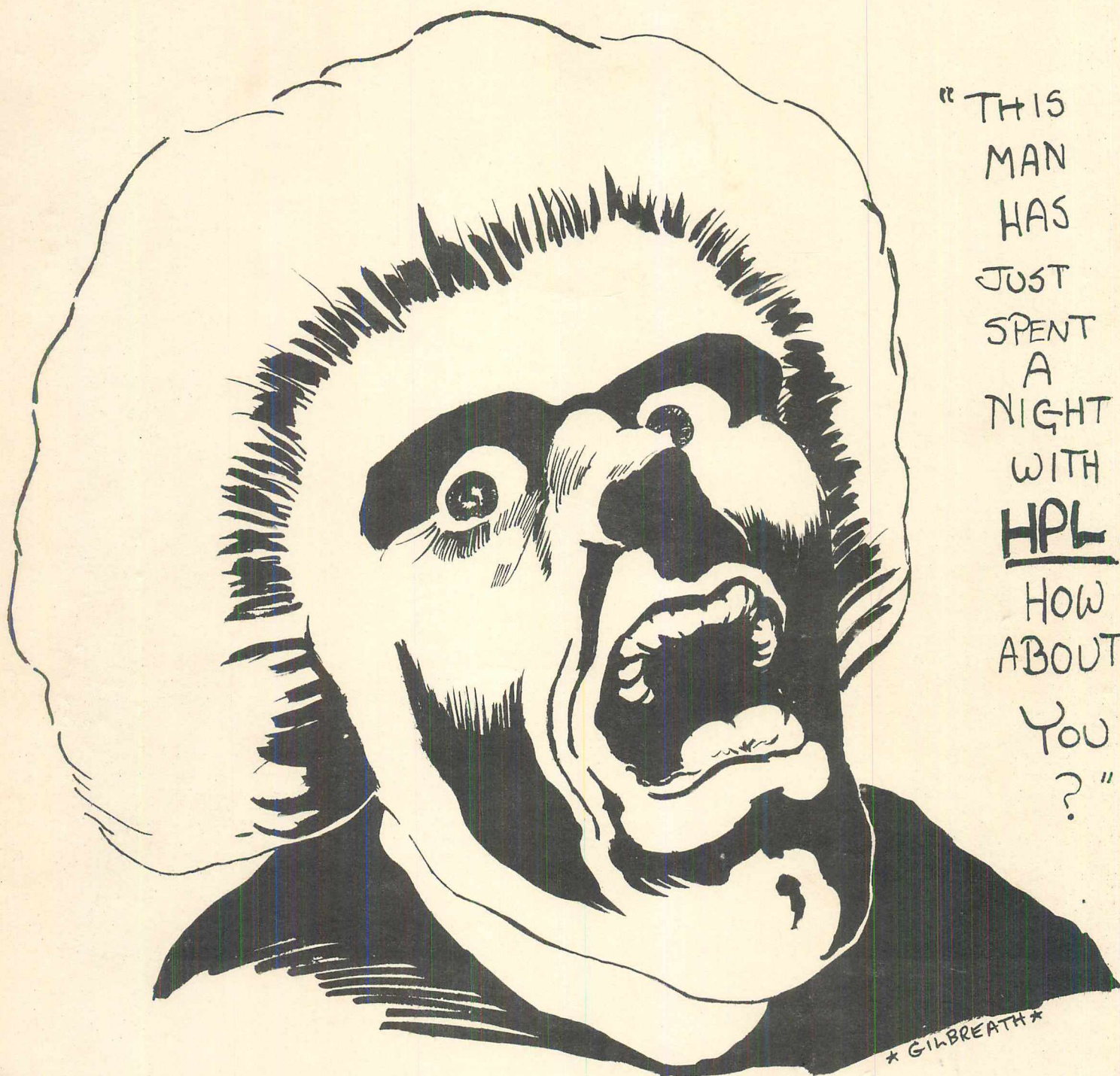


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"THIS  
MAN  
HAS  
JUST  
SPENT  
A  
NIGHT  
WITH  
HPL.  
HOW  
ABOUT  
YOU  
?"

\* GILBREATH \*

→ THE HPL SUPPLEMENT NO. 2 ←

WITH: LUMLEY, LONG, PRICE, WETZEL, EVERTS,  
HOME, SUDOL, FAIG, LOEBS, TIERNEY,  
& DIVERS HANDS





THE

HPL

SUPPLEMENT 2

Produced by Meade Frierson III  
3705 Woodvale Road,  
Birmingham, ALA 35223

July, 1973

Cover by Wade Gilbreath,  
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This publication was originally  
intended for March, 1973 to  
celebrate the first anniversary  
of the publication of HPL: A  
Tribute to Howard Phillips Love-  
craft. In October, 1972 we pub-  
lished a Supplement No. 1 (64 pp)  
which is out of print and contained  
primarily commentary and reviews of  
the magazine/book itself and was for the benefit of the contributors  
to HPL and other interested persons.

We soon found ourselves with more letters of comment after October  
but even more significantly with offers of more Lovecraftian material  
for publication, so we resolved to produce this magazine/booklet.

It might not be amiss to note that copies of HPL in its second print-  
ing are still available for \$4.

In the interim (March-July) Roger Bryant executed an idea which had  
been kicking around Lovecraftians for a couple of years, namely, a  
weird fiction amateur press association with a bent toward Lovecraft.  
He organized The Esoteric Order of Dagon and the first mailing of 100  
pages by 22 members slithered into our mailboxes about mid-June.  
The mailings will be six times a year. Our zine (quarterly) is  
called The Unnamable and extra copies are available for 25¢ after the  
mailing dates. #1 is 16 pages of our personal material on various  
topics, unlike HPL Supplements which are to serve as forums for others.  
Write Roger Bryant, 647 Thoreau Avenue, Akron, Ohio for info on E\*O\*D.  
.....

Without further ado, let us press on into the first two articles;  
these involve observations on Lovecraft and Lord Dunsany, a small  
sample of the exhaustive researches of Randy Everts, followed by  
another fine piece of research from the pen of Ken Faig.





LOVECRAFT AND LORD DUNSANY  
By R. Alain Everts

In his autobiography, WHILE THE SIRENS SLEPT (London, Jarrolds, Ltd., n.d.), Lord Dunsany on page 21 describes only briefly his lecture at the Copley Plaza in Boston in late October of 1919. No doubt he had no inkling that sitting in the audience was a neophyte, and America's finest author-to-be of the fantasy genre, Howard Phillips Lovecraft.

The influence of this lecture on HPL cannot be too lightly passed over - in fact it most likely had a considerable effect in reviving HPL's interest in fantasy, in serious writing (along with his Amateur Press supporters) and in commercial publishing. Not much is known about this episode in HPL's life - perhaps a turning point - yet the facts are somewhat easily ascertainable.

HPL himself relates some of the incidences concerning this event in letter #56 in SELECTED LETTERS - to his fellow amateur Rheinhart Kleiner all HPL stated was that he (HPL), Miss H. and young Lee; plus Miss H's aunt, set out for the Copley Plaza at 7 in the evening, and that obtaining front-row seats, HPL was not more than 10 feet from Dunsany. The Lord spoke of his methods and ideals in his British accent, and then read his short play THE QUEEN'S ENEMIES and selections from several other works. After the reading, Miss H, pressed by her aunt, stood amongst the lionisers, and only a last minute failure of courage prevented her from obtaining the great man's autograph.

The following day, however, Miss H could not let the Lord leave without trying to obtain his autograph, and so enclosed in a letter to him a gift of an autograph letter of Abraham Lincoln. Of course, this brought an extremely courteous response from Dunsany, reproduced on p. 93 of SELECTED LETTERS I.

However, who were these persons - Miss H., young Lee and how did HPL happen to be present at this lecture? As one would expect, this episode deals with Amateur Journalists, the sole and greatest interest in HPL's life during the middle 1910s and early 1920s. One of the Amateurs whom HPL knew rather well from about 1915 onwards, was the young David Whittier, an aspiring author of horror tales, who had at least one such tale in HPL's own THE CONSERVATIVE. In early 1919 Whittier recruited the young (21 year old) Miss Alice Hamlet, through a short story of hers that appeared in the Boston Post newspaper. As Miss Hamlet relates it:

From then on I was one of the "amateurs". Eventually I put out a little mimeographed paper in conjunction with a John Smith of Orondo, Washington. It was probably through that little literary effort that Mr. Lovecraft became interested in my work. He was very helpful and friendly in his criticisms and suggestions and I greatly appreciated it. But on to Mr. Lovecraft himself: As I remember him he was tall and large-boned - with a long jaw - or perhaps I should say chin - from the lower lip downward. He was rather dark complexioned and was extremely pale. Evidently he was not in very good health. He had severe headaches and never was known to go far from his home - except to hear Lord Dunsany at my invit-



Lovecraft and Lord Dunsany (continued)

ation. Mr. Lovecraft's style of writing was highly imaginative as was Dunsany's and I thought Mr. Lovecraft would greatly enjoy hearing the Irish poet. There was this difference between the writers' literary output - Lovecraft resembled Edgar Allan Poe, with his stark and wild imaginings: Dunsany wrote in almost Biblical style, with prose that was almost poetry. Mr. Lovecraft's vocabulary was very extensive, at times Johnsonian, and his letters were long and examples of a skilled writer who knew what he wanted to say and how to say it. The attendance at the Dunsany lecture was surely a milestone in his life - and a great inspiration to me and one of my treasured memories. The young man who went with us was Ed Lee. He was not "literary" and probably Mr. Lovecraft and I were both a sort of gentle amusement to him!

As far as I can remember, he (Lovecraft) went back to Providence the night of the Dunsany lecture. He was immensely impressed and I can well imagine the occasion was a spur to his writing professionally. I never considered Mr. Lovecraft handsome and I am sure he was never interested in me as a girl! We merely had similar tastes which made for a congenial acquaintance. He was always courteous - "the old school gentleman" - although he must have been in the early thirties (his age) when I knew him.

The fourth member of the party was Miss Hamlet's aunt, Mrs Eva Thompson, who died in 1957 at the age of 86. After Lord Dunsany departed home, Miss Hamlet wrote to him asking him if he would be so kind as to judge some Amateur writings. Dunsany cabled her that he would be most pleased, and in 1921, he did judge the Poetry Laureate contest for the National Amateur Press Association, and thus ended a brief confrontation of two great phantaisistes, and a profound episode in Howard Phillips Lovecraft's literary and social life.

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A Carpathian Castle, Seventy-five Years Later

Entombed in dreamless sleep by day  
To rise by night in crimson dreams,  
His black-clad figure haunts the tower,  
Rides the full moon's famished beams.

The castle guards in swirling shade  
A crag the word can never find,  
That harbors things with fangs and wings -  
A timeless mountain of the mind.

Where looms that wind-lashed Hell-gate hill,  
It is eighteen ninety-seven still,  
Where blue lights burn for those who believe  
To mark eternal Walpurgis Eve.

- Margaret L. Carter



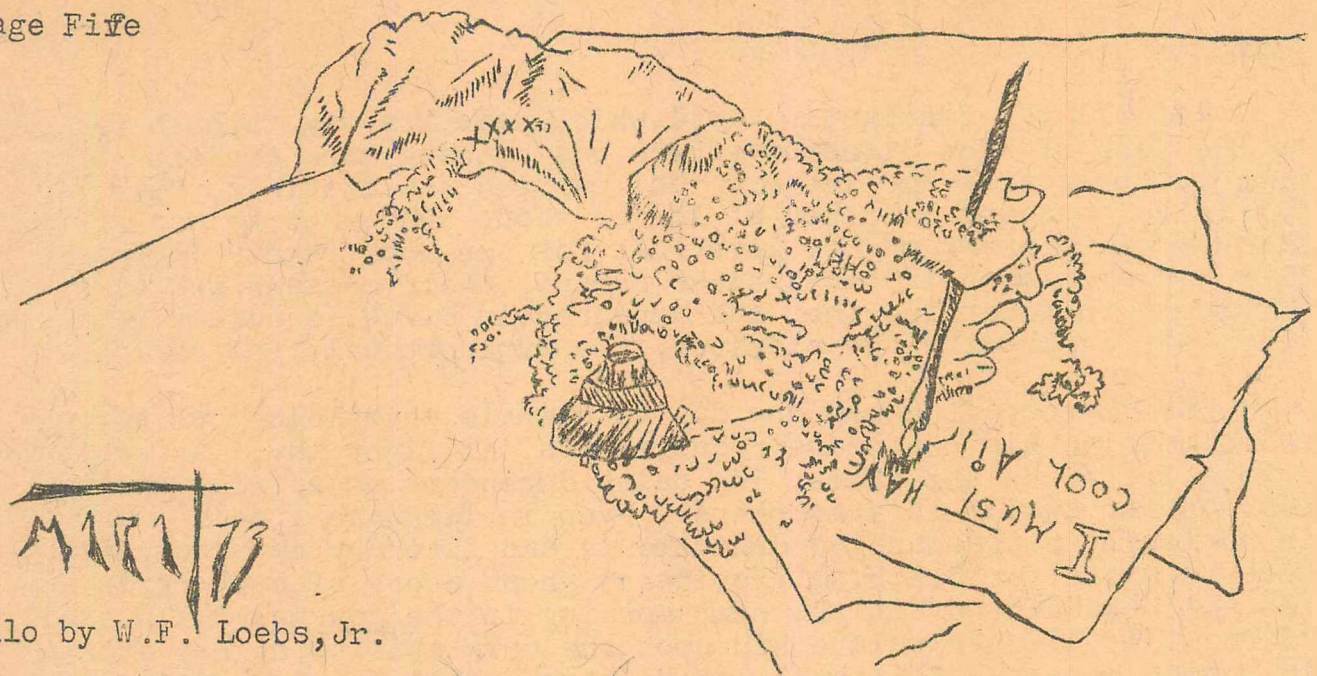
LOVECRAFT'S OWN BOOK OF WEIRD FICTION  
by Kenneth W. Faig

Literary reputations rise and fall, and perhaps - given the capacity for rapid change in our society - the literary reputation of Howard P. Lovecraft, which has been growing by leaps and bounds since the mid-sixties, will ultimately subside into a more moderate and sustaining interest in the same way in which the Lovecraft "boom" of the forties passed into what might be called a virtual drought in the fifties. A writer with an authentic artistic statement to make, however, seldom suffers for too long, and although the general popularity of Lovecraft's work may continue to fluctuate with the "national mood" and many other factors, there can be little doubt that the efforts of August Derleth and Donald Wandrei in bringing the work of their former mentor to the attention of the general reading public will be rewarded with a sustaining interest in the years to come, which, if at times unspectacular, ought to be equally productive and gratifying.

Certainly, one hopes that the interest engendered by the Lovecraft "boom" of the mid-sixties - as manifested by the steady maintenance of Lovecraft's own best work in print since 1963-65 and the corresponding increase in attention devoted to his work in academic and literary circles and in the popular media - will continue sufficiently long to make possible the completion of his letters volumes and the other important projects of essential interest to especial devotees of his work. (And any Lovecraftian who is so fortunate as to visit the principal collection of Lovecraft's papers at the Brown University Library can readily ascertain for himself that there is easily enough material of substantial value left unpublished or un-reprinted from original publication in obscure and generally unavailable sources to make a well-filled volumes of Miscellaneous Writings, which has in fact been announced for future publication by Arkham House. Amid the ambitious publishing program which saw such a substantial body of Lovecraft's work - even including his professional revisions in the domain of the macabre - published and republished in recent years, however, I think that there is one possibility for a substantial and valuable volume which has generally been overlooked - an anthology of Lovecraft's own choices of the best weird fiction, the field in which he was in fact the most eminent general historian with his "Supernatural Horror in Literature" (whose merits even Edmund Wilson was forced to concede) and in addition one of the most innovative and gifted original contributors in this century. Anyone who has read Lovecraft's autobiography Some Notes on a Nonentity (first published in the omnibus Beyond the Wall of Sleep by Arkham House in 1943 and republished in separate chapbook form by Arkham House in 1963) will know, of course, that Lovecraft esteemed above all other weird tales in the English language Blackwood's "The Willows" - but, clearly, his preferences and judgments expressed in "Supernatural Horror in Literature" are too all-inclusive to go on

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Note: Bertrand K. Hart's "Sideshow" column (Providence Journal, Nov. 23, 1929) and Philomena Hart's article "A Lovecraft Postscript Based On Barnes Street Letters" (Providence Journal, Jan. 9, 1944) are reprinted here by permission of the Providence Journal Company.





Illo by W.F. Loeb, Jr.

in trying to compile a selection of what he himself would have selected for an anthology of the best weird fiction. In his private letters - now coming into publication from Arkham House - he of course expressed innumerable opinions and judgments based upon his wide reading of weird fiction - but, as August Derleth remarked in his annotations for the chapbook edition of Notes..., Lovecraft is often difficult to pin down in his letters on even his favorites among his own works - citing "The Colour Out of Space" first and "The Music of Erich Zann" second in Notes, reversing the order of his preference in other places, and including "The Dunwich Horror" and "The Rats in the Walls" among his selection of his best tales in still other places.

Yet Lovecraft more than once expressed his interest in editing someday a collection of his own selections of the best weird fiction, and through an extremely fortunate sequence of events which occurred late in 1929, we are in fact not ignorant of at least the basic scheme of the contents which he envisioned. Earlier in that year, Bertrand K. Hart (1892-1941), the literary editor of the Providence Journal, began a delightful daily column of literary chit-chat entitled "The Sideshow" which promptly became a favorite of Lovecraft's and the source of an inexhaustible stream of cuttings and discussions sent to his correspondents all over the North American continent. Lovecraft could not evidently long resist the temptation to begin dropping cards and letters to the director of "The Sideshow" when the discussions in the column attracted his particular interest; and when after both Lovecraft's and Hart's deaths, Winfield Townley Scott (1910-1968), who succeeded Hart as literary editor until 1951, published his pioneering article on Lovecraft in the issue of December 26, 1943 (much expanded in its later printing in Marginalia and Exiles and Fabrications as "His Own Most Fantastic Creation"), it was promptly followed by a postscript ("A Lovecraft Postscript Based on Barnes Street Letters - The Providence Poe and His Decade of Mail to 'The Sideshow'") written by Hart's widow, Philomena Hart (1895-1944) and published in the Journal (Sec. 4, p.2) for January 9, 1944. One cannot do better than to quote Philomena Hart's postscript in full in order to give some idea of the unique relationship between Lovecraft and Bertrand K. Hart's "The Sideshow":



"Of all the fascinating mail which made its way through the years to the desk of 'The Sideshow' there was nothing more exciting than the frequent postcards and letters that carried the initials, "H.P.L." Winfield Scott and I talked at length about them when he was preparing his rewarding paper on Mr. Lovecraft for the Book Page a fortnight ago. There were written in tiny, clear script, their message was always pertinent to something that had appeared in B.K.H.'s column, and usually they dealt with the eldritch, the supernatural, the oblique.

"Mr. Lovecraft hoped one day to compile an athology of horror-tales meeting his own exact requirements. 'I fight shy,' he wrote in a long letter on the theme, 'of tales dependent on a trick ending. Best horror dwells in atmosphere - even in language itself - and not in obviously stage-managed denouements and literary cap-pistol shots.' Once he wrote for B.K.H. a Providence ghost story of such eerie wonder that speaking of it the next morning in the Journal B.K.H. said, 'Personally I congratulate him upon the dark spirits he has evoked in Thomas Street but I shall not be nappy until joining league with wraiths and ghouls I have plumped down at least one large and abiding ghost by way of reprisal upon his own doorstep in Barnes Street. I think I shall teach it to moan in a minor dissonance every morning at three o'clock sharp with a clanking of chains.' [Hart made these comments in his "Sideshow" column for November 29, 1929, after having read Lovecraft's story, "The Call of Cthulhu" (1926) in T. Everett Harre's anthology Beware after Dark; in his story, Lovecraft had by pure coincidence placed the lodgings of his fictional painter, Henry Anthony Wilcox - who was troubled by terrible dreams of dread Cthulhu and the netherworld of R'lyeh - in the same building on hilly Thomas Street (number seven) wherein Hart had once had lodgings. Actually, 7 Thomas Street was a very apt choice on Lovecraft's part for the lodgings of his fictional painter Wilcox - for the building, generally known as the Fleur de Lys Studio, was built in the distinctive 17th century Norman and Breton style in 1886 by the prominent Rhode Island artist Sydney R. Burleigh, who used it was a studio - as it is still used by artists today.]

"Only a couple of days later came Mr. Lovecraft's answer to this threat in the form of a sonnet dedicated to B.K.H. [published in "The Sideshow" for December 3, 1929]:

The Thing, he said, would come that night at three  
From the old churchyard on the hill below;  
But crouching by an oak fire's wholesome glow,  
I tried to tell myself it could not be.  
Surely, I mused, it was a pleasantry  
Devised by one who did not truly know  
The Elder Sign, bequeathed from long ago,  
That sets the fumbling forms of darkness free.  
He had not meant it - no - but still I lit  
Another lamp as starry Leo climbed  
Out of the Seekonk, and a steeple chimed  
Three - and the firelight faded, bit by bit.  
Then at the door that cautious rattling came -  
And the mad truth devoured me like a flame!

"It was an oddly enduring friendship, that of B.K.H. and Lovecraft for they met only through correspondence. There was never through the



years even a telephone conversation though they must have often been at shouting distance from one another. Sometimes there would be postcards nearly every day, occasionally two long arresting letters in one week coming from Barnes Street, then when matters discussed in "The Sideshow" were out of the range of Mr. Lovecraft's particular interests there would be a spell of silence. Then suddenly some allusion in the column, some provocative line would start the welcome flood in motion again.

"B.K.H. always valued Lovecraft highly, always felt that one day our Providence Poe would meet the recognition he so richly deserved. B.K.H. would have been delighted indeed that the present literary editor of the Journal saw fit to devote an article to the personality and the writings of H.P. Lovecraft."

\* \* \*

(We can only regret the letters and the postcards which Lovecraft sent to the director of "The Sideshow" do not evidently survive, apart from a few brief passages reproduced in "The Sideshow" itself. Lovecraft's publisher, August Derleth, was in correspondence with Hart following Lovecraft's death in 1937 and would certainly have made an effort to preserve any letters and postcards then en-ant. Evidently there were none; for no such letters appear in SELECTED LETTERS. Insofar as I know, published material by or relating to HPL occurs in the following "The Sideshow" columns: Nov. 23, 25, 29, 30, and Dec. 3, 1929; Mar. 18, 1930; Nov. 13, 1931, Mar. 31, 1937 and Mar. 4, 1940. However, I have made no comprehensive search of the columns for 1929-41 and there is undoubtedly a good deal more material by or relating to Lovecraft in those pages. Bibliographers interested in avoiding weary cranking of microfilm or restless thumbing of old newspaper files might note that the Brown University Archives owns a scrapbook containing a long, but incomplete run of "The Sideshow" from its inception until 1936; in addition, the Providence Journal may also have in its files a complete set of cuttings of the column.)

In mid-November, 1929, Hart dipped into his vast fund of lore and legendry to discuss the lore of trains mysteriously vanished from their tracks between point of origin and destination in his "Sideshow" column. This, in turn, brought up a consideration of the question of the most eerie story ever told - since, naturally, of course, the stories of vanished trains ranked very high on the list, at least as curiosities. But Hart's actual intention in the discussion was more to consider the literary weird tale than its distant cousin the fantastic anecdote or legend, so that in the column for Nov. 23, 1929, we find "Mr. Lovecraft" involved in the discussion and in fact providing us with the very list of his own personal choices of the best weird fiction which we have been seeking:

--It was while talking of the lost railroad train that we discussed also the question of the most eerie story ever written. You may possibly remember that we spoke of Kipling's "Morrowbie Jukes", of "Halpin Frayser", of "The Rue Morgue" and many more. I have since had an extremely interesting correspondence with Mr. H. P. Lovecraft of Providence, who has made a lifelong study of the macabre in literature, and who has written with high authority on the subject; and I have likewise many other

letters, chiefly recommending single stories for consideration, for which I am grateful.

--Mr. Lovecraft, and I think rightly, suggests that our casual list leaned toward the mechanically clever in every stories, whereas the best examples of the mood are to be found (often in less well known authors) among those whose work "is actually profound and disturbing in its intimations of morbid violations of the order of the universe." A good definition of the field we are hunting! He cites Poe's delicately artistic "House of Usher" as against his "Rue Morgue" and some other merely ingenious works. "The difference is one between the workings of the deeper subconscious emotions and the conscious but superficial processes of a brilliant objective intellect. 'Usher' represents art; 'The Rue Morgue', scientific image-carpentry."

--The intimations of an exhaustive research embodied in Mr. Lovecraft's letters sent me on a somewhat gruesome but vastly stimulating lurk through the libraries. He provided me with several tables of selections of "the best" in the field from which I endeavored to reach an independent opinion; and I am convinced that his own list is a little masterpiece of comparative criticism.

--Here it is - and by no means must you consider reading these stories by midnight lamplight in a lonely house:

THE WILLOWS by Algernon Blackwood  
THE WHITE POWDER by Arthur Machen  
THE WHITE PEOPLE by Arthur Machen  
THE BLACK LAKE [Hart means THE BLACK SEAL] by  
Arthur Machen  
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER by E.A. Poe  
THE HOUSE OF SOUNDS by M.P. Shiel  
THE YELLOW SIGN by Robert W. Chambers

--The superiority of Machen in his metier is undoubted. It is not at all out of proportion to allot him three places in a list of seven, and I am glad Mr. Lovecraft offers an opportunity to print Machen's important but steadily forgotten name here. Welsh by origin - perhaps that explains something of his mood. Welsh from the hills which educated the "Garthowen" of Allen Rains and the wild scenes in Owen Rhoscomy and Ernest Rhys; and even in London, as a youth, he read (so he admits somewhere) Poe and DeQuincey above all others, and became a devotee of Burton's "Anatomy"

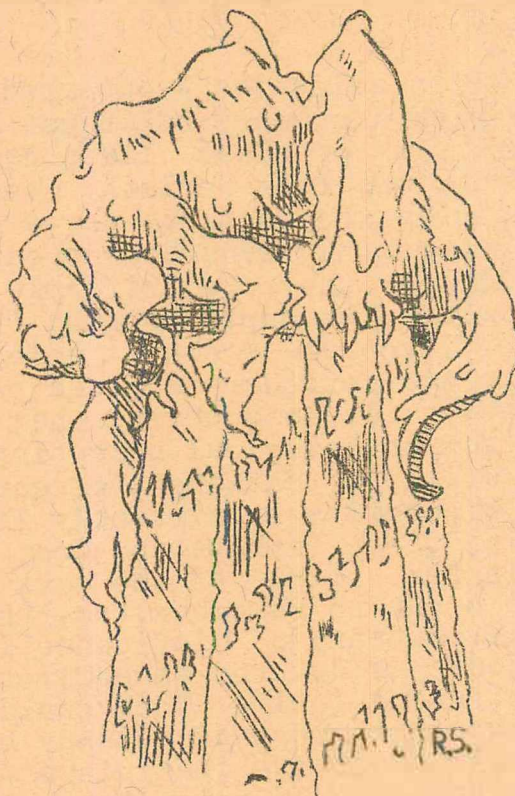
--As a group of second choices,' writes Mr. Lovecraft, 'I would suggest these':

COUNT MAGNUS by M.R. James  
HALPIN FRAYSER by Ambrose Bierce  
THE SUITABLE SURROUNDINGS by Ambrose Bierce  
SEATON'S AUNT by Walter de la Mare



--Surely de la Mare is a lone master in his kind. Where is there a more astonishing book than "The Return"?...The second Bierce story incidentally embodies the whole problem of whether to believe or to doubt. It hinges neatly on what Mr.

Powys was saying the other night about ghosts, and his unquestioning acceptance of them. The story (if you happen not to know it) concerns a man who (like myself) has no room for ghosts in a busy week, and who dares a professional writer of eery yarns (say like Mr. Machen, or Mr. de la Mare) to provide him with a spook. The author hands the doubter an ancient manuscript, charged with ghoulish and unearthly details, and bids him read it by candlelight in a lonely haunted house far from the town. As the doubter reads, and sharpens his skeptical resolution against the depressing surroundings, a boy who is out late looking for strayed cattle sees the light in the window of the evil house and creeps up in fear and trembling to see what is taking place. Spellbound, with consummate courage, he presses his face against the glass, in terror-stricken awe, to watch this queer candlelight business; and at that precise moment, the reader, feeling a presence, glances up swiftly. He sees a stark white face, with open mouth and staring eyes, leering at him through the glass, and falls dead of shock in a huddle beside his chair.



Illo by Randall Spurgin

--I fight shy of tales dependent on a trick ending,' notes Mr. Lovecraft. "Real horror dwells in atmosphere - even in language itself - and not in obviously stage-managed denouements and literary cap-pistol cracks"... I am sorry I can't reprint here an article Mr. Lovecraft published in a magazine some years ago, for it gives a quick and useful grasp of the whole shivering subject...He appends two other lists, from different hands, which I shall certainly use directly.

--Mr. Powys suggested a test for ghost-doubters the other night which has the ring of practicality..."You doubt them, of course," he said, "because we are here, six in a brightly lighted room, in a well-inhabited city. But if you were alone at midnight in a notoriously haunted house, and something tapped on the back of your shoulder - what then?"

--For my part I should go home, rather swiftly. B.K.H.

The other lists of favorite weird tales of which Hart wrote were from Lovecraft's close friends and fellow authors Frank Belknap Long and August Derleth and are each of them also a masterful selection. Long's selection of 28 tales - considerably more wide-ranging



than HPL's selection - appeared in "The Sideshow" for Nov. 25, 1929, along with a summary of August Derleth's selections. On Nov. 30, 1929 the printing of these lists came to an end with some further recommendations from Derleth. Were it our purpose here to consider objectively the contents for a general anthology of weird fiction, we should certainly want to reproduce the lists of Long and Derleth as well, for they are uniformly excellent and judicious. However, since what we hoped to find from the beginning was simply a statement of Lovecraft's own selections from the genre, his lists of primary and secondary choices provided to B.K.H. would seem to serve admirably. It is doubtful that as precise a statement of his preferences for anthological selection could be found in his letters or other writings; although, of course, the list ought surely to be held open for stories consistently listed among his favorites in his letters, too. Perhaps the most curious omission from Lovecraft's list is that of any of the work of his early mentor, Lord Dunsany; but we ought to remember, too, that he had by this time deliberately cast off Dunsany's influence in striking out to find his own style and mood. As devoted an admirer of Lovecraft's work as his very intimate friend Paul W. Cook could later state that in his opinion HPL's stylized imitations of Dunsany had never caught the true eeriness of the Irish Lord's imaginings - so that perhaps Lovecraft, too, in later years, could point to no one of Dunsany's tales which successfully imparted to him the same subtly disturbing sense of expectancy which he found in the dark atmospheric horrors woven by Blackwood, Machen and others on his list of favorites. In any case, his list is a distinguished one and ought surely to serve as the core of any anthology which set out to reflect his recommendations in the field. By amalgamating his list with those of Long and Derleth, one could - in the pursuit of a slightly different purpose - surely come up with as good a set of contents for a basic anthology of weird fiction as is likely ever to be constructed.

Now, of course, with a little scrounging most readers could probably come up with some kind of copy or other of the distinguished choices which Lovecraft makes in his selection printed in "The Sideshow". Certainly, Poe's "Usher" would be no problem; and two of the Machen selections - "The White Powder" and "The Black Seal" - have recently been reprinted in the U.S. by Ballantine Books in their original form as components of the "novel", The Three Imposters. Both of the Bierce selections are available in the first volume of The Complete Short Stories of Ambrose Bierce, edited by Ernest J. Hopkins for Ballantine. Chambers' "The Yellow Sign" may be found both in the Ace Books edition of The King in Yellow and in the Dover anthology, The King in Yellow and Other Horror Stories edited by Everett F. Bleiler. Blackwood's "The Willows" and others of the best of his stories may be found in the fine Dutton paperback, Tales of Terror and the Unknown. De la Mare's "Seaton's Aunt" and M.R. James' "Count Magnus" are old anthological favorites and thus not too difficult; in addition, I believe they are still available in British editions of their respective author's collected work; as is, indeed, Machen's "The White People", although it is seemingly much less of an anthological favorite. Of all the selections, Shiel's is probably the most difficult today; John Gawsworth's edition of The Best Short Stories of M.P. Shiel has the text of "Vaila", which was the original form of "The House of Sounds" but to the best of my knowledge, August



Derleth's anthology, Sleep No More, is the most accessible source for the text of the story as it was printed in the rare volume, The Pale Ape (T. Werner Laurie, London, 1911). So that assembling all of Lovecraft's selections is not really such a simple matter after all - at least for the general reader and student without a collector's patience or pocketbook. The assembling of HPL's selections in a single volume, however, would have a far greater value than merely making their assemblage and reading far easier for the general readers and student - indeed, the printing of these selections together would offer a single source for all that Lovecraft found most artistically valuable and stimulating in the weird tale and an invaluable sourcebook for all the most important influences which shaped his own creative work. Of course, some of the stories are still copyright material so that the collection could not be assembled without cost, but it seems likely that the formidable interest which Lovecraft now commands as one of the shapers and most popular exponents of the modern weird tale might well swing an enterprising publisher in favor of an anthology gathered by such an illustrious authority. One of the coveys of formidable academic critics whose insights have provided so much greater depth in the interpretation of Lovecraft's work in recent years might well be called upon to provide introduction and guide to the selections to enlighten the principal facets of Lovecraft's literary standards and goals as evidenced in his selections. (And this kind of scholarship - rather than the proverbial "making things dry as dust" - is certainly the true aim of the study of literature.) Altogether, I think a gathering together of HPL's choices would be of tremendous use and value and that the resultant book would be not only a valuable addition to every library of Lovecraftiana, but also a valuable addition to every library of weird fiction in general. Indeed, the possibilities of the success of such a volume seem so large to me that consideration might well be given by our presumptive publishers to assigning part of the revenue to support other, perhaps less saleable, editions of Lovecraft's literary work and letters. After all, he had by 1929 accomplished all the essential work of the editorship - save for obtaining a contract for the book and permissions for the selections.

It is probably a poor suggestion to propose any large additions to HPL's basic list for his anthology on the basis of statements of other preferences in places apart from "The Sideshow" of Nov. 23, 1929, and his letters commenting upon it; but - if not for actual inclusion in the book but only perhaps for consideration for a separate compilation - one might consider his preferences in the field of "popular" weird fiction which he and his compatriots so dominated in the 1920s and 1930s. Certainly, Lovecraft's own opinion that the popular magazines of weird fiction - and WEIRD TALES was the principal one - constituted a literary underworld unworthy of serious attention is evident everywhere in his letters. He even considered that the "cheap standards" of the pulp editors had wreaked irreparable damage in his own work, even though his struggle for authenticity was so intense that near the end of his life he could sell virtually nothing that he wrote to his former principal markets. (The rejection of a collection of his tales by Putnam in 1931 on the ground that they reflected too much the standards of "over-explanation" imposed by pulp editors affected him particularly strongly; and his estimation of the value of his own work was ever thereafter ex-



ceedingly dark.) Now, one must agree with Montague Summers in his commentary on the "Not at Night" series in the introduction to his Supernatural Omnibus (available in paperback from England, I believe) that the popular literature of thrills and chills from "penny dreadfuls" of Victorian days to the more recent popular magazine fiction of mad scientists and man-eating plants hardly has any basis of comparison with the refined literary weird tale in the tradition of Poe, Le Fanu, and other masters. But above what might be properly termed the literary subworld of the pulps - which continues even today, albeit in altered form, witness only the garish and distasteful Pan Books of Horror - I think it is evident from the stature and literary prominence which Lovecraft, Smith, Howard and other writers of his circle - all contributors to the popular magazine and particularly to Weird Tales - have attained that a legitimate school of the literate weird tale did develop amid the plethora of trash and worse. Certainly, the choices of Long and Derleth among weird tales betray the extent to which Lovecraft limited his attention to a very few authors of fixed literary reputation. Evidently they did not perceive the same trennung between established writers like Poe, Machen and Blackwood and more recent workers who created distinguished tales despite the commercial character of their endeavor. After all, Poe, Machen and all of the others in Lovecraft's pantheon had had to live by their wits, toom and all poured their energies into Grub Street-like endeavor while still maintaining their standards at a high level and creating works of unique merit and distinction. I think we may legitimately conclude that Lovecraft had a psychological disability - largely caused by his depressing estimate of his own creative work - when it came to judging more recent offerings in the genre. Although only the judgment of time regarding such work can be final, I think it is still a useful task to try to discover HPL's preferences in the literary medium in which he worked and not merely his preferences among established classics. His letters are virtually the only source of information, since he did not deem the vast bulk of 20th century magazine work worthy of attention in his own survey. (According to the original plan, H. Warner Munn was to have written a follow-up article on popular weird fiction for a later number of Cook's Recluse - in the first issue of which HPL's "Supernatural Horror in Literature" appeared in 1927 - but of course there were never any more issues.) Of all of the authors who were his friends and correspondents, for instance, only Clark Ashton Smith seems to have merited inclusion in the essay. However, a singular discovery of T.G.L. Cockcroft, published in the letters section of Nyctalops 6 goes a long way in filling in our lack of knowledge of HPL's favorites among contemporaries, for in "The Eyrrie" of the July, 1930 issue of Weird Tales editor Farnsworth Wright passed along HPL's own nominations for the best tales which had so far appeared in those pages:

H. P. Lovecraft writes that he has gone through his file of Weird Tales from the beginning and has picked out the following stories as having the greatest amount of truly cosmic horror and macabre convincingness: Beyond the Door by Paul Suter, The Floor Above by M.L. Humphries, The Night Wire by H.F. Arnold, The Canal by Everil Worrell, Bells of Oceana by Arthur J. Burks, and In Amundsen's Tent by John Martin Leahy. All or most of these will be used later as Weird Story Reprints.



This would seem to represent a more or less complete statement of HPL's favorite tales from Weird Tales through mid-1930; although HPL's own vacillation regarding his own tales indicates he may also have changed his preferences regarding the work of others. Cockcroft remarks in his letter that Lovecraft's omission of any story of Henry S. Whitehead was unusual, but here his intuition is dramatically confirmed in HPL's later letter of June 19, 1931 to J. Vernon Shea, where he again voiced his preferences among the stories in Weird Tales. (This portion of the letter is not in SELECTED LETTERS but is available to researchers in the Lovecraft Collection at Brown University). Here he omits the tale by Burks and includes instead "The Passing of a God" by Whitehead (Weird Tales, January, 1931). Apparently, he had at last found a Whitehead tale which he could rank as an equal to the other favorites. That his omission of Burks' "Bells of Oceana" was not particularly significant can be seen in yet another, even later expression of preferences in HPL's letter of July 28, 1932 to Richard Ely Morse (held at the New York Public Library) wherein he lists the Humphries, Leahy and Burks tales as among his favorites from old issues of Weird Tales.

Thus, Lovecraft's mid-1930 list would seem to have remained at least fairly steady - apart from augmentations - during the following years. Lovecraftians interested in this idea of an anthology might do well to be on the lookout for later letters in which similar preferences occur. While of course he undoubtedly avoided citing stories by his known friends and correspondents to avoid any impression of patronage, it seems nearly inconceivable that he would not by the end of his life have added at least a single favorite from the work of Robert Erwin Howard and another from that of Clark Ashton Smith. Admittedly, he was not overly enthusiastic for Howard's swashbuckling barbarian heroes nor did he esteem the prose work of Clark Ashton Smith to the extent he admired his earlier verse but at the same time we have his many recorded expressions of enthusiasm for the work of both - which saw its principal appearance in Weird Tales and associated magazines in the thirties - to bespeak what was surely not merely a polite admiration. In constructing our proposed anthology it would be preferable to look for HPL's listings of his Weird Tales preferences in as many later letters as possible but even if no mention of a favorite Smith or Howard tale is even found, it would be difficult to justify their exclusion from the anthology. Lovecraft's essay on Howard (published in Skull Face and Others among other places) might provide a good indication of what he most esteemed in REH's work as it specifically cites for their excellence "Wolfs-head", "Black Canaan", "Worms of the Earth" and "The Shadow Kingdom". Mr. Glenn Lord furnished the foregoing information and adds that he doesn't know that HPL ever selected a single favorite but suspects from a remark made by Howard that "The Black Stone" (Weird Tales, November, 1931) might have been Lovecraft's choice. Because of the date of its publication, this story would naturally not have been included in the "Eyrie" or Shea listings. Since Smith outlived HPL by many years, there is no such final estimate of his work by HPL but authorities on Smith, as Mr. Lord is on Howard, such as Donald Sidney-Fryer and Roy A. Squires might well be called upon to deliver an informed opinion.

Such a selection of HPL's favorites from WT would provide a picture of his preferences within the medium in which he was personal-

ly active creatively in a mature sense. A further picture - of his favorites from all the bulk of popular magazines which he had devoured from earliest childhood until he came into his own creative maturity - would be more difficult. Sam Moskowitz uncovered a valuable series of Lovecraft letters which appeared in the Munsey magazines between 1913 and 1919 in the writing of his history Under the Moons of Mars (Holt, Reinhart & Winston, 1970) but HPL's estimates as therein expressed are largely unrelated to the specialized field of the weird tale but rather related to the field of popular fantasy and adventure - as represented by Burroughs, Serviss and Frances Stevens, all of whose work he praised highly in these early letters. In going over Lovecraft's letters to Barlow at the John Hay Library, I did come across one reference to a well-recalled horror tale from HPL's earliest reading. Writing to Barlow on July 28, 1932, about favorites from All-Story and other old Munsey magazines, Lovecraft mentioned among other efforts a story entitled "The Gorilla" which he at first attributed to Burke Jenkins, until Barlow refreshed his memory with a copy showing Don Mark Lemon to be the author. Through the courtesy of Eric Carlson - rather, through his outright gift - I acquired a copy of Langley Searles' superb Fantasy Commentator including William H. Evans' "Thumbing the Munsey Files" for the 1905-06 ALL-Story, which confirms this story as an item of unique interest for our "dry-lab" anthology:

1905. Oct. "The Gorilla" by Don Mark Lemon (7 pp): A superb atmospheric horror story.

Evans' description of the story is certainly enough to cast it in a Lovecraftian vein, and I think that a student of Lovecraft would likely find it rewarding to consider the story for our "anthology" on its merits. HPL's strong recollection of it over the long years from 1905 to 1932 indicates the degree of the impression it made on him.

I think we have come then to a listing of Lovecraftian favorites something like this:

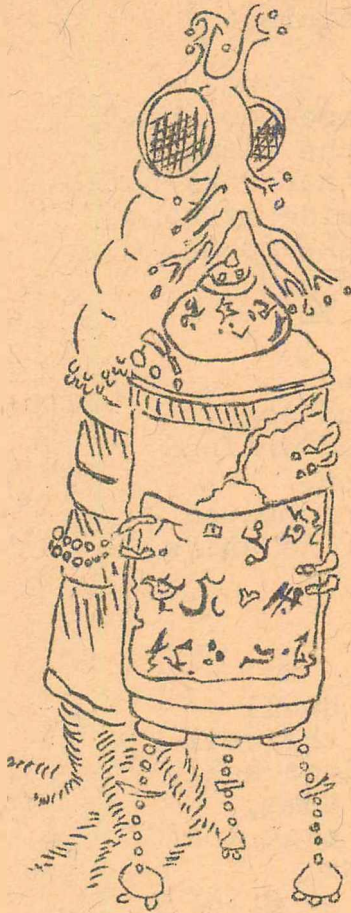
#### Literary

Blackwood's THE WILLOWS	Machen's THE WHITE PEOPLE
Machen's THE WHITE POWDER	Machen's THE BLACK SEAL
Poe's ...USHER	Shiel's THE HOUSE OF SOUNDS
Chambers' THE YELLOW SIGN	James' COUNT MAGNUS
Bierce's HALPIN FRAYSER	de la Mare's SEATON'S AUNT
and Bierce's THE SUITABLE SURROUNDINGS	

#### Popular

The Gorilla by Don Mark Lemon  
 Beyond the Door by Paul Suter  
 The Floor Above by M.L. Humphries  
 The Night Wire by H. F. Arnold  
 The Canal by Everil Worrell  
 Bells of Oceana by Arthur I. Burks  
 In Amundsen's Tent by John Martin Leahy  
 The Passing of a God by Henry S. Whitehead  
 ? by Clark Ashton Smith  
 The Black Stone (??) by Robert E. Howard





## Conclusion by Ken Faig

I submit that on p. 14 is an interesting selection of fiction to contemplate. I hope that future Lovecraftian research will make it more complete and accurate. As it stands, it might or might not be practical as an actual anthology of HPL's choices in two veins of the genre which largely merge in their most distinguished examples. Certainly, if nothing else, even this incomplete listing of Lovecraft's preferences ought to indicate a fair number of undoubtedly excellent tales which should rapidly be returned to print.

- K.W.F.jr

## THE SHADOW MAN

By Brian Lumley

Once while wandering through dank midnight  
streets  
And pausing in an ill-lit thoroughfare  
Where all about seemed thick with hell's  
effreets,  
I felt upon my back a sudden stare;  
A glance so piercing I was filled with  
dread,  
That someone could direct so vile a glare  
Upon my person, so I turned my head  
And saw, high in a garret, someone there.

"I seek a room," I called, "it grows so late,  
Would you allow me, sir, to share your board  
Tonight the very air seems filled with hate -  
It's certainly no night to be abroad."  
He beckoned me to climb in wormy gloom  
To the high turrets of his garret room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You're welcome," came the whisper through the door,  
"To share my room - though first I must explain -  
I dwell in darkness for my eyes are sore  
From some strange photophobia's morbid pain.  
Before you enter - douse the landling light  
And then I'll bid you welcome to my room;  
For I swear, sir, I could not bear the sight  
Of that dread brightness, I who dwell in gloom."

I did as bade and as the door swung wide  
My host stood in the doorway silhouetted,  
I stepped within - and knew that he had lied -  
And nameless fear at my innards fretted.  
He led me to a stool and then sat where  
He once more might observe the thoroughfare.

(please turn over)

Against the wall I rested my tired frame  
 And then, unthinking, filled my rose-wood bowl,  
 Unconsciously, I swear, I struck the flame  
 Which thrust the shadows back in that dark hole.  
 My host, he screamed and struck aside my hand  
 And cursed that he had dared to take me in,  
 Knowing that I now must understand  
 The horrifying state which he was in.

Frozen in awe I sat as he explained  
 In frenzied speech the terror I had seen,  
 How from his being some warlock had drained  
 An integer of what he once had been.  
 Aloud then, in that room, I sat and prayed -  
 My flaring match had shown he cast no shade.

\* \* \* \* \*

8 My unbelieving ears heard his tale  
 Of how within that city there did dwell  
 Somewhere a man who'd seen behind the veil  
 And learned the secrets of a nameless hell.  
 He told of how this being owned a tome,  
 Which bore no word but carried on each leaf  
 A shadow-blot whose indigenous home  
 Was some poor recluse driven thus to grief.

"The shadow is the very soul, my friend,  
 Without it man is merely a sad shell;  
 I curse the fiend who brought me to this end -  
 That in eternal darkness I must dwell.  
 I sit here with my rifle through each day  
 And pray that he might once more pass my way."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, as he finished speaking, he did take  
 Down from the wall a cared for weapon which  
 He sighted from the window 'ere he spake,  
 And suddenly his whispering voice grew rich:  
 "He comes, I know it, stalking through the night,  
 I sense him as for years I've dreamed I would;  
 And I have been appointed to put right  
 The wrongs he's done - he'll pay his debts in blood."

I could not move - he tensed and aimed his shot,  
 But not into the darkened street below;  
 There came a deafening blast - and then a blot  
 Of something dark across the floor did flow.  
 As sudden moonlight came I gibbering fled -  
 The spreading shadow at his feet was red.

[We are pleased to have Brian Lumley represented in this magazine since his first chapter of The Burrowers Beneath was a distinctive part of HPL. And good news to Lovecraftians! The novel is due to be published in full by DAW Books in the near future!]



[George Wetzel showed his skill in fiction and HPL scholarship in HPL; he rejoins us now in a combination effort, inspired by an item brought out in his article in our now-out-of-print fanzine, HUITLOXOPETL 8, involving the discussion of another HPL collector and researcher, the late Jack Grill]

## NIGHTMARE HOUSE

by  
George Wetzel

Out of what scum and up from what abyss  
Had they arrived - these rags of memory?

-Edwin Arlington Robinson

Tuesday April 11

When Dr. Clark first spied the house he was not too sure it was vacant despite the wormy shutters being closed all the way around and the fact that the yard was an agricultural ruin - littered with ancient overgrown weeds now long dead and surrounding a stagnant goldfish pond - until he found the FOR RENT sign. Because of its drawn shutters, he came to refer waggishly to it as "the shuttered house" in a momentary spirit of romanticizing. So when he phoned Dr. Phillips recently retired general practitioner in East Providence, R.I., whose practice he had just bought, he advised the elderly man to start his former patients into the new doctor's office the coming Monday, as he, Dr. Clark, had just leased "the shuttered house."

Thursday April 20

Dr. Clark checked the woman's blood pressure twice just to be sure since it registered so high.

"Do you ever take an occasional nip?", he bluntly asked her.

The jolly old Irish woman looked startled.

"And I thought I hid the bottle so good this time in the bottom of the dirty clothes box! I know my daughter told you. But how did she ever find it?"

Obviously embarrassed, she sought to change the subject.

"This is the first time I've been in this house, doctor," she scrutinized the room in a noisy manner. "When my distant cousin, Mrs. Wells, lived here, she and her nephew never asked anyone in. They were always suspicious of people. Hardly ever went out in the daytime - even in the yard. And they always kept the blinds pulled down. Mrs. Wells told me her nephew, Henry, did it in the daytime to create the feeling of night in which he wrote his thrillers. But all over the house? every room? and even on cloudy days?! People like that are odd."

"Didn't you like Mrs. Wells?" he asked.

"No. I can't stand to be around old people. They're too damn grouchy."

Dr. Clark surveyed the 70 year old woman before him and choked back his amusement. Ordinarily he would have sought an early end to his polite conversation with his patient - the clinical tests usually took but about five minutes - because such garrulousness would have become excessive. But something about her idle chatter drew his curiosity. And he found himself encouraging her conversation with questions whenever she would lapse into silence.



Henry Paget-Lowe had made a queer impression on the neighborhood. For a start he was a recluse who buried himself in a living grave; a writer of thrillers; a brooding recluse weakened by the chronic ingrowth of his own thoughts; a batchelor fussed over by an overly-protective aunt.

Then there was a certain question with alternate answers, each equally damaging: was he a creature of nocturnal habits or a somnambulist? (He had been observed, said his patient, prowling the yard or house in the dead of night).

Dr. Clark waited until she had gotten out of the reception room door before he gave vent to his smothered laughter. No doubt it was all true to some unexaggerated degree, but Henry Paget-Lowe was absolutely caricatured by the old Irish woman's gossip.

Still, there were some matters that were strange either way you looked at them; and he grew sober. For one there was the evidence of the blinds drawn day and night - was it to keep secret some diabolic goings-on or was it because of a paranoiac delusion that neighbors would peek through the windows into the privacy of Lowe's home?

After the last of his patients had gone, Dr. Clark fastidiously gathered up from a closet where they had put it the debris left by the painters who renovated his reception room, office and dispensary; debris consisting of empty paint cans and newspaper used in lieu of a dropcloth.

In the twilight beams he discerned on the cellar floor some odd markings. Snapping on the light, he saw something that made him pause. The cellar floor and walls were scrawled profusely with what in the dim light he thought nonsensical graffiti made by some maniac. That is, until he found sprinkled sparingly amidst it bits of abbreviated Latin phrases, some of which were undecipherable due to their extreme bastard form. The former he translated into both blasphemous and evil expressions.

And scrutinizing closer the rest of the graffiti, he saw cabalistic drawings and magic circles, in places even something queerly like mathematical hieroglyphics.

His immediate response, since he felt abhorrence, was to look about in a floundering manner for a means to eradicate the display. But a conflicting response - to leave it - arose, and he wavered in confusion between the two choices. This second response was imperfectly crystallized in his mind as a kind of illogical argument that to eradicate the markings would be giving into superstition. He was literally of two minds (he thought the choice of the phrase was curious) and utterly in a dilemma. Well, he would hold his final decision in abeyance and think about it later.

But before leaving the cellar, he took another look. The remainder of the graffiti could have been Arabic and Greek letters (he did not read either language but could recognize their characters), a pentacle, signs of the Zodiac, and alchemic symbols; but a thin film of dust on the floor layered over portions making identification difficult while grimy cobwebs similarly obscured graffiti segments on the walls. There was more than a faint aura of demonology about it all, which made the hair on the back of his neck rise.

#### Friday, April 28

In the morning he had to look in on a couple of patients committed for care to the Jane Brown Memorial Hospital. The visit over, he drove his car along Weybossett Street towards East Providence and his office. Dr. Clark, being a connoisseur of old architecture, often



this way just so he could admire the ancient houses the street contained.

Then he saw something on a building's cornice, something that was new to his previous antiquarian passes through this neighborhood. He stopped his car and got out, making a mental note of the location - Weybossett between Claverish and Foster Sts. He saw peering down at him from that cornice a stone face, just as a gargoyle peers over the parapets of Notre Dame Cathedral.

"Pretty, aren't they?" spoke a voice at his elbow.

Turning to see who made this curious remark he was confronted by an ascetic-looking man with oriental eyes, whose head was habitually tipped backwards, giving him an aristocratic if not haughty manner. Behind him was the outdoor browser's stall of a bookstore named "Danti's Old Books and Curios".

"That sort of arcana fascinates me - including the architectural ruins on this street. I rented my medical office in East Providence for the same reason - that section is full of 18th century houses. Especially around my office in Angell Street."

"Yes, that is an interesting old neighborhood. I used to have a friend there - he's deceased now - who lived at number 598."

Dr. Clark knitted his brows in puzzlement. "This is an odd coincidence. I live there now, the very address, in the old 'shuttered house.'"

The stranger now was startled. "Yes? You must have moved in not long after HPL moved out..."

"Who?"

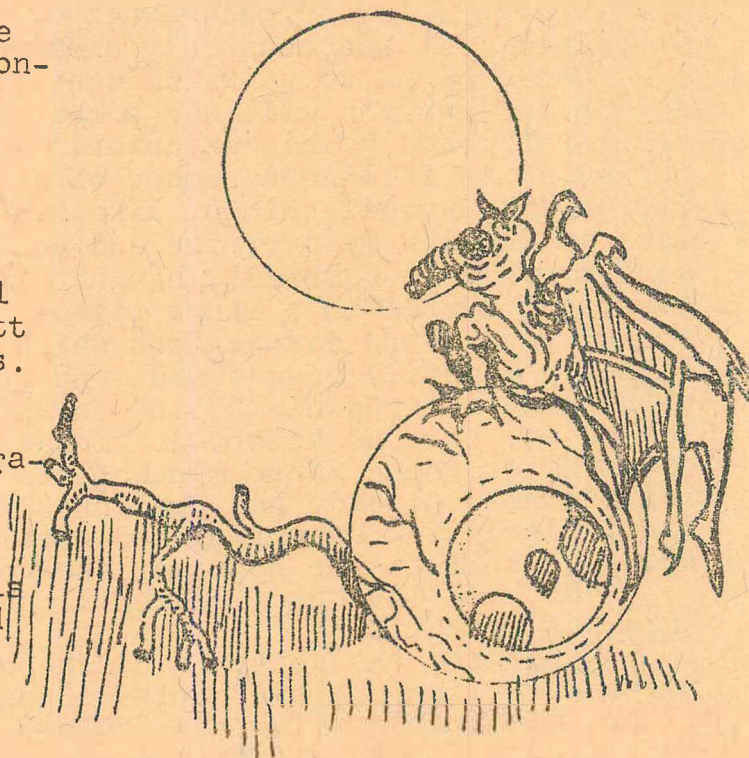
"Henry Paget-Lowe.. He was born there, I think, in 1890. He never gave a reason for suddenly moving. Just packed in a hurry one day and left. Moved to a place on Barnes St. where he died last year. He used to write for Weird Tales Magazine. Know of him?"

"Not really."

"Won't you come in a moment? I'm Douglas Danti, the owner. I'll tell you more, if you're interested."

They entered the shop through a basement doorway in pseudo-Romanesque style, over which lintel the proprietor had lettered in mock-serious expression: "Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here - Danti's Infernal Bookstore and Curios."

Despite wall shelves packed with books, the shop at first had the atmosphere of an old fashioned museum, which Dr. Clark attributed mostly to scattered specimens of the taxidermist's art: the embalmed corpses of small birds, racoons and owls, eviscerated and stuffed to simulate life-likeness. But instead of life those poor, motionless animals entombed in glass bell-jars diffused an overwhelming and depressing aura of death; the entire room was literally a dismal mauso-



Illo by Jim Garrison



leum, giving rise to all manner of morbid and funereal associations. Dr. Clark felt unaccountably uneasy.

Danti began to talk. "I went to the Barnes St. address a few days after Henry's will was probated, to see if anything of value had been overlooked by his executor. You see, the inventory of the estate neglected to include a number of things - for he had accumulated a library of unusual things, like his file of the Old Farmer's Almanack. You can imagine my surprise and consternation to see that his first cousin, Phillip Gambrill, having finished with disposing of the furniture, had dumped in a large pile in front of the fireplace a pile of books, papers and manuscripts which he was about to comit to the flames. Gambrill didn't want the stuff but wouldn't give it to me, either. I offered him \$75.00 for it all on the spot, only a few items looked at. And he accepted. I was hoping to find something unpublished of HPL's among those manuscripts but no luck - they were copies of things he'd already had published in Weird Tales. I was looking particularly for an unfinished novel he'd talked about, a Poesque thing he called 'The House of the Worm'..."

"Not all that stuff Gambrill sold me was trash. For instance, this was among it."

He handed the doctor a black-covered portfolio whose vellum pages were lithographic copies of oil canvasses painted by an unfamiliar, minor artist (to the doctor) named Raleigh Innes Pike. The art work fell into two distinct creative periods. The first showed a morbid preoccupation in the illustrating of the more brooding of Poe's prose and poetry and best described as decadent or follwoing the French Symbolists movement. They were reveries of death, a typical example being a morose picture titled "Night Thoughts" which he struggled to forget.

The second period was of repulsive, ghoulish themes and conceived in such painstaking details that their realism left the viewer no piece of mind afterwards. He wondered if it were a glimpse of this leprous portfolio that motivated Phillip Gambrill to ready for the furnace not only it but other unexamined mss effects of HPL's on the premise they must be equally unwholesome. Pike was lucky, thought the doctor, he did not live in 1692 as portfolio and artist would have been burnt.

Another ex libris of HPL's was a work translated from the French, entitled "Memoirs of M. Valdemar"; an incredible book, he saw as he leafed through it, that would easily have certified the author's insanity without two doctor's opinions. For it was an alleged glimpse into the subterranean world of the dead by the coercive questioning of a corpse through the art of necromancy. The author's delusion obviously arose over the confusion copied from the ancient Greeks of alternate renderings of "hell" and "grave" from the word "sheol".

Next, Danti picked up a small stone fragment. "This piece of gravestone was pilfered from a Boston burying ground. HPL told me a ghoul did it. It came with the pile of junk Gambrill sold me. Would you like to buy it? HPL used it as a paper weight for manuscript atop his writing desk."

Was the "authentic" paperweight one of a fraudulent multitude, the doctor cynically observed to himself, just as there are hawked about a thousand pieces of the "true" cross?

"I used to kid him that it caused all the nightmares he wrote up as stories," Danti was saying. "But HPL said headaches caused his nightmares."



Dr. Clark studied the sepulchral paperweight. It was lozenge-shaped, of sandstone and had an unintelligible snippet of an epitaph:  
embr  
er ft

The doctor silently considered his question before he asked it. "Did he have any children?"

"No. Henry was a batchelor."

"When I moved in there, some fool - or child - had marked up the entire cellar with crazy drawings, which I think are witchcraft symbols."

"HPL could never have done it."

"Why?"

"Because he didn't believe in the supernatural. He often made a point of it."

But if he didn't, thought Dr. Clark, who did compose the graffiti? The aunt? Hardly likely. What would have been her motivation? But this author now, he was the best, if not only, suspect. Didn't he write supernatural stories, despite his disavowal of them otherwise?

"I can't tell you any more about him, doctor," Danti seemed to have tired of their conversation. "You might try an old friend of his - Ron Hart Klein - here's his address. Also talk to Lewis Theobald, an old gentleman who's a reference assistant at the Providence Public Library."

Dr. Clark thanked him and left.

#### May 7, Sunday

On this evening Dr. Clark felt such an abnormal mental activity and general heightening of his intellectual powers that he half jocularly checked the calendar to see if the moon were waxing full.

"What the moon brings - is murder," he chuckled to himself, thinking of the lunar madness theory of the Jack the Ripper murders, "but I feel no homicidal or paranoiac rages. In fact, I feel such a grandiose expansion of my mind that I'd suspect myself of drugs if I didn't know better."

In spite of this aberrant awareness, he soon prepared for bed; and soon was deep in slumber... He knew he had gone to sleep in his own bed that evening, but now he abruptly awoke elsewhere, stung into life by a fierce pain in his arm. Around him a wobbly blackness reeking with the fumes of moist earth.

From the confining narrowness of his new resting place, he had an inkling of what happened. He had had a dread since childhood - or was it some imaginary dream-memory? - that sometime he might fall into a cataleptic trance, be taken for dead, be prematurely buried, and later open his eyes in a grave. And he had another memory - again he had a doubt about its reality - that because of his dread he nightly had diseased reveries of charnal worms, mortuary urns and vaults and black, funeral crepe...

...The pain made him cry out:

"On no. Not another live one," came a petulant, gibbering voice.

At first he could not see the figure of the person who had aroused him, but he felt both its icy coldness and the fierceness of its grip. As if by rigor mortis reflex, the doctor sat up erect. Peering down at him was a hooded figure with a face like those of gargoyles that peer over the parapet of Notre Dame.

"Who are you?" the doctor demanded falteringly.

"I have no name in the regions which I inhabit."



The doctor had an awesome suspicion, "What are you?"

"I was mortal but am fiend," it confessed and smiling gruesomely seized the doctor's arm with an obvious sinister intention.

There was a strange static quality about the whole situation, as if it were a moment frozen in time, a demonic tableau, an evil painted picture which he had stepped into from the world of reality and became instantly immobilized in midstride. He did then what many a nightmare-trapped dreamer does to escape. He tried to convince himself of its illusion: "This is not real. It is a dream. I am asleep."

"Sleep? Sleep?!", " mocked the creature. " There is no sleep here. Behold! The House of the Worm."

The thing pointed a cadaverous finger to where there glowed the phosphorescence of decay within the earth's negrophagous bowels. And within that glow were shrouded, motionless bodies of the dead. But not all tranquilly slept. A vast number had changed, in a greater or lesser degree, the rigid position in which they had originally been entombed. Horror was now heaped upon horror. In those maggoty depths he sensed the arrival of a wriggling, vermiform abomination, the unseen but palpable presence of the Conqueror Worm. The agonizing scream arising from his throat, never came out but was strangled by the cold hand of terror.

"Out of the grave's corruption springs life," jeered the ghoul, "and mankind's life itself is so short." And it burst into gales of maniacal tittering that echoed and reverberated and reperculated as if down endless, cyclopean halls of marble.

With that hollow, mocking sound ringing in his ears, Dr. Clark made the transition from sleep to real wakefulness, he hoped this time. The pain he felt in his arm during the dream had migrated to his head and throbbed so piercingly he thought his head would burst; and he alternated between shaking violently with freezing chills and feverish sweats, causing him to wonder of possible changes in the blood vessels in his head as the cause.

He was not quite sure what to make of the phantasm as he never had any phobias about premature burial. But it undoubtedly grew from a kaleidoscope of phrases his subconscious mind had plagerized from Poe. That, plus memories of the Pike portfolio and what Danti had said of HPL's fiction.

But there was also a feeling that such fantastic and imaginative notions were alien to his own unimaginative nature; that it was rather like reading another's ideas or thinking another's thoughts, however chaotic and aberrant they were - almost, he continued, as if he and the other temporarily shared a common soul.

The headache was so intense now he spent the rest of the night sitting upright in bed in a darkened room, trying to avoid unnecessary movements which seemed to stir up the pain.

Wednesday, May 10

After supper Dr. Clark heard a knock on the front door. Outside was the florid faced Dr. Phillips, a man of 67 years and a widower. His apoplectic manner showed why he was forced to retire.

"Don't just stand there, doctor!" he blustered, "Invite me in."

Dr. Clark did so and the two sat down, eyeing one another expectantly.

"Well, how's the practice?" the visitor brusquely launched into the reason for his visit. "Any problems with my old patients?"



The discussion was not so much medical as it was psychological - the personalities, equally along with the physical bodies of the patients. Eventually Dr. Clark got around to the mystery of the cellar grafitti.

"Damned peculiar," Dr. Phillips mused, then thundered, "You sure it wasn't a Halloween prank from last year? You removed the ridiculous trash, of course."

When Dr. Phillips asked the last question, Dr. Clark found his mind in an extraordinary struggle as he could not explain to himself, let alone another, his reluctance - no, rather his inability - to overcome an obscure resistance in some remote corner of his mind to the destruction of the grafitti. It was as if there were two separate volitional systems inside his skull, each wanting its own way which was opposite to the other. This led to a meditation on the body plan of mammals providing for two lungs, two kidneys and paired organs such as eyes, ears and limbs; in structural detail the two halves of the mammalian brain were also mirror twins. Could not a normal brain be sometimes subject to such conflicts because of its double structure? He seemed to recall a basis for such an idea in something he had read in Scientific American magazine, something about commissurotomy. He could not place it all but resolved some time to look it up.

Though all of the foregoing went through his mind in seconds, he still stammered out a lie, out of perplexity: "I thought it artistic in a macabre sort of way so left it."

"Stuff and nonsense, man? Art is one thing. But this is gibberish. Just as well canvass the madhouses for art masterpieces."

"Want to see it?"

"Won't waste my time. You think Paget-Lowe did it?"

"Certainly."

"For what purpose?"

Dr. Clark was stumped for an immediate answer, so Dr. Phillips supplied it himself: "Then I'll tell you. He was a psycho with crazy delusions. Dabbled in occult humbug. Probably believed in the Devil, too."

"Come now, doctor," Dr. Clark sounded slightly sarcastic, "that's mere opinion. Was he ever a patient of yours? What do you really know about him?"

"Paget-Lowe was a wind-bag who made a pretentious display of his learning. A man who, fearing marriage meant giving up his large collection of old magazine, stayed single - couldn't sever the spiritual umbilical cord, looked starved to death all the time, terribly gaunt face. Never would eat a proper meal. Had a pathological aversion to meat; a vegetarian. Heard he wrote this phobia into a story about cannibalism. I'll give him this. Was a gentleman of the old school. Never without a tie, clean white shirt, clothes always pressed. Medically, I treated him for ichthyosis; and migraine - it gave him whoppers of nightmares."

When his colleague mentioned migraine, Dr. Clark gave an involuntary jump. Reflecting upon his recent curious dream, Dr. Clark now played with their theory that both it and its aftermath had been due to a migraine attack, even to the warning sign of euphoria before its onset. But he himself had never had a history of that illness, nor was it ever known in his family.

Saturday, May 20

When he retired for bed, late Friday evening he was cursed with a nervous restlessness, tossing and turning in a fit of insomnia be-



fore falling into a fatigued sleep. But sleep likewise was restive and febrile for there came elusive dreams from which he constantly kept awakening; dreams in which his eyes were afflicted with an anomalous condition, akin to a glaucoma, which hindered focused vision so that he appeared to view some scene through blurred and watery light. And he heard the sound of his own voice senselessly mumbling these lines from Robinson:

"And over the forgotten place there clings  
the strange and unrememberable light  
that is in dreams."

With it all was a hyperacuity of the sense of smell and a delicious fragrance that was...the sea! with all its mysterious pungencies of saltiness, piscine aromas and acrid crab-grass. Intuitively, he knew this excessive stimulation of his senses would soon demand an agonizing payment.

He sensed a nebulous pulsation as of elemental tidal surges beating in consonance, not under any lunar influence, but with some drowned, oceanic heart. (Or was it all some abnormal awareness of the pumping of his own heart and blood pounding in his ears?) An irregular fibrillation in the sound, as if it were ebbing, followed, accompanied by a nausea - as of sea-sickness.

He next experienced an irrational phenomena of awakening to awareness within a dream. What stirred him to sentience was an insidious rhythm of ocean tides which then blended with a poetic rhyme beating in waves upon his thoughts:

"For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan  
And the people -ah, the people -  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone."

His presence was in a weird midnight landscape - the jagged white shafts around him he guessed were the spires and pinnacles of funeral shafts, weathered down by salt corrosive rains, festooned with a curious vegetable growth that shook in time with a pulse in the atmosphere. In the shadowy gloom he could neither see the church nor its melancholic tolling bell, but he could both hear and curiously feel the metallic reverberations of the last.

But wait! What were those bloated shapes haunting the pitch blackness near that steepled sound? Were they the swollen ghosts of the dead lying impaled beneath the grave shafts, answering some ghostly evocation of that bell?

More of the Poe poem chanted itself within his conscience with an ominous significance:

"They are neither brute nor human -  
They are Ghouls:

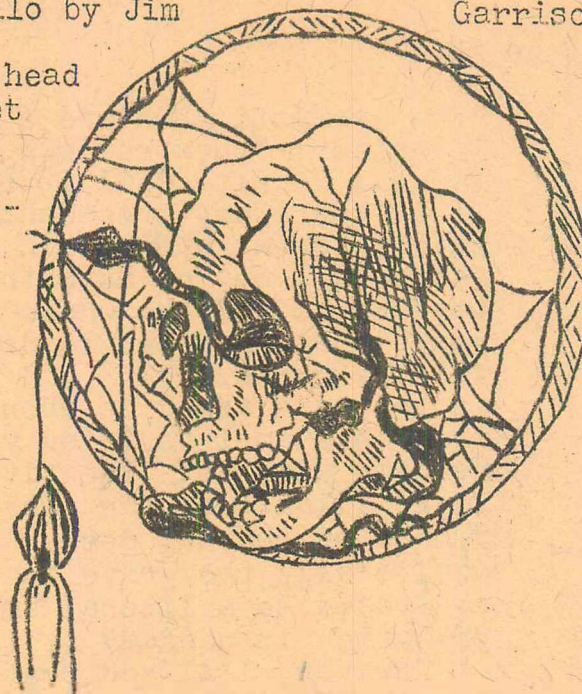
And their king it is who tolls."

With a revulsion he realized he witnessed a nauseous Judgment Day-like tableau, for the people floating up in that steeple were putrescent, animated corpses in rags of grave clothes and shreds of bloated flesh on skeletal silhouettes; arising up in the currents from the slimy abysses of elder Ocean, obeying a necromantic summons of some ghoulish king to resurrect from their graves. And the crumbling grave markers were in reality a rocky reef of shark-toothed-like ferocity, and the steepled tocsin, now seen, was but a bell-buoy shaken and rolled by the monstrous surges of midnight tides.

This revelation brought a return to the real world, the dream



disappearing in a haze of images. His head was feverish and burning with pain, yet he was cold: Getting up, he took his temperature, finding it had dropped a degree, which was the cause of the discomfort of coldness. Perhaps it was his grogginess or again the various unpleasantnesses of headache, nausea and being chilled, but it impaired his ability to make an objective diagnosis of his symptoms: He returned to bed with a heat pad, instinctively knowing it would counter his chills by producing the warmth his body was losing. Soon he found a sort of temporary oblivion from pain as deep, dreamless sleep blotted out all.



Monday, June 5

In his morning's mail Dr. Clark found a letter from Klein whom he had penned a number of questions about Paget-Lowe. Tearing it open, he read: -

Dear Dr. Clark - You inquire what I know about the late Henry Paget-Lowe of East Providence? Volumes to be exact, for we lived in letters to one another for many years.

He was a very frugal correspondent when it came to paper but not to words - of the latter he could write several thousand in a letter any time. Of the former: when he finished what you and I would consider a normal letter with blank spaces left, he would continue to affix postscripts, marginalia, superscripts, interlineations, deletions. With Scottish thrift he made any odd scrap of paper serve for his communications: a blank frontispiece torn from an old book, the empty reverse side of my last letter to him. A penny postcard from him could be a positive horror as he economically crammed it full by writing in the smallest script possible.

And his signature? He often fantasized with some of the quaintest pseudonymous autographs conceivable. I was told he got them reading the odd names on tombstones in old graveyards. His usual one to me was a pretentious pose, 'Ibid', an aged Latin schoolmaster, whom he said supposed authored a magnum opus much quoted by authorities and scholars as their references to "see ibid" proved. In fact so well impersonated was this alter ego I thought HPL was an elderly man until I finally met him.

You asked me why he drew the graffiti, if responsible? As you mentioned his scepticism towards the supernatural was known. Doesn't this element of a lack of credulity or faith in it prove it could not have been a real ceremony but something else?

He once wrote me that believability in any type of story could be achieved only by realistic details; so that when the fantastic element made its appearance, as in a supernatural story, the foregoing realistic atmosphere had lulled away the reader's scepticism."



"The grafitti then was a stage-setting for his writer's imagination; 'theatre' was being created for a realistic scene. (Angell Street? Call it better 'Devil Street').

Is there any precedent for such a wild story? I think so. He once spent a night in a Providence graveyard, trying to scare hell out of me with ghost stories. Later on, I discovered he did the whole thing purposely; to witness my reactions, in order to depict them realistically in a spooky tale he wrote.

You next asked me about his lost novel HOUSE OF THE WORM. From this am I to infer you think the grafitti had some connection with it? The title itself is very suggestive of Edgar Allan Poe: the 'worm' as used by Poe was a repeated symbol of charnal decay; and the (narrow) 'house' was unequivocally the grave in Poe's bizarre world. And as HPL confessed to a literal imitation of Poe, what more interpretation is needed?

However, I'll add that I really know little of his planned novel. He wrote me of it in general fashion, stating it was a ghoulish idea long simmering in his brain. When he died, neither ms nor notes for the opus was ever found. As you noted for me, other hands disturbed a near perfect order in which he kept his papers.

Sincerely,  
Ron Hart Klein

Klein's letter was a catalyst sending Dr. Clark's inventions scurrying in many new directions. There was the enigma of HPL's unaccountable departure - or flight - from a residence of some 34 years. (Unquestionably he had experimentally drawn the grafitti for the purpose that Klein had theorized.) But on the other hand, could there have been an accidental but ritualistic opening of some shadowy threshold between our world and the outside? Did something then transpire that drove HPL to seek the safety of other lodgings? Still leaving incautiously ajar a mystic opening through which crawled only God knows what disembodied nightmares of fantastic dreamers and the grisly phantasms of the insane? Conversely, could he have rashly and blindly unlatched a portal yawning darksome in the opposite direction into realms beyond the edge of the mechanistic universe, through which the unwary might be sucked as if by a vacuum? This improvising of chimeras by Dr. Clark drew a weak laugh from him, and feeling slightly foolish, he directed his thoughts onto his professional business. But he now had developed an extreme reluctance to descend into the cellar for any reason.

Thursday, June 8

During the morning Dr. Clark observed an abrupt change in the barometric pressure and increased humidity as measured by the two weather instruments atop his desk, and knew a thunderstorm was imminent. Simultaneously, he detected several symptoms in himself that theoretically could be associated with the onset of a migraine attack: an erratic excess of mental energy followed by the start of a sick headache.

In an impersonal manner, he studied his flushed reflection in the glass of the surgical instrument cabinet. Particularly he examined the depression in his skull over his right eye - the result of a childhood accident - and saw it was now filled as the blood vessels swelled.



The point was, did he have migraine? In a patient it was an academic question and chemical allergy tests would have to be made. But he could medicate himself on a gamble and mitigate the migraine if it were on its way.

He now asked himself a second question: did he possess the characteristic migraine personality? He thought not. Because of the many clustered traits that identified the migraine personality he possessed but one - fastidiousness.

Delaying his next patient even longer, he rumaged in his dispensary refrigerator until he found an ampul of Gynergen and drew it up into a hyperdermic needle but hesitated at the injection of it. The two prior migraines, if that was what they were, had brought troubling eldritch visions but in sleep. What if he let nature take its course, not inject the drug into his bloodstream? Would he then witness not just the visual hallucinations of a conscious migraine but the more phantasmagorical of his nightmares?

Several times in the past he had experienced the phenomenon of simultaneous but conflicting points of view, as if his will and another's were in opposition. The unique circumstances resembled - he remembered - those attending the split brains of former epileptics, surgically severed at the great cerebral commissure to stop the seizures spreading from one brain hemisphere to the other.

This cutting of the corpus callosum produced little disturbance of ordinary behavior. However, each of the divided hemispheres now had its own independent mental sphere, each unaware of what went on in the other; it was as if such subjects had two separate brains. Yet paradoxically enough there was indirect communication between the split halves of the brain through feedback through the unsevered lower brain stem, which feedback might be greater in sleep when the attention was not distracted or preoccupied by incoming sensory and motor impressions. But as he had neither undergone commissurotomy nor had a congenital lack of the corpus callosum, how to explain this phenomenon? Psychic possession?

Common sense finally broke through the morbid attraction of these fancies and he made an intravenous injection of the drug into his upper thigh. In about half an hour it constricted his arterial blood vessels, the ones in his head, enough to decrease the throbbing pain. But not without exacting its due in side effects - a feeling as if his limbs were leaden weights or had all the energy sucked out of them.

#### Friday, June 9

During the day Dr. Clark decided he would talk to Lewis Theobald, the liberian, for additional light on Henry Paget-Lowe that evening. While he was at it, he felt he should kill two birds with one stone and consult the occult books at the library with the intention of determining if the grafitti was really magic symbols. Fighting down his aversion to entering the cellar was difficult, but he persisted and copied on a slip of paper some of the more perfectly made.

After his supper, he left the house and went over to the main part of town and entered the library. He browsed about the occult shelf in random fashion until luckily he found in a book at least one symbol resembling one on his slip of paper. According to the text, it was a conjuring sign used in necromancy by the infamous Dr. Dee.

As he stared at the symbol he thought of another question vexing him with doubt of his own sanity. Were people who believed they were victims of psychic possession actually suffering schizophrenia, the



split personality being to their side entity?

paranoaic view a hostile, out-

Being very familiar with all the clinical symptoms of schizophrenia, he decided it was redundant to read about it in some medical reference in the library. Besides, he harbored the belief, perhaps egotistically, that he was too well balanced to fit the bill. That left him with the dilemma of accepting the remaining option that he was a victim of a very real psychic possession; not only a very unscientific pill to swallow but actually leading dangerously close back to the schizo explanation.

He culled references out of the indexes of many occult books but found little enlightenment. In their genre the symptoms of psychic possession were of vague generalizations. Part of the doctrine portrayed it as a complete usurpation, though other occult books contradictory depicted it as both intermittent and transitory in some allegedly historical cases. But there was nothing about when or how it might occur. Then he chanced on the slim reprint of a Renaissance metaphysical volume by an unknown thinker named Linnaeus.

He read its few references of psychic possession with little interest until he encountered the following: "Most subjugation takes place more easily during sleep when the host-personality's will is at its greatest decline and cannot strongly resist the parasitic entity. Considered in this light, sleep-walking is no longer a mysterious quirk of the slumberer but instead a sinister, unrelatable errand."

He sat quietly, staring into space, but inside his mind was a veritable volcano of doubt and confusion compounded from his entertaining three mutually incompatible and warring theories of his mental experience, the theories being commissurotomy, psychic possession and schizophrenia. Any one of them was sufficient to undermine his peace of mind. He decided to bypass this perplexity, and having Lewis Theobald pointed out to him, returned to the pursuit of the grafitti mystery.

"Did you ever know Henry Paget-Lowe, a local writer?" he asked the elderly man.

"My goodness, yes, nephew," laughed the old man in a familiar manner. "Henry often sought my assistance and opinion on research problems if he was in a hurry. But he really needn't have. He was a thorough enough scholar himself that he would in time locate the quick answer I might give. Sometimes, though, I wonder if he wasn't a practical joker...about some of his research problems."

"Oh?"

The old man grinned in friendly fashion. "There was the time he was in the library at Princeton University, and he told me he accidentally stumbled onto, in the rare book catalogue, an index card for some hideous old manuscript or book in Medieval Greek. (I think the title was the "Nekromanteia"). The next time he went there to get the call number on the card it had vanished from the file drawer. I told him there never was such a book, that a student obviously put it there for a typical college hoax, and that a thoroughly humorless college librarian had expunged it. But he was insistent, almost violently so, that there was a malevolent cloud about it all, that someone wished to keep secret its existence."

"On the other hand, it was about that time Henry had a particular research project underway. He was seeking and collecting from Medieval books on magic various formulae for raising spirits, invoking Lucifer and all that sort of thing - books by Albertus Magnus,



Eliphas Levi and Nicholas Flamel. I believe he was of the conviction the Princeton book was such a book."

Saturday June 10

On getting up that morning Dr. Clark had a general malaise and looked at the calendar to see if there was any conjunction of a full moon with that day. But that lunar phase was far off. He next thought he might be due to suffer the more than ordinary cyclic ebbing of the adrenalin tide in his blood that occurred on weekends and reduced the pain threshold of body tissues. (In a word, he said to himself, was it a warning of the onset of the migraine like paroxysm he had been prone to the last several months?)

If terrible headache and/or nightmare were thus foreshadowed, what could he do about it besides the injection of Gynergen? His solution was unscientific and smacked of credence in some form of Sympathetic Magic, though to him it was a completely practical course of action. He would obliterate the baleful graffiti, on the illogical reasoning that its removal would terminate both the nightmares and the migraine (for he had come, through some elusive rationalization, to the conclusion that the graffiti was the focus of all his dreams and headaches.)

Fighting his loathing of the cellar regions, he descended there and briskly swept out all the cabalistic designs on the earth floor

with a broom and splashed over the walls a coat of hastily-mixed whitewash.

That night he dreamed again. He was composing a drug prescription, not only in the most academic Latin he could muster but equally in such atrocious and illegible handwriting that even another doctor expert in such gibberish style writing would be at wits end to decipher it. In fact, some of his Latin he merged in rebus-like or symbolic characters that even began to puzzle himself. He had laughed in glee at his quasi-practical joke, then ceased. What he wrote was not pharmaceutical-chemical directions but alchemic!

And what was he doing kneeling in his pajamas, involuntarily writing on it with a broken pencil in the dirt of the cellar floor? There was a psychic sensation of vast, sable wings of fear beating and hovering over him, and the hair on the back of his neck stood up. He shuddered violently and passed back into nonawareness.

In the morning he awoke, greatly weakened as if from a migraine attack. Remembering his eccentric and queer nightmare, he smiled wanely. Then a wave of horror blasted his sanity. There was dirt under his fingernails.

- Finis -

Random Notes from here and there

Tarnhelm Press, Lakemont, Georgia 30552 is scheduled to bring out two paperbacks by Arthur Burks (author of the AH collection Black Medicine) at \$1 each - Casket is a dated, pulp-era novel with astral plane, simple old fashioned fun; The Making of A Seer is about ghosts

Fan Press, same address, is in the process of bringing out The Vultures by Robert E. Howard, an off-beat western, illo by Steve Fabian, in a limited edition of 1,000 copies. Timing is off - inquire.



Random Notes (continued)

Jeff Anderson writes:

I feel that J. Ramsey Campbell's later, non-Lovecraftian stories - Napier Court, for example - are far more mature and accomplished. They are free of pretentious, HPLish narrative style which marred his earlier work and are richer in character development and psychological complexity. I guess that like many other writers, he had to go thru an imitative phase before finding his own literary voice. His tale, Cold Print, seems to be a transitional piece, containing elements from both periods of his work: the protagonist's character is developed at quite some length, while the story ends - disappointingly, in my opinion - with the appearance of one of those monster-gods characteristic of earlier tales. Now in Napier Court the climactic horror was of a psychological nature rather than being corporeal. ...

F.C. Adams, Jr., RR 1, Box 498, Lemont Furnace, Pa. 15456 offers a fanzine for 25c which reviews the amateur magazines of interest to our readers. We have a compilation later in this issue which is perhaps not up to date and his publication should be likewise consulted, perhaps on a subscription basis (I've seen both Spoor 1 and 2 dittoed, but cannot locate them at presstime.)

The British weird fanzine, SHADOW, is obtainable in the U.S. easiest by ordering at 2/\$1 (beginning with #18) from Harry Morris, 500 Wellesley S.E., Albuquerque N.M. 87106.

Brian Lumley writes this concerning his forthcoming novel from DAW, The Burrowers Beneath: It has a very wide scope; has action in Africa America, the Arctic, England, France; treats of Miskatonic U. as it is now; interprets HPL's Mythos the scientific way; has Cthulhu beaten ('but not dead'); goes from the moon to Loch Ness to the Mohole Project and back and it took about 70,000 words to write. It has horror galore, from sea Shoggoths to telepathic contact with alien minds (with lunacy as a result, of course) and more innovations than I can remember.

Michael Parry in England supplies us with the info that the film JV Shea mentions in which Fritz Leiber is to be seen as a mad scientist scurrying around with a copy of what one can only assume to be the Necronomicon is called EQUINOX and is a curious cheap-budget film which transcends its financial limitations and creates a strangely effective atmosphere of evil and enchantment, almost Lovecraftian.

Robert Maier writes:

...In HPL, George Wetzel excellent study of the Mythos compared the dreamworld/hell of HPL to the underworld of Greek mythology. Of particular interest is the 'dream aspect', i.e. the possibility of entering or returning to it through dreams. And, interestingly enough, in the epic poem of Vergil (Roman, not Greek, though their mythologies were similar), The Aeneid, the hero goes to the underworld through a great, evil pit (cf. Lovecraft's grave) and returns as follows: "There are twin gates of sleep, of which one, by which an easy exit is given to true dreams, is said to be made of horn, and the gleaming other, although through it the spirits send false



dreams toward the sky, to be made of white ivory. Then, after this had been said; Achises followed the Sibyl and his don, and he sent him out through one gate, that of ivory. And so returns the hero, Aeneas, to our world." The parallels between this and the Mythos are obvious. But as 2000 years of classicists have wondered, why did Virgil make Aeneas go out the gate of false dreams? Perhaps some reader will be so kind as to think of a solution, and also how this may apply to the Mythos. Did Lovecraft intend to imply, in his stories, that the dreamworld was real to his characters, or false? Was one of the things that Virgil - and Lovecraft - tried to say was that life itself was false?



:::: Illo by Jim Garrison ::::::::::::::

AURA

A colour out of Space  
stark as the nighttime sky  
bright as a changeling's eye  
full of grace, fair of face  
--out of place and day--

A colour out of Time  
warm as a woman's dream  
broad as Old One's scheme  
full' sublime in its prime  
--blest with rhyme, and fey--

A colour out of War  
chill as a liche's lip  
old as a pilgrim's trip  
from a far distant Star  
--Aldebar-- away...

A colour out of Sleep  
soft as a dryad's tear  
lost as a dragonweyr  
hard to keep, dear and deep  
--dross of sleep-at-bay--

And, filtered from the Star,  
and souging through great rain-soaked trees,  
off a bitter headlands: FAIR COLOURS  
THAT DWELL NOT IN THE LIGHT

AUROLA NYCTALOPS



DEEP CALIS TO DEEP

by William Scott Home

"What happen, man?" The lids blinked over eyes which knew only too well.

"The boat, man, the boat." My voice shook with impatience.

"'E still last night or what?"

"Stop talk fool!" I rattled, furious. "We're wasting time! Get up and let's go!"

"What about second free day you promise?"

"Make it up some other time. This is important! I can't run the thing alone another day."

There was more to Goldbourne's demur than the inertia of sleep, but a feint of logic hauled him out of bed. Seeing that the light coming in from the veranda was only lanternlight after all he turned me another questioning look and sought his watch: it was five-thirty. "And 'e nine you get in last night?"

"Since when are you run by clockwork?" I got shriller. "Make we go."

"You only tired, boss. You sure you no want wait and rest a few hours?"

"God damn it -"

"Yes sir, yes sir, right now...you get any sleep at all last night?"

"Some. Enough."

"I never hear you up again soon this morning?"

"Had a bad dream, that's all. Can't sleep for excitement. I'm telling you there's a sunken reef or island down there about fifteen hundred. If it is it'll play hell with all kinds of theories. It might be the discovery of a lifetime."

"I never think the lifeless so in your line."

"A reef is lifeless the way a skeleton is. I study them both."

He had progressed far enough in dressing that we could go out the house toward the pier. Some genuine light was testing the horizon; the early air was cool, but it was not that which palsied me. The snowy rim of froth around the tiny cay - a loop in the long white collar of the reef - was distinct, as was the yellow back of the mini-sub riding on its lines. Except for a couple of fishing families we were for the moment the only people on the cay. At this hour it looked utterly desolate.

I leapt aboard the sub and hauled off the hatch while Goldbourne disconnected the cable. At least I had remembered to hook that up the night before. I coughed a little as I lowered myself into the chamber and began hurriedly checking the instruments; Goldbourne, coming after me, coughed much more and scrutinized the air gauge, then looked askance at me.

"Man, you no got no air. The carbonate tubes full too. You only ride in on luck yesterday."

"Oh hell, there's plenty, I didn't turn off the gauge and I left the hatch loose so it leaked out. Just get some more cannisters... hell!" Delayed by the ABC's.

Goldbourne gave me an even more original look before hauling himself up again, and I ran to help him drag the heavy tubes from under the house and down to the sub. The sub carried four and that was usually adequate for seven or eight hours...allowing for two men. The gas-absorption tubes were for slightly longer, to give us the benefit



of the garotte rather than passive suffocation, despite the easier onset of the latter. Engineers have peculiar minds.

Goldbourne didn't help things any by moving with excruciating deliberation. He picked up the conversation where he had dropped it and for a minute I couldn't recall what we were saying.

"What dream humbug you, boss?"

"Oh, nothing...just...I dreamt I was driving along, fast, an old highway in the southwest country where I grew up; mesa country, like Monument Valley, with big rocks and plateaux everywhere. It was night. Moonless, I think; the car's lights just showed the road and you could hardly see the silhouettes of the buttes.

"Somebody was in the car with me - my old buddy Joe Hogue. We were going fast and as we started around a curve the car went out of control and shot straight ahead. I dreamt he shouted 'Look out! Jump!' and two big rotten eyes opened in the butte ahead of us, and then a cavernous mouth. We both burst out the doors and fell to the ground while the car shot into that open mouth. I heard a grinding crunch and then the mouth was closed, the eyes disappeared. Then I dreamt we were wandering in the dark for a long time..." It had been realistic enough to shake me awake. It had happened before

"You ever have dream like that yet?"

"When I was little, immensities used to frighten me. It's sort of the same thing. My first nightmare was of a landscape falling away into infinite space. Before I ever saw the sea I had a steady nightmare about being adrift in a tiny boat in the open sea. Something would start to rise up out of the water, like a mountain - just a small slimey point that turned out to be the apex of a monstrous mass - rising higher and higher from the water - and then, when it overtowered me like a cliff, a huge eye would open in the midst of it, the size of a ship. Now the only wild dreams I have are on the land - which has come to be a moonscape to me anymore."

He watched me sideways. "Dreams like that what determine you to work in the sea?"

"Life taught me it was safer than the land."

"How the driving then?"

"Oh...comes from the school days probably. I was working in Oregon one summer and this same Joe Hogue was up at Devil's Tower. I decided to pick him up and then both of us would split the driving back to Albuquerque. I started off one Tuesday morning and got there, non-stop, by Wednesday afternoon. But he'd never got my letter and he'd already left. I was foolish at that age, decided to drive straight on home alone, without a rest. I was getting groggy already or I wouldn't have thought of such a thing, and the farther I went the worse it got. I wasn't much over the Colorado line before I started getting woozy, and as soon as it got dark I got all kinds of ideas. I thought there was a guy in the car with me. I'd say, "Don't you want to drive?" and he'd answer "Sure" so he'd drive a while and I'd sleep, just wake up in time to pull the car back on the road. By the time I got out of Pueblo it was really serious. I decided I was just out of the army and some female in Santa Fe had all my money and my clothes...I was driving back and forth on the freeway looking for her...until finally I saw a sign to Albuquerque, and it clicked enough that I was able to get home. When I woke up 24 hours later the first thing I thought of was that I never did get my money and my clothes."

"What cause you to crazy so, boss?"

"Not crazy, man. Hypnotised. Highway hypnosis. The road south

from Devil's Tower is flat all the way and in the dark you can't see the mountains - just the infinite carrot of the arrow to nothingness ahead. Nothing distracts you, especially late...and when you add that to exhaustion..."

He was watching me rather closely in the course of this small talk - my fingers fumbled every move - but the cannisters were emplaced and checked, the tubes renewed, and I couldn't delay another instant. He released the lines and hopped aboard, bolting the hatch above him; the sub began to purr very softly, the sound drowned immediately in the whipping of the water, and we slipped away from the dock. It was of no significance that the sea was still a flux of darkness; we were destined for a greater night and equipped accordingly. Since the water was quiet I chose the shallower of the two passages through the reef, which was the nearer. Goldbourne raised eyebrows and shoulders about the same degree and sank down in the most comfortable possible position at the lower port, which placed his head slightly in advance of, and below, mind, so that I could see only the curve of his cheek and his forehead. Like many Caribs he was short but very husky, an ideal shape to fit into the sub's strictures. I had to lean forward or else crane my neck back to keep in the centre of the field of vision. At times this would wreak some vicious headaches on me, so I had taught him how to manage the craft for all normal operations, and was sure that with the inherent intelligence of his people he had probably got most of the rest, as well, through the corner of his eye.

"You could get such hypnosis down here, too, boss?"

"Nothing like that. Things change too fast - once we really get down to the working level. It's too fascinating, man, nothing stays the same. Hypnosis is the last thing could get you here."

"Even with the light-headedness?"

"You ever feel it in the sub?"

He didn't answer at once. The conversation irritated me. We were through the reef, and without even checking my clipboard notes I moved to descend; the budding lilacs of the sky disappeared suddenly into its cobalt underpinning.

It was like shooting into a star sapphire, the asters opening before us, admitting the sub along silver planes of bubbles, shutting in behind. Riding a current which felt familiar I let the sub sink in an abrupt outward trajectory. Pressure increased sharply, the metal went cold, and the noises of its contraction began to tinkle subliminally inside the brain-laid ovoid...Like diving spiders in their satellite bubbles we dared the deeps...to feed not our bellies but our minds.

Goldbourne raised himself to look at the indicators and then search my face. It was annoying, but even more so was the fact that, although we had long since come to know each other very well, for a face now he bore the expressionless mask with which Caribs usually face strangers. It made me feel alone in the chilly sub.

But the feeling passed. I was in familiar and recognisable territory, where it is difficult ever to feel lonely. Somehow, despite the absence of landmarks, I was quite certain that my course would take us within sight of the bottom only as we arrived at the fascinating feature I sought; I had become an intimate of the sea, a citizen of the fallen day, and was beginning, I felt, to acquire instincts for which the water's own have special sense organs - knowledge of position, depth, current movements, nearby life-forms whether visible or not. Cutting



through the jungle is a tedious exercise in a monotonous and monochromous fabric; but skimming through the waters over a well-populated coral reef is a dream-like arabesque through a kingdom of living jewels, fulgurating jellies, the scintillance of unselfish beauty.

"What time you left yesterday morning, boss?" Goldbourne's mild voice broke in discordantly. There was absolutely no sound from the turbines; we rocketed into imperious silence.

"About seven."

"And you never get back until nine? And m' want go out again right away?"

"...Did I say that?"

"You no exactly say so. I had was to fight you down." I didn't recall. It was possible. "You work too hard, man. You going old fast so."

"Hmm. As a matter of fact there's quite a bit of doubt about whether sea creatures ever grow old or die naturally at all. By rights the longer I spend in the water the longer I ought to live."

"No without scales, sir. ...True that, though?"

"It's a theory. I incline to it. Strongly. I once analyzed a section of a turtle plastron that showed probably two hundred and eighty years. An anemone in an aquarium in Scotland lived ninety-six years after no telling how long in the sea and only died because somebody forgot to change its water once."

"Yes, I too believe...that the heave our ancestors made up into weight, sunburn and air was a vault into age, sorry and death. In the freedom of the sea the only stress is that of being the hunted, or a hunter unappeased. Altogether possible...down in the changeless depths of the ocean...that those too large and powerful to be anything's victims may be incredibly ancient...perhaps immortal..."

It was a stupendous vision which I had never really given room to grow. "You going down awful fast, boss."

"You want to run this rig or what?" I barked. He said nothing, but turned over on his back and lay up against the port so that he was facing inward, pretending to close his eyes while in fact it was plain he was watching me through "cut eyes" - the slits of his lids. I bristled and went back to my thoughts.

I had more or less lived in fascination with Cousteau's proposal to evolve genuine mermen. British Honduras' barrier reef would be an ideal place to set up another undersea dome, perhaps the first community to adjust wholly to the marine life. Suddenly it seemed a burning necessity. A sea change...into something rich and strange. Now to its torqueless ease I added another lavish dimension: immortality. Eternal mastery of the prismatic ecstasy of the reefs, the gem-set mountains of coral, a banquet table spread with convoluted rainbow, the inventive legions of beings which have explored every conceivable structure, every recondite sense, every mirific organ. The prospect became infinite. So might life be: a life which could, for the first time in all evolutionary history, expand to realize all its possibilities? Intelligence able to flower into its maximum embodiment.

There was no real light outside us now, but I felt curiously confident that even if the lights of the sub failed, I would still be able to find my way. It was an exhilarating sensation, as though I were already naturalised in the new domain, much more than merely being one of those to whom the words "two hundred and fifty fathoms" have a hollow toll while "fifteen hundred feet" simply sounds journalistic. No pressure could constrict me; no darkness bind me. No coldness could drink vitality from my skin...

We sank with our umbilicals of light and air already ingrown: a quick, clumsy preview of liberation to come. We sank as ambassadors from the sun to the phosphorescent jewels of the gulf...from a thousand men the fishes gnawed upon to where gems in scorn of eyes woo the deep and mock dead bones...Strange the brittle laughter of that mockery had never rung before in my ears where now it was so deafening...what day would equal embassy rise from the obscurity to promulgate its message of bliss and fulfillment among the lumbering hordes of panting apes? ...If the vision of its fair and accessible immortality were broadcast, a mighty emigration would begin - into the sea...into communality with the ignis fatuus which serve as stars beneath the waters...the music of profound significance that rings the entire body, beside which the polyphonal rhapsodies of the great whales, the choirs of porpoises, are harsh and meaningless croaks...damn those porpoises who have withheld the secrets of their kingdom from us! Damn their contempt, their fatuous grins! Their extermination must be of the highest priority...enemy to the settlers of the floor...that floor covered with a richer carpet than kings' kings could order...the blazing scarlets of sponges and alcyonarians, the dimpled purple and emerald-copper of anemones, splattered silver of conchs and hydroids, the bulbulchasm mantilla of ascidians, crinoids armoured with mosaics of Solomonian pentacles; the paisley of obsidian and luteous madreporae...gold wedges, anchors, heaps of pearl...a wealth of satiety, comprehension and kin...

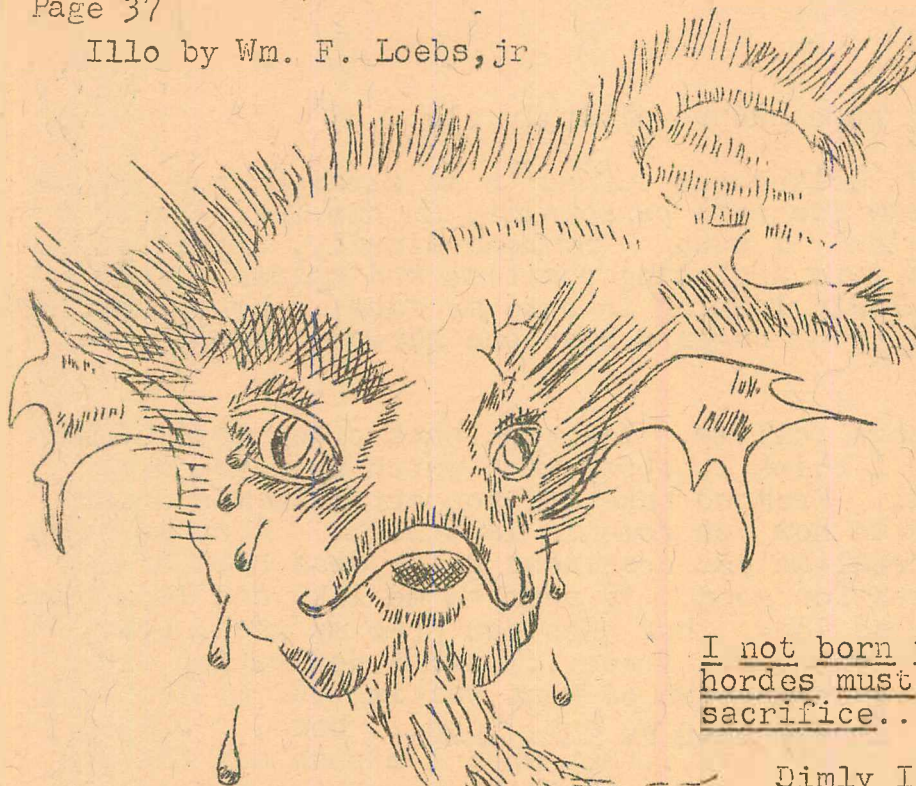
Even the thunderous unfathomable abysses, the trenches, would become the inheritance of those which would need no longer to bob up and down in Piccard's obstinate bathyscape, but spin and snort personally in the benign embrace of the uttermost cysts of darkness, returning the cyclopean compress which fondled them...free as flying fish to converse with the immensities of the deep...

Even Piccard had constructed a shoe to walk the deep after fleeing from the monsters of magnitude up there...seeking an understanding which the watery but finite human brain could assimilate...the power of an element which imparted to its denizens a strength in the blinking of an eye which exceeded ours to topple pyramids...panted after the grandeur of which he had only a fleeting honeyed taste...

Even the mermen would have a glorious highway of evolution ahead of them, until they had advanced as far beyond those tentative pioneers as they in turn had done over the terrestrials they left behind - until the day when the extended baptism would be consummated by the first merchild born alive in the cauldron that bore us all, confirmed in the brotherhood of the deeps...all the infirmities and encrustations of our lives plated over by the nacre of the most stable element...those are pearls that were his...lies...of his bone is coral made...nothing of them that will fade...ageless, undecaying, they shall reach their heights in the depths...sacrifices are necessary, of course...but the rewards are so great...sacrifice lungs - those ridiculously feeble bags which cannot even pump themselves - for gills interlocking with the parental plasm...the popping, ever less necessary nodules of the face for a transmogrified battery of the skin's intricate sensors...breezes readily exchanged for the cool bouyant currents around the reefs...flowers for the chameleon glory of anemones, glades for the quiet Moorish phantasmagoria of the sea-caverns, clumsy padding beasts for the lightning power and unfailing grace of sharks, rays, giant eels...wonder of all that hath life, the race of sea monsters...canst thou bait out Leviathan with a hook?...they too luxuriate in their volumes of wisdom...inestimable stones lie in dead men's



Illo by Wm. F. Loebbs, jr



skulls...and then the  
cynosure of the awe,  
majesty and grandeur  
of the black magnifi-  
cence...immortal, om-  
niscent...the rapture  
of the depths...whose  
breath is as the sur-  
ge of fire...why gasp  
and grasp the throat?  
the fire-begetting  
spark of life burns  
just beyond the door  
...the fingertip of  
immensity to touch...  
only sacrifice...sal-  
vation is worth any  
sacrifice...for was

I not born to light the path? - the  
hordes must come - I will make the  
sacrifice...

Dimly I became aware of the  
hard warm flesh twisting from my  
clutch, black silhouette spreading like an impurity across the  
golden garnish of the will...my hands closed on the dense curly pelt  
of his head but his heavy shoulder knocked me back as he slammed the  
buttons which extended the collecting-pinchers; as they stretched out  
he jammed the forwardgear before grinding his reinforced elbow into my  
stomach. My suddenly nerveless hands released his hair and I slumped  
retching to the floor. Still I had a momentary glimpse of the out-  
flung steel-thewed collecting arms bursting through a stellar drum-  
head...

Immediately, we were catapulted upward, jolted from side to side,  
as everything loose in the sub shot from top to bottom, rotated mur-  
derously, gravity defied...the walls were not padded...I struck walls  
and ceiling with everything except my ringing head, cut, bruised as  
though inside one of those bouncing ping-pong balls in the jet of a  
powerful fountain. The sub twisted on all sides, heaved - I could  
hear the squealing of tortured metal - and realized the enormous dan-  
ger. The controls were useless, but we were already ascending, des-  
pite the riot in the water all around us...what had happened? I had  
fallen asleep at the controls...

We broke the surface. I pulled myself groggily upward to look  
out the port; Goldbourne had knotted himself into a ball and escaped  
the worst bruises, though he too was terrified - how much was impos-  
sible to say. The sub was severely hurt; water was trickling in around  
the port. Luckily the inflatable belt which circumscribed it was in-  
tact and answered to the manual control, bursting into an orange raft;  
we would remain afloat, if immobile, no longer subject to the vio-  
lence of the depths.

What I saw through the port, however, I could not so easily des-  
cribe, nor could I readily recreate it mentally afterward. I had only  
a glimpse of indescribable members, erupting from the water at dis-  
tances impossibly extended, suckered and many-branched, corruscated  
and ragged...covered with barnacles of sorts, the algae and lichens



of the sea...impossibly huge and revoltingly old...

"My God...my God."

"True that, boss?" Goldbourne turned to me straight and for the first time that day I saw the real personality in his face, under a hoary film of perspiration. I swung my head dizzily, unable to understand. He helped me into a sitting position and splashed some of the warm seawater now slowly leaking in onto my face; I began to clear, dreading the pounces of the haggard headache already stooping toward me.

"What happened?"

"Boss, you going have tell me. You come back crazy last night, you know. This morning I think I better keep watch upon you or I never m'gone at all. From we take off you act like man under one spell, boss, just like how you come in last night. When we start pushing down so fast I realise you craziness going dead both of we. That when I close my eyes for good. 'E seem to me like one long time pass...and we still for so long...but then you grab my neck, boss, and then my hair, and as I open my eye I see...I see a reflection against the black glass, Boss...a reflection of what waiting out in front of we...one gigantic eye...bigger than we sub, boss... boss, you been sitting staring into the devil eye...that when I m'push out the two pinchers them and ram the thing. The whole floor of the sea seem for come up, the thing must m'lift up, boss, out of its hole. as long as we only do float and no make no noise not even no blind thing going find we..."

I was too staggered to answer. I groped for the clipboard on which I had scrawled my notes the day before. I had indeed found the mysterious sunken mound I had marked...which I had seen for the first time only the day before (but had I seen? I had no visual recollection of it now)...had zeroed in on it like a homing pidgeon. But I - who had been luxuriating in the sensation of three-dimensional perception in the black depths only an hour before - could remember no details now...of a mass I had charted perhaps a thousand feet long, rising like a sunken bank from the slimey ooze. I had even marked a cavern at one end...the attenuated end facing west, toward the reef...What had I seen?...had the air really gone before my return? Had I limped back operating only by some twin instinct, in delirious condition? Yet I had returned, forcing him to accompany me...

I looked down at Goldbourne's face - which had swallowed without a ripple menaces and madness so sharp-edged as to be fatal to most his age - and reflected on the good fortune that he was a Carib, one of those incredible people who have been able to adapt themselves to almost any disruption of their conceptual world, to survive successive displacements and to use their opponents to their own best advantage. Anybody else would have been driven mad; there is a sort of survival instinct in the depths which some landlubbers can acquire, but there is a deeper tropia for life itself reserved only for those who have been offered the alternative again and again until it has worked into their very genes.

"You saved us - both", I whispered weakly. The pause was thoroughly understood, but he did not flinch back from me now.

"Yes, boss, just one thing in return."

"Anything, you know."

"When a fishing boat pick we up, make we left this thing and get back to the cay and home right away, and no ask me for ever get upon it again."



"Granted. And doubled."

We pushed up the hatched and looked for sails or smoke on the horizon. We were not completely out of sight of the reef's ruff of whey.

"Even so...I'm afraid of what's to come...it only took my thoughts in the direction they were already going..."

"But I hear everything what they say about these waters and I no hear any such thing yet, man."

"Who has?...I've prowled around in the sea's quick so much it became home to me. I never thought it harboured any horror...but this one is not of the depths alone, but of the greater deep...the ultimate night...and if it could reach me...who can't it take?"

"Them what no answer. The people 'e home for, sir; may come back out, but they change so who see them know. I know, I see it. You ever watch old Guerrero you see sometimes around Stann Creek?" I shook my head. "No likely anyone going mention he to you. Nobody no do talk to he anyway, except...some like he. He a man what used to fish in the deep waters them. Strange man, talk to the sea at night. Rest of them stay away from he. But long time now he mostly smuggle in from Guatemala or Honduras. Or so they say. Whenever the customs men them catch he, they used to turn over he boat with he goods them. They say then the man turn into one fish and swim back to Guatemala. My own uncle m'one of them and he tell me so, he see the man body in the water - changes and all...I doubt he swim to Guatemala though, because my uncle he say he gone straight out to sea. No only one time, you know - time and time. And 'e always come back, and brings things...strange things...and sometimes nobody no see no boat all day, but in the evening there stand Guerrero...and them people what want go with he, they never see again. You see he; you swear you look upon something what God never make. God's truth, sir. I going show you the man sometime inna Stann Creek."

"No thanks, Goldburne. I don't want to see him."

\* \* \* \* \*

### Why the Night-Gaunts

Tickle by W. Francis Loeb, Jr.

About the murky peaks of Throk, where feasting ghouls meep and gibber Holding horrid rites in black caverns, on things that lightly quiver; Past 700 onyx steps, the looming Gates of Deeper Slumber, Slouch things which creep like human wrecks and hairy gugs that hugely lumber.

But above th's underworld, emerging blank-faced from their haunts, Upon jet squamish flexed wings, swirl the Night-Gaunts.

They have no face, nor trace of sex, their bodies lank and bent;

They drive their human cattle on, just tickling to vex.

They range the world of nightmare through, from deep Proth's Vale where dholes burrow,

To zoogs' trees in enchanted woods, to the further edge of every world.

When the ghastrs in horrid payment back for fellows slain,

Creep to feast upon the gugs and ghouls and things insane,

There too on high the Night Gaunts are: on spongy wings they hover

And signify with fingers rare thoughts they share with one another.

But before the gugs and ghastrs played fratricidal games;

Long before Man had a past, in aeons vast without a name;

Before the bricks of crystal jade and luminescent pearl,

-continued-

Proud placid Celephais did make; in short, before there was a world;  
Before one shantak-bird was hatched, and Sarnath knew nor joy nor  
grief;

Before she builded just to die and slept at last by nighted reef;  
Before the evil stars winked down and spaces stretched, blasphemed,  
between 'em,

There was e'en then a peak of Throk  
Which echoed to the Night-Gaunts' singing.

For the Gaunts in those days had eyes which outward turned;  
And the crooning of the Gaunts was like the song of many worms.  
Sweet with faintest charnel trace, sweet with corpses upward breath,  
Sweet with lovers' doomed embrace and with the dreams of death.  
Then one day there came a lank pipster in black, which might be man;  
Save for the face which he did lack and beasties slunk to lick his  
hands.

Forth he paced with steady tread so like a lizard lately freed,  
Through virgin chambers, bleak and dead, save for the Gaunts which  
gave no heed.

Foul messenger this was for the one he bowed before,  
One whose lusts the void imperiled, who the name of chaos bore.  
Seeking then this empty place, shorn of all who might object  
Did Nyarlathotep pipe him forth dreadful chants to free the pent  
Form which should forever live in death without a moment's hope;  
And rent the prison of the one who yearned to roam on Earth's broad  
scope.

So, called as many times before, the Mindless One came lurching down  
From megaverse's boiling core, to tear at life and mind confound.  
To net another small dark world into its cold domain,  
To ring it 'round with blasting spirals - geometries insane.  
And everywhere upon this globe that formless horror did touch  
Life sprang forth abhorrently - Death needed Life to crush.  
Then did the Gaunts as shades they chased high above the Vale of Pnoth,  
Look down upon the chaos face of Daemon Sultan Azathoth.  
This sight of ancient evil struck them full of maddening pain;  
Blasted speechless, deaf and sightless - almost brainless - not again  
Could these Gaunts resemble others with each face a mask of void,  
For that one brief glimpse had scarred them, like the sear of  
alkaloid.

Then laughed the one clad blackly for he loved the pain of such  
But Gaunts had obscurer senses that no horror could ever touch.  
They spun toward their tormentor and they broke his silver pipe,  
And they drove his beasties from him, pinching hard as viper bites.  
The tickling they gave him made his sere cold torso quail,  
And his laughter was a screaming of some priest of elder Ba'al.

At last they drove him backwards, though a contest long he kept  
Till from out the chanting circle his cloven feet did step.

Thus the spell was ended: Proud Azathoth dissolved  
Back to the core of being, where the Universe devolves  
In frightful unleashed circles of blasphemy and pain,

Where in maelstroms wild and deathly the Daemon Sultan reigns.  
Thereafter grew the underworld, filled with things no man should name,  
Adopted Night-Gaunts to its order, so they lived on just the same.  
Yes, the centuries flowed by us like the sands of some sea grave  
Whilst true men reared sterile cities, learned the logic which they  
craved

And forgot the Earth's dark bithing, forgot other worlds so near  
Learned to fear the things of darkness, cried out loudly at the sky  
When by chance a single Night-Gaunt, Earth's first savior, fluttered by



A SHORE OF SHADOWS  
by Robert C. Sudol

Dear Mankind:

I shall be dead when you read these words of guilt and madness, for I was never brave enough in life to confess my unforgiveable...my nameless sin.

I was a seasoned midshipman aboard the HMS Venture, a 20-ton topsail schooner; we were set sail from London and bound for Polynesia by way of Cape Horn in quest of pearls.

The date was March 15, 1751; the hour - noon; our bearings - 28° S, 92° W - it was our 180th day at sea when the storm hit.

Out of the far South it came, mayhap from the grim God-forsaken twilight regions of the Anarctic. At first the whole southern hemisphere took on a sepulchral grey that grew uncomfortably darker by the minute while the shadow simultaneously moved north at fantastic speed.

We heard a faint throbbing like the beat of an excited heart, then a shrill whistling; a light breeze caressed our faces. An instant later all was Hell.

Before we were aware of its immediate presence, the darkness had enveloped us. Our ship's masts bent with the fury of a sudden gust. The dulled blaze of lightning penetrated through the gloom that not even the sun could pierce; the brilliance was followed by the deafening boom of unearthly thunder. How it cracked and peel and shouted and roared! It was the voice of a force greater than Man.

In all my days as a seafaring man a storm of such likes I'd never seen. God! We were driven on by a Hellish force into strange seas of the imagination unfit for nightmare ventures. Slimy things were cast upon our deck by waves the size of Himalayan peaks. So furious was our velocity that I hear a screeching in my ears - the pitiful cries of men overboard pierced my heart, but they were hopeless cries and I was helpless to answer them. All was blackness; I feared the prophecized End of the World had at last come.

Our canvas was ripped from its rigging, while masts splintered asunder like fallen Collossi; more we sailed below than above the waves. There was naught more that we could do above. At Captain Richard's commands, those few of us left alive fumbled in the blackness of Haydes and made our desparate way to the refuge of the ship's hold. But battened hatches do not a haven make. Our battered hull quick filled with water. We had found our way out of the dark and into the tomb. The boards in a symphony of death groaned and screeched so we knew that the end was near.

Then the unexpected happened. We heard a hideous grinding, felt a wrenching jolt, and knew the water-filled lower hold of the Venture had been split monstruously in twain lengthwise by the razor teeth of a blood-thirsty reef.

Like a pack of dogs gone mad, we fought our way out of the portals and dived into the hungry sea. My last remembrance was pausing at the threshold and turning to see the Captain standing grief-stricken and loyal to his sinking ship while his panicked crew deserted. A great wave dashed me overboard and I lost all consciousness.

I awoke to find myself on a becalmed shore in the dark of night. A trillion stars sparkled in the heavens above. I was lying at the side of my mate, Mike Gadding.

"Why do I live?" I asked.

"'Cause ye taint died," he replied. "Caught ye 'fore ye went undur."

We slept the sleep of the dead in that nighted realm of mystery with dreams of shadows to consummate our rest.

The sun rose crimson out of the East to illumine a mysterious island of titanic volcanoes rising to the blue reaches of Valhalla.

The walk along the beach I still remember with nihtmarish clarity. I was filled with sickness at the sight of the waterlogged corpses of my perished fellow seamen - the mad fear in their eyes transcended death. Pieces of driftwood, crates of cargo and masses of salt-contaminated food littered the beach.

We heard voices. From farther down the beach the figures of two naked men running to greet us were observed. We returned their greeting. Mate John Browning and able seaman Dick Stanton, a lad of 18, were those we hailed.

Exchanging observations, we gathered we were the sole survivors of the Venture's crew. There was but one direction to take - inland.

Up a sandy ridge we climbed...and discovered the giant stone statues. Carven images to a dark hierarchy of eldritch devil-gods, I presumed, they glared at us with beastially wrought eyes filled with infernal malevolence that could not be named. Most were buried up to their ghoulish heads, though those that stood free were a full 90 feet high. A hellish host of many thousands were scattered about the isle.

After nourishing ourselves on some weirdly luscious fruit and the sweet waters of a crystal pool, we proceeded into the shadowy deeps of a primal forest of towering trees of abnormally great girth to find not one insect, not one snake, not one monkee. I now recollected that before our plunge into the forbidden Stygian wood the sky was void of birds. There was something ultimately obscene in the quietness and tranquillity of the island, for not even the free wind blew here. Yea, had we been damned to the Island of Lost Souls?

Up the steep slopes of a colossal mountain of fire we climbed and looked down upon the land on which we were cast. Five miles in each direction to the softly rolling sea spread this isle of gloom and evil silence.

And lo! Three miles to the north of us lay a lifeless city of lunatic architecture in the midst of the mirkwood that ruled this land. Not by the root of a single tree was the City touched, yet the unearthly gloom it was bathed in was far deeper than the brooding wood's umbra.

Our destination lay to the North. We would learn the Nameless City's secret. Back into the horror-haunted wood we plunged and knew fear.

Through the City's shade-cursed streets we plodded, for awe's curiosity oft proves stronger than fear itself; we surveyed the ancient ruins which were devoid of life, of death, of sanity.

One edifice dominated the City. It was a magnificent many-columned temple. Nightmare frescoes sunken within its green walls depicted one colossal orgy of a supremely blasphemous ichthyic-human people lost in total depraved abandonment that would have shamed Sodom and Gomorrah and Rome combined.

No door, but an open threshold was its only entrance. Into its dark hold we plunged armed only with our quivering courage. At the



far end of a thousand-doored corridor radiated a horrendous macabre green phosphorescence. This would be our way. We reluctantly approached the witch-light.

Its source was a luminous algae that covered the slippery wet walls of an abysmal stairwell that bore no bottom. Down a spiral plane we cautiously made our way. One slip would have meant unthinkable violent death.

Our descent into Hell was one of terrifying beauty and unnamable enchantment. Down, down, down into the deeps of the earth we plunged.

But for the infinity we seemed to have journeyed, I knew that no more than several minutes could have elapsed since we began our brave trek into Subterranea. A geometry of mindless curves and insane angles in a finite space as the lunatic architecture of this unhallowed well of madness bore mute testimony to, could and did give the illusion of, the terrifying vistas of ultra-cosmic infinity that lurk just beyond this doomed fragile sphere.

Intellect, emotion, wisdom, will power - we have no more control over these than does mother-earth over the mighty Cosmos. Man and "his" world are but a toy of the unspeakable forces of Horror that fester and bubble Outside beyond space and time, and Man a fool and braggard to pride himself in his feeble resistance. Truly, Man can no more resist Hellish corruption than will the dark cyst of unearthy lunacy permit him. One day the Cosmic Scum will tire of playing with Man and grow weary of Man's pride that once gave it amusement and pollute each and every life ultimately and completely so the dreaded death that will never come will be infinitely more desireable to the life we now foolishly cherish. Death as we conceive it with all its mystery and terror is a tremendous falsehood created and nourished by our puny minds in their hidden labyrinths to temporarily spare us from insanity and boundless nightmare, for the most merciless and daemonic of all hells is life. And life exists and has no end. Life is eternal.

I was the first to spot the bottom, after briefly pondering the above Theory of Being. Drains were mounted in the floor to prevent flooding, yet they themselves were fantastic art, for their pattern formed the vague yet monstrously grotesque outline of a leering cuttlefish seducing a horror-stricken young maiden of human form entwined in the monster's nightmarishly obscene tentacled embrace. Had the pattern been clearer, I would have died shrieking mad that very instant or slayed myself without pause.

An abstractly arched tunnel led to a chamber of horrors. Horrendous blasphemies glowing with an eerie green light were wrought upon the walls. Monstruous biological obscenities that made the fishfolk of the temple's outer face look reverent in comparison were what we saw portrayed on those endless walls. Hell's blackest scum!

In the limitless chamber's centre stood an altar of stone not of this earth and upon it a sealed tabernacle of colours not of this universe's spectrum bearing demonic inscriptions and runes of darkest necromantic portent. The object was a blasphemy to behold. I shuddered at conjectures of what frightful purpose it served.

Young Dick with all the brashness that characterized youth lurched forward as one possessed and lay his hands upon the many-hued sacramental artifact.

The instant he touched the receptacle, a deafening thunder pierced our ears while a horrorquake the likes this world has never seen shook the earth to its innermost core. Far above, the obscene calm was broken by an even more blasphemous cacaphonous wind. The heavens

exploded in a torrent of rain that rushed down the open stairwell to engulf us. There appeared no other exit but that way which we entered. We rushed forward to meet our doom. Dick clutched the forbidden treasure of antiquity and mindlessly snatched it up.

Up, up we fought. The bottom grew more distant and unreal by the second until it had vanished. By what miracle we progressed up that abominably steep incline I cannot say, but up it we crawled as the world shook. By the mercy of Providence, the baneful waters spilled down the well's centre and found not the spiral way.

We had nearly reached the summit when poor John slipped. He clutched madly at my form but without avail. With a mindless shriek of horror he fell to his frightful death.

He had almost succeeded in pulling me down with him to his abysmal grave, but faithful Mike caught my flailing arm in his iron grip. This was the second time he saved my life and regretfully it would not be the last.

We combatted our perilous way through the cascades which roared over the stairwell's ledge, only to face the gauntlet of the endless corridor. We battled our way against inhuman odds by the aid of Heaven and so won our freedom.

Through knee-deep mud we struggled as the Earth quaked. Through the blinding rain we glimpsed why the ground shuddered...impregnated with a hellish mockery of life, the stone titans rose from the earthy prison! The earth trembled as they walked.

Thousands of these horrors were martialled to create our doom. We headed for the Stygian wood and planned to make our way to the shore on which we had been shipwrecked - if by a miracle we reached it and it was ebb-tide, we would board a piece of driftwood and chance the black perils of the unknown sea.

Before we were blinded by the unholy dark of the wood, I risked a glimpse of the heavens, and saw them choked by a fiery red smoke. The isle's monstrous elder volcanoes were awakened from their aeons-long slumber. Fainting rumblings sounded beneath my feet and all around.

The quake had disturbed the Earth's bowels. Nature was angered, and sometimes Nature's power transcends even the will of the gods. Was hope shattered or kindled? Time would be the deciding factor. As the wood engulfed us, half a dozen summits exploded in a wild crescendo of vengeance - molten lava spouted into the upper reaches of the atmosphere. The isle began to break apart as grinning fissures swallowed trees, pursuing collossi, mountains and all.

How we made it to the beach still is a marvel divine to me. Our flight was the stuff nightmares are made of. Half the wood engulfed by the Earth, half trampled by the monstrous legion of stone, we left a barren wasteland to our rear populated only by the stone army that yet sought to wreak our damnation.

Poor Dick, laden with his hellish object d'art, lagged dangerously behind. And for no apparent reason save madness or daemonic possession he paused at the brink of a new-formed fissure, while a horde of devils and a sea of lava spewed forth from nine fiery craters sought his punishment and doom.

Through the veil of smoke and rain I beheld a mystery more damnable than hell's inferno. The young fool broke the eldritch seals of the tabernacle and heedlessly opened its doors.

What he beheld I do not know, but by God's mercy I have never before or since heard a cry so full of utter hopelessness and horror.



The tabernacle fell from his hands, tottered on the crack's brink, and fell into the depths of the earth. Shrieking the shriek of a madman, the boy leaped after it. I can still hear his Godforsaken cry!

Driven to the farthest reaches of hysteria by what dark spectacle I had just witnessed and not aware of the doom that tirelessly approached my way, I heard loyal Mike cry my name. Risking his life he saved mine by dashing me aside just as the massive stone foot of a giant fell upon the ground on which I had stood but a moment before. He had saved my life for the third time - he would rue it most dearly.

Gaining the beach, the two of us shoved a raft of driftwood into the roaring waters of the churning sea and leapt aboard. We were instantly wrenched away from the shore by a savage undertow.

Still animated with dark life, the stone colossi pursued us - striding into the wrathful ocean heedless of their doom to forever vanish from this earth's face.

The island shook apart and slowly crumbled into the waters. Only a single peak remained...the pinnacle of the mightiest of the godly mountains of fire. In one titanic explosion it blew the submerged island into ten thousand billion fragments.

We were suffocated with a hot black soot which descended upon us from far above, and this would have sealed our dooms had not we been swept on by the waters gone mad.

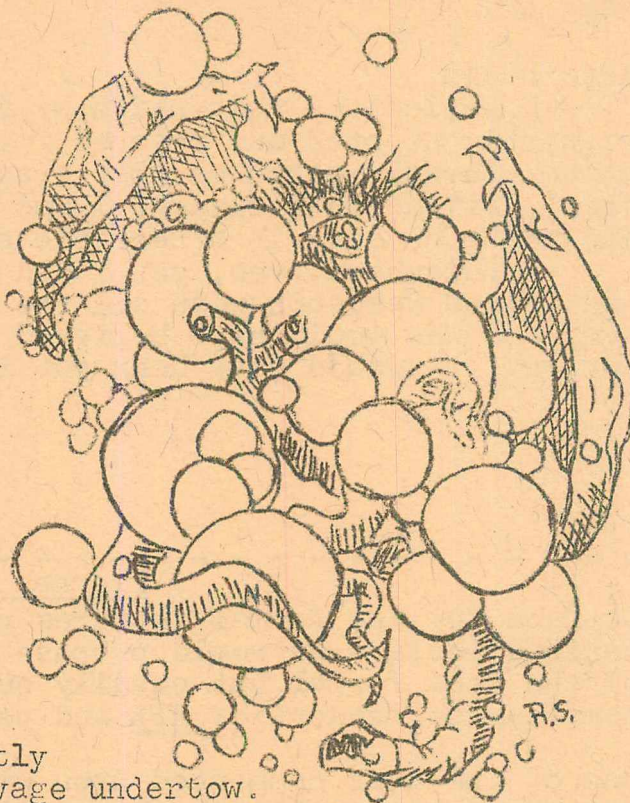
Hours later we revived to find ourselves in the blazing noonday sun trapped motionless on stagnant waters.

Tomorrow came, and we grew hopelessly insane with thirst. The second day came, and our minds could only think of crystal-clear seas of fresh water flowing into our parched and swollen mouths. The third day came and I did the Deed.

My uncontrollable hands grasped Mike's throat but he resisted so I sank my teeth deep into his jugular vein. A geiser of refreshing crimson liquid shot into my mouth and trickled down my mummified throat. As his life's force ebbed from him, it entered me. His death was my life. Yea, I knew it monstrously wrong, but the almighty urge for self-preservation will drive a wildly desperate man to do strange and terrible things his natural goodness otherwise would prevent his doing.

After I had gorged myself upon his bodily fluids, I raised my head - and shrieked stupified, mouthing gibberish, cursing Heaven, biting my lips til they bled profusely and clawing my spectrally paled flesh.

A schooner of considerable size was headed my way under a light breeze which only now swelled from the West. I pushed the drained corpse of my slain comrade overboard and washed off the blood that stained my hands and face in the cleansing brine of the sea, but I knew all the waters of Neptune's deeps could not wash clean my time-





less stain.

I hailed the ship which by its colours showed itself Dutch. I was presently sighted and rescued. The first officer who spoke English quite fluently asked me what tragedy had befallen my vessel. After a brief hesitation I claimed I was the sole survivor of the Venture - she had gone down in a terrible storm that blew in from the far South.

A falsehood, yes, yet I did not tell an utter lie, for, after all, the island was sunk with all the Venture's dead in the fanthomless sea, and who would have believed my fantastic tale of preternatural horror?...I would have been put in a madman's chains.

Yours truthfully,

/s/ Jacob Arkcraft

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Tierney on Cosmic Wonder

So much for the formal features promised for HPL Supplement No. 2 in various media - we would propose now to poke and browse through some of the less formal but equally essay-like letters received from folks familiar to readers of HPL and perhaps some not so familiar.

One of the most commented upon writers (of articles and fiction) who has shown his mettle in the field of art as well in Etchings & Oddyseys #1 (regretably o.p.) is RICHARD TIERNEY who had the following thoughts:

"I've been juggling ideas around for an article or something concerning what one might call "cosmic awareness" in literature, but find it a formidably exacting task when it comes to defining just what I mean. Lovecraft used to write about the sense of advneturous expectancy which was to be found rarely in literature, and which was a goal to be striven for as far as he was concerned. I would equate this with the "sense of wonder" that is to be found in all really good science fiction as well as in much of the rest of adventure-literature. The sense of the cosmic might be defined as the "sense of wonder" expanded beyond the limits of the human race and its petty concerns. There are few enough people who experience the "sense of wonder", whether because of genetic deficiency or the brainwashing effects of social conditioning; but the sense of 'cosmic' wonder is limited to only a tiny fraction of even the relatively imaginative and esthetic-ally receptive microfraction of the human race.

"Offhand I can think of only five writers that exhibit a strongly "cosmic" orientation, and even they do not exhibit this trait in the bulk of their works. These five are: H.G. WELLS, WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON, HP LOVECRAFT, CLARK ASHTON SMITH and DONALD WANDREI. Wandrei is probably the only living writer whose tales strongly evoke the "cosmic" feeling.

"I feel that all literature falls into three basic categories. The first of these may be called (1) Human-centered: it contains not only all main-stream literature but most of science fiction and fantasy as well. Its unspoken premise is that humans, as they are now, are the focus of interest and that their problems and goals are somehow important. I think all literature up to the middle of the 19th century falls into this category, and certainly all "professional" literature up to the present moment. Few stories would sell were they



not based on the premise that human endeavor of some sort is somehow meaningful; human emotion is necessary to carry the reader along through identification, and this is true even if the protagonist is a being of the remote future of Earth or the denizen of another planet. Thus even great galaxy-spanning epics such as Asimov's Foundation trilogy or Simak's Cosmic Engineers, for example, are basically "human-oriented" in that they deal, like any soap opera, with the problems and aspirations of humans or human-like beings who reflect the outlook of people as they are now.

"The second category is also human-oriented, although in a different sense; it deals with (2) humanity as it may be in some future time - not different in a merely social sense (customs, dress laws, etc) but qualitatively. Nietzsche was perhaps the first to emphasize this outlook strongly, and some of the best exponents of it in modern literature are Olaf Stapledon, Arthur C. Clarke and A.E. Van Vogt. H.G. Wells suggested it strongly in some of his novels of the future (Wells was a genius in many dimensions.) Perhaps the most outstanding recent author in this vein is Colin Wilson, whose Mind Parasites and Philosopher's Stone powerfully evoke the feeling that man is on the brink of a more meaningful stage of evolution. For this is what this branch of literature is all about: it evokes the feeling (reasonable enough) that humanity as it exists now is somehow profoundly unsatisfactory, but that there is another act coming in the play. At its best it evokes the feeling that man is a changing factor in a linear continuity, whereas "human-centered" literature gives the stifling feeling (if one lets its implications sink in) that humanity might go on forever, just as it is.

"The third stage I would call (3) Cosmos-centered, in that it abandons human-centered values entirely, or as much so as human authors can. As stated before, I can only think of five authors who fit primarily into this category - if "category" is an apt word to describe such an outlook. I often have trouble telling people what I am talking about when trying to define this "cosmic" trait; it's like color vision - either you can see it or you can't. Fortunately, as in all branches of art, there are many more people who can sense the "cosmic" quality than can depict it, so I think I have a fair chance of being understood by people who matter.

"Probably, neither the second or third types of outlook could have come into being before the middle of the 19th century. Science was stirring human thought into new configurations in the 18th and even the 17th, century, but the implications had not really sunk in till the mid-19th. Poe was rattling the shackles of the human spirit, yet remained essentially earthbound - a century later he might have been another Clark Ashton Smith.

"Around the turn of the century, towering figures appear. Lord Dunsany became the master of what might be called "free association" - the best in history up to his time - yet even his wildest dreamland visions have their foundations in earthy outlooks. At the other end, of the scale, Jules Verne, essentially "non-cosmic", evokes the sense of wonder abundantly through the marvels of science (not to mention the human sense of adventure) but never really questions the values of the human outlook as it exists "here and now".

"H.G. Wells was the first to evoke the "cosmic" outlook strongly. A genius in so many ways, he is really hard to assess - he is strong on adventure and human-future qualities, too. To my mind, his strongest "cosmic" touch comes out in the very end of The Time Machine, where one is given a picture of what the earth may be like long after the demise of the last of humanity. For this is the essence of the cosmic - the detachment of human contemplation from humanity and human problems to the universe - the evoking of thought to the limits of existence, no matter where such thought may lead. Thus, the highest human thought transcends humanity.

"Admittedly, most of Wells' writing was not "cosmic" (His tale The Star is perhaps the purest example of detachment from the human viewpoint). Nor are most of the works of the other four writers mentioned above. Hodgson, even in his two most cosmic tales, has abundant tangles of soap-operatic human problems; Lovecraft can only suggest other worlds, never really carry the reader to them. [Footnote: am already thinking of exceptions - "Witch House", "Challenge from Beyond" and "Shadow Out of Time" take the reader afar, even though they start out grounded in the here and now...an article based on the speculations above will take a lot more thought...rlt] Clark Ashton Smith and Don Wandrei, who free associate in the cosmos more widely than any other writers in history, still flounder all too frequently amid the strands of human entanglements. But at their highest moments, these artists lift us out of the human matrix altogether and cause us to lose ourselves amid the contemplation of infinite possibilities.

"Perhaps the germ of the 'cosmic' is to be found in the literature of science. But different levels of mind will regard the revelations of science differently. Practical people will always think: what does this knowledge imply for me as I am now? People concerned with the next two stages of thought will lose themselves in the wonder of contemplating implications that extend beyond the present human situation.

"The 'sense of wonder' is the essential foundation for greatness in literature above the first stage of thought. This is perhaps why most of modern science fiction and fantasy contain little of the "cosmic" element. The second half of the 20th century has come to take the "marvels of science" for granted, but it has lost the feeling for what science is all about. Now a reaction seems to be settling in that is taking the most sensitive away from science - mistakenly, I think. The solar system, the galaxies, the power in the atoms are technically comprehended now, because they are taught from the cradle - but the wonder in such comprehension is skipped over and taken for granted. The minuteness of an electron and the vastness of a parsec cannot be comprehended, but one can feel no wonder at this fact until one has felt the futility of trying to comprehend. Today, science asserts facts more than it tries to induce comprehension of those facts in the fullest sense..."

[Readers are invited to submit their own candidates for the "cosmic" and for a definition, in addition. HPL Supplement No. 3 already has fiction and seeks articles and commentary....mfiii]



Frank Belknap Long writes:

...The circumstances surrounding my first knowledge of HPL's death were extremely unusual. There were very few periods when I failed to receive a letter from him for as long as two months, but that occurred occasionally in the course of fifteen years of close to fortnightly correspondence. There was such a silent period at the time of his last illness.

I thought nothing of it because it sometimes happened, and he had written me two months or so previously, saying that he was looking forward with eager anticipation to accepting our invitation to spend a fortnight as our guest, for perhaps his 10th visit to NYC. (In his previous letters he occasionally mentioned periods of intestinal pain but he dismissed them rather lightly as digestional upsets.)

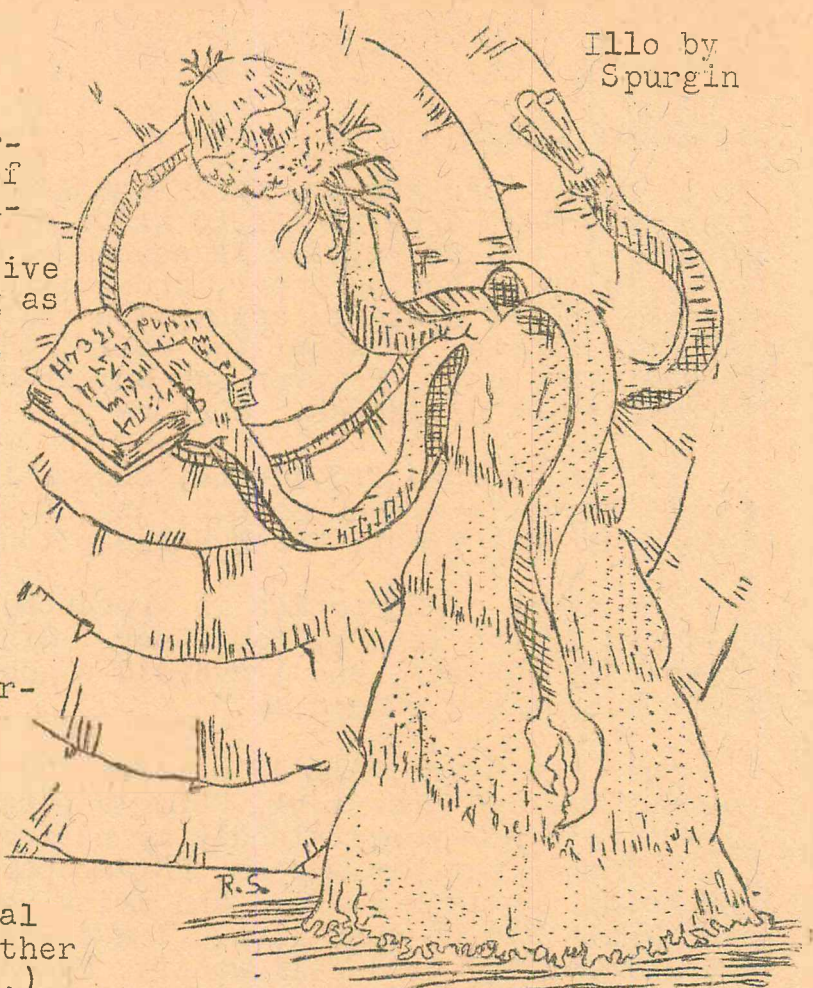
Then I received a card from Mortonius, saying that Howard was seriously ill in a hospital in Providence. The news stunned me, so much so that I immediately rush out with the intention of trying to get in touch with the hospital by phoning long distance and, failing that, to get in touch through Western Union. But, as you'll sometimes do in moments of shock, I stopped at the corner newsstand to pick up a paper, to distract my mind for a moment from news that didn't bear dwelling on.

And there it was in the NY Times, far down in a small box on an inner page: "Horror story writer charts own death." followed by about twenty lines of smaller print. And then, of course, the terrible finality of it rushed in upon me. ...

[Readers are advised to latch onto Frank's RIM OF THE UNKNOWN volume from Arkham House and to search out his byline amon the sf paperback shelves for this fine gentleman is very much with us as a producing writer! We've tended, naturally, to dwell upon his past as it necessarily touched upon HPL but I think each of us would do well to maintain an equally active interest in his present ...mfiii]

#### E. Hoffman Price

[It was our extreme good fortune and pleasure to extend brief Easter hospitality to Mr. Price this year on his sojourn through the Southlands. Of the fascinating discourse which transpired we will present no written memorialization but our Secret Knowledge waxes fuller because of it...what must be imparted however is a much earlier missive received in response to Supplement No. 1 (October 1972 -o.p.) which begins on the reverse hereof.....]





E. Hoffman Price

I recall the summer, early summer of 1933, when I was dug in, in Irvington, New York, trying to write my way back to New Orleans, where I belonged, and where, far as economics went, I should have remained. But my folly in buying a car, and driving to New York to meet the editors, on the mistaken assumption that the sale of two novelettes and three shorts, in about two weeks, indicated that I had "arrived", was soon apparent. However, my summer of snuggling up with Lancaster did pay lavish dividends. Such as --

HPL wrote from Providence, suggesting that I go to Patterson, NJ to meet James Ferdinand Morton, one of HPL's KALEM group, and that another of that group, Frank Belknap Long, Jr., would be my guide.

The story of Mortonius is presented in The Ghost #5, July, 1947, published by the late W. Paul Cook. Since my subject was Morton, I stuck to my subject, and I overdid a good principle. I mentioned only that F.B.L.jr had guided me.

Over the years, all 39 of them and more, I have remembered how gracious Dr. and Mrs. Long, FBLjr's parents, were to a nomad from New Orleans, and how very friendly my native guide was. On return from seeing Morton and his museum, FBL's parents prepared a snack, lest I be faint for lack of food and drink before I could return to Irvington. There was no such risk. I was happy of course to sit and enjoy friendliness and good fellowship. My only description, after all these years, is the most pallid, sloppy, inept writing:

"They were such awfully nice people."

Go ahead and mock me for such flat expression. It has become apt. I have forgotten every detail, except the warmth, the kindness, the making me feel as though I, too, were a veteran "KALEM". I should say, no matter who I was, this seemed to be their built-in, their spontaneous way.

And the Schiff interview brought back that fine memory, devoid of details, yet the friendliness, the warmth unchanged, undimmed.

FBLjr and I did exchange a few letters, and we did, more than a year later, discuss a collaboration. In those days such a venture was a form of comradeship, friendliness, the aftermath of shop talk, face to face or by letter...one usually did earn wages, but profit was not the prime motive. This project never got into orbit. Come early December 1934, a landslide of sales and a move to Redwood City, 30 miles down the Peninsula, into a small house of our own, one of the real estate give-aways of the "depression".

FBL and I lost track of each other as, alas, did I and others lose contact, for no good reason, and despite a reciprocal esteem and cordiality. Having "arrived", on however modest a terrace, made for a crowded life

[The happy result of this letter, a carbon of which Ed provided for transmission to Frank, was that the two resumed their prior correspondence and hopefully are meeting again in New York this summer.mf3]



[In addition to his own NIGHTMARE HOUSE presented earlier, George Wetzel's article in HUITLOXOPETL 8 on Jack Grill and some of the things Grill had added to the Lovecraft legend evoked the following intelligence from a member of the local coven yclept Sonny Simon...]

"As one who knows the Black Arts rather well, I have a comment in re the Angell Street grafitti which Wetzel mentioned in the context of Jack Grill's correspondence. If HPL did not actually practice cabbalistic knowledge, he certainly did do an inordinate amount of research in writing short stories. Examples are numerous throughout his material, but one of the more obvious is the evocation "HEL... HELOYM...ESCHEREHEYE" from "The Horror at Red Hook". The words are precise enough, but the important aspect is that 1925 was not a very prominent year in terms of cabbalistic publications. It is easy enough to find this material today, in view of the occult renaissance but this was definitely not the case in the roaring 20's.

"The evocation itself is a standard repetition of 18 among the 72 names of God. In form, however, it seems to be a variation derived from the Grimoire of Honorius the Great, normally considered to be "the most diabolical work of black magic which has appeared in written form, at any time." (Idries Smith, The Secret Lore of Magic, 2nd ed '70

"The more common cabbalists and gnostics of the 20's used the milder and more readily available Key of Solomon or the Clavicula, either in French or Latin translations dating from the 18th century. In actual practice, detailed 'recipes' for evocations with pentacles, etc were contained not in the Clavicula proper, but in the Lemegeton (Little Key of Solomon) which emphasized the conjuration of lesser spirits than the Great Hel.

"In short, HPL used not the more common grimoire, but a much rarer and more esoteric 'black book of evil' - the Grimoire of Honorius the Great as a model for his sorcerers' evocations. The closest that major contemporary magicians such as Eliphas Levi and his successor, Aleister Crowley, came to Honorius' formulae was through 'that most notorious grimoire' called 'a book by the devil' - the Grimorium Verum.

"The Grimorium Verum has a history not at all unlike that of HPL's Necronomicon; in fact, despite Roger Bryant's valuable article in the festschrift, the True Grimoire is my candidate for HPL's Necronomicon model. Witness these facts: (1) the oldest known form of the Grimorium Verum was published by "Alibeck" (Ali Baig) the Egyptian at Memphis, 1517; (2) It is obvious that older forms existed, since the 16th century version is a French translation of classic Hebrew Kabbalah knowledge; (3) Arab influences are very obvious, particularly the Jinn (Genie) quality of spirits throughout the True Grimoire. HPL's pantheon of spirits resemble the Jinn family perhaps more than any other set of deities.

"While major magicians were paying outlandish prices for the Grimorium Verum (over £ 100 or F 100,000) unscrupulous book publishers made more money in the 19th century by selling faked copies of the Grimoire of Honorius. The major differences between these two very rare Grimoires lie in the strong Christian element of the latter.

The Honorius book paradoxically became the most suppressed grimoire of the Renaissance, although certain passages formed the basis for exorcism rituals in the Catholic Church. For this reason, the grimoire of Honorius the Great did not become available to European occultists until the mid-17th century, but when it did achieve currency, it surpassed the earlier Arab-derived *Grimorium Verum* to become 'that most hated work of sorcery.' I think, based on HPL's descriptions and formulae, that he used the *Grimoire of Honorius* as a sourcebook.

"Even the Greek spelling of several names (e.g. IEHOVA, HELOYM, ESCHEREHERE for Jehova, Elohim, Esarchie) is related to this derivation.

One other possibility exists, but HPL would have to have been one of the most prominent sorcerers of his day to have employed it. Perhaps the most influential magician within the past three or four hundred years was an Englishman named Francis Barrett. Barrett published a powerful distillation of the most potent formulae contained in the *Grimorium Verum* and other grimoires under the title: *Magus: The Celestial Intelligencer* in 1801. The *Magus* has never been reproduced and remains the rarest book in the world of Black Arts. Even Eliphas Levi was circumspect in quoting from the *Magus*, basing most of his material in *Dogme et Rituel* on the comparatively mild *Key of Solomon*. It is barely possible but unlikely that Lovecraft managed to use a copy of the *Magus*, but I doubt it very much.

"I think that the critical question concerning whether he actually practiced cabbalistic magic can be answered only by another question - was HPL the kind of personality which is simultaneously attracted by and dependent upon the idiom of magic for personal control dilemmas. From what little I know of the man, I think he was that kind of personality. A second point: I have never known anyone to possess as much knowledge of the occult as HPL apparently did without using it or at least trying it...."

[To put the foregoing and NIGHTMARE HOUSE in context, Jack Grill wrote George Wetzel in 1957 that he (Grill) had talked to Samuel Loveman and learned that a doctor friend of Loveman's who had an office in HPL's Angell Street house (occupied 1890-1924) found the cellar floor and walls were scrawled with cabbalistic drawings and magic circles, etc. As Mr. Wetzel points out, HPL asked CAS to recommend books on magic and conjuring formulae (SELECTED LETTERS II, p.28.)]

Kenneth W. Faig writes:

[In response to our alternate universe newsletter which had HPL surviving til '73] I can't understand your error about HPL on page two. Everybody knows little Dot McIlwraith (now what ever happened to her?) edited WEIRD TALES after old Farnie Wright departed the scene in 1940. What everybody does not know, of course, is that Henneberger offered HPL the editorship of a new magazine, ELDRITCH TALES, in New York in 1924 and that 153 monthly issues of this title were published by Messrs. Grant and Hadley of the Starry Wisdom Press of Federal Hill in Providence between November, 1924 and July, 1937. (After HPL died in March, 1937, Grant and Hadley completed the few issues for which he had already purchased stories). None of the pansy stuff one found in WEIRD TALES in the pages of ELDRITCH, you can bet. Copies are so rare



today that only Forrey Ackerman and Hieronymus Snook are known to have complete files; the remaining publisher's stock was taken from Mr. Hadley's garage in May, 1938 and used for paper mache by the art department of the Moses Brown School. The elders of the Starry Wisdom Church on Federal Hill are said to keep a complete file in the vestry there; but of course no one in his right mind is about to go in to see - even the rabid collector. // Late news from Ping Pong, Nebraska - Mr. Snook's entire file of ELDITCH, with the exception of Lilith Le Beep's pornographic cover illustration for the May, 1929 issue was devoured by a horde of scarabaeus beetles which descended on his house over Lammas, 1972. Mr. Snook, of course, is heartbroken and is putting the cover illo up for bids - \$1000 min.

[Other letter extracts in a less jocular vein...]

"Actually, there's one story relating to Lovecraft's sexual prudery which probably deserves a little modest scepticism. You'll probably remember that Winfield Townley Scott, in his long biographical essay on Lovecraft, told the story that Lovecraft would often tear the covers off pulp magazines which he bought at Dana's Old Corner Bookshop (then at the foot of College St.) so that his intentions would not be misunderstood because of the sometimes lurid covers. Now, Lovecraft did not buy that many more pulps than WEIRD TALES during his mature creative period, of that I can assure you, so that the natural assumption is that he was tearing little Maggie Brundage's naked maidens off his copies of WEIRD TALES. Yet, Barlow says in Marginalia that he deposited HPL's WT file at Brown University, and when I asked Mrs. Christine D. Hathaway, former Special Collections Librarian at Brown, about their treasured file of WT, she told me that virtually all of the covers were there intact. Now, unless Barlow substituted many issues from his own collection for issues which Lovecraft supposedly mutilated, which I doubt, there you have at least one famous story regarding HPL debunked. R. Alain Everts has accumulated a lot of biographical anecdotes, too, to show that HPL was considerably less a prude than he is often made out to be. Another HPL fancier, Tom Cockcroft, once wrote me that he suspected that HPL affected prudishness, just as other men affect libertinage. ...

I did once ask F. Lee [Baldwin] if he could give me some information from his letters [from HPL] but at the time they were in "absolute storage" and unavailable for reference. He stated that they had not even been loaned to Derleth for SELECTED LETTERS and that he hoped to publish them himself some day. The reproduction of "Cthulhu" and "Pickman's Model" which appeared in Acolyte [what issue? who can provide MFIII with one??] were reproduced by tracing; this could not be done for the "Blasted Heath" drawing, supposedly, because there was writing (HPL's) on the other side... I think the clay bas-relief of Cthulhu which Barlow did for Lovecraft in 1934 may also be somewhere in the Lovecraft Collection at Brown. To return to the subject of Baldwin's letters, however, John Vetter did evidently see at least extracts from these for his article on Lovecraft's illustrations in The Dark Brotherhood.

"When you consider how many letters HPL wrote in all, it is very surprising how few letters or copies of letters there are even today in the principal Lovecraft collection at Brown. Until recently, they

had not a single letter before 1920. I hope that Arkham will carry through on Derleth's statement that at least transcripts of all the letters Arkham collected will eventually be deposited there for the benefit of the Lovecraft researchers. I believe Berleth's letters from HPL are deposited in the Wisconsin State Historical Society Library in Madison; microfilm is at Brown...

"...by the way, in addition to "Ashes" (WT, March 1924) - which we know was an HPL revision (SL I, p.257) - there are three more unreprinted stories of Eddy's in early WT: "Arhl of the Caves" (Jan., 1925), "The Better Choice" (March, 1925) and "With Weapons of Stone" (Dec. 1924).... Of course, what is most interesting is the possibility that HPL may have had a hand in these, too.

"...Did you receive a flyer from Mrs. Fay A. Dyer, 145 Wolfax St. Providence RI 02905, on EXIT INTO ETERNITY, a book of five supernatural tales by C.M. Eddy, Jr? It's for sale for \$8.00 per copy from Mrs. Dyer (one of Cliff's daughters) and is really quite a handsome effort. It has the novel based upon Cliff's and HPL's search for the Dark Swamp (or rather the fragment thereof) which was originally announced for DARK THINGS in The Arkham Collector. Turns out, Cliff died before he could finish it, and then Derleth took it over for completion but apparently couldn't find time to do it for DARK THINGS.

"...Randy Everts has discovered an HPL "separate" (pamphlet consisting of his own work) antedating MATERIALISM TODAY (1926)...it was printed in England in 1915...."

"...I read the first six chapters of Sprague DeCamp's Lovecraft biography in manuscript - seems very able and interesting to me."

"...You know who hasn't done a reminiscence of HPL? H. Warner Munn, who knew him personally and still writes today..."

Arthur Louis Joquel II writes:

"[the HPL documentary film] is pretty well put together now, utilizing most of the footage I shot in New England. I am waiting for some old 8mm footage to be copied and have yet to do shots of his books, etc. ... The film was shot in two trips to New England from New York City in the late spring of 1970. The first trip to Providence was, you might say, a disaster. I was completely disoriented in the city and unable to find anything c anyplace. So my wife and I wrote it off at that time and proceeded on to Boston, Marblehead, Innsmouth (the real Innsmouth beach) and up to Mystery Hill, which must have been one of HPL's inspirations for the stone-crowned hills in Dunwich Horror. Then we went to a meeting of a New England archaeological association and a full day of field-tripping to other monolithic and megalithic sites.

"Our second trip to Providence turned out much better. We located three of HPL's four homes (the foundations of one, only), his high school, the site of the Shunned House, The Unnamable graveyard, and the cemetery where HPL is buried, among other places. Then to Newport to photograph the Stone Tower, and on a wind-jammer cruise which, happily, produced several good pictures of the New England coasts from the sea.

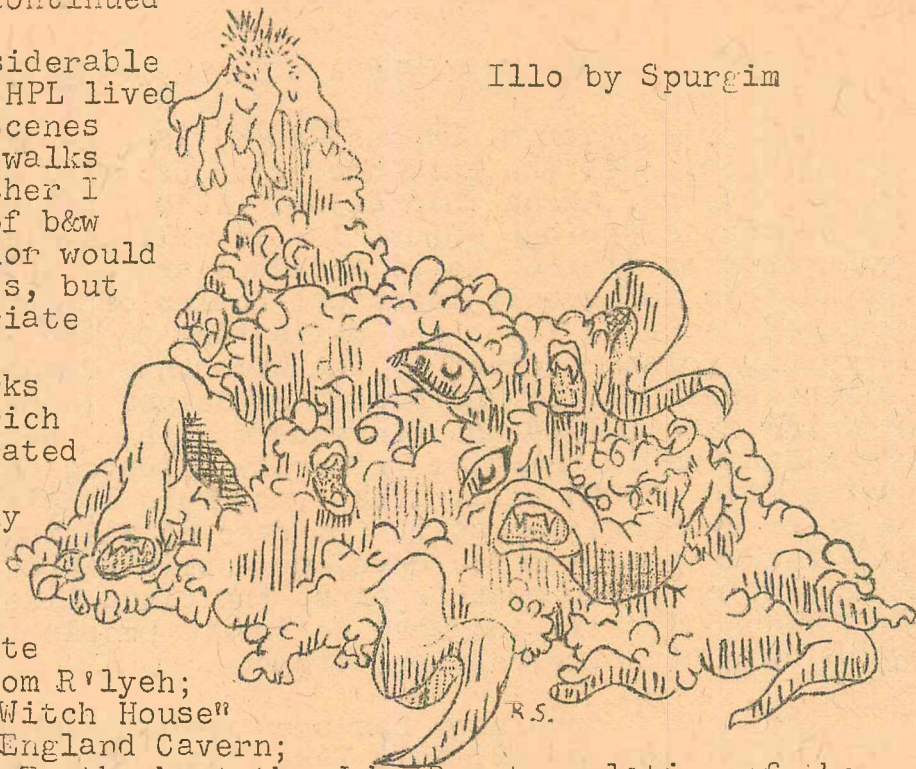


"I also took considerable footage of the places HPL lived in Brooklyn, and the scenes from some of his long walks in New York ... Altogether I have about 1200 feet of b&w film to work from. Color would have actually cost less, but b&w seems more appropriate [hear, hear].

I have in the works now an article on Roerich and HPL, to be illustrated with some of Roerich's paintings - regrettably in b&w. Other HPL articles which I have completed or planned include: Space Satellite Picks Up Radiations from R'lyeh; The True Date of the "Witch House" Horror; The Great New England Cavern;

Why HPL Suppressed the Truth about the John Dee translation of the Necronomicon; A Statuette of Cthulhu from South America in the Smithsonian; and The Correct Meaning of Necronomicon.

Illo by Spurgim



\* EDITORIAL \*

Other interesting correspondence has of course been received, some of it was reflected in The Unnamable #1, our apazine for the Esoteric Order of Dagon, some of it has been regrettably misplaced and some of it is being held over for the anticipated fall production of HPL Supplement No. 3, if there is continued interest in a continuing newsletter sharing the fictional offerings and Lovecraftiana of the people who made HPL (and Nyctalops and E&O, etc) possible - namely the current crop of Lovecraftians.

Meanwhile, as I turn down orders for Huitloxopetl 8 and HPL Supplement No. 4 (not to mention \$1.50 and \$3 orders for HPL), it has come to our attention that material in this field is going out of print very rapidly and that therefore special attention should be paid to advance orders for the current and forthcoming crop of goodies

Therefore, to the best of our ability we have scoured the files in search of information and hope that the following survey will cause the serious collector and interested neophyte as well to grab checkbook and stamps (or bust the piggybank and use old envelopes the USPS forgot to cancel properly) or write letters of inquiry and keep current with the Batrachian Boom of 1973, as it will doubtless never be known.

But before launching into that on the next page(s), let me apologize to the contributors for the shoddy appearance of this publication, being pressured to crank it out and be done with it after excusable delays without number. I have exhausted myself with an entire weekend of typing these stencils and the corrections are half-hearted I'm sure.



OF INTEREST TO LOVECRAFTIANS AND STUDENTS OF THE MACABRE:

Esoteric Order of Dagon (E\*O\*D) is a newly formed amateur press association under the guidance of an Official Editor, Roger Bryant, 647 Thoreau Avenue, Akron Ohio 44306. It's first mailing was June, 1973; the second is due out August 1 - it will have mailings 6 times a year. Membership is limited to 26 and dues are \$2 initially, then as needed. The idea is to have 35 identical copies of your material, however produced, sent to Roger who mails them to the members together with everything else received by the bimonthly deadline. In most cases, the bulk of these dittoed and mimeographed magazines (zines) contain comments on members' material of the previous mailing. There are several of these organizations in the U.S. primarily directed to science fiction and/or comics fans. E\*O\*D will, I hope, be more specialized. Write for details to Roger and enclose, as in the case of all inquiries invited below, a self-addressed stamped envelope - this keeps the people you may write from venting their wrath against the clods like your editor who don't know enough details and have to invite people to write them, which takes up their time, stamps, etc etc.

The Dark Brotherhood has been reestablished by George H. Record, 177 West 300 North #12, Salt Lake City, Utah 84103. Membership is \$2.50 per year; 2 years for \$4 or 3 years for \$5. Entitles you to monthly bulletins, membership lists, and two issues of the Journal per year (or it may have to be extra). He also offers mail service on the revived WEIRD TALES which is not making it to the hinterlands very well; \$1 for issue #1.

Whispers from Arkham is underway from Stuart D. Schiff, coeditor of HPL at 5508 Dodge Drive, Fayetteville, N.C. 28303. It is meant to replace The Arkham Collector, \$1.50 the copy or \$5.50 for 4 issues. The first couple of issues are slated to contain original fiction by Lumley, Brennan, Campbell, Drake, Ganley and Riley and articles by Leiber, Price (on Robert E. Howard's astrological profile), Wellman, information on the o.p. Arkham editions by Stuart, who by the way is a book dealer as well and should be contacted regarding your wants.

The professional magazines are not to be overlooked of course - this helps to keep the field viable by paying these fine writers - WEIRD TALES has been mentioned, there are now (June 20) two issues of THE HAUNT OF HORROR, a Marvel digest sized bimonthly; we hear that Lin Carter is considering one called CARCOSA, which will contain some of his Mythos work. Be on the lookout for each of these.

The smaller semi-pro presses are to be monitored carefully since their output is usually out of print quickly. Gerry de la Ree, 7 Cedarwood, Saddle River NJ 07458, is a book dealer and publisher of special collectors items, like a small work of HPL's which went o.p. instantly and a follow up piece on CAS. One could do much worse than to buy some Arkhams or old pulps from Gerry and get on his mailing list so as to have a chance to purchase the gems which pour forth.

Mirage Press run by Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Avenue, Baltimore MD 21207 has any number of HPL/CAS/REH related works in process but definite timetables are a luxury to such business and one must constantly monitor to have a chance to get the current crop.

Donald Grant, West Kingston, R.I. 02892 is another such publisher whose limited editions are of great interest.



The Owlswick Press, Box 8243, Philadelphia Pa 19101 has produced a limited edition of 348 (2x13<sup>2</sup>) copies, bound in red buckram and gray linen, with pages in the reversed Hebrew-Arabic order (a total of 197) for \$30 each of Al Azif (The Necronomicon) with a 7 page preface by L. Sprague De Camp followed by the Duriac script. This is not a joke or rip off. Scithers, the publisher of AMRA, is one of the most stable and respected folks in fandom, scifi or otherwise. Pretty steep price for a conversation piece but...can a serious collector afford to be without his copy?

WITCHCRAFT & SORCERY, 1855 West Main St., Alhambra, Calif 91801 should be ordered for 75c although its been a long time between issues.

Nyctalops 8 from Harry Morris, 500 Wellesley S.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87106, 75c or 3 issues for \$2 is expected momentarily and 500 copies will probably go quickly. This was the regular zine which anticipated the current Lovecraft boom and served as the initial forum for the new "lights" of Lovecraftiana like Faig, Tierney, Bryant, etc. The special CAS issue (#7) might still be available for \$1. Next, Harry tells us will be Don Sidney-Fryer's work on CAS with illos by Herb Arnold, due soon. Harry also deals in Lovecraftian posters by a talented German artist - see Nyct or get a brochure for a SASE.

Harry published but Paul Berglund edits and sells, the fictional component of the Silver Scarab press called From Beyond the Dark Gateway. #3 is due out shortly (3 issues for \$1.50) and will feature a Robert E. Howard piece, "The Black Bear Bites". Paul's address has to be rather carefully noted:

To August 15 - SSgt E. P. Berglund, 472-46-7335  
Student (FSI), A Co HqBn HQMC, Henderson Hall  
Arlington Va 22214

Then RR 2, Spooner, Wisconsin 54801  
After Sept 7: Interrogation-Translation Teams  
G-2, HqCo HqBn 2nd Marine Div. FMF  
Camp Lejeune, N.C. 29900

To quote from Fantasy & Science Fiction: "WEIRDBOOK - 60,000 words (last three issues) - \$2.00; all six - \$3.85 - lithographed, illustrated..." W. Paul Ganley, Box 35, Amherst Station, Buffalo NY 14226. Paul was a mainstay to fan publishing back in the 50's, contributed to the lore of Lovecraft during that wave, and provided a semipro market for weird/macabre fiction during the dark days before the great Lovecraft revival. Get these - first publisher of William Scott Home's fiction, regular Robert E. Howard and H. Warner Munn publisher. Buy him out - hurry.

Another volume we overlooked is forthcoming from Carcosa House in mid-July. Called WORSE THINGS WAITING with 30 or so shorts from WEIRD TALES by Manly Wade Wellman. Available from any of the book dealers mentioned here. Late next year we expect a volume of E. Hoffman Price's work, the first, I believe, since Strange Gateways (Arkham House 1964). Get it.

Continued

Tamlacht, c/o Victor Boruta, 11 W. Linden Ave., Linden N.J. 07036 is unfortunately winding down and scheduled to stop with #19. These issues are offset, 25c, of interest to students of the occult except that special issue #12 is on Lovecraft, 60c, with an invaluable Ken Faig article, illustrated by Tim Kirk, on Lovecraft's Providence which is a MUST for every collection. Buy him out! #17 just in hand featuring some fascinating speculation by Mae Strelkov (with illos)

Etchings & Oddyseys #2 (\$2 from Box 7042, Duluth, Minn 55807) is to be the follow-up issue to a superb first issue now out of print but perhaps available from dealers (not the publisher). They announced fiction by Shea, Brennan, Pryor, Wetzel, Bertin, Borski, Pumilia and Schweitzer, interview with Brennan, poetry by DeCamp, Lumley, etc. Even a small piece by Frierson(!?). Order in advance (probably fall or winter before it is produced) and avoid the disappointment visited on many who ordered #1 after it was out and lost out.

Robert Weinberg, book dealer, Morgan Smith author and coeditor of PULP, 10533 Kenneth, Oak Lawn, Ill. 60453 is at work on a tribute to WEIRD TALES which was earlier reported as having two unpublished Howard stories, articles by Wallace West, Bloch, Wellman..reprints of scarce material...etc. We all need to write to get recent details, flyers, etc.

Tom Collins, 4305 Balcones Drive, Austin Texas 78731 has subs to his genzine, IS (number 5 onward, 5 and 6 are out and 7 due soon) at 4/\$6 - in 6 is reminiscences by Price and Carl Jacobi. These handsome publications are not so much slanted to the weird but are handsome publications of general interest, 8½ x 11, perfect binding, plenty of intriguing writers, art, etc. He may have a few of the August Derleth tribute issue (#4) for \$4 to 835 W. Washington, Ft Wayne IND 46804

Ambrosia #2, Alan D. Gullette, 904 Allen Road, Nashville, Tenn. is in the mill but no details are know. Similarly unseen but apparently available is The Literary Magazine of Fantasy & Terror, Box 89517, Zenith, Washington 98188. Arns Salmonson, editor, advertises a sample copy for 50c.

Moonbroth, Box C, Bellevue, Washington has no regular schedule but you send in \$1 and get the pages ready for insertion in a loose-leaf binder. Nicely offset, pro fiction (they pay royalties based on number of copies sold) - seem to be up to about #8 - good artwork.

Had there only been time to have produced this issue in less than the rush of this weekend (to which there is no alternative than another full month's delay which I don't want), I would have added a few notions of my own to the publication - for better or for worse - but the brainless job of a scribe is my current role here and originality has been beaten into oblivion by exhaustion. Thus endeth "instant fanzine" - This has been a Love of Labor Production (#2 in an infinite series)