

(The Sixth Notebook).

(original in possession of G. J. John)

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
 The Continuation of/ the/ Magical Record/ of/ The Beast 666/
 9 = 2 A.'.A.'. / An XIX Sol in 26 deg. Pisces Luna in 27 deg.
 Cancer die Solis/ (10.30 a.m. March 15 24 e.v. 50 rue Vavin
 Paris VIe) / *(A Harris paper in English)*

die Sol 15th March. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Have just seen that Frank Harris has succeeded in buying the Evening Telegram. What action shall I take? Water/P. Kwai. 43. Thwan. Appeal passionately for sympathy and support, bearing in mind that failure would be disastrous. Line 1. avoid hasty action & bluff. 2. appeal for sympathy. 3 Be very tactful: ready to rely on myself and take any punishment that is coming to me. Don't bother about the opinions of other people outside F.H. 4. Prepare to face the just difficulties of the metier manfully. Learn to write for the public. 5. Tackle the vices of idleness &c with a very firm hand. 6. Unless I can make good with F.H., I lose my best chance.

There are alternative readings. One is that it is not my job, and that, fool as I may be, I had better not get further mixed up with Frank Harris - unless to sell him casual articles on literary & such matters. He was always violent, never straight, & now (as "My Life & Loves" proves) his judgment is completely gone.

The point is, though, that I love the man, & would do lots to help him out in his old age. So I am to plead desparately with him to give me a job - for his own sake!!

die Sol 4.0 P.M. ~~Lemmer~~ Hammond Chicago Tribune 5 rue Lamartine brought by Nina Hamnett. Discussed my Memoirs a long time. The conversation excited and exhausted me.

¹⁶ *dormir* die Luna. Slept more of the night than usual, but woke early, very tired and depressed. Not one word from Mudd in a whole week. Heard from Crawford yesterday: answered to-day. Wrote 40pp "The Soliloquy of King Henry VI" this afternoon. Was much too tired & distressed even to try to get up. I am slowly wearing down to nothing. Without energy to approach Frank Harris as intended. In my weakness I seem to have a morbid craving for hope. Even a hint of good news would help me enormously; and I am really so low that I wonder whether I should not be apathetic to bad news! I am in the hands of the Gods. But I want to live and do Their work with full energy. (Madame Bourcier is ill again, too: that is upsetting the hotel and that helps to upset me. I really feel utterly rotten.)

¹⁷ Die Mars. Slept fairly well - I Gardenal to help - but woke more rationally ~~more~~ depressed than ever. Obliged to use Ethel & aq. to overcome dysnoea - at the same time hating both more than ever. Ultimately, concentrating my Will, I got up, had myself shaved (head included) tried to 'phone Frank Harris - quite in vain: the

00568

(The Sixth Notebook).

(Original in possession of G. J. John)

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The Continuation of/ the/ Magical Record/ of/ The Beast 666/

9 = 2 A.'.A.'. / An XIX Sol in 26 deg. Pisces Luna in 27 deg.

Cancer die Solis/ (10.30 a.m. March 15 24 e.v. 50 rue Vavin

Paris VIe)/

(A Harris paper in English)

die Sol 15th March. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Have just seen that Frank Harris has succeeded in buying the Evening Telegram. What action shall I take? Water/P.

Kwai. 43. Thwan. Appeal passionately for sympathy and support, bearing in mind that failure would be disastrous. Line 1.

avoid hasty action & bluff. 2. appeal for sympathy. 3 Be very

tactful: ready to rely on myself and take any punishment that is

coming to me. Don't bother about the opinions of other people

outside F.H. 4. Prepare to face the just difficulties of the

metier manfully. Learn to write for the public. 5. Tackle the

vices of idleness &c with a very firm hand. 6. Unless I can make

good with F.H., I lose my best chance.

There are alternative readings. One is that it is not my job, and that, fool as I may be, I had better not get further mixed up with Frank Harris - unless to sell him casual articles on literary & such matters. He was always violent, never straight, & now (as "My Life & Loves" proves) his judgment is completely gone.

The point is, though, that I love the man, & would do lots to help him out in his old age. So I am to plead desperately with him to give me a job - for his own sake!!

die Sol 4.0 P.M. ~~Emmer~~ Hammond Chicago Tribune 5 rue Lamartine brought by Nina Hamnett. Discussed my Memoirs a long time. The conversation excited and exhausted me.

16 ~~doings~~
die Luna. Slept more of the night than usual, but woke early, very tired and depressed. Not one word from Mudd in a whole week. Heard from Crawford yesterday: answered to-day. Wrote 40pp "The Soliloquy of King Henry VI" this afternoon. Was much too tired & distressed even to try to get up. I am slowly wearing down to nothing. Without energy to approach Frank Harris as intended. In my weakness I seem to have a morbid craving for hope. Even a hint of good news would help me enormously; and I am really so low that I wonder whether I should not be apathetic to bad news! I am in the hands of the Gods. But I want to live and do Their work with full energy. (Madame Bourcier is ill again, too: that is upsetting the hotel and that helps to upset me. I really feel utterly rotten.)

17 Die Mars. Slept fairly well - I Gardenal to help - but woke more rationally ~~more~~ depressed than ever. Obliged to use Ethel & aq. to overcome dyspnoea - at the same time hating both more than ever. Ultimately, concentrating my Will, I got up, had myself shaved (head included) tried to 'phone Frank Harris - quite in vain: the

Experiment solid heroin →

17 Mar 24

system is worse than ever - lunched at Lavenue's - tried to buy a History of France - n.g. and got back to bed about 2, exhausted and breathing very heavily, but feeling very much better, after a few minutes of Ethel and *répose*. Still not a word from

O.P.V. Will write Berhard Harrison - if he breaks his promise to call to-day - Frank H if I can't get him on 'phone - and Reggie Gouraud.

5.20 P.M. I am now aware of a curious internal weakening. I do not want to write those letters. It is the fear (that is hardly the word) of their proving useless. But - whatever the word - this is one of my great faults! I seem to prefer to remain uncertain about people: hoping they will act decently. I dislike the idea of having to cut them out of my pretty picture of an agreeable society! 5.40 P.M. Yes: a distinct physical weakening. My attention flags. 6.5 P.M. Mystic Oracle (from last night). N a m e s m e a n n o t h i n g

6.6 P.M. A little decent feeling now saves a lot of poison gas later. (I now see that this is a mere adaptation of "A stitch in time saves nine") The Oracle (above) had a very special meaning when I got it. The total unreality of words is implied, for one thing. 6.15 There is a reason why the Fool must be the man to save the world; for were he not a Fool, he would be a Knave. 11.50 P.M. Have been writing "Prospero Ariel and Caliban"

(18) die Mercurii. 7.0 a.m. Woke - after sound sleep - feeling ultra-rotten. A dose of the cognac-ammonia-ether potion and a little solid aq restored me to my personal comfort. Indeed, the action was too violent. I have certainly recovered my drug-virginity: that proves that I am able to stop the moment physical conditions permit my throwing a little temporary strain on my constitution. Card from O.P.V. to keep on waiting. Oh well! Yes: but if I can help myself in my own way here, of course I shall. *then*

10.20 Expt solid aq: Oh yes! no doubt: violent excitement within 3 or 4 minutes - really a most unpleasant feeling. Have experienced nothing like it since the very earliest days. Moral: I simply must not take it except under actual stress of spasmodic asthma. As for the residual aq. in the system, which requires occasional replenishment, this is to be arranged by the use of the 10% solution, and the reduction to be carried out by (a) gradual dilution - filling the bottle from time to time with distilled water, and (b) replaving it by KBr - Gardenal whenever I feel brave enough to use the most obvious common sense!

2.30 Another expt solid aq. One quite small dose only. Action if anything more violent than before - almost alarmingly so! Enough. Once, a philosopher: twice, a drug-friend! I propose seriously to confine myself strictly to its use in three cases only (1) On waking, should I feel really very ill indeed and then only if the 'potion' (of cognac &c) fail to restore me. This, temporary, pending my translation to decent conditions. (2) In case of a violent attack of spasmodic asthma. Not against mere cold, cough, or even bronchitis, unless the last when very bad & otherwise intractable. (3) In supreme emergencies such as may happen in the career of an Holy King. I refer to moments of exhaustion in the course of an inspired

19 Mar

writing, or the like. (Avoid this, anyhow, if humanly possible, after 3 P.M.) To maintain, and even to accentuate the 'drug-virginity' which has so agreeably alarmed me, I must increase the intervals between doses of the solution, and dilute the solution gradually, as above proposed. Further, take courage and use KBr, Gardenal, or the Cognac Potion according as I may be threatened by mental excitement, sleeplessness, or collapse respectively.

To meet the now obstinate constipation, I must manage to get enough money to change my diet completely. (N.B. Yesterday's lunch out, on spinach, wine instead of milk, & 1 gr H92 Cl2 has done no good at all. Bowels have not moved. I walked, too, quite a little. I must dine out to-night and go a really brisk walk.)

(c. a side-note appears on a page previous to this:

Burton Rascoe. / Shakesp. (Blake, Burton, Thomson Harvey &c) "Adventure" contract e.g. wild bees leather suit - danger of suffocation & so on. A.C. to become a sort of Buffalo Bill. I to sketch stories L.H. to write them up.)

3.10 P.M. God damn Hammond of the Tribune. He was to have been here at 2. But I've finished "The Holy King" so my heart is high; otherwise I think it might have broken!

3.20 P.M. Note. I have had no impulse to use Ethel since taking the solid aq. As the homoeopathists claim, by the way, (more or less, I suppose) the taking of the solid dose has on each of the 3 occasions produced a sort of sham dyspnoea: heavy breathing, wheezing, a curious feeling of distress. I want, for instance, to clear my throat, and can't.

6.0 P.M. Have finished "The Holy King" 8000 words in less than 24 hours, with my own hand. Oh what a thundering ass I am - and oh how bloody good I feel!!

19 March

die Mercury. I cast the horoscope for the Spring Equinox to-morrow I know the Word already. (c. hororary figure follows in original) Note my famous Combination! This is really amazing! How can it occur so often? (c. Jupiter sq. Herschel Luna con. Merc. Sol. Tri. Neptune ... tri Venus.)

(c. a word in Heb. appears on opposite page:-

VIHI AVD. 11 plus 31 = 42.)

?drunk

8.10 P.M. a long (~~long~~ ~~word illegible~~) to ease my utter weariness of the Essay. Interrupted by "dinner". I was at once before that Judge (in S.M.F. No.? in the cavern) and I cried - aloud! in this room in the hotel! - "I've written 8000 words!". He relented; I'm not to be sent back to Penal Servitude. I've discovered the source of the good in me (I've made Idleness my "besetting sin" & cursed myself daily for it till I've nearly killed myself with overwork!) and this next Equinox will see me come to the Reward of my Work. Va-Iehi Aud! Death or Success? The Book of the Law answers at once "Death is forbidden, o man, unto thee" and "There is success". I'll eat my supper!

8.25 It was a very interesting time with Ethel! For one thing of oh! so many! I watched the rebirth of Hope - and sternly suppressed the rejoicings of the neighbours & family as disturbing my Concentration. (Mudd is right about my Puritanism. It

19 Mar

18 Mar 24

does come from the sense of sin. I fail to get the idea of the balance in all things). That Concn. was on AL III 55-7. We are to despite (a) all chaste women - utterly (b) cowards (c) professional soldiers who &c (d) all fools. What quality unites all these classes? I think they all lack Hadit in some way - are not real people. Mudd right too about my "Hierophantic task" G.C.J. - I put him through that libel case to teach him not to be so quarrelsome & cocksure. Can't think about Fuller's case - yet. Must force myself to rest. And no more work like to-day for a bit; or I really will go dotty! I can't stop.... I will.

die Jovis. I did.

8.15 a.m. Last night at 10 a vast vomiting fit. From the overwork; no blood to digest even the lunch eaten 10 hours earlier. Wake with violent headache & coughing. Some solid aq. helped somewhat. (Not a breach or rule: the cognac had done no good, & the cough was bronchitic and atrocious.) 1.55 P.M. B.Harrison called & doled out another £1 - Comment on Austin - well, it's in the Hag!

Last night I used a lot of Ethel to pull round from the Essay. I learnt a lot: but most of it has gone back into the Unconscious. This I retain: that any effort on my part to work for my place in the world as 666 would be fatal to it. The world must seek me, and hoist me against my wish. (Cf. AL III.11.42.47) I have never understood the technique of this: but I suppose a real permanent retirement, sticking to pure creative work, is more or less the line.

5.10 P.M. Order of Thelemites. (I have taken aq. to worship Hadit in view of the ~~the~~ Equinox to-night).

Chastity. All sexual acts are lawful. But two conditions must be strictly observed. (1.) "Always unto me" (i.e. to Nuit) This means: The act must be an austere magical Act. (Self-indulgence is barred. Physiological necessity is pleadable, as being in accord with the will-to-live (and to work as best may be) See (b)) (b.) "as ye will" etc. The act must be one of love under will, not undertaken unless the proper conditions exist i.e. the natural enthusiastic attraction combined with the technical magical purpose. (This is evidently an Ideal or Perfection, rarely to be attained. There will nearly always be found some need to compromise. That is, there will be an element of restriction somewhere. Even the "physiological need" above mentioned partakes of the nature of a restriction of pure Will caused by the body. And this, paradoxically enough! although the "Enthusiastic Energy" is wholly in harmony with the other conditions.

No conditioned Act can be wholly free: at the best, it relieves the existing stress to the maximum. It is essentially therefore a destructive act. It destroys the existing partial energies (Two reverting to Zero) yet it also creates the "child" (Two combining to form the twins V H')

(2) The second condition is a practical point of policy. Whatever the act, it must not be allowed to lead to any consequence soever save that designed by (1) (a) and (b) "Thou hast no right but to do thy will". Marriage e.g. must have nothing to do with the matter. Nor must personal affection and the like be permitted to

19 Mar 24

cause, or to spring from, the act. (The above really follows from the clause "strictly Magical". The point is to avoid impurity in any form.)

5.35 P.M. Just a note on my p.h. body. I get a dyspnoea which is not quite spasmoidic asthma, though resembling a mild attack. The breath becomes laboured; I have the feeling of having to lift a weight on the chest. Nasal breathing, though apparently quite free, seems insufficient. I always have to open the mouth sooner or later, and gasp like a fish out of water. This condition does seem to follow exertion mental or physical, but especially the latter. I am far from sure whether aq. relieves it or accentuates it. I take a second dose of solid aq. to test this point. In any case, the solution (save perhaps the 10% - I'm not sure) is practically useless to give immediate relief. Its virtue is ~~properly~~ prophylactic, to supply a mild protection with no narcotic action. I must note, by the way, that yesterday's doses have already destroyed, almost entirely, the virginity which then existed. There has not been to-day the immediate and violent reaction that surprised me yesterday. I am fairly sure that the best remedy for the "Dyspnoea B" (as I will call it) described above is perfect repose of body and mind. Hard reading certainly makes it worse. Creative writing relieves it! I am practically convinced (from this observation) that the cause is definitely nervous exhaustion. The cure must be sought in fresh air &c simply because that kind of life tends to free the mind and nourish the nerves. Dyspnoea A may be merely the acute form of B, and yield to a strong dose of aq. by knocking the nerves flat (so to speak) by sheer narcotic power. leo helps this by anaesthetizing & stimulating at the same time. (I have often noticed that a mere touch of leo turns the trick, after aq. in large doses had failed. But leo alone is no good at all; the aq. is necessary on account of its direct action on the tissue of the lungs.)

Allen Bennett

My general conclusion on this part of the problem is that drugs are fundamentally useless - and treacherous, the Lord knows! They are just Emergency Nations. Consider Frater Iehi Aur's case. He recovered suddenly and completely in the Red Sea. Why? He had been supplied with cash, had 3 weeks freedom from worry, and saw his dearly-longed-for East directly ahead of him. He relapsed in Colombo, disappointed with Buddhists, and caught again in the struggle for life. He recovered spontaneously in a few hours when I took him to Kandy as my guest. Same moral conditions as above: release from all material anxieties, proof that he was loved enough for a man to come 8000 miles to give him a leg up, a better class of Bhikkhu than at Colombo, and the Holy Tooth in the Temple just across the Lake! He relapsed again when he got to Akyab and found that the life of the Sangha was not all fun & feasting. Mrs. Hla(?.c) Oung's (?c.) generosity and devotion, Major Rost's dog-like attitude, boosted him once more. He say himself settled for life as a Genius Loci, petted, tended, worshipped..... And when the Nine Days were over, the Asthma came gradually back. But it was relieved once more - and this is the most significant of all these observations - when non-nervous

19 Mar 24

cause, or to spring from, the act. (The above really follows from the clause "strictly Magical". The point is to avoid impurity in any form.)

5.35 P.M. Just a note on my p.b. body. I get a dyspnoea which is not quite spasmodic asthma, though resembling a mild attack. The breath becomes laboured; I have the feeling of having to lift a weight on the chest. Nasal breathing, though apparently quite free, seems insufficient. I always have to open the mouth sooner or later, and gasp like a fish out of water. This condition does seem to follow exertion mental or physical, but especially the latter. I am far from sure whether aq. relieves it or accentuates it. I take a second dose of solid aq. to test this point. In any case, the solution (save perhaps the 10% - I'm not sure) is practically useless to give immediate relief. Its virtue is ~~probably~~ prophylactic, to supply a mild protection with no narcotic action. I must note, by the way, that yesterday's doses have already destroyed, almost entirely, the virginity which then existed. There has not been to-day the immediate and violent reaction that surprised me yesterday. I am fairly sure that the best remedy for the "Dyspnoea B" (as I will call it) described above is perfect repose of body and mind. Hard reading certainly makes it worse. Creative writing relieves it! I am practically convinced (from this observation) that the cause is definitely nervous exhaustion. The cure must be sought in fresh air &c simply because that kind of life tends to free the mind and nourish the nerves. Dyspnoea A may be merely the acute form of B, and yield to a strong dose of aq. by knocking the nerves flat (so to speak) by sheer narcotic power. leo helps this by anaesthetizing & stimulating at the same time. (I have often noticed that a mere touch of leo turns the trick, after aq. in large doses had failed. But leo alone is no good at all; the aq. is necessary on account of its direct action on the tissue of the lungs.)

* Allen Bennett

My general conclusion on this part of the problem is that drugs are fundamentally useless - and treacherous, the Lord knows! They are just Emergency Nations. Consider Frater Iehi Aur's case. He recovered suddenly and completely in the Red Sea. Why? He had been supplied with cash, had 3 weeks freedom from worry, and saw his dearly-longed-for East directly ahead of him. He relapsed in Colombo, disappointed with Buddhists, and caught again in the struggle for Life. He recovered spontaneously in a few hours when I took him to Kandy as my guest. Same moral conditions as above: release from all material anxieties, proof that he was loved enough for a man to come 8000 miles to give him a leg up, a better class of Bhikkhu than at Colombo, and the Holy Tooth in the Temple just across the Lake! He relapsed again when he got to Akyab and found that the life of the Sangha was not all fun & feasting. Mrs. Hla(?.c) Oung's (?c.) generosity and devotion, Major Rost's dog-like attitude, boosted him once more. He say himself settled for life as a Genius Loci, petted, tended, worshipped..... And when the Nine Days were over, the Asthma came gradually back. But it was relieved once more - and this is the most significant of all these observations - when non-nervous

19/12/24

tropical diseases, fever, liver, gall-stones &c gave him something more serious to worry ~~about~~ over.

I conclude from all this that the Athsmatic is in fact a Malade Imaginaire in a certain sense. (I have found that a vigorous jump out of bed, a ~~desparate~~ shave, and a determined ~~s~~ortie have cut short ~~quite~~ bad attacks of B.) I notice that the wish to take aq. as the easiest way of relieving the distress often increases it - partly perhaps because it supplies the needed "excuse to indulge". More, the craving for it is sometimes present when there is no distress at all; and if I allow my mind to dwell on it, an attack of B comes on in a few minutes. Note that my theory of a minimum %age of aq. in the system acting as a prophylactic is far too crude to approximate (even) to the truth. Virgin yesterday morning, I load up with aq., only to get B badly in the afternoon the first moment I could afford the luxury of being ill i.e. directly the flow of my creative thought abated as I finished my Essay on The Holy King! and B has been bad to-day, (from the overstrain, no doubt) despite quite free use of the solution, & my %age of aq., in the system certainly much greater than two days ago. I am therefore confirmed - and increased therein - in my original thesis that (to generalize) ALL FUNCTIONAL NEUROSES ARE PSYCHOSES. . . the remedy is moral: 93.

The above is not as flat a platitude, or as unconditional a surrender to Coué, as it may sound. I envisage a perfectly definite technique of cure, based on the broadest Hygiene. Will & Imagination are in fact much like aq., itself - Emergency Rations. But this is the best of it all (for me personally at the moment) that the Athsma (both A and B) is in the same boat with the 'need' of aq. They arrived together, to celebrate the 'Seven Lean Years' of my life, and got worse together as my prospects got worse. Ninette's aid gave me complete freedom, youth as well as health, for months. The Tragedy of October 1920 caused immediate relapse. Prospects darkened again, too, and I got steadily worse till I secured the contract (and advance) for the Diary of a Drug-Fiend. On that the Asthma stopped ~~it~~; the aq. became quite voluntary. I got worse again on Lea's bad breakdown, Collins' delay, and similar moral blows. The attacks on me and other troubles knocked me clean out and made aq. my 'breath of life'. And it has got steadily worse ever since. Note that I never had a really bad go of A till last month, starved for aq and in absolute desparation at the same time. 6.50 P.M. My breathing is now almost normal. Partly the aq., no doubt; but most of all the relief from Worry caused by the creative flow of the above notes.

6.51. I will shave and go out to dine to celebrate the entry of the Sun my Father into the Sign of the Ram at the opening of An XX/ of the Aeon/ of/ Heru-Ra-Ha/ when I lay down my insignia at 9.20 p.m. in the old Word IHI AUD.

Love is the law, love under will.