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Notes from the Diary of a Magician

By MIKAIL 111

I am dreaming.

Dreams are a special "world" of understanding and there are several different types of dreams that I experience and which are obvious from my records of the last two years. They are:

1. Ordinary Dreams : usually experienced just before waking, early in morning;
2. Astral Dreams : Usually experienced during deep sleep, during the early and middle periods of the night's sleep;
3. Vision Dreams : Usually experienced when I am aware of being in a certain physical place and am half asleep/half awake, or in the "alpha" state of consciousness.

Ordinary dreams are usually directly related to day-to-day affairs. Astral dreams cannot be found to have anything to do with everyday affairs but operate on a Magical level only. Vision dreams are the waking dreams of those Astral dreams.

Monday December 3.

I am dreaming.

I know that I am dreaming.

This is not an ordinary dream.

There is a square window. This is very good, because square windows mean I can go through to the places I've been before. But this place is not a place I've been before. This place is not known, but attractive. This is not a place I would go to by choice but there is no other place that I would rather be. There is a courtyard, cobblestone courtyard and old buildings.

I know I am dreaming and I am going to a place of a long time ago. There are

some people walking in the courtyard. Very beautiful people. Now the light is a sheer utter delight, refined to every perfection and every gesture reflecting this special place perfectly.

It is the Fool.

He is so foolish! So foolish is his dancing and so beautiful is the star-dust which he leaves trailing from his fingertips, from his world, from his unplanned yet perfect dancing. He trips perfectly and tumbles perfectly across the courtyard.

He is in the bottom left hand corner.

I must meet him at the centre.

"You are not ready to meet him at the centre. That is for another vision, for another time".

Oh! for the Pathway of the Fool!

Then, there is the thought of action, movement, dance, beauty, ecstasy. I am remembering the words I have heard. So civilized, so refined, so Foolish.

Now, there are more people moving in the courtyard. They have star-dust falling from their gestures which are the lines that echo the very building of this courtyard in sound and sight.

Now, I know that I am going to wake and go back to the world and I know that I must remember and take back with me what I have learned and use what I have learned in the world.

It is soft and grey and the light streams through the window from the outside world to the inside world.

I return.

I am awake.

I remember the words.

Notes from the Diary of a Magician

"There are three Gateways to the Crown:

1. Word/Speech. 2. Thought. 3. Action.

All three must be 'silenced'

in order to enter the gateway to the Crown.

Even action. 'Silence thy action'.

How else, O Man, canst thou answer unto

the Fool at the Left-hand Gateway

to the Crown ?"

So it is written.

Tuesday December 4.

THE TATTWA VISION

This Vision resulted from a Tattwa Card Meditation. A black, oval shape is drawn on a white card. A yellow square is put within the oval shape.

I was suddenly aware that I am moving very quickly. Time seems to have vanished - my normal conception of time. I am lifted up. I am helped in this journey and there is a sense of Space, endless Space.

I was lifted and carried over four or five mountain tops at a very high speed. Distance and time barriers are passed through ! These mountains I am passing over are "worlds" and are very old and ancient places. Civilization has long gone from them and yet the roots of all civilisation were there within the barren rock, a representation of the "raw soul" before it has been layered with film of civilization and overlays of superficial knowledge.

Now there is a barren desert mountain, so stark and so primitive and so old. Jagged, hard rock with sharp edges displayed a special beauty. I know I

approach the core and beyond this mountain range, as I leave this mountain range, I rise above another mountain ridge, bluer, larger, but still barren; and desert mountain after desert mountain is coming and going. Ridges upon ridges of lonely wasteland which could only be called 'home' of the soul. I can feel the gentle arms of my Guide helping me through these wastelands - stern, severe, but kind. I know I am not on my own.

Now I come into a cave and fear drips from the ceiling in long, red stalactites of lava. I know that I am becoming lost and the fire and heat of the earth are mixing dangerously with my journey.

I am confused by the elements. I dare not venture farther into the heart of this mountain, for I am far from ready to meet the Entity there. I must retreat and I do retreat! A slight trembling, a fairly heavy sweat, a feeling of being disoriented in space are noticeable discomforts as I return, slowly sorting it out as I write this record.

N.B. This is what I imagine a shamanistic experience to be and, within my earlier classification, a Vision dream. The lesson is understood without words.

The heart of the mountain is the soul of the Shaman; and, just as I was not ready to meet the Fool, similarly I was not ready to meet the Shaman in the heart of the mountain.

I must note "failure" and reaffirm that I will do everything in my power to continue my journey.

**Senatorius Sacerdos Harpyiae
OUTER ORDER**

