

The Scroll of Set

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[1] "When You Find Your Being, You Will Know Set."

Biography: Priest Robert J. DeCecco

- by Constance Moffatt II°

May you see beautiful people, hear loving music, feel ardent passion, taste sensuous wines, and experience the vivid odors of nature. May you rule the world. - Jzamon

Priest Robert Jzamon DeCecco, our most northeasternly-located member of the Order of Set, imparts the above message to his brothers and sisters in the Temple of Set as he is spotlighted for the biography of the month.

Handsome, dark, and charming, Priest DeCecco, known magically as "Amon", is a native of Massachusetts, residing in Framingham, a city of 80,000. Born in Franklin in "August of the forties", he lived in Providence, Rhode Island; Boston; and Worcester, Mass.; before settling at his present locale in 1967. His choice of Framingham, where he is a cosmetologist, is because of its 18-mile proximity to Boston "I am enough of a city person that I must dwell at least close to where the action is."

After graduating from high school and business school, he attended Clark University and Brom's Academy of Cosmetology. He has affiliated with the Clairol Institute Course, Headway Styling Program, and Who's Who Vocational Students Report.

Prior to his present profession, Amon was a dance instructor for a couple of years and a condominium manager for three years.

As a member of a regular middle-class Italian family "with the wooden spoon, the bun, and the Lanza records", he was also "unfortunately" born into the Catholic religion. "Its false credos and disgusting abstinence finally woke me up to myself. I feel that organized religions like the Catholic faith are responsible for most of the turmoil and pestilence in the world today."

Amon entered the Temple of Set at the moment of its formation. He had previously joined the Church of Satan in the year IV and attained the II° in VI and the III° in IX. Amon is not ashamed to admit that he progressed within both the C.S. and the Temple of Set due to "hard work and diligent dedication to the Prince of Darkness".

Belonging to the Temple of Set allows Amon to exercise his total freedom, and gives him the pleasure to practice what he preaches. "No inhibitions, no brain-washing techniques. The proof to me that there exists something else other than puerile humans. The love of fellow brothers and sisters who share some of my feelings." It gives him camaraderie, Black Magic, pleasure.

"The Temple, among other things, means a way to be free from the mundane, the worthless. We are something special; something chosen to be different. We have a communication with an entity who recognizes us for our worth, not just our existence. I enjoy expressing myself in the Temple in any manner I so desire, and do not fear uprisings or alienations. I am a being unto **myself!**"

The hopes and aspirations of Priest DeCecco are quite defined. "I hope only to enjoy the brother/sisterhood of the Temple, and to grow magically and personally so as to better the status of the Temple. I aspire to nothing save the respect of my peers and the love of friends. I am a simple but unconservative man. [A paradox?] I enjoy life for life, not for its rewards. I wish to someday live in a place somewhat like XemSet, and nourish and wallow in the fact that I am alive!"

Amon became familiar to most Setians as the gentle and personable co-host of Set-I, held in Canada this past summer. His versatility with his hobbies and interests was very apparent then as it is now. These are: ancient Egypt, ethnic diversities in people, gardening, cooking, music, pornography ["Tsk, tsk!"], and "making America beautiful by doing its hair". He is also interested in the social differences between nationalities and sects, speaking and learning more about everything in general, "how to get more money to spend on **me**", beautiful people, and un-defining definitions.

Some of Amon's favorite things are: veal scallopini a la Marsala, flowers, old movies, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West ["Is she really a man?"], Egyptian jewelry and costumes, spring, sex, dry table wine, and mothers.

Pet peeves of his include: the middle class, jingoists, social labels, Catholics, T.V. commercials, stupid people, ignorance, irresponsibility, people who are late, city drunks, blind obedience, overpopulation, and wars.

He has no pets, but "loves beagles - especially with cream cheese".

He considers himself famous [with tongue in cheek] for his cynicism, his cooking, his now-inactive orchestra, "my ability to alienate humans, my hair-dos, my ugly body". This writer would like to add his fantastic sense of humor and his modesty.

Upon discussing whether he had anything to add to the interview, he replied: "There really isn't too much more without going into philosophical stuff. You see, I can't accept anything far what it is."

I seem to philosophize everything. I guess my favorite saying is: 'Nothing is as it seems.' Only I add: Nothing exists. Everything can be explained away. There is a reason for nothing but life. And even that is argued. There is no proof for love, hate, pain, trust, friendship, etc. Sound like a paranoid? No, more accurately a realist. Humans become paranoid. Setians see everything for what it really is. This is not always easy, for we float around between the conjured ... the senses and the dreams ... the world and the void."

Concluding this most enjoyable biography, Amon leaves these words of wisdom for new Setians: "Do not look outwardly for the rewards of magic. Do not expect anything from the Temple that you do not put into it. Look within to see if you are there. When you find your being, and you are satisfied, then you will know Set. You are made strong enough through the Temple. If you feel the need to pray or to supplicate yourself, join another religion. You will come to love and respect your peers as if they were gods personified. And indeed, they are!"

Presently Amon is showing his talents as the new Editor of the *Ruby Tablet*, which is undergoing revision. He is also leader of the Cavern of Amon Pylon.

[2] The Wiggling-Out Syndrome: What to Do?

- by L. Dale Seago IV^o

[Being an adaptation of correspondence to Magistra Linda Thomas, who first applied the term "wiggled out" to recent Setian *exeunti* in a previous letter to Magister Seago. - Editor]

Regarding your comments about the increasingly well-known Wiggling Out Syndrome (WOS), I can see how it might be perceived as being 1F-related inasmuch as 1F is concerned with the First Problem of Setamorphosis. However 1F's task is of an essentially mundane nature, as I pointed out in my introductory essay in the *Scroll*. That doesn't mean that this magical/psychological aspect of the First Problem should not be addressed, but I don't see it as falling under 1F's mission profile. If some kind of research project really needs to be undertaken in this matter, I think the proper agency to do it is the collective magical guardian of the Æon: the Council of Nine.

Before exploring the question of the necessity of such a project, I wish to make an observation, with the preliminary *caveat* that it is an observation **only** - an isolated fact - and may turn out to have no bearing whatever on the problem.

That observation is that **every single** III^o+ to whom this thing has occurred was previously a

member of the Church of Satan. A possible partial explanation for this may be that the Initiates concerned may on a subconscious level have still been attempting to apply the old Age of Satan formula of Indulgence to their actions in the Æon of Set.

What I mean is this: In the C/S everyone was considered a god or goddess in his/her own right, and beyond the basic principles of the *Satanic Bible* there was no "concrete" philosophy, metaphysically speaking. Anyone could think, say, or do pretty much anything he wished without any greater or lesser merit being attached to it than to anyone else's thoughts/utterances/actions.

The metaphysical climate changed sharply with the advent of the Æon of Set. The focus shifted from Indulgence to *Xeper*, and concurrently with the latter to a search for Truth (with a capital T). This has become more pronounced since the Utterance of the Word *Xem* by Magus Barrett.]

The first WOS victim, Bill Murray, found himself being suddenly castigated for following the same behavior-patterns which may have won admiration for him in the C/S. And his thoughts and words were suddenly not being looked upon as Indulgently as they had been in the C/S. Resentment resulted, with an increasing isolation behind antiquated and crumbling conceptual walls.

This theoretical model may be applicable to the other WOS cases, and it may not. It is a possibility, but I am not entirely satisfied with it. Why? Because I suspect that it is only a partial explanation, a symptom of still deeper causes. After all, would-be occultists in other organizations came down with WOS all the time; occultism in general is notorious for the phenomenon.

Ipsissimus Aquino has addressed the following considerations previously, on one occasion or another; so some of this will be reiteration, and some may be a further elaboration taking his ball and running with it. First I don't think any Initiate believes that the organizational structure of the Temple of Set is at fault - that it causes or facilitates the development of WOS. The mechanics of the system are such that it gives "free play" to the greatest possible extent to individual Initiates, yet does not allow any Initiate or clique to become oppressive. And you will note that in each case the WOS victim has attempted to work **outside** the system, not within it.

Does the fault then lie in the nature of our Search? No, or at least not in the mere fact of its **being** a search. Chemists and other "hard" scientists show no statistical indications of being driven mad by **their** researches.

Does it lie then in the nature of the thing being sought? We may be getting warmer here if it is not a

function either of organizational structure or of mundane-oriented intellectual disciplines.

Thou hast elected a direction whose end none can foresee, for it is estranged from the design of God ... and I perceive that, should thou fail in thy ambition, apocalyptic madness shall be thy ruin and damnation. - *The Diabolicon*

Hmm. Depends simply on whether you “make it there” or not? I don’t think so, and I don’t think that is really what is implied. “Should thou **fail**” would seem to indicate that it isn’t “getting there”, (i.e. the goal or its accomplishment) which is dangerous, but falling off this tightrope Path we’re on. A magical organization *per se* doesn’t make you do it. So what about the disciplines involved?

And what do those disciplines deal with? Magic and metaphysics, the very stuff of the mind and will in purest essence. And WOS is something which, whatever its causes, **occurs** in the mind of the Initiate.

Are our disciplines, our tools, at fault? Firearms, for instance, are not dangerous; **people** are dangerous. Guns don’t go off by themselves. You can give one person a rifle and show him how to use it, and he’ll bring down game for food. Give a rifle to someone else and show him how to use it, and he’ll do something incorrectly and blow his own head off.

We can give an Initiate the most refined and efficient tools and techniques, but that is no guarantee that at some point he won’t screw it up somehow. There is One among us who has “made it”, and there are others of us who are close. And there are a few who have screwed it up.

This isn’t new either. It means, of course, that magical stability or lack of same is ultimately up to the individual Initiate. The question which presents itself at this point is: Can we do anything to help those showing symptoms of WOS to regain their balance, sort of nip it in the bud? Can this magical organization, the Temple of Set, or we as individual Initiates, cure WOS?

To examine this question, let’s first go back to some known effects of magical disciplines and then compare them with the known symptoms of WOS. First the disciplines tend to lead toward the creation of a preliminary symptom of schizophrenia (“a mental disorder characterized by splitting of the personality, dissociation, and emotional deterioration” - *American College Dictionary*).

The new Initiate tends to develop two personalities, “mundane” and “magical”, which respectively tend to be objectively and subjectively oriented. If he cannot effectively apply the two in

their appropriate spheres, he will have problems.

The same thing occurs on a more complex level when a magician identifies some major element of his own nature as having an affinity with a particular *neter* (the more complex Egyptian formulation of primal principle which Plato reduced to “Form”), and begins working to explore the *neter* and strengthen the affinity [what the adoption of a “magical name” is all about].

The perfection of this process in the Black Magician is a fusion resulting in the creation of a new self which is neither the *neter* nor the being the magician once was, but something totally unique. It is possible to become so totally caught up in the subjective wonders experienced en route to this fusion that one becomes “lost” and unable to return to the objective universe. In doing so, one falls from the very Path on which he thinks he is traveling into mere fantasy.

Uncontrolled emotional elements also play a part here. As the conscious personality becomes more powerful, so does the subconscious. If the basic primal drives and forces of the psyche are not recognized and either removed or appropriately integrated into the self, they will return to haunt one later on and usually in a far more powerful manifestation. If ignored they may literally “take over” the consciousness of the magician and control him. At this point the magician is not schizophrenic, since his personality is now unified. But neither has he performed the Great Work of fusion with his *neter*. He has, to use your term, Wiggled Out.

Characteristically these persons have proclaimed sole knowledge of “Truth”, have resisted vigorously any attempts to aid them, have regarded any efforts to point out the errors and inconsistencies in their positions as personal attacks, have attempted to work outside the framework established for the nonexploitative resolution of disputes or differences of opinion, and have attacked the Temple and its leadership with bewildering viciousness. A universal characteristic of the victim of WOS is that he **knows** he doesn’t have it.

Now I’ll lay another ACD definition on you: “mental disorder characterized by systematized delusions and the projection of personal conflicts, which are ascribed to the supposed hostility of others. The disorder often exists for years without any disturbance of consciousness.” The word defined is: “paranoia”.

The paranoid typically resists treatment and may regard doctors as his worst enemies. After all **he** perceives reality, and **they** are trying to distort it. We, the Temple of Set, cannot treat it. All we can do is remove the victim from our midst. From there it is up to the clinical psychiatrists, and good luck to

them because they'll need it.

Couldn't potential victims be warned when the first symptoms show up? Perhaps they could be helped if we detect the syndrome in its early stages. The problem is that if you can see the symptoms, they've already got it.

A corollary to this is that the establishment of a special body to detect symptoms of WOS, or even warning people to be particularly vigilant for its symptoms, could so easily create an Orwellian atmosphere of "thought police" arresting people for "crimethink" as in 1984.

Furthermore it may not always be initially easy to detect symptoms of the syndrome when they first appear. Let's face it: By the standards of conventional society, we're **all** a little weird!

To conclude, then, I think the cause of WOS resides solely in the individual Initiate. Neither the organization nor its magical disciplines causes it, but the aristocratic structure of the former and the stresses imposed by the latter will allow it to be exposed sooner or later if it is there in latent form and/or if the Initiate is unable to face and deal with all the elements of his psyche which impede the discovery and development of his true self.

Once the syndrome manifests, **we** cannot do anything about it. Can anyone? There is same hope, because the answer is yes. That **same individual Initiate** can do it.

If he is unable to bring himself to say the words "I made a mistake. I was wrong. I'm sorry.", there is probably no hope for him.

But there have been those who, at some stage of their initiatory path, have fallen off - and, when it was pointed out to them what was occurring, reversed themselves and climbed back on. These recoveries have been rare, perhaps because it is so painful to admit one has been wrong.

But if one has a serious and genuine will toward truth, these distractions on the Path can be overcome. I know, because **I've** done it.

[3] **III° Recognition: Betty Ford**

Ronald K. Barrett V°, High Priest, has announced the Coming Into Being of Betty Ford as a Priestess of Set III°. Priestess Ford, mother of Ipsissimus Michael Aquino, joined the Temple of Set on July 23, X and lives in San Francisco. She was Recognized by Magister Linda Thomas on December 2, XIV.

[4] **Nosferatu**

- by "Joseph Curwen"

I looked into my glass last night, and my gaze was met by - no one. The old legends are true, then,

but not as was supposed. They said the vampire has no reflection because a mirror reflects the soul and he has none. Pitiful fools! It is the soul which makes the vampire what he is. And thus it is that humans can be seen in mirrors while I cannot.

It has been thought that the vampire is a myth, but it is the humans who fear me who are unreal. I see the falseness in them and in the shadow-plays they call their lives, and I will not accept this for myself.

Is there not one who is as I am, who pierces the veils of Darkness with my own vision, who has a soul? Into the night I send my call, soaring out upon the star-winds. But if she exists, if she hears, she does not answer.

It is said that the Undead state is a curse, and it is so, for my own existence implies at least the possibility of another like myself. But shall I ever find her? It is hope which is the curse, for by cause of it my will cannot let me die. And thus I am Nosferatu Undead, for the true life and communion I seek cannot be found. And I thirst, I thirst.

In baffled rage against my circumstance, I turn to the human world once more. For the blood is not the life; yet that weak wine assuages something of my thirst, and my victims are at least pale dreams of what I seek. And as their hearts' blood flows, the dark infection of my curse shall spread itself among them, and they shall scream praises unto me in their damnation, until they are dry and my nocturnal wandering resumes.

[5] **6+6+6 Endure the Fangs of Undeath-Rite**

"The Rite of the Undead", a Setian psychodrama bringing the vampire myth to "life", was officiated by Magus Ronald Barrett, High Priest, on the Saturday after All-Hallows Eve, at the house of Priestess Sandy Sarris. She, along with several Bay-Area Setians, assisted with preparations and casting, much to their credit.

An original creation of Magister L. Dale Seago [back in the Age of Satan], the rite was revised for the occasion by Magus Barrett, who conducted and inspired a masterful performance by all eighteen participants [give or take a spiritual friend or two]. There was no pretense needed in individual ritualizing when the time came to drink the blood and get the bite. "Oh, Drack! (Ugghh!) We didn't (choke!) know it would be like this! Eeaauhhh!"

Furthest to travel for the event was Setian, now Adept Willie Browning, all the way from Bellevue, Nebraska. She was Recognized II° on the night of the Rite by Magister Seago.

Later, after the infection set in, a crazed horde of blood-stained night-freaks were seen roaming the

streets of Berkeley in search of more victims. They finally satisfied their craving by devouring piles of pancakes at the local IHOP.

[6] The Who, Why, Where, and When of Temple of Set Protocol

- by Ricco Zappitelli III°

Who exactly **are** Setians?

I, Set, am come again to my friends among mankind. Let my great Nobles be brought to me. - *The Book of Coming Forth by Night*

First we see [loosely rephrased] that Setians are Set's friends chosen from among mankind - chosen, as it were, by a silent message sent out to the masses by Set: those who hear Set's and their own inner voice and begin to understand and approach the Temple of Set.

And further: "Let the one who aspires to my knowledge be called by the name Setian." **We** are Setians - those after the understanding of their inner voice, willfully and with great effort, who aspire to Set's knowledge.

Now that we know who "Setians" are, why should we respect our fellow Setians? One very good key to this question is again found in the *Book of Coming Forth by Night*: "I seek my Elect and none other, for mankind now hastens toward an annihilation which none but the Elect may hope to avoid."

If it should cause deep **respect** to view a being chosen from among mankind who is able to recognize the voice within and understand it, then what of the **admiration** of those who, consciously working with great will and effort, bring all this into reality - these aspiring Setians?

And further, what of the great respect and admiration afforded those III°+ who have had the *Xeper* process become such an all-consuming drive that these "selected" beings can, through their defined will and being, interact with Set?

And of the "Royal House": the Nobles of Set - the Masters of the Temple, the Magus, and the Ipsissimus - what words can express our regard toward them?

If indeed we do respect each other as Setians, we must truly understand why and display this in actions and thoughts with our brothers and sisters.

When and where? I can begin by stating that **no** Setian should ever be addressed by his or her first name except perhaps in a private situation. Only in less-formal situations, and with the senior's approval, should magical names [inferring close association] be used. Setians are special beings and should be addressed by title or degree.

In conclusion I quote Magister Seago (*Scroll #II-10*):

The Priesthood has generally bent over backwards - perhaps too far in some instances - to avoid "throwing its weight around", largely because it has so much weight.

It must be realized that these are not merely titles which have been assumed or conferred upon their recipients because they sound nice. These beings have been selected by the Prince of Darkness as sacred to him. Each one has studied and trained for years, and has been tried and tested and tempered through processes literally inconceivable to those who have not undergone them themselves.

The stresses and pressures to which Priest or Priestess of Set have been subjected are awesome, and anyone who has faced them without being destroyed by the process deserves to be called by the proper title of degree until or unless he or she specifically indicates otherwise. The appropriate title should also be used in any conversation or correspondence about that individual with a third party. A little courtesy never hurts.

[7] The Being Inside Me

- by Robertt W. Neilly III° (Toronto, September XIV)

Using the language of convenience, English, how does one describe the truth from inside? When I take into consideration my personal way that I catch glimpses of that "lurker in the darkness", it becomes all the more difficult to relate these flashes to others I care for.

But then I do not really face a tangible crisis of communication because I am able to function, to speak as and to be a Setian. To those who know of me, and to those who know of **I**, I no longer have to tussle with such familiar lines as: "Do you know what I mean?" or "Can you see what I am getting at?", etc. For the Setian in the aspiring House can see.

And if I do use such familiar phrases, my excuse to my brothers and sisters is simply that I care for them and wish to stress my self. The sublime and magnificent differences between being a Setian and being a Setian **being** are much too vast and important to properly embrace in this article, and so I seek only to share with all Setians reading my words some of what has gone into my Coming Into Being as a proud Priest of Set.

For a moment, picture me as I was before: See Bobby walking very fast along the corridors of his

high school. [He still walks fast, but tries not to let those darned grey hairs get in his eyes.] See him when he approaches those other young kids, and hear him as he says: "Out and about, Eh?"

He was in a lot of ways a typical young man. One day, as he was not studying hard in the school library, he got the urge to begin reading books on [ugh!] seances and mediums. Physical mediums, mind you, not just those pansies who fell asleep and missed all the action!

See his life take the outward commitment. See him progress (?) to the point where he holds his own seances, and see him get warped. See him borrow a real skull from a buddy at work and attempt to find out the name of its owner. See the landlady kick him out when she finds the empty head while looking for dirt in the oven. [It should have been in the refrigerator.]

See the way he becomes a witch at home by reciting the Lord's Prayer backwards three times and burying a new ring in earth. Imagine the concept of warp speed [for convenience of space in this article] as he gets involved in spiritualism, ghosts, ESP - and then arrives at true and awful "mind-blasting" Black Magic when he buys Huson's *Mastering Witchcraft*. See him wonder how he will get ahold of mandragora - and even if he does, how so without having the Humane Society pick him up for a dog murder! A lot has gone by before you see him emerge in the Age of Satan.

I believe it was late in the year VIII when I joined the Church of Satan. I can truthfully say that upon reading, re-reading, and re-reading the *Satanic Bible*, I thought and still do about some of its contents that I had found an organized body which had its philosophies based on logic, fact, and the way things really were and still are.

I can admit that some of what I read frightened me. And so it was meant to be. It took me quite some time to get over the guilt feelings I had concerning such phrases in the "Book of Satan" as: "I uplift a broad-axe and split open his worm-eaten skull."

My contributions to the Church were, I'm sure, quite minimal during my two or so years as a Satanist. My disillusionment took place around the time of the Church of Satan's crisis in the year X. I had seen my copy of then-Magister Templi Aquino's notice to all C.S. members dealing with the Church and its selling of degrees. I chose not to pursue the matter, and let my membership go.

In the year XII I picked up that letter again and wrote to the Ipsissimus (then Magus). I felt that I was working hard as a Setian I°, and yet had my moments of doubt as to whether I had not stumbled into something that did not reflect and represent the Prince of Darkness. I wondered just what it would

take to reach the honorable plateau of an Adept II°. Looking back, as I do from time to time, I see that it took many things. Initiative towards contacting other Setians, but not undirected over-zealousness. Concentration centered on basic Temple of Set precepts without applying too much "common sense". And a first look [no matter how much I reread] at the *Book of Coming Forth by Night: Analysis and Commentary*.

There are, of course, many other feelings and ways in which the individual Setian aspires to be an Adept. When I was elevated to Adept II°, I was stunned and elated. You see I had been having these feelings about how I had reached a deeper level of understanding. [And still it was understanding with a small 'u'.] It was the case of knowing I was different and not knowing I was an Adept.

During the time that I was an Adept [and to be clear ... all that I am contains the I°, the II°, and other aspects and essence], I can say truthfully that I progressed. I studied more and did more things that required activity with the Temple. Although I **could not** figure out why I did not hear about "everything" that went on, or how such an Adept could Come Into Being as Priest/Priestess, I could at times feel more tangibly a Presence. I could read faster and understand more of what I read. I had more of an idea just what I was able to do with basic Satanic ritual, in the way of breaking away from taboos and regimentation. And instead of just saying to others and myself that I worried about the Temple's direction or that I cared for Setians [I did, but not in the manner that I do now], I began to feel such emotions.

For a few months before being Recognized as a Priest of Set [although I had been showing the symptoms], I went through great emotional stress. I came near to deciding that I would have to get away from the Temple. This is not necessarily what will happen to other II°s in my situation.

Before concluding my personal memories of my own Coming Into Being as a Priest, I wish to comment on what is dear to me. I recognize the Elect that I am and the Elect who are my blood and who mingle with my very being. I understand the beginnings of what constitutes speaking from the Heart. I cannot tolerate what is not Truth, and seek to always see it and be it in Maat.

I wish to convey an especially warm thanks to my brother, Priest Robert DeCecco, who travelled so many miles to represent the Temple of Set in my formal ordination here in Toronto. It was a unique, magical, suspended time in which I touched and learned of both myself and Priest DeCecco. I walk the two lands and shall never be as before.

[8] Mortal Fear

- by Joseph T. DiBene II°

“Stay away, stay away,” they would tell me in vile mockery of their own fears. “Stay away or you will be banished from the Earth by God!”

There is nothing so desperate as mortal fear. It is as though they walk around in bubbles, their lives consisting of only the air that remains within their small, globular realms. I can see them, the floating hypocrites, spanning the universe in confused ignominy, completely disheveled in their search for that to which they are blind.

Had they not asked me the question? Had they not wanted to know why I chose not their false path? Yea, and I answered with a true heart: “Would you have me beg before a beggar? Cower before a coward? There is no need to answer, you would!”

Endlessly they search and search for a needle in the vast darkness which is the emptiness of their lives. Were they to find that needle, not one would dare to prick his hand to find the nature of his true blood, his true will. And they are numb and devoted to the hand that feeds them false hopes. Stay the hand that feeds mortal fear!

[9] Set-Amentet Monsters to Meet

The Set-Amentet Pylon will meet December 22nd at the Pylon Adytum, home of Priest Robert and Adept Constance Moffatt, in Los Angeles. To impart a festival element to the Winter Solstice, the invitation is to “come dressed as your favorite monstrous, mythological, or otherwise non-natural being”.

Favorite historical symbols of magic will be presented and explained by individual members. Theme of the meeting and ritual to follow is the idea of Adept Connie Moffatt, who will be celebrant of the rite. Arrival at the Moffatt lair may begin at 7:30 PM, and advance notice from those who plan to attend is requested. Ritual robes required.

[10] Calendar - December XIV

- by Stephen Bushey III°

Tenth on the Roman, twelfth on the Julian and Gregorian calendars, December, a month of 31 days, has been referred to as the “Holy Month” by the Christians, the “Winter Month” by the Saxons, and “Saturn’s Month” by the Romans. For Setians, with both the Winter Solstice and the Sun’s entrance into the initiating, discriminative cardinal sign of Capricorn, it is a time of new beginnings. The morning stars for the entire month of December

are Mercury, Mars, and Saturn; and Budge designates Set, Ra, and Horus as the gods of these planets. The evening stars, also for all of this month, are Venus and Jupiter. Budge assigns Osiris to Venus and states that there was no god for Jupiter. The birth or lucky stones of December are turquoise or zircon.

[11] Are You “Just An Adept”?

- by Constance Moffatt II°

Recently I was once again surprised at the comment of a newly-Recognized Adept that he was “just a II°”. It brought to mind the various concepts and feelings I have progressed through as an Adept - a now very proud of my degree Adept. Sharing these thoughts with other I°/II°s may help them to see what a truly great step in the life and *Xeper* of a magician the II° is.

As a Setian I° I looked forward to my long two years of observing, learning, and recognizing my possible potential as a magician and true Setian. I was still quite encumbered by the conditioning of Christianity, and in the early days felt as though I were upon a fence, ready to jump both ways if need be.

Through much contact with many other supportive Setians of all degrees, I slowly left the fence for the dark direction. Every step of my way was well-planned and defined in my search for Maat. When the time of enlightenment and *Xeper* came, one year later, I was surprised to recognize the Adept in myself. I knew exactly where I was going, and it felt good. I was very pleased at how far I had advanced in a period of time that I had originally suspected would be an eternity. [I used to joke that I was going to be the most senior I° in the history of the Temple.]

The word “adept” slowly took on new meanings and dimensions to me in various forms as I proceeded along my road to development and *Xeper*. Most of the time I was satisfied with my skills as I read, studied, learned, and kept in constant communication with my brother, Set. Once in a while I hit a dry spell and lapsed back to human frailties, not knowing why. Always when those times occurred, “magically” a message would come to me from my wonderful Pyramid Priest/Priestess or another loving Elect, as though they knew my current problem of the will. The wall would tumble, and I would continue on toward the Black Flame being held out to light my way on the journey to the Elect.

During some of those arid times, which no longer beset me, I forgot the pride of my red medallion and considered myself “just an Adept”. I forgot the mastery of my will I had come to achieve

and the total freedom I had come to feel and live. I ceased to grasp the power of which I was capable as I aspired and evolved toward the goal of being a Black Magician.

The Conclave Ritual at Set-I was the culmination to my truly seeing my total self and my II° with true pride for what and who I am. This evolution continues with me each day, and manifests itself a thousandfold with each Setian gathering and group ritual, with each important piece of Setian material I read and study, and with each communication I have with other Setians.

I cannot help but be overwhelmed with the constant realization that the more I learn, the more I find that I don't know and still have to learn. This in turn brings about a flowing profusion of learning. It is a never-ending, but very exciting process in my growth. This is not to be feared as regression, as it is a natural inroad to *Xeper* and being an Adept. Throughout the course of time that I wear this beautiful red and silver symbol of love, the Pentagram medallion, I will always feel my worth as a true Adept and as a loyal Setian walking the path of Set.

As long as one feels "just an Adept", he or she will remain inwardly **below** that level, and the Black Flame will be a dull and elusive ember.