

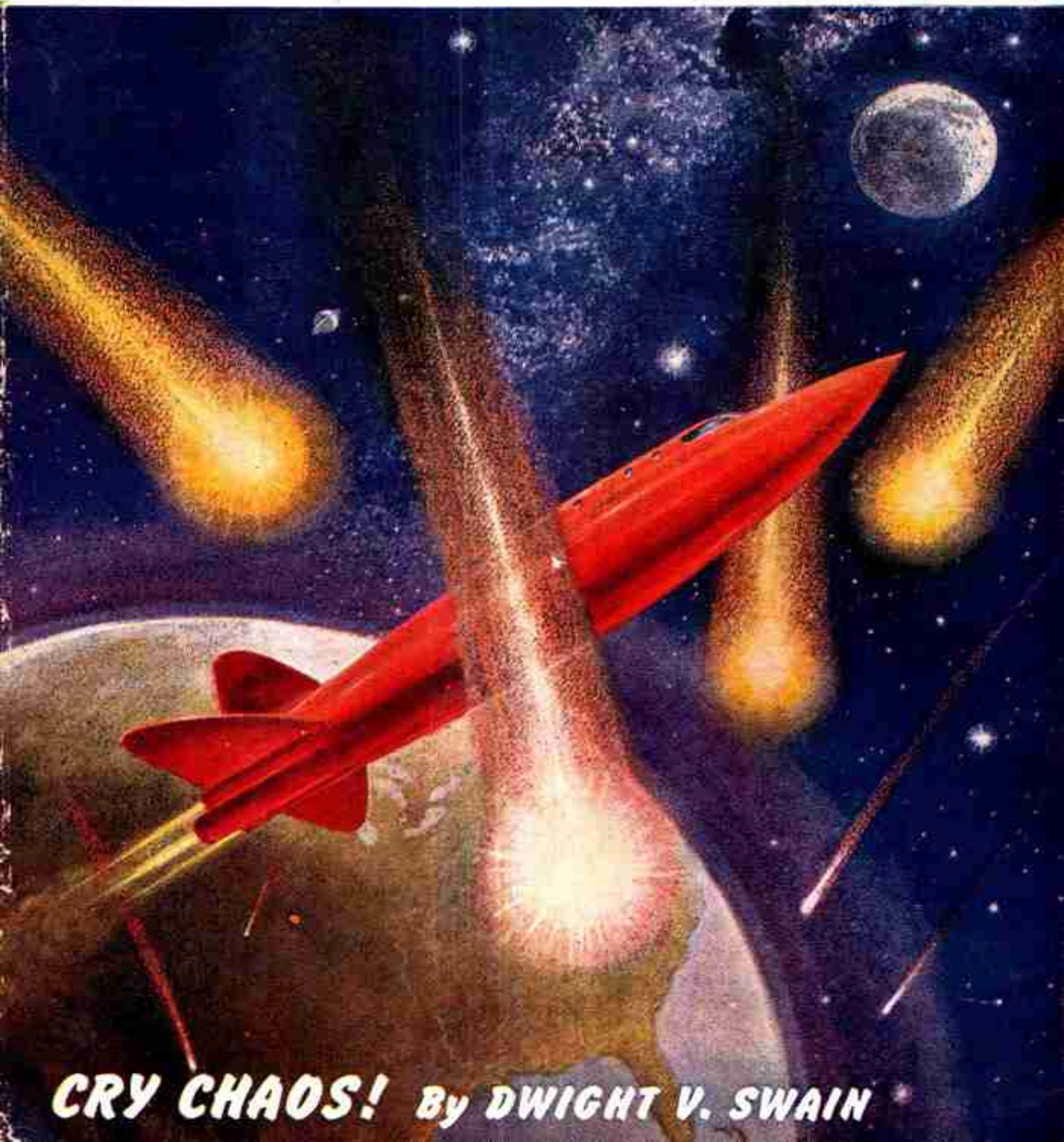
ANC

IMAGINATION

SEPTEMBER 1951

35c

STORIES OF SCIENCE AND FANTASY



CRY CHAOS! *By DWIGHT V. SWAIN*

The Project Gutenberg eBook of I'll See You In My Dreams, by William Campbell Gault

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: I'll See You In My Dreams

Author: William Campbell Gault

Release Date: May 15, 2021 [eBook #65347]

Language: English

Character set encoding: UTF-8

Produced by: Greg Weeks, Mary Meehan and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK I'LL SEE
YOU IN MY DREAMS ***

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

By William Campbell Gault

**Ted really loved his wife, but somehow
the blonde next door kept popping into his
dreams—and making them a vivid reality....**

**[Transcriber's Note: This etext was produced from
Imagination Stories of Science and Fantasy
September 1951**

**Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that
the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.]**

El outer-thought, "I've had all I want of it, haven't you?"

Nothing from Bee for seconds, and then: "I—don't know. I suppose. You've been inner-thinking, El. You've been brooding?"

"I've been brooding. When did our bodies go, Bee?"

"When Lust was killed. I think we made a mistake, El. I think, at the time, we were bemused. He wasn't the best of the gods, but he had his points. We've been inner-thinking alike, dear. This plane isn't enough. But what—" Silence.

She thought, "Over the hills? This isn't all of our land. There are people in Valdora."

"Not—the kind of people I want to be. And how about the others, how about the Assembly? Will they feel as we do?"

"Why not? Don't they miss the colors they can't see, the grass they can't smell, the streams they can't hear? Weren't they human, too, once?"

"They were. And perhaps they think as we do. But they won't project anyone to Valdora. We don't want any part of that town. However, dear, I'll bring it up. If I had a belly, I'd have a bellyful of this."

In the glade they couldn't see, above the stream they couldn't hear, the Assembly met.

"New business?" the Peak thought.

"I've some," Bee thought. "It's—it may be mutiny."

"We'll listen," Peak answered. "Speaking for myself, and myself alone, I'm ready to listen to mutiny. So long as it doesn't involve Valdora. I wouldn't be surprised if the others agree. Could it concern the resurrection of a minor god who grew major?"

"Lust," Bee agreed. "I want a body."

Peak was silent as the affirmative thoughts poured in from the entire assembly. Then Peak thought, "I'm sure we won't need a vote on that. And how would we resurrect Lust?"

"Not by importing Valdorans," Bee answered.

"Nor Velugians," someone thought.

"Nor any of the others," Peak summed up for them. "So—...."

The scientist Lern thought, "Is this the only planet in the galaxy? Why confine our thinking?"

"Not that bloody Mars," Peak thought. "I'll veto that, every time."

"Earth?" Bee suggested. "What's wrong with Earth?"

Ha thought, "It would take too long to answer that one. From what I've heard of it, they're less ardent than arduous. How many lovers have they developed? Major league lovers, that is."

Bee protested, "One could be developed. The material's there, and the planet's attainable. I say let's project one of us in some innocent guise, some animal who talks the language."

"But who'd volunteer?" Lern wanted to know.

"No volunteers," Peak decided. "Ha will go, to improve his education. What he doesn't know about Earth needs knowing."

Lern thought, "How can we keep him minor, if we resurrect him? This Lust has a terrible appetite."

"That," answered Peak, "will be your job. You'll have to think of something that will keep his weight and power constant."

Ha was doing no outer-thinking; Ha was inner-thinking about Earth, and bodies.

Ted Truesdale was sitting on the back porch, supposedly enjoying the sun. He was, in reality, enjoying the view. The blonde who'd

bought the house directly behind them, and considerably below them, was out on her patio.

She was enjoying the sun. She wore a skimpy halter and a pair of shorts that were. She was well oiled and lying on her stomach. The tan of her shoulders and along the back of her legs was a fine wheat brown and she was due to turn over.

Ted was not lascivious, though Ann Truesdale had frequently stated he almost was. Ted, to put it honestly, was thirty-nine and worrying about the forties. It didn't seem logical that he would feel any different at forty than he had at thirty-nine. He'd noticed no change between thirty-nine and sixteen; he was a healthy man.

But there were so many stories about the forties—and the fifties followed them so closely.

Now, the blonde was about to turn over. She had one hand, palm downward, on the blanket beneath her and—

And from the doorway, Ann Truesdale said, "Theodore Truesdale, you licentious old man. I never realized why you sat out—"

He turned to face his wife. His voice was a model of outraged innocence. "For heaven's sake, Ann—"

She sighed, staring at him. She was small and dark and well put together, and didn't look at all like a woman who could devote every conscious hour to the house. But she was.

"Ogling," she said.

"Oh, Ann—you'd think I was—" He shook his head.

"You are. Infidelity can be mental, I read somewhere."

"You *read*?"

"Don't be superior. I was looking up a recipe in Maitland's magazine, I think, and I saw the picture of this man staring, as you just were, and—"

"You've answered my question," he interrupted. "Ann, I love *you*."

"Well, that's a strange way to show it, I must say, just eating that divorcee with your eyes. You should have a job, something to do. You've too much energy to just sit around like this, Ted."

Ted sighed. At thirty-nine, he had retired. At sixteen, he'd thought he was the new Bellows, having facility with a brush and being no slouch with the horsehide. The St. Paul Saints had shattered the baseball dream, and Ted's own objective self appraisal had killed the Bellows hope.

He had turned to commercial art and had done extremely well from the start. At thirty-nine, he'd retired.

Now, he said, "I've been thinking of going to work."

"Painting again? Ted, really?"

"Not painting. I loathe painting. That's one reason I retired. Maybe I'll buy a cheap ball club."

"Ted," she said despairingly, "what's wrong with *work*?" She came over to take the deck chair next to his.

"Nothing," he said. "Unless it gets to be a disease. From the time I was sixteen until I was thirty-eight, I worked like three men. That's twenty-two years a man, and I've forty-four years of rest due me. If I'm alive, at eighty-three, I'll go back to work."

"Nobody," she said wearily, "can ever get any sense out of you." She looked down at the patio below. "Do you really think she's pretty, Ted?"

The blonde was now on her back.

"She has a fair figure. I haven't seen much of her face."

"I suppose," Ann said hesitantly, "I've failed you, somewhere."

"Well," Ted began.

But Ann rose hastily. "Heavens, I forgot I had soup on the stove." The screen door slammed behind her.

His eyes went to the blonde, moved away, came back.

"Dreams, that's all you've got!"

Ted looked at the doorway, but it was vacant. He looked down at the patio below, but the blonde was quiescent. Besides, the voice had been closer.

And there was *nobody* in view. There was one small, scrubby squirrel looking at him from the base of the nutmeg tree. Squirrels don't talk.

Through the screen, Ted heard dimly the movements of Ann in the kitchen, and below, the blonde had her eyes closed. Nobody, nobody, nobody....

He said, "What do you mean, dreams?" and watched the squirrel closely.

"Don't be stupid," the voice said. The squirrel hadn't opened its mouth.

Ted rose, and looked through the screen door, but Ann was still in the kitchen, her back to him. Down on her patio, the blonde didn't stir.

Ted said, "I'll be damned."

"You're all damned," the voice said, "damned by your loyalties. Clean living is killing you. But you can dream."

Ted looked at the squirrel, who was looking at him. Ted sat down again in the deck chair. He asked, "What good's a dream?"

"What good's reality?" No movement of the squirrel's mouth, but a certain intentness in its gaze. "And how can you tell which is the dream? How will you ever know? How much do you know, anyway?"

"More than a squirrel. You don't even know how far it is from home plate to first base."

"Ninety feet. How far is it to Mars, Brain?"

"Thirty-five million miles—and more."

A silence. The squirrel walked around the base of the tree and came into view on the other side. It moved cautiously toward the porch, its bushy tail alert as a guidon. About halfway between the porch and the tree, it paused, sitting up on its haunches.

"Thirty-five million miles to Mars. Close your eyes, Truesdale!"

Ted obediently closed his eyes and saw a film of red. It could have been the sun through his eye-lids! Then the redness faded and against a pink background a figure appeared.

It was the figure of a bearded, three-armed man, nailing some boards on what appeared to be a sluice. Beyond and above the bent figure, a green mountain towered, its peak topped with a polar cap. At the horizon end of the sluice, water was visible, flowing this way.

The man was big, with an enormous chest. Ted's own chest gasped for oxygen, and he had a sense of lightness, physical lightness.

The man drove in the last nail, and sat on a hummock, above the sluice, watching the water slowly work his way. Then he reached into a container at his side and pulled out—

Pulled out what could be nothing other than a skinned rat. Ted gagged, and the man looked up. He had a knife in one of his other hands now.

"Lunch?"

"Not a rat. I'll be hanged if I'll eat a rat."

"Who in the world asked you to eat a rat?"

Ted opened his eyes to see his wife standing in the doorway. He smiled at her, and turned to look at the squirrel. The squirrel was just disappearing up the nutmeg tree.

"I was dreaming," Ted said to his wife.

"And talking in your sleep."

"Was I?" He rose.

They went in to lunch.

It was probably an excellent meal; all of Ann's were. Ted didn't remember eating it; he kept seeing that pink background and the man with the rat. Mars? Undoubtedly. A dream? Well....

"That squirrel—" Mrs. Truesdale said.

"Squirrel?" Ted looked up hastily.

"He watches me dress. I've seen him, at the window. The one in the back yard, this morning."

"Pull the shade," Ted suggested.

"For a squirrel? Wouldn't I feel silly? It's so—so old maidish."

"That it is," Ted agreed. "I'll give it some thought this afternoon. Maybe something will come to me."

"Don't strain yourself dear," Ann said. "Didn't you get enough rest this morning?"

"I wasn't resting," Ted told her. "I was considering various investments in my mind. There are a lot of arguments against buying a ball club, all right. It's a headache."

Ann shook her head. Then, "The Garden Club meets this afternoon. You won't be needing the car?"

"Not today. Do you remember our honeymoon, Ann? Remember Honolulu?"

"How could I ever forget it, Ted?" Her eyes were reminiscent. "Those flowers, those beautiful hibiscus and—"

Ted poured another cup of coffee.

When Ann had left, and he went back to the porch, the blonde was just coming through the sliding glass door that led from her living room to the patio. The squirrel wasn't in sight.

The blonde looked up his way, and Ted smiled. He doubted if she could see a smile, at this distance, but it seemed presumptuous to wave.

Did she smile in return? He thought she did.

He sat down in the deck chair, and gave two minutes of thought to possible investments entailing a daily job. None appeared desirable.

At the age of twenty-two, before he became inured to them, Ted had been in love with a model. It had been a warm, bright, ecstatic affair, though it had ended with mutual relief. Since that time, there had been only Ann. And she'd been enough, at first. Before the home and garden obsession had engulfed her.

Now, Ted told himself, *I'm not an unreasonable man. I am a romantic, admittedly, and full of latent energy, but I have no natural Tom-cat inclinations.*

The blonde was reading. Looked like a novel, though it could have been a cook book or a text on hooked rugs. Probably a novel of romance. Her shoulders were bare and finely moulded, her chin line clean. He wondered about the color of her eyes.

From the other side of the nutmeg tree, the scrubby squirrel again came into view. At the base of the tree, it stood for a moment with its back to Ted, looking down at the blonde.

Then it turned and came over to inspect a weather-beaten golf ball near the sprinkler. Ted watched it closely.

"Well, traveler, what did you think of Mars?"

"Didn't see much of it," Ted answered.

"There's not much to see. Was that a dream?"

"Wasn't it?"

"Couldn't get your breath, could you? You *know* you were there, don't you?"

"No."

The squirrel sat down. "Difficult, aren't you? Why should I bother?"

Ted said nothing.

"She's a beautiful girl. Can't see why her husband would leave her."

Ted asked, "Who's a beautiful girl?"

The squirrel went over to nose the golf ball, again.

"I asked a question," Ted said.

The squirrel sat up, looking at the nutmeg tree. "Look, Mr. Truesdale, we've got to have a meeting of minds. You know who's a beautiful girl, and so do I. Good gosh, you've been sitting there, drooling, all morning. And now you're back for more." The bright black eyes turned Ted's way. "Don't be so conventional. That's what kept you from being a first rate artist."

Ted was silent.

"Do we do business? Or don't we?"

Ted said, "How can you talk without opening your mouth?"

"Talk? Squirrels can't talk, you fool."

"Well, how can you make yourself heard, then?"

"Do you have to pry, Truesdale? You're getting a break, as it is. Do you have to know *everything*?"

Ted looked at his hands, and at the nutmeg tree. And back at the squirrel. A thirty-nine year old retired artist, sitting in the sun and talking to himself. What a jerk he was getting to be.

"Okay, I've been wrong before." The squirrel started for the tree.

"Wait!" Ted almost shouted.

From below, the blonde glanced his way, and he realized his voice had carried that far.

The squirrel waited; the blonde went back to her book.

"What," Ted asked hesitantly, "did you mean about doing business?"

"You and the blonde. Don't tell me you wouldn't like to get to know her."

Ted squirmed in his chair. "I—well, she's certainly lovely."

"Sure. I'll go down and sound her out. I'll keep in touch, Truesdale."

The squirrel went down the hill and hopped on the low, red brick wall that bordered the patio. The blonde looked up from her reading.

Was *she* talking to the squirrel? Her lips were moving.

Then she rose, and went into the house. When she came out again, she put some nuts on the low brick wall. And went back to her reading.

Ted watched for signs of further dialogue, but there were none. The squirrel came up the hill, the nuts bulging its cheeks. It didn't even glance at Ted as it went up the trunk of the tree.

The sun moved behind a cloud and a faint breeze came up from the west. Ted felt drowsy, but he kept his eyes open, waiting for the reappearance of the squirrel.

Nothing happened. Occasionally, the blonde would turn a page, but that was all. Ted went in and mixed himself a drink. Then he put some records on the record player and sat near the huge empty fireplace in the living room.

Why wasn't he happy? Fine home, fine view, money in the bank, neat, pretty wife, no job to fret about, nothing to do but improve his mind.

Nuts, he told himself. *Nothing to do but covet blondes, you mean. Don't give me that malarkey about improving your mind.*

He rose, in protest, and picked out a volume of Spinoza from the shelves flanking the fireplace. He stayed with it for seven full minutes, and then mixed another drink.

At four-thirty, he was dozing in the leather chair in his study when Ann came in.

"You should see Dora's delphiniums," Ann said.

"Should I? How do you know I haven't?"

"Ted, you've been drinking." Her voice was not sharp, but soft, her attitude maternal.

"A little. I'd like some more. Why don't we go out to dinner, some place where we can dance?"

"Tonight? Have you forgotten the Drews are coming over?"

"I've been trying to. Couldn't you phone them?"

"Ted." She made two syllables out of it. She looked at him quietly.

"Do they bore you terribly?"

"They do."

"And do I?"

"No. You should, but you don't. You've still a potential. Well, if the Drews are coming, I'd better shave."

She was looking at him thoughtfully as he left the room.

Peak outer-thought, "Well, Ha, what do you think of Earthians?"

"They're like us," Ha thought wonderingly, "except for that stuff growing on them."

"Hair," Peak explained. "They haven't our cloud blanket, and their climate is ridiculous. You've—been gone some time."

"Had to case a lot of spots. I guess I've a fine prospect. I'm working on him. Having eyes was—wonderful again. But I had that—that hair

on me, too."

"You'll get used to it. Ha, no mix-ups, now. We're all counting on you."

"It's a cinch."

For a certain class of people, Eben Drews would undoubtedly make a fascinating conversationalist. For that class of people who are engrossed in the elimination of aphids or the control of slugs. It was a class that lived without Ted.

Ted kept his eyes on Eben's face and managed a "What do you know about that?" at the proper intervals, but his mind was on the squirrel and the blonde. And the dream. Which was the dream? Here, listening to the Drews monologue or this morning, on Mars?

He had a strange feeling, as the monotone droned on and on, as the background of Ann and Mrs. Drews' voice seemed to swell and dim, that this was the dream.

As they were undressing, in the room between their bedrooms, later that evening, Ann said, "It won't happen again, honey. I see what you mean."

"Don't tell me they bored you, too?"

"A little. And *I'm* interested in gardening. Ted—" She seemed to be blushing.

"Yes?" In wonder and hope, he gazed at her.

"Ted, I'll try to read—and—widen my interests. I'll be better."

Something warm grew in him.

"If you'll get a job."

The warmth receded. "Blackmail. Ann, you're incurable." He turned, and stalked off to his own bedroom. There, he sat on the bed and stared moodily at the wall, wondering about marriage.

When the light was out, he stood by his window a few seconds, looking down at the house below. All the windows were dark.

He was annoyed and frustrated and not a bit tired. But he was asleep five minutes after he hit the pillow. Just before he fell off, he thought he heard a scratching at the window.

There was an opalescent glow which seemed to come from the solid cloud barrier above. There was grass and a slope leading down to the stream. There was no sense of wonder in Ted.

Beyond the hills to his left, there seemed to be a darker area, as though there were cities there, and their resultant smog. But this was—pastoral, peaceful and still invigorating.

Willows bordered the stream and along the bend there were trees which resembled cottonwoods, though the bark was darker. Ted breathed easily, and there was no change in his weight he could notice.

Then, in a glade, surrounded by the willows, he saw the blonde. The sun was not visible; there was just the pearly glow. But she was sunning herself.

If it was a dream, his senses were with him. He could feel the strong grass underfoot, smell the rich growth, hear the blood pounding in his temples. He walked down the hill toward the blonde.

He pushed through the willows and came into the glade, and saw her quick smile of recognition.

He smiled in return. "I won't believe it in the morning." He sat on the grass beside her. "Is it Venus?"

"Where else?" Her face was finely modeled with faintly discernible cheek bones and a smooth jaw line. "The lover's planet, hidden from the universe by its atmosphere. Hamilton's work, I'll wager."

"Hamilton?"

"You know him, our friend from the nutmeg tree. He arranged it, didn't he?"

"I suppose. He—or destiny. I shouldn't be here, really. Because I do love my wife, in a lot of ways, but—"

"*Please* don't say she doesn't understand you. She probably does. Most wives do."

"Well, yes. What I was going to say is that she isn't in sympathy with certain views I hold, and—"

"Do we have to rationalize? You wanted to be with me, and you are. You're with me, and we're alone. Unless you've brought your conscience?"

"Darling," he said "I'm an artist."

Her face was close now, her lips slightly parted. Her arms trembled around his neck. Her lips were warm and soft and seeking....

The opalescence grew to a soft brilliance, growing and ebbing, ebbing finally to a languid dusk. The smell of grass was like a violet mist and the willows sighed in envy.

"Aren't you ever going to get up, Ted?"

He looked up sleepily to see his wife standing in the doorway. Her dark hair was high off her neck and her pert face was freshly scrubbed. She wore a red, tailored dressing robe.

He said, "Red brings you to life, Ann. You should wear it oftener."

"Thank you. Buckwheat cakes and Canadian bacon, sleepy head." She came over to sit on the edge of his bed. "Ted—I probably worded that badly last night about the job, but—"

"But let's not talk about it before breakfast," he said quickly. "I'll be down in a few minutes."

"All right." She rose, and her voice changed. "All *right*." Her back was stiff, as she marched out.

In his bathroom, Ted studied himself in the mirror. His eyes were shadowed, his face wan. "You dog," he told his image, and smiled.

El thought, "I wonder if Ha's had any success. I don't trust him, for some reason, dear."

"Ha's all right," Bee thought. "Inclined to whimsey, but generally sound. And he wants a body as badly as we do. But only Lust can give us one."

"We gave Ha a body. We projected him successfully."

"On Earth, Darling, you don't want to live on Earth."

"Why?"

"It's all city, like Valdora and Velugia. They have no lover's county, like this. Would you like that, dearest?"

"No, no, no. We'll have to rely on Ha. I wonder what he's done."

"Working. And another thing, dearest, I wouldn't want you in any body but the one I loved."

"Sweet."

"Beloved."

Across the breakfast table, Ann's level scrutiny was annoying. Ted concentrated on the cakes and bacon.

He was just lighting a cigarette to go with his second cup of coffee, when he said, "What's the matter with you, this morning?"

The cigarette trembled very little. "Matter?"

"You seem so—oh, it would sound silly."

"Let's have it, anyway."

"So—sort of—*guilty*."

He picked up the cigarette before it burned the cloth. "What kind of— Well, I like that. Of all the silly observations!" He shook his head

vexedly.

"Ted, why don't you look at me? Ted, you *did* go right to bed, last night?"

He looked at her, his chin tilted pugnaciously. "No, I went to Venus and met a blonde. Of course I went to bed."

"Well, what are you so nervous about? Heavens, it wasn't that little spat we had, or *you* had, rather, about your going to work?"

"No, no, no. You're imagining things, Ann."

"Look at your hand. Look how it's trembling. Ted—what is the matter?"

"Nothing. I had a dream. Ann, I don't want to talk about it."

"Drinking," she said. "It's those drinks you had, yesterday, I'll bet. You're just not a drinking man, Theodore Truesdale, and you're too old to begin."

"I'm *not* old. You know I'm not old. You wish I were, but I'm not. Do we always have to quarrel?"

She didn't answer. Her lips quavered, but she didn't cry. She rose and carried a few dishes to the sink.

Ted went out to the porch with his coffee and cigarette. The view was unpopulated. Conscience, he told himself. My annoyance is an indication of it. Why should my conscience bother me because of a dream? Who can stop a dream?

There was a scratching sound from the other side of the nutmeg tree and the inverted head of Hamilton appeared about ten feet above the tree's base.

"You don't look happy."

Ted didn't answer.

Hamilton came down the remaining ten feet and went over to look at the geraniums. "Fine gardener, your wife."

Ted ignored him.

"Good looking, too. Maybe she could dye her hair."

No words from Ted.

Hamilton looked down at the house below, and back at Ted. "Don't blame me for that Venus trip, Truesdale. You wanted it, but bad."

"I'm not blaming anybody for anything," Ted said. "Just because I had a dream."

"Dream? Why don't you go down and ask her if she had the same dream? What a man won't say to clear his conscience! Let go, Truesdale, enjoy yourself."

Below, the blonde came out onto her patio. She was wearing white shorts and halter today. She looked Ted's way for seconds—and then waved.

Ted waved back.

"Beautiful morning," she called, and Ted answered, "It certainly is."

She picked up a book from the low table near her chaise lounge and settled.

Hamilton was sniffing the ice plant on the slope. "If the neighbors only knew—"

"There's nothing to know. She'd be less than human if she didn't say 'hello' after seeing me day after day."

"Not to mention one night."

"Oh, cut it out, drop it."

His wife appeared in the doorway. "Who in the world are you talking to?"

"Myself." He looked at her bleakly. "More quarreling about a job?"

"No." She came out onto the porch and settled in the chair beside him. "Ted, there's the squirrel. That's the one who's afflicted with—"

with voyeurism."

"Oh, Ann, for goodness sake."

"His nest is right up there, in the nutmeg tree. Ted, I want you to destroy it."

"Don't be childish."

"I'm not being childish. They eat young bark and buds and birds' eggs. They're evil things, Ted."

"I think they're cute."

"Cute. Without the tail, they're just another rat. How some people can eat them is beyond me."

The pinkness and the sluice and the three-armed man with the enormous chest seemed to swim, for a moment, in Ted's memory. Hamilton went scurrying up the nutmeg tree.

"The little devil," Ann said.

Little devil? The devil, maybe? No, not Hamilton. Ted said, "No club meeting today? No garden, home, cooking, household management or knitting circle shindigs?"

"Not a one."

"Why don't we drive up the coast and eat out, tonight?"

"I'd love to, Ted. But I really have to finish that petit point for Dora's anniversary. I shouldn't be sitting here now, without it."

"You look very good without it. We could stop at *Sweeney's*."

Sweeney's had the finest sea food west of New Orleans. And the immortal Sweeney, himself, behind the bar.

"Don't tempt me," Ann said, and rose. "Why don't you drive up the coast? You're restless."

"Maybe I will," he said. He tried to make it sound like an accusation, but it came out a flat, dull statement.

After she'd gone into the house, he sat for a while, considering the blonde. He didn't even know her name, and still he.... Well, why should he know her name? There wasn't much of her visible now; she had the raised section of the chaise lounge turned his way.

Hamilton was nowhere in sight.

He rose, after awhile, and went along the walk to the garage. He climbed into the convertible, started the motor, and unhooked the top, pressing the button to lower it.

Driving out into the sunlight, he reflected this was just pique; he wasn't going to enjoy it, alone. A man, he ruminated, might as well be single.

He drove along the winding coast road above Ynez Junction and parked there, with the whole, curving, hilly coast line spread out below him. The water was blue and calm with just a fringe of white where it lapped the beach.

It was a clear day, and he could see Venus plainly. He thought of last night and tried to make it a dream, a product of his wishful thinking, as were the dialogues with Hamilton.

Sitting around, going simple, that's what he'd been doing. Talking squirrels and trysts on Venus and a quick trip to Mars. Punchy, that's all. The devil finds things for idle hands to....

No, it wasn't that; it was just day-dreaming. The devil had no part of this business. Nor had his idleness. A peeping-Tom, Hamilton might be, but no devil.

"I think I can see," Peak thought! "Not much, but a dim mist. Lern, are you listening?"

"I'm listening. I guess Ha is working, all right. He's going to work on some others, too."

Peak outer-thought, "Have you considered our big problem, to keep Lust minor?"

"I believe I have it licked. It's an Earthian custom I've been studying, and it surely keeps its adherents in line. Lust wouldn't grow much under it."

"A custom?"

"Marriage of course. How do you feel about it?"

"It's—a desperate measure. It's a—"

"A desperate problem," Lern interposed. "True love can survive it, I'm sure. We don't want a repetition of the situation that forced us to kill Lust—and lose our bodies. Of course, yours is the final word."

"It—well, we'll try it. I just hope Ha keeps working. It would be just like that whimsical imp to get us half materialized and then leave us."

"Or what if something should happen to him, his spirit killed in some way?"

"We won't even inner-think that."

Ted drove down the curving, back rocky road to Sweeney's. It was a low-roofed building of cedar shakes, with an open air dining room on piles above the water of the cove.

Ted stayed in the bar. He had French-fried shrimp and garlic bread and beer. And after that, some whiskey. And after that, some dialogue with Sweeney regarding the respective merits of Shahn and Albright. Ted knew very little about either of them, but Sweeney knew less so it was a satisfying discussion.

He drove home in a mood. He was remembering the Honolulu days with Ann, and the days and nights before that. What they'd had, they'd find again. There was a solution to it all, and not on Venus.

He came home to find a note on the kitchen table:

Henri's in town and he insisted I visit the Blairs with him. He's just done over their place. Don't wait up.

Henri was elegantly thin and fairly tall. An interior decorator with a modern bent. He'd done the Truesdale place three times.

If it were anyone but Ann, I'd be jealous, Ted thought. As it was, he felt only a grating annoyance. He poured a king-sized jolt of bourbon, added a trace of water and went into the study.

He didn't turn on the light. He sat in the dark and sipped the bourbon—and fell asleep....

The blonde had her hair up and was wearing a red jacket above a white flannel skirt. Her smile was the same as last night's, and possibly a shade warmer.

"How did you know I'd come?" he asked.

"I didn't, but a girl can hope. Bad day?"

"Oh—unsatisfactory. And yours?"

"Barren. Your wife's out to get Hamilton, isn't she?"

"I guess."

"Does she—suspect about us?"

"No." A pause, and, "Why did your husband leave you?"

"He didn't. I left him. Engineer, lived by the slide rule. Are you going to leave your wife?"

He didn't answer that. He pulled her close and buried his face in the bright hair. The violet mists and the smell of grass and the envious sigh of the willows. Why couldn't all life be like this?...



When he woke, again, dawn was coming through the study window. He rose wearily and stood near the glass door that led to the rear

yard. On the wet grass, the morning quietness lay like a blanket. In the house below, he saw the shadowed, stretching figure of a woman behind a drawn shade. She, too, was awake.

Coincidence? And the rest an illusion? He'd always been more or less conventional; it was difficult to accept the super-conventional without reserve or rationalization.

He climbed the stairs quietly, avoiding the fifth, which squeaked. In the bathroom, he studied his stubbled face as though it were the face of a stranger. Then he went into the bedroom and rumpled the bed clothes.

She'd never believe he slept in the study; she'd never believe he'd been to Venus. For a moment he stood there, looking at the rumpled bed.

Then he went quietly through the dressing room and into her room.

She lay partially on her back, partially on her left side, her dark hair like ink against the clean white pillow, one slender tanned arm flung along the pillow's upper edge, her other arm bent, her cheek resting against the back of that hand.

There was just the breath of a smile on her full lips. What did she dream of, his Ann? Of porridge and pottery and poinsettias? Of schedules, menus, rotary floor waxers and blight elimination? Or didn't she dream, at all?

Wasn't there, somewhere, a dream they could share?

Her eyes opened, and she said, "Good morning. Just getting in?"

He shook his head. "I slept in the study. I rumpled the bed clothes in my room, but I really slept in the study."

"And why did you rumple the bed clothes?" She was awake and aware; it was one of her many attributes that she was bright from the opening of her eyes in the morning.

He said carefully, "I rumbled the bed clothes because I didn't think you'd believe I slept in the study. I thought you'd think I was out chasing blondes, or something."

She smiled, studying him, saying nothing.

"How were the Blairs? And how was Henri?"

"The Blairs are more fun when you're along. Henri tried to kiss me." Her eyes awaited a reaction to that last.

"I'd try to kiss you, too, if I were Henri. Didn't you want him to?"

She frowned. "I—didn't. I don't—think I did. We have so many common interests and he *is* handsome. I must be sub-human."

"Maybe you're in love with me. The common interests would be flowers, food and interior decoration. If I were a girl, I wouldn't want to be kissed by a man who gave his life to that."

"Don't be superior. Henri's a man of many conquests, as any of my friends will admit when they're drunk. Ted, I don't usually like this kind of talk. Why am I talking like this?"

"Maybe you dreamed of Henri."

"Oh, Ted—" She slid her feet out, and sat up on the edge of the bed. "Do you think—with us, it was just—animal attraction?"

"It could have been. You were, and are, an attractive animal. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Some of the soundest marriages are founded on it."

"And maintained?"

"Founded and maintained. With a minor compromise, here and there. But no major ones. When are you going to see Henri again?"

"For lunch, here. And you'd better be home, Theodore Truesdale. I don't want to be one of those—those, well, one of them."

"I'll be here, glowering. I suppose, with the super gourmet as guest, you'll be working on the lunch all morning."

She shook her head. "I'm giving him hamburgers. It's a sort of test."

What was the change in her, this morning? Ted sensed it, but couldn't isolate it. And what had motivated it? Being with Henri?

Peak thought, "I can smell, too, now. Ha, you've brought another subject up?"

"I'm going to have to. That Truesdale is getting conscience attacks. It seems to be an Earth trait. I've got an awful hot wire on the line, though. He could materialize us fast."

"Well, get him, get him. Or stir up Truesdale. Maybe you could alienate him from his wife and he'd spend more time here."

"I'm doing my best, sir. The situation is—muddled. The wife doesn't favor me at all."

"Watch yourself. Be careful."

"That I will."

In their glade, Bee outer-thought, "Darling, I can see! Ha didn't desert us. Sweetheart, Lust is waking."

"I can't see, dearest. Are you going to materialize and not I? Beloved, if—"

"Calm yourself, darling. You ARE materializing. Not the senses, yet, perhaps, but I can see one leg of yours, one long, slim, lovely leg. Oh, beloved one—"

"This time, we'll be careful. Even if we—what is that word Peak used?"

"Marriage. We'll make it work. This isn't Earth."

Ted took a warm shower and a cool one. He toweled himself vigorously, and put on shorts and a tee shirt. After breakfast, he

would cut the lawn and clean out the garage and dig up the tulip bulbs. He'd had enough of sitting.

He cut the lawn and cleaned out the garage and dug up the tulip beds. He worked with a devout if subdued fury and was conscious of Ann's occasional wondering glance from the windows. He finished it all by ten-thirty.

He put the spade and lawn mower away, and donned a pair of sneakers. Then he went out into the backyard and looked up into the branches of the nutmeg tree.

He could see the nest, and it was attainable. He stood staring at it, trying to summon enough moral decision to take the first step. It would probably mean no more blonde. It....

Hamilton peered over the edge of his nest and it seemed to Ted he could almost see the apprehension in those black eyes. Hamilton scrambled out and came hurrying down, head first.

"Now what?"

"You're evil."

"*I'm* evil. Projection, huh? You're kind of mixed up, Truesdale. *I* wasn't with the blonde, last night."

"I'm not ready to believe I was either. But this—this evil can be mental."

"Your wife's been talking to you. What about her? What about this Henri?"

"What about him? You're treading on dangerous ground, you bushy-tailed rat."

"Am I? Henri likes the place. I've been showing it to him. And pointing out its advantages. No husbands to come home, unexpectedly." Hamilton paused. "He'll be up there, again. And with *whom*, Truesdale?"

"Not Ann. She's incorruptible, you devil."

"Sure, she is. So what are you worried about?"

From the back porch, Ann said, "Ted, what are you doing?"

He turned to face her, as did Hamilton. Ted said, "I was going to climb up and knock down that nest."

"Oh, forget it. It was a silly whim of mine, anyway. Look at him, Ted. He seems to be begging you."

"You don't know him," Ted said. "He fools us all."

"Oh, Ted, you've had too much sun this morning. Look at those bright, black eyes. He wants to be friends."

Hamilton sat up on his haunches, his front paws curled, looking from one to the other beseechingly.

Ted saw the quick moisture in Ann's eyes and said, "Well, it's your decision, then. It's your responsibility." He walked past her and into the house.

He went up to his room. Projection.... The little devil had hit him with that one. Don't blame yourself, Ted Truesdale. Ann has too many unimportant interests; Ann's cold. How many lines of communication did he have to her, other than the physical? Had he tried to find enough points of intellectual contact?

When they were first married it was all art with Ann. Because he was an artist. When she'd discovered he was an artist who knew nothing of art, that had died. The home, then, and she'd made him a home to be proud of. Wasn't it the place he spent most of his time, sitting around? But, with these interests, Ann had grown. While he sat, she'd grown.

She'd grown beyond bars and dancing and small talk. She didn't realize it, herself, but she'd grown beyond him. The two bedrooms had been originally his idea, so he wouldn't waken her if he read late at night.

And when that wasn't sufficient to kill his yawning hours, he'd tried to come back along the single, physical line of communication. What else did he have to offer her?

He took another shower. He shaved and annointed his hair with perfumed oil. He wore his newest, trickiest slacks and an open-necked sport shirt. He'd been told he had an attractive neck.

Then he went down to lunch.

In the living room, in Ted's favorite chair near the fireplace, Henri sat, a drink in his hand.

Henri rose, a dark, dynamic figure. He said genially, "Well, Ted, old man, it's been some time."

"Not long enough for me to be an old man," Ted said. "How goes the newest campaign, Henri?"

Henri's smile was bland, his hand-clasp firm. "Slowly. No ill will, I hope, Ted?" Poise, assurance, the light touch.

"I'm not as modern as I should be, probably," Ted answered. "Been to Venus, lately?"

The drink wobbled in Henri's left hand. The poise, for a moment, was shattered. "Ven—Venice? In Italy, you mean?"

"In California. You're trembling, Henri. Your heart?"

"Heart—?" Blank, oafish stare, the poise scrambling to get back.

"At our age, we have to watch the ticker," Ted warned him. "What are you drinking?"

Henri stared at his nearly-empty glass. "Scotch—I—ah—"

"Sure thing. I'll have one with you." Ted went over to the liquor cabinet.

When he returned, with the pair of drinks, Ann was in the room. Ann said, "I could use one, myself."

Some of Henri's poise was back and all of his smile. "Mix her a strong one, Teddy boy. Build up her resistance."

Hamburger, Ann had called it, but it was like ambrosia. The talk flowed around Ted; food, fashion, furniture, flowers.

Henri was witty and articulate. Ann appreciative and responsive. Ted present.

All the things he'd read, and nothing to say. Mann he'd read, and Joyce. Shakespeare and Spinoza, Emerson, Shelley and....

And there was a lull momentarily in the conversation.

Ted said quickly, "I batted .314 at Houston. That's in the Texas League."

Ann stared at him, smiling. Henri stared at him, smirking. They went back to their discussion.

What weapons did he have? He sat there while the talk poured over him, turning into a wrathful midget, hating them both.

At two, he rose, from the table, "I ... have a golf date. Hate to leave you two alone."

"We'll try to get along, old boy," Henri said smilingly. "Keep your eye on the ball."

Ann said, "Easy at the nineteenth hole, honey." She lifted her lips for his kiss.

They were soft and cool.

He didn't have a golf date. He didn't want to leave them. But he couldn't sit there, growing smaller and duller by the minute. He was an artist and an athlete, not a worm.

He drove to the country club, and sat at the bar. Pete Orcutt and Johnny Devlin came in about three-thirty, and they settled down in the card room to some canasta.

Pete said, "Henri's in town. Done the Blair's place for them."

"I know," Johnny said. "Thank heavens my mate's at the lake. How about yours, Pete?"

"In Denver, visiting her mother."

Ted said evenly, "Henri's sitting at my house, boring my wife to death, right now. I don't worry about Henri."

Pete coughed. Johnny studied his hand intently. Neither of them said a word.

The game went on. Ted had too many wild cards, or not enough. Nothing worked. He fed Johnny and got garbage from Pete. He drank and simmered and watched their scores pile up.

At five-thirty, he rose and said, "I don't mind losing to you guys, but you can't expect me to support you." He wrote out two checks.

"Bad loser," Pete said, winking at Johnny.

Johnny said, "We'll have to get some golf in, Ted. Give me a ring, any time. I'm a free man, for two weeks."

Ted nodded, and left.

It was six when he got home. There was another note:

Irma needed a fourth in a hurry and she sounded so desperate, and I knew you wouldn't mind. I might be late.

XXX
A

He looked at the x's doubtfully. It wasn't like Ann to add symbolic kisses. He had enough whiskey in him so that it didn't seem improper to phone.

Irma answered.

"Hello, Irma. Is Ann there?"

"She is. Checking, Ted?"

"Of course not," he said stiffly. "May I speak with her, please?"

Ann's voice. "Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Well, is Henri with you?"

"No. Why—?"

"Something kind of important's come up, and it's down his alley. Do you know where he is? What time did he leave here?"

"He left at two-thirty. Said he had to see the Blairs. Maybe you can get him there."

"Thanks, I'll try. Honey—I—ah, have a good game." He hung up.

Two-thirty. Well, that was all right. Half an hour after Ted had left. Half an hour, half an hour, half an hour.... He poured a drink.

Half an hour, half an hour, half an hour.... He went out onto the porch. The blonde was on her patio, all dressed up in filmy green. Another blonde sat in the chair near her, male, with sport jacket and tanned face, with a drink in his hand.

Hamilton's work?

Hamilton came scrambling down the nutmeg tree. "Still hot?"

"Go away."

Hamilton looked down at the patio and back at Ted. "Her cousin from Milwaukee. Henri's making the trip, tonight."

"For the blonde?"

"Don't be naive."

"If you're inferring that my wife, my Ann is going—"

"I only said Henri's making the trip. Maybe, just in hope. But how in hell will you ever know? Unless you're there, yourself?"

"I'm not going anywhere," Ted said. "You can look for another stooge, Lucifer. I love my wife...."

For seconds, Hamilton stared at Ted with those beady, black eyes. Then, "You're serious, aren't you. You're leveling?"

"I'm serious."

Hamilton looked at the nutmeg tree. "Oh, Truesdale, if you knew the story. If you knew what this meant." He started up the tree, and paused. "Well, there are others, plenty of them." He went quickly up the rest of the way.

Ted didn't even glance at the blonde, again, before going back into the house. He put some Cole Porter on the record player and sat by the fireplace.

Honolulu and Houston and *Sweeney's* and the country club merged in his mind as the whiskey drowsiness started to creep through him. He couldn't go to sleep, not before Ann came home. He had some things to tell her.

Before *she* went to sleep.

Ann, Ann, thirty minutes, Ann, oh beloved darling....

The last record finished and shut off the machine. Ted dreamed of homering in the ninth, against Louisville, with the bases loaded.

He woke to a black room. Had Ann come in, not seen him in the living room, and gone to bed? Ann, no. Ann, be awake. Ann, you wouldn't like Venus—without me. I hope. Ann....

He stumbled out into the hall, and looked up the steps. No lights there, either. He ran up the stairs, whimpering, and through the dressing room into her room. He snapped on the big overhead light.

She was asleep. Asleep—and smiling.

He was shaking her. He was sobbing, burying his wet face in her shoulder, trembling and incoherent.

"Ted, baby, what is the matter? What's happened, darling?"

He told her. Incoherently, but swiftly, holding her tightly all the while. From the first of Hamilton's words to the last. And finished with, "I've wanted you so badly, and you seemed so distant. I know there's no excusing me, but I want you to understand, to know how much I—"

He was silent, spent, weak as water.

She stroked his hair. She said, "Wanting me isn't enough, wasn't enough. Can't you see that, dearest? A woman must be needed, not wanted. Darling, everything's going to be all right, now."

"Ann, I haven't the right to ask. But—did I bring you back from—I mean, were you on Venus?"

She put a soft hand on his lips. "Sweetheart, what a horrible question. I'm your Ann, remember? I'm your darling. And nobody else is going to come between us. This will be our room, tonight, and all the nights."

The now embodied assembly met above the stream they could hear, in the glade they could see.

Ha said, "I've a request from Earthians, that Truesdale pair."

"Request?" Peak said.

"They'd like to spend the weekend, here, all their weekends. He works the rest of the week, but—"

"Earthians, here?" Peak interrupted. "I'll be darned if—"

Ha said, "Remember, if it wasn't for them, we'd still be disembodied. I think this is a voting matter, Peak."

"Them? Him, you mean."

"Oh, no," Ha corrected. "She was here, too, that final night. Twice, as a matter of fact. The last time with her husband. I say they're fine people, and I'd be proud to welcome them."

And it was so voted.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK I'LL SEE YOU
IN MY DREAMS ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away--you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with

eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS
WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement.

See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™

work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this

agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted

by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.