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ation, mailing #113, autumn 1965.
Learned treatises on H. P. Love-
craft, as well as correspondence
about the essays so far presented
here, are earnestly solicited.

HPL: THE AUTOMATIC GHOST

by Arthur Jean Cox

This is a quotation from an article, "Automatic Writing," by Ber-
nard Karberski, in the January 1947 issue of New Frontiers, an English
publication.

Early in 1942, the following example of automatic writing
was sent to me.

"Relacion de Panfilo de Zamacona y Nunez, Hidalgo de
Luarca en Asturias, tocante al mundo suterraneo de Xinaian a
Trinidad Padre Hijo y Espiritu-Santo Tres Personas Distintas y
Un Solo Dios verdadero y de la Contisima Virgen Nuestra Senora
you Panfilo de Zanacona, Hidalgo de la Dona Ynes Alvarado y
Nues de Luarca en Asturias, 'Juno' para que todo que deco esta
verdadero como sacramento."

I copy this down exactly as given in my old notes which, presum-
ably, were copied exactly from the magazine text. I translate this
passage roughly as follows:

Narrative of Panfilo de Zamacona y Nunez (Nuñez?), Hid-
algo of Luarca in Asturias, touching the subterranean world of
Xinaian to (the?) Trinity Father Son and Holy Ghost Three Dis-
tinct Persons and One True God and of the Contisima (?) Virgin
Our Lady, I, Panfilo de Zamacona, Hidalgo of the Lady Ynes
Alvarado y Nues of Luarca en Asturias, swear (-- but why, I
wonder, the unhispanic and unnecessary quotation marks? --)
that all that I say is true as scripture.

Karberski himself goes on to say:

I obtained a translation, and it purported to relate to a
subterranean land called Xinaian. Since the whole affair
seemed nonsense, I put it to one side, and forgot about it.
But in January 1943 I was perusing an American magazine which
had been in my possession -- unread -- for over a year, when
in a certain story I came across the above extract, almost
word for word the same.

He doesn't identify the story, author, magazine or issue; but, of
course, it was "The Mound," by Hazel Heald -- actually, one gathers,
ghost-written by Lovecraft -- in Weird Tales.

HENRY JAMES ON DUNWICH

from an article in Harper's Weekly, XLI:946, 1897

rediscovered by BILL BLACKBEARD, reparagraphed by the editor

I defy any one, at desolate, exquisite Dunwich, to be disappointed in anything. The minor key is struck here with a felicity that leaves no sigh to be breathed, no loss to be suffered; a month of the place is a real education to the patient, the inner vision. The explanation of this is, appreciably, that the conditions give you to deal with not, in the manner of some quiet countries, what is meagre and thin, but what has literally, to a large degree, ceased to be at all. Dunwich is not even the ghost of its dead self; almost all you can say of it is that it consists of the mere letters of its old name.

The coast, up and down, for miles, has been, for more centuries than I presume to count, gnawed away by the sea. All the grossness of its positive life is now at the bottom of the ocean, which moves for ever, like a ruminating beast, an insatiable, indefatigable lip. Few things are so melancholy...as this long, artificial straightness that the monster has impartially maintained. If at low tide you walk on the shore, the cliffs, of little height, show you a defence picked as bare as a bone; and you can say nothing kinder of the general humility and general sweetness of the land that this sawlike action gives it, for the fancy, an interest, a sort of mystery, that more than makes up for what it may have surrendered. It stretched, within historic times, out into towns and promontories for which there is now no more to show than the empty eye-holes of a skull; and half the effect of the whole thing, half the secret of the impression, and what I may really call, I think, the source of the distinction, is this very visibility of the mutilation....

The biggest items are of course the two ruins, the great church and its tall tower, now quite on the verge of the cliff, and the crumbled, ivied wall of the immense cincture of the Priory. These things have parted with almost every grace, but they still keep up the work that they have engaged in for centuries and that cannot better be described than as the adding of mystery to mystery. This accumulation, at present prodigious, is, to the brooding mind, unconscious as the shrunken little Dunwich of today may be of it, the beginning and the end of the matter.

I hasten to add that it is to the brooding mind only, and from it, that I speak. The mystery sounds for ever in the hard, straight tide, and hangs, through the long, still summer days and over the low, diked fields, in the soft thick light. We play with it as with the answerless question, the question of the spirit and attitude, never again to be recovered, of the little city submerged. For it was a city...as even its poor relics show, with a fleet of its own...and a big religious house on the hill. We wonder what were then the apparent conditions of security, and on what rough calculation a community could so build itself out to meet its fate....

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