

The Scroll of Set

Issue Number 87

Volume XII-6

December 1986

Editor: Constance L. Moffatt IV°

Copyright © 1986 Temple of Set

[1] Meet the New Magus

- by Constance L. Moffatt IV°

James Lewis was formally Recognized to the degree of Magus V° during the Temple of Set working on Saturday night, November 15, XXI at the Set-VII Conclave held at the Clarion Hotel, New Orleans. Magus Lewis' Recognition was confirmed by the Masters of the Temple and the Council of Nine of the Temple of Set. The Word of the new Magus is **Remanifestation**.

I feel it a very great privilege to present Magus Lewis to you by way of an updated biography. When I think of a "Magus", I tend to envision a gigantic magician of truly magnificent attributes, along with a Black ferocity that will sear you as he speaks and acts. James Lewis is a Magus in every sense of the word, and of his Word. He is strength of magic beyond description; he can be fierce and Black; but he is also the soul of kindness, and he is my beloved friend.

I wrote "Here There be a Dragon" about Magus Lewis in the Year V. You may wish to look at it for detail, although I will use some quotes from that *Scroll* biography.

Magus Lewis was born in Jessup, Georgia, May 7, 1948. He resides in Baxley, Georgia. "As backwards as it is, I like a small town. My home, being nine miles out, affords a degree of isolation and a greater opportunity to look to the stars."

Magus Lewis' occupational field is health care, and he is a medication nursing supervisor. He was educated in several states, with postgraduate work at Baylor University, Dallas, Texas, before returning to Georgia to settle down. He is well thought of and respected in his profession, though he seems to scare the "Hell" into his associates at times [much to his private delight].

Magically Magus Lewis was affiliated with the Church of Satan from IX through X. On December 8, X he became a Setian I° in the Temple of Set. October 31, XI saw him Recognized to the II°. He came into being as a Priest of Set III° on January 4, XIII. On March 27, XVI he was Recognized to the IV°. November 15, XXI is the date for his Recognition to the V°.

Magus Lewis was elected to the Council of Nine February 21, XIV. He was elected Chairman of the Council of Nine July 1, VII and has been re-elected to that position every year since.

Grand Master of the Order of Leviathan, which he founded in August XI, he is also a Knight in the Order of the Trapezoid. He is an honorary member of the Gates of Hell Pylon. Presently he is the highly successful Editor of the *Trail of the Serpent* for the O.L., which publishes monthly. He is the present Editor of the *Sapphire Tablet of Set* and the past Editor of the *Onyx Tablet of Set*.

If I had to answer a questionnaire about Magus Lewis using two fictional words, they would be "Dr. Who". I have met this space-travelling Time Lord through Magus Lewis, who is a devotee. He explains it as follows: "Doctor Who: Time Lords regenerate. The magic there is that when the faculty is looked at in a special sense, it can be said to be Remanifestation."

Magus Lewis loves the VCR; however he also loves to read. His favorite authors are: Crowley, LaVey, Aquino, H. Rider Haggard., H.P. Lovecraft, Arthur Clarke, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Chelsea Yarbro, and Anne Rice, to name a few.

As hobbies he is involved in computer graphics, collecting *Dr. Who* episodes (185 shows in his present collection), piano, organ, and "very amateur" chef abilities.

His favorite pet peeves: superficiality, hypocrisy, guitars, self-deceptions, and unfounded & unnecessary attempts at mysticism & obscure symbolism.

Magus Lewis' goals are as follows: first to expound the Word and then in a more long-range way to further define "my degree for those who may come after me; to present my Word to stand or fall on its own merit; to preserve and partake of the honor and majestic implications of all that being Setian entails".

When Magus Lewis offers downtown Baxley for a future conclave, we get really excited but wonder: Are we ready for Georgia - or is Georgia really ready for us?

[2] A New Magus, A New Word Within the Æon

- by James Lewis V°

A new Word has come into being, and it has been Uttered through the mouth of another V° prepared by Set. The Word is **Remanifestation**, and I am that Magus brought into being by efforts of my own and those of the Dark One.

My days of pleasant companionship enjoyed within the City of the Pyramids are over, and I turn my gaze from that warmth out to the frozen waste created for and by each Magus. It is by no means all grandeur and glory; there are serious charges placed upon each Magus, and the realization of them falls quickly on the Initiate holding that degree. The Sorrow, Wisdom, Understanding, and Doom of the degree of Magus are not taken lightly by me, and

you may expect my adherence to the laws of my degree and the great principle of immortality which I have sought over the many years behind me.

The *Trail of the Serpent* has been used as a vehicle to discuss the concepts of immortality and **Remanifestation** for the past year for the Order of Leviathan. Those familiar with its issues have had a good deal of exposure to the idea which has taken hold of my life.

Some of the hallmarks by which I personally judge what constitutes the presence of a Word within the Æon are factors such as clarity, relevance, the lack of intentional obscurities, and the willingness of the Utterer to expound his philosophy. The Magus, according to Aleister Crowley, is the "initiate charged with the duty of communicating a new truth to mankind".

The Word **Remanifestation** is marked by clarity. Its meaning grew more profound for me as my Master of the Temple Work progressed with it, but it has and will continue to develop from a clear and concise basis. That foundation is at the core explained in the following way:

The Gift of Set animated man with a desire to know. The previous æonic Words opened doors which allow him to operate at ever-increasing "warp factors", if I may be allowed a *Star Trek* expression. The æonic peak to date has been *Xeper*: "coming into being".

Remanifestation enters the picture because man is by nature a questing creature and cannot abide the thought that his explorations might one day come to an end through the failure of the biological body. His awareness of the potential inherent in his accentuated self seeks to know how he can avoid personal annihilation.

Cast adrift in the cosmos minus that familiar casing, he can then do one of two things - sink or swim. For those who elect to do the former there is no pain, no regret, only oblivion. For those who choose the latter there is life after life as they return to partake of life how and when they will and will. This is the "great wrong" insofar as the mechanical mindlessness of the universe is concerned, and redefines Magus Anton LaVey's statement of "'evil' being 'live' spelled backward".

Remanifestation is a great choice.

Setians have worked with *Xeper* since the year X and have now come to a point at which they must decide what to do with the accumulated power and knowledge they have gained.

Is **Remanifestation** relevant to this issue? Indeed it is. It answers not only the long-range questions of what happens after metabolic failure, but also a more immediate result of the use of Black Magic in that, as magicians absorb the experiences of that difficult art, the power must do something

and go somewhere. It cannot simply be kept within, with no echoes or manifestations of it moving outward.

Thus you can see why the infinity symbol "oo" has great meaning to me both as a private magician and as a Magus. The active self is like that symbol, ever moving and ever acting upon itself and its environs. It not only prepares itself to continue in the distant future, but recognizes that its effect is also of a more immediate nature. Thus is **Remanifestation** relevant to contemporary initiatory progress, and development.

One of the fastest ways to see then-Magister James Lewis come wide awake was to begin to misuse symbolism and mysticism to becloud rather than explain any given concept. It remains an equally-valid implement for seeing Magus James Lewis turn a watchful and somewhat distrustful eye on the situation. There will always be those who are unable or unwilling to explain their views, and who will therefore seek to cover thought with nebulosities.

Remanifestation presently is easy to understand as a logical, progressive step, and I intend to see it remain clear and free of unnecessary trappings. There are indeed many deep and not-Understood aspects of it which for now reside only within the wisdom of its Magus. They will be expounded in time and will be lucid and intelligible. **Remanifestation** is a Word prepared to show itself to all and stand or fall on its own merits.

Each Magus has, as Crowley proposed, a duty to communicate a new truth to mankind. Like all brother Magi before me, I am willing to expound my Word and let it live. The ball may be taken by others that it may thrive and inspire greater thought and experimentation, possibly causing even greater wonders and Words to arise.

I must teach and explain my Word, but I may, to again quote Crowley, make severe the trials if I so desire. Will the trials be harsh for you? I will not make them so if I see your sincere desire to drink from the cup of knowledge. The serious Initiate can expect me to go far out of my way to help, learn, and teach. The dilettante can expect to find a lurking demon awaiting him. Through the Wisdom of a Magus will your approach be known, and by the honor of my Word I promise to fulfill that pronouncement. The Magus who has Uttered **Remanifestation** is willing to expound his Word.

The two V° Recognitions previous to my own did not work out to the Temple expectations. The past is past. While the lessons of the past remain with us, our gaze should be turned toward the future and its vast potential for good and great things.

One of my goals is to lay the foundation for past and future Words to be interpreted and used in

the most practical way possible. I do not intend to take away the inner mysteries which each Initiate must find, understand, and Understand for himself. *Xeper*, the great Word of this Æon, has remained pure. *Xem* has not fared so well. Hopefully as **Remanifestation** is expounded straightforwardly, the utility of *Xem* can be made far more visible. *Xem* is not without value of its own, and has played a role in the development of **Remanifestation**. More to come on that.

Although this question has not been voiced, it has previously come about that a Magus V° has been named High Priest of Set. I have not a few concerns about that office myself in at least two of my capacities. If you have wondered whether Magus Lewis is your next High Priest, the answer is no. It has for a number of years been my personal feeling that the current Magus should have any Temple office **but** that of the High Priest, if for no other reason than that he has his hands more than full with the Task and Curse of his degree.

My second impression regarding the High Priesthood comes from my position as Chairman of the Council of Nine. The holder of the Chairmanship has a particular duty he serves as the watchdog of the High Priest. Insofar as my administrative and magical insights run, and they are pretty accurate, Dr. Aquino is the best Initiate for the position of High Priest, and so he will remain until such time as another arises who is the best person for the job. Period.

I will be using the *Scroll* and other newsletters, with the kind permission of the respective editors, in the future. I welcome your comments, criticisms, and questions about the Word that has driven me to Utter it. In the meantime I can be contacted via electronic and postal mail.

Another quote from Aleister Crowley concerning Magi:

It does not mean that only one man can attain this Grade in any one æon, so far as the Order is concerned. A man can make personal progress equivalent to that of a "Word of an æon"; but he will identify himself with the current Word, and exert his will to establish it, lest he conflict with the Word of the Magus who uttered the Word of the æon in which he is living.

I am that second kind of Magus written of by the old Beast and feel very strongly about conflicting with the Word *Xeper*. My being will not allow collision with the Word of the Æon of Set, and I insist on the instituting Word sharing the ascendancy over all other Words, past and present. Therefore do not expect to see my letters close with

anything resembling "*Xeper* ir **Remanifestation**". I would also prefer that "*Xeper*" remain the closing of Setian letters and conversations. But I cannot ignore my Word, and therefore must allow its use. My intuition tells me the Word will find its proper grammatical placement, but for this moment you will see communications from me close with hopes and aspirations for your being.

And here we are to date. The High Priest, the Masters, and the Council of Nine have turned a Magus loose on the Temple of Set and the world. None of us can accurately foretell the future in detail, and so neither Set nor I can say what the results of this new truth will be.

Those of you present at the Set-VII conclave will remember hearing an appeal from the new Magus before you. It bears repeating here in the *Scroll* since it involves each and every Setian. As I go forward with my Work, help me make the Task of the Magus rewarding for all of us. As I go forward to the great Doom of the Magus, remember that my actions will often be difficult to comprehend at times. As I go forward to the Curse of the Magus, help make this necessary part of the degree as light as possible for all our sakes.

May your beings ever be guided to greater heights, and may it ever **Remanifest** itself to an end of even higher states.

[3] Degree Recognitions at Set-VII

- by Constance L. Moffatt IV°

Dr. Michael A. Aquino VI°, High Priest of the Temple of Set, officially Recognized two new Masters of the Temple IV° at the Set-VII Conclave Saturday night ritual. The two new Masters are Constance M.L. Moffatt, Recognized in June, and Dr. Stephen E. Flowers, Recognized on the day of the announcement. Both Recognitions were confirmed by the Council of Nine.

Biographies of these two new Masters will be printed in future issues of the *Scroll*. Briefly: Magistra Moffatt, a resident of Los Angeles, joined the Temple of Set on November 1, XII. She was a charter member of the Set Amentet Pylon and its head "Dung Ball Roller" in XIX. "Shetat" has been a contributor, CoEditor, and Editor of the *Scroll* on and off for several years. She was the Executive Director of the Temple for approximately two years, and has been a member of the Council of Nine since July XVI. Presently she is a member of the Order of the Trapezoid, Co-Grand Master of the Order of the Scarab, and Grand Master of the Order of Merlin.

Magister Flowers entered the Temple in XI. He is a Professor of Germanic Studies at the University of Texas, Austin. A published author, Dr. Flowers is

the founder of the Bull of Ombos Pylon. He is a Master of the Order of the Trapezoid and the Editor of its newsletter *Runes*.

Sir Roger Whitaker III^o was raised to the title of Master of the Order of the Trapezoid by Grand Master Dr. Aquino during the Friday night Order of the Trapezoid Ritual, which was eloquently planned and prepared by Priest Whitaker, aided artistically by Priestess Colleen Whitaker. The main celebrant of the working was Magister Flowers.

Three Setians were Recognized to the II^o at the Conclave. The new Adepts are: Julian Moreno, who flew from Spain for the annual gathering of Setians; John Gyori, Texas; and Walter Jantschik [from Germany] *in absentia*.

[4] Pylon News

Magister Robert H. and Magistra Constance M.L. Moffatt announce that they have officially retired the Set Amentet Pylon and its name, which they cofounded eight years ago. Set Amentet was a very successful, fulfilling, and active Pylon; and at its prime had as many as 20 members, who met at least once a month in Los Angeles, San Diego, or Santa Barbara.

[5] Setian Thoughts on a First Conclave - by Ruth E. Smith I^o

Greetings, Setians! It's hard to believe that it has been almost a month since the conclave. What an experience!

As a new Setian I approached the gathering with hope, but also the knowledge that all other such hopes had been disappointed in the past. Not this time. I had the distinct impression that I have known these people before, although I don't know where or when. I also felt as though I had come home, and I sure wasn't in Kansas. This feeling has not left me. Instead of feeling torn away as I left New Orleans, I continued to feel connected with all the interesting beings I had met.

Several times a week now I am attending meetings in my dreams with various members of the Temple, driving me to finally begin my dream journal so someday I'll remember what went on in those meetings. I have a renewed sense of purpose. The connectedness and the sense of purpose are strengthened with each working that I do as I learn more. This was what college was **supposed** to be like.

I practice Aikijujutsu, a martial art, and I have found increased pleasure in doing so as a direct result of the conclave. As I had suspected on an intuitive level, the martial arts are an excellent exercise for the will, as well as increasing one's

command over one's body - an important first step toward controlling other parts of the objective universe.

I have also discovered that reading the back-issues of the *Scroll* is absolutely fascinating and illuminating. For those of you who have not done so, I highly recommend reading them. I have become better acquainted with some people I have met at Set-VII. I have also learned something of the history of the Temple, and I am impressed with how stable it is without being dogmatic at all.

Auf Wiederschreiben!

[6] The Order of the Scarab Publishes Statement

Shortly before Set-VII, CoGrand Masters Robert and Constance Moffatt published the opening statement of the Order of the Scarab as *Crystal Tablet* pages. They are included in this mailing of the *Scroll*.

Scarab Wings was the newsletter of the Set Amentet Pylon, and will now continue as a production of the Order of the Scarab. Generally membership to the Orders is reserved to II^o+, but all degrees may subscribe to *Scarab Wings*. The cost will be a note to one of the Grand Masters expressing your desire to receive it. It will be published in two editions, one for OS members and III^o+ Setians who express interest, and one for I^o/II^o non-members.

There has been immediate enrollment in the OS, and there will a Temple-wide mailing of *Scarab Wings* early in XXII.

[7] Book Review: *The Greater Trumps* by Charles Williams - reviewed by Julie Stout II^o

The Greater Trumps is at first glance a fictional story of a family at Christmas time in England. The story revolves around a pack of cards that Mr. Coningsby receives from a deceased friend, and how everyone in the story interacts with each other through the holiday season.

At a second glance, however, I found that Nancy, Mr. Coningsby's daughter, had the characteristics of the "Fool" from the Tarot, as well as the "Lovers". Mr. Coningsby had the characteristics of the "Emperor" since he continuously antagonized everyone in the story on purpose. Henry, Nancy's close friend, displayed the skill of "Magus", because of consistent plotting to get the ancient Tarot deck. Sybil, Mr. Coningsby's sister, would be his opposite, making her the "Hierophant".

The story is an excellent way to be introduced to the Tarot cards if you have no previous experience with them. Not only is the material entertaining, but it also instills in each character a quality from one or two of the Tarot cards. I hope that I haven't given too much of the story away in the short descriptions of some of the characters. If you are interested in a copy of the book, the address is Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 255 Jefferson Avenue S.E., Grand Rapids, MI 49503.

[8] **Let's Learn Martian**

- by George C. Smith I°

"Martian" is actually my half-humorous, half-serious name for aUI, the language of space. If you have read the science fiction novel *Stranger in a Strange Land* - and I strongly suggest you do so - you will remember that when humans learned Martian, they *Xepered* into superhumans.

The idea that language molds perception and cognition was first formally proposed as the "Whorfian Hypothesis" by the American linguist and anthropologist Benjamin Lee Whorf earlier in this century. The idea that learning to think in a radically different language could promote human transformation was the subject of *Stranger in a Strange Land*.

From 1968 I was obsessed with this idea. Finally in 1979 I encountered aUI. The author of the book *aUI: The Language of Space* (1979, privately published by Cosmic Communication Co.) was Dr. John W. Weilgart (now deceased). Weilgart strenuously denied that he created the language and maintained that it was communicated to him when he was 5 years old by an intelligence not of this world (Set?).

Sound flaky? But consider this: On March 22, 1972 Henry N. Merritt, M.D., Director of Education at the Naval Drug Rehabilitation Center in Jacksonville, Florida, stated that Weilgart, acting as his assistant, taught the "language of space" to drug addicts and that: "Meditations in these 'elements of meaning' superceded the desire for drug experience."

Dr. Richard S. Hanson, Harvard University, Ancient Near Eastern Languages, stated, "This 'language of space' is not a concocted language like Esperanto. It is a rediscovery of the basic categories of human thought and expression. In aUI the speaker is forced to say exactly what he means, and all the circumlocutions required by our taboos and prejudices are eliminated. To use it is to come to understand reality and learn to think."

Dr. Friedrich Kaintz, Head of the Department of Philosophy, University of Vienna, stated:

aUI contains "Ursprache" categories like Jung's collective subconscious of creativity. All symbols ("Ur-Gebarden" = arche-gestures) are based on associations of meaning. The "language of space" is meaningful throughout, and thus quickly learnable even for people with little mechanic word-memory. In terms of type-psychology, aUI is the language of idealistic essentialists like Meister Eckhart, spirits who contemplate the essence of things. They like to play the Platonic game of analysis of ideas. The "language of space" becomes their meeting ground. Cosmic minds, who look up to the stars, contemplating the meaning of eternal laws of the universe, may find in the "language of space" a common tongue of semantic communication. aUI is a guessing game of meaning, a creative play educating to the essence; a "Heilsprache" or logotherapy that leads toward the ethos of mental health.

And if degrees bore you [Weilgart's academic credentials include two doctorates from Vienna and Heidelberg, fellow of the University of California, member of the American Psychological Association and the Iowa Academy of Science, etc.], then here's pop-writer Brad Steiger who stated: "In this transparent language, in which each word becomes like a chemical formula of its contents, similar concepts sound similar, different ideas sound different, opposites are recognized: Word and meaning are one. The tragedies of prejudice are dissolved. There are no synonyms or homonyms, no puns of doubletalk. We are no longer subject to the slavery of slogans, the idolatry of ideologies. The idiocy of crime, the insanity of war spring ultimately from misunderstanding and confusion of the basic hierarchy of values. Goodness, beauty, and truth - the basic nature of each thing - should be recognized in each word."

Reasons for Setians to Learn Martian:

1. **Confidentiality:** aUI is virtually unknown in the world. Since Weilgart's death in 1981, his daughter has attempted to promote the language as a means of improving international communication but, by and large, the number of persons actively studying the language outside the Temple is virtually zip. With aUI you could carry on open conversations with other Setians without concern, because the profane world would not understand a word of it. Magical journals and written communications would remain effectively closed to the uninitiated.

2. **Clarity of Communication:** aUI allows you to precisely communicate your emotions. Also, every word means what it sounds like. Similar-

sounding words have similar meanings. How many times have you heard someone in the Temple say: "If we only had the words ..."? Well, here are words.

3. **A Special Magical Language:** One of the reasons for our protocol of addressing each other by title, etc. is to set apart our Setian interactions from our profane interactions. The use of aUI would provide a separate Setian language for such activities. You can dance the language as well as speak or write it. Consider the possibilities for workings.

4. **Perceptual Restructuring:** aUI causes a reconstruction of your experience of reality, which is self-centered. For example the verb form "to see" is iOv, "the action of feeling light". If whenever you look at something you recognize that you are touching it, then (1) there is no space between you and what you see, (2) you remain centered behind-the-eyes in a universe you feel around you, and (3) the first step to physically influencing anything is to touch it. The concept of PK comes immediately to mind.

5. **Possible Telepathy:** The feeling of each aUI sound in your mouth, the sight of each symbol, and the sound of each aUI element combine. This is the only language I know of which has sight-sound-feeling combined. If telepathy is usually perceived as a feeling, then this is a language which would lend itself to telepathic communication.

6. **Xeper** via Whorfian Hypothesis: Awareness of the "self" is to some degree dependent upon the language syntax. In aUI there are no single pronouns such as "I, he, she, they", etc. Instead here is a simple symbolic location description such as "fu" (this human here) or "bu" (the human together in this place with an implied "me"). In aUI most if not all of the groundless implications of English are absent. This results in an internal conceptual logic which I firmly believe produces an identity shift of superhuman proportions.

7. **The Result of GBM:** *Stranger in a Strange Land* remains the most famous science fiction novel of all time, and the GBM effects from all of those readers' minds throughout the years may have helped crystallize the Martian language into being. I personally sought Martian for years before finding aUI. It is my own belief that aUI came into being in answer to the same intention behind Heinlein's novel, which I hold to be inspired.

8. **Purpose of Set:** Historically there seem to have been numerous similar attempts to communicate a special language to humans. Examples might include the runic Futhark and John Dee's Enochian. It might just be that this is the first complete communication: symbols, sounds, meanings, and syntax. If the Gift of Set is self-

aware intelligence, then its vehicle is language. Would a superior language catalyze the Gift?

9. **It's Easy to Leap Into It:** You can order a copy of *aUI: The Language of Space* (4th Edition) directly from: Cosmic Communication Company, 100 Elm Street, Decorah, Iowa 52101. This edition includes the complete grammar, encyclopædia, and dictionary (aUI to English and English to aUI).

Be forewarned that the philosophy of Dr. Weilgart is straight white-light, as expressed in the book, but please also remember that even he did not learn to think in the language (according to both my reading of his translations and his widow).

Therefore: bu cEv kU Ib fu kU Ib bnu cEv kU can A! tc! *Xeper*.

[9] **From the Chairman, Council of Nine** - by James Lewis V°

The year XXI is almost gone, and we have finished a year marked by an unforgettable conclave and year in general The Orders have developed into functional entities on their own and are proving through their works the truths inherent in their beings through ongoing definition.

The recent Recognitions of Constance Moffatt and Stephen Flowers to the IV° and myself to the V° are reflections of a dedication to work without a "lust for results". Rather than being restrictive to us, these Recognitions are manifestations of the general dedication to searching out those never before explored areas of magic and being.

Add a further ingredient: the new Pylons arising within the Temple. Pylons have special places and functions within the Æon and are not to be underestimated in their importance in terms of contributing not only to localized groups, but in the long run to the Temple as a whole.

Pylons, like Orders, are unique unto themselves and bear their own magic. If there is a Pylon in your vicinity and you have not to date affiliated or at least visited it, I encourage you to do so. No Pylon within a few blocks? Consider one with a different set-up, such as the Gates of Hell or the Ab Anpu Pylons. Priest and Priestess Whitaker of the former and Priestess Reynolds of the latter are more than willing to work with those Initiates who apply themselves to those areas.

So how does all this fit in with a view from the Chairman's eyes? Most satisfactorily. The duties of the Council are a mixture of the administrative and magical unlike any other Board of Directors today. The two could be said to go hand-in-hand, as those the *Book of Coming Forth by Night* refers to as the "Guardians of the Æon" move through it, delicately adjusting its course.

As Chairman of the Council I can see no reason for the Councillor in me to become alarmed at the course of events, and am well pleased with this fact since it is an indication of the devotion contemporary Setians have for the *Aristos*.

When I became Chairman in the year XVII, the Temple was undergoing a crisis period. Magistra Aquino, then Chairman, had preserved the C9 at a time when even it was threatened by techniques of the "iron glove" persuasion. The present state of the Temple can be traced back to that time four years ago, since what we are now stems in part from her devotion to the Principle of *Xeper* in one of its highest aspects: freedom of will and action. The inordinate attention paid then to the ridiculous nebulosities struck me as not only unnecessary but detrimental.

I have no objection to the construction of magical castles of being, but they should be firmly on the ground, not floating in insubstantial air. To that end one of my first actions as Chairman was to move the Council as a body out of the forefront of the Temple's vision in order that it might come to a realization of its own sacred and singular duty. Also the individual Initiates comprising it could have more freedom to be Councillors when required, and magicians the rest of the time.

It would seem I have succeeded in this. With the greater part of attention being paid to the search for knowledge and understanding, and the obscure growing lesser by the day, this Chairman finds himself satisfied with his actions. The Temple is operating at a high degree of magical efficiency, and the High Priest is fully aware of his own duties and obligations. No Council or Chairman could ask for more.

The June XXI *Scroll* carried a leading Council of Nine article, and I encourage you to pull it from your files for another reading. Should questions regarding that body arise, you may feel free to contact any of these following people: Priest William Butch, Priestess Colleen Whitaker, Magister Amn DeCecco, Magister and Magistra Moffatt, Magistra Margaret Wendall, Magistra Lilith Aquino, Magister Robertt Neilly, myself as Chairman, Dr. Aquino as High Priest, or Priest Wade as Executive Director. Any or all of us are available to clarify problems or inquiries.

For the entire Council, including its *ex officio* members, I extend to each of you warm regards and our wishes for a long life within the halls of the Temple of Set.

[10] Overheard at the Conclave

"Shut the door! You're letting all the fog out!"
"Who said you could walk to the French Quarter?"
"My room is so small, the bathroom is in the hall."
"We like the 18th floor. So it takes 20 minutes a trip!"
"Lover, what are these marks on my neck?"
"\$2 for a pack of cigarettes! I may give up smoking."
"Oh no, don't do that; your top will fall off!"
"Here is a stuffed bunny. Be kind to rabbits."
"I'll have the Flowers' summon the four elephants."
"Lilith, show that picture of you and the chipmunk."
"My luggage hasn't arrived. Can I use your shampoo?"
"We are in a Dr. Who blackout area!"
"Someone said the elevator runs every 30 minutes!"
"Gosh, that's the takeout lunch that just made her ill."
"My luggage still hasn't arrived! Nov they say 1 A.M."
"After 20 years I can honestly say that I really feel I'm home!"
"Is he dead or just sleeping?"
"They say my luggage was in L.A., Barstow, Mexicali, San Antonio, and Houston. It may arrive at 4 A.M."
"Did you notice how many Texans are here?"
"Yes, but have you also noticed how many Smiths there are in the Temple?"
"Goodness, is that Priest really seven feet tall?"
"Those are Texas vampire hickies!"
"It's two days! I have no shaver, no toothbrush, no lens care. Where is my luggage?"
"Locked in his own bathroom? Should we let him out?"
"Can you believe this temperature? Morning 86°, evening 39°?"
"My luggage arrived! Hey! Where's everyone going?"

[11] Background on the Grail

- by Nancy Flowers III°

The term *lapis elixir* is one of the readings of an obscure Latin phrase in Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival* used to describe the Grail Stone. *Lapis elixir* refers to the philosopher's stone in alchemy; the lapis represents the light-dark unity of divine opposites, also personified as both Mercury and the

Templars' Baphomet, according to Jung/von Franz in *The Grail Legend* (#14C).

Wolfram provides a description of the Grail as a stone through whose power the phoenix is consumed by fire in order to arise rejuvenated from the ashes. The phoenix legend also appears in the *Lancelot Grail*. Here the bird Serpilion was burnt by the stone it had brought for warming its young, which were then fed by it, as the Grail feeds those whom it protects. "Serpilion" means "serpent bird" and is etymologically related to the Persian "Semenda", a snake-like symbol which illustrates the dual nature of the unconscious.

[12] Book Review: *My Scrapbook Memories of Dark Shadows*

by Kathryn Leigh Scott

- reviewed by Michael A. Aquino VI°

How many of you remember *Dark Shadows*? I don't. *Dark Shadows* always aired at 4:30 PM. Who the hell was home at 4:30 PM? But it ran from June 1966 to April 1971, and it definitely left a mark. Two of them, to be precise [on your neck].

In the midst of the Haight-Ashbury and the Vietnam War and the first Moon landing and Woodstock, there was also a vampire named Barnabas Collins. You began to hear about Barnabas (Jonathan Frid) somewhere around 1968 or so; he had become a sex symbol along with Sean Connery and Jim Morrison, and there was a brief flurry of *Dark Shadows* paperback Gothics, a Barnabas Collins vampire joke-book (*In a Funny Vein*, I think it was called), and such. A soundtrack album was released for the television show, containing selections of Robert Cobert's moody music intermixed with correspondingly melancholy monologues by Barnabas the vampire and Quentin (David Selby) the werewolf. [Quentin was always too refined-looking to make a good werewolf. Werewolves are your "get-down-dirty" kind of monster. I always thought that *Dark Shadows* missed a bet by not casting producer Dan Curtis as the werewolf. He looks sort of like one even without makeup. Perhaps he is.]

In 1970 we were treated to the sudden, unexpected appearance of a motion picture, *House of Dark Shadows*, which despite the sedate, soap-opera climate from which it supposedly came was surprisingly gory, culminating in a virtual orgy of bloodsucking and murder. A second film, *Night of Dark Shadows*, came and went the following year without much fuss.

Then *Dark Shadows* quietly submerged for about ten years.

Unexpectedly it began to re-surface around 1980, as a late-night (ca. 11:30 PM) filler on some

syndicated stations. Lilith and I were definitely home at 11:30, so we started to follow the adventures of Victoria Winters, Willie Loomis, Maggie Evans, Carolyn Stoddard, Professor Stokes, Dr. Julia Hoffman, and of course Barnabas. Once you got accustomed to the snail's-pace of soap operas [being knocked out could mean that you lay comatose on the floor for the next two weeks], it got kind of catchy. Barnabas turned out to be a very sympathetic personage a "favorite uncle" to most of the characters, except when he would get thirsty and put the fangs to one of the girls. This was usually a fade-out bite, where you would see him zero in on a neck and then Cal Worthington and his dog Spot were suddenly trying to sell you a Chevrolet.

There were two irksome things about the show. First, Barnabas' taste (!) in women was decidedly curious. Originally he was pining his heart out for Maggie Evans, and that was OK because she was very fetching in a high-school-cheerleader sort of way. But then, for virtually the rest of the series, he developed an inexplicable crush on Victoria Winters, the world's first teenage Mary Worth. Vicki felt a certain motherly affection for poor Barnabas, but herself preferred a brash young chap with a reincarnation-identity-crisis matched only by the chip on his shoulder. Chasing forlornly after Barnabas, meanwhile, was the witch Angelique, one of those "haul your ashes and leave you for dead in the morning" types of blondes. Barnabas, crazed with passion over Mary Worth, couldn't be forced into bed with Angelique at the point of a stake. One almost expected the Devil to appear in a puff of dry ice and ask Barnabas just what his **problem** was.

The second irksome thing was the Cute Kid. Remember Boxey, the CK on *Battlestar Galactica*? Right. Well, the CK on *Dark Shadows* was even worse. Like for two weeks of soap-time you were waiting for Barnabas to chomp Maggie, and his eyes would become smoldering, and she'd swoon in passionate abandon, and his fangs would descend towards the succulent flesh of her virginal neck, and the CK would fall in through the window from which he'd been spying on them, and they'd both stop everything and worry about whether he'd hurt himself. Honest to god.

Once you got past such trifles, however, *Dark Shadows* had some good things going for it. First of all, there was the elegant-haunted-house atmosphere of Collinwood, the kind of mysterious, opulent manor in which any Satanist worth his/her Tanis root would love to prowl about. Secondly a good deal of magical theory was quietly introduced. Several variations of Black magic were illustrated, and their short- and long-term results explored in detail. Instead of the elaborate, artificial ritual

pageantry that Hollywood often inflicts on audiences, *Dark Shadows* opted for simple, highly symbolic workings such as the speaking of a curse by the light of a single candle or while gazing into a mirror. The show was refreshingly free from any of the namby-pamby Wiccan nonsense that oozed into the post-*Rosemary's Baby* American occult "scene". In Collinsport, witches and sorcerers owned allegiance to the Devil, and that was that. Christian religion, meanwhile, was politely savaged for its hypocrisy and ridiculed for its impotence. Easily the most despicable character in *Dark Shadows* was the Reverend Trask, an 18th-century Matthew Hopkins type whose vicious hysteria about witchcraft was exceeded only by his private lechery.

Dark Shadows broke some novel ground in the areas of reincarnation and time-travel. At Collinwood reincarnation was a family affair, with present-day Collinses and their entourage being exact doubles of previous-generation and past-previous-generation personages. Former-life memories might or might not be clear from period to period and incident to incident. Events set in motion one or two centuries ago, possibly by the previous incarnation of one's current character, often "closed a circle" in the present via a sort of karma-leveling unfolding of poetic justice. Present-day characters were occasionally able to transmigrate back to one of their earlier incarnations, with their modern personalities intact. This made for some very intriguing speculation on past events' mutability and subsequent future/present consequences.

As if time-travel weren't enough, *Dark Shadows* also explored the notion of a "parallel-time universe" wherein the same human beings existed but with entirely different personalities and interrelationships. Imagine your wife as your sister [or your husband as your cousin] or your parents as unrelated neighbors, and you get the idea. Such speculations offer insight into the ways we define identity and "normalcy".

Ironically it was probably *Dark Shadows'* very inventiveness that spelled its doom. By 1971 the plot had become a highly confusing collage of time and dimensional flipflops, with the same actors and actresses playing up to a dozen different roles apiece. Add to this the usual soap-opera interplay of intrigues, and you wound up with a total scenario so bewildering that not even the most avid fan could keep track of who (in which incarnation/dimension) was doing what to whom (in which incarnation/dimension) for what (past or present) reason.

For those of us who went through late adolescence in the 1960s, there is perhaps a special wistfulness about *Dark Shadows*. As the Kennedy

Camelot unraveled into the cynicism, alienation, and disillusionment of the Johnson/Nixon era, Collinwood remained a preserve of life as it had been all too briefly: polite and clean-shaven young men who wore coats and ties, demure damsels in bouffant hairdos and those innocent-but-sexy miniskirts, dignified elders, and gallant (male) & gorgeous (female) villains. It was a contemporary Gothic Shangri-la undisturbed by marijuana, racial issues, inflation, demonstrations, or the draft. The characters had their soap-opera difficulties, certainly, but somehow they were all of a more elegant order than those we confronted "outside". Maggie might get imprisoned in a secret chamber in Barnabas' mansion, but the peril of imminent death by fanging seemed a small price to pay for not having to unstop the sink or fight supermarket lines. [Barnabas lit his mansion solely by candelabra. Try that today and you'll set off the smoke-alarm.]

What must today's teens think when they happen to glimpse this strange, anachronistic time capsule of the "last days of innocence" of the 1960s? Perhaps it is not inappropriate that it should be peopled by vampires, werewolves, witches, and ghosts, for such are harbingers of the ends of times and the passings of ages.

Scott's *Scrapbook Memories* is well-titled; like an old high school yearbook, it is the kind of memento one ought accidentally to discover in an out-of-the-way place, then peruse leisurely, pensively, while shaking one's head from time to time. It is a thing from Collinwood itself, a "song for aging children" in a day which has largely forgotten such delicate and fragile things. Thank you, Maggie, for sharing your scrapbook with us. I'm glad you managed to escape all those who plotted to do you in during your sojourn in Collinsport.

It seems fitting to conclude with Barnabas' Shakespearean epilogue from the *Dark Shadows* soundtrack recording:

Our revels now are ended. These our actors, as I foretold you, were all spirits and are melted into air, into thin air; and, like the baseless fabric of this vision, the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve and, like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep.

Copies of Kathryn Leigh Scott's *My Scrapbook Memories of Dark Shadows* may be ordered directly from the publisher: Pomegranate Press Ltd.; Post Office Box 97; Temple City, CA 91780.

[13] **Editorial**

- by Constance L. Moffatt IV°

Once again we have all taken part in an international Setian gathering. This time our annual conclave, Set-VII, was held in the beautiful city of New Orleans. Our sincere thanks go to Magister Stephen and Priestess Nancy Flowers, who went to New Orleans and sought out a locale for the Temple of Set to meet. The setting was marvelous, and the Clarion Hotel was most gracious to us. We were treated with respect, care, and the noble attitude that we deserve.

Thank you also to Magistra Lilith Aquino, coordinator of events for our conclave. It is not easy to deal with things from afar, yet these three Setians did so with great success.

Although many other Setians made special preparations for Set-VII, and all are tremendously thought of and thanked, the *Scroll* wishes to offer black bouquets to Priest Roger and Priestess Colleen Whitaker, who drove a truck from Lansing, Michigan to New Orleans with loads of artistic and electronic equipment [designed, created, and/or prepared by them] for the Friday O.T. working. They did all the loading, unloading, and set-up [with help, of course], which took many hours. Yet they were cheerful, helpful, gracious. Why is this so special? Look at the mileage they traveled, the magic they brought with them, and the fact that Priestess Whitaker was eight months pregnant at the time!

As always we were so pleased to meet each other and especially the new Setians who joined us. Time never seems to allow us to spend as much leisure time as we want with each other. Nevertheless we seemed to utilize our time well and bridge the gap of distance in that historic, southern city. Our meetings were very productive, and each Setian had numerous opportunities for self-expression.

The workings, starting with the ritual of the Order of the Vampyre on Wednesday, were filled with depth and meaning. Any working is only as successful as each Setian experiences it. Everyone seemed to do this.

Personally I was greatly impressed with the working of the Order of the Trapezoid. I thank Priest and Priestess Whitaker, Magister Flowers, and Dr. Aquino for this. A rotten flu kept me from the Saturday night working prepared by Magus James Lewis, but I know that I missed the best.

The Recognition of a new Magus was probably the highlight of the entire conclave. I am so excited that I was a part of this, especially as a Councillor. We have so much to look forward to with the new Word of **Remanifestation**. We all have work to

do, and like me, I hope you are eager and happy about plunging in.

I am delighted to have met all of the new Setians. I wish you the very best as you *Xeper*. Happy Solstice, and good Black Magic in XXII!

[14] **Poetry**

- by Nancy Flowers III°

Through a peopled park I pushed a path,
Braving baleful stares,
Through crowded copse, through rising wrath,
Through grasping hands and hateful glares.
I descended to the sand
On stairs of ebony.
Slowly stalking to the strand,
I turned my gaze to Sea.

I knelt in tide pools left by ebb
Of briny foam. My face I spied
In Water's stillness, washed away
In selling rhythm of the tide.

Along the edge where sea meets sky
In the sparkling water,
I saw three swimmers, beckoning,
And heard their darkling laughter.
So I dove.

I left man's law behind me on the shore.
Instead I learned of greater ways.
I became a part of all,
Riding through the waves.

Until the day that I gazed
Down. The swimmers screamed,
"In the depths no man can live, no man can
breathe.

Dare not the depths. There madness dwells.
Where Nature claims you dare not leave."

I wrenched myself apart. I gathered breath and dove. I stroked my way alone through green-lit depths until, lungs bursting, I must make my choice and so exhaled - bubbles rising, slowly, slowly - and breathed. And in so doing I absorbed the all and became myself and more.

[15] **Lambda**

- by Jim Grady II°

From September to November of last year, I was busy making plans to join the U.S. Navy. I had originally planned to attend their school for nuclear engineering when, in answer to a question, I made the offhand comment that I believed I possessed some form of color deficiency. I was of course

informed that the Department of the Navy didn't want color-blind people playing with things that might explode. I made two appointments for the next morning to have my suspicions tested by private doctors.

Both doctors administered a test with various colors and shades. The person should distinguish the shades and "see" a number in the overall design. The color-blind person is unable to recognize the hidden number. Depending on what numbers you recognize and which escape you, the doctor can determine the extent of any existing deficiency. I was informed that I was achromatic (total lack of color perception - seeing only black, white, and grey).

I told the doctor that there must have been some mistake, since I could tell him that his chairs were red, the walls blue, etc. For this I received a pat on the back and was told that it was admirable; I had somehow managed to learn another way of interpreting colors. My downfall was that I hadn't figured out a way to interpret the test.

This doctor's statement both annoyed me and provoked my curiosity. Exactly what did he mean by "interpret"? (Webster's: "to explain or tell the meaning of: present in understandable terms.") How is it possible to identify something if you can't see it? Why did it seem possible only under certain conditions? Or what prevented it under certain conditions?

Popular opinion holds that color perception is governed by photoreceptors distributed over the retina of the human eye. It would seem that there are three types of receptors, each sensitive to a specific wavelength which the brain in turn identifies as a specific color.

If you are achromatic, you either lack the receptors or their sensitivity. Color blindness is a physical barrier that can be altered mentally. But how then could you ever concur with anyone on the subject of colors? There are possibilities I can think of. It's possible you merely grew up with a separate set of colors. You learned to name various densities in a way that met with approval from your peers. I'm sure over the years this system would become automatic and unworthy of conscious thought.

You could have become sensitive to the way people react to different densities, perhaps from their attitudes, motions, speech, etc. You could begin to correlate certain aspects of behavior to color.

You could take the environment into consideration, being more aware of the shapes that surround you and their composition. This could provide clues to possible colors involved, or at least narrow the choice.

I wouldn't consider any of these theories as being too far-fetched. The best explanation might

well be a composite of all three. At any rate there is something very important that underlies all of this.

You have in one aspect enabled yourself to pass free of the fixed "out there". There is the consistent experience of individual reality hinging on your perception alone and effectively bypassing the mass-approval and consensus so important to everyone else. When the doctor told me I had learned to interpret colors, what he meant was that I had learned to speak a language called "out there". I had learned to ignore my perception and reflect his.

Now the interesting part here is there is no fraud involved. The color I see is as factual to me as the color you see is factual to you. To call it by the name you've given it is no more than an act of courtesy on my part.

If I were to persist in putting forth my own perspective, you might argue that color is more than pigment. It is a measurable wavelength. It is part of the electromagnetic spectrum with a category all unto itself called "visible light". I will concede these points, but only so I might tell you that "time" too is measured in wavelengths.

I would not presume to say the true nature of time is encapsulated in a wavelength. Time is a concept, but I don't believe I would be wrong if I chose a wavelength to act as a representative or characteristic of time.

So if the wavelengths of color may be perceived differently, why not the wavelengths of time? The time, just as the color of the "out there", would continue to operate as expected by those who would deny its malleability. The time of your perception is open to change.

Sound strange? Chances are you've already disrupted the linear flow of time. Researchers are now of the opinion that dreams do not happen "in the blink of an eye". They now maintain dreams unfold at the same rate it would take for the event to occur in the waking state. They still, however, admit that "flash" dreams can and do occur.

What would happen if your mind accepted a different type of time? If you could perceive a separate facet of time and utilize it? Could you operate in your own time and use it to intersect "real time"? Could you prolong your life or become a factual Dorian Grey?

And if we use wavelengths as quasi-definitions for such abstract things as time and color what of other ideas? If angles generate types of wavelengths, how might they be used? Could you saturate a ritual chamber with a specific wavelength? What types and with what results?

I believe the possibilities are endless. You are limited only by your own perception. If you come to a brick wall, you can always walk through it.

References

Aquino, Michael A., *The Book of Coming Forth by Night: Analysis and Commentary*. Santa Barbara: Temple of Set, 1975.

Asimov, Isaac, *The Human Brain: Its Capacities and Functions*. New York, 1965.

Asimov, *Asimov on Physics*. New York, 1976.

Luce, Gay Gaer and Segal, Julius, *Sleep*. New York, 1967.

Pearce, Joseph Chilton, *The Crack in the Cosmic Egg*. New York, 1973.

Shallis, Michael, *On Time*. New York, 1983.

[16] Setian Filmography

- edited by John Gyori II°
and the Bull of Ombos Pylon
Contributors:

Adept John Gyori (JG)

Priest Roger Whitaker (RW)

Priest Stephen Flowers (SF)

The Abominable Dr. Phibes (1971, AIP, England). Producers: Louis M. Heyward, Ronald S. Dunas. Director: Robert Fuest. Screenwriters: James Whiton, William Goldstein, George Bant. Interesting revenge film starring Vincent Price, who lives in an underground world of his own creation. ECI is strongly implied. JG

Asylum of Satan (1972, Studio One). Producer: J. Patrick Kelly III. Director/screenwriter: William Girdler. A generally forgettable period horror film made in Louisville, Kentucky. However it contains a ritual sequence written by then-Satanic Priest Michael A. Aquino. SF

Basket Case. (1982, Analysis). Producer: Edgar Ievins. Director/screenwriter: Frank Henenlotter. Very unusual and offbeat. Very Freudian in concept, with a lot of splatter. A warning is implied to those who create monsters of the *id*. RW

The Black Cat (1934, Universal). Producer: Carl Laemmle, Jr. Director: Edgar Ulmer. Screenwriter: Peter Ruck. Originally this film was to be an adaptation of E.A. Poe's tale of the same name, however, Ulmer actually reconceived the screenplay and made it into a story of unconventional Satanism. The story revolves around a Satanic architect, Hjalmar Poelzig (Boris Karloff). Is the identity of the last name with the German architect Hans Poelzig more than a coincidence? Did Ulmer represent something of the style of Satanism being practiced in some circles in Germany in the 20s and 30s? SF

The Bride of Frankenstein (1935, Universal). Producer: Carl Laemmle, Jr. Director: James Whale. Screenwriters: John Balderston. William Hurlbut. Classic Horror fantasy with an intelligent, talking Frankenstein monster. Everywhere in the film are

archetypes. JG

The Brood (1979, New World, Canada). Producer: Claude Heroux. Director/screenwriter: David Cronenberg. Can the anger and frustration of child-abuse produce a tangible, vivid form of hatred? Beware the Brood! Some hints at the power of Invocation are here. RW

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919). Producer: Erich Pommer. Director: Robert Wiener. Screenwriters: Carl Meyer & Hans Janowitz. Sets designed by Herman Warm, who used obtuse angles for their disorienting effect in order to simulate the vision of a madman. A classic of screen magic and an early incorporation of the Law of the Trapezoid. SF

Color Me Blood Red (1965, Box Office Spectaculars). Producer: David Friedman. Director/screenwriter: Herschell Gordon Lewis. It is said that one form of immortality is that which we leave behind ourselves when we die. If so, an artist's works, if they are works of genius, immortalize their creator if those works survive. This is the story of one immortality based upon artistic creations. Low budget, decent basic gore effects, and a very unusual story. RW

The Dawn of the Dead (1979, United Film Distributors). Producers: Richardson Rubenstein, Dario Argento. Director/screenwriter: George Remero. Called one of the most violent films in motion picture history, this alone makes it worthwhile to see. But there's more. This is a movie that appears to delineate between sleeping and waking states of consciousness. There's much more here than one would expect from a splatter film. Fast paced, well acted, great FX ... Wow. RW

Deep Red (aka *The Hatchet Murders*, aka *Profundo Rossos*) (1976, Mahler, Italy). Producer: Salvatore Argento. Director: Dario Argento. Screenwriter: Giuseppe Bassan. A bit long, very powerful, with a good twist. Look for a touch of *The King in Yellow*. A gruesome, teeth smashing against a fireplace mantle scene, plus many others. Watch and enjoy! RW

The Demon Lover (1976, 21st Century Film). Producers/directors/screenwriters: Donald Jackson & Jerry Younkins. What happens to a group of "cocktail-party" Satanists when they desert their very serious High Priest? Watch and find out. This film is notable because former member of the Temple of Set Lynn Norton gave technical advice in the ritual scenes. A low budget joy. Some of the acting is borderline. What do you expect for a \$5,000 budget? RW

The Devil's Rain (1975, Bryanston). Producers: James V. Cullen, Michael S. Glick. Director: Robert Fuest. Screenwriters: Gabes Essoe, James Ashton, Gerald Hopman. A lesser effort than *Rosemary's*

Baby. Anton LaVey also gave technical guidance on this motion picture. Interesting film with Ernest Borgnine as a Priest of Satan. Yes, the ritual scenes do have some Enochian - a bit stilted though. Good entertainment. RW

Dracula (1931, Universal). Producer: Carl Laemmle, Jr. Director: Tod Browning. Screenwriters: Garrett Fort, Dudley Murphy. First talkie horror film debuting Bela Lugosi in his classic role. Filmed from an earlier play, it contains excellent performances and many classic lines.

Dr. Phibes Rises Again (1972, AIP, England). Producer: Louis M. Heyward. Director: Robert Fuest. Screenwriters: Robert Fuest, Robert Blees. Vincent Price returns, this time in Egypt, with a quest. Where else does one go to find the secret of life and death? JG

The Exorcist (1973, Warner Brothers). Producer & screenwriter: William Peter Blatty. Director: William Friedkin. Pivotal motion picture. The first big-budget Hollywood splatter film and one of the best. This movie set the trend for years to follow in the area of "possession" films. Good effects, strong script, great acting. This movie has it all. RW

Forbidden Planet (1956, MGM). Producer: Nicholas Nayfack. Director: Fred McLeod Wilcox. Screenwriter: Cyril Hume. Classic Sci-Fi tale in which ancient high technology is found and used to enhance the mind, with interesting and horrifying results. Excellent special effects for the time the film was made. JG

Frankenstein (1931, Universal) Producer: Carl Laemmle, Jr. Director: James Whale. Screenwriters: Garrett Fort, Robert Florey, Francis Edward Faragoh. Released shortly after the classic *Dracula*, this film made Boris Karloff a household name. An immortal classic, also with many memorable lines. JG

The Gates of Hell (1983). Producer: Lucio Fulci. Director: ? Screenwriter: ? The Gates to Hell are in Dunwich, and the evil spirit of a priest who committed suicide has opened them, and they won't be closed. Moody, occasionally fragmented, essentially a film about mysticism. Also a scene where a girl pukes her guts out [literally] while under the spell of the evil priest. A very sacrilegious film. RW

Island of Lost Souls (1933, Paramount). Producer: Erle C. Kenton. Director/screenwriter: Waldemar Young, Philip Wylie. A film adaptation of H.G. Wells' *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, which was the basis for ASLV's "Das Tierdrama" in *The Satanic Rituals*. SF

The Keep (Paramount, 1983). Producer: Michael Mann, Colin M. Brewer. Director: Alex Thomson B.S.C. Screenwriter: Michael Mann.

Gothic horror tale that examines the motivations of various people in an old fortress during World War II. Take note of the interesting structure of the Keep. JG

Masque of the Red Death (1964, Anglo Amalgamated/ AIP, England). Producer/director: Roger Corman. Screenwriter: Charles Beaumont. Set in 12th-Century Italy, a prince toys with all his subjects, waiting for the Devil to appear. Vincent Price stars in his most Satanic role ever. JG

Metropolis (1926). Producer/director: Fritz Lang. Screenwriter: Fritz and Thea von Harbou. In this allegorical utopian, or anti-utopian, film the Black Magician Rotwang does not fare very well. However his presence and characterization are shining examples, as is his techno-ritualistic magic in creating the robotrix Ultima Futura [note huge Pentagram of Set in the ritual chamber/laboratory]. Again the Expressionistic set designs are as much of the magic of this film as its screenplay. The novel (#21G) was written by Lang's wife. SF

The Mummy (1932, Universal). Producer: Stanley Bergerman. Director: Karl Freund. Screenwriter: John L. Balderston. Wonderful tale of love and magic, starring Boris Karloff in the title role. Film makes nice use of the *ka* and essence. JG

Somewhere in Time (1980, Universal). Producer: Stephen Deutch. Director: Jeannot Szwarc. Screenwriter: Richard Matheson. Christopher Reeve uses a form of ECI to travel back into the past and to fall in love with a woman many years his senior. But just how long can he maintain his concentration? Nicely-done tale of romance. JG

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968, MGM, U.S./ England). Producer/director: Stanley Kubrick. Screenwriters: Stanley Kubrick, Arthur C. Clarke. Based on a combination of concepts presented in Clarke's *Childhood's End* (#17A) and *The Sentinel*. The screenplay was subsequently novelized. SF.

The Omen (1976, 20th Century Fox, England) Producer: Harvey Bernhard. Director: Richard Donner. Screenwriter: David Seltzer. Well-done story about the conception of the Antichrist and his early life. Film spawned two sequels to complete this prophetic tale. JG

The Phoenix (1980, 21st Century, Hong Kong). Producer: Frank Wong. Directors: Richard Caan, Sadamasa Arikawa. Screenwriter: F. Kenneth Lin. Plenty of symbolism/dialogue corresponding to the Setian Initiate. Easy to identify with the character of the "Phoenix". A very magical film. Look for it on late-night TV. RW

Rosemary's Baby (1968, Paramount). Producer: William Castle. Director/screenwriter: Roman Polanski. Moody, great locations, well acted. Was the Devil's child spawned in 1966 CE? Did the Devil really "father" a creation in that year? Anton

LaVey says he was a consultant. No Enochian is present in the film. RW

The Ruling Class (1972, Keep Films Ltd.). Producers: Jules Buck, Jack Hawkins. Director: Peter Medak. Screenwriter Peter Barnes. Sacrilegious and humorous tale about Peter O'Toole, the only heir to a noble family in England. O'Toole does a marvelous job acting as Jesus Christ. JG

Simon, King of the Witches (1971 Fanfare). Producer: David Hammond. Director: Bruce Kessler. Screenwriter: Robert Phippeny. How did a warlock live in the 60s? A unique film where proper terminology for magic is used and workings done. RW