**Esoteric Order of Beelzebub  
Beta Vanguard  
Cycle 7  
Orlog 3**

This Cycle focused on the idea of Awakening, the Seventh Angle. One theme we explored was the imagery of the Tower card and its possible meanings. While the Tower often is described in negative terms, what with its fiery explosions and gravity challenged occupants, we have largely taken another approach to it. What if the Tower can also represent Awakening in its form of sudden insight? The kind of insight that leads to unerasable truth that the Initiate can no longer deny once seen?

When I thought about the Tarot decks I use, I decided to take inspiration from Robert Place’s Alchemical Tarot of Marseille. In this deck, the Tower is La Maison Dieu or the House of God. Looking upon it, I didn’t see it so much as a burning wreck but rather something more akin to a lighthouse. What if this explosion of fire and stone could also be seen as a beacon of light in a time of great Need? And so, I contemplated this idea for a time.

This thought eventually dawned upon me. What if we don’t gain sudden insight so much as suddenly remember something we always knew? Or perhaps alternative, what if insight is anamnesis? It strikes me that insight, particularly that Gnostic kind, always seems to be something hiding right under my nose. Could it be that we do not acquire this knowledge so much as we simply Recognize it? Maybe insight is the recognition of a primordial wisdom that we always possess and merely forget.

This then led me to another line of contemplation and an idea for this Cycle. First, why do we even need to Remember anyway? How is that we forget in the first place? I recalled reading an interesting concept that that the Dalai Lama was quoted as discussing in a book on the Buddhist conception of the soul, the Clear-Light of the Dharmakaya. In that conception, the ignorance of the Samsaric mind is co-emergent with the Primal Wisdom of the Enlightened mind. For whatever reason, perhaps some unknowable reason, ignorance accompanies wisdom, maybe like the clouds accompanying the sky. Remembering is required because ignorance of one’s nature arises simultaneously along with the truth of it. In Western thought, there is often some fall from Grace or the fall of Sophia into matter, whereas in this Buddhist conception the fall and the Wisdom walked hand-in-hand from the get-go.

When I pondered this, I came to this idea. What if we forget our nature and therefore require Remembering because of a case of mistaken identity? I can’t speak for past lives in great detail, but what I do know is that in this very lifetime I experience a need to Remember myself because of distraction. In daily living, embodying one’s own Law competes with the push and pull of living a human life in a society. I don’t think we have to choose one or the other, but we do have to choose what we put our investment of time and energy into. So while I cannot determine the metaphysical cause of forgetting is, I can say that there is an everyday cause – we get caught up in our social conditioning and personal narratives of who we are. We separate self from Self, and in doing so, forget who we really are.

My exploration of this idea took the form of a narrative writing exercise. I combed through my notes from Workings and daily practices over the past 3 years or so, and then rewrote them into a single narrative. Everything from this narrative is something I’ve experienced and witnessed, but I had yet to put them together into a single story or narrative. I thought to myself, why not combine all the single instances of Remembering or Gnostic Insights into a single package? And how would I then react to that experience of doing so? Would it even make sense to me as the one who experienced those insights? Or would those individual messages get lost if translated into a singular new message?

What follows is my attempt to do just that. It is one message, not the message. It is just as much an act of playful fun as it is a serious attempt to make sense out of a series of powerful life events as a Setian Black Magician and Priest of Set. Part narrative therapy, part Working, part Invocation of my Original Face, and part silly playfulness.

Whatever the hell it is, it is what it is!

**A Mad Tale Spoken in Divine Foolishness  
Composed by another Mad Arab**

What is a dream? When does the dreamer become his dream and then speak it into being? Long ago, I called out into the deepest, darkest corners of my mind to whatever would reach back out to me. What was my purpose? What was my True Will? What path would I tread? The voice that responded was not my own, though it did communicate through my mind to me and in a voice that was familiar to me. Now, looking back on the various communications I’ve had with the Dark Lord and my own Original Face, I weave this tale into a message of my own, for no other purpose than my own desire for creation and annunciation. Let it become what it will!

In the past, I once sought to bring Hell to Earth, as if this was the end in-of-itself. But I discovered that this is not the end, but the beginning. This beginning is create a new version of Hell here on Earth, with the Daemons by our sides. Our Hell would be a new one, for we ourselves as humans are a different race of Gods altogether. We are the Gods who slumber yet can Awaken right now. We are not replicating a Hell, we are dreaming an entirely new reality once we arise from our state of Sleep. With every Working and every Utterance, we create that new Hell on Earth step by step and inch by inch. And for this to unfold as it must, we must do the Work to Remember ourselves as Gods amongst Gods, not vessels of matter in a mechanical universe. We must reject the Sleep of mere matter and persona! We must do the Work to Become beyond good and evil, and take those first steps out of comforting intellectualism and into uncomfortable Absolute Being.

For this Work to be set forward in motion, we must first get a drink of our True Wills as individuals. We do this by training ourselves not to forget ourselves. When I forget myself, I cannot embody myself as my own Law. When I remember myself, only then can I truly walk the path of my own Law. Pleasure and pain are mere afterthoughts in the light of one’s own Law; they are chains in the prison of forgetting but also the ornaments of the palace of Remembering. For myself, I had to first learn my Watchword, my whispered Key into that palace, to be able to get a clear picture of my True Will and Original Face.

What is the Watchword of my Kingdom, the Key to my Remembering myself as God amongst Gods? I first came to grip this Key through what I originally called Awakening. This was the message of the Dark Lord, yet it was also a message from Self to self. A message recovered through Remembering in its Highest form. Awakening was the message that the Self is inherently pure and beyond all dualistic categories of conceptualizing. Selfhood simply is. It is the undeniable reality of who we are that is right under our very noses. It is the light that enables all to be known. It is Awareness itself, our Primordial Identity.

Not long after I first gripped this Key, I came to a place concealed in a place of inner darkness. Emerging from a great cube, the goddess Astaroth led me to a purple star. Walking into the twilight sun, I once again communed with the Dark Lord and this lady of the Night. Here I learned that within every human mind, which is the surface of the oceanic Mind-Star, there is a Center of unlimited Wisdom and Absolute Being. Outside of Becoming, there is this core of Being that directs us to a life led intentionally and in accordance with True Will. This core is beyond time and space, an immaterial space of both great light and darkness, yet limited by neither. The Dark Lord aided me in remembering my Watchword and Astaroth taught me the lesson of boundless Love, Beauty, and the Illumination of seeing Ultimate Reality as it truly is.

I would continue to get more and more tastes of this Ultimate Reality as time progressed.

By relaxing into my own nature and turning the light of my consciousness back upon itself, further realizations of my Original Face came to be known. I saw my own previous lives and deaths, as well as my own ancestors coming to visit me in various guises. Dying upon the battlefield, I saw my Original Face in the form of a Black Buddha. Crystalline, aged by countless kalpas and more, both perfect and weathered, I gazed upon myself as I truly am. At the end of every life, I am. Before every birth, I am. I am free from time and timelessness. I, an emissary of Darkness amongst a starry night of others, learned what I am beyond the body and every conditioning placed upon me by this world. What words can describe the majesty of who you truly are? Better not to tarnish truth with mere language.

What I once called Awakening became further enhanced by more understanding granted through even more explosive experiences. Every time I walked deeper into the ocean of pure darkness, the more shining jewels I picked up to light my way. Calling next upon the Dark Mother herself, I became the red goddess who dances in the sky and is untouched by impurity despite streaking across man’s profane world. In this horrifically enchanting transformation, I was reborn as child of the twilight luminosity beyond characterization. Striding beyond characterization, I could finally gaze upon the truth that All is Good and the world as Passionate Love itself. Both avenger and ruler, I had gained further insight into what Awakening meant for me: Bodhichitta. The Awakened Heart-Mind that sees beyond both purity and impurity, darkness and light, wisdom and compassion, to that which is greater than all of these dichotomies and is their origin. Only a Wisdom-Warrior can wield every dichotomy in her hands and tear asunder all conceptions that mask who we truly are, and such a Warrior of the Enlightened Heart I elected to become. Gone far, far beyond to the other side! And yet, I never left any side, for I had returned to what I truly was and had always been.

Trading in the sword of hatred for the sword of Wise-Compassion, I went further still. Beyond is not nearly enough for one such as myself. Gone beyond, there is always more to do, and so I undertook the journey to gaze upon the Absolute Good itself. Of this journey, I dare say little, for words have already failed me this far. What I will say is that in the face of that which transcends all characterization, what is known instantly is the truth. And so, what follows is my truth.

The only Self that can be spoken of is Not-Self. Man is Isolate but never separate. Our true nature is grander than both bland unity and exquisite multiplicity. We exist as embodied beings, radiant deities, and indescribable luminosity all at once. There is no beginning and no end. No good or bad, but only Good. There is nowhere to go, no place beyond the stars that we must we seek out, for we are already there while being here. There is no goal or destination, for we have already reached it. And if you want to taste that for yourself, you must let go of every concept, thought, expectation, desire, lack of desire, hope, and fear; only then can one realize that they already what they seek.

Why do I use the word “dream” to speak of all this? I don’t use it in the sense of being a sleep, but rather in the sense of a vision. A vision can be a sort of intuition or Gnosis, the downloading of a packet of knowing something just as it is all at once. But that download needs to be processed and unpacked, like the unfolding of a carpet or building of a pathway to a destination not yet fully realized. And by god, do I have a really big carpet to unroll!

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