

"Netherwood",
The Ridge,
Hastings.

6th June, 1947.

Dear Karl,

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

Thanks for your voluminous and rather bewildering letter of May 28th.

What you say about the boy's nativity has proved very useful. Many thanks for the trouble you have taken over it.

When I suggested your being inaccessible at the time of my death, I simply thought that you might be the other side of the Atlantic, and there are certain things which must be done within a comparatively few hours. I have, therefore, appointed people to do them: I will send you a copy of the will when I get it.

I am sorry to hear that Max has left. Jean may have missed an important letter of mine asking her to send me very quickly, a story of mine called "As you were" which I want to include in "Golden Twigs". *If you have a copy, please send it. Or write her, asking her to do so.* What you say about Sascha's friend should be very interesting. Where is she now, in London or with you, and can she use her money in London? You are not very clear about it.

You don't seem to understand about the disposition of my property, all of which I made over in 1912 or 1913 to the Order, so that all my copyrights and so on have been the property of the Order since that time.

You seem in doubt too about the succession. There has never been any question about this, since your re-appearance. You are the only successor of whom I have ever thought since that moment. I have, however, had the idea that in view of the dispersion of so many members, you might find it useful to appoint a triumvirate to work under you. My idea was Mellinger, MacMurtrie and, I suppose, Roy, though I have always been a little doubtful about the trustworthiness of the last. He composed two tunes for my French song and the American Anthem, the former very first class, and he promised me to go on to the Hymn to Pan and the Gnostic Mass, but then

*Negative proof: They never came up in the 13 embroilment.
Positive do: Watt & Williamson 10 York Place Edinburgh know about this*

he suddenly dropped the whole business of composing and didn't even answer letters. About the Ranch too, he seems to have been very unreliable, to say the least of it. I do not say that he was deliberately deceiving you, but it rather looks like it, and I think you ought to watch your step very carefully about these turkeys and so on.

Then ^{about} about the Perique; it is exactly what suits my plan.

I am sorry the prospect of you coming over this year is wet, but I am hoping that before very long the insanity which has seized everyone connected with the Government of this country, will have abated. As Cromwell said, "give place to honest men."

Please don't ask me to say anything about ranches and temples and retreats. It is quite clear that I am out of it, if only because of my age, my health, and the climate. You devote about two pages to the subject, and although I have read it through twice very carefully, I don't seem to be in the least degree enlightened.

Finally, about Sascha's friend with the inheritance: can she spend money in England? If so, can you get her interested in the work to the point of investing a considerable sum? A man named Bunting has just turned up here and I have prolonged business talks with him. He is, I think, inclined to accept "Liber Aleph" or "Golden Twigs" or "Magick without tears", or all three, for the publishing business which he is just starting. Of course, if I could get Sascha's friend to buy a control in that business, all our troubles of publishing and distribution would be over once and for all. I am very attracted to Bunting during the week he has been here, and I think that he may really have been sent by the Guards to give us a hand.

As to the madness of regulations nowadays, it is hard to believe that it is not even legal to import sealing wax from France!!! Anything more lunatic I can hardly perceive.

I shall leave it entirely to you to decide about your triumvirate after my death.

— About your being miles ahead of me spiritually, that is only natural because I have been set down by the Masters to do a definite job, which is quite incompatible with my concentrating on my personal advancements, whereas you have

had comparatively fewer ties.

I feel that this letter is very ragged, but I am in a rather nervous condition. The possibilities that you have suggested with regard to Sascha's friend, have decidedly upset my nerves.

I return the page from Reea's letter.

Love is the law, love under will.

I am,
Yours fraternally,

Deep love to your Sascha
Heister