

13. MEETING MR. FISHER

Dear Mr. Fisher

The debt has come due. I expect reparations.

I was a student of your father's, a man that you have benefitted from immeasurably. He was my teacher as an undergraduate. My advisor. I was seduced by his facility and his eloquence. I had never met a man of such erudition. He impressed me. When he talked to me, I felt that I was reading the pages of a book. I accepted his method. He almost brain-washed me. His technique bears close resemblance to that favored by the Inquisition or the Gestapo. It assumes guilt and uses every means to extract a confession on the part of the prisoner.

I did not feel my imprisonment at the time. It is a credit to your fathers' craft that I was unable to pierce his actual intent. Instead, he was able to lull me by his wit and lively style. I curse my naivete. He forced this probe inside me and from there it did its damage.

Your father dominated his Department. All the other scholars looked up to him and fell in line. Some were even more effective at administering the stinging barb. All made sure that no one would venture out of the lines. The game was played with the utmost of discipline.

I could ask that the debt be payed by the original purveyors. But the true effects were not to be felt for years. They were embellished by the successors. If the successors had not have carried on the same regime, we may have been able to undo the original damage. That has not been the case. They have gained immensely from their deeds, from the application of the original method, a gain far beyond the true worth of their accomplishments.

History might have smiled as it chronicled the last gasps of this fraternity. Instead, it has had to live with the ignominy that this organization has rendered. Oh the unfortunate few!

I am the voice crying in the wilderness. I am a prophet warning us before we go too far.

Mr. Fisher, you have adapted your instructors well. In the new version, the narrative is seamless; you have eliminated the contradictions of the original model. You have executed this transformation by diminishing the role of agency in political action. Events become so convoluted and their effects seems so capricious that you mock any attempt to depict the larger political and social forces that effect such actions. Instead you are so convincing at holding to account the actors in your new tragic drama. They are in the predicaments that they suffer because they have fallen victim to their own narratives. Each step to hide their authorship has only made them more subject to the social forces that they themselves unleash. Admit that there is a higher power. Get down your knees in worship! All praise Mr. Fisher!

You have made a god out of cruelty. It is your new secret police. Like any good leader, he makes sure his minions are the only ones who have to answer for his offenses. There is no paper trail. Instead you can hide behind your diction. Your language is the perfect cover. Words say so much more than we mean. Thank you!

You thought that you would not be found out. I am here with one purpose in mind. To tell the world what you are doing and receive the just desserts for my efforts. You have made yourself into an arbiter of moral taste You think that this makes you immune. So you have learned to answer for the most trivial of moral dilemmas. But when it comes to an issue of real

significance, all you can do is run.

I am on to you Mr. Fisher. Take off that mask. You cannot hide from me. I will battle your Socrates and your Aristotle. I will take on your legacy from all your forebearers. Ultimately, it is you who will have to pay.

Yours in JUSTICE,
Walter

Dear Mr. Fisher,

I don't know how you have accomplished this, but you have stolen my idea for a novel. The theft is not mere coincidence. You have adapted some of my characters. Others, you have not even changed at all.

I am sure that you have obtained copies of the files that I used to create my novel. I have been very guarded about these files. But I have sent them to my editor. You may have intercepted that communication. You work with a different publishing house so there is no reason that my editor would have sent you my files in error. Everything was intentional.

If you cease publication of your novel, and make the appropriate reparations, I will not feel the need to take any legal action. But don't think that you can get away with this. I have the evidence.

Your worst mistake was to keep my main character who is somewhat autobiographical. I have never engaged in any crimes. It is somewhat ambiguous if my main character has committed any offenses. But you use all the same situations in your book.

My character has business in the Northwest. He meets a mysterious girl who is hitchhiking. She appears to be clairvoyant. This is all part of your new book and more.

He lives in Atlanta with his wife Ariel. You have changed Ariel's name to Ariane. She is more outgoing than my Ariel. But it is essentially the same person. If you're going to borrow from someone else, do it with more originality.

Ariel suspects that Walter is involved with their neighbor Evangeline. You have changed the neighbor's name to Eva. Her husband's name is Adam. So you are working some biblical angle in your book. But it is essentially the same thing. Your tale is not as good. You belabor the sexual side of the portrayal. There is none of the conflict with the wife.

Then Ariel gets cancer. While she is being cured, the husband goes crazy. He makes a pass at every woman that he sees. It is his way of dealing with death. In your novel, you only emphasize the pornographic elements. Walter is a cruel man personally. He gets into hurting the women. He claims that they like it that way.

I know that you have a history of kinky sexual practices. Some clearly border on the criminal. I am not here to preach about your personal habits. But you have so distorted my story that it is monstrous. I don't know how you can away with doing such a thing. I wish that I could stop you personally. But I appeal to your sense of fairness for what it's worth.

Your emphasis on the sexual has distorted the wonderful tension in my original version. He is trying so hard to be above board. He has crafted this public face. But he can see it crumbling around him. He realizes that he is a man without an identity. He is only alienated by the sex.

In your book, Walter finds liberation through sex. You completely contradict my point. Thieves never understand what they are really taking. It is the same with you. You have disturbed the placidity of my life. I work hard. I make a little time to write during the day. I have accomplished a great thing by writing this novel. To have it taken by a vulture such as yourself is demeaning. I feel utterly humiliated. You will not get away with it.

I know that you were once a heralded writer. Everyone sang your praises. I may have been influenced by your books. But you have turned into this ugly monster that gobbles up everything in its path. Let me be! Let me have what I deserve.

I know what I write. I believe in the integrity of what I wrote. Your book doesn't even read well. It sounds as if it was written by a committee. You can't even steal well.

In all Sincerity,
Walter

Dear Mr. Fisher,

I believe that I know your secret. I have heard about people like you before. You pretend to be someone that you're not. You act like someone who knows what he is doing. You have all these award for what you have done. What have you really accomplished. Nothing. I know for fact that you have not written your novels. Sure you have a few ideas. But most of the work is done by someone else. I have found your ghost writer. You are nothing but a fake.

You first started writing by copying other people's ideas. I read that book about your childhood. It seemed so shocking. All these sex scenes and perversions. Too many things for a young child to take.

But you write about it all so dispassionately. It is hardly your experience at all. If it was really your story, you'd be more like that girl who goes insane and kills herself.

If you hadn't written that first novel, I wondered where it came from. I asked around. I got referred to a professor at the university. It all sounded too familiar to him.

"It's a variation on an folk tale from my country. My grandmother told it to me."

I read a collection of folk tales. I found some details that were in your story. All the stuff about the supernatural and transformation of people into animals. That formed the basis for some of the hallucinations that the boy suffers.

As I read further about the folk tales, I learned that they had been adapted by a modern writer. The book was rather obscure. It had been written in the thirties. Not many people know about it today. No wonder!

You lifted so many things from this book. Even some of your character names.

I heard that you had these weird dealings with the government. That gave you the contacts that you needed to penetrate the New York literary scene. You told someone about an idea for a novel. She asked to see the completed pages. You were in a hurry. You needed to get something together. So you copied liberally from the adaptation of folk literature.

That wasn't enough. You became famous on that basis. More novels were expected. You didn't have to go far to find them. You were afraid that you might get found out for your first plagiarism. So you enlisted help. Someone who could turn your meager ideas into stories.

There is a constant theme running through your stories. You are a man who hide his

identity. You do not want to be found out. Your characters barely have a past. They are marked by an intense aggression. They are cruel to women. They are protective of their secrecy.

You have formed a new identity for yourself. It has really no connection to anything incriminating. It is a commentary on our world that everyone accepts you. No one wants to ask questions anymore. If we can stay in our bubble, if we can live off of our fake sense of security, we will embrace any falsehood that maintains the status quo.

You are the perfect representative of the new world order. We embrace you for the world that you have created with your words. That is why you have so many literary prizes. You are the perfect symbol for a world which never has to answer for its crimes.

I continue to read your books for more clues. But I am sure that your ghost writer can abide by the comfort that he sustains one of the great frauds of our time. I hope that my letter is the first step to exposing this confidence scheme.

Like every con-job, this one is premised on the gullibility of the mark. The public has swallowed your official story up until now. But the days are over when you can use your mask to hide from me. I have made it my mission in life to tell the world what I know. I only hope that you have not lulled them completely. That they will wake up to the truth.

Your in truth,
Walter

Dear Mr. Fisher

I have already written you a bunch of letters. You have failed to respond to me. I know that I speak the truth. You are afraid of the truth. That is why you can't write back. You can't admit who you really are. What you have become.

You hide behind your big words and your complicated stories. You are like a weasel. No one can hold you down. Just when someone tries to make you respond for your stupidity, you invent this evasive reply that makes your questioner seem really dumb. I bet you think that you're the smartest man in America. I salute you Mr. Fisher.

I know that I have great ideas too. We would get along so well. But you won't write me back. I need to contact you. I need to tell you what is going on in my life. I need you to figure out what is going on in your life. What is really happening with your writing. I need the world to know who you really are.

I can help you Mr. Fisher. I can help you get your identity back from all the imposters that speak in your name. I have read your books. They have affected me deeply. I feel as if I know you really well. I know that we could be great friends. You have to give me a chance. You have to get to know me.

When I first heard about you, you sounded like such an interesting person. I read this review in the Book section of the local paper. I sent away for that book about your childhood. The worst things happened to you when you were a kid. That's probably why you're so secretive now. I understand that completely. Bad things happened to me to. At least I think that they did. My memory is not so good about that time.

When I read your book, I feel that my memories are slowing coming back to me. It's as if my memories are your memories, and vice versa. I almost look like you. We are brothers. I

have to tell you this face to face. You will see me and know that we are the same.

I know that you have read my letters. Something or someone is preventing you from answering back. I am going to get to the bottom of this. I hope no one is holding you prisoner. You hold some controversial beliefs. Someone could be trying to get back at you. I want to help. I could go to the authorities if you just get me a message that something is wrong.

When I read your books, I feel that there is some secret that you are sharing with just me. You are writing to me personally. That makes me feel so special. It makes me want to do something for you.

If you can't respond to me directly, you could leave a message for me in your next book. Then I will know exactly what has to be done to help you. It wouldn't mean changing your style much. Because you are already communicating to me.

It's important that you write me as soon as possible. You could even invent a code. Or you could have my mail delivered to a post office box or a business so no one knows that you are writing me.

If you don't write me, I will have to go looking for you. I will make you write me back. I am not crazy. I just have the truth on my side.

You think that you can hide from me. Look in the mirror, Mr. Fisher. Who do you see? It is I. I am staring back at you. Look into my eyes. I am now brainwashing you. What are you going to do? You are going to write me.

You must write me. I need your answer. Your books have fucked with my mind. You have become part of me. You have got inside of me. I want my personality back. You are the only one who can help me.

Your friend,
Walter

Dear Mr. Fisher

I am enclosing the completed pages for your new novel. You have been helpful in guiding me through the writing process. I have made a few changes to your outline. I hope that you will enjoy the direction that I have taken with your book.

I guess it is only coincidence that your main character is named Walter. I suppose that it only encouraged me to complete the work. I felt more than confident as I found a few parallels with my life that I could use in the composition.

My character Ariel is much more assertive than yours. She is a very sexual person. This changes her role in the marriage. She is more subject to the effects of flattery. Her husband Walter has to compete with rivals for her affection. This adds to the suspicions that he has about his wife. But the household is hardly the locus of marital bliss.

I debated how I wanted to handle the disease question. In the early drafts, this seemed to be one of the central questions of the novel. But in your revisions, it has become a secondary issue. I remember how that was the source of the main conflict. How could Walter contemplate an affair when his wife was dying of cancer? But her illness moved to the background when we started to focus on the missing files for work.

I hope that it is not too much of an imposition on my part that I eliminated all reference to

the cancer. This makes the focus on Walter's sexual appetites as the critical element in his alienation from Ariel. It also explains why he accepts the long assignments from his firm. It gives him the chance to entertain his interests.

I didn't want to make Ariel into a mere observer in the crisis that is unfolding around her. She needs to have her own love interests. At the same time, she has committed so much more to the marriage. This is part of Walter's difficulty from early on. It also explains his fascination with Angel.

Angel is the source of Walter's downfall. He is able to contain his passion for his neighbor Evangeline. Her assets are almost the very thing that enables him to reject her. But when it comes to Angel, Walter has to admit to the rather unsavory side to his desire. I know that you wanted me to be ambiguous about her age. If she appears too young, the reader will hardly be sympathetic to Walter. Even if she is underage, there is some question if the reader can even understand his predicament. But if she is too old, her rebellion will hardly seem to have any context. At that point, she could easily leave home and get a job. She needs to lean on him for her support. The relationship has to be based on her extreme need to get some money.

I hope that none of this reflects negatively on your own situation. I know that you have had some difficulty with a girl somewhat like Angel. In your case, the claim that she told you she was legal makes total sense. You met her in a bar not in a restaurant. The doorman would have needed to card her.

I believe that you are being very frank in including your own situation in the novel. You put it there in such a way that you really examine your own motives. This is very honest.

I am sorry if I emphasized the freaky elements about his fascination with Angel. I hope that you realize that I am attributing none of these habits to you. There have always been rumors about your predilections.

There is the larger moral issue that you are raising in this novel. I have attempted to maintain that intent. We all seem implicated in the impulses of Walter. I know it is uncomfortable to contemplate this. That's how it is.

Yours sincerely,
Walter.

Dear Mr. Fisher

I don't believe that you exist at all. I've seen pictures of you on your books. But I've written you, and you don't reply. My letters are very important. Not just for me, but for you too. You don't see this. You are ignoring me. It's got to be because you're not really a person.

If I read your books, they don't read as if they were written by a person. It seems like a committee. A bunch of different people, each with his own idea. Anyone can tell that. I'm reading along and it all makes sense. Then in the next paragraph all the characters are different. The situation has completely changed. This can only happen if the members of the committee are not working together. They don't communicate. Each one has his own idea what to write. They ignore whatever's been written before them.

Sure there's a vague outline that holds the books together. At some point an editor tries to impress one mind on the manuscript. But it is all so rambling that nothing can really be done

to create a unified point of view.

A friend of mine told me that he saw you on TV. This is a well-coached actor. He knows what to say. He has learned the biography.

Your biography reads like one of your books. That means that it was made up. No one could have that story as their life. The weird relationship with your father. The bizarre occurrences when you were a kid. That pervert neighbor that you knew. The one who liked to hurt animals and engage in psycho sex practices. If that had been your life, you wouldn't have been so articulate. You'd be a vegetable.

You write about all your problems. The health problems. The prescription drugs. The fights with your wife. The money issues. The court battles.

All that is fake. But your publishing company and your agent have done everything in their power to create this illusion. There are court documents to support your authenticity. Your actor-model gets all kind of work. The more that people know you, the more you have to put on a public face.

If you are so public, we know that you can't write as much as you do. It's the same thing with your sexual exploits. You would already be exhausted to the bone. You'd be dead. No man can do all that.

If you don't exist, if you're dead, who am I writing to? That is what I want to know. There is someone who has been assigned to reply to your correspondence. That person is not doing his job. I write him, and he won't answer back. If you were real, you'd realize that your life depended on.

It's as if you are being held prisoner, and they won't let you communicate. I first considered this option. That you were being held incommunicado. Now I know things are worse than that. I have analyzed everything that you have said, everything that you have done, and everything that has been said about you. None of it describes one man. You are elsewhere. You are someone else.

If you are not real, Mr. Fisher, then quit this sham. Come out of the shadows and admit who you are. If you do not admit who you are, then I will make every effort to expose you. I am already engaged in just that activity.

I am convinced that you pose a real harm to our country and our citizens. I believe that you have formed an organization to persecute our citizens. Your secrecy threatens the very fiber that makes us a free country. Your books have every intent of brainwashing their readers. I myself have felt the effects. This is worse than any drug.

Yours truly,
Walter.

Dear Mr. Fisher

I am writing you about my husband Walter. I don't want to blame you for his demise. But I feel that you must share in some of the responsibility.

My Walter is a good man. For me, he has been a great man. But you have done nothing but hound him with your scurrilous charges. I know that he may have not been faithful to me. But you have portrayed him as pervert. Perhaps worse.

Walter leads a very busy life. He is the lead salesperson at his firm. For that reason, Walter has to travel all the time. Walter is a loving man. A caring man.

I know that he would give everything that he has to help a poor soul. When he was traveling in the Northeast, a young woman persuaded him to give her a ride. Perhaps Walter is too trusting. I feel that the woman used Walter to get back at her stepfather. Now her stepfather is trying to hide his own guilt by going after my poor Walter.

It is not enough that my husband must face these charges in court. You have tried my husband in the court of public opinion. I know that your book purports to be fiction. That being said, your fiction is a pack of lies. But it masquerades as the truth. You have taken the disconnected facts from this case and woven them into a story that has all the appearances of the indisputable truth. It is nothing but a total fabrication.

People believe that Walter is guilty. They believe that he is a killer. We have no basis to fight those charges. The girl has never been found. It could all be a trick on her part. I wouldn't put it beyond your tricks to hide the girl to give yourself mileage for your present tale.

I know how you have enticed women to do similar things before. I have read all about you, Mr. Fisher. You are nothing but a pervert. I wish that I could follow you day in and day out. I would have enough evidence to lock you up and throw away the key.

Money makes people do strange things. Power becomes even more an aphrodisiac. How much can you get the poor and desperate to do on your account. Do they have no pride?

Your appetites are legendary. You don't take no for an answer. The women that you have bedded are all afraid of you. Otherwise, you would be facing a litany of charges. If people saw you for the monster that you are, they would jump back in fear.

Instead, you pass yourself off as this distinguished man. A man of the world. You claim that you would never try something on another person if you weren't able to do it to yourself as well. This is from a victor at Russian Roulette. I am afraid that you load the gun after your attempt.

You may live off your staying power. Or with your limp dick, you substitute these scenes of oppression for any real intimacy. No wonder you derive pleasure from my husband's condition. For all I know, you may have been behind the girl's disappearance. He talk about being tracked by a strange man. It may have been the stepfather. Or it may have been you. What do you hope to gain from this behavior?

What you do in private is your affair. But you have raised this to a new level. An Organization of all you types together. What do you hope to gain?

I have written the authorities to complain about your harassment. I have been told that there is a long list of charges with regards to you. They have been unable to prove anything until now. You have tried to make it as if you do not exist. You have hid the monster that you are. Let it be known that someone is on to your tricks. I have caught you, Mr. Fisher.

Yours truly,
Ariel

Dear Mr. Fisher.

We would like you to furnish us with all the appropriate documents of your associate

Walter. We know that he has been assisting you in the composition of your present novel. Admittedly, you have done everything that you can to help Walter. In a way, you created the present job for him with that in mind. We also know he is a very hard worker and has done extensive rewrites for you.

It is our intent to ascertain if Walter used any of the details of applicable to his case in the composition of your novel. We realize that he was working from an outline. It is apparent that Walter would embellish the story with details from his life. How far did he go in this endeavor?

Walter first saw you as a mentor. He never thought that he would actually pursue his dream of being a writer. He wrote a few short stories that were rejected by magazines. His failures discouraged him. I am not sure what caused him to seek your help. There is something that I heard about you sending pages to his company that were passed on to him. He then started to work from this material.

At what point did his additions constitute a body of work that caught your interest. When did you actively include him in your own writing process. We believe that is critical that we ascertain the exact moment each of these events occurred. An accurate chronology is essential or our work.

As you know Walter is suggesting that you somehow brain-washed him. This is critical to his defense. We don't put much credibility in this theory. As it is it still puts you in some jeopardy. You may want to consult counsel before you go ahead and meet our request. We foresee bringing no charges against you unless there is evidence of an active conspiracy between you. That we doubt.

Walter believes that you wanted him to find a victim so that you could test our your theories. Even if that is true, why would he give in to your suggestions. That is central to his defense. Walter feels that you have highlighted the events in his life to highlight his propensity to violence. This focus has only made him feel guilty. His shame has weakened his personality, and, in turn, dulled his self-control. The only time that he feels human is if he is acting out his violent tendencies.

He also claims that your fiction creates this marriage between sexual desire and the need to do bodily harm. If he feels this intense pain, the only way to attain pleasure is to inflict the pain on someone else.

Even if this was your philosophy, there is nothing illegal about it. On the surface, it may appear despicable. But we understand how you are offering social commentary. We all get seduced by dreams of power. It is the ethical man who can distinguish dreams from reality and puts a constraint on his more irrational urges. If we owe you a debt of gratitude, it is because you have been such an able social critic.

We thank you for your cooperation. We regret to have troubled you under these circumstances. We will do everything in our power to protect your privacy. We have only contacted you so that you can help us with our case against Walter.

We personally bear no ill will towards Walter. If he has indeed broken the law, he must face the consequences. We know that you will understand our needs.

It is unfortunate when you help someone, and they turn on you. We will do everything out power to protect you from anyone who wants to blame you for these events. All correspondence is to be held in total confidence. We ask the same from you.

Aaron Jennings
TWIN FALLS POLICE DEPARTMENT

Dear Mr. Fissure

You make me feel less than human. You have effectively robbed me of my identity. I read your recent novel. I thoroughly identified with your main character Walter. Perhaps, this is because my name is Walter too. You have taken my life and turned it inside out. You have thrived on the devotion of your readership. The constant entertainer!

You imply that I have homicidal urges. I live quietly with my wife Ariel. There is little of note in my life. I bear ill will towards no one. I can barely raise my voice. You can hardly compare me to someone who finds pleasure in torturing animals. I don't even enjoy inflicting pain in love-making. I don't slap my wife on the fanny or any such thing. I can tell that you are a biter. You like to bite when you kiss. You lie to draw blood. I guess that you feel that everyone is like you. All that we have to do is try your kinky behavior, and we too will be hooked. I am not a pervert.

I admit that I like to watch a horror movie now and then. I am not obsessed like my friends. I don't get off on the screams of the innocent. I don't enjoy seeing knives covered in blood. I don't really like slasher films. I admit that I find it fascinating to walk uninvited through a person's house. I have thought about trying this. It would be so easy. Even if the doors were locked, I could find a way to let myself in unannounced. I almost feel like part of the family. This is the feeling that you get when you walk through a house.

I never look in my neighbor's windows. I know that my next door neighbor often leaves her curtains open at night. If you stare in the window, you can see her undress. She is a very attractive woman; she is! I am not ashamed to admit it. But I would never even think about looking at her while she is getting undressed. If I notice that is what is going on, I quickly turn my head and pretend that I've seen nothing.

I feel protective about my neighbors and everyone else that I meet. If I knew that a pervert was looking in my window at my wife, it would drive me crazy. Admittedly, I wouldn't do anything violent. I'd call the police. But I can't understand what would possess someone to do that sort of thing.

Mr. Fissure, in your novels you seem to encourage people to pry into the affairs of their neighbors. Your characters would not hesitate to stare at their neighbors in undress. Everyone woman of note seems a thing to conquer. I feel that this is a psychological deficiency on your part. Don't you know what love is. Are you so obsessed with naked bodies that they occupy your every waking minute. Is there nothing of substance to your characters?

I have heard that you are a very well to do man. I have a nice home. But I am struggling. I could use your help. I want you to leave me alone. Let me be me.

Why do you write these novels? Why do you torture us so?

Before I read your novel, I was in love with Ariel. Now I am attracted to my neighbor Evangeline. She has a voluptuous body. I drool just looking at her. I want to kiss every inch of her flesh. She makes me feel powerful. I am so aroused just thinking about her.

If my wife found out how I feel, she would leave me. Since I have read your book, I

cannot even sleep with her. What are you going to do about it?

I wish that I could control myself. I am frustrated. I am afraid what I am going to do. I am afraid of what I can do. I have little control over myself. All that I can do is give in. You are my Doctor and you have animated me. I was dead until you sent the shock of current through my body.

Yours truly,
Walter

Dear Mr. Walters,

You have to know who I am. I am Mr. Fisher. I am you. You are afraid of me. You could not write me back. So I have written back for you. I have become your new ghost writer. I anticipate the words before you think them. I am your warning. Take heed. I am you.

It took me a while to realize what has been happening. I had a run in with the Organization. They had been stealing my ideas to create our books. You don't even realize that this is happening. But it is. They have your computers monitored. They can take all your ideas and transform them into text. I saw that it was going on. One of my files had been pilfered. It was an innocuous file. A bunch of numbers. Code for a computer program, a program that helped me write my book.

All my code was turned into text. They took my idea and created a book from it. They had some guy helping them. He was this salesman. He had taken a psychological test at work. It showed that he had creativity and basic writing skills. They transformed him into a novelist.

By the time you read this, you will have been brain-washed. You won't know the difference. You won't realize that this is happening. I am you before all this happened. I know that they are on my trail. I am the last piece in the puzzle. I am the only one who can expose what they are doing.

My first encounter with the Organization occurred when I sent an email to my editor. She had always helped me out. She had been my inner voice. I didn't get a reply back. I sent a number of emails to no avail. A few weeks later, I received a letter that purported to be from her. It was strange. It made me feel alone.

I know that you are still me. That you still have this innate curiosity. You will not believe what they are telling you. That is why I can trust you. You just need a clue to wake you up from your slumber. I can help you.

You want to ignore my communication. That seems like the natural thing to do. I must seem crazy to you. But look at yourself. You are becoming something other than you once were.

You were a perceptive social critic. Now you act out your suspicions on yourself and those close to you. You have invested too much in sex games. You are a very aggressive person. You never used to be this way. You don't get along with your wife. These are all symptoms of the change.

You don't want to believe me. This all seems preposterous. Like conspiracy theory. It is not. I am your only chance to escape. Your only chance to regain yourself. Look in the mirror. See the face behind the face.

You are probably enjoying the spoils of your new life. Women throwing themselves at you. Everything comes so easily to you. But you are only being conditioned to expect this state of affairs. When it does not come to you naturally, you will do everything in your power to take it. You are so cruel. You will become worse.

Again, look in the mirror. Down deep you are not the monster that you are becoming. This is your last chance.

You have surrounded yourself with acquaintances who reinforce the way that you feel now. No one can set you straight but me. I can really help you because I am you.

You have written this to yourself. Before the change. So you will not be able to write again. This is the warning. Heed it now! It is almost too late. They are so good at what they do. Look at yourself. Your skills are now theirs.

You were once a voice for freedom. Come alive!

Yours in Necessity,
Mr. Fisher