on each stave see *Futhark* by Edrid Thorsson.] We formed these runes into a sigil. Worked out Time as 3 PM Sunday 19 July, we being 15 hours ahead of New York.

Set up the altar.

Working: Our Ritual consisted of the traditional opening rite in the *Crystal Tablet*: 9 beats on the gong, lighting of the Black Flame, Invoked Set, shared the Grail. We anointed ourselves with oil and burnt some incense, acknowledged the temple and focused on our sigils, then set them aflame in a small brass cauldron. Once they were ash, we closed.

Experienced a build of energies before we began the working; the atmosphere felt really heavy and both of us felt a little drowsy. I felt a bit apprehensive, never having done that sort of mind work before. I thought I could feel other energies at work off and on during the ritual, felt physically very hot at one point, but after we had concluded the rite, I felt like I had been through a cleansing and was extremely clear headed, almost like the sensation of having a veil lifted away from you.

---

## [16] Oath-Taking

- by Brian Zimmer III<sup>o</sup>, K.Tr.

At a word geometry weds the heart,  
the blood-pump reconfigured in its courses,  
Fire tempering stellar ore shaping  
Form and consequence to vision.

A fibrillation as of flapping wings -  
Dark birds roosting over sanctuary doors -  
The hiss of liquids through ventricles  
In the shared room of twinned temples

Concealing the nuptial machinations.  
What two-headed divinity is conceived?  
What monstrous, double-tongued oracle  
Utters spells from a single mouth?

A thing ancient as danger and newborn  
As disdain without reprisal, without care  
(Though no less fearsome for it): one hand  
A weapon, the other a lens.

See how it assembles, now pledged to war,  
The cold accouterments of battle, having  
Sacrificed at altars, drunk from cups  
Of ancestral vow and bloodline.

An awful coherence walks the cold earth,  
The amnesia of flesh sundered and sloughed-off,  
Horrific remembrance glistening  
Amid shards of the shattered trap.

Where is it going? What destiny calls  
It forth, impels its severe path circumscribed  
Yet unknown, returning though endless  
Through hazards fraught with promises?

Ask and receive a war-cry or a blow.  
Persist and receive an appropriate death  
- A feast for ravens and hungry wolves -  
Unfinished as a stainless sword.

The warrior is an oath sworn on skull  
And sternum, the mystery of flesh revealed  
In a bone; the return triumphant  
Memory. What was, is again.