



that time, you still wouldn't have accepted my love. You never have wanted any part of it. But the thing is this: if I had known about Myra, I would never have attempted the experiment nor stripped myself of all pride. I would be spared the memory of that night. ...I didn't go to you simply because I felt like fornicating, or because I was hard pressed and you seemed to be a likely prospect. I went to you because I loved you and I wanted you to believe in my love and to accept it. I made a mistake because I failed to take into consideration the fact that you didn't want that love, didn't want to believe in it, Myra or no Myra. As a result, the night that was meant to hold a spiritual adventure as well as a physical experiment, held nothing but pain and humiliation and failure. It isn't easy to know that a girl of the type Myra seems to be had succeeded in reaching you where I had failed. I had been loving you when Myra was still a little girl and didn't know of your existence.

I got the feeling that you were only lukewarm over the idea of having me drive to S.C. ... Your attitude is understandable.

Saturday



AUGUST DERLETH

SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN

12 May 1958

Dear Jack,

Sandy told me of your visit yesterday -- which I had predicted when you were asinine enough to telephone long past the hour I usually go out hunting mushrooms, and then to absent yourself from your father's house to be out of the way if I called back -- and the lad I had working here on Saturday detailed how you went around knocking on the doors trying vainly to get in, all when you knew very well I was not here. This farce, though, has gone on long enough. I told you last fall I was aware of your stupid and childish efforts to proposition Sandy, and Sandy has said she simply doesn't want you around when I am not at home.

I, however, don't think that enough. Henceforth, you are not a welcome visitor here AT ANY TIME, whether or not I am at home, and you will not be admitted to this house unless it is by special invitation.

I can drive this point home more effectively if you come within reach, but even someone as silly and stupid as you are ought to get it clearly enough in the simple language of this note.

These restrictions do not, of course, apply to your family, but only to you. One tolerates infants, but infants of 27 are pretty trying.

This is the only piece of stationery I
have left which accounts for the
crowding.

I'm afraid I will not have an
opportunity to talk to you this noon
so I'll tell you the latest developments
this way.

Harold was very gloomy & restless
again all day yesterday. Last night he
asked me what I was going to do, and
I said I was going to bed early. There
was about 7:30. He decided he
would go down town. I asked him
if he expected anyone would be
around town on such a night &
I got no response. Anyhow I said O.K.
If he expected to be gone very long he
should take the key, which he did.
He said I could locate him at Walden or Butch Browning.
I served & read until 10 and then
decided to go to bed. Just then the phone
rang. The Hospital was calling Harold
and wanted him to call back as soon
as I could locate him. I tried Walden,
he was not there & hadn't been there.
I tried the Prairie Tavern but there was
no phone, so I called the Ford garage.
Carl Lehman went over to Butch's but
Harold was not there & hadn't been
there. Next I called Troutman
& they had just returned from Baraboo

about 11.15. Wallace returned & said
it was none of his business the patient
had been taken care of. I also told him
I had hardly expected to find him
when he said he was going. He
said he had stayed at Walden &
told Abbott of any one called there he
was at Walden. I and then he had
stayed at Walden again on the way
home to see if anyone had called for
him. He thought I was that but
didn't think he was. He told me
when he was, saying said it?
I told him I didn't believe him
I was sure the man was. He
then said he remembered if you
didn't have an eye on the
during him you know the situation.
He told me you were the first person
about all the little dead things.
I also said if he only had some energy
in his head. I said whether he
felt forward you didn't matter a
great deal. I was perfectly sure however;
then I showed his picture into the living
room & told him to select whatever
he cared for a place to put it.
Which he did, they drove.
He also said the only man to call
has any fun with it. And then
I would say he has no more fun than
the dining and so I said I see this
as a friend of getting you involved in any way
or afraid of anything you mean much to me.

Darling:

If a letter will make you happy you shall have it, although anything I may say so inadequately expresses all I feel.

Dearest, I'm eternally trying to convince myself that this could not have happened to me. I've been so violently opposed to such affairs all my life. But here we are, and I know that I've never before known a love so perfect, and the agony of knowing that it has come too late only you & I can know.

Every day makes me more acutely conscious of the futility of it all, and the rapid passing of time. Each moment throbbing with the urgent need for one another and a life time of Morals holding us apart.

Always my conscience has guided me. It does so now but I don't want to listen because it shuts out Life and leaves only Duty as my choice. And I'm afraid of duty without love.

I've never been more sanely practical than while I've considered and reconsidered every angle and possibility of this affair. I've tried to imagine how the days would be without seeing you or hearing your voice again and I know that a part of me would no longer

would be the same.

Might make the yearning
your own almost unbearable. At
least to such a degree to find
them the wish to be away and to
come to the security of them when I
am afraid (I often a crowd you know)
At last, there is no little comfort
in words, directly spoken and carefully
guarded. He talks about how
the splendor of facing the world
together and living forever with
her is in the air. Accomplishment
would be so simple with the
beauty of our love behind it, and
how I would choose to live
that I had felt a little to say
you to the others which so easily
go to be yours.

Maria

Dear Jan,

30 October, 1957

Yours of the 9th reached me this morning, together with a perfect letter of mail -- so much that I am still at it, though it is now mid-afternoon, and though I answer letters customarily at the rate of 100 words a minute on the typewriter. I am also in the midst of sending out the new Arkham House bulletin, a copy of which is enclosed. Then I must turn to doing a sequel to my junior novel, THE MOON TENDERS, which, I have learned only today, will be a selection of our Junior Literary Guild, presumably in September, 1958, when the book is slated for publication.

The arrival of the Sputnik on the scene only underscores what many of us have thought about our administration for years -- that Eisenhower either doesn't know what's going on, or doesn't want to (we think that like Nehru is unfit to rule) both men share a stubborn obtuseness -- and that interference rivalries have been permitted for too long. If Sputnik jars people out of their complacency in Washington, it will have been a good thing. But the nation as a whole is suffering the disillusionment with Ike which many far-sighted individuals saw before he was initially elected! Whichever picture taken at our county seat not long ago (you need not return it!) and this is strongly indicative of a trend which will put the Democrats back into power in 1958 and 1960, I am quite certain, unless some major upset intervenes. It will be worth virtually anything to get rid of Ike and Dulles, neither of whom has the stature for the position he holds. Of course, in all fairness, it must be pointed out that it is easy, comparatively, for a dictatorship to marshal its efforts toward any given goal, as against a system wherein every move must be weighed by more than one man. Ike's press secretary, for my money, is a prime jackass.

I am still far from convinced that a landing is going to be made on any planet, and I remain still to be shown that the moon can be landed on, though I should think, soberly, that this is possible. As for the planets -- no, I don't think so, really. This is all fine science-fiction talk, even when indulged in by reputable scientists like Von Braun, but the probability is not great in our time, at least! We will have to make considerably more scientific advance than we have made recently to overcome the manifest drawbacks. As for the door of cosmic space being now open -- ha! -- it's been open all the time. The Soviets have just got into space, but we've recently done the same with a missile. All this fooleraw, though, goes on without regard for the fact that control of space objects is still in the future.

Like yourself, I enjoyed the Rilke book. I read it first in 1930, and have all of Rilke in translation. I also liked Elliot's FOUR QUARTETS, and, as you know, I am a devotee of letters. The Catlin Thomas book I found quite repelling. For one thing, it must have been hell to live with either Dylan or Catlin. Each of them lacked discipline! In Dylan at least, it emerged into poetry, but did it have any outlet in her? I think she needed mastering, beating it necessary, but obviously Dylan wasn't the man to give discipline to anyone.

Law, I

Like yourself, I took a brief holiday with Sandy and my one-time secretary, who drove for me, for I never like to drive when I must lecture. I had to lecture at Eau Claire -- a teachers' convention -- on the 10th -- a city about 180 miles north of here, and we were invited on to St. Paul for a party at the home of Don Wandrei, St. Paul being only 90 miles beyond Eau Claire. So we went -- first time we'd been away from home overnight since the children were born. We had to hasten back next day, Don coming along for ten days, because my folks were having their 50th wedding anniversary, and my sister and family had come up from Washington, where he is in the Pentagon.

Yes, young people are marrying earlier than usual, but I don't find that disturbing at all, rather the opposite. In my age bracket, people are being buried, not married. I pall-bore at a funeral only last week -- the same day I spent the evening at the Proxmire dinner -- of an old friend, 56. But I've enough younger friends to know just how you feel about going to weddings; moreover, Sandy is your age or thereabouts (she will be 23 March 1); so we have friends ranging over all age groups from 18 to 60. As for maturity -- hopefully, that will come; but I do find mature attitudes rare even in people of 30 and over, over here. I blame it on our modern education and its ineffectiveness in dealing with genuine knowledge, or imparting it to the young, who are filled instead with all kinds of extra-curricular matters and data regarding sociological adjustments, and the like, most of which seems to me futile.

As for my own steady women -- with women I have never had much problem. I could take them or leave them, as I liked. Sex never presented a problem to me. I long ago decided that what I liked was right, so long as I did no harm to anyone else, and in that I have flourished. With my first girl (14-16) I was completely celibate. I used to masturbate like the devil -- sometimes 3 times a day for long periods of time. It never did me any harm, rather the opposite, and it helped stabilize me in that I found it easier to hold off women, the importunate ones, until I was ready for them -- and that is an important aspect of growth. Moreover, from 16 to 20, I had a sort of homosexual affair -- nothing really serious -- I was fond of a boy a year or so my senior, and we used to masturbate mutually or masturbate each other, it never went beyond that; and this served as a convenient outlet at a time when I might readily have been trapped by one of the girls. From the early twenties on, though, I had a careful succession of women, broken by long celibate periods, during which, I suppose, my outlet was writing fast and furiously. All these women are still good friends of mine, much to Sandy's annoyance. Sometimes they call or write, though most of them are now safely married and have children, which demonstrates that these were not casual liaisons but genuine love affairs. I've seldom got "twisted", as you put it, over anyone. Maybe that's because I have enough "twists" in my own makeup!

Well, if your friends Dick Lowe and Graham Black show up here, they'll be welcome, of course, as will you if ever you manage to come across to America.

I saw LUST FOR LIFE, also liked it. I share your liking for Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" and also for Manet's work. If you have a chance to read PAINTING AND REALITY by Etienne Gilson, by all means do so; it has been published over here

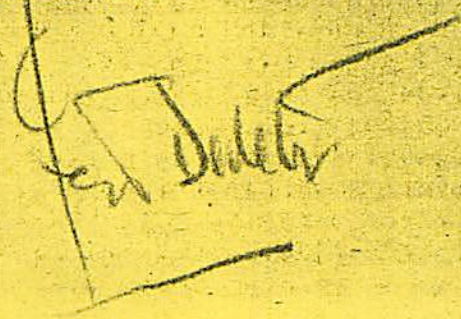
by Pantheon just this month, two days ago, I think, and no doubt it has a London publisher. I've been reading a wide selection of books lately -- O'Hara's BUTTERFIELD 8, Mackenzie's ROCKETS GALORE, the Gilson, Susanne Langer's PROBLEMS OF ART, Frank Lloyd Wright's A TESTAMENT, James Gould Cozzen's BY LOVE POSSESSED -- the best 1957 novel published over here, more Thoreau, and a curious older book titled THE ABRUPT SELF, by Martens. That is, in addition to the customary weekly reading of Time, the Observer, the various book reviews, the Nation, New Republic, etc.

Well, yes, your reading to your group is a mixed bag, but it seems a little weighted on the side of the mystics. Blake, of course, was an outstanding mystic, and his mysticism was a continuing influence on many other writers after him. I like Blake, but neither more nor less than many other writers. My friend and one-time collaborator, with whom I grew up here in Sac Prairie, Mark Schorer, wrote THE POLITICS OF VISION -- a long, serious study of Blake, which was published over there as well as over here, I believe. This was a decade ago or so. Hart Crane I grew to like over two decades ago, before his suicide. Lovecraft met him on one or more occasions in Cleveland, but HPL had he known of Crane's homosexuality, would have drawn away from him, for HPL was sexually almost frigid (though his onetime wife, Sonia, with whom I had dinner in Los Angeles back in 1953, assured me he was sexually satisfactory to her, which did indeed surprise me). Crane's letters were published over here, edited, I think by Brom Weber. Perhaps they were done over there, too. I had occasion to look into them only the other day, and found the most stimulating, and a little sad, too. He had a hard row to go -- fought his homosexuality, which was silly, for he might more easily have given in to it without qualms and thus eliminated it as conflict, had little money for long periods at a time (but what artist, as to that, has?), and so on, meeting the indifference of critics and public alike, though a measure of success was certainly his when he killed himself.

Hodgson's THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND AND OTHER NOVELS is still in print here, yes. We have about 500 copies out of 3,000 left, and they do sell very steadily with us; so I assume it will not be too long before this title will be out of print.

So, now, enough. I am off to the bulletins again, and to you our best wishes, as always,

cordially,





MRS. AUGUST DERLETH

PLACE OF HAWKS

SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN

417 Sterling Court
Madison

Dear Aug:

Received your letter tonite. Am sorry you are so upset over something ~~that is not true~~. There are no pictures & never has been whether Morris Schaefer or Eddie Schaefer (+ I assume these are yours or called "sources") say so it is not so. Morris had said he would like to take some & often expressed it so he knows you will get upset by telling you just that. However, you believe what you want to. I do want to see the kids & think you are being very selfish in not letting me see them. I miss them very much. Do they miss me? Be sure they have a few outside things to do besides just being at home.

Mother called the other nite. Plus two letters of long "advice". Got an invitation to Mary Kahn's wedding today. Don't know whether to go or not. Would like to & maybe leave for Mother's afterwards. Glad to hear your Mother

is calmed down. Was a pretty
strained week-end. But the kids
had fun. Be sure they don't feel
any of her irritations & tensions.
I wish I could be with them.

The job is shaping up ok. It just
takes time. I am really busy &
that makes the time ~~pass~~ more quick.
Saturday for the One Day Human
Relations Conference is being held
at the Union instead of the Center
with 500 people coming. We have
name badges, corsages etc. for
registering, taking money & so on.

All your love. Have to go out &
mail these. Did you come into
Madison Tuesday? Loved lots of
kisses to the kids. Tell them I love
& miss them very much. Every time
I hear the train go by, I think of you.

The grass is getting green now, is
it? I imagine you're hiking a lot.
Write when you have time.

Love to all,
Sandy

Winters, 11

To Mr. & Mrs. Millard Winters, Freeport, Ill., on the occasion of my divorcing their daughter after 6 yrs. of marriage.

23 March, 1959

Dear Millard & Roberta,

I tried to telephone you tonight, but found you had no telephone; so I got hold of Jerry, who told me that Sandy had called and given you the melancholy news that I divorced her this afternoon, and have custody of the children, subject to reasonable visiting privileges -- which will amount to whenever Sandy can or wants to get here to visit them.

The charge was cruel and inhuman treatment, resulting in great mental anguish, but the basic fact was that Sandy wanted out, and indulged in the most vulgar adulterous affair to get it. For the past 18 months she has been carrying on with Shimmel Coenen, and no act of disloyalty was too great for her to commit in this affair. After I had caught them here together last year March 3, and warned him from the premises, she went to the lengths of telephoning him to give him the all clear signal so that he could come out to indulge in their adulterous fun. Not only that, when I suspected what was going on each time I went for a hike, and put the telephone on a jack, locking it in the studio each time I went out thereafter, she got the number of my key, and he, misrepresenting himself as its owner, had duplicate keys sent by the company; when April tattled on her mother, she had him bring her another telephone to hide in the closet, also on a jack. They conducted their affair with the greatest brazenness -- letting themselves be seen together, talking foolishly over the telephone so that the centrals could listen and spread talk of their affair, and so on. Finally, Sandy, telling me she was going to spend a weekend with June Doudna Sheehan, met Shimmel in Milwaukee, where they registered at the Plankinton the weekend of February 6th as man and wife. To add to all this mess, she told me she had accepted not only clothing and other gifts from him, but also between \$300 and \$500 in cash, like a common prostitute.

Had her paramour been a younger man, I could have understood this. But he is 42, and a man of the foulest reputation, as she very well knew, a man who couldn't resist bragging that he was making her, which she knew, and yet kept on with him. In the testimony before the court, we avoided an adultery charge, but it was evident to the judge, the Divorce Counsel, and everyone else that adultery had in fact taken place repeatedly without anyone's ever saying so. I avoided this charge not for Sandy's sake, but for the sake of the children, who deserved better of their mother than she has given them. The judge ordered the record sealed, so that no prying reporters could look into it, but the Madison newspapers were already aware of the affair; however, I don't think they will print anything that will hurt the children or jeopardize Sandy's job in Madison. Sandy elected not to contest it, for she knew I had a lot of witnesses -- people who had heard her boast of her affair with the swine Coenen, people who had seen them together in compromising positions, and so on.

Needless to say, for the sake of the children, I did everything I could to turn her from her lunatic course. I might as well have been talking to the wind. She lied and lies, steadily and always, about everything, and her lies finally tripped her up. I put up with this thing for well over a year; I closed my eyes to a previous affair she had had about 2 years after we were married; but this affair with a man as low as Shimmel Coenen is too much. I simply could not live with a woman low enough to show such bad taste and reveal such colossal stupidity. As I told Sandy, I don't hate her; I despise what she's done to our family, but we get along amicably enough. I married Sandy because I felt a moral and social obligation to do so; but I married her only on condition that she give up her illegitimate child, which she did, and that such a thing must not happen again. Now here it is once more; she is 24, a mother of two lovely children, and once again she is having a stupid affair with a married man and himself the father of two teenage girls.


For six years I have had hypertension; two days after I started divorce proceedings, my blood pressure went to normal for the first time without medication. I had a hell of a time leaving my house and never knowing what Sandy was up to behind my back; and I learned that my worst suspicions were mild in contrast to what actually did go on. Sandy is now in Madison; no doubt you have her address and telephone number. There is, of course, no change of a reconciliation; I would never again assume the legal responsibility for one so irresponsible as she is. Sandy's initial month's rent was paid by Coenen, and she assumes he will continue to pay the rent. His wife will not give him a divorce, though she has promised to marry him, despite my telling her that she should find someone of her own age. She is apt to do any fool thing, to tell the truth. Sandy had literally everything -- more clothes than her friends, she went more places, we entertained and were entertained more, her sex life was never inadequate -- but she chose to throw it all over for a place on the back street of a cheap and habitual adulterer -- this, I think, is what she calls "having her freedom."

My folks have moved out to help care for the children. I want you both to know that you will be welcome here any time to visit your grandchildren.

Every good wish to you, as always,

August

Pilling, M.

How 

What happened?

Am so shocked and
concerned -

Jane -

Pipsie

know this, and I think she realized that I never loved Sandy as much as I still loved her, and that was true. In fact, I stopped loving Sandy months before I married her, and I wouldn't have married Sandy at all except that she got herself knocked up by a married man in Madison and I, who had been making love to her since she was 14 -- she had told me 16 -- felt a social and moral obligation to give her a chance at respectability. She tried hard at first; she was a good cook, a reasonably good housekeeper and mother; but she seemed to cease to care. She resented what she called my dictatorial way of living -- but this was actually only necessary discipline to keep things going smoothly so that we could both enjoy ourselves at concerts, shows, dinners, etc., and I could still get the work I had to do done. I took her to California to have and give up her baby, which she did without a qualm -- a forerunner of her giving up her children without a contest now, I suppose.

When we came back she settled in to housekeeping and did, I thought, a good job. So I risked having April and Walden. But soon after that I realized that she resented many things, and she resented especially people I was fond of -- like yourself and Jack and others. She made herself available to Jack -- and you know Jack; when the going got hot, he cut and ran. It amused me. There are worse things than adultery, among them indiscretion, and Jack was always discreet. Sandy wasn't. She couldn't resist taunting me with the knowledge that Jack, in whom I placed such trust, had "betrayed" that trust. And when I didn't wax furious, she herself was furious.

31 March 1959

Dear Pipsie,

I was glad to have your note. I wondered whether I'd hear from you, and I'd have been disappointed if I hadn't. What happened was simply that Sandy was guilty of adultery many times over and with -- of all people, the lowest character she could choose -- Shimmel Coenen. Yet I divorced her not because of adultery, but because of stupidity and bad taste, because she had been guilty of adultery once before -- with Jack, which I didn't particularly mind because Jack was always discreet, he never ran off at the mouth the way Shimmel did. Of course, you know the low opinion I've always had of Shimmel, which made the thing all the more unforgivable.

Of course, though, as all divorces demonstrate, it is never as simple as it sounds. I think it really began back in the 1940's, when I was so deeply in love -- and you know with whom. Sandy knew this, and I think she realized that I never loved Sandy as much as I still loved her, and that was true. In fact, I stopped loving Sandy months before I married her, and I wouldn't have married Sandy at all except that she got herself knocked up by a married man in Madison and I, who had been making love to her since she was 14 -- she had told me 16 -- felt a social and moral obligation to give her a chance at respectability. She tried hard at first; she was a good cook, a reasonably good housekeeper and mother; but she seemed to cease to care. She resented what she called my dictatorial way of living -- but this was actually only necessary discipline to keep things going smoothly so that we could both enjoy ourselves at concerts, shows, dinners, etc., and I could still get the work I had to do done. I took her to California to have and give up her baby, which she did without a qualm -- a forerunner of her giving up her children without a contest now, I suppose.

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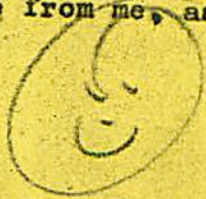
Curiously enough, though she never showed any outward jealousy, she seemed to be jealous of my friends -- not from love, but from a kind of possessiveness. She didn't know much about love, does not now. She was violently jealous to the point of hatred of the woman I loved and lost in the mid-forties, even though I never saw her and seldom even corresponded with her -- not for lack of inclination on my part, but simply because she was such a lazy correspondent. She resented anyone I praised, perhaps because she felt that my praise of anyone was meant to be indirect criticism of herself, though that was never the case. She complained that she felt inferior to me, but I never gave her reason to feel so -- and certainly never when we were out among people. It is pathetic, in a way, but whatever her motives, she responded favorably to passes, and was soon hopelessly embroiled in the kind of dirty mess at which Shimmel always excels, and was soon the object of a public scandal.

I really had no alternative. I could not live with a woman who so much as looked with favor on him, and I told her so. She agreed that the children would be happier here with me than in a Madison apartment -- where she now lives and works at the U. W. I was never demanding of Sandy, preferring that she concentrate on the children. She was quite demanding of me, interrupting my work at all times and constantly. She had to be made love to often two and three times a day, which fortunately I was and am still able to do -- I'm 50 now, believe it or not! I did all the shopping, carted the kids around all the time, and never complained except when her sloppy methods of putting down what she wanted from town made it necessary for me to make three or four trips to get what could have been bought in one. And so on, wearily.

I have no regrets. I have two lovely children and my parents are here helping with them until I can find a housekeeper. It may be that for their sake I will have to marry again, though I don't -- now at least -- view that prospect with great favor. I did all I could to hold our home together, but basically Sandy wanted out, and in secret I did, too, though I would never have said so or made a move in that direction if Sandy had behaved herself. I am concerned only for the children, who do not miss their mother; as for myself, well, I feel like a man who, believing for six years he was dying of cancer, now suddenly finds he doesn't have cancer after all and will live.

If you are in Madison sometime, perhaps you'll let me know and we can have lunch or dinner.

love from me, as always,



14 January 1960

Dear Dorothy Unseld,

I am sorry if my letter with its word of my divorce shocked you. But I must clear up some mistaken illusions you have. First of all, the divorce didn't hurt me -- quite the contrary; it relieved me tremendously. As I wrote others, I felt like a man who has been dying of cancer suddenly learning that he hasn't got it after all, and will live. Sandy's conduct outraged me; she was incapable of hurting me because, of course, I didn't love her. I wasn't in love with her when I married her. I had loved her very much up to about four or five months preceding our marriage, when I found out that, despite being engaged to me, she was pregnant by a married man who worked in her office in Madison. Though her parents sued him, and collected, I felt Sandy deserved a chance at respectability, and since I had been going with her for four years and felt myself in part responsible for her, I married her. She didn't know I didn't love her, being too lost in a shell of vanity and self-concern, and when I told her last February that I was divorcing her and that I had never loved her during our married years, she could hardly believe it.

I took Sandy out to the West Coast so she could have her illegitimate baby and give it up for adoption. She had the choice at that time of keeping the baby and staying there, allowing me to return to Sauk City and divorce her, or of giving it up and returning with me to start over. So I gave her that chance, you see; and I would be a fool to give her another in view of the public scandal her conduct with her adulterer-sodomist friend caused. I need not detail all her acts, but will only tell you that when the talk began and I tried for the sake of the children to protect her reputation by saying that her paramour was bragging, as he was known to do, and lying, she was so stupid as to pose naked in various lewd poses for him to photograph to prove to his cronies that he was having an affair with her. So you see, I couldn't live with a thing like that, and, to disillusion David -- I'm sorry -- if she had contested the divorce and won the children, I'd have moved for quashing of the action and Sandy would have died in a drowning accident last summer. I'd have arranged that with exactly the same purpose and without any more qualms than I'd have swatted a fly whose buzzing had finally got to be too much for me. Had Sandy taken up with a young fellow her own age and conducted a discreet affair, I might not have liked it, but I might just as easily have closed my eyes to it; but to take up with a vain, boastful known adulterer with a wagging tongue, whose preference is known to be for male prostitutes in Chicago houses of male prostitution, which he visits when in the city, was an act of such bad taste that I could not excuse it. I told her bluntly that I was divorcing her far more for bad taste than adultery, for after all, there are worse things than adultery, and Sandy was guilty of them.

Proof exists that I no longer loved Sandy when I married her, lest you shd. think I say so now. PSYCHE was written to her, sent to press before we were married, published six months or so afterward. Yet its dedication reads, "For the woman who was Psyche, and is gone .." which tells all to any discerning reader.

Despite all this, as I said, Sandy was not aware of it, she was well treated always, though she said I made her feel inferior -- she felt inferior, she was inferior, but I never made her feel that way, she was taken out an average of 2½ times a week every week of our marriage -- to concerts, plays, shows, ballet, social events, etc., and to dinner -- which is far more than any other woman I know; she averaged from 15 to 20 dresses for every season of the year (not every year, of course, but in toto), and she suffered no lack of sex life. Even as late as a month before the divorce, despite the distastefulness of it to me, I had to satisfy her as much as two and three times a day when the need was on her. So there was simply no reason but stupidity and ingrained irresponsibility for her actions; even so, I waited patiently 18 months to collect evidence to get rid of her, and you can well imagine what a strain that must have been on me, and what a relief it was to get out from under it. The stupid thing visits the children once in 10 to 14 days, but they've never missed her, never shed a tear for her; after all, they have their grandmother, who loves them, and their grandfather, and their father, and they are cocooned in love here; so why miss a mother who, though she was good to them for the first few years, mistreated them in the last year and a half; they are always glad to see her, but wave her goodbye just as if she were any ordinary visitor. She has remarried, bigamously, and lives in nearby Madison; it nauseates me to see her come, but she has visiting rights, and I am good enough actor not to show it unless her stupidity goads it out of me, and then it chills her to the bone. She already knows what a mistake she made, but she has really learned nothing more from it than she learned from her first experience; and a person too stupid to learn from his own experience is really too stupid to live.

I hope you're not all "shook up", as the youngsters put it, reading this. Life is filled with such events, and this is no more improbable than many of my fictions. The silly girl asked me to take her back -- even though she had remarried -- "You wouldn't have to marry me," she said stupidly; I told her bluntly, once and for all, that my parents would die, my children would grow up and leave me, I'd be lonely, and when the pressure of that loneliness became too great, I'd have in my house a dungcovered sow before I invited her back. So she hasn't bothered to ask since then. That's the extent of my outrage -- she did nothing to me, but she made life a little more difficult in years to come for our children, that's all. And that's quite enough. I loathe and abominate people who are thoughtless where children are concerned, and to such an extent as this. I worry every day that she might try to get hold of the children after my death, and to that end the best gift I could receive from Providence is her early death, that is, her death before mine.

In her favor only it can be said that living with me certainly isn't easy; but it could be, once it is accepted that my work takes precedence. She had no respect whatsoever for my work, nor, if the truth be told, for me or for our children. She thought only of herself. She still does. She didn't want to come back to be near the children, as she said, but only because she found working for a living onerous, she found being nobody suddenly after being somebody different from the way she had envisioned it.

No, I haven't really ruled out marriage. However, it takes me quite a while to adjust to anyone, and I suspect one of the reasons I married Sandy was not altogether altruistic. I knew, practically, that she could have children, that I was 44, that by the time I found another woman to marry, I'd be 50 at least, and that the time was now for children; so I married in the hope that Sandy would straighten out. That my hope was vain was apparent when she was carrying Walden, and that's why I didn't father the third child I wanted. No, the Church wouldn't keep me from marrying again, not by any means. But where, locked in Sauk City, tied to my home, my business, my typewriter, my children, am I going to find a woman 30-35, with a good education, who doesn't smoke (I don't like it in women, don't smoke myself, wouldn't exactly discriminate against anyone who smoked though), who can type, and help in the business, and still help with the children? It would be difficult to put it mildly. No, I'm not bitter, only hardheaded and philosophical; I've always had a touch of cynicism in my makeup, which shows in my preference for nature over people.

My disbelief in divorce as a solution to problems doesn't stem from Catholic training; it's a personal conviction. I, however, had no alternative; it was either get rid of the creature or give up my self-respect, and without self-respect I'd be done as a writer. And please -- there's no aching void; I have always been pretty self-sufficient -- even though I have the wild loneliness and solitude common to all creative people. There has never been a moment since my divorce that I've missed what you call my "mate" -- nonsense. I've enjoyed this freedom, and I sometimes wonder if I didn't want all along to be rid of her and have the children. I know I contemplated it even before there were children, for her various stupidities were almost more than I could bear. But my primary solution if my parents pass away soon, is a housekeeper. Right now, mother at 73 and Dad at 77, are still in pretty good shape, though I realize that anything could happen at their age.

Now don't go hogwild, as we say up here, and spend your money on books. Buy yourself something you really want and don't spend it to indulge an impulse toward charity. I'm faring well enough here. ... Glad you liked the Gus Elker story. I thought it not one of the better ones. ... Yes, I'm writing THE GHOST OF BLACK HAWK ISLAND now, the 4th Steve-Sim (NOT counting EVENING IN SPRING, of course).

All best always,



16 February 1960

Dear Pipsie,

Glad you liked THE HILLS STAND WATCH. I worked over this novel so many times that I suppose I have lost all perspective on it, but to my way of thinking, it doesn't measure up to such an historical novel of mine, for instance, as SHADOW OF NIGHT, which is probably the best of that lot. The novel was originally titled WESTRYN WIND. Then, lo! somebody came out with a novel entitled O WESTRYN WIND! -- So I changed it to THE SMALL RAIN, and scarcely half a year after that someone had a novel published called SMALL RAIN! This time luckily no one else has used this title before I did, and it's peculiarly appropriate -- but then it should be, for I went back and added paragraphs about the two mounds to give the title a little more bearing on the story. The jacket, though is lousy, lousy, lousy. I wanted them to use a fine picture of Shake-Rag -- I think you've seen it -- by Max Fernekes, who did the endpaper map in the book; but they thought it would cost too much to do, and so on. Of course it would have cost a lot to do it in fully color, but they could have done it in black and white, I'd have been satisfied.

I sent Mary a copy of the book, also Bob Neal and Max Fernekes. Much to my surprise, I heard from you first about the book -- and I'd have bet my last dollar, knowing how you detest writing letters, that you'd have been the last to write! I suppose the others will get around to writing after they've read the book, which, honestly, I simply cannot read at all. I fell asleep three times when I was proofing the book; I did only the galleys, and asked the publishers to do the pages because I knew I simply couldn't get through the book again! ... Glad Tom liked THE MILL CREEK IRREGULARS. The next one in this series -- THE PINKERTONS RIDE AGAIN -- is due this summer, and I'm currently writing, however slowly, the fourth -- THE GHOST OF BLACK HAWK ISLAND, which is close to half done.


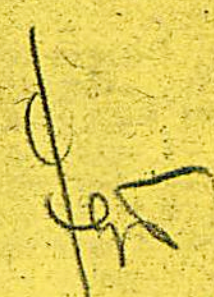
Sandy's trouble wasn't primarily immaturity; that was only part of it. At basis it was simple stupidity; she did not grow at all, except backward, from the age of 18, and I should say that at the present time she has the mental age of 13. I gave a statement to the press at the time of the divorce passing her off as not having matured sufficiently to take her obligations as wife and mother seriously, but that was simply cover, however true. She was stupid in all ways; she couldn't learn not to interrupt me when I worked, for instance; she didn't have any better sense than to pick as paramour such a pig as Coenen, who always did leak at the mouth, and who is almost as old as I -- and when people couldn't believe that she'd look at him twice, he had no difficulty inducing stupid Sandy to pose in the nude in various lewd poses so that he could photograph her and pass the photographs around as proof! -- imagine such stupidity! -- and so on. There are worse defections and disloyalties than adultery, I could have forgiven that, but I couldn't forgive bad taste and stupidity of such magnitude. If I'd had to continue living with Sandy, I'd have arranged a convenient accident to help her shuffle off this mortal coil; not because I hated her, for I didn't, but simply because I couldn't stand her colossal stupidity any longer. And I have to admit that I had one all planned out; and I'd have done it with no more compunction than I'd have killed a fly -- that is, if all else failed me.

Luckily, all else didn't fail me, she agreed to the divorce on my terms absolutely. But she didn't really want her children, any more than she wanted the child she carried out to California -- another married man's child -- and gave up there at my direction. You can understand why I wasn't in love with her when I married her -- but she couldn't believe I hadn't been in love with her since, and I hadn't, when I told her a year ago I was divorcing her and hadn't loved her since four months before our wedding, when I found out she was pregnant; and you can understand just how stupid she is, when she couldn't even learn by her own experience in 1952-3, but had to involve herself yet again with a married man far lower than her first involvement. It was simply too much for me to have to endure such idiocy, and share in responsibility for it legally. So I ended it.

And I've been delighted ever since that I did. I shouldn't have had that silly feeling of responsibility and married her. I should have shucked her off at once when I found out about her stupidity in 1952. But the fact was that I didn't, and the fact is that if I had followed my intellectual convictions instead of my responsibility-sense, I wouldn't now have April and Walden, who are a delight to have around, for myself primarily, but also for my folks, who seem to thrive in the face of this challenge. Nothing is so important to aging people as to feel actively needed and wanted, and they now certainly have that feeling!

Well, so much for now. I must get back to the novel in progress.

all best always, affectionately,



Stock, B.

Dec. 7th

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Dear August,

I am learning a lot from you -- and along lines I didn't know I had in mind when I wrote the first note! You are an utterly amazing person - so developed in so many respects that it is hard to realize that the many "you's" are in one person. I may not be making sense - but I feel at the same time that you are the most integrated person I have ever known.

I was completely ignorant of multi-climax women. Since you have written what you have about your exwife, I wonder which of us is worse off, she with her constant need in her way or I in mine. There is at least one odd thing about my reactions, and that is the sensitivity of the clitoris - I can barely stand to have it touched, and then only when the surrounding area has been thoroughly aroused. I think I have given the wrong impression about one thing - there was plenty of pre-play (in fact, that's all it amounted to) for the first seven or eight months of our marriage. We indulged in it at great lengths in order to help him get an erection. I would get stimulated, then too weary to have much emotion (I still prefer not more than fifteen minutes or so of preparation). I'm not sure I told you medical examination revealed the necessity for surgical removal of the hymen - with his inability to achieve an erection, we hadn't found that out. A peculiar thing was that in premarital exploration, there had been at least enough space for finger insertion. (If I am less lucid than usual, it's because of the pain in my forehead).

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it almost follows naturally that there is a general lack of communication; you verify that there is in your case. Actually, lack of communication is far more widespread on every plane than you would think when you meet people socially. That is a thing I don't care much to do -- though I may have to do it tonight, since I've been invited to a party at the Governor's Mansion in Madison for the fourth time, and I've turned down the previous three -- there is a limit to what one can turn down. Still, if I strongly don't want to go tonight, I won't. Your failure to get any response from your husband may be due to a variety of reasons. The feeling that you are out of your province which impells him to turn away from your ideas -- or the conviction that he may get too deeply into something; the fear of committing himself to something.

If there is a sex problem,

No, I've never lived with a deadpan; I am always quite sure of people's reactions. My wife was just stupid, and I didn't find it nearly so agonizing as just irritating to live

Some years later on one occasion he used the oral stimulation, but I guess I wasn't quite ready for it as when he brought his mouth, dripping to mine, I was violently repelled. I don't know that I would even now welcome the immediacy of the change, but I do enjoy ~~EM~~ the experience. However, there is still within me the faintest possible conscious reluctance to do similar stimulating myself. Of course, it's true that there was fault on both sides. I still think I could have been brought to a normal reaction by a man with a normal sex ability, but it is probably too late now to hope for more than the pleasurable stimulation and subsequent relaxation that I get.

We have stressed sex so much that you may think I feel it is my only problem. Naturally, it's integral (or am I wrong in thinking that a satisfactory sexual relationship smoothes many things?) What I miss is RESPONSE in any area. Have you ever lived with a deadpan of whose reactions (if any!) you had no idea? That is not a fair question, probably, since I have no doubt that your perEceptions and intuitions are at least 200% above mine. Bob not only shows NO expression, but his mind works in an oblique "around Robin Hood's barn" way that has always left me completely baffled. He is never willing to discuss anything that matters personally.

I am sorry about your experience with your exwife. As responsive a person as you are must have found the whole situation agonizing. I cannot understand her.

I wish I could understand myself. I have been having an almost constant headache for several months. Some of the time I can go out - and work - other times I am quite incapacitated. Sometimes it goes away when I am p rticularly interested

in something. (As a matter of fact, it has lessened while I was writing this). However, I can't count on that. I have always felt hampered by physical limitations - I don't know whether you can appreciate how far from optimum I usually am (considering, of course, that I have no dread disease!). Neither my medical doctor nor psychiatrist has been able to do much -- it's up to me to find some answer, and thus far I feel helpless. I find myself quite introspective - and wondering whether at a sublevel I do feel guilt at my partial solution to my problem. When Doug was small, I had a spell of eight or nine months of continual headache, ordinarily more severe than this - which ultimately were relieved by benadryl - though the attendant confusion was very unpleasant. (I might comment that at that time I had experienced no more than superficial attractions with no activity whatsoever - I didn't even realize then how barren my existence was.

I must tell you that neither Bob nor Doug thought it surprising of me to subscribe to the Capital Times, and we've all been enjoying your journal. I'd never known before how to describe what I saw when snow came toward the car. I have been anxious to continue reading Doug's books of yours but have found sustained reading almost impossible.

I wanted to write soon enough so you might be able to write me again before Doug's vacation starts the 16th. I know that I have no claim to your attention, but I do thank you. And I will of course understand if you don't have time.

Doug is still having trouble with insomnia. I finally made an appointment with my psychiatrist, who subsequently suggested another one during Christmas vacation. He suggested that Doug's interest in his work might be partly due to another

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Well, no, I didn't think sex your only problem. It seldom is. If there is a sex problem, it almost follows naturally that there is a general lack of communication; you verify that there is in your case. Actually, lack of communication is far more widespread on every plane than you would think when you meet people socially. That is a thing I don't care much to do -- though I may have to do it tonight, since I've been invited to a party at the Governor's Mansion in Madison for the fourth time, and I've turned down the previous three -- there is a limit to what one can turn down. Still, if I strongly don't want to go to-night, I won't. Your failure to get any response from your husband may be due to a variety of reasons. The feeling that you are out of your province which impells him to turn away from your ideas -- or the conviction that he may get too deeply into something; the fear of committing himself to something.

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reason and to think about that. Of course I'm glad he is to have help if he needs, but I suppose I was hoping he didn't really need it. I wonder if you would have any opinion about this matter. Dr. Moorstein is most reputable and has a hard time keeping up with all his regular patients, let alone starting new ones.

I keep thinking, though, that he could help me find out more about my deeper motivations if he would use sodium amytal (is that right?) interview or hypnosis. He, however, has been strictly a discussion-type therapist.

It's perfectly beautiful outside now - the loveliest of fluffy white snowflakes of varying size but with a somewhat relentless quality.

Barbara

10 December 60

Dear Barbara,

I don't imagine that any special effort was put into creating me, and I'm not aware of making any special effort to integrate myself. I am a highly complex person with a good many facets to my personality, and I grew up doubting almost everything, with the happy result that I soon established my own basic needs without involving myself in moralities and without ending up with guilt complexes and the like. Whatever I do out of love is beyond morals, and I have a right to do what I like just as long as I do not invade the rights of others or impair their legitimate happiness -- that confines me pretty much. Add to it a good self-discipline and a degree of skilled organization and you end up with what the politicians would describe as a conservative liberal, and that I suspect pretty well fits on all planes.

Your husband was (perhaps is) clearly laboring under what the Freudians happily call the incest-tabu (the almost dead giveaway is his wanting to cover your face in intercourse). ... Your clitoral sensitivity is outside my experience, but you should not have been too sensitive for a tongue-tip; fingers can occasionally be too urgent. However, it is entirely understandable that desire aroused in you should ebb when the normal progression of seduction does not take place. Your husband's inability to become erect doubtless stems from his strong sexual picture of his mother which exists to block his successful participation in intercourse because he confuses the object of his sexual drive, such as it is, with his mother and recoils in psychic guilt. The hymen is not always taut. It may actually give under pressure from the penis. In one local case a couple enjoyed intercourse for a year or more before it was discovered that her hymen had not been broken. I didn't inquire as to the length of his penis, but it is possible that it was less long than average, and her hymen might have been recessed a little more. There are infinite variations in physiological structure, of course. A hymen with an opening large enough to permit a finger's entrance is not uncommon. ... I never made the mistake of attempting to kiss a woman with my mouth wet with her lubrication fluid, even though this is so highly antiseptic that I always found it -- and here you may rock with laughter -- an excellent cure for a coldsore! It takes but a moment to wipe one's mouth, and that much consideration is obligatory. Oddly enough, women generally are more willing to stimulate men orally than men are to stimulate women. Some women positively like to do it, even though many men are repelled by it. I am more or less indifferent to it, for it takes a certain skill; my wife was good at it, but a girl I was previously engaged to, though she loved to do it, was not at all good at it. But if I were to prefer this mode of gratification, I would prefer a man to do it because, as I wrote before, of the greater roughness of the male tongue, and thus the greater stimulation. Ideally, though, oral stimulation should be just that, a preliminary to mutually sexual gratification in simultaneous climax-orgasm.

Well, no, I didn't think sex your only problem. It seldom is. If there is a sex problem, it almost follows naturally that there is a general lack of communication; you verify that there is in your case. Actually, lack of communication is far more widespread on every plane than you would think when you meet people socially. That is a thing I don't care much to do -- though I may have to do it tonight, since I've been invited to a party at the Governor's Mansion in Madison for the fourth time, and I've turned down the previous three -- there is a limit to what one can turn down. Still, if I strongly don't want to go tonight, I won't. Your failure to get any response from your husband may be due to a variety of reasons. The feeling that you are out of your province which impells him to turn away from your ideas -- or the conviction that he may get too deeply into something; the fear of committing himself to something.

No, I've never lived with a deadpan; I am always quite sure of people's reactions. My wife was just stupid, and I didn't find it nearly so agonizing as just irritating to live

with her. I can't communicate very much with my parents, either, but there is no necessity of communicating with them beyond the prosaic daily matters of which we speak -- the groceries, village gossip, the weather, family data. They don't understand what a creative person needs, they expect me to sacrifice my time and self for my children, and so on -- as you see by my column, I give a good deal of time to my children; so their demands -- my parents' -- are only ridiculous.

A constant headache may be psychic -- psychosomatic, they call it now -- in origin. Research suggests that migraine, which afflicts women so much more than men, is very often tied in with the menstrual cycle. On the other hand, there may be some physiological reason for it, and I'd have a routine checkup, if I were you -- eyes tested, etc. But it has the sound in your case of tension, and presumably you've had checkups regularly. Oh, yes, it may be guilt -- this takes strange forms, and makes itself manifest in various ways. I wonder, though, if your husband's sending you to a therapist were not expiatory, in itself -- more than the therapy was in his subconscious, but some compensation for his own inadequacy, of which he must be aware, no matter how he disguises it for himself to make it more palatable.

I wouldn't presume to diagnose Doug's insomnia. It may be simple concern about studies, grades; it may be sexual frustration or conflict; it may be simply eyestrain. It is patently absurd to suggest at once that the trouble is psychic in origin -- that is the jargon of the professional psychiatrists, and I don't subscribe to their pigeonhole-everybody theory.

Well, enough now. I've got to get to work. Best wishes,

Dear Jimmy:

Cute baby announcement - it'll be very interesting to see what your reaction will be when he gets into the stage of liking to "be around" with his boy friends. Do you think you'll continue to have such an open mind about these things then? Or the baby cute? What color hair? What does your think about him? Did Sandy have an easy or difficult time giving birth? I am running around with a very nice group of guys - and one girl. It's really a strange arrangement - both the guys are gay & the girl just likes to have sex with gay men - all wouldn't I think of going out with other girls. Besides, she adds a very fine sexy factor to our little group. None of my friends live at work except anything is even a little bit shady about my activities - most of them think I'm going with this girl. The two boys - both very good looking (one is 20 & the other 23), and the girl

Mon. Oct. 31, 1956

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

AIRCRAFT COMPANY, INC.



Apt A
Richard Bachhuber, 2493 Sawtelle Boulevard, Los Angeles 64

Bachhuber, R.

line together - the landlord thinks that the
oldest boy & the girl are married & the 20 year old
is a brother of the girl - what a riot this
situation is at times. I often spend the
weekend at their home and sleep with "Flip",
the youngest & cutest - excellent sex!

Have you seen or heard anything from Jim?
As far as I know he still plans to come out
here. I haven't heard anything from him for
a while - maybe he has given up the idea.
I still love him very much & regard him as one
of my very best friends.

How is everything going at home? Is Dad
behaving himself? If not, give me all the
details.

What is Cliff Lyons doing - anything interesting?
Have you seen anything of George Walker? Please send
me his address if you can find out what it is.

I will get the book you mentioned in your
last note as soon as I get a chance -

Write soon!

As always,

Love
Dick

23 March, 1959

Dear Millard & Roberta,

I tried to telephone you tonight, but found you had no telephone; so I got hold of Jerry, who told me that Sandy had called and given you the melancholy news that I divorced her this afternoon, and have custody of the children, subject to reasonable visiting privileges -- which will amount to whenever Sandy can or wants to get here to visit them.

The charge was cruel and inhuman treatment, resulting in great mental anguish, but the basic fact was that Sandy wanted out, and indulged in the most vulgar adulterous affair to get it. For the past 18 months she has been carrying on with Shimmel Coenen, and no act of disloyalty was too great for her to commit in this affair. After I had caught them here together last year March 3, and warned him from the premises, she went to the lengths of telephoning him to give him the all clear signal so that he could come out to indulge in their adulterous fun. Not only that, when I suspected what was going on each time I went for a hike, and put the telephone on a jack, locking it in the studio each time I went out thereafter, she got the number of my key, and he, misrepresenting himself as its owner, had duplicate keys sent by the company; when April tattled on her mother, she had him bring her another telephone to hide in the closet, also on a jack. They conducted their affair with the greatest brazenness -- letting themselves be seen together, talking foolishly over the telephone so that the centrals could listen and spread talk of their affair, and so on. Finally, Sandy, telling me she was going to spend a weekend with June Doudna Sheehan, met Shimmel in Milwaukee, where they registered at the Plankinton the weekend of February 6th as man and wife. To add to all this mess, she told me she had accepted not only clothing and other gifts from him, but also between \$300 and \$500 in cash, like a common prostitute.

Had her paramour been a younger man, I could have understood this. But he is 42, and a man of the foulest reputation, as she very well knew, a man who couldn't resist bragging that he was making her, which she knew, and yet kept on with him. In the testimony before the court, we avoided an adultery charge, but it was evident to the judge, the Divorce Counsel, and everyone else that adultery had in fact taken place repeatedly without anyone's ever saying so. I avoided this charge not for Sandy's sake, but for the sake of the children, who deserved better of their mother than she has given them. The judge ordered the record sealed, so that no prying reporters could look into it, but the Madison newspapers were already aware of the affair; however, I don't think they will print anything that will hurt the children or jeopardize Sandy's job in Madison. Sandy elected not to contest it, for she knew I had a lot of witnesses -- people who had heard her boast of her affair with the swine Coenen, people who had seen them together in compromising positions, and so on.

Needless to say, for the sake of the children, I did everything I could to turn her from her lunatic course. I might as well have been talking to the wind. She lied and lies, steadily and always, about everything, and her lies finally tripped her up. I put up with this thing for well over a year; I closed my eyes to a previous affair she had had about 2 years after we were married; but this affair with a man as low as Shimmel Coenen is too much. I simply could not live with a woman low enough to show such bad taste and reveal such colossal stupidity. As I told Sandy, I don't hate her; I despise what she's done to our family, but we get along amicably enough. I married Sandy because I felt a moral and social obligation to do so; but I married her only on condition that she give up her illegitimate child, which she did, and that such a thing must not happen again. Now here it is once more; she is 24, a mother of two lovely children, and once again she is having a stupid affair with a married man and himself the father of two teenage girls.

For six years I have had hypertension; two days after I started divorce proceedings, my blood pressure went to normal for the first time without medication. I had a hell of a time leaving my house and never knowing what Sandy was up to behind my back; and I learned that my worst suspicions were mild in contrast to what actually did go on. Sandy is now in Madison; no doubt you have her address and telephone number. There is, of course, no change of a reconciliation; I would never again assume the legal responsibility for one so irresponsible as she is. Sandy's initial month's rent was paid by Coenen, and she assumes he will continue to pay the rent. His wife will not give him a divorce, though she has promised to marry him, despite my telling her that she should find someone of her own age. She is apt to do any fool thing, to tell the truth. Sandy had literally everything -- more clothes than her friends, she went more places, we entertained and were entertained more, her sex life was never inadequate -- but she chose to throw it all over for a place on the back street of a cheap and habitual adulterer -- this, I think, is what she calls "having her freedom."

My folks have moved out to help care for the children. I want you both to know that you will be welcome here any time to visit your grandchildren.

Every good wish to you, as always,

August

A DEPOSITION

I, Sandra Derleth, of my own free will, want to make the following statement of facts: that, beginning in September, 1957, W. J. Coenen (otherwise known as "Shimmel" Coenen) of Sauk City, paid persistent attention and court to me; that presently he overcame my scruples to sexual intercourse with him, and we committed adultery; that thereafter we committed adultery at every favorable opportunity, when my husband was known to be away from home; that he persuaded me to telephone him at such times as my husband was away from our house, either on business or on a hike in the marshes; that he induced me to meet him in Madison in afternoons and during evening hours when my husband taught in that city, such meetings being arranged for his convenience in sexual intercourse; that he suggested to me that I obtain the numbers of my husband's key to his studio, so that he might misrepresent himself to the Russell & Erwin Company and obtain duplicate keys to that room in our house, which he did; that, finally, he persuaded me to join him in Milwaukee on the evening of February 6, 1959, and that he and I thereupon registered at the Plankinton Hotel as man and wife, and remained so registered until the morning of February 9, 1959, and that we lived in the hotel for that weekend as man and wife in adulterous union; that he endeavored to persuade me to desert my husband and family and "elope" with him across the boundary of Wisconsin, so that we might continue to live adulterously. This is a true statement in every particular, and so I do swear.

Witnesses

Subscribed and sworn to before me this _____
day of February, 1959.

14 April, 1959

Dear Zealia,

All thanks for your letter. I don't, though, want a friend of such long standing as you to think that I was guilty of unfairness to Sandy; I may have been guilty of folly in marrying her, but I am sure I was not unfair. You have to understand some of the background. When I first met Sandy at her 14, she was the product of quarrelsome and poverty-stricken parents who had moved into this area, and she appeared about to become the private plaything of two boys slightly older than herself. I took her up into a group of people of mixed ages, but mostly from 15 to 25, and took her to see movies like HAMLET, concerts, etc., customarily in a group of not less than four, often more, persons. When presently it was evident that she had developed a crush on me, I did my best to discourage it, to no avail. And when it came to seduction -- it is true, my resistance was futile, for it was she who wished it and brought it about, thereby putting me up against the responsibilities and obligations such an action incurred. I am afraid that I am too much a man of principle for my own good, and it is this that is responsible for the present circumstances.

What I did not then see was that Sandy was always amoral. She had absolutely no sense of right or wrong in a moral way, and from that time on -- 1949, it was a constant struggle within myself as to deciding which course was best for her. I tried to make her understand that every word and every act carried responsibilities toward society with it, but her philosophy always seemed to be one of dodging responsibilities. If she subscribed to anything, it was to the incredible belief that she could somehow both have her cake and eat it. When I gave her an engagement ring, she was finishing her 17th year, and I did so at that time because her mother insisted I do so to stem local gossip. After her graduation in her 18th year, she went to Madison to work; this was against my wishes, for I felt she was not sufficiently equipped to work in the city, even staying with her grandparents. Even so, this worked out well until her grandfather died suddenly, and from that time on, her amorality asserted itself. In the fall of 1952 it seemed to me an impossibility to marry her, and then, in December, she became pregnant -- not by me, but by a married man who worked in the same office where she worked. Her parents brought an action against him which he settled out of court, and I married her in April next year because I felt it my moral and social responsibility to do so, with the understanding that Sandy would go to California when I went there to lecture -- ostensibly on our honeymoon -- have the baby and give it up, which she did without a qualm.

I felt it incumbent upon me to give her a chance at respectability and cover up for her as much as possible, and I went to considerable expense to do so. For the first few months I watched her carefully, and felt that she responded as she should; she tried hard, I honestly felt; she learned how to cook and became a good cook; she kept the house well -- too well, I

sometimes thought, and so on. But I did notice one disturbing factor -- she had no respect for my work; despite my at first gentle admonitions and my later harsh ones, she interrupted me whenever she felt like it and for the most trivial reasons, so that I could never sit down to my typewriter without feeling that I would be interrupted and I always was, sometimes three times in the course of a morning, often for matters so trivial as the dressing on a salad, the need to admonish or discipline the children for some minor infraction which should have gone unnoticed, and so on. Nevertheless, I felt that perhaps children were the solution; so we had April and Walden. But even before Sandy gave birth to Walden she was unfaithful to me; she committed adultery with a younger fellow, closer to her own age. I pretended ignorance, feeling that he would cut and run, which he did. Perhaps I was in error to pretend ignorance, for it must have assured her that she could go to greater lengths.

This she did in September, 1957, when she took up NOT with a young man but with a man only 8 years younger than I, thus also middle-aged, a married man, notorious as a lecher and sodomist, one who she knew leaked at the mouth, not enough of a man to keep from bragging of his conquests, a man with two teenage daughters who could be hurt by his conduct, and an habitual adulterer. She had been warned against this man, and told just how to deal with him; one sharp remonstrance from her would have kept him in his place. She encouraged him instead, and an adulterous affair of the most vulgar nature then ensued. I became aware of it the following December, remonstrated with her, all in vain. I had then to face the problem of what to do, and I decided to bear with it until I had enough evidence to wipe her out of my life and still keep the children, since I had decided by that time that she was unfit to have them. She and her paramours demonstrated their fatuous stupidity by gabbling sillily over the telephone, with centrals listening in to spread their shame far and wide. I did all I could to keep him from the house, and he heeded my warnings; but alas! the moment my back was turned to go on a hike -- and I went more rarely than ever -- or to teach my class in Madison, she telephoned him and gave him the all clear signal for more adultery. When I discovered what was going on, I locked the telephone in my studio, to which she had no key. She then got the number of my key, slipped it to him, and he had duplicates made. Not only that, he brought her an auxiliary telephone for my downstairs plug. Finally, to cap the climax, she pretended to visit a bridesmaid in Milwaukee February 6th, when I went down to lecture there, then met her paramour at a Milwaukee hotel, registered as man and wife, and spent the weekend there with him. When she returned home February 9th, I faced her with my knowledge and she confessed in front of my secretary and myself. I then told her I was going to divorce her absolutely, that I intended to have the children, and that if she fought for them I would swear out a criminal warrant on an adultery charge and put her in prison if possible; so she elected not to fight for the children -- which is secretly what she wanted, obviously -- and eagerly cooperated in my obtaining this divorce. So, for the sake of the children, we parted amicably, and she sees them for the time being every weekend, but this will soon end as a more exciting life opens up to her.

Now then, I would not pretend to say that in all this I was blameless. By no means. Only that I was considerably more blameless than she was. Being

married under such a cloud as ours, I could hardly trust her again, yet I did try -- obviously so successfully that she was able to indulge in two adulterous affairs in six years. So on that score I could hardly be condemned. Now as for entertainment. In every week since our marriage we averaged company out here 3 nights -- 3 nights per week for six years! In addition to that, we went out for dinner an average of twice a week every week of that time. Moreover, we averaged one concert, play, etc., and 1½ movies per week all of that time. If there was one thing we did little of, it was dancing, since on the dance floor I want to go fast to fast music, and that simply isn't good for me. I sacrificed much work to fulfil my obligations to a younger woman who naturally wanted more activity than I would normally want. I sacrificed hiking, which is greatly necessary to me, for it regenerates my creative processes. Moreover, I spared Sandy all the shopping; I did it. Further, she had more dresses, jewelry, by three times over what her friends had. She had a cleaning woman once a week.

She was always good to the children, and had been a good mother, but in the past 1½ years of her vulgar liaison she had become short and irritable with them, and had cheerfully co-operated in sending them up to my mother's six afternoons per week, to clear the beds in case I went for a protracted hike. During all that time, while I knew what was going on, I never enjoyed a hike, for fear of finding her pregnant and myself legally if not naturally responsible. This is manifestly no way to life, I am sure you will grant. It had to end. I know the children deserve a mother, but it is folly to assume that a child's natural mother is always best for him. This simply isn't so. The biological process doesn't carry brainpower with it. And Sandy herself admits frankly that she is "no good", which is so, morally.

Now then, as to her sexual life. It might be thought that she turned to other men in lieu of inadequate sex life at home. This is not so. In ten years of copulating Sandy was extraordinarily well satisfied. She was and is one of the many-climax women (as opposed to the single-climax women), and in our sexual life, Sandy averaged 15 climaxes each time we had intercourse, and at one time had 55 at a single occasion! In all our married life, Sandy was never refused but twice, when I was ill and she should have had better sense than to importune me. Further, on the very day that she agreed before our counsel to give up the children, she came home and callously demanded to be served -- and had to be served three times in the following twenty-four hour period for a total of 51 climaxes. Her demands ran in cycles -- sometimes nothing for days, then twice and three times a day for a week or two, and so on.

I have to admit that I was satisfactory to her because I did NOT love her, and I was not therefore emotionally involved and thus driven to early orgasm. I was fond of her, but I no longer loved her even when we were married, and for four months before that time -- ever since I learned of her pregnancy by another man with whom she had carried on an affair of some duration.

You may say that she felt this, but it is not so. When I told her of it at the time of our divorce, she was incredulous; she had never guessed this state of affairs.

She did say that she felt inferior to me. It is true that sometimes I was impatient, when goaded beyond all reason, but never publicly; so she was never shamed. I protected her always in public, and fronted for her -- all to no avail. Despite all my care in 1953, she stupidly blabbed all those carefully concealed details to her women friends here; moreover, she stupidly boasted of her affair with the local sodomist. This, added to her silly telephone conversations, and her brazenness generally, plus her lack of respect for my work and the manifest fact that she is incapable of loving, really loving to the point of sacrifice -- not only me, but anyone, including her children -- she rationalized giving them up by saying, truthfully, that they wouldn't be happy with her in a two-room apartment with strange babysitters, after being used to grandparents and a loving father and a big house and yard -- made it perfectly plain that I had fulfilled any moral or social obligation I had to her, and I could no longer sacrifice myself for an ideal. She had given no quarter to respectability; she would have none of it, and thus proved once again for this idealistic blockhead that one cannot no matter how one tries make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The plain fact is that she was too stupid to live with any longer. This was mortification beyond the call of duty, and I would have none of it. It was either divorce her or sacrifice my self-respect, and without self-respect I am done as a man and a writer. That is it. And there cannot ever be a reconciliation; I cannot condescend that far, not even for the sake of my children.

Your letter only proves again -- what people here have learned -- what a very good front I put up. And how futile it was, these events have now shown. She was so frail a read, and so utterly brainless, that, not only could she not take heed of my wisdom, she could not even benefit by her own experience!

I am sorry to learn you've been ill. And do by all means get in touch with me when you do come to Madison. I have a night class there every Wednesday through May 27, and we could have dinner before that class in writing for publication, and you could come to class if you liked, for it's very informal and great fun -- (I quote the students!).

My best always.

March 7, 1953
6:00 p.m.

My darling —

Sitting at the window looking at the beautiful sunset — it was such a pretty day today but kind of cold. I miss you so much Sweetheart —

Mother kept the boys home today as she took them to Freeport to Dr. Rocky to have she and the boys blood tested (?) I think you know why. I didn't go but stayed at Bill's with Jerry. Mother told Jerry about this mess; she was a little shocked but said she admired me for going thru with it. Mother also found out that she was p.g. also. Three weeks along only but keep it quiet. She doesn't want Grandma to know. It sure makes things complicated now.

I guess I've decided to go back to work as long as I can. But Mother thinks Dad will discover me if I do because if I keep seeing you I'll just be a W.H. — I told them I didn't see why I couldn't see my fiancée after all, ~~but~~ we're still going to be married & no one knows what condition I'm in.

We went shopping or rather I did (Charged ink) in Freeport before they went to the doctor. Got some Aderant, Tangle factor, Shengao etc. Then took Mother & the boys in for a Soda. Then we went to Jerry's & left me there. It certainly isn't dull there — she has that nursery,

I didn't sleep very well last nite so was awfully tired today. My legs are the only thing that bothers me now. I love you, darling, & it hurts me so much to be without you. I hope when the next X-rays are taken, they'll show that I'm farther along than they say. I pray all the time that it will be yours, honey, & I'm sure it is. Mom thinks so too.

I love you terribly & you know now you won't have to worry about there being someone else — there's only you now.

I hope you reached home alright. I had the worst time mailing last nite's letter — first I had to get envelopes, then stamps, & finally find a mailbox to mail so as a result it didn't go out until about 2:00 this afternoon. So maybe this one will go out sooner.

It's dark now & Dad isn't back yet. I hope you can come in Sunday to see me. But I think I'll be working anyway but I want you to come in case Dad & Grandma want let me work. But I'm 18 so I can if I want to raise a commotion. I usually do so I guess it won't be anything unusual. Dad will have a baby to worry about (in case she is) so maybe he won't fight with me so much. Guess I'll sign off now, sweetheart & eat some supper. Please for me take care of yourself ~~just for~~ because I want you to be happy & we'll have a long married life. I love you, darling & everything. Stuff & they are for the next 5 months, we'll be married. I love you so much. I'll see you soon. All my love

March 8, 1953

10:00 p.m.

Darling —

Writing this in bed so I hope you'll be able to read this.

Well, we have 28 more days until the big day. We will be happy, honey, I know we will. We'll have a family & I make a vow to my own little self that you won't find too much to hiked at me for. And if you do, then I'll feel I'm being justly punished. I'll be a good wife, honey, & do anything you ask 'cause I love you so darn much. I promise I won't bother you when you're working 'cause I'll just stay downstairs when you're working. I can hardly wait honey. — I don't care if we never go anywhere, I just want to be with you & depend on you.

We left Madelon about 2:00 this aft & got down here around 3:00. I felt sorry for Grandma 'cause she certainly wanted me to stay. I'm wondering about using her car. She won't have any car for that time & I don't think it would hurt me if I rode in any other car.

We had a real nice dinner at the apartment, roast beef, baked potatoes, corn, salad, radishes etc but it was crowded & the boys were naughty as usual. Mom, Dad & I played cards to the top for about an hour then sat around & talked & finally went to bed. I'm quite tired now but I usually wake up in the night. I got tired quite easily & tonight I had a pain in my lower stomach that I doubt

up with & couldn't talk, it hurt so.
I can't imagine what it could be - it
was so sharp. Anyway it's over now. When
we're married I won't mention any of
my aches & pains cause I won't want
you to have your hate grow any more for
me. I'm going to try awfully hard & I
know I can do it if I really set my
mind to it & I have set it.

I won't bother you & I'll love you
a lot & you'll write a lot & make some
money. I love you - I just don't know
how else to say it - I never could say it
right like you can but you know I mean
it.

Guess I'll eat an apple & go to sleep
& say my prayer (you know) & kiss you
in my dreams. I love you with all
my heart, sweetheart, Goodnite - I'll
write again tomorrow.

All my love,

Sandy

Thursday mite.

9:30 p.m.

Darling—

Thought I'd write you a note before going to bed—don't know what the use is in going to bed as I won't sleep anyway. Right now I'm praying to God that you take care of yourself even if you don't ~~for~~ want to just do it for me so as soon as I have the baby we will get married.

I'm paying a right honey, putting up with all the family's nagging, having a baby without being married, but most of all I love you so terribly much—I couldn't live without you you know that. I know when you're reading this you ask yourself then why did I do this to make such a mess. I guess it was just because I didn't like ~~you~~ having to discipline me, as I guess it gave me some consolation. As for fixing it up, I don't know why I did that. Please believe me honey, the 1st of Dec. was the first time he did anything & I don't blame you for not wanting to make up me until after everything is over. I want your baby so

P.S. I don't write
such wonderful love
letters, but I try

I know, down deep in my heart & I'll
love it as much as you. At least I
know I haven't lost you. I hope that
these next 5 months will go fast.
I'll finish taking instructions so
we can be married immediately.
I wanted a church wedding so much but
if I can just have you I'll be married
in a hash just so I have you. I don't
care whether you beat me every 15
minutes just so I can be near you.
I'm sure you can come down anytime
you want to. Mother didn't say a
word about anything even though
I couldn't buy dishes without rushing
to the Kleenex hotel and drying my eyes.
I know now what love is. Honey, believe
it or not. You know, after I go thru all
this I'll love you all the more. Why
don't you come up Sunday when we go to
see Grandma? I'll write you tomorrow
again so good night & take care of yourself
just for me — everything will be alright.
I love you with all my heart.

21 Aug. 1956.

Hi Aug,

Just a few lines for now.

I got transferred to a different squadron 2 days before the 40-VP left. Through the help of the Chaplain and due to the fact I've been recently married.

I might not have paid too close of attention to the night lectures at the Serleth's residence, or probably have forgot most of the sex education classes so don't think me ever dumblyt-Bitch.

Her-

How many times should a man come to a each of the womans. (What's good, poor or excellent) Up to now - mein Frau is satisfied each night completely but me - not quite.

If you get time please send a few pointers, etc. Because it is expensive to go out most of our fun is in bed.

Not much news. 3 more planes lost overseas. (PBMs) One shot down by a Mig. A kid I know very well was shot while at the waist gun & killed. Her was 21 and a comic aid sick.

Please don't show this to anyone.

Suf Wundershein, As Always, Jim

24 August 1952

Dear Jim,

I had learned of your transfer from your mother a week or so ago, and assumed you would be writing presently to give me your new address. Sounds like a good deal, even if you may have to go later; there is always the possibility you may not have to go at all now.

As for your questions -- I should say that you represent the vast majority. Sexual adjustment in marriage is a long-lasting problem. The very first consideration is this -- absolute frankness in discussing the matter. The second is -- no prurency. That is, don't show the slightest sign of shock or displeasure at whatever form sexual enjoyment takes; the moment you do show displeasure, you spoil sex for your partner. If you practise frankness, you can tell your wife that you are not being satisfied; she will certainly bend every effort to satisfy you, be sure of that. She may find it necessary to employ other means apart from her vagina -- tongue or hand, as she likes. (In this regard: statistics show that out of every 3 married couples, one practises mutual sucking -- a third of all married couples.) Whatever she does, it is up to you to permit it and learn to enjoy it. The vagina won't wear out half as fast as an erect dong, but it can become very sensitive.

If my experience is any criterion, a woman ought to climax five times to every once a man does. If a man is capable of coming with her those five times, well and good. Once she climaxes at least five times, she may (and usually is) be satisfied, and you can then come as often and as rapidly as you like. But until she has achieved basic satisfaction you ought not to let your erection go down except only briefly between shots, to speak. The average woman hardly climaxes at all, and statistics indicate that only 1 in 10,000 women is regularly satisfied. Many women fake satisfaction. They require more than a man knows how to give, in a technique which involves considerable attention to the clitoris as well as the vaginal opening.

For instance -- confidential, please -- when I make love, I begin very leisurely, with some necking, a warm-up, very tender and demonstrative. Presently I begin to stroke the inside of the legs, passing my hand gently, with slowly increasing pressure, over the vagina and clitoris. Soon I find the clitoris and begin to stroke it gently (never with pressure) with one fingertip, bringing the natural lubri-

11.

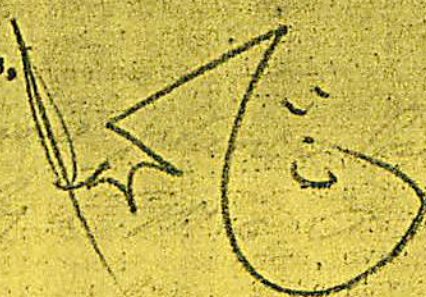
cation which comes from the vagina to ease the passage of the pinus up to lave the clitoris. In this position she may be brought to a climax by the finger, if she likes, with the finger either continuing at the clitoris or plunging into the vagina while another takes over the clitoris. However, I usually do not bring to a climax; instead, I take over the clitoris with my tongue and bring her to a climax in that fashion, by plunging my tongue into her vagina, and bringing about four or five rapid climaxes. Then I go in, permitting myself to get hard for the first time during the operation. In this position, I bring about several more climaxes. Then I withdraw, put on a condom (safe), and come with her. Thereafter we relax, without any letting-up of affection and demonstration of affection. In half an hour to an hour, the whole procedure, allowing for such variations of position as are desired, are advisable, etc., is repeated. When I make love, I average only one or two climaxes, my partner never less than 10, and often 20, once as high as 31.

Usually it is a woman who is dissatisfied, not a man. If you come more than once, two or three times ought to satisfy you. If Sarah grows sensitive, teach her to suck you; this is much cleaner than you would think, far cleaner and more germ-free than kissing. The fact is that lubrication of the genital organs is very highly antiseptic, since it must protect the delicate sperms, and it will attack and kill all bacteria it comes in contact with.

So much for that. If you have any specific questions, don't hesitate to ask them. That goes for Sarah, too.

Not much news. As you probably know, Sandy's grandfather dropped dead last Thursday. We buried him yesterday in Freeport. I had the service at the funeral home; the Masons had it at the cemetery. The Gankels were there, too, except Tommy, who is in service, as you must know by this time.

So much for now. All best always,

A handwritten signature, possibly 'W. B. G.', is written in dark ink. It consists of a stylized first letter 'W' followed by a series of loops and a final flourish.

Alice, Here's the material I promised. Have I forgotten anything? It's sad to read this and to realize Aug's family doesn't even care about his wishes. How much clearer could it be? Scandal-mongers have raped his journals and letters, hurting many people, with more hurt in store for unsuspecting persons mentioned in the journals.

Literky has announced she could blackmail 2/3's of Sauk City with the information she has dug up. Poor Sandy has lost all of her privacy. She'd have grounds for a dilly of a law suit. Others would too.

If only Mildred and the kids would realize how badly this makes them look in the eyes of the public. They can't believe their lack of interest or involvement. Even the State Historical Society is puzzled, and they ask why they have never heard anything from the family. Don't they realize all correspondence ends with Hartmann and they never learn what is really going on? The Historical Society would like nothing better than to carry out Aug's wishes to close the Journals for sixty years. They have stacks of letters from irate authors, publishers, acquaintances and friends. This whole situation has damaged the Historical Society. Their reputation is ruined. August looks very bad, and his reputation is also damaged.

The Historical Society would like nothing better than a letter instructing them to close the letters and journals for sixty years. One letter is all that it would take, a letter not from Hartmann, but rather from his children or sister. Your concern and interest in correcting this unfortunate situation is appreciated, Alice, not only by me but by the hundreds of people out there who are asking, "why?" From coast to coast the letters have poured into the Historical Society, to the August Berleth Society and I'm certain, to Hartmann. Future biographers should have quite a bit to say about the family of August Berleth! And even more to say about the lawyer who "owns" A.H.!

All best,

Kauf

WILLIAM D. DYKE
ATTORNEY AT LAW
147 HIGH STREET
MINERAL POINT, WI 53565
(608) 987-3737

WILLIAM D. DYKE
THOMAS G. WHITE

March 3, 1981

State Historical Society of Wisconsin
816 State St.
Madison, Wisconsin 53706

ATTN: R. Erney, Director

Dear Mr. Erney: *DICK*

I've been asked to contact you by a party affected by the Society's duties in connection with the disposition of the materials deposited with the Society by the actions of the late August Derleth.

As you know over the course of several years certain papers, letters, manuscripts and journals were given to the Society by Mr. Derleth.

As you know the will of Mr. Derleth contained certain specific bequests of his property and created certain rights and responsibilities for the State Historical Society. As I read the will it provided in paragraph 7 as follows:

"I hereby appoint as my literary executor the Wisconsin State Historical Society of the State of Wisconsin, to be represented by its proper officers or by a competent person employed by them for the duties. The Wisconsin State Historical Society, or the literary editors employed by them, is vested with discretionary and editorial powers. The proper officers of the Society shall exercise the editorial discretion over the publication or suppression, but not destruction, of such unpublished manuscripts as I may leave. The Society shall be at liberty to consult other impartial authorities in the field of American literature to aid in the exercise of their proper discretion, together with a discretion to continue the publication and sale of my already published works, or to prepare anthologies of my published fiction, poetry or journal excerpts, published or unpublished, for publication, either under their own imprint or by lease to some other publisher, for which service they can assess my estate the customary 10% agent's fee. Title to my literary work is to remain the property of my children, or as I may

State Historical Society of Wisconsin
Mr. R. Erney, Director
Re: August Derleth
March 3, 1981
Page 2

hereinafter provide by a later testamentary direction, but in the event that circumstances should occur to deprive me of my children and grandchildren, or any descendent in a direct line, then I give and bequeath to the Wisconsin State Historical Society all title, copyrights, etc., in all my published or unpublished work. Editorial discretion shall also be exercised over my letters, and the said Wisconsin State Historical Society shall be considered as empowered to proceed with publication or arrangements for publication of any of my unpublished work of whatsoever nature, provided that a just and fair royalty of not less than 10% of the retail price per copy on such publications shall be paid to my surviving legal heirs. The 10% royalty above specified may be altered by a mutual written agreement between the Wisconsin State Historical Society and the persons to whom the agreed royalty is to be paid, said written agreement shall be subject to change from year to year as circumstances justify a change."

My client is specifically troubled by the fact that the materials deposited with the Society will contain some harmful disclosures that will undoubtedly be of great damage to certain individuals referred to in the journals and letters.

As I see your powers you can within the discretion granted you by the will suppress certain material. Specifically I refer to the following language:

"The Wisconsin State Historical Society, or the literary editors employed by them, is vested with discretionary and editorial powers. The proper officers of the Society shall exercise the editorial discretion over the publication or suppression, but not destruction, of such unpublished manuscripts as I may leave."

At this point you may want to refer the matter to some appropriate member of your legal department for review. I believe an informal opinion was rendered you by Charles Bleck, some years ago, but I also believe it covered only letters and was not designed to include an opinion on federal law or on the journals and may due to passage of time be fit for further review.

State Historical Society of Wisconsin
Mr. R. Erney, Director
Re: August Derleth
March 3, 1981
Page 3

I request an opportunity to discuss this matter with you personally and such members of your staff, the editorial board, or appropriate committee or legal spokesman as may be satisfactory to you.

Further I ask that at this state you limit the discussion to your staff and legal assistants. If it is appropriate to include the estate or his publisher I suggest we do so only at some later and more appropriate time.

I assure you have a copy of the will. If not, it is available through the Register in Probate in Sauk County.

Thank you.

Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Dyke", written in dark ink.

William D. Dyke

WDD:plh

Presented by Mr. August Derleth, Sauk City, Wisconsin, 1940-1964; Mr. Felix Pollak, Rare Book Room of the University Library, Madison, Wisconsin, 1961; and Mr. Leo Weissenborn, Chicago, Illinois, n. d.; Mr. Donald S. Fryer, Pacific Palisades, California, November, 1964.

RESTRICTIONS

1. The entire collection is to be closed during the lifetime of Mr. Derleth, except to scholars who obtain written permission from him. For a five year period after Mr. Derleth's death the collection will

remain closed, except to researchers who obtain permission from the Director of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

2. The Sac Prairie Journal is covered by the general restrictions on the collection, with the additional provision that no part of this diary may be used until twenty years after its original recording.
3. Special restrictions apply also to five sealed packages in carton 1. Packages 1-3 are to remain completely closed until five years after Mr. Derleth's death. Packages 4-5 are to be completely closed until twenty years after his death.

JTB
10-5-64

ONLY INSTRUCTIONS EVER GIVEN SOCIETY

Container List (continued)Box Folder

CORRESPONDENCE (continued)

Weaver, Inez (continued)

1962, January - June. 5 1

1962, July - December. 2

1963, January - June. 3

1963, July - December. 4

1964, January - June. 5

1964, July - December. 6

1965, January - June. 7

1965, July - December. 8

1966, January - December. 9

1967, January - December. 10

1968, January - 1 March 1969. 11

Weaver, Warren,

Letters to Inez Weaver,

1955, April 11. 12

1957, January 8. 12

MISCELLANEOUS PERSONAL AND BUSINESS DOCUMENTS 13

Container ListBoxFolder

CORRESPONDENCE

Colehour, Samuel Philip,
1950, July 12 - 2 January 1970.

Meudt, Edna,
1959, September 1 - 27 October 1964.

Pence, Barbara,
1963, May 6 - 31 December 1965.
1966, January 1 - 13 April 1971.

Shea, J. Vernon,
1950, June 1 - 31 December 1954.
1955, January 1 - 31 August 1967.

Stiver, Mary,
1960, February 4 - 31 December 1960.
1961, January 1 - 31 December 1963.
1964, January 1 - 9 August 1968.

Weaver, Inez,
1947, July - December.
1948, January - June.
1948, July - December.
1949, January - June.
1949, July - December.
1950, January - June.
1950, July - December.
1951, January - June.
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Also preserved in a separate folder are two letters to Inez Weaver from her cousin Warren Weaver, a Wisconsin native and collaborator with Norbert Wiener and Claude Shannon in the field of communications theory.

Bibliography

Carter, Lin. H.P. Lovecraft: A Look Behind the Cthulhu Mythos. New York: Ballantine Books, 1972.

Derleth, August W. Thirty Years of Arkham House. Sauk City, Wisconsin: Arkham House, 1969.

Presented by Gretchen Colchour, 14 April 1972; Edna Meudt, 24 November 1964; Barbara Pence, 5 August 1965, 6 October 1966, 1 September 1967, 11 March 1968, 21 January 1969, 30 July 1971; J. Vernon Shea, 23 November 1964, 12 October 1967; Mary Stiver, 22 April 1968, 16 October 1969; Inez Weaver, 10 December 1964, 2 June 1965, 22 February 1967, 24 March 1969.

M72-139; M64-354; M65-270; M66-383; M67-271; M68-34; M69-29; M71-195; M64-353; M67-299; M68-80; M69-336; M64-375; M65-236; M67-76; M69-94.

S. Sargent (FGH Intern) -- J. Hohler
30 June 1974

In addition to these basic interests, Derleth also addresses himself in these letters to particular interests that he shares with each correspondent:

SAMUEL PHILIP COLEHOUR had been a classmate of Derleth's at the University of Wisconsin. At the time of the correspondence he was working as a high school librarian in Texas, and was interested in writing mystery stories. Derleth occasionally advised Colehour about the practical aspects of writing commercial fiction. In Sauk City, Derleth had grown up with Mark Schorer, who has since become well-known as a literary scholar and biographer of Sinclair Lewis. Derleth and Schorer had collaborated in the writing of commercial fiction during the summer of 1931. Colehour was an acquaintance of Schorer as well as of Derleth, and these letters show a good deal about Derleth's attitudes toward Schorer.

EDNA MEUDT was a Wisconsin poet, author of Round River Canticle and No One Sings Face Down. She occasionally sent Derleth manuscripts for criticism, and his comments are revealing with respect to his literary philosophy and standards.

BARBARA PENCE began a correspondence with Derleth because she was interested in the background of his historical novels. His letters to her contain considerable information about his use of local history in fiction.

J. VERNON SHEA had been a member of the Lovecraft group, and contributor to the "Cthulhu Mythos." At the time of this correspondence he was interested in a number of editorial projects, and Derleth's letters to him contain much detailed information and advice about the economics of editing and publishing. Derleth and Shea also shared an interest in movies, and Derleth regularly comments in this series of letters on films he has seen.

MARY STIVER was a poet who contributed to Hawk and Whippoorwill, and who eventually submitted a book of verse, Brief Argument, that Derleth published. Derleth's letters to her contain frequent observations about the practical side of publishing poetry, and about his philosophy of human relationships.

INEZ WEAVER was manager of the local telephone company in Juda, Wisconsin. She began writing to Derleth because of an interest in his books, but later became something of a personal confidant. Consequently this series contains the most detailed discussions of Derleth's personal life and of his liberal Democratic political views. The correspondence given by Inez Weaver contains some material other than letters from August Derleth.

The letters are arranged by correspondent into six main series; within the series the arrangement is chronological. Clippings about Derleth, catalogs from Arkham House, and a few personal documents have been preserved in a folder of miscellaneous material.

Derleth contributed more to the Cthulhu material than anyone except Lovecraft, and in the period following Lovecraft's death, by encouraging other writers to develop it further, he was primarily responsible for keeping the Cthulhu literature alive.

In 1939, Derleth and Donald Wandrei, another member of the Lovecraft group, founded the small publishing firm of Arkham House, Arkham being the name of a fictitious Massachusetts town that appears in Lovecraft's stories. Though Arkham House was originally intended simply as a means of putting Lovecraft's stories into book form, within a few years it expanded its activities, publishing books not only by Derleth himself and other members of the Lovecraft circle, but by such British and American fantasy writers as A.E. Coppard, Algernon Blackwood, and Ray Bradbury.

In the early 1940's Derleth became the sole proprietor of Arkham House, and later increased his publishing activities by putting out two other imprints: Mycroft and Moran, which specialized in detective fiction; and Stanton and Lee, under which he kept his "Sac Prairie" books in print. Derleth also published a "little magazine," Hawk and Whippoorwill, that was devoted primarily to the publishing of nature poetry.

For all his publishing activities, however, Derleth continued to give most of his time to writing, and eventually became one of the most prolific of all American writers. At the time of his death he was the author of about 150 books.

Scope and Content

In addition to writing for publication, Derleth carried on an extensive correspondence both with writers and with people in other fields. This collection consists of six series of letters that were given to the Society, at Derleth's request, by the people to whom they were addressed.

Two preoccupations run more or less throughout the correspondence: Derleth's interest in his own writing, and his interest in nature. The letters are filled with casual observations about the quantity of writing accomplished in a given day or week, and about the progress of individual projects. And unlike some writers, Derleth was quite willing to discuss the significance of his own fiction, and the letters contain frequent comments about its meaning and historical background. Derleth considered himself something of a disciple of Thoreau, and he followed Thoreau in making detailed though not scientifically systematic observations of nature. The late-spring season for hunting morel mushrooms was particularly important to Derleth, and he regularly took May as a kind of vacation from literary activities.

AUGUST W. DERLETH (1909 - 1971), Collected Correspondence, 1947 - 1971
5 boxes

Biography

August W. Derleth (24 February 1909 - 4 July 1971), Wisconsin writer, was born and raised in Sauk City, Wisconsin, where he attended the local parochial and public schools. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1930. After working for a few months in Minneapolis as an editor for Fawcett Publications, he returned to Sauk City where he lived the rest of his life. He married Sandra Winters in 1953 and divorced her in 1959. The Derleths had two children: April Rose Derleth was born 9 August 1954; Walden William Derleth, 22 August 1956.

Derleth began writing and selling commercial fiction when he was still in high school. From the middle 1930's he was able to support himself comfortably by writing reviews, commercial fiction, and books for younger readers. During the latter part of his life he supplemented his income by part-time teaching and lecturing.

Along with his commercial writing, he produced a considerable literary output that he intended more seriously. At about the time that he was finishing college he conceived the outlines of his "Sac Prairie Saga," the literary project that was to occupy much of the rest of his life. His plan was to use a variety of literary forms--lyric poems and personal journals as well as historical and contemporary novels--to portray his native town from different perspectives. The "Sac Prairie Saga" was later supplemented by a "Wisconsin Saga," a sequence of historical novels set in other parts of the state.

Another area of serious literary interest for Derleth was the supernatural. At about the same time that he sold his first fiction, he began a correspondence with H.P. Lovecraft, the well-known writer of horror stories. Lovecraft had gathered a number of disciples into a loose association, most of its members being contributors or would-be contributors to Weird Tales, the leading magazine of the 1920's and 1930's devoted to supernatural fiction. In addition to Derleth, several members of the Lovecraft circle eventually became well-known professional writers, among them Fritz Leiber, Jr., and Robert Bloch.

Beginning with Lovecraft, the members of this group developed a body of fiction known collectively as the "Cthulhu Mythos," a group of stories that had as a common background a complex mixture of science fiction and supernatural elements.

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Beginning with Lovecraft, the members of this group developed a body of fiction known collectively as the "Cthulhu Mythos," a group of stories that had as a common background a complex mixture of science fiction and supernatural elements.

RESTRICTION

Beginning 1 December 1976 and continuing
until further notice, all of the
AUGUST W. DERLETH
papers (Wis, Mss, WO; the 1965 through 1970
Additions to the Derleth papers; and the August
W. Derleth Collected Correspondence, Mss, 301)
will be CLOSED to all research for re-processing,
EXCEPT for the drafts of Derleth's published
writings filed in Wis, Mss, WO
boxes 38 through 61 (open)
box 65 (open)
volumes 1-3 and package 1 (open).



March 13, 1980

ARCHIVES DIVISION

Ms. Genevieve Turk, Secretary
August Derleth Society
7203 16th Avenue
Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140

Dear Ms. Turk:

In response to your letter of February 12, the August Derleth Papers since May, 1979 have been open to readers and researchers under the same conditions of access in person and by mail as govern the use of our general manuscript collections. A brochure describing concisely the Archives Division's facilities, hours, and policies is enclosed.

Only a few portions of the Derleth Papers remain closed under terms of the contract between Derleth and the State Historical Society. These restrictions were imposed by Derleth himself. Two packets of correspondence are to remain closed for twenty years after his death. The Sac Prairie Journal entries are closed for twenty years after date of writing; these therefore are being opened constantly and progressively.

Each reader requesting to use the collection is cautioned that many of the manuscripts are under copyright, whether written by Derleth or by others. In addition, researchers are advised that use of some items may be affected by statutes on libel and statutes protecting an individual's right to privacy. Each reader or researcher is ultimately responsible for use of selections from the collection in citation, quotation, and publication. The State Historical Society archivists provide only these general guidelines; they do not attempt to give detailed or definitive legal advice on the use of any particular item or segment of the Derleth Papers. These general cautions or guidelines apply not only to the Derleth Papers but also to many of the Society's other twentieth century manuscript collections.

Because final arrangement and boxing of the Derleth Papers are still in progress and the revised register for the collection is not yet completed, we suggest that readers notify us a few days in advance when they desire to study in the collection. Such notice usually eliminates delays in service which may occur when materials still in the Processing section are requested for use in the Archives Reading Room.

Sincerely yours,

F. Gerald Ham
State Archivist

FGH:dc
Enclosure

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

516 STATE STREET MADISON, WISCONSIN 53706 TEL: 265-1511 FAX: 265-1512

17 June 1946

Dear Miss Smith,

I was somewhat upset by the story on the front page of Sunday's State Journal about the files of letters. Someone telephoned me from Madison Saturday night to ask a) when my journal and papers in the Library would be open to the public, to which I replied that they would be open to students sixty years after my death; b) whether the Jennings letters could be seen now, to which I replied that they could not. Apparently this was someone connected with the Journal. Since I made no public statement at any time about the presence of these letters in the Society's Library, I wonder how the story got out and to the ears of newspapermen? I know that people even as little in the limelight as myself must expect this sort of thing, but it is regrettable that the Society should be placed in a position of harboring "sensational" material, which is not quite the fact in the matter.

Sincerely,

August Derleth

ad/eh

*Should we spend thousands of dollars
to change things?*

Starving social history

FACED WITH demands to cut back in a period of austerity, agencies are often tempted to slash low-profile programs whose public benefits look slim and whose constituencies are least likely to complain.

Such appears to be the unhappy fate of two small but valuable collections at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Forced, like other state agencies, to trim its budget by 44 percent, the society has chosen to lay off the staff members who spearheaded its nationally recognized collections of material on social action and labor history.

OFFICIALS deny that the lay-offs will jeopardize the future of these collections, which include personal papers, documents, photographs and manuscripts used by scholars throughout the country. But defenders of the programs fear otherwise. They say that without continuing collection and

maintenance, these archives will inevitably suffer gaps and become less accessible. Donors, in turn, may be less keen to provide materials.

In the midst of all the agonizing about other, more spectacular cuts, that prospect may seem insignificant to some. But it would be a small tragedy nonetheless — a blow to serious scholarship in an area vitally important to an understanding of the nation's sometimes turbulent history.

We sympathize with the Historical Society's plight; it is undoubtedly going through the same kind of soul-searching that grips the rest of the state bureaucracy; and cuts, after all, have to be made somewhere. But to us, it makes more sense to spread the pain evenly throughout the society's programs than to create a resource of such lasting value to the nation.



ARCHIVES DIVISION

February 3, 1981

Ms. Linda Smith
P. O. Box 320
Baraboo, Wisconsin 53913

Dear Ms. Smith:

Pursuant to your telephone conversation of 27 January with Mrs. Joanne Hohler of my staff, I am authorizing the loan of a limited number of items from the August Derleth Papers for an exhibit at the Sauk-Prairie High School on Saturday, October 10, co-sponsored by the Continuing Education Program of the University of Wisconsin-Baraboo and the August Derleth Society. Items selected will be those mutually agreed upon by Dr. Josephine L. Harper, Reference Archivist, or her representative, and by you or another representative of the sponsoring organizations. The sponsors of the exhibit will be responsible for transportation of the loaned items from Madison to the Sauk-Prairie High School on 9 October and their return to the State Historical Society on 12 October, for their security throughout this four-day period, and for any expenses incurred in the transfer, security, insurance or exhibit of the items while on loan.

Yours truly,

F. Gerald Ham
State Archivist

FGH:dk

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

816 STATE STREET · MADISON, WISCONSIN 53706 RICHARD A ERNEY, DIRECTOR

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN

816 STATE STREET / MADISON, WISCONSIN 53706 / JAMES MORTON SMITH, DIRECTOR

Office of the Director

November 11, 1976

Mrs. Genevieve Turk.
7203 16th Avenue
Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140

Dear Mrs. Turk:

In response to your letter of November 3, I am writing to assure you that the Society has conscientiously adhered to the agreement made with Mr. Derleth concerning the accessibility of his papers. Our agreement stipulated that the entire collection would remain closed for a five year period after his death, except to researchers who had the permission of the Director of the Society; and that no part of the Sac Prairie Journal would be used until twenty years after its original recording. An additional provision restricted the use of designated packages for a twenty year period. Mr. Derleth made frequent visits to the Society between the 1964 date of the agreement and the time of his death. He requested no changes in the conditions governing the use of his collection, and it is this agreement which we have followed.

During the restricted period, all requests for use of the collection were carefully reviewed by the Director. The five year restriction terminated on July 4, 1976. With the exception of the packages mentioned above, the papers and those journals dated prior to 1956 are now open for research. The Society, by legislative statute, can restrict materials only at the request of a donor; we do so willingly and work with the donors to reach mutually satisfactory terms. However, as a public state agency, the Society itself is not authorized to impose restrictions upon materials donated or entrusted to its care.

None of the Society's manuscript holdings can be charged out to individuals. They can be transferred on temporary loan at the request of the Society's Area Research Centers where they are used under supervised conditions, similar to those here at the Society building. Unless a donor restriction prevents reproduction, researchers are permitted to make Xerox copies of materials, and this has been done by those using the open segments of the Derleth Papers. To the casual observer, these Xerox copies may have looked like original materials. I can assure you that we make a diligent effort to prevent unauthorized removal of original manuscripts.

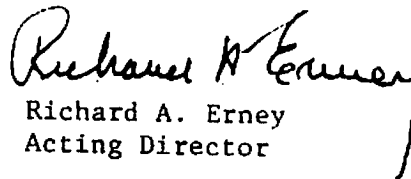
Mrs. Genevieve Turk - 2

November 11, 1976

I appreciate your writing so that I might have this opportunity to explain the specific terms of our agreement with Mr. Derleth and the policies governing the use of the Society's original manuscripts. I regret that some misunderstanding exists and would appreciate it if you would correct it if there is the chance to do so.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely,


Richard A. Erney
Acting Director

RAE:bjkd

November 3, 1976

Director
Wisconsin State Historical Society
816 State Street
Madison, Wisconsin 53706

Dear Sir,

At a recent meeting in Milwaukee, it was brought to my attention that someone in the Historical Society has seen fit to release the journals and correspondence entrusted to you by the late August Derleth.

I must protest, most vigorously, this flagrant violation of Mr. Derleth's wishes in the matter. As a friend in his last years, he told me on many different occasions that he intended this material to remain closed to public scrutiny for a period of 60 years.

It was further reported to me that individuals have not only had access to all of his material, but can carry it home at will. This kind of irreverence for memorabilia entrusted to your care by Mr. Derleth is inexcusable and appalling to those of us who knew his intentions.

In view of the historical significance of Mr. Derleth's contributions to Wisconsin, and the importance of the papers he so confidently put into your care, I insist that you cease and desist this gross flaunting of his and the public trust. I await word from you that you have done so.

Sincerely,

c.c.

Mrs. Genevieve Turk

AUGUST DERLETH


SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN

12 October, 1963

Dear Edna,

All thanks for yours of the 11th. I appreciate your efforts on my behalf, though I am not at all sanguine about their outcome, knowing the pressures put upon the U. W. by people who can make substantial monetary contributions to that institution. ... I'm sorry to learn that Chris has had difficulties with allergy shots. Seems to me that this sort of thing is badly overdone. ... I've sent off THE BEAST IN HOLMER'S WOODS (which is \$3.95), together with a few more poetry vols. Yes, Berryman is sadly overrated, I think -- and a pompous, vain fellow personally, now sporting a wild beard, judging by recent pictures of him I've seen. Bly does some good poetry, but he ought to get off his propaganda kick. I'm not interested in the Viet Nam drive he writes -- and it is that. I knew you had the Boyd, thought you could give it to someone. No one here would be interested. Re Berryman -- I liked his work a lot better before it went to his head. ... I don't remember whether Gertie Sennett was in my class or not. I don't always remember everyone, of course. ... Dorothy Litersky is off on a kick about doing a biography of me. I don't think she's qualified -- I like her, too -- but fact's fact. She hasn't said anything to me about correspondence with you. I'll get around it by simply banning her from any correspondence later than 1965. It's all under lock & key at the State Historical Society Library. ... As for that pressure for a degree -- I really don't think it will do any good, but you must use your own judgment here.

All best always,



100 Jefferson St.,
Sault City, Wis. 54883
Dec. 1, 1978

Dear Mrs. Kaiser,

Your help and concern during our recent visit to the Society was so appreciated by myself and Edna Neault and we thank you.

As friends of August Berleth we are naturally troubled that a discrepancy exists in the handling of the Berleth materials and what we were told by August would in fact happen.

During our visit we repeatedly referred to the 1964 agreement as a between the Society and August in regards to the disposal of his papers, etc. We realized later that we were talking about something that we have never seen so it is very difficult to make sense out of the situation.

It is confusing to us and so we decided to write to you to see if you could help this to get a copy of that agreement. We would certainly appreciate your help in obtaining such a copy, assuming there would not be any reason we couldn't see it. It would probably go a long way in clearing up our questions on the matter.

Once again, thank you for your time and help.

Sincerely,

Kay Neulohy

19 June, 1946

Dear Miss Smith,

All thanks for your letter of the 18th. I saw your denial in last night's Times, which handled the story with considerably more dignity than the Journal. God knows where the rumor started. I told the man who had telephoned me that my letters were to go to the Society Library, not that they were there. Nor is there anything in these letters which anyone could describe as "dynamite," though it is true that certain facts in my journal could cause a great deal of trouble and pain, which I should naturally want to avoid. The Jennings letters are the first instalment of a large section of correspondence, chiefly from famous people like Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, H.L. Mencken, Edgar Lee Masters, and many British writers, publishers, et al, which I assume may be of interest to some future student, just as I assume that my journal will be of interest to sociologists of the future. Certainly I do not assume for a moment that any mere scandal-monger will have access readily to any of this material. I will be sending more journal, some book mss., and letters to you on Thursday, with my secretary.

Sincerely,

August Derleth

Miss Alice E. Smith

ad/eb

Barleth Fildes

**Dynamite! Letters
With State Library**

[illegible][illegible]

August Derleth Journal Excerpt

10 September 1968

Dorothy Litzsky stopped by this afternoon. She was visiting Ethel Trautmann, and was dilligently about gathering "material" for a biography of me, for all that I did not think her really qualified to write such a book, to say nothing of its being unlikely to find a publisher. She intended to persist, whether or not I approved; I could say only that I did not object, but took a dim view of the project. Effie telephoned later to say that she had been at the library -- indeed, I had seen her there when I brought around some books -- and had also come to see her to ask questions.

Wisconsin Historical Society
ARCHIVES

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ARCHIVES HOME WHS HOME

New Search	Return to Titles	Search History	Search Hints	Help	Exit
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Database Name: ArCat

Search Request: Guided = ("Derleth August") [in Keyword Anywhere]

Search Results: Displaying 8 of 24 entries

Previous Next

Full Brief MARC

Author/Creator: Derleth, August William, 1909-1971, collector.

Title: August Derleth comic collection, 1900-1971.

Quantity: 114.5 c.f.

Summary: Derleth's collection of comic art, consisting of cartoons clipped from newspapers and magazines, newspaper comic supplements, comic books, and published books of humor and cartoon art.

Notes: This collection is unprocessed.

Finding aid: Case file.

Subjects: American wit and humor, Pictorial.
Caricatures and cartoons--United States.
Comic books, strips, etc.--United States.

Form/Genre: Manuscript collection.

RLIN Number: WIHV93-A19



Location: Z:Unprocessed Accessions

Call Number: no accession number

Shelf Location: MAD 3M/50/I4-K6 and 3M/51/A-D

Description: See box list in case file. Qty: 114.5 c.f. (31 record center cartons, 2 archives boxes, 5 flat boxes, 1 oversize carton, 97 bundles, and 290 volumes)

Previous Next

Email - Print - Save	
Format Type	Email=Full Record -- Print/Save=Brief
<input type="radio"/> Text File	 
<input type="button" value="Email"/>	Enter email address (before hitting button):

New Search	Return to Titles	Search History	Search Hints	Help	Exit
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Tables for book sale
who does that

8pm / until 5rs



10:00 @ 10:00

11:30 - lunch

~ 30 people



3:00 Donated
treats buy
book sales

White
water

Be prepared to pay for
cheese / candy
2 cheese cakes
could bring in

*Library
Soft copy
\$10.00 when in
back door



Subject: Re: August Derleth Journal

Date: Wed, 03 Oct 2001 09:26:21 -0500

From: "Donna Sereda" <djsereda@mail.shsw.wisc.edu>

To: <saxon@chorus.net>

Hi Jim,

The journals are open and available for use. You just need to show up in the Research Room and ask for them. You do need to be aware, however, that April and Walden own the copyright to all of their father's unpublished writings, including the Sac Prairie Journal, so "use" of those materials in the sense of publication or other reproduction would require their permission. The journals for the last two years of Mr. Derleth's life are open, but what researchers are able to see is a slightly edited photocopy--parts of it have been blacked out for privacy reasons. I encourage you to speak with Harry Miller if you have other questions about access. Good luck with your research!

Donna

>>> James Kirchstein <saxon@chorus.net> 10/02/01 04:50PM >>>

Hi...I am preparing some materials for Walden West Festival 01 which will be on the weekend of Oct 13th, and would appreciate accessing August's Journals for some research. I would imagine this would need be arranged in advance. Please inform. Thanks.

7696
6541
2400 se
4141

Wisconsin Historical Society
ARCHIVESREFERENCE SERVICES
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New Search	Return to Titles	Search History	Search Hints	Help	Exit
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Database Name: ArCat**Search Request:** Guided = ("derleth")[in Keyword Anywhere]**Search Results:** Displaying 11 of 26 entries[Previous](#) [Next](#)[Full](#) [Brief](#) [MARC](#)**Author/Creator:** *Derleth*, August William, 1909-1971.**Title:** Papers, 1858, 1907-1978.**Quantity:** 70.5 c.f. (121 archives boxes, 18 record center cartons) and 5 reels of microfilm (35mm); plus unprocessed additions of 0.7 c.f.

Summary: Papers, consisting primarily of correspondence and manuscripts of published and unpublished works, of one of Wisconsin's most prominent and prolific writers. *Derleth* spent almost his entire life in the small Wisconsin town of Sauk City and wrote about its history and its personalities in his "Sac Prairie Saga," a nearly fifty-volume sequence of novels, journals, lyric poems, short stories, and miscellaneous prose which comprises one of the major works of American regional literature. *Derleth* was also a devotee of Howard Phillips Lovecraft, the master of twentieth century weird fantasy, and a major contributor to the "Cthulhu Mythos," a body of supernatural and science fiction works originated by Lovecraft.

In addition to his serious works, *Derleth* continuously wrote what he called his "tripe"—throwaway science fiction short stories and novellas, fantasy pieces, detective stories, and the like--and comfortably supported himself through its sale. After Lovecraft's death *Derleth* decided to publish an anthology of some of Lovecraft's stories and eventually set up his own publishing firm, Arkham House, for this purpose.

The *Derleth* Papers include extensive files of correspondence between *Derleth* and his confidants, friends, acquaintances, associates, and readers; manuscripts and published copies of a number of *Derleth's* works; subject files on comic books and strips, civic affairs, and other topics; bills and orders relating to Arkham House publications; and published and unpublished manuscripts by other authors, including Lovecraft.

The processed portion of the papers is described above and dates 1858, 1907-1978; there are unprocessed additions, 1949-1971.

Notes: Portions of this collection are also available on microfilm.**Finding aid:** Register.**Access Restrictions:** Restricted: No entry in the "Sac Prairie Journal" (Box 91-99) may be used until twenty years after the date that it was originally recorded. In addition, one package of general correspondence and another

containing two *Derleth* manuscripts written under a pseudonym are closed, except to researchers who obtain permission from the director of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, until July 4, 2021. A third package containing letters to and from John Stanton is to remain closed to everyone until July 4, 2021. Parts of the unprocessed portion are also closed.

Subjects: Abbe, George, 1911- .
Anderson, Carl T.
Anderson, Sherwood, 1876-1941.
Asbury, Herbert, 1891-1963.
Asimov, Isaac, 1920- .
Asquith, Cynthia, Lady, 1887-1960.
Baker, Ray Stannard, 1870-1946.
Baldwin, Faith, 1893- .
Barton, Albert O., 1869-1947.
Benét, Stephen Vincent, 1898-1943.
Benét, William Rose, 1886-1950.
Beston, Henry S., 1888-1968.
Blackwood, Algernon, 1869-1951.
Bloch, Robert.
Bradbury, Ray.
Brennan, Joseph Payne, 1918- .
Bynner, Witter, 1881-1968.
Clyne, Ronald.
Colehour, Samuel Phillip.
Daly, Maureen, 1921- .
Dannay, Frederick, 1905- .
Devoe, Alan, 1909- .
Dunsay, Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, Baron, 1878-1957.
Dwiggins, Claire Victor.
Evjue, William Theodore, 1882-1970.
Farrell, James T. (James Thomas), 1904-1979.
Ferber, Edna, 1887-1968.
Gale, Zona, 1874-1938.
Garland, Hamlin, 1860-1940.
Gray, James, 1899- .
Hergesheimer, Joseph, 1880-1954.
Holand, Hjalmar Rued, 1872-1963.
Hurst, Fannie, 1889-1968.
Jacobi, Carl R.
La Follette, Belle Case, 1859-1931.
La Follette, Fola.
La Follette, Robert M. (Robert Marion), 1895-1953.
LaBudde, Margaret.
LaFollette, Philip Fox, 1897-1965.
Lankes, Julius J., 1884-1960.
Larsson, Raymond Edward Francis, 1901- .
Leiber, Fritz, 1910- .
Leopold, Aldo, 1886-1948.
Lewis, Sinclair, 1885-1951.
Lovecraft, H. P. (Howard Phillips), 1890-1937.
Lumley, Brian.
Mann, Thomas, 1875-1955.
Masters, Edgar Lee, 1868-1950.
Mencken, H. L. (Henry Louis), 1880-1956.
Meudt, Edna.
North, Henry Ringling, 1909- .

North, Sterling, 1906- .
Otto, Max Carl, 1876- .
Palmer, Stuart, 1905-1968.
Peattie, Donald Culross, 1898-1964.
Phelps, William Lyon, 1865-1943.
Price, E. Hoffmann.
Quinn, Seabury, 1889-1969.
Sandburg, Carl, 1878-1967.
Sandoz, Mari, 1896-1966.
Schorer, Mark, 1908- .
Schroyer, Frederick.
Shea, J. Vernon, 1912- .
Sidney-Fryer, Donald, 1934- .
Smith, Clark Ashton, 1893-1961.
Starrett, Vincent, 1886-1974.
Stefanile, Felix, 1920- .
Stiver, Mary Weeden.
Stuart, Jesse, 1907- .
Vierack, Peter.
Wagenknecht, Edward, 1900- .
Wandrei, Donald, 1908- .
Weaver, Inez.
Weaver, Warren, 1894- .
Weissenborn, Leo J., 1877-1967.
White, Helen Constance, 1896-1967.
Wilson, Colin, 1931- .
Wright, Frank Lloyd, 1867-1959.
Zabriskie, George Albert, 1868-1954.
Arkham House.
Authors, American--Wisconsin.
Comic books, strips, etc.
Fantastic fiction.
Nature in literature.
Poetry.
Publishers and publishing--Wisconsin.
Wisconsin in literature.

Form/Genre: Manuscript collection.
Business records.
Microforms.
Poems.

RLIN Number: WIHVD950-A

Location: Archives Main Stacks
Call Number: Wis Mss WO
Shelf Location: Box 1-26 MAD 4 /26/F3-7

Location: Archives Main Stacks
Call Number: Wis Mss WO
Shelf Location: Box 27-121 MAD 4 /28/K1-M3

Location: Archives Main Stacks
Call Number: Wis Mss WO

Shelf Location: Box 122-139 MAD 2M/24/X5-7, Y2-4

Location: Historical Society Library Microforms Room

Call Number: Micro 923

Holdings: reel 1 P82-3173
reel 2 P82-3174
reel 3 P82-3175
reel 4 P82-3176
reel 5 P82-3177

Location: Z:Unprocessed Accessions

Call Number: M89-401

Shelf Location: MAD 4 /Unprocessed SC file

Description: 20 letters, 1949-1968, all to Frederick Schroyer about his writing, and 94 letters and cards, 1967-1971, all to Brian Lumley about his writing. Qty: 0.1 c.f. (1 folder)



Location: Z:Unprocessed Accessions

Call Number: M89-438

Shelf Location: MAD 2M/ 6/F5

Description: *Derleth's* letters to Ruth Hansen of Alma, Wisconsin, 1963-1971. Arranged chronologically. Restriction: Closed until July 9, 2009. Qty: 0.6 c.f. (2 archives boxes)

[Previous](#) [Next](#)

Email - Print - Save	
Format Type	Email=Full Record -- Print/Save=Brief
<input checked="" type="radio"/> Text File	 
<input type="text" value="Email"/>	Enter email address (before hitting button):

New Search	Return to Titles	Search History	Search Hints	Help	Exit
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to Stanton

10-30-43

6

5-12-58 ¹⁴ Jack

7/15/51

1/1/51

no date

5-8-45

from Effie no date
from Mario no date

from (JTC) 8-21-52
8-24-50
no

from Sarty

Wed 5-45

3/10/53

3/9/53

no date

to Sarty

3-6-59

3-7-53

3-8-53

thru note

from Lefly 4th
thru 4th

from "K"

to Dan Law 10/30/57

to Muller & Rehorn 3-23-59 (w/ deposited)

from M Pilling (Pipsie) (myra)

to Pypers 3-31-59 to Pypers 2-16-60

to Dorothy Unsell 1-14-60

from B Stock 12/7/60

Barbara

to Barbara 12/10/60

from Dick Barlowe 10/31/58

to Lealin 4-14-59

Box 139

Wisc Mss W.C.

Subject: Re: August Derleth Journal

Date: Thu, 04 Oct 2001 09:14:28 -0500

From: "Donna Sereda" <djsereda@mail.shsw.wisc.edu>

To: <saxon@chorus.net>

CC: "Harry Miller" <hlmiller@mail.shsw.wisc.edu>

Shelf Location

2 = 4/26 / F3.7

1392 2m/24/XS-7

Y2-4

Jim,

It sounds like perhaps you were in the Library instead of the Archives Research Room on the 4th floor. That's where you need to be, and tell them that you are there to use the August Derleth papers. The first thing that they should give you is the register to the collection that lists the contents of all the boxes and folders. From that, you can determine exactly which boxes you would like to look at. If you come back, stop by and I will be happy to get you started. (I'm in Room 430 and will be around pretty much all day today and tomorrow. I have a meeting at 2:00 today and one at 10:00 tomorrow. Other than that, I run around the building a bit, but someone can usually track me down. Otherwise, the Research Room is the first left after you get off the elevator on fourth floor--just past the stairwell. Ask for Harry and he will help you.)

Donna

>>> James Kirchstein <saxon@chorus.net> 10/03/01 10:31PM >>>

Thanks for your mail. I was in today and asked to see the Derleth file and journals. What I was given was a folder with some printed materials such as brochures, booklets, Who is August Derleth reprints from Kay Price. Did I not ask for the right material?

Donna Sereda wrote:

> Hi Jim,

> The journals are open and available for use. You just need to show up in the Research Room and ask for them. You do need to be aware, however, that April and Walden own the copyright to all of their father's unpublished writings, including the Sac Prairie Journal, so "use" of those materials in the sense of publication or other reproduction would require their permission. The journals for the last two years of Mr. Derleth's life are open, but what researchers are able to see is a slightly edited photocopy--parts of it have been blacked out for privacy reasons. I encourage you to speak with Harry Miller if you have other questions about access. Good luck with your research!

> Donna

>

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> will be on the weekend of Oct 13th, and would appreciate accessing

> August's Journals for some research. I would imagine this would need be

> arranged in advance. Please inform. Thanks.

Stantonr Closed until 7/4/21

2p

2000 2

what about all ADS material, to S⁷⁺⁸ ?

Archiving/Access

129k

877

203

4300