

Delia?

Being locked in this room is inconvenient. It means I cannot finish my work and so I cannot go where I would like to go. You know, few writers have the ability to write honestly. Truths are used for entertainment only and that is a strange concept: it barely grazes what is of import. Such a writer is like a man whose only concern is to hide his ignorance. Willful misrepresentation, a shut mind, closed eyes, a tight mouth, and balled fists. It's not enough to have the ability, bring your intellect to bear like a light in the darkness, like a sane man in a world of madmen.

Have you seen the pallid mask? Have you been down by the lake and seen the beauty and felt the rightness of it all? Edwards said to work only with him. Are you with Quarrie? Why are they not here? Is it this year, once in five thousand years? Has Quarrie brought the king in yellow? Is he already amongst us?

Have you seen the yellow sign?

What Edwards and I are doing now harms no one. But I have been worrying about Malcolm Quarrie and the conversations we had. I think that, despite what Edwards might think, Quarrie is right. The king in yellow has called himself the white acolyte. I don't think he will stay away. So here is a kindness I would like you to pass on to him for when he sees that the king does not offer him what he hopes. To divert the king's attentions away from our Earth and back upon the dream city he must think of Cassilda's song:

The stars that burn their charcoal death
Shrink back, they feel the hoary breath
Of he who ransoms great Carcosa.
He flees where queen and prophet met,
Where twin suns fall but never set,
Escapes the tomb of lost Carcosa.

Patient: *A. R. ROBY*.....
Doctor: *L. T. TRULLOCK*.....
Signed:
Date: