

The Scroll of Set

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[1] The Masques of Initiation: A Psychodramatic Ritual Theatre Production

Order of the Sepulcher of the Obsidian Masque
- by Robert Robinson IV°, Grand Master

During the last Conclave the Order of the Sepulcher of the Obsidian Masque was officially introduced to the Temple of Set. At that time I made available to all interested Setians a fairly clear statement concerning the function and purpose of the OSOM - the infamous "red packet". If you did not attend that conclave and do not have a copy of that statement (but would like one), you may request one from me c/o the Temple office address. The "red packet" more or less covers what I perceive the OSOM to be, so I would like to take this opportunity to discuss the Order by way of some of the projects I have in mind.

Primary among future OSOM projects is the next Psychodramatic Ritual Theatre production which is to be presented during Set-XIII. This production, entitled "The Masques of Initiation", is to be produced and coordinated by the OSOM, but involves all interested Setians who plan to attend Conclave. A project of this nature requires extensive planning and a considerable investment of time in order for it to become the magical working I intend it to be. Therefore I would like to extend an invitation to all interested Setians, Pylons and Orders to develop ideas which would lend themselves to this kind of presentation format and contact me no later than June 1, with a written, audio, or videotaped description of what they would like to present. A high-quality audio tape of the music to be used [title, time duration, group or individuals involved, etc. must be indicated on the tape box to avoid confusion] should accompany the description.

Another focus of the OSOM continues to be research into the energy quality that survives physical/biological death [the O.V. has provided me with many of my insights into this area], the process of death itself and Remanifestation (influence of the O.L. must be noted here). Experimentation with the roles we play throughout life and the masks we wear when playing such roles is also a continuing process. Understanding death through ritualistic dramatizations which confront that process in its most real, frightful, revealing, and meaningful function as a teacher of Change, are also very

important. Other projects underway [or soon to be] by Actors of the Order are an Order newsletter, *The Sepulchral Voice*, the creation of audio and video tapes in various areas of interest, i.e. "Overcoming the Fear of Manifestation (getting past stage fright and similar problems that inhibit *Xeper*)", a video series on the Orders of the Temple and their Grand Masters: "Trance Tapes" (a series of hypnotic inductions to achieve various ends, i.e. the meditations on death and Remanifestation I mention in the "red packet", etc. Later on I would also be interested in a compendium of how individual Setians, of all degrees, perceive Death. This compilation, *Death Perception*, could appear in a written and/or video format. Being one of the newest Orders of the Temple of Set, all this is just a beginning, and there is much to do! Adepts who aren't afraid of work, and who have creative and innovative ideas they want to share, are herewith invited to join me in this process-oriented exploration of what is and might be. *Xeper* and Remanifest!

[2] Pylon Announcement

On the occasion of the Vernal Equinox XXVII AS, the Houston Horn of the Bull of Ombos Pylon underwent a magical and organizational transformation, resulting in the formation of the Black Phoenix Pylon. The task of the Black Phoenix shall be to continue the Initiatory excellence of the Bull of Ombos Pylon, while at the same time discovering and creating traditions of its own. The Pylon shall also endeavor to seek after such mysteries as are felt to be relevant to the established philosophy of the Temple of Set and in so doing, create and maintain a magical and intellectual atmosphere which is most conducive to the initiatory progress of its members.

We shall also explore such mysteries as relate to, and are associated with the dark and magnificent image of the Phoenix. For contained within the powerful image of this mystical creature is the secret of initiation itself: the true essence of *Xeper* and Remanifestation.

The Black Phoenix comes into being under the direction and sponsorship of Priest Don Webb, with Adept Arnold Watson acting as Sentinel. There are plans to publish *The Talon* on an irregular basis, which will cover the full scope of the Pylon's work. Any person interested in obtaining further information relating to the Black Phoenix Pylon should write to Adept Arnold Watson.

For as the Phoenix doth rise from the ashes of his former demise, so shall we all *Xeper* and Remanifest!

[3] Transformation

(a Dream)

- by James K. Knowles, Jr. I°

Cool Darkness. Room. Dark Flame. Shadows. Coffin. Black. Silver trim. Crimson-silk lining. Pulsing veins! Glistening fangs! Unholy rapture! Sweet ecstasy! Peaceful rest. Red web. Opened eyes. Thirst of dry ice. Sip of the Grail. Experience new life. Call me Brother.

[4] Bubble, Bubble, Toil and Trouble, Gates Of Hell Is Brewing A Cauldron Of Trouble!

The Chicago Conference has been confirmed. Yes, once again we are descending upon the Windy City (not in the same location, though) to wreak havoc on the cosmos.

The Gates of Hell Pylon would like to cordially invite you to join in this experience during the month of May. Anyone who wishes to attend may contact Adept Darrell Gilliam or Adept Timothy L. McGranahan for complete details on hotel reservations and directions. [Those who attended last year know how important directions can be.]

If you were with us last year, I'm sure you'll remember the excitement and fulfillment we all experienced. We again plan to share the joy of Setian interaction through Workings, conversation, art shows, dining, etc. Please join us once again - or for the first time - in Chicago, and let's raise a little Hell! Come feast with the gods!

[5] Book Review: *Great Mambo Chicken and the Transhuman Condition*

by Ed Regis, Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, Inc., 1990 (first paperback edition August 1991)

- by Pat Hardy III°

The spiritual impact of an æon is not a thing limited in scope, though this may be appreciated by only a few. *Great Mambo Chicken and the Transhuman Condition*, subtitled "Science Slightly Over the Edge", documents the visions of a handful of scientists, engineers and visionaries striving towards a thoroughly Setian future. Commercial space travel, cryonics and immortalism, creation of artificial life, time travel and nanotechnology - molecular engineering - are the material building blocks of this future.

The book tells the tale of various contemporary pioneers struggling with these visions: rocket engineers, physicists, biologists, roboticists and

others working on strange frontiers. The account is whimsical, the science speculative but serious. (The "great mambo chicken" of the title refers to super-chickens raised in a centrifuge emulating higher-than-normal gravitational force.)

Why is this relevant to Setians? The message Regis brings from the scientific frontier is one Setians will recognize it is the promise of the Serpent of Eden and the Great Work of the Mad Scientist.

They wanted to re-create Creation. They wanted to make human beings immortal - or, failing that, they wanted to convert humans into abstract spirits that were by nature deathless. They wanted to gain complete control over the structure of matter, and they wanted to extend mankind's rightful sovereignty out across the solar system, into the Galaxy, and out into the rest of the cosmos.

Regis is not ignorant of the spiritual implications of this message:

Indeed, the folly of tempting God and the fates had always been a primary theme in world literature Adam and Eve, Ædipus, Prometheus, Faust, Ahab - all of them went up against the gods and got damned to Hell for their arrogance ... But none of our extremely advanced thinkers ever saw themselves as tragic heroes. And why should they?

Humans subject to traditional conditioning have difficulty even approaching these ideas, let alone appreciating them. Regis cites skeptics from every level, including the charge of "uterine envy" hurled against a Stanford Artificial Intelligence Lab researcher who in 1988 brazenly suggested "downloading" the human psyche into improved robotic forms [shades of *The Dark Side*]. But the Black Magician will welcome the "transhuman condition": a future open to human beings who are not content with apologies and justifications for the "human condition". And much as Regis strives to maintain a light-hearted attitude towards weird science", one can't help but detect the note of awe and admiration that steals into the text. *Great Mambo Chicken* deserves a place in the "Life and Death" section of our reading List as a snapshot of current efforts to control the Osirian Life/Death cycle, though it could be placed in several other sections as well. Check it out!

[6] Editorial Arena

Not counting a personal attack by local media, clergy, etc., what would precipitate or justify your “going public” as a Setian when (a) secrecy and discretion are so much less troublesome and (b) your efforts would be fruitless, since explanations generally fall on deaf ears worn by those who hear only what they want to hear?

Last issue’s question: “What is more important: power or immortality?”

Don Webb III°:

If by power we mean the ability to change the world around us, then power is not something in opposition to immortality, but rather a tool for its attainment. The exercise of power can mean an articulation of the self from the natural order. If you’re just running the plow on the farm every day and broadcasting your thoughts into the astral plane, there won’t be much self-creation. I can imagine myself to be the emperor of the world all the time. but unless I work in the objective world to achieve power, I will never experience the pleasures, pains, discoveries that provide me with the material to achieve my own divinity [through work].

Power is the opener of the way. In this sense power is an essential tool for immortality.

Like all powerful tools, power is dangerous. If I assume that I must work for exactly the kind of control over my environment that society deems useful, then I am just a slave. If I gain so much power that no one dares to be honest with me, then I will become a fool. If I become so involved in my search for power I forget that I am achieving this power only to reflect my emerging divine status, then I stumble off the path. If I gain power only to make everybody think like me, then I am stifling that very Flame that moved me in the first place.

“Without power we remain in the cave watching shadows. With power we have a chance of seeing how the world really works. With power we learn a lesson of what it is to be a god. REYN TIL RUNA”

Nancy Kleinman IV°:

Power without immortality is finite; immortality without power is Hell.

James L. Knowles I° (“The Black Tiger”):

If reference is made to earthly power, then immortality is far more important. Earthly power alone = mortality. Mortality is synonymous with death. On the other hand, if the power is supernatural, then it is a necessary component of immortality.

When a Black Magician exercises his will, he is exhibiting power. More exercise = more power. This Black Magician exercises his will because he is on a quest for the Graal, i.e. immortality.

An immortal being is truly powerful - in **every** sense of the word. Without power, how is it possible to be immortal? The meek will not inherit the Earth ... They will be trampled!

James Lewis VI°:

Power or immortality? *Webster’s* defines power first as the ability to do or act and secondly as physical or mental strength or energy. If power is seen as the ability to control others, well and fine; but for how long and why? Granted, in theory Black Magicians have the ability to rule the world, but not the attention span to do so. Beyond that, who would want to rule and be responsible for what Sol III has become?

Discounting any importance for what the hysterical and ignorant suspect Black Magicians are out to do, how important are the first two definitions of power? Such power goes hand in hand with the *savoir-faire* acquired in the pursuit of knowledge. It is not sought after deliberately, but comes through the growth of the soul. Immortality it explains as being not subject to death or cessation. Since nothing in its present form is immortal, the idea of living on and on here is a fanciful one, much like tales of vampires, werewolves, and Santa Claus. Immortality of the soul is quite another matter. That quality, I suspect, is not dependent on constantly regenerating cells, but instead on an acute awareness and utilization of the moment known as “now”. The Prince whose Temple this is has described himself as Ageless Intelligence, something which may well have strong ties on that moment of now, even while remembering the past and preparing for the future.

Is power or immortality the more important? It may not be an answerable question, since the two can and should coexist within the same envelope of being and rather than being idols, serve as devices which accentuate the totality of the soul. To sum up, in questioning whether power or immortality is the more important, I would say both are integral, but neither for its own sake alone. The soul is far more than the sum of its parts and it is the complete being which *Xeper* heightens through the exacting tending of the Black Flame.”

[7] A Spell of Satisfaction

- by Eve Martin I°

The scandalous light of the Second Realm shines through to the Sorceress. She sees only Darkness. Trapped in a fantasy of lovers and

dreams, pulled towards her own doom as sure as the Hellish wind blows.

Hear them? They cry from the Abyss. She longs to save them, or is it to join them? One always asks for order within Chaos. Being so, she calls again to the Morigan of a different name, hoping it will be a step closer, trying desperately to remember that it's all the same.

From spells to invoking, she climbs the magical ladder. Those around pretend to sympathize, but only see her go madder! As Maga she calls the Song of Conjuring; she has no mind now; it's a game she cannot stop until she's crossed over Hell and sees her own heart at the end!

[8] Religion and the Self: A Letter

- by Pat Hardy III°

[The following is based on a letter to a Setian who expressed concern over the religious symbolism of the Temple of Set.]

* * *

Dear Setian,

We acknowledge that most manifestations of the "religious impulse" are forms of psychological regression. Now the thirst for self-actualization and change is often confused with this regression. The confusion takes place in childhood. As Branden points out [Nathaniel Branden, "The Disowned Self"], the child does not have the mental agility of the adult and is only too likely to confuse his/her own wishes with the dictates of parents.

The result is a more-or-less suppressed self which seeks to assert its nature by every means possible, including experiences regarded as occult or supernatural. The self reveals itself to the social personality as a numinous guide, taking such forms as the *fylgia* of Teutonic myth or the Crowleyan "Holy Guardian Angel". Religions typically prey on this confusion by appropriating the numinous and creating fables about it to perpetuate childlike dependency. The Church of Satan used psychodrama in order to break such mental fetters, and that technique continues to be one aspect of the Temple of Set.

Example: Some years ago I spoke with a local Setian - I'll call him Jay. A recent graduate of a large Boston university, he had misgivings over the "supernatural" trappings of our philosophy. I explained that it was wholly legitimate to regard such trappings as psychodramatic tools for reshaping the psyche, until one might have reason to suspect otherwise. Later, after discussion and feasting, the Kaliyuga Pylon did a Working. I invited all to use the occasion to focus on their desires and future deeds. Jay approached the altar and asked "Father Set"(!) to allow him (!) to gain a

master's degree in political science. After the Working I pointed out to Jay that he was asking for **permission to succeed**, and that he should find out why he thought he needed this. Jay was surprised, and then smiled, having gotten the point.

Here, then, is the first reason for the religious trappings: They are an effective means of exposing a person's unstated beliefs about self, power, and relationship. Thus they are useful in the process of identifying and destroying wrong ideas.

However there is a second reason. The fact that the numinous has been chronically reinterpreted and abused for political purposes does not negate the fact that **it is a means by which we experience the self as the source of value and meaning**.

Consider the person who experiences the numinous, rather than simply believing dogmas about it. To tell that person that he or she is experiencing a delusion is useless - and wrong! What that person must seek is understanding, so that he or she may comprehend and fulfill the manifest desire of the self. The divinity of the psyche thereby becomes real rather than remaining a mystical fantasy without influence. To the extent that the Temple of Set is concerned with the numinous, it is recognizably a religion.

The "religious velcro" and the encouragement of uncritical belief in conventional religions are admittedly problems when brought into our environment. I myself have written to new Setians explaining that pacts are psychodramatic exercises, that prayer is fruitless, that magic demands honest self-assessment, and so forth. When "believers" learn that thinking is the only acceptable devotion to Set, they usually leave.

On the other hand, having personally experienced the numinous - in the halls of universities, in planetariums, and under the night sky - I assert that there is benefit not only in the shattering of idols, but in seeing the human spirit receive the care and attention formerly wasted on those idols. If this be the devolution of a philosophy into a religion, I suppose we must plead guilty as charged.

[9] The Lurkers at the Threshold

- by Dennis Mann III°

So you think this is an article about H.P. Lovecraft, eh? Wrong! Five-point penalty and try again ...

So you think this is an article about monsters from the *id*? Wrong again; please take a ten-point penalty and go directly to your vellum-bound copy of the U.S. Constitution.

"Aha," you say, "we're going to talk about ... the **police!**" Right. Exactly right. Here's why:

Recently one of our Adepts was home, peacefully minding his own business (so I'm told) when there came a knock at his door. Opening it, he was confronted with the sight of several slovenly-looking individuals all waving guns in his specific direction. He thought they were robbers, but he was wrong; they turned out to be narcotics agents. They found nothing on the premises save prescription drugs, but did take some time to confiscate his *Ruby Tablet*, take a bunch of photos and then depart.

These boys might have been seeking to establish links between sex, drugs and the occult. They failed to do so, but the experience makes it clear that some gentle reminders about your Constitutional rights are in order here and now. So here they are.

Caveat #1 [That's Latin for "Beware".]: Laws vary widely from state to state. Some states have stricter laws and more personal protections than those guaranteed under the U.S. Constitution. You can have more rights than the U.S. Constitution allows, in certain states, but you cannot have less than those available to all citizens of these United States. Also, criminal law changes pretty rapidly each year.

Caveat #2: If you really want to know what the law is in your area of the US, or in your country, consult a practicing attorney who has his license to do business. In this country, it will help also to consult with the ACLU or other similar organizations. Do **not** assume that because I said it here, it is true in every U.S. state or especially overseas. Rather use this information as a starting point or a reminder of things to do or ask when and if the lurkers show up at your door.

Things to do:

(1) Get a lawyer. Nobody knows the law like a lawyer. Nobody can figure out if you've been screwed, violated, transgressed against, etc., better than a good criminal or civil rights attorney. If you can afford it, have one on retainer. This should be someone who is familiar with you, and knows enough about your interests and status as a Setian to where he is not bothered by that. Imagine how embarrassing it would be to have your attorney come to your door, prepared to confront the forces of righteous evil, only to announce to all and sundry that he didn't know you were a ree-ul Satanist, and that he is leaving right now and never wishes to see or hear from you again. Avoid the rush; let him know ahead of time that this is something you are into, that it is a vital part of your life - and does he have a problem with that?

If you cannot afford a retainer, then there are prepaid legal plans available for the middle-class readers of this article. They usually involve doing wills, last testaments, reading deeds when you buy or sell property, etc. Again, ask for the name of the

attorney you might be dealing with in this arena, but be discreet. Nothing has happened yet. You have to make sure that the plan will cover you in case zealous Christian officers decide to make an example of you for their sport and amusement. Read the fine print! See if there is an after-hours number to call, in case of emergency. Ask if they make house calls, calls on you if you are away from home, how far away, etc. See if they cover cases involving free speech or religion.

If you cannot afford this, then there are organizations such as the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), the Alliance of Magical and Earth Religions (AMER) (based in St. Louis, MO), the Western Poverty Law Center (in Los Angeles CA) and others. The best basic contact in the US is the ACLU. They handle cases involving police and their deeds at your door all the time. Poverty lawyers are also good for an initial contact; if they do not handle police brutality or misconduct cases themselves, they will be aware of attorneys who do handle things like that and should be happy to refer you. Your local chapter of the American Bar Association, or the State Bar where you live, can also identify an attorney who can help you. If these people want to send you a form to fill out, or paperwork to sign, volunteer to come by their offices to fill it out.

Let them know that there's a ree-ul Satanist in this picture; let them see you in the flesh, so they can associate a person with the name they heard over the phone.

You might also have a friend or friends who are attorneys, right now. Ask them if they handle cases like this; if not, do they know someone whom they would recommend to do so. Have that person's name and number handy in case you ever have the need to call.

Once you have gotten someone to help you, let them do exactly that. Do not freelance, do not call press conferences without your attorney's advice, and do not accept calls regarding this incident. Refer further calls on this subject to your attorney. That's why you retained him, so that you could get on with your mundane life and magical existence, and not have to deal with the crap too often after that.

But obviously he or she wasn't there when the opened door revealed the police ... so what do you do when this Unblessed event happens to you?

(2) What to ask for? After you have finished gathering in several quarts of adrenaline, politely ask the nice officers for their search warrant. The emphasis here is on the word politely. Also ask politely if you can call your attorney.

The Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution guarantees your right to the integrity of your "castle"; the cops can only get in if they have a warrant "giving the particulars of what they are

looking for and the location where it is to be found". There is **no** such thing as a "blanket search warrant" which gives them the right to search everywhere and for everything that they can find.

Unfortunately your Fourth Amendment rights are under erosion right now from two things: the ultra-conservative Supreme Court and the laws passed by Congress to suppress the drug trade. If the cops are narcs, and are looking for narcotics, they have a much freer hand than they do if they are looking for evidence of occult activity.

However even narcs have to leave a copy of their search warrant when they exit your house. You can deny them entry if they do not have a search warrant, but don't be surprised if your door is a casualty of their subsequent entry. That's illegal and unlawful, but you still might be living somewhere where an intact door is a good thing to have.

(3) A reminder concerning drugs: Recall, if you will, that the Temple's policy on drugs is that none are permitted and use is grounds for expulsion. A competent magician does not need drugs for any type of ritual, and their use will only interfere with the understanding and comprehension of both subjective and objective universes.

If you are caught using drugs, do not look to the Temple for any type of help. You were warned about the consequences of that behavior, and are responsible for your actions and those consequences.

If you do not use drugs, however, then you have many more rights versus an illegal or unlawful search by any cops (even narcotics agents). If you have friends present, they will tend to make the cops think twice about any illegal activities that they might pull. If your friends are independent, non-Temple affiliated friends, they will not be accused of bias when the cops try to [unsuccessfully] prove that it was an occult gathering that they busted up. Friends are a good source of protection, but they are not always there when you need them.

(4) In case of emergency: What do you do in case the cops hit you or hurt you? After they have departed, go to an emergency room at the nearest hospital and get a ER doctor to look at you. Make sure that he does a report in writing; tell him that your injuries were inflicted by the police. Expect that allegation to bring some other cops running down to the ER to verify your story; everybody in the U.S.A. has seen the videotape of the LAPD officers beating Rodney King, so police departments are very sensitive to charges of police brutality [even if some cops are not]. Have a friend take some photos of what you look like, especially if there is a black eye, cuts, scratches, bruises or other objective - and I stress objective - evidence to back

up your story.

If you were untouched but suffer from high blood pressure or hypertension, go to the ER and make sure the doctor on duty gets readings to prove your contention that you were frightened out of your wits.

(5) What about the Temple? If the cops are hostile to the occult, and many are, then tell them to make all inquiries concerning the Temple and its activities to the High Priest, c/o the San Francisco office of the Temple, in writing. Unless you are one of the Elect, and thereby authorized to speak on behalf of the Temple directly, please refer all questions and questioners to your attorney. Give him or her the S.F. address of the Temple, and instruct him that all reasonable requests for information concerning the Temple will be answered by the Temple in writing.

(6) I search for adventure: If the cops show you a search warrant, and you have contacted your attorney [and are anxiously awaiting his arrival], say nothing unless asked. Cops expect people to talk to them; they count on your nervousness and fear to do their work for them. It's like the motorist who is stopped by the highway patrolman. He rolls down his window and - as he hands the officer his driver's license - asks, "Are you stopping me for my expired registration?" "No," the officer replies, "I was stopping you for speeding, but I'll add the registration charge to the ticket." You have **no** idea why they have entered your house; the search warrant only describes what they are looking for, and where it might be.

You don't know, and won't know why they were there until you receive a copy of the police report. The next working day, you go down to the police department in question and ask for a copy of the report, or let your attorney do it for you.

But while you are still staring at the officers in your house, be quiet. Say nothing; do not give them an excuse to add further charges to what they are already looking for. Do not do their work for them.

(7) Let your fingers do the walking. If you are only scared [and this can be a **big** fright!], then call one of the Elect with whom you have been in contact concerning your magical progress. Make sure that the Temple is made aware of the visit, even if it later turns out that the Temple was not the reason for the cops' visit. Let us monitor the situation from the standpoint of making sure that you have the freedom to practice your religious beliefs without having to worry about the Spanish Inquisition coming through your door to harass you. If you haven't been in touch with a member of the Elect who can be called to tell this to, your next step is obvious.

(8) That's all, folks! In closing, I need to state that this is a rare event in the Temple. Only four people [of whom I am aware] that are part of the Temple have had this experience in the last five years, and two of the four were the High Priest and Magistra Aquino. If you are leading the exemplary lifestyle that they lead, your magical virtue and lack of mundane vices will be the best defense against official folly and stupidity.

I'd like to see that this essay bears the relationship that umbrellas usually bear to rain. Read it, and most likely nothing like this will happen to you. I hope that's the case, as we have many better and more noble things to concern ourselves with in the future. Still forewarned is forearmed. A little advance knowledge of what to ask for and what to do cannot do anyone any harm at all. *Xeper*.

[10] When a Dæmon Weeps

- by James L. Knowles I° (the Black Tiger)

When I see newborns tremble from prenatal addiction, I weep.

When I see in a child's eyes sadness caused by pangs of hunger, I weep.

When I see a fourteen-year-old rape victim threaten suicide when she is refused an abortion, I weep.

When I see a child unable to attend school because funds are unavailable to operate school buses, I weep.

When I see, in classrooms, children killing time, I weep.

When I see the elderly abused and unable to defend themselves, I weep.

When I see ignorance manifest in ethnic slurs, I weep.

When I see warring nations freely spill the fluid of life over *Biblical* land claims, I weep.

When I see a quilt sewn because loved ones fall victim to disease, I weep.

My tears are crimson and as acid burn; we, ten thousand times ten thousand unto Uriel and his liege, for they shall know the ultimate wrath!

Lo! The Guardians sing!

Do you know the words?

Now this Dæmon smiles.

Ever see a cat fly?

[11] Flame of Darkness

- by Ronnie Guy Smith I°

The dawn of Darkness has risen in me,
I can feel the fires burning deep
My heart is black as the Sun of the Night,
Inflamed by the Essence of Hell!

Through the Angles of night I stretch forth my will

To the Glory of Set.

The Gate of Darkness is opening wide.

I can feel Him calling my name!

Now I've found the Flame,

Enshrined deep within my soul.

I was lost; now I'm free.

Forever he will burn in me!

Beyond the realms of the night, deep within my heart,

I found the Flame of Hell.

Behold, the essence of my life, in darkest majesty,

the brilliance of my will!

In the name of the vengeance of Set,

I shall walk the forbidden Path.

Forever black, my heart is burns,

Unto the Darkness of the Flame!

[12] Initiatory Ritual

- by Vesa Iitti I°

Kalevala Pylon, Finland

Introduction: During the night of 10/19-20/XXVI I performed the following ritual with Adept Laakso's assistance. For me it was a kind of threshold, a rite of passage and so a step towards plenty of activity and a far larger consciousness. [These too were goals of the ritual.] The place chosen was a large grotto.

Preparations: Ritual supplies arranged. I was in front of the altar. Adept Laakso stood hidden about 10 meters away. Black robes were donned.

1. Beating the shamanic drum nine times while turning counter-clockwise.

2. Light the Black Flame. Invocation. [echoed after me by Adept Laakso in the darkness].

I open the Gate and join the Black Flame.

We call upon thee, O Set, Prince of Darkness, *neter* not of the *neteru*, Giver of the Gift, the Designer, Being of Essence non-natural. O Majesty of Set, hear us, look upon us, and go with us upon this journey. Enfold us with the Powers of Darkness. Let us become one with the Eternal Set. Let our eyes become the eyes of Set, our strength become the strength of Set, our wills become the will of Set. We dwell in the fane of the Flame of *Ba*. Time bows before our wills, and we are Lords of Life, Death, and Life in Death. Attest then to this Working that we now undertake.

3. Summon the elements with the sword: "I call upon Water (emotions, intuitive faculties); Earth (development, inner self); Air (concentration, intellect, communication, knowledge); Fire (energy, courage, will-power, purification)."

4. Working.

Beelzebub and the Grail

Initiate: "I call upon you, Beelzebub, High Dæmon of creation and intention, to bestow upon me your very essence."

High Dæmon Beelzebub appears from the dark and says "Having tasted knowledge, you desire more. You have correctly perceived that I am the Dæmon who inspires mankind to restlessness and invention, yet you must also understand that I am known as the Lord of the Flies. Should you accept my Gift, and seek creation beyond merely following an established pattern, the gravest doubts and confusion will be your part as well. In this Grail are the qualities for which you are looking. Partake of it should you still desire it." [When Adept Laakso has stated this as Beelzebub, I walk to him, take the Grail he is offering, and drink from it. Then I return to the altar area to call upon Belial.]

Belial and the Pentagram of Set

Initiate: "Come forth, Belial, High Dæmon of the Dark Art, to create for me a more intense self-consciousness."

High Dæmon Belial: "If you will accept my Gift, no law in the Universe may stand against our will; you will truly be One Without Master. But you will then have to control everything you thought impossible by the Force of Will alone, and to this end you will have to subject your lesser wills to the greater. Do you accept my Gift?"

Initiate: "Yes, I do!"

High Dæmon Belial moves to the Initiate and states: "Receive then this, the Pentagram of Set, and know that Hell doth bequeath to Man his perfect freedom, and such a Gift can never be recalled."

Satan and the Mark of the Beast

The Initiates, having received the Pentagram, are approached by ArchDæmon Satan "You have Become of Essence alike to Beelzebub and Belial, and so I, ArchDæmon Satan, will confirm your choice. I give you the Mark of the Beast; may it ever guide you in your Quest to *Xeper*."

5. Sixteenth Part of the *Word of Set*.

6. Extinguish the Black Flame. Close the Gate.

7. "So It Is Done." An echo from the darkness: "And so it will be."

[13] The Black Meditation

- by James B. Severson II°

What is meditation? *Webster's Dictionary* defines it as "a discourse intended to express its author's reflections; to engage in contemplation or reflection; to focus one's thoughts; to plan or project the mind". What I take from this are **communication, contemplation, focus, thoughts, and projection**.

1. Meditation is communication in the sense that I desire a more direct and clear avenue of expression to myself. Also I desire and will a more direct and clear connection with what I conceive of as Set.

2. Meditation is contemplation in the sense that from a deep, sensitive, meditative state I can properly evaluate my personal insights. I can choose the direction and in turn reinforce it. This includes creative maintenance.

3. Meditation is reflection in the sense that I can properly put into perspective the events within my *Xeper* and apply it to the past, present and future.

4. Meditation is focus in the sense that the intention of my personal will establishes the meditative state. Self-consciousness This is the stream of conscious will.

5. Meditation is thought because, as our source of consciousness is the Gift of Set, the Black Flame, it enables us as Black Magicians to interact with ourselves in ways that mundane humans cannot. Thought is the vehicle of self-consciousness. The ultimate evolving goal of the "Black Meditation" is interaction with that original Gift of Set.

6. Meditation is projection in the sense that your awareness is directed in upon yourself to create the meditative state. In this way it has connections to the process of Greater Black Magic.

To call myself a **meditator** is to call myself an investigator into the realms of my personal *Xeper*. An explorer and researcher into the realms of higher states of consciousness, Divinity. This in itself provides a reason to continue this avenue of investigation.

The goal of the "Black Meditator" as stated above is to interact with the Gift of Set, the source of my conscious self. To put into perspective the "Black Meditation" is to define it as such: the establishment of a silent state of awareness through the conscious projection of will; the desire to do so. When this state is established, an Initiate of the LHP can commune/investigate and interact from a different state of mental, emotional, spiritual, and physical awareness. This provides the desire of will to enhance itself.

Explanation of Process

The process of creating the “Black Meditative” state will depend highly on the Initiate’s background. For me, meditational philosophies that I have encountered are RHP in orientation. From the initial conception of the Black Meditation, I have attempted, in my explanation of its mechanics, to change this vision. What defines this technique as LHP is its focus on the individual’s refinement in terms of himself, not in terms of harmony with the supposed laws of nature or a godlike being. Therefore it is a “self-conscious”-promoting endeavor.

This is as much a technique that requires practice as anything else one would attempt to learn. Therefore it is not easy. This is not mantra meditation where a meaningless word is used to induce a euphoric state. Rather this is willful indulgence in the mind’s ability to expand to its own evolving limits.

I would describe the process as such It is the will that is key in the establishment of the Black Meditative state. One should practice training the mind to break the concept that meditation is a “have to” method. It is simply the focusing of awareness upon itself. This is usually done by entering the inner world, essentially closing one’s eyes. The reason mantras are employed by RHP practitioners is to give the mind a focal point to “drift away” and experience universal union. This is not the point here. It has more to do with the “directed stream of conscious will”.

Every Black Meditation I do has a **specific purpose**. For example, I have a Black Meditation called the “Black Tower”. Its purpose is to charge the 9 energy points of the interrelationship of my body and soul. This is an exercise in the concepts that I have assigned to the individual energy points. This in turn enhances my ability to use such concepts as they relate to my life. This should illustrate the importance of intention and purpose. Without this you run the risk of “drifting away”. So the first guideline I would offer is that of a **specific purpose**.

The next common experience is that there is a tremendous volume of thought racing through the mind at all times. It is easy to drift away. The key here is to **remember** where you were, again an act of will. If you get off the track, remember where you left off. What I have found is that the more I practice this “remembering” aspect, the less I drift.

Even though drifting can be quite pleasurable, it accomplishes nothing. The mechanics of this “remembering” is not to strain the mind to stay on course. It is to direct the volume of flow that is already there based upon my initial purpose. Remember that this is a skill. It certainly cannot be

developed in just a few meditations.

The second guideline is that of **remembering it is you who drive your consciousness**. To eliminate the potential for confusion that comes from such mechanical explanation of process, this is all I will mention about actual technique. Essentially this is a good basis to investigate for yourself what any form of meditation could mean to you.

Personal Reflections

What I have directly experienced during my Black Meditations is a state of silent awareness unlike any sensory experience. It is truly set aside from the objective perception. This silent awareness I would describe as “sitting in an expanding singularity”. Perception of space becomes more of an inward feeling than a visual, outward phenomenon. My ability to conceive thoughts, patterns, and formulæ of thought patterns is coupled with a feeling of refinement. I have noticed that it never follows a specific pattern unless I decide it should. It is an inner experience of detachment but not displacement: a controlled, self-imposed environment of the self.

I have also found that the mind is a maze of angles just waiting to be explored. The image of Clive Barker’s *Hellraiser* comes to mind: a universe within itself just as large as what we see with our eyes in the objective universe.

As Dr. Aquino described in the February *Scroll’s Black Pyramid* article “Æons”, meditation is secondary to the experience of Greater Black Magic. In view of his description and explanation, it stands to reason. In an illustrative GBM working which was inspired by that article, I attempted to view the individual’s relationship to the Æon of Set in terms of a tapestry. This allowed me to see my placement in relation to other individuals making up the Æon as an entity.

This is important because exploring one’s own expanding limits is crucial to the concept of the Æon as a whole. The Black Meditation as a technique of will induced refinement is a vehicle to expand those same individual limits and obtain the ability to breach them, allowing the concept/reality of the Æon and the individual’s place within it to be infinitely expanded as a self-referral process.

This is in no way a contradiction of Dr. Aquino’s statement; it is simply an approach to GBM working I utilize as a tool. It has become and is ever evolving as an intimate part of my GBM mechanics. To understand the infinity of the Self is to potentially understand that much more of what the Æon of Set is.

Closing

As knowledge in all realms is infinite, I believe that through personal *Xeper* and Remanifestation these concepts as presented above will change. For now, they have provided a unique individual perspective of myself and the experience of my life up to this point. Take from this what you will. This is shared from the heart as we *Xeper* and Remanifest.

[14] O.K., Everybody Up Against the Wall!

- by Lilith Aquino IV°

One assumes that everyone has read the article on protocol in the *Crystal Tablet* as well as related comments that occasionally appear in the *Scroll*. However, despite tactful and subtle hints - and outright requests - it is obvious that some Initiates are simply not paying attention, or don't give a rat's tail. In plain English, therefore, let me say the following:

Anyone who writes to me on various kinds of ripped-out scratch paper, in pencil or blotched-up ink, with illegible scribbling that's supposed to be handwriting, will not get a reply from me!

I'm not asking for fancy stationery with typewritten or computer-typed letter - just a decent piece of paper that hasn't been ripped out of something, that is larger than a post-it note, with neat printing or writing, so I don't have to spend time deciphering it! This is at least a required courtesy when writing to the Priesthood, and really should be the way you write to any Temple initiate, no matter what degree.

And while I'm on the subject: Unless you have **specifically** been invited to address someone by first name, please observe the protocol of addressing initiates properly, i.e. Dear Ipsissimus, Magus, Magister/Magistra, Priest/Priestess, Adept, Setian. This applies even more when mentioning other Initiates to a third party, whether in a letter, on the phone, or in person.

Name-dropping does not impress me. This is particularly important, since nothing makes me less inclined to respond than when someone I do not know or from whom I have not heard before begins with "Dear Lilith". It is extremely irritating and awkward to then be forced to respond with a lecture on protocol.

This is also a pet peeve of various members of the Priesthood, so it's not just me being stuffy! This has nothing to do with snobbery. It is a matter of respect. I trust I've made my point. End of subject.



The Black Pyramid

- by Michael A. Aquino VI°

[15] My Last Three Books

["Suppose you were shipwrecked on a desert island," wrote the British occult magazine *Talking Stick* to me recently. "What three books would you take with you?" My answer, as published in its Spring 1992 issue:]

Your question is provocative. Am I anticipating an eventual rescue, hence selecting entertaining and absorbing books with an eye to passing a few pleasant hours? Or do I expect to be lost on an unknown island, in which case the books would be the last ones I would ever read?

Let us assume this latter situation, not out of morbidity but because of the challenge it presents.

In this case the vanities of society lose both their importance and their relevance. Prescriptions for perfection in human affairs, or condemnations of those affairs, or spasms of "art" - literary or otherwise - are for those who will continue in that caucus-race. On my island I want at last to commune with what is most eternal, authentic, and essential in the experience of human being.

First I shall take with me Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, specifically the carefully restored and exhaustively annotated edition prepared by Walter James Miller and issued in 1976 by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

In the unfolding personality of Captain Nemo I see the masculine soul first apprehend, then reject, then transcend itself. Unlike women, whose innate intimacy with the creation and nurturing of life does not require them to excuse their existence, men are compelled to justify themselves, to explain their presence in the universe. We fumble amateurishly at this task, casting what creativity we can muster wildly about in the hope that some of it will "stick" in space and time, memorializing ourselves as best we can.

A victim of exploitation and torment by conventional society, Nemo has awakened to the inevitable horror of his alienation. He is in fact No One, a being aware of the chasm between itself and others. The order and association of society are seen to be a savage mockery of self-deception. The affirmation of existence becomes everything to him, the approval of others a kind of obscene torture. "I am not what you call a civilized man," he declaims to Professor Aronnax. "I have done with society

entirely, for reasons which I alone have the right of appreciating. I do not therefore obey its laws, and I desire you never to allude to them before me again!”

In Nemo’s cabin Aronnax discovers etchings of great statesmen and visionaries of history. “What spiritual tie did Captain Nemo feel with these heroes?” he wonders. “Would these portraits help me unravel the mystery of his being? Was he, like the heroes, himself a fighter for oppressed peoples, a liberator of oppressed races? Had he figured in the political and social uprisings of our century ...?”

Perhaps, like Milton’s Lucifer, Prince Dakkar had once been such a revolutionary hero. But now he is Nemo, Satan, overwhelmed and obsessed by the Abyss between himself and others. “Almighty God! Enough! Enough!” he whispers at the last. He has experienced life as his own god and found the light too brilliant, too painful. Yet he adamantly refuses to devolve to the human animal he once was. Oblivion is the only escape he will allow himself - and, as we later discover in *The Mysterious Island*, even that according to his Will.

The passion of this god-man is set against a tableau of the most glorious wonders of nature Verne could assemble - another reason for this particular edition, because the extensive oceanographic detail of *20,000 Leagues* is generally excised from popular printings. Nemo has rejected his humanity, rejected his participation in nature; yet he is surrounded by nature at its most breathtaking, a constant reminder and reproach to him. Heaven he shuns in pride and anger. The Hell of the *Nautilus*, in which he reigns rather than serves, is both his triumph and his prison.

As I walk the sands of my island, I wish to reflect again upon what Captain Nemo discovered: that to be man is inevitably, inexorably to reject nature and become one’s own super-natural god. That such a being may die “naturally” is incidental; the totality of its life is no longer nature’s to give or to take.

If *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* captures so perfectly the central principle of human existence, then that of existence beyond humanity is expressed as sublimely in the second of the books I will take with me: Bram Stoker’s *The Jewel of Seven Stars*.

Film treatments of this work, such as Hammer’s *Blood from the Mummy’s Tomb* and the more recent *Awakening*, have done it a grotesque disservice. In Stoker’s original text it is in no sense a horror story, but rather a fascinating and romantic mystery: Who was Tera of ancient Egypt, this marvelous sorceress-queen who took with her to her tomb only a ruby scarab inscribed with the constellation of the Thigh of Set (our “Great Bear”) and the hieroglyphs *mer* (love) and *men ab*

(patience)? Listen to the words of the woman of our own century with whose *ka* Tera came gently to merge:

I can see her in her loneliness and in the silence of her mighty pride, dreaming her own dream of things far different from those around her. Of some other land, far away under the canopy of the silent night, lit by the cool, beautiful light of the stars. A land under that Northern star, whence blew the sweet winds that cooled the feverish desert air. A land of wholesome greenery, far, far away. Where were no scheming and malignant priesthood; whose ideas were to lead to power through gloomy temples and more gloomy caverns of the dead, through an endless ritual of death! A land where love was not base, but a divine possession of the soul! Where there might be some one kindred spirit which could speak to hers through mortal lips like her own; whose being could merge with hers in a sweet communion of soul to soul, even as their breaths could mingle in the ambient air! I know the feeling, for I have shared it myself. I may speak of it now, since the blessing has come into my own life. I may speak of it since it enables me to interpret the feelings, the very longing soul, of that sweet and lovely Queen, so different from her surroundings, so high above her time! Whose nature, put into a word, could control the forces of the Under World; and the name of whose aspiration, though but graven on a star-lit jewel, could command all the powers in the Pantheon of the High Gods. And in the realisation of that dream she will surely be content to rest!

In Love and Patience we are taught the secret of true immortality - not the repulsive reanimation of corpses (*anastasis nekron*) of Christianity, nor the shallow delusions of reincarnationists - but the infinite radiance of one’s soul by its most magnificent expression, and with a serene transcendence of natural time. To contemplate the Jewel of Queen Tera is to know that, while my material body may fall to its final rest on this lonely island, my *ka* shall fly free “amongst the boundless regions of the stars” even as hers.

It is fitting that, as I am surrounded by the ocean, the third book I shall take with me is Arnold Federbush’s *The Man Who Lived in Inner Space* (Houghton Mifflin, 1973). Perhaps you have never heard of this book. Perhaps it is merciful so, because this is a portrait of the nightmare of a majestic soul imprisoned in a crippled human body. Yet here too there is release: not through the

Nietzschean divinity of Captain Nemo nor the exquisite magic of Queen Tera, but through regression to that which preceded humanity. We watch with dread fascination as the man Colin slowly, painfully returns to life as a creature of the sea, a sea which welcomes her sad, estranged child home again. Here is a different kind of magic, as Colin reads in the words of Swinburne:

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea.
I will go down to her, I and none other,
Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me;
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast;
O fair white mother, in days long past
Born without sister, born without brother,
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

But to return to the sea is to return closer to nature, and nature proves a mother indifferent to her children. Colin is threatened by a shark, no less a son of the sea than he. The seal whose life he saved, and who lovingly taught him his new amphibian life, is slowly killed by the pollution and poison which humans of the surface world continue to pour into the water. One of their oceanographic vessels finally captures Colin, and a biologist watches in stunned horror as this gilled, scaled humanoid dies of exposure before him:

He felt a sudden trembling, as if on the edge of some awesome revelation. He looked again at the creature, and this time he let his fancies go, let them reach for their wildest extremes, let them fly beyond this deck, this ship, let them plunge beneath the sea, beyond the shallows of gold-green kelp forests and the creatures within, beyond the coral reefs where vividly colored stone sculptures were really growing colonies of animals, to the edge of the abyss where the darkness was infinite and beyond measure and time, and then down to the depths where fish shimmered like stars against a pitch-black night, to the deepest wounds of the planet, its very birthplace, its womb where lay the ultimate mysteries of the sea and life itself, and there he saw a strange light that slowly grew toward him as he was pulled toward it. And then he heard it, an ancient and beautiful sound, almost a singing that seemed the sum of all music and all life, the song of the sea itself ...

I am my *ka*, an ethereal entity of the Jewel of Seven Stars. But my body is a creature of nature, an animal born now of the land and then of the sea, who must finally, as Colin, return to its greatest

ancestor. Here, as I rest on the beach of my island with the waves lapping quietly at my feet, a great circle is soon to be completed.

These, then, are my three Last Books. There is a fourth book, Robert W. Chambers' *The King in Yellow*, of which I will not speak.

[16] MCI-Mail Introduces Local Numbers Worldwide

Until recently, if you were an MCI-Mail electronic mail subscriber in a non-North American nation, you had to go through a complicated and expensive "packet switching service" in order to access MCI.

Now MCI has acquired local telephone numbers for direct access in the following countries: Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Hong Kong, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Korea (South), Luxemburg, Malaysia (available via Singapore), Mexico, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Philippines, Portugal, Singapore, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Taiwan, United Kingdom. For further information, telephone MCI-Mail in Washington, D.C. at (202) 833-8484.

Packet-switching connections are still available for other countries. For information call the same number.

[17] Glinda Goes to the Dogs (Maybe)

Under study right now is the partial linkage of Glinda to FidoNet, an international "E-mail and forum message exchange network" for computers.

Pro: Setians in all parts of the world would be able to send and receive personal EM and forum messages by accessing a Fido-linked computer BBS in their local area. No long-distance telephone charges to access Glinda directly.

Con: As all such EM/messages would pass through a series of "electronic hands" en route to & from Glinda, privacy and identity could not be protected. Also only certain "general" forum areas on Glinda would be Fido-linked. Also Glinda's text file library could not be accessed, nor could files be uploaded via Fido.

FidoNet also has a somewhat notorious reputation as being a sandbox for all sorts of dingbats with a computer & modem - similar to some of the straightjacket types who phone in on tabloid-type radio talk shows. If Glinda makes use of Fido, then obviously a procedure would have to exist for eliminating any such intrusions into Setian electronic traffic. Glinda's use of Fido would be only to facilitate communications to and from Setians exclusively.

This study is still in process. If a Fido link is instituted, it will probably be by the next *Scroll* issue, and information will be contained therein. MCI-Mail may also be used to upload files to Glinda, and forum announcements as well. Simply send them to my MCI account, and I will transfer them to Glinda.