

Printed Matter

(for Mark Ziesing)

General Delivery
Sawich Island, B.C.
V8K 1A4
CANADA

June 15, 1996

Stanley Schaefer, Proprieter
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Mr. Schaefer:

Just received your catalogue this afternoon, delivered by Long John Dunham, the feistiest (sp?) 74-year-old grizzled islander type you're ever likely to meet. Every week or so John makes the run across to Sawich to collect his and Aggie's mail and he's usually pretty good about asking for mine while he's at it. Normally there's not much, but sometimes there's a magazine or "Publisher's Sweepstakes" or what have you. (It don't matter to me--I read everything!)

I must say that, at least at first glance, I am deeply impressed with Gryphon Books. This has got to be the most eclectic selection of books I have ever come across!

I am greatly anticipating paging through your catalogue at my leisure and I think you can expect an order from me very soon.

Looking forward to doing business with you!

Sincerely,
Russell Q. Hewitt,
Bibliophile

Xtraordinaire

P.S. Where the heck is Arkham? I have a Rand-McNally road atlas and it doesn't show up anywhere in California. Did you go to Miskatonic U? (Ha

Ha) I guess you probably get a lot of cracks like that. Hope you don't take offence. In appreciation, RQH

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4
CANADA

June 23, 1996

Stanley Schaefer, Proprieter
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Mr. Schaefer:

I finally had a chance to sit down and make it all the way through your excellent and most stimulating catalogue. My brain is still reeling from the sheer wealth and diversity of titles you are bold enough to offer. My compliments to you, sir!

Where else could a guy get a copy of DEVIANT, that unparalleled examination of the sick mind of Ed Gein, complete with never-before-seen photos...and (could this be true?) PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS, the seminal (ha) text on weirdness and depravity...and (talk about indispensable!) WRITTEN IN BLOOD, a book with lotsa purty pictures by and of people drawing with their own excreted bodily fluids (encore! encore!). And toss in SKINNED ALIVE (TRUE TALES OF TAXIDERMY)...Mirbeau's exquisite THE TORTURE GARDEN (an old militia buddy of mine absconded my copy) and, for fiction, I'll take that Jeter-penned sequel to BLADE RUNNER, that looks suitably trashy.

I assume you prefer payment in U.S. currency so I'll get John to buy a money order at the post office. The money will arrive along with one great, big shit load of thanks for making this homeboy's decade.

Finally I have met someone who understands my warped mind!

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,

Russell Q. Hewitt

P.S. Do you happen to have a copy of THE TURNER DIARIES in stock?

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4

July 29, 1996

Stanley Schaefer, Proprieter
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Stanley:

Thanks for the incredibly funky card and I hope you don't mind if I call you "Stanley" which, I think, is a very dignified name--are you British, by any chance?

You addressed me as "Russell" and that's okay but most of the time I guess I'm just plain, old Russ. That's me, your basic shy, withdrawn type with an affinity for good guns and bad women and an otherwise above average I.Q. who's got a lot (too much) time on his hands to bury his nose in any book that strikes his fancy whenever he damn well pleases (and a firm intention of keeping it that way!).

I do go on, don't I?

Sawich Island is just where the mail goes. I live on this skinny, little fingernail of rock further down the way, far enough from Sawich to maintain my solitary existence. Around here, folks like to keep to themselves and we kind of discourage auslanders (sp?) from cluttering up our space with their vacuous, annoying bullshit.

Still, at certain times of the year it's really crazy around here. The stupid bloody tourists are everywhere, like ticks. Do you have tourists in Arkham? What are some of the local sights? Just wondering...

I'll close off for now and merely add that I hope this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship, pardner!

Sincerely,
Russell Q. Hewitt

P.S. Do you have much stuff by Giger? And I really like that guy J.K. Potter. I actually have nightmares about my fingers coming to life on their own. Waking up and they're already clawing at my throat. You know what I mean?

RQH

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4

August 10, 1996

Stanley Schaefer, Proprieter
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Stanley:

Call this a supplementary order. Call this a "holy shit Russ Hewitt can't believe how much good shit he left in the Gryphon Books catalogue after his first, paltry order" spasm attack!

Enclose another hefty sum and an itemized listing of my purchases and their retail prices (again, postage calculated & included):

DID SIX MILLION REALLY DIE?	\$ 8.00
TALES FROM THE CLIT (Cherie Matrix)	12.00
THE CUNT COLORING BOOK (T. Corinne)	10.00
NASA, NAZIS & JFK (Kenn Thomas)	18.95
HITLER & STALIN: PARALLEL LIVES	22.00
"SPANK ME, FUCK ME" (AN S & M READER)	16.00
BLUE-EYED CHRIST (A Revisionist Look At the Bible)	12.99

Just looking at that roster of titles is enough to set a confirmed book-lover like myself to drooling. Hope these are all in stock and will be keeping one very anxious eye out for the mail over the next little while, believe you me!

By the way, I had a buddy of mine do an Internet search for Arkham and he came up with lots of hits, of course, but nothing for Arkham, California. Are you anywhere near Mount Shasta? Gordie said that's where your zip code figures you to be. Am I getting warm?

All the best to you,

Sincerely,
Russell Q. Hewitt

P.S. Yes, bears really do shit in the woods!!! The other day I was out walking and came upon this big old mangey sow doing her business and (fortunately) paying me no mind. Grunting like a trooper. The smell was incredible (almost hallucinogenic clarity). Beautiful moment, man. Nature in its most raw.

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4
CANADA

August 25, 1996

Stanley Schaefer
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Stanley:

I received your truly warped card about a week ago, updating the status of my orders. Glad to hear something's on its way.

Nope, this place is nowhere near Prince Rupert--so you're wayyy off there. We're much more discreet and out of the way. You'd need one of those U.S. spy satellites to find us. The ones that can register a mouse farting from 18,000 miles up (ha ha!).

As I already said, I really dug the card you sent. Very foreboding and Lovecraftian, dude. Didn't see the name of the artist but whoever it was sure gave me a chill. There's this sense that there's something lurking just off to the side, something almost about to leap into the open and reveal itself in all its inhuman glory. The best Lovecraft is like that. Of course, when he actually tries to describe what his boogeymen look like, he can't write worth a crap. He has to make up the words. Or, better yet, leave it unsaid. Unspeakable.

Forgot to ask last time: do you have any books on Gilles de Rais? Also medical and/or anatomy texts, car crash injuries, dissection, etc.

The weather here has been really lousy lately. How's it been down your way? Where the heck is "down your way", anyway (ha ha)?

Be well, my friend. Ta!

Your friend,
(and devoted patron),

Russell Q. Hewitt

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4

September 8, 1996

Stanley Schaefer
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Stanley:

I nearly had a heart attack when I came around front today and saw a box sitting out there all lonesome and wet on the end of the dock. We've been getting pissed on with this steady drizzle here for the past week and I thought that whatever it was would be soaked right through.

But I have to commend the packing job you did. You used a good quality box and lots of packing tape and, as a result, everything was pretty much watertight. I don't know why John or Aggie didn't bother throwing some plastic over it or lugging it up to the porch. (?!!!)

I guess they thought I was home but, as luck would have it, I've been sleeping in the great outdoors for the past three or four days. Grabbed my backpack and sleeping bag and decided to rough it for awhile, just to clear my head. Beans for breakfast, beans for dinner and acute gastritis to keep the cold nights lively. Do you ever have to get away from things, Stanley? Or are you basically a peaceful, laidback person? It's hard to tell from your cards and short notes.

You're obviously a person who believes that people should read whatever they darn well want and that it's your job to satisfy just about every taste there is. Can there be a higher calling than that?

...and, thanks to you, right now I'm sitting here, all warm and dry for the first time in bloody days and I've got the fire going, CBC Radio (on my cheap Radio Shack shortwave) playing some Bach for me and, oh yeah, I'm looking at a book with a photograph of a man suspended from his nipples and shrieking in either agony or exultation. Like that Russian comic used to say: "What a country!"

Sincerely,

Russ Hewitt

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4
CANADA (eh?)

November 14, 1996

Stanley Schaefer
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Stanley:

Your so-called "Christmas Catalogue" is an abomination against everything that is decent and pure in the world. I LOVE IT! You'll be lucky if They (the Vatican, the feminists, the political correctness thought police, the liberals, etc.) don't burn you at the stake!

You've got the latest issue of GRIMMSTONE, with autopsy photos of JFK and Lassie (ouch! I'll take one, please!). You've got a novel that purports to be an unwholesome collaboration between my two ultimate literary demi-gods, Lucy Taylor and Eddie Lee (the thing will likely burst into flames in my hands--I'll grab 2 copies of that puppy, one for Aggie, who could likely use a good jolt). And let us not forget an awesome collection of poetry by the much-maligned Ed Kemper (wasn't he the evil genius that came up with that great line--I'm paraphrasing--about how when he sees a great-looking chick part of him wants to ask her out and the other part wonders what her head would look like on a stick? Now that's poetry, my friend!)

Another money order will soon be on its way (thanks, Postman John!) and may I say that, with the Christmas season coming up, I hope Kris Kringle looks kindly on whacked out, weirdo booksellers this year. All my best, buddy.

Sincerely,

Russ Hewitt

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4
CANADA

December 10, 1996

Dear Stanley:

Just a quick card to say "thanks" for being you and for running the world's greatest fucking bookstore in a small town somewhere in California that apparently doesn't exist any more than this fictitious (sp?) island of mine does.

Let's raise our glasses to enigmas, shall we?

Happy holidays and take care, big guy!

Yours very sincerely,

Russ Hewitt

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4

December 29, 1996

Stanley Schaefer
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Stanley:

Got a real bugger of a storm blowing up outside again--seems like the weather here has been lousy for the past month. It's been especially atrocious for the last twenty-four hours or so. I've been completely housebound, listening to the wind howling and feeling the

cold seeping right through the cracks in the walls. Keeping the fire going has become an all-day, all-night proposition.

And meanwhile, my mind is racing a mile a minute, thinking about my livelihood, totally obsessing about my traps and snares, as in wondering if something worthwhile will stumble into them. Especially on a night like this, with this murderous, driving, blinding sleet. I'm not sure what your feelings are about this but I figure I might as well own up to it right now:

I live off the land, off of whatever she gives me. When she's feeling bountiful, I celebrate, and when she's being stingey (sp?) and spiteful, like right now, I make do. I never take more than I need and I use every scrap. I was composting long before the media got on the bandwagon about it, believe you me!

I find I can make do on very little. Except books. My brain has got to have a steady supply of words just to give it something to work on. I can't stand not having a book on the go. I'm a very smart person with way above-average I.Q. Being alone and isolated is sometimes good but sometimes it can also be a pretty mind-altering experience.

For instance, (and not to freak you completely out), I find that my senses are unreal. My sense of smell, my eyesight, just absolutely 20/20. After awhile up here in the bush, you develop your instincts and you know when something's coming, moving through the trees--but what you don't know is whether it's friend or foe. That's the adreneline rush, man.

No order this time. Just wanted to tell you I was thinking about you as it's Christmas (or thereabouts) and all that. You've made an important contribution to my life and I believe you should acknowledge these things when you have the time and opportunity.

Got your Christmas card, you sick bugger. Was that really Kurt Cobain's face (what was left of it)? You'd better hope Courtney doesn't get ahold of you. Again, helluva jolt when I opened that sumbitch up. It's a pleasure to have the acquaintance of a fellow sicko.

Talk to you again next year, buddy.

Sincerely,
On a dark & stormy
night, somewhere off
the west coast of
Canada,

Russ

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4

January 28, 1997

Stanley Schaefer
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Stanley:

I was on the verge of writing you a short note, wondering if you had maybe not received my pre-Christmas order, when I heard the telltail "putt-putt" of John Dunham's pitiful one-horse motorboat. I'm exaggerating but you'd laugh if you ever saw the thing. Aggie absolutely forbids him to take it out of sight of shore and even that might be pushing his luck.

I went outside to meet him and found myself so shocked by the way he looked, I almost dropped your box when he went to hand it up to me from his rickety-ass boat. He looked so awful that I could hardly bear to look at him. Like I may have told you, John is no spring chicken but he's still a man to be reckoned with. Well, at least he used to be. Six months ago he was spry and strong but it seems like almost overnight he's changed into this shaky old man with grey skin and puffy eyes and the smell of death all over him. He's slipping away, man, and he knows it.

When he talked, I had to bend down close to hear him. He told me he was feeling pretty much shot and that he and Aggie were shutting up their cottage and moving down to Nanaimo to be near their kids. He asked me if I wanted to buy his boat. "For collecting the mail." He kept reaching up and patting my arm with his cold, boney fingers. We were both crying. Because we both know that John belongs here. He's like me. He'll never be happy anywhere else.

God, I wish I could do something for the poor guy.

Stanley, words from the wise: always make sure that no matter where you are, you're always in a place where you belong.

So sayeth this Soothsayer.

Thintherely,

Ruth

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4
CANADA

January 29, 1997

Dear Stanley:

I just finished tossing a very depressing note I wrote you yesterday into the cleansing fire of my wood stove. Nobody needs that kind of shit, right?

It's been a pretty heavy time around here and maybe I'll tell you about it sometime...but not right now (it would just bum us both out).

Instead let me just say how much I appreciated the latest package of books. Thanks for the note too--it just kills me that you are just as interested in where I live as I am in your purported location in real time and space.

As for your card, with its brief and puzzling salutation, it is truly repellant and horrific. I'm only glad my dear, departed mother (devoured from within by cancer eight blissful years ago) isn't alive today to see a world that produces something so graphic and irredeemably fucking evil. "The Death Room of Mary Ann Nichols". Hmmm. Wasn't she one of Jack the Ripper's victims? Have to say, you have to admire the artful savagery of this poor woman's killer. Speaking on a purely clinical basis, of course!

I'm wondering: do you ever get any complaints about your cards? I have pretty extreme tastes but even I have to admit, they sometimes set off my "ick-o-meter" big time. Is that the intention? To shock for the sake of shocking? Not that I'm finding fault with your motivations, just kind of wondering where you're coming from.

Pee Ess. You give me some kind of idea where Arkham is and I'll point out (roughly) the location of my personal Avalon which, oh, yes indeed, is a very real place, paradise on earth, touched by very few human hands, where the old gods still wander freely and the sky is always crying.

Due to the impending move of John and Aggie, there might be some problems with the mail for the next while so I'll hold off on orders for now. Wherever I am, I'm pretty remote and things like a steady supply of asswipe and regular mail are luxuries, not to be taken for granted.

And wherever you are, I send my best wishes, for 1997...and beyond.

Sincerely,

Russ Hewitt

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4
CANADA

March 3, 1997

Stanley Schaefer
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Stanley:

Well, through wind or rain or across storm-tossed straits...

I thought to Hell with it, today's the day, so I took John's little pissant boat (he ended up giving it to me) and made directly for Sawich. The crossing was a bit breezy but I made it, thanks to favourable winds, in just over a couple of hours. After which, I picked up the mail--including some girlie mags and, hooo baby! the latest box from Gryphon Books. Then I bought two bags of Cheezies, a couple of doughnuts, waved to the assembled well-wishers (three foul sea birds and the spreading corpse of something that might have once been a seal), hopped aboard my tiny boat and toodled off back home again.

Brrrrr, it was cold. But, brrrrr, it was worth it. Because I am now in possession of some terrific books that promise to rock my world. Thankyouthankyouthankyouthankyou! Even if I die of triple pneumonia, it'll have been worth it. Stanley, without you, life would have no meaning. Take care and keep in touch--

Sincerely (gratefully),
Russ

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4

March 20, 1997

Stanley:

Still have the other letter I wrote to you over on the table--I can see it from here--but (obviously) haven't yet gotten around to making another trip to semi-civilization.

I've been feeling kind of poorly off and on for awhile, weak and light-headed. It may be that I ate some bad meat. Not to gross you out but you should never take shortcuts with your preparation. You can't afford to get lazy with the curing and the smoking and salting or what have you. Do you have any/know of any good books on dressing venison and wild game? I'll bet that would be of interest to some of your readers. Also: anything on intestinal parasites--how about RE/Search's BODILY FLUIDS issue?

I'm curious: did you get many orders for THE KAMA SUTRA FOR QUADRIPLEGICS (pg.14)? Offering something like that really helps restore my faith in humanity because we're only going to keep growing and developing as a species if we have access to all sorts of alternative lifestyles. It's not my particular cup of tea but, hey, different strokes for different folks, as far as I'm concerned!

Whatever happened to Amok Press and Loompanics? They used to have really extreme catalogues too. Sorry, I'm babbling but basically the only thing I can do right now (besides retch and twitch with cold sweats) is sit around here with this old portable Brother typewriter, pecking away and free associating (at your expense) to beat Hell.

No card in with the last catalogue. Hope I didn't bum you out or anything. I can have that effect on people. That's why I live out here in the middle of nowhere, where I can't get on too many people's cases.

Hey, do you know the difference between a good book and a good woman? A good book knows when to shut the fuck up. On that note (always leave 'em laughing),

Your friend (I hope),

Russ Hewitt

P.S. I guess I want to clarify re: your "far-out" postcards. I totally and utterly defend your constitutional right to free speech and all that, dig? But...answer me this: Are there any limits? For instance (and I'm not accusing), aren't you responsible for the books

you flog? Can stuff like THE ANARCHIST COOKBOOK or THE JOY OF NON-
 CONSENSUAL SEX actually do serious harm? I don't know but I'm always
 open to debate. How about it?

General Delivery
 Sawich Island, BC
 V8K 1A4
 CANADA

April 4, 1997

Stanley Schaefer
 c/o Gryphon Books
 P.O. Box 774
 Arkham, CA
 96088

Dear Stanley:

There are now two unmailed letters to you on the table by the
 door but the good news is there's a guy coming by in a little while to
 chat about a business proposition and I'm sure he won't mind mailing
 some stuff for me. Especially if I make it worth his while.

You'd love this guy, Stanley. His name is Terry the Hippie and he
 is known locally for two reasons: the first is his well-known fondness
 for interdimensional travel. In the parlance (sp?), he is crazy for dem
 'shrooms. The deal is that I let him hunt around on my little island
 for anything that might alter his consciousness and in return he'll do
 things like bring me smokes and liquor (trying to quit both) and make
 the occasional mail run for me.

I'm giving him a note for the good folks at Canada Post at Sawich
 so they'll let him collect my mail. But I don't think they'll give him
 much of a hassle about it. You see, the second thing that Terry is
 known for is that he has this thing against washing himself. As a
 direct result, he has the worst body odour imaginable. No one can
 withstand his physical proximity for more than 30 seconds at a time, I
 kid you not. Sometimes you'd swear the guy is actually decomposing, it
 gets so bad. But, hey, you know what? Wherever Terry goes, he always
 gets immediate and great service. You have to hand it to him for that.

He's a great guy though.

Glad to be finally getting these letters off to you. Will keep
 you informed of future developments.

Sincerely,

Russ

P.S. I promised Terry a good book on mushroom cultivation--can you comply?

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4
CANADA

May 27, 1997

Stanley Schaefer
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Stanley:

Thanks to Terry the Hippie, I now get mail and newspaper delivery directly to my door at least once a week. My hirsuit (sp?) new postman isn't nearly as friendly and out-going as John or Aggie were (and he smells a whole helluva lot worse) but just this morning he brought me a huge swack of magazines and goodies so I guess I can't complain...

...including, the latest Gryphon Books catalogue, with that distinctive (unsettling) logo on the envelope. Tonight, I've been skimming through that baby as well as a couple of back issues of SOLDIER OF FORTUNE while making good progress on the pint of Irish whiskey Terry was decent enough to bring me (yet another weakness of mine).

In all honesty, what I don't like about the current arrangement is that I never know exactly when Terry is coming by. He is irregular in his thought patterns, the direct result of certain fungal excesses we need not delve into here. He also never fucking stops talking!!! All of which could lead to major problems down the road but I'm trying not to get too far ahead of myself.

All I really need is the bugger's boat (it'd be a big improvement on John's old beater). I'm thinking I should convince him to sell it to me. The weather's been pretty nice lately and with his tub I could make it to Sawich in an hour, maybe less. I guess it wouldn't hurt to at least ask. The worst he can do is say "no". But I have a feeling I'll be able to convince him. I'll just use my (in)famous powers of persuasion on him.

Sincerely,

Russ

P.S. Okay, it's now a couple of hours later and I was just cleaning up and I picked up your envelope, the big white one the catalogue came in...and out slides your latest card which I guess I somehow missed. Lucky me.

Man, I honestly don't know what to say to you. If this is real then it is too real, if you get my meaning. I can do autopsy photos and car wreck scenes and from my own life I can tell you about shit that would absolutely make your hair stand on end. Or maybe not. After looking at this card it makes me realize that you must be a pretty jaded, borderline individual. Again, I have to ask you, Stanley--is there such a thing as going too far?

I guess at this point I'd have to say: YES.

I'll probably get back to the catalogue later but right now I can't get my mind off this bloody card.

For tonight, at least (to paraphrase the bard), you have murdered sleep.

Russ

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4
CANADA

August 11, 1997

Dear Stanley:

Got your card. I guess it's an improvement over the last one. Sort of.

And, yeah, you're right, it's been awhile since my last order but there have been many things weighing on my mind.

I have been keeping myself very busy. It's tourist season (still), and the islands around here have been swarming with eco-nuts and campers. I have been working pretty steadily, to the extent that I have had to build another smokehouse, this one a lot bigger and set further back in the trees. It seems like I never stop, from dawn to dusk. All work and no play...

...and not much more to say.

Hope business is booming.

Have a great summer, okay?

Sincerely,

Russell Q. Hewitt

P.S. Returning the book on mushroom cultivation for credit. Terry the Hippie is now officially "missing in action" (long story) but at least he left me his boat. Been too busy for reading (or anything else) so no order this time. Sorry. Hope business is good. Take care.

RQH

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4
CANADA

September 15, 1997

Stanley Schaefer, Proprieter
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Mr.Schaefer:

Your latest card was blank inside, not even signed.

No words necessary, huh?

Stanley, I've seen some pretty fucking sick shit in my life but this card pretty much takes the cake. I'll be dead honest with you and tell you that it's gotten to the point where I no longer look forward to receiving any kind of correspondence from your establishment.

I think it would be better for both of us concerned if we stopped communicating with each other. I can tell by this card (and others of the same ilk) the type of person I'm dealing with now and I'm no longer amused. Just pissed off and extremely disappointed and wierded out.

Please consider our business and personal relationship at an end.

I wish you well.

Sincerely,

time),

(and for the last

Russell Q. Hewitt

P.S. My buddy Gordie sent me a news clipping he downloaded off the net that mentions Arkham. I guess there's been a lot of forest fires in your area. Now at least I know where it is so I can make sure never to come within a 100 miles of the place!

General Delivery
Sawich Island, BC
V8K 1A4
CANADA

November 17, 1997

Stanley Schaefer
c/o Gryphon Books
P.O. Box 774
Arkham, CA
96088

Dear Stanley:

I picked up your latest card with the rest of my mail today. At first I wasn't going to open it, but then I got curious and so...

What can I say?

You win.

It doesn't matter how you found me or how you managed to poke around out here without me catching wind of you. It's clear that I have completely underestimated you. There is no limit to your capabilities and I am left with a real and lasting appreciation of your special talents. My compliments to you, sir!

I guess at this point the only thing to do is throw myself at your mercy.

With a few clicks of your devious shutter, you have uncovered the skeletons in my closet (or, in this case, my smokehouse) and taken away all the safety and security I've worked so long and hard to maintain. When I look at these pictures, it's like suddenly I'm viewing it all from another, totally different perspective.

Because now I actually see what I've done and have an inkling of what I represent in the eyes of the rest of the world. And I can't help it, I am left wondering what type of mind could do such things and be so methodical, knowing all along that it isn't right, that I'm committing acts of desecration and sacrelege (sp?)...and yet doing it anyway, humming and even smiling to myself as I carry on with my cruel and despicable work.

Do you know what I mean?

But I guess what it comes down to, the single most important thing right now is that you have discovered my dirty little secret and have made your awesome knowledge known to me. And in return I must learn to accept this new reality and do my best to come to terms with it. Let me state for the record (as it were) that I don't think there will be any further misunderstandings, at least on my end.

I am enclosing an itemized (and fairly lengthy) list of books I would like to purchase from you and once I get to the post office I'll send you a money order for the full amount owing.

Please let me know if this sum is sufficient for your present requirements. If not, I am sure we can come to a more satisfactory arrangement.

I am, of course, entirely reliant on your discretion and goodwill and wish to acknowledge as much at this time.

I shall look forward with great anticipation to your next communication and humbly await any further instructions.

respectfully,

Sincerely and

Russell Quentin Hewitt

End