

Barton Brow, Torquay, May 5, '41.

No words for my delight that you are safe and free at last. I made sure that the Gestapo had picked you for their first murder. -- I have always spoken and acted harshly and meanly towards you - that was only my plan to help you. The truth is that my love runs strong and deep; now that your spiritual troubles are over - or so I judge from your reactions in the last 18 months or thereabouts - you may as well know it. Torquay is not what you suppose - silly newspaper attacks, chiefly because one low black mailing Sunday journalist was told by the Town Clerk where he got off. Last month 6 killed (two young boys) and 8 hurt in the very road where I lived Oct. 1 - March 31; not 300 yards from the house itself. As I write, bombs and gunfire all around; the house shakes constantly. We are just 30 m. from Plymouth; planes over in drives! Truly Richmond was still livelier last Summer: I came here partly because my asthma-bronchitis kept getting worse, partly, because I had to finish my book on the Tarot, and the sight and sound was so exciting that I was popping out to look at the fireworks, or guessing what each new kind of noise might mean. At the Equinox I got a definite message to come here, and on arrival found my breathing suddenly well! Walked 6 miles, mostly up and down steep hills and flights of steps without fatigue or distress. Then my first house agent's first offer was an ideal flat. But three weeks later I fell seriously ill. I kicked out three samples of Diaforus - Dr. Knock, and then - again guided - found a true physician who brought me through after 6 weeks in bed with my heart threatening to strike! Relapse all January and February; then slow recovery. I think your letter of Nov. 16 from Hurz (!?) I got it on March 14 - was my cure! Then the move out of sticky soft stifling Torquay to this high bracing moorland, and a really good house, completed recovery; But though my heart is better, and regular treatment keeps off attacks of the spasmodic kind, I must live in a dry sunny equable climate; and I must have my teeth entirely replaced. Briefly, I must live in U.S.A. if I am to go on living at all.

My work, too. The Tarot is finished: best chance of getting it produced is U.S.A.: also, the only chance of lecture tours on the subject. Moreover I am now at work on the Yi King, at a stage where my chief need is to make intimate contact with Chinese life and thought. This again indicates California. As I have real estate there, which needs my personal attention it should be possible to get there. Max - new address, P.O. Box 231, Alameda, Cal., - is trying to get Leffingwell to deed over a ranch to me personally, with this object. I have also interests in an invention out there, and there is the property in Rainbow Valley. What Wilfred Smith is doing or has done I can't make out. He constantly reports new members; and it always fizzles out. He has sent less than \$1000 in 25 years, though I have supplied him with more than that value in books alone! His group squabbles. He is the vulgar Cockney, has no 'presence' (so looks ridiculous in ritual), no tact, no magnetism. Regina seems the flamboyant 10th rate actress always showing off. These things destroy all their many excellent qualities: sincerity, loyalty, and so on. No socially, artistically, or religiously serious people could 'abide' them for a week. If they were running a fake like A.M.O.R.C. or U.B. they could sweep the country! I write this for your guidance in case you get out there. See enclosed! It gives you power to promote, demote, suspend, expel, do anything you deem proper for the Great Work of winning the war for Freedom. *) (a lull in the Air Raid - 2 a.m. - midnight by solar time - damned tired - this letter will keep till the morning - goodnight!)

*) N.B. This is similar to the original authority I had from Yarker - second time it has been done in 250 years. -- Monday a.m. While I was writing the above (11 p.m. - 2 a.m.) 5 people were killed and a number of children cut by glass within a mile of this house. Bombs all round. - P.S. An accident: a hunted bomber unloading. I have just sent off an N.L.T. "Yours ninth. Writing fully triplicate"

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"endeavour arrange visit Max P.O. Box 231 Altadena". The P.O. said your would get it in 2 days.
Tuesday P.M. I thought I would brood on this letter, but there seems little to add. My personal state? Probably all different by the time you get this! It has occurred to me that the Yorke payments may be held up: if so you might get help through Lady Harris, Rolling Stone Orchard, Campden, & Glos. She has an agent in New York (Mrs. Ala Storey c/o Miss Elizabeth Hudson 120 E. 39th St. N.Y.C. Lady Harris is cabling her about you) whom you should be able to find through Picture Dealers, in case she (F.H. does not send her (Ala) to find you. Ala is trying to place the Tarot; I told F.H. you might help. I'm writing her again to cable Ala to ~~seek~~ you. Can't think of anything else useful till I have your news in full; would do anything possible: e.g. wake up Lord M. or another. N.L.T. me your instructions. CROWLEY CHANCELLOR LONDON saves 3 words, but loses a day and Deanes doesn't like it! Love Ever
P.S. Enclosed card about Tarot just arrived. Very hopeful, but makes immediate needs more dire! - I have no Chinese "King Khang King" here; they are with my stuff at Richmond. It is supposed to be coming here - if, and when!