

Aug. & September 1901

Semini dat patris filius; spiritusque asportat.

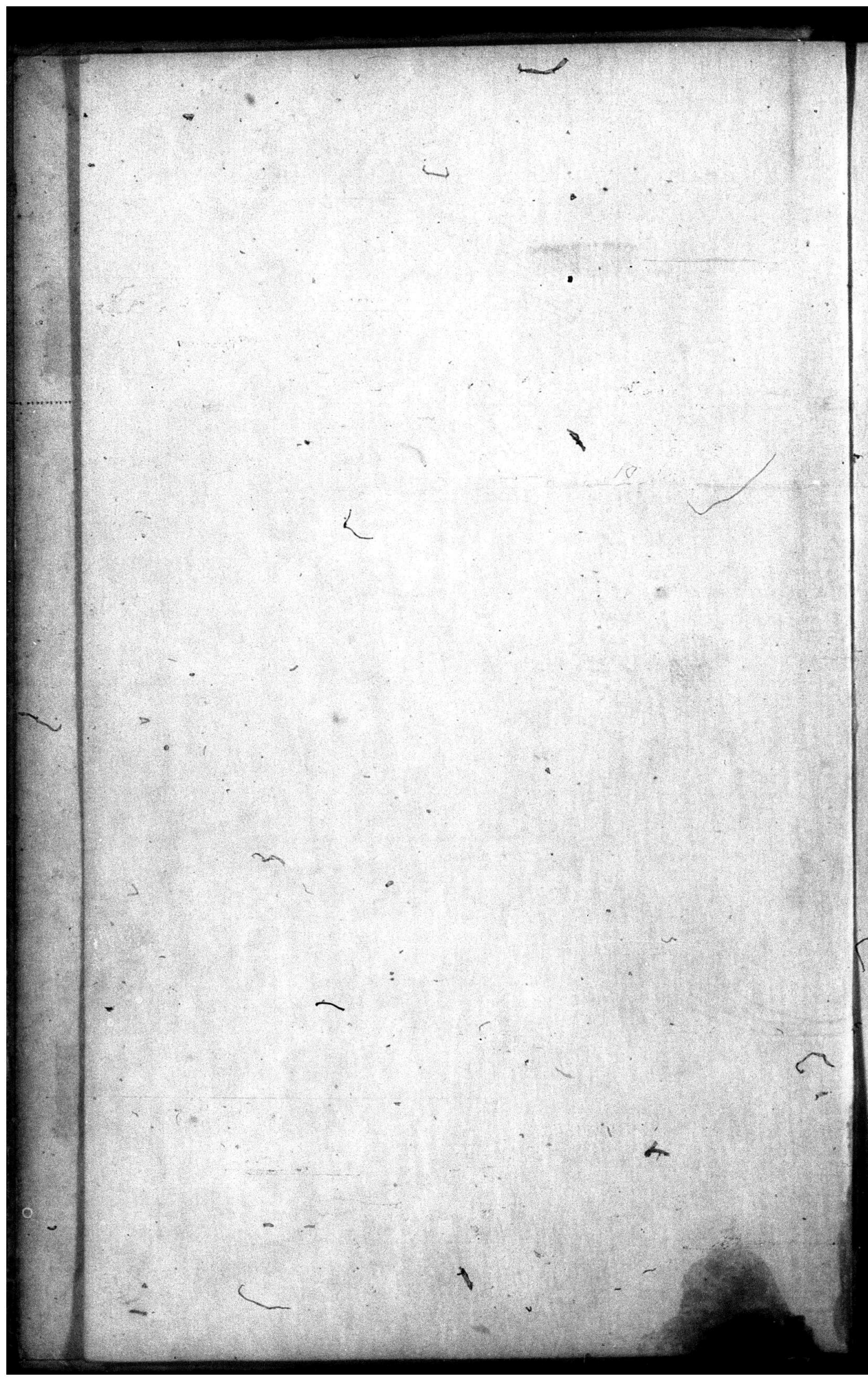
Cordibus ardet acer, nascitur omnipotens.

Spargit, pater, filio flumen miki virile

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Diary Aug Sept 1909

on loan for
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from Karl Gorman
Harrington New Jersey
U.S.A.

Wyle





The Writings of Truth.

समवानन्द

The Seeker after Wisdom,

whose Bliss is non-Existence, the Devotee
of the Most Excellent Bhāvāni, the Wanderer
in the "Samsāra Cākra", the Insect that
crawls on Terra, on Seb beneath Nait, the
Paritūsha beyond Ishwara: He taketh up
the Pen of the Ready Writer, to record
those Mysterious Happenings which came
unto Him in His Search for Himself.

And the Beginning is of Spells & of Conjurations
and of Evocations of the Evil Ones: Things
Unlawful to write of, dangerous even to
think of: wherefore they are not here
written. But he beginneth with his
Sojourn in the Isle of Lanka: the time
of his dwelling with Mātivrānda Swāmi
Wherefore, O Bhāvāni, bring Thou all
unto the Proper End! To Thee be Glory ॐ

There could be a break in trance,
maybe reflex

I exist not: there is no God: no time: no place: wherefore I exactly particularize & specify these things. August 1, 1901 A.D.

I succeeded in causing a Chinaman of high rank to believe that there was an insect on his left cheek. Instant success.

I succeeded in causing Prince Chun Himself to look round upon me!

Aug 7. With M. I tried the result of speech, as a disturbing factor in Dhâranâ. 5 minutes on white Tan T He spoke 6 times (i) bad break (ii) 2 bad breaks (iii)-(vi) no break. I could, however, repeat all he said except the last remark.

Aug 8. Mental Muttering "Namo Shivaya Namahaz" with Recakam the voice sounds as if from the confines of the Universe: with Parakam as if from the 3rd eye.

The eyes are drawn up to behold the 3rd eye without conscious volition of the Yogi.

Aug 10. Sound as of a broken bell in my head.

Aug 11. Recakam - Voice of Mantra is terrible and tremendous: Parakam - Voice is still & small.

Aug 18. By concentrating the mind on any point of the body, a throbbing becomes evident in that part. This area is a mathematically-found point whose very name one is ignorant of.

Pranama on Agna often causes
sleep when trying Yoga

Weight - corporeal w

Aug 27, 28, 29. Under foll^g conditions:

Vow of Silence: reduced food: constant
Muttering of "Pranava Mani Padme Houn"
& meditation on Buddha & Anāhata:

I lost consciousness when meditating
Buddha: Voice of Nadi became "Aum"
alone, sounding like far-off solemn song.

Chequers & columns appear - fatwic.

Med: Buddha & great luminous gold Buddha
appears.

Will & control become weakened after some
24-48 hours of constant Yoga

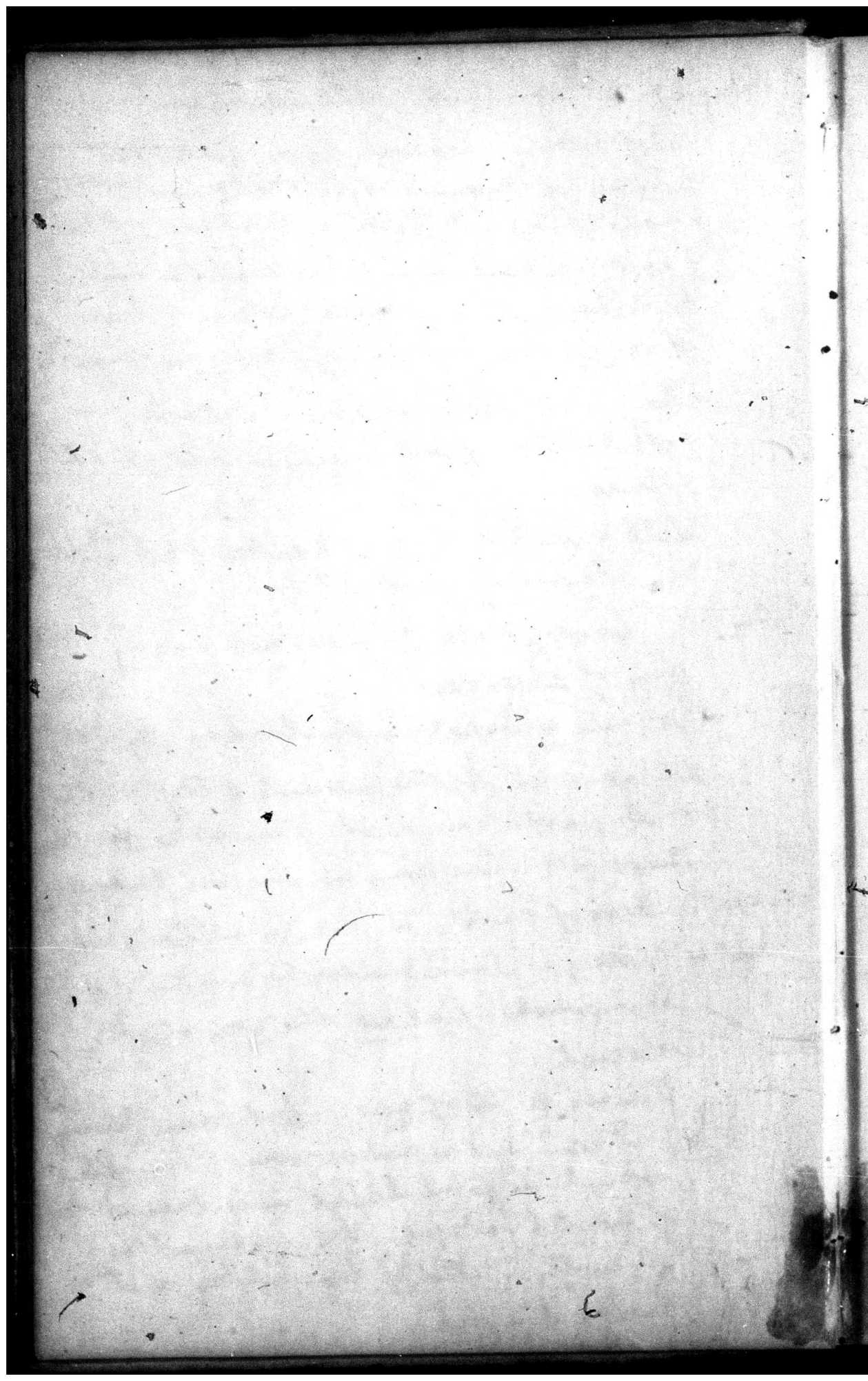
Aug 30. Voice of Nadi "Sweet as a singing
rain of silver dew"

Got into a Sukshma-Kumbhakam. Rigidity
Dhâraṇa on Ajna prevents sleep: ditto
on Anāhata causes it. This as a practical
thing - not when doing it for Yoga purposes.

Sept 2. Voice of Nadi. Far Siren or rubbed glass.

Sept 4. Looking at Shiva painticle & muttering "Aum
Shivayawashi" / believe the weight is
lessened.

Dhâraṇa on tip of nose. "And if you're passing,
won't you?" said an audible voice. This effect
not unknown to me before in certain states
of mental fatigue. Nose very sensitive
physically. A flick of down lighting on it
gave me the jumps.



Sept 5. With Pranyama one may get
confused - dizzy, unable to see clearly
e.g. the second-hand of the watch.

Definitively heard the Astral Bell:
not mine but M's.

Dhâraṇa on Nose gives a clear
understanding of the unreality of that
nose: its difference from "Me". An hour
after this Dhâraṇa, lying in bed, I felt
hot breath on my arm & asked "What
can this be from?"

Sept 7 Lost my nose: could not think what
I wanted to find & then (when I remembered)
where to look for it! [This approaches
"neighbourhood-concentration"]

As before: but muttering "Namo Shivaya" &c
I was ^(a)conscious ^(b)of physical back & was
seen after nose had vanished (b) conscious
that I was not conscious of these
things. These (a) & (b) were simultaneous.
This seems absurd: is inexplicable: is
noted in Buddhist Psychology: yet I
know it.

Sept 8. The Ajna Cākṣra is rusty blue-gray
texture of fine hair. Flame-cone in shape.
At intervals it opens out like a flower.
Heard my own Astral Bell.

Dhâraṇa. Similar affect to 4th inst.
Feeling of intense pleasure added

This is a Crowley, whose "sense of direction" is so wonderful. With an ordinary man this would not be a specially remarkable phenomenon.

Bell conceivably physical.
Possibly from gradually relaxing
strain on eye-muscles

Sept 9. Went to sleep in Dhâraṇa. Woke, lying on left side. This unusual, so I supposed the open door to middle hall to be the outer door & deduced burglar. Writing above note, saw door at foot of bed & mistook that too (Writing is firm & clear: I was not dozing. Also time is given, exact 1.23 A.M. Mind blank: I did not know I had been asleep: the time surprised me. The one dominant thought was "That's it!" i.e. Dhyaṇa.

Pratyāhāra culminated in a wet dream.
N.B. Sept 8. The perspiration of Kumbhābha has the smell & taste of Semen - much intensified.

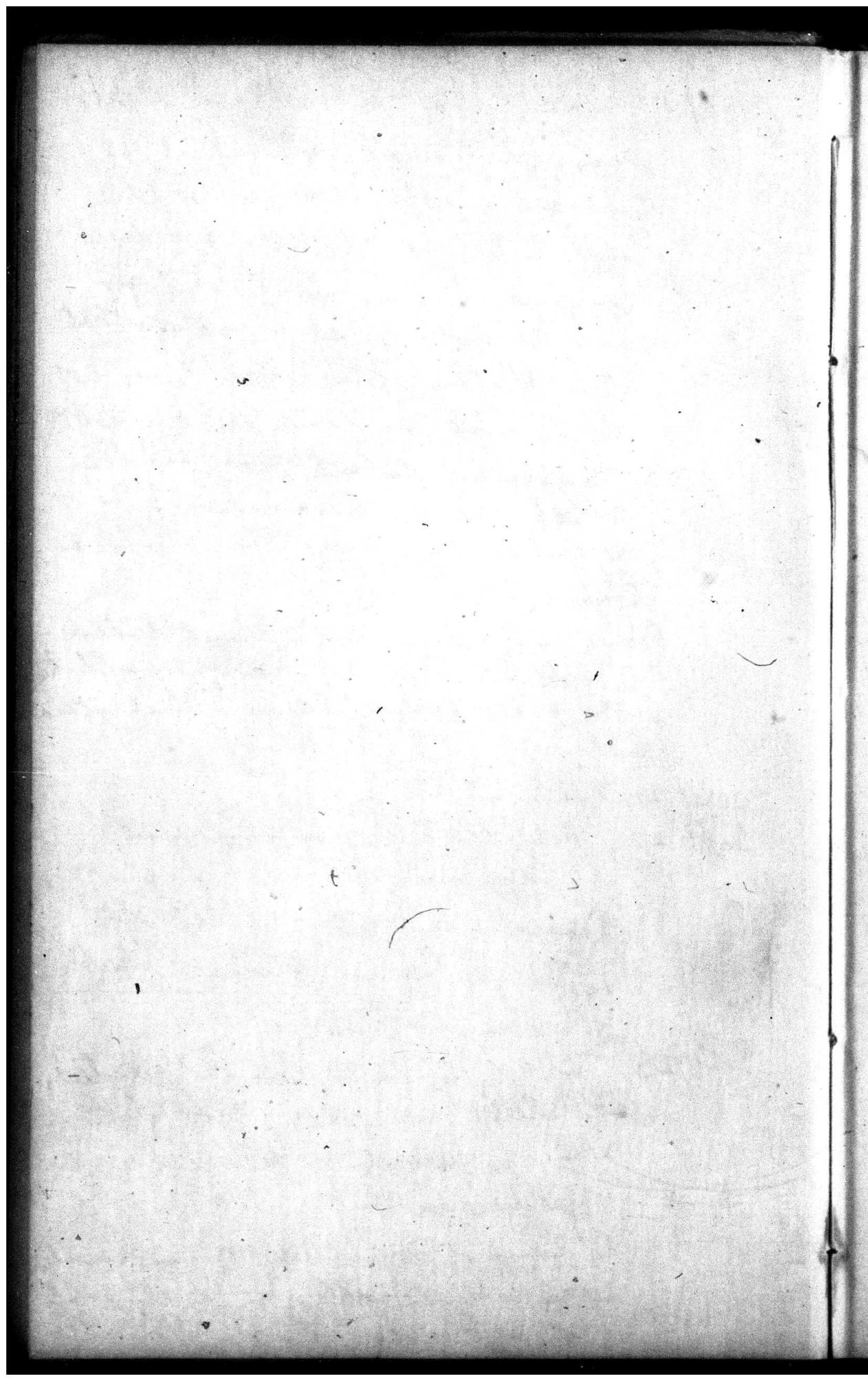
Sept 21. 1 hour in 'Asana

Sept 22. Repeated bell: from above head slightly to left of median line.

Dhâraṇa on 'Ajna - effect of Light gradually glimmering forth & becoming v. bright.

Sept 23. For P.Y. he fresh, cool, not excited, not sleepy, not full of food, not ready to urinate or defecate, nor anywhere near that

Dhâraṇa of tongue-tip. Burning sensation. Every separate tooth can be felt, as if each had an ego, almost.



Sept 24. I certainly do get a Sukshma
Kumbhakam not yet under control of
will. Rigidity & loss of vision stigmatize it.
Once this occurred (i.e. loss of v.) when
no Kumbhakam was possible; when
reciting Mantra audibly.

Sept 25. In P.M. forgot what I was
doing & breathed out * after 10 sec of K.
on 7th Cycle. * Gently.

Consciousness or concentration now
frequently lost with mantra

At one particular rate the 3rd
eye throbs violently in time with
mantra (Aum Shriyavashii: also
Aum Tat Sat Aum)

Sept 26. In P.M. forgot myself by
Exceeding my Kumbhakam-time.

I now sleep a good deal on my
left side: contrary to a habit
of many years

Sept 29. Yoga impossible after taking
Laudanum.

Sept 30. The "muddled glass" again.

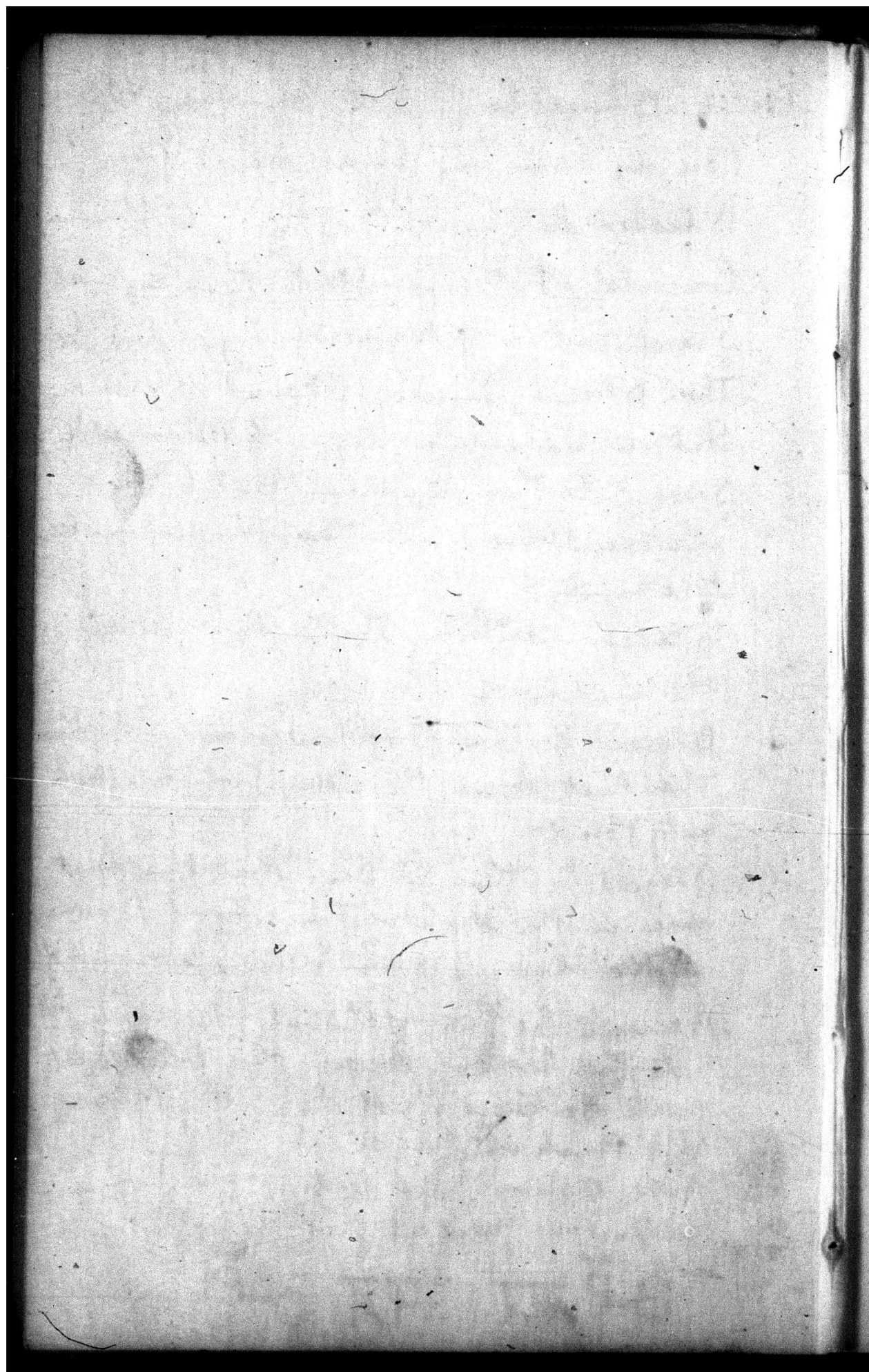
I do not here record repeated

phenomena. I assume like causes, like effects.

This Oct 1 is the 2nd or 3rd Thana
of Buddhist phraseology - Samadhi
of Hindu dōts

Oct. 1. Blessed be Thou, O Bhāwāni, O
 / sis my Sister, my Bride, my Mother!
 Blessed be Thou, O Shiva, O A man,
 Concealed of the Concealed. By Thy most
 Secret and Holy Name of Apoplis be
 Thou Blessed, Lucifer, Star of the Dawn,
 Satan - Ichesma, Light of the World!
 Blessed be Thou, Buddha, Osiris, by
 whatever Name I call Thee Thou art nameless
 to Eternity
 Blessed be Thou, Truth, Revealer of
 the Wisdom of the One
 Blessed be Thou, O Abhayananda, that
 Thou hast borne the weary body of flesh
 unto this day.
 Blessed be Thou, O Day, that Thou hast
 risen in the Night of Time, First Dawn
 in the Chaos of poor Aleister's poor mind!
 Accursed be Thou, Jehovah, Brahma,
 unto the Aeons of Aeons: Thou who didst
 create darkness & not light! Mara,
 Vile Mark of Matter!
 Arise, O Shiva, and destroy! That in
 destruction these at last be blest!

ॐ नमः शिवाय ॐ

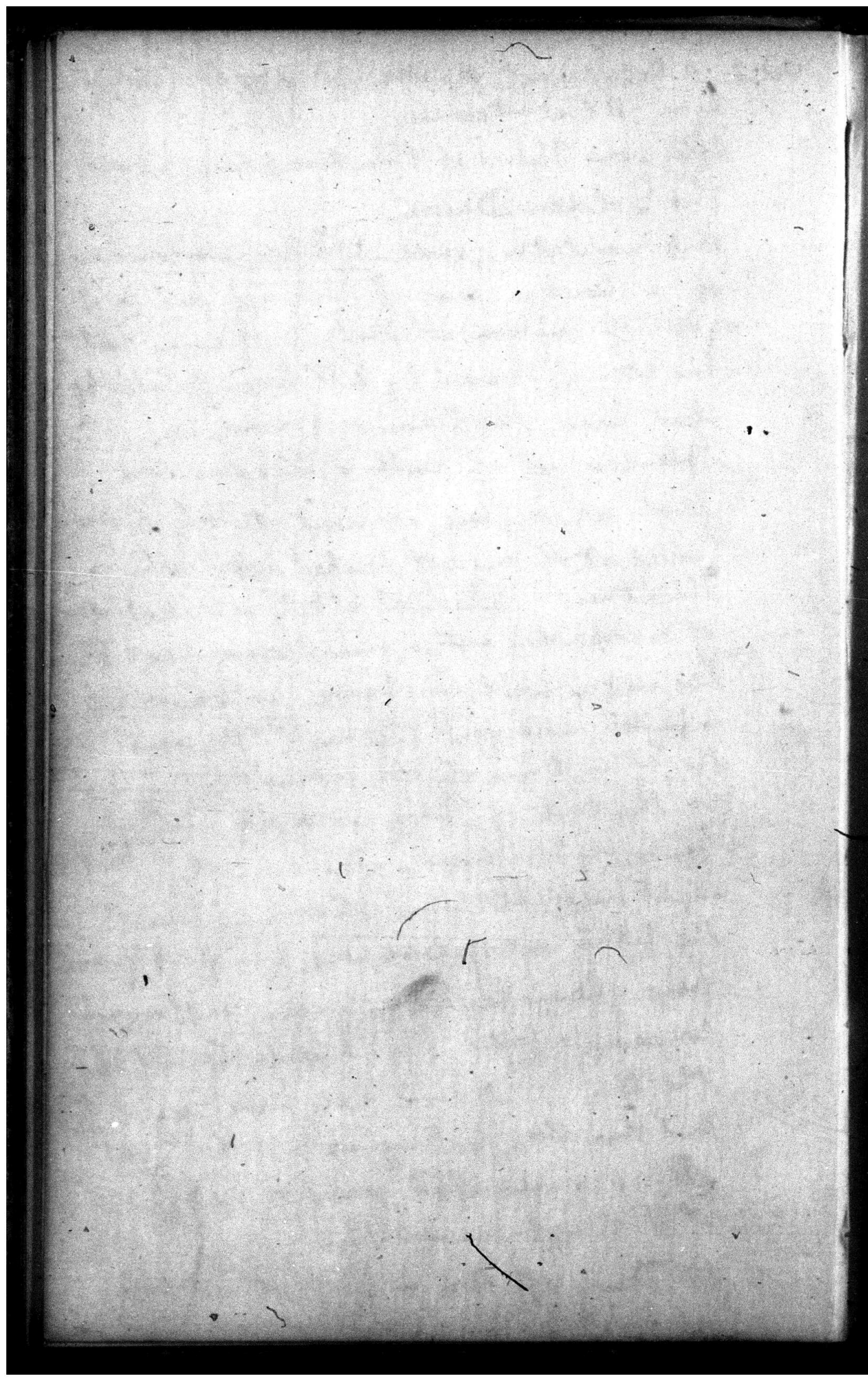


Oct 1. A Retirement. Mantra. ॐ नमः शिवाय ॐ. Chakra
Ajna. P.Y. at intervals.

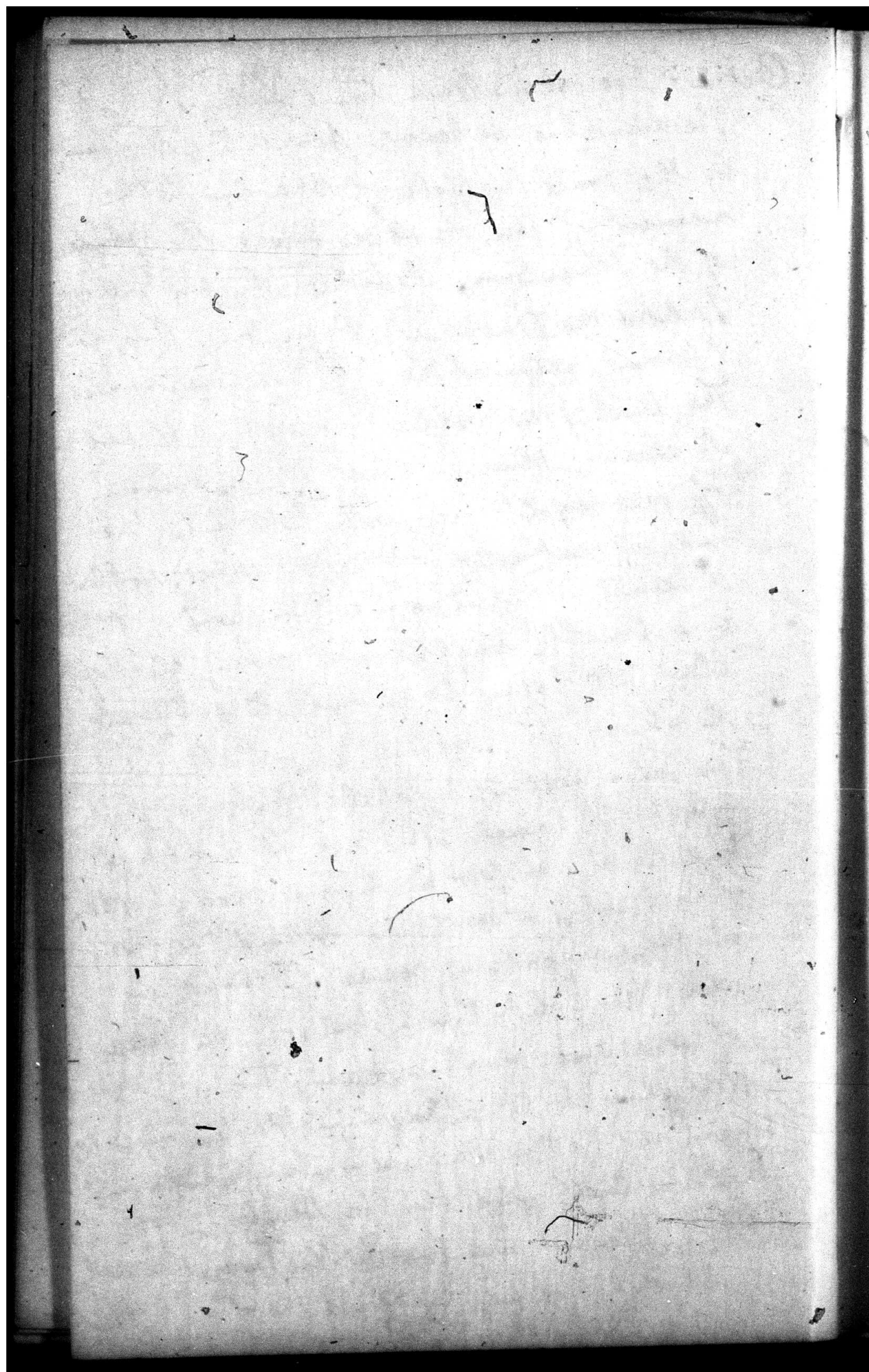
After some 8 hours of this discipline arose
The Golden Dawn.

While meditating, suddenly I became conscious
of a shoreless space of darkness and a
glow of crimson athwart. Deepening and
brightening, scarred by dull bars of slate-blue
cloud arose the Dawn of Dawns. In
splendour not of earth & its mean sun,
blood-red, rayless, adamant, it rose, it rose!
Carried out of myself, I asked not "Who is
the Witness?" absorbed utterly in contemplation
of so stupendous and so marvellous a fact. For
here was no doubt, no change, no wavering:
infinitely more real than aught "physical" is
the Golden Dawn of this Internal Sun! But
ere the Orb of Glory rose clear of its
banks of blackness - alas, my soul! That
light ineffable was withdrawn beneath
the falling veil of darkness, & in purples and
greys glorious beyond imagining, sad beyond
conceiving faded the superb Herald of
the Day. But mine eyes have seen it!
And this, then, is Dhyāna! With it, yet
all but unremembered, came a melody as
of the sweet-souled Vina.

O Dawn of Rose and Gold, thy memory
at least shall never fade!



Oct 2. "Ego sed sisileam, terque quaterque felix!"
The discipline as before. About 5 P.M. again,
by the Grace Ineffable of Bhawāni to the
meanest of Her devotees, arose the Splendour
of the Inner Sun. As bidden by my Gurm,
I saluted the Dawn with Pranawa. This, as
I perceived, retained the Dhyānic Consciousness.
The Disk grew golden: rose clear of all
its clouds, flinging great fleecy cumuli
of rose & gold, fiery with light into the
midmost æther of the subtle space. Hollow
It seemed & rayless as the Sun in 7 yet
incomparably brighter: but rising clear of
cloud, It began to revolve, to consicate,
to throw off streamers of jetted fire!
This from a hill-top I beheld, dark, as of a
dying world. Covered with black decayed wet
peaty wood, a few dead pines stood stricken
& utterly alone. But behind the glory
of Its consecration seemed to shape, an
idea, less solid than a shadow!, an Idea
of some vast Human-seeming Form!
Now grew doubt & thought in Aleister's miserable
mind and the One Wave grew many waves and
all was lost. Alas! alas! for Aleister! And
Glory Eternal unto Her, she the Twin-Breasted
that hath encroached even upon the other half
of the Destroyer! 30 Namō Bhavāniya 30



Oct 3. During night woke repeatedly, saying
my Mantra.