

ERIC MILLER'S POEMS SENT TO VELIKOVSKY

The poems below were sent to Velikovsky in the summer of 1970. They all touch on contemporary events, and threads of conversation I was having with Velikovsky in our communications at the time (1969-1971), both via telephone and letters (the below poems are all in my correspondence file of the Princeton University Velikovsky Archives). The second poem was written in commemoration of Man Walks On Moon—an event I witnessed at home in San Diego, immediately after returning from my first meeting with Velikovsky at Princeton. Velikovsky wrote in response, see at end of poems. He also told me personally that he very much liked my poem on 21st Commemoration for *Worlds In Collision*, and in fact, invited me to write a piece to appear in the N.Y. Times for the event—as his second letter below indicates.

1

When I have catastrophic fears of things to come
And measure ruin's progress in our times
(How hatreds make their contract with the dark'ning sun,
And ancient fears repeat their dying rhyme),
Then I consider how the air is bathed in filth,
How greed and self-destructive gain are won
Through wretched profit of the world's polluted breath—
Then I wonder how it all will end, and why begun.
Oh, how the heart can quite condemn
The failure of the free before this spectacle!
Yet time, eternal in man's loving theme,
Gives faith to all that lower men may ridicule;
For life insists upon its winning song
Whatever man's course, however great his wrong.

2

As astronauts gaze from an orbit of the moon
And see the earth itself ascending in the night
All phenomena reversed, strange and beautiful
So, too, this earth bound heart can feel
A mystery so great the universe itself

Is but a parable of all I know, when
Feeling your beauty so dear
The deepest regions of my love,
Relative to the furtherest stars
Is felt so near.

3

I too have dreams of suicide,
Have studied in my lonely heart
The ruined tablets of a higher law.
And then my judgment on all these living things
Lost counsel with my modesty
And presumed to know the way of life,
Lost to the times and my own heart, too.
Then passion forgetting its most natural law
condemned the heart that felt the loss,
When, in truth, the very lack I felt
Was overfull with caring.
Thus when logic turns to death
Its asks of reason to defy itself
And erect a dream of alien estate
When all the heart needs is but to create.

4

FAUST

Sometimes when damned in depths of fear,
Myself despised at every privileged post
I fear imaginations devils drawing near
And fear strange longings for the ancient past.
Then I, in perilous protest of learning's lack
Occultly dream full dungeons of mad blood.
Ah, then, I am tempted to my Faustian pact
As desperation soars to supreme command,
While fires burn as though by magic born.

O let reason with the ripening heart expand!
Dispel these mythic dreams and mend what's torn,
Seek the warming touch of a women's hand,
For whatever the meaning of man's rise and fall
A man needs first a lovely woman for his All.

(Dr. Velikovsky—I wrote this especially for you and tried to incorporate into this little verse what I believe to be fundamental psychological dynamics of the Faust-Complex)

5

The stars were burning bright,
The air was cool and sweet;
There was a wonder in the night,
Something the spring had come to greet.

I hear them singing in the stars,
I feel the movement of the flower's fruit,
I dream that love will follow suit
I hear them singing in the stars.

The stars were burning bright,
The air was cool and sweet;
There was a wonder in the night,
Something the spring had come to greet.

Dear Mr. Miller:

accept our thanks for the gift, a volume of your poems of which one in excessive way deals with me.

You have a talent of a poet. As to your scientific efforts to disprove Einstein, more of an arsenal is required than you may possess, though you would not accept my opinion on this. As to your opera you need to work on it - I have not read the libretto but it happened that you let Queen Nefretete to speak a vernacular English; it seems to me that "O.K." put in her mouth is not appropriate.

Thanks again for your cordial attention.

We wish you everything good.

Yours,

W. Velupillay

Dear Mr. Miller:

Upon our return from British Columbia we found in the mail your letter of February 27th. Thanks for remembering the 20th anniversary of W. in C. It is also the tenth anniversary of G. and A.

You have the talent of expressing yourself. Actually I may show your letter to Prof. Horace M. Kallen to whom G. & A. was dedicated.

Doubleday prepares a full page ad in the Book Review section of N.Y. Times to commemorate the 20th anniversary of W. in C. The actual date of publication by Macmillan was on April 3rd 1950; the date Doubleday took the book over was June 8, 1950. The ad will run on May 2 this year.

If you feel inspired to do so you may write a piece to commemorate the anniversary. In 1950 Harrison Brown in SKLit. prophesized that ten years later nobody would remember the book besides the weary lecturers that were plagued by questions about WIC at every one of the^{ir} public lectures.

The experience in British Columbia is unforgettable - in Victoria and in Vancouver alike.

With kind regards,

Yours,

W. Velupillay

*Today arrived a letter stamped
March 17. Will respond later.*