

The Scroll of Set

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Editor: Linda Reynolds IV°

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[1] **Burnt Offerings**

- by Ronald L. Barrett III°

In the summer of 1985 an American Soldier toured the German concentration camp at Dachau. He walked along the barbed wire fences, past the newly rebuilt barracks, past the grave pits, through the showers, and through the gates upon which were cast the words, "Arbeit Macht Frei". The camp had become a museum, and, like several of its Eastern European counterparts, it was a monument to the lessons of history which were "never to be forgotten lest they be repeated".

The soldier looked around him and thought hard. He speculated about his ancestors, both Aryan and Jewish, and pondered as to exactly what the lessons were that he needed to learn. There was a sense of *deja vu* in the air. The soldier felt as if he had seen this camp before - and would return again in the very near future.

The soldier was not alone. He was travelling with a young German woman he had met in Portugal the month before. He had spent a week with her family in a small, southern town near the Swiss border where they had a wonderful time together - for the most part. The soldier remembered taking Sara, the family dog, out for long walks in the park, and thinking about what it was like to live in that pretty little town during the Second World War.

He was taken with the little town, with his hosts, and with all the other families in the park who greeted him and who obviously shared his feelings about the importance of going out on walks. The soldier felt a close affinity for the German people, and it struck him how much they seemed, well, American. But what did these older folks do during the war? Were any of them Nazis themselves? Did they ever hold rallies in this park? Did they march down these beautiful streets?

He recalled that jolly old guy who looked like Schultz on *Hogan's Heroes*, sunning himself on the shores of the Bodensee like a great albino whale. The old guy seemed happy to meet an American, and stated with pride that he had been to Arizona - in 1945. The soldier remembered one of the girl's friends bitterly telling him that "we (Germans) are not allowed to be proud of our country."

These words echoed in his thoughts as he sat in the family room of his hosts. There the mother brought out a book of art that had been kept in a

special place. She had placed the book in the soldier's hands, stating with great animation that the art was Jewish, and "wasn't it beeaauutiful?!" The soldier looked up from the book to see the exaggerated smiles of parents who might well have been in the Hitler Youth - big, wide smiles of a people whose country had then become divided in two, and whose government had now subsidized the building of synagogues left empty by a population of worshippers that had long since died or moved away - smiles that could barely conceal the look of desperation in the eyes which stood fixed and alert upon their American visitor, waiting for signs of his approval - and forgiveness for the sins of their ancestors. It was no wonder that the young woman, whom he had dragged to Dachau, had become so depressed in the last days of their travels together.

Soon thereafter the soldier struck out for Berlin on his own. There he obtained a day visa to visit the other side of yet another human barrier. This time the barbed wire contained not a museum, but a city - West Berlin. The soldier had begun his journey from the "inside" of a wall that was surrounded by a country kept prisoner by its own government. It was strange that the Germans of both the east and west would consider this enclosed and well-guarded oasis as the "outside".

From the west the wall was brightly painted, and signs remained which marked the streets that had found themselves at an abrupt dead end. The soldier could see the guard towers, and from a raised platform the guards and dogs as well. But from the east he could not even see the wall, its adjacent neighborhoods having been closed down and made "verboten" to visitors.

The German Democratic Republic (DDR) had described the wall as the "anti-fascist protection barrier". They too felt that the lessons of history should not be forgotten. With even greater fervor they repeated the chants of their Soviet liberators as a continuous reminder of the sins that its citizens had inherited. No, these people need not think about the evil that lies beyond the wall. The government will protect them, and save them from their sins. The keys to salvation lay in the words of Lenin and Marx, and through their scriptures lost souls found wandering in the wrong neighborhoods could still be re-educated. But corrupt souls found climbing the wall would be shot on sight.

Like their western counterparts, the nations of the Warsaw Pact had also maintained [so to speak] the Nazi concentration camps as monuments to history. In addition to this East Berlin had erected a "Memorial to Victims of Fascism" - a flame encased in a marble mausoleum, and well-guarded by the jack-booted, goose-stepping soldiers of this "democratic republic". The American soldier stood before the flame, searching for the reactions in the eyes of the Germans who were old enough to see the cycle repeating itself, but none of these people

was to be found. The old folks might well have wandered off to the west. After all, those who have reached the age of retirement were free to leave - not because they were now eligible to draw a permanent government pension from the DDR, of course, but because the only hope of salvation for discontented sinners is work. And in his own way Marx once said it himself: "Arbeit macht frei."

In time and by his own true will, the soldier became a Priest of Set and Master in the order of the Trapezoid. And from this Initiatory perspective he still seeks the answers to mysteries which lie within the cycles of history. The holocaust is one of them - one of many.

Err, umm ... What is a "holocaust"?

When I say "the holocaust", most of the Initiates reading this will probably know that I am referring to the segregation, imprisonment, execution, and torture of Jewish people by the military and paramilitary forces of Nazi Germany between 1933 and 1945. Some of you would tell me that the holocaust was very bad. And some of you would tell me that it was not that bad.

But here's the test: Could any of you tell me exactly what a "holocaust" is?

I certainly couldn't, at least not until I looked it up in the dictionary a couple of days ago, "holocaust" comes from the Greek *holokauston*, which combines the terms *holos*, meaning "whole", and *kaustos*, which is the verbal adjective of *kaien*, meaning "to burn". Together they refer to a sacrifice that is wholly consumed by fire - in short a burnt offering. The term was used in the translations of the stories of "Genesis" and "Exodus", and has been likened to the Hebrew *Shoah*. It has been used by the Jewish people to describe the destruction of a large number of people, which by their own world view must ultimately have been an act of God - hence the reference to sacrifice "Old Testament" style.

Having learned what it is, I find that the thing that bothers me most about the use of "the Holocaust" by historians is exactly that - the "the" thing. I am certain that my Jewish ancestors would agree that this was not the only time that the chosen people of God had been slaughtered for their beliefs. The pogroms of the previous 1,200 years would have provided repeated examples of similar events. The Catholic Church, derived from Judaism, worshipping their same god, and descendants of people who had themselves been tortured and executed for their beliefs, officially sanctioned the conquest and enforcement of their new world order by which all would convert or die. During the Inquisitions many a Spanish Jew had found his or herself in Hell on Earth: at the mercy of some God-fearing Christian who made his living by casting the

first stone with a carefully-designed instrument of torture. And while it can be said that it was not church policy to kill small children for the sins of their parents, they did march them around the courtyard and flog them while mommy and daddy were roasted alive at the stake. I might call that one a holocaust too.

I am also pretty certain that my Gentile ancestors might add that the sacrifices of history were not entirely Jewish either. The Inquisition extended to people having all kinds of backgrounds and beliefs that were in variance with the political agendas of church and state. Many of their descendants - both biological and ideological - would later find themselves in the camps of Auschwitz, Buchenwald, and Dachau as well. These people might be justified in saying that they were victims of a holocaust, although many might disagree as to the god to whom they were being sacrificed.

As a soon-to-be 21st-century American, I am in no position to forgive or forget any of them. I am writing this editorial in my apartment, which sits upon a continent that was once settled by religious minorities who sought freedom to express their own beliefs while remaining openly hostile to those of others. These people would then make slaves of people from another continent who had in turn been making slaves out of one another for centuries - bringing the inter-tribal trade of human life to the civilized level of international commerce. I am proud to say that my great great grandmother came to California by a covered wagon, and not-so-proud to say that much of this western territory was acquired at the expense of aboriginal peoples through broken promises, forced emigration, gifts of blankets laden with smallpox scabs, and the systematic executions of women and children. The tribes of native America might well have had a similar word for "holocaust", but we called it "manifest destiny".

I could suppose that my having been descended from a long line of victims makes me about as righteous as having their persecutors as my ancestors makes me evil. And once I figured out this riddle, I would know that this supposition was absolutely correct. Likewise I could suppose that having visited the prison camp at Dachau, and having wept during the showing of *Schindler's List*, that I have learned the moral of these stories, which was ...

"... Um, that all this stuff was double-plus-bad. And these people were bad people, and the people they hurt were good people. And let's not ever forget this lesson, lest it ever happen again."

The holocaust to end all holocausts. Humanity in our time.

Fat chance.

But as Magister Webb recently stated during the *Runa* Workshop in San Francisco, "chance favors the prepared mind". It is all well and good to be moved by the tragedies of history, but if it is truly my will to make the world a better place, then I must employ my secret weapon - the Gift of Set. This means critical evaluation of information, and viewing the issues from all sides possible - both passionately and dispassionately. At a higher level it means understanding at a greater scale the patterns of human interaction and historical change. It means not letting someone bullshit me, because even the most noble of causes contain propaganda and hidden agendas. It also means being able to place myself within these events and see them from the inside-out. Because if I cannot see my own face in those of both the prisoners and their guards (the civilians and the conspirators, the apathetic and the aware, etc.), then I have not learned a thing.

In response to the issues raised during a past issue of the *Scroll*, maybe the Germans did not build gas chambers to execute the Jews. Then again maybe they did. Either way I feel much better for having the freedom of intellect to even consider the possibility. Even if the Nazis had been thoroughly sociopathic oven-shovelers [possibly the genetic result of Aryan inbreeding, yes?], they were certainly equally efficient bean-counters. They would have quickly recognized the diminishing returns of burning humans. Combustible fuel was scarce; dirt and hard labor were not. But this does not mean that they would not have experimented with the idea. It does not mean they did either.

The cycles of history repeatedly demonstrate that one need not have ovens to throw a holocaust. Whether they were built for the extermination of bugs or humans, there is no doubt among any of the writers of history that the showers and furnaces at Dachau were never put unto operation. Yet the 32,000 or more people who died there - Jews, Gypsies, homosexuals, "radicals", *et al.* - from bullets, malnutrition, and disease - had suffered nonetheless. Similarly the United States government never built a single gas chamber for the American Indians, and Tomas de Torquemada would never have killed his heathens before setting them on fire.

So if the gas chambers are ancillary to this issue of human tragedy, then why should we care about their existence either way? The answer is that we should because it is an emotionally-charged issue in which many are up-in-arms and few are really thinking. Sacred cows such as these are notorious for harboring the hidden agenda of persons and organizations who are competing for control of our hearts and minds. Every Initiate of the Temple who reads this newsletter must have confronted a sacred cow or two to have joined this dreaded organization.

Likewise the Knights and Dames of the Trapezoid have had to confront the additional cows surrounding the Germanic mysteries - knowing that with our variant beliefs and practices we would have been executed long before the camps were ever built.

By now it should have occurred to you most Initiates that the witch hunts of history are far from over. So if the issue of gas chambers, the people who question them, and the people who don't, reveals anything to us about the manipulation of history and human thought, then this is a good thing. Because the kind of lessons gained herein might well prevent us from "becoming" the unwitting victims, or perpetrators, of yet another burnt offering to the god of ignorance.

Reyn til Runa

[2] **Riddle of the Past: Solution of the Future**

- by Sabine Mueller I°

Fiery, piercing eyes are upon me in the dark, observing, disturbing the sleep of the righteous. I have seen them before; I was that close. Gates opened; the Grail offered to me. Cowardly, ungrateful, my back was turned; rejected the gift; just took the beautiful part of it that suited me best and fulfilled my utmost desire.

What excuse?

The might was too much, the power overwhelming. Then - Gates closed behind me. Too late; what had I done? Endless search, endless regret has brought me back. Did I deserve a second chance? How many chances does one get? Will this time wisdom not abandon me, reminding me of past failure?

Dark and beautiful is the view through the small opening of the gate!

I stand proud, determined not to let it slip away from me again, as only then I can meet black, questioning eyes without shame!

[3] **Xem: A Reemergence**

- by John A. Youril II°

[In response to Adept James Knowles' "Xem: Another Aspect"]

While the longevity of an idea can certainly be a function of its value, it is just as often a function of the conviction and force of expression of those who hold it - and sometimes it is the result of nothing more than simple inertia. The validity of a concept resides in neither its longevity nor its popularity, but only in its demonstrable utility [although the former can often provide additional motivation to actually utilize the concept].

Similarly the validity of an Æon-enhancing Word resides entirely in its power to actually enhance the Æon; it is either essential to unfolding of the Æon or it is not a V° concept. If a Word is successfully expounded, then it will undoubtedly [and at least partially] enter the realm of common sense. Still it does not begin there, nor can it come to rest there. If we choose to evaluate a Word, our first task is to decide whether or not it is essential. And if we decide that it is essential, to show how and why it is essential. Obviously this process of evaluation must proceed from the level of our own Understanding, and since a consideration of what does and does not enhance the Æon far exceeds the Understanding of most of us, it is useful to express that phrase in the more limited and concrete terms of what is essential to the initiatory environment in which we exist. If we can say that a Word is essential even in that restricted context, then it appears that we have to accept that it is either an Æon-enhancing Word or else that it belongs to some class of concepts that we have not yet explored.

Since there appears to exist neither the necessity nor the justification for expanding our classification of concepts in that fashion, we can dwell solely on the question of essentiality.

It is only when considered as a state of being that *Xem* can be regarded as finite, just as we can regard any specific Remanifestation as finite. However finitude and infinity presuppose some ordinal dimension or dimensions (time, space, being, etc.) that can be so qualified. Without reference to such dimensions, “finitude” and “infinity” are empty terms. Further, while a state of being [or any state] implies at least that it is a subset of all possible states, it in no way requires that higher states exist unless one is willing to assume that the superset of all possible states actually or potentially exists.

From the foregoing, what does it mean to say that either *Xem* or a Remanifestation (considered as states of being) is finite? It can only mean that there is either a quantitatively greater or more inclusive state that can be attained. Must this be the case?

Although it is often taken as a matter of course that the answer is affirmative, this position raises a serious question of its own: Is it possible to attain a higher state of being than Set? Unless one is willing to take refuge in the rather drastic assumption that *Xeper* is somehow limited to an asymptotic convergence towards Set-hood, the answer to that question must likewise be affirmative. Is this possible? From the *Book of Coming Forth by Night* we have: “Were I my Self to displace the Cosmic Inertia, I should be forced to become a new measure of consistency. I would cease to be One, for I

should become All.”

From a consideration of the *Book of Coming Forth by Night*, it would seem possible - but not desirable.

A different line of reasoning that some of us have found more profitable is that the difference between states is essentially qualitative rather than quantitative, and that past a definite critical threshold of attainment, states of being are neither higher nor lower than each other but simply [or not so simply] different from one another. I would call that critical threshold *Xem*.

Adept Knowles writes: “The danger is that having realized *Xem*, one can bask in the perceived success to the point of becoming slothful. On the other hand, if one takes *Runa* into account, then one will see that the recently perceived *Xem* is no more, and one must again Remanifest over the horizon of *Runa* to yet another higher state of being.”

As with any other initiation, one’s perceived success in attaining *Xem* is either actual or a matter of self-delusion - either one has succeeded or one has not succeeded - and the boundary is a rather sharp one. Like the initiatory degrees, the state of being we call *Xem* is not an arbitrary point along some fixed dimensions of *Xeper*, *Runa*, and Remanifestation - it is a definite state of being that is significant in and of itself, and one which is not continuous with other states of being. Just as the III° is more than simply a refinement and enhancement of the II°, and likewise the V° more than a refinement and enhancement of the IV°, the state of being that we call *Xem* is qualitatively different from the states of being both behind it and ahead of it. The idea of *Xem* as an ever-receding goal is certainly one that been extensively elaborated on in the Temple. Nonetheless it is time for that idea to be questioned. It is, in fact, time for all of our ideas about *Xem* to be questioned - and to demand the answers of ourselves.

Among the most important and influential commentaries on *Xem* were those that were written by the one who would later become the Magus of Remanifest, and those commentaries remain both extremely salient to the study of *Xem* and one of the important strands in achieving an Understanding of *Xem*.

[An Understanding of *Xem* should not be confused with attaining *Xem*. There are several who claim to Understand *Xem*, and whose claim is accepted. None of them, however, have stated that they have attained *Xem*.]

Without diminishing the value of those commentaries, it is profitable to ask to what extent the emerging V° concept of Remanifest was already beginning to color that analysis of *Xem* and the subsequent analyses of *Xem* which were to draw

inspiration from those commentaries.

Those who are familiar with Ipsissimus Lewis' extensive writings on his own journey through the V° will recognize how little presumption there is in that question, and will also find a basis for the opinion that the statements of a Magus on a Word other than his are not and cannot be definitive.

[It was Mark Twain who, complaining about the German use of the parenthetical, wrote that by the time one gets to the predicate the subject is wholly forgotten. Those who have a similar problem with my writings have my condolences but not my atonement (per Nietzsche).]

In his letter to those interested in *Xem*, Magister Menschel expressed some of his own current ideas regarding the relations between the Words. Since that letter is available to all, I will only quote from it very briefly:

For this reason, and also to fulfill the promise of *Xem*, Remanifestation is a critically important aspect of *Xeper*. Without Remanifestation, we can neither achieve nor maintain *Xem*.

However I see milestones within *Runa*, states of achievement which stand out as important achievements along the path of *Xeper*. I see *Xem* as the most important milestone in *Runa* which has been named so far. Once we have achieved *Xem*, and have attained the knowledge and perception which accompanies/defines that state of being, we may be able to name another, perhaps more important milestone within *Runa*. Until then *Xem* is a goal we can name and quest for.

This view of *Xem* differs from the one presented by Adept Knowles in two fundamental respects: (1) *Xem* is here recognized as being a definite, objective, and important state; and (2) it is driven by practical rather than theoretical considerations.

Xem is attainable, and we intend to attain it. Like all desirable states of being, *Xem* is not a ditch that we're bound to fall into if we blunder about in the darkness long enough - it has both its own structure and its own process, and requires both intense and considered *Xeper* to actualize. It can be meaningfully related to, but not reduced to a function of, *Xeper*, Remanifestation, and *Runa* [no more so than those Words can be reduced to a function of *Xem*].

Each Word has its own realm of magnificent isolation and self-containment that is the beating of its own heart. While we must strive to recognize what they have in common in order to effectively utilize all of the tools at our disposal, we must similarly strive to recognize in each that which is

unique in and of itself, or else we will be working with the shadow of a concept, and the enterprise will come to nothing.

Not only must what is unique to *Xem* as a state of being be defined, but also what is unique to it as an initiatory methodology.

In looking at *Xem* as a state of being, we are neither limiting it nor losing sight of the fact that *Xem* as a process is eternal. However, quoting again from Magister Menschel's letter:

Throughout the history of *Xem*'s discussion within the Temple of Set, we've had an almost neurotic need to state, confirm, and repeat that *Xem* is **not** the end of more change ...

This repeated protestation has to some extent lessened the importance of *Xem* as a goal in many eyes ... I think it's time to reverse this trend. We should view *Xem* as a worthy goal, a challenge to be met and conquered, a goal which is an important step in Setian evolution.

Indeed there will come a time when we must ask - and answer - what that next milestone in our evolution is - a time when the question will emerge as a vital concern to the purpose and direction of our *Xeper*. But until it does manifest itself [collectively or individually] as an essential and inescapable issue that must be forced, it will remain a matter of mere academic speculation.

As a Word without an active Magus to advance it, *Xem* itself has undergone *Xeper* slowly during the past decade. And even collectively, those of us who are now attempting to advance *Xem* as an inescapable consequence of our own *Xeper* towards *Xem* cannot fulfill that function. We can, however, attempt to go as far as it is humanly possible to approximate that function - and so we shall.

Adept Knowles felt that it was important to reemphasize the distinction between an Æonic Word and an Æon-enhancing Word. I agree that it is crucial to restate fundamental principles from time to time, and would reemphasize that the Words are not in competition among themselves - nor, beyond the limits of productive debate and inquiry, should be the Initiates whose own *Xeper* aligns them more closely with one Word or another.

If we take Adept Knowles' statement quoted above and apply it not to "perceived" success, but rather to actual success in our quest for *Xem*, then it yields an interesting concept. On first glance, and in light of what has already been said, it might seem that the possibility of "basking" or over-Indulging in *Xem* may be too remote to warrant serious consideration. But whatever we bring into *Xem* is

“magnified, intensified, and manifested in *Xem*”, and there is reason to believe that over-Indulgence and uncertainty of purpose may be specific and particularly dangerous characteristics that tend to appear during the journey to *Xem*. This consideration is one that is remote, but one that has also become emergent.

Xepera Xeper Xeperu.

[4] **Recognitions**

I announce with pleasure the first III° Recognition of the Year XXIX. Priest Seam Drakon of Atlanta was officially ordained on February 19th. A resident of Atlanta, Priest Drakon is CoSentinel of the Bifrost Pylon and assistant editor of *The Jormungand Oracle*. I wish him success and pleasure in undertaking the new challenges of Coming Into Being which now face him. - James Lewis VI°

With solemn joy I, Magus Flowers, and Magister Zimmer announce the arrival of Arnold Watson upon the Plain of Onyx. Hail Priest! - Don Webb IV°

On February 2nd I Recognized Anton Haddad to the II° during a Working for that specific purpose. - William T. Butch IV°

On March 28th I Recognized Jared Davison to the II° In a Working performed in Toronto. Magister Robertt Neilly and Adept Louise Gray were also In attendance. - Elizabeth Neilly III°

With great pleasure I Recognized Ian Smith of Manchester, UK to the II° on February 28th, XXIX. - David Austen IV°

I Recognized Randall Breason to the II° on March 27th, a day which is also his one-year anniversary in the Temple of Set. - William Van Patten III°

[5] **The Story of the Lazy Magician, or How Black Magic Won Over White!**

- by Quintin Hedges-Phillips I°

The 1993 CAW Australian Summer Gathering (PSG): Helen and I were members of that church at the time, thinking that we could be part of what we thought would be the pagan church which would alter the consciousness of the world! [Dream on!]

The Gathering involved numerous rituals during which we had, as initiations, been dragged through the bush (Australian for countryside) and then had to endure standing or sitting round the marquee (temple) watching some bad pantomime. I thought to myself, “This is a load of bovine excreta; these people have no idea what ritual is for.” The Gathering was used more as an opportunity for the facilitator to win the affections of impressionable

nubile girls.

I am not the kind of person to tell someone else how they “should” do things, so I resolved to create a ritual for the net gathering which would give **all** the participants a chance to feel the power of ritual and use it for themselves. After all, what is the point of ritual?

During the year we were given the opportunity to experience some Setian magic and find out about the Temple of Set. The philosophies of the Temple, we both felt, were much closer to our ideas than anything which we had previously come across; and resolved to join the Temple. However, before we left the CAW we decided that people who went to the January 1994 CAW summer Gathering would experience some “real” personal magic, and of course to show people that Black Magic was better than White!

How does one introduce people, some of whom have never been in a ritual and some whose rituals involve crystal dolphin worship, to Black Magic? What is more, how do you achieve a powerful and successful rite with no experience of running a public rite and using absolutely no effort?

My resources were myself, Helen, Philip (who one day might make a Black Magician), and Ken & Margaret (who hide their intelligence behind motor mouths). This unlikely group was known as the Hornets’ Nest (CAW Sydney Nest).

The rules of the game which I set were: No Gods or Goddesses; Self initiation for up to 80 Selves (sic); Symbolism; Death and Rebirth; reflection on the name of the Hornets’ Nest. This is what Helen and I came up with. Answer: A Hornet is an insect, and so is a Caterpillar-Cocoon-Moth - Life-Death-Rebirth.

Eighty people? Too many for individual attention. Break them into four groups of 20, more manageable.

I started with the 7 deadly sins and truncated them to 4. Lust, gluttony/greed, vanity, judgment/guilt.

Cocoon was easy - a meditation after bringing all the groups to the central area.

Rebirth also easy - naked dancing round a cauldron like moths to a flame. I presented this to our gallant Hornets team, and they manifested it.

Helen (Gluttony) had a stroke of genius. Her idea involved the group stomping around, chanting “More, more, more!” as she asked them what they wanted. As exhaustion set in, the subconscious started to bring up the “real” wants and desires. Then when they had stomped and chanted enough, she told them, “If you can afford it, you can have it [If you have the will, do it].”

I think it is a light-hearted way to discover your true will and could be developed more. I am sure the

psychologists in the Temple could work on this technique to refine it. [NB: We are amateur psychologists.]

Philip (vanity) also came up with a goody. He simply went round the group asking them to state something good about themselves and about the other members of the group. Then they could jump the row of candles, knowing that they had likable qualities.

The trick was to have "spirit guides" to lead the groups from altar to altar and be able to start the ball rolling at each altar. For instance when Philip threw the question "Tell us something good about yourself", he was not met by a stony silence.

Timing was the major problem, as each group reacted differently to the altars. I was running about the paddock, checking the progress of each altar. When they were on the verge of finishing, I ran up to the temple to ring the bell to signify that the spirit guides could start "caterpillaring" to the next altar. However neither Philip nor Helen could hear the bell. Everyone was having too good a time to let that worry them.

Quote from Glen (a participant): "After reading *Alice in Wonderland* I always wanted to be a caterpillar, and I was." Another phenomena was that one "caterpillar" travelled sideways: Everyone felt equal and didn't form the usual single-file.

Back in the main tent, after all the groups had returned and were smudged in silence, I ran the meditation to a slow heart-beat drum. There was not much feedback from that, though I think most people welcomed the rest.

In the centre of the tent was a cocoon which, to the chant "She changes everything she touches, and everything she touches changes!", started to move and manifested as a white moth. Naomi (who was the hit of the night) with huge wings wafted through the wakening participants.

I lit the cauldron. The moth was drawn to the fire and did a couple of circuits, prompting a vortex to suck the flames into a spiral. Then she hid me behind her wings while I did a quick strip. I promptly stripped Helen, and we encouraged others to do the same, covering them with scented oil. Mead and crackers were passed around as more people were drawn by the fiery cauldron to manifest their new lives, many of them throwing off the trappings of their former lives.

The energies were just starting to gain momentum when: "All change - Next ritual starts in five minutes!" The CAW train had to move on.

I found that, when left to their own devices, everyone performed brilliantly and came up with great ideas. If I had tried to write all the parts, confusion would have reigned. But once people had been given responsibility for their own piece of the

action, they were able to flow.

Addendum

In Sydney there is an opportunity for pagan people to meet. It is nicknamed Pagans-in-the-Pub. Usually 20 to 30 people turn up to these fortnightly meetings. For me it is an excuse to go to the pub and enjoy a beer.

The topic for conversation last week was: "What happened at the Pagan Summer Gathering?" Both Helen and I were there, and we were conned into describing the rite.

The message about ritual being for personal power obviously rubbed a raw nerve in the "reverend" of a self-styled traditional Wiccan "church". He started to rave that ritual should be for the **mother** and the poor, starving people in Ethiopia; and not for you personally. You have to love the **mother** and the poor unfortunates in the Third World.

"Surely," I interjected, "You should start with loving yourself."

This met approval from a majority of the gathered heathens, but to the "rev." it was terrible. "You should be self-abasing. Talk like that was typical of the 'Black Brotherhood'."

N.B. This particular White Lighter "initiates" his women followers personally.

[6] Honor thy Messenger; He Serves Thee Well

- by Jerry L. Reynolds

After many years as a journalist, I find myself getting more and more piqued over the way news is being delivered these days by the media we rely on for accurate reports of the universe's happenings. No, more than piqued. I'm going to revert to my basic Journalism #301 training and say it accurately and plainly - Rules #2 and #3 - I'm really getting pissed off by this!

Rule #1, by the way, is: Always, always, always go to the highest and best source for information. And that is the failure I see that piques me the most ... or whatever. Otherwise, if the obvious source of information is "unavailable", the veracity of the information obtained is diminished in direct proportion to the lack of stature and standing of the substitute source.

If you want to know the status of the *Enterprise*, you ask Captain Jean-Luc Picard [whatta name!], not Ross Perot or a Ferengi ... or whomever. The point is: If you want to know the time, you read a clock, not a thermometer.

Perhaps this suggests a game that each of us can play with ourselves, if that's what you're inclined to do. [If Shelly Berman says I stole that line from

him, believe him.] It's a game you can play as you do your daily news-gathering, whether it be by broadcast or print media, or even word-of-mouth.

The only change you will have to make is in concentration - some people may have to, that is. You can't do this by skimming to catch the drift or by halfway listening to pick up the high points. No, you must concentrate to determine the precise news point and its origin. Think of it; you are becoming your own reporter.

Here's how you do it: When you're reading an important news story, or any non-fiction report, notice the key facts and statements. Identify them carefully, then make sure you know their sources, one by one. You'll be amazed at how much you'll jump around the text matching sources with facts and statements. [Obviously this will be hard to do with broadcast reports, but the effort will produce some results.]

Most illuminating, I think you'll be amazed at the number of times the key facts do not come from the highest and best sources - in fact not even from what you might consider a reliable source. You may come to the conclusion, as I have many times, that the writer has sought out someone who will say the things necessary to permit the writer to write a preconceived story. This is a no-no. It is called editorializing by a reporter who should be fired or at least retrained. (See Rule #1.)

Editorializing (expressing opinions, not facts, or a convoluted version of the facts) should be permitted only on the editorial pages in editorials, usually unsigned and expressing the political and philosophical policy of the newspaper, or in essays signed by authors expressing their own views.

It might be an entertaining sidelight, when you spot an unsubstantiated story, to try to figure out the reporter's motive. Is there a relative, buddy, networking pal or creditor involved? Is the writer trying to advance a philosophy or a personal career? Or did he just make a horrendous mistake, trip over his own foot, and fall on his face? You get extra points for figuring these things out.

Did Thomas E. Dewey win the Presidency over Harry Truman, as one Chicago newspaper reported? How do you grade that story on a scale of one to ten? Zero. Did Richard M. Nixon know his staff was going to break into Democratic Headquarters in Washington? No. But after great stress and strain, it was revealed that he found out about it later and conspired to save his staff and avoid whatever political liability was involved. All of this took many months to come out, and then Nixon resigned. Do you remember all the conflicting stories that came out during that period from many varied sources, including a still-unidentified source called "Deep Throat"?

Was John F. Kennedy making preliminary efforts to withdraw some of our many thousands of advisory troops in Vietnam at the time of his assassination? Perhaps we will never know the answer to that question - at least until new documents and testimony are available. But that is one of the perennial history revision efforts, and it would be wise for all of us to do a double-take on any evidence that is put forth by columnists of Boston newspapers and employees of the Kennedy family. Check Rule #1: Is this information from the highest and best sources?

Rule #2 also is important, but it is much more difficult to check accuracy. If you get information from at least two sources, and it agrees, then you can give it a five to ten for accuracy, depending on the sources. A supermarket tabloid? I'd wait for confirmation from the Associated Press or Reuters.

The point of all of this is to confirm what most people suspect. Perhaps some doubt the rules of the news-reporting business. But the guidelines are there, and they are meaningful.

I recall working as a reporter for United Press International in the California State Capitol in the 1950s and 60s. In one week, in reporting on happenings in the state government and legislature, one of my stories was published prominently in the *Los Angeles Times*, and another made the front page of the *People's Daily World*, published in San Francisco. Obviously they were attracted by the content of the two stories, one appealing to the editorial tastes of the *Times* and the other the political agenda of the Communist *People's Daily World*. However both were accurate (Rule #2), and I sometimes wonder whether I had made it into the files of Sen. Joe McCarthy's infamous anticommunist committee because of that signed story in the *Daily World*.

Which is to say that sometimes a reporter brings good news, and sometimes it is bad news, depending on the reader's point of view. This in no way reflects on the reporter, who should perform on Rules #1 through #3, regardless of all else, as a seeker of truth. If a reporter continually goes to the highest and best sources to try to find out what is happening in this baffling and convoluted world, that's the reporter I look for and read.

It's only in the movies, and among barbarians, where the messenger is killed for faithfully delivering information. To present the truth, accurately and plainly, is among the noblest of deeds to mankind.

[7] To My Beloved

- by Sterling V. Scarborough I°

You search with dull, arid eyes
To uncover the Fountain of Youth.
While I drink from the uplifted Graal,
Flows deep the black nectar of Truth.
Flows deep through my vessel of youth
That found but this liquid to quench
The thirst that neither handmaiden nor wench
Nor mead could fully subdue.
For my Beloved has sprinkled the dew
From twilight's blanket of Truth
That cools my dark mind with its beauty
And lies on the tongue during youth.
For the seeker hath found the jeweled cavern
That mere mortals glimpse but in dreams,
The cavern that spills into rivers,
And rivers that bleed into streams.
And streams that flow ever so inward,
Drowning my black bloated soul.
To quench my essence with embers
That rage with the flames of my soul,
I'll stand - the immortalized goal,
Like He who dances in embers.
That flicker like eyes I remember,
Pure Onyx like embers of coal.

[8] "Sabbath of the Zeppelins"

- by Don Webb IV°

The current *Asimov's* double issue April 1994 has my short story "Sabbath of the Zeppelins", which I read at Chicago last year.

[9] An Egyptian Lexicon

- by Don Webb IV°

One of the reasons we look at other magical practices and traditions is to discover the underlying working formulas in magic. When we discover that other people have been doing the same thing that we are doing when we are at our best, and we have not been imitating them, then we know that we have happened upon a working formula.

Working formulas, or "effective things" as our Egyptian friends call them, deserve to be studied and treasured. Now I am not talking here about specific spells and incantations [although these too may be mined for certain treasures] as much as about mental tools such as words.

I would like to share a few words from classical Egyptian [almost all magical texts are written in the classical idiom, save for a few demotic papyri] and their meaning in Egyptian magical practice. What I

would like you to do is think about the concepts: how they are like and unlike what you do now. If you choose, you may decide to examine these words further on the levels of their sound and shape as well.

Heka Magic. Magic was considered by the Egyptians to be a substance stored in their bellies and produced by their intellects (heart: *Ab*). It had a flavor and a luminosity. It was the motive power for the universe and was created in abundance in primeval times. The longer *Heka* had been up and running, the more powerful it was; in other words, enchant early. *Heka* can also be made to enter the bodies of others, either to cause influence (*Baw*) or as a poison (*Mewta*). At certain stage of development, persons could **become** *Heka* itself, and not need to resort to magical practice to bring about results. Magicians are called *Hekaw*. A pun the Egyptians were fond of is that *Heka* is *Akh* Magic which is effective (*Akh*). A common word for spells is merely *Akhu* "effective things". The dead who have become *Akhu*, "effective spirits", are assumed to have magical power.

Pah-netery: To act as a god. There were two approaches to affecting the divine, and therefore in proportion the natural world.

The first of these was *Sems-netery*: to act in service of a god. This is the path of adoration, worship and prayer-the main activity of the ancient Egyptian priesthoods. *Sems-netery* means to "serve god". Here, by getting on a god's good side, you could get him to do things for you.

Pah-netery means to "reach god" in the sense of having transformed yourself to a sufficient level of being that you can directly bring about the changes desired in the world [this is basically the same formula we use in the Invocation of Set]. It is a useful reminder that one can enter into states far beyond your normal power simply by saying that you're already there, in the proper conditions.

These magical moments serve a twofold purpose. Firstly they effect the change we seek to make in the world, and secondly we have an experience of acting like a god to be remembered and made a goal of what we wish to Become. Notably the words *pah-netery* are often translated as "oracle", but this does not mean a simple divination process; these were things said aloud that told the future what to pronounce. Hostile *pah-netery* could be contradicted by a more powerful magician.

Ink: I am. In order to practice *pah-netery*, one requires an "I am" statement. These abound in classical texts, and in Demotic, Greek, and Coptic texts. The standard form is "I am [name of god]" *InkAmon* or "I am he who knows [some magical secret of great power]" or "I am he who knows the Secret of the Two Partners (i.e. Horus and Set, a

common phrase in New Kingdom healing texts)". You might wish to try this phrase when you are putting on your magical persona.

Let's say you have taken the magical name *SiSet*, "Son of Set". When you are making that transformation from Joe the baker into *SiSet*, try a simple focusing sentence: "*Ink SiSet MerSet Ur Ink Er Neteru.*" (I am the Son of Set, beloved of Set, Greater than the Gods am I.)

Here's a spell from the New Kingdom, showing several of these ideas at work: The spell is from the Ebers Papyrus and is to be said over a medicine. Medicine, since it can be swallowed and has a flavor, is seen as a form of *Heka*. "Come, remedy! Come that which dispels what is in this my heart and in these my limbs! *Heka* has power over a remedy and vice-versa! Do you remember that HarWer was taken together with Set to the great palace of Heliopolis when I negotiated regarding the testicles of Set with Horus? Thus he will be healthy like one who is on Earth. He does all he desires like one who is in the Tuat. Recite when drinking a remedy. Truly effective - proven millions of times."

The magician identifies himself with Thoth, who handled the negotiations, and he has also identified his patient (which can be himself as well) with both a strong healthy man and an "Effective Spirit" of the Tuat - having the best of both worlds, as it were. He has asserted the primacy of magic, and the power of what is taken in consciously (the remedy) over what has been taken in unconsciously (or forced in by a rival). The magician has also connected himself with an ancient time, and therefore associates the effective magic of that time with his own. This last principle leads us to our last word for this lesson.

Heh: Eternity. The Classical Egyptian word *Heh*. [That first "h" is a hissing "h". Clear your throat a little when you say it; the Egyptians talked like they had a little sand in their throats all the time.] As I was saying, the classical Egyptian word *Heh* meaning "eternity" sounds the same as *Heh* meaning "flood". These concepts are not far apart in the Egyptian mind. They saw time like the annual flood of the Nile, vast and powerful, covering up temporary things but leaving rich deposits behind. Set rules the land during the flood, and for half the season of Emergence (*Proyet*) as well. It is a great secret to learn the treasures this flood brings you, and to set up the ripples you want to so that your influence will be felt to the ends of time.

[10] A Modest Proposal

- by Don Webb IV°

In the ongoing peace talks between the state of Israel and the PLO over the division of territories, and who has what visiting rights to sacred sites, the city of Jerusalem is much discussed. A great deal of the argument over who owns what in the Middle East is based on the historical roots of the site. Therefore let us consider Jerusalem. Created in the XVIII Dynasty as an Egyptian garrison to protect Ugaritic speaking people from 'Aripu bandits, Jerusalem was one of the few inland garrisons of the Egyptian empire.

Now the name of the garrison is interesting. We don't know the Egyptian name for the town, but "Jerusalem" is a compound. "... The meaning of the name, it can be assumed to be a compound of the West Semitic elements *yrv* and *shlm*, probably to be interpreted as 'Foundation of (the god) Shalem'." *Encyclopedia of Archaeological Excavations in the Holy Land*, Vol. 2 p. 698.

Now who, we might ask, was Shalem? Shalem is known from an Ugaritic mythological text as one of the two "beautiful and gracious gods", Shahr and Shalem (Dawn and Twilight respectively). Now I think it's fairly unlikely that the Egyptians would have used an Ugaritic name for their own garrison. So what god would be translated as "God of Twilight"? The god of the night sky obviously. Set, ruler of the first hour of the night, as well as war god and god of foreigners, would have made an excellent patron for a garrison in the Judean highlands. This is also the root of the name of the American town Salem.

Clearly the United Nations, or some equally fair and impartial body, should give the city of Jerusalem to the Temple of Set, after having removed the current religious groups, whose claim is after all not based on nearly as ancient grounds as ours is. We can rename the city Fortress of Set (*Nethsethos*), and hire some Libyan mercenaries (Egyptians hated garrison duty). We could rake in the shekels in tourism, and bring peace to a troubled part of the world.

[11] No New Name for U.S. 666

Gallup, N.M.: State highway officials see no reason to rename U.S. 666 because of objections that the number refers to the Antichrist in the *Bible*.

The state Highway Commission, which met earlier this month, tabled a request for guidance on studying the name-change for the highway that runs from Gallup to Cortez, Colorado, then north to Monticello, Utah.

[12] From *The Tomb of Ligeia*

- by Toni Pizzini II°

At Ligeia's funeral:

Vincent Price (Ligeia's husband): "She will not die because she willed not to die."

Vicar: "Is her will stronger than the Lord's?"

Price: "These are her words: 'Man need not kneel before the angels nor lie in death forever but for the weakness of his feeble will!'"

Vicar: "Blasphemy!"

Price (quietly): "A benediction."

[13] Do you "Belong to" the Temple of Set?

- by H.J. Mowry, Jr. II°

Recently I received a letter from a non-Initiate requesting information on the Temple of Set. In that letter it was stated: "Since you belong to the Temple of Set, I assume you have its contact address."

If for some reason those with whom I correspond learn that I am an Initiate in the Temple or somehow affiliated with it, they will invariably ask for information. Most often I will send them a copy of the General Information & Admission Policies letter or provide them with the Temple address. However when I receive such a request for information, a misconception generally accompanies it.

This misconception seems to be prevalent among non-Initiates and even among some I°s with whom I have been in contact. Perhaps it may be an indication that they are unaware of and/or unable to fathom one of the fundamental concepts which the Temple maintains: that the Temple is not an institution that wishes anyone to **belong to it**.

I know and understand that there are those who would associate with an organization for the purpose of securing feelings of acceptance and adequacy. Such feelings are natural human traits which all of us experience to some degree. However this should not be the purpose and motivation behind affiliation with the Temple.

Setians are sympathetic to the ideas and philosophies that the Temple presents. However this does not mean that Setians are conforming to any law or dogma, nor do Setians become followers of anyone or anything. The Temple of Set is not an institution to which Initiates must conform. If it were to promote such thought, then I believe it would never have Come Into Being in the first place. In 1975 the original Initiates of the Temple would not have resigned from the Church of Satan. Instead they would have surrendered themselves to LaVeyism, demonstrating conformity and dishonor

to the Prince of Darkness and all that he represents.

I meet, work, and share my thoughts with other worthy Black Magicians who uphold and maintain the distinctive and distinguished title of "Setian". I do this because, for the most part, I find that Setians discover and maintain knowledge and wisdom that I may be able to implement in my own life. Some of this knowledge and wisdom I have already been able to experience, emulate, and at times even master. When I am able to do so, the value of the Temple manifests itself to me. The findings of other Setians augment that of my own studies and aid in my *Xeper*, and vice-versa.

In all of this it is understood that the Temple is utilized as a tool which Setians keep cleaned and well-oiled by contributing their ideas and experiences. Only through this combined effort are we able to maintain and use the Temple.

No, Setians do not **belong** to the Temple; we are instead Black Magicians who are Initiates in the Temple of Set, acquiring the knowledge and understanding of the Prince of Darkness. We find it to be a great resource and tool which presents exciting challenges that are both difficult and rewarding.

If you feel or believe that you **belong to** the Temple, then I urge you to read and re-read the *Crystal Tablet of Set* from cover to cover. It clearly describes Setian philosophy and the reality of Lesser and Greater Black Magic, paving the way towards experiment and experience. It shares with us the knowledge which lays the foundation for our growing experience and understanding of *Xeper* and that of Set. The *CT* recants conformity and self-delusion, and promotes individual experience and experimentation, rather than a simple parroting of others' claims. The *CT* should not be dismissed as "old news" by any Setian.

If you find that you still have little or no desire to re-read the *CT* after reading this article [perhaps because you may think of me as just another Adept telling you what to do!], then let me suggest that you at least re-read *Black Magic* by Ipsissimus Aquino and "Protocol" by Magister Menschel.

Finally, before I jump off my soap-box and plummet to my death, I would like to digress and briefly address one last issue to the I° Initiate.

Here, if our noble Editor permits, I would like to summarize and reiterate a warning that you may already be familiar with (*CT* Chapter 6: GBM):

The study and use of Black Magic is not to be taken lightly. It is very real, very serious, and very dangerous. Anyone wishing to play with Black Magic will sooner or later [most likely sooner] find themselves being burned!

Close cover before striking; keep away from children.

[14] **Silver Burns**

- by S. Thomas O'Connor I°

It appeared as just another day. Being sort of tired, and just having awakened, I absently combed my hair, preparing for another day of the normal routine. You know, a visit to the coffee house, a bit of reading, a tad of writing, plenty of walking and thinking, with a smidgen or two of dreaming thrown in for good measure, and then finally five or six hours of drudgery at my place of employment. So there I stood, having recently wet my hair, leisurely grooming the morning away while thinking of nonsensical things like reality and consciousness, when I happened to notice something seemed amiss.

"Something is weird," I proposed in between strokes. "Something is strange."

That's when I saw It. Standing amidst a couple of thousand hairs. It grinned right at me, a grimace at once so filled with destiny and malice that I momentarily found myself at a loss. Mocking me with It's presence, It was four inches tall, ever so thin, all gray and kinky.

I gasped.

"Only 26, and yet I've come - an Emissary of Death! I am the first, but soon there will be millions of us all over your head and throughout your beard!" It shouted while tilting this way and that. "Yes, Shane! I am a gray hair, and I foreshadow your future!"

"Since when do gray hairs talk?" I queried, feeling somehow foolish and somewhat afraid.

The hair casually replied, "Ever since you've possessed such a vivid imagination, Shane. Your overactive mind has endowed me with life, and now I breathe, live, and hunt - as any sentient being should!"

With this pronouncement, the gray hair executed a perverse little Irish dance, squirming with pleasure at my dismay. It shuffled across my brow, like a deranged Ed Grimly of hairs, and cha-cha-cha'd all over my scalp. Grabbing an indignant blond-colored hair, the gray devil commenced to Tango. Together they twirled, jumped, dipped and then disco-danced from one ear to the other, shouting with joy ... a strange chant from some eldritch past which sounded something like this:

"Tra la la **boom** de aye! Y'r head is turning gray! Tra la la **boom** de aye!"

"Shut up, you foul demon hairs! Shut up! Don't you have any sympathy?"

"Teehehe, chuckle, chuckle, take it easy, Shane. We're only having a little fun."

All of the sudden I had a sickening vision. I could see hundreds of thousands of insane-silver-gray hairs having a party all over my scalp. It was a

horrid vision. Some danced, some made passes at the few remaining blond, red, and black hairs ... hanging just above my nose, an especially uncouth gang of the gray demons drank cheap beer, vomited, and engaged themselves in fighting; on my chin, the Beats of the gray hair world read horrid poetry; war monger hairs started battles; hippie hairs protested; fundamentalist hairs talked of the Second Coming and the end of the Head; and in the midst of this chaos, I could see the first gray hair. He possessed a strange and uncanny grin upon his silver face, and while I looked on, he distributed psychedelic drugs to all his gray hair friends while rallying them for yet another round of that "Tra la la **boom** de aye!" stuff.

"What's the matter, Shane? You look kinda ill, bud. Tra la la **boom** de aye!"

I ignored the barbarous hair, and while he sang and danced all over my head, I was thinking. Near the outer fringes of my mind, a plan came into being. Nonchalantly I resumed combing, and engaged the gray hair in polite conversation.

"Sir Gray Hair," I said, "do you mind if I indulge in a smoke? And by the way, you are quite a dancer."

"Why not at all, S. Thomas. Smoke away. And thank you for the compliment. I have friends who are connected to some of the greatest dancers in the world," the gray hair said, bowing low.

Seizing the moment, I pointed into another room and asked, "Sir Hair, what's that?"

Just as the hair turned to see what I pointed at, I grabbed it by the follicle and nearly fell over in pain as I found mySelf being judo-whipped onto the sink. I quickly recovered, however, and burst forth with a bone-chilling karate scream. Soon the gray menace and I were Kung Fu fighting across the tiled floor. A strangely surreal scene it must have been: I, a grown man of 26, being flung about by a gray hair less than 6 inches long, while cheesy Karate movie sound effects echoed throughout the room.

In a desperate attempt I lunged at the hair, yelling, "Victory is mine! Begone, you foul denizen of aged decline," my lips somehow out of synch with the words issuing forth from them. But the gray hair swiftly moved aside, fingering its light gray nose at me while laughing insanely and singing, "Tra la la **boom** de aye!"

This proved to be a fatal mistake on his part, because as he pranced about in evident victory to come, the blond hair he had assaulted not five minutes earlier appeared, pinning the Gray One to my temple. In a flash I acted!

My hand darted forth, snagging the hair and pulling it out by its very roots! It screamed shrilly, trying to squirm free from my angry fingers, but my grip proved to be strong. With cold, calculated intent

I pulled a book of matches from my pocket, deftly lighting one with one hand - a trick I had learned some years earlier while suffering a broken collar bone. Then I burned the hair, turning it to an oily shriveled ash. As it burned and twisted away, I could still hear an eerie song echoing in my brain, and now I sometimes hear it late at night when the Moon is shrouded in darkness and normal men sleep.

“Tra la la **boom** de aye! Tra la la **boom** de aye!”

[15] Things Seen in Fire

- by William S. Farnes I°

Evil working under a carnal night. Clouds, wind, and momentary thunder strikes.

And her: Memories of things seen in fire long ago. The clouds moving far above in the distance.

And the Moon, opaque against the darkness of the night, in all her fire and glory reigns on her journey through the Abyss. The pain inflicted by the desire of Becoming.

Time seems to stop momentarily, then is driven on by entropy if by nothing else.

The reflections in her eyes as she gazed into the fire seemed to hold memories of these times.