

HPL: MEMOIRS, CRITIQUES, & BIBLIOGRAPHIES

HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

(1890 - 1937)

MEMOIRS CRITIQUES & BIBLIOGRAPHIES

HOWARD
PHILLIPS
LOVECRAFT

MEMOIRS
CRITIQUES
& BIBLIOGRAPHIES

edited by george wetzel

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- 1955

A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

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E. A. EDKINS

IDIOSYNCRACIES OF HPL

Howard Lovecraft's patronymic was peculiarly felicitous; he loved his craft with a consuming passion and his craft was writing. It dominated his life, and may have hastened the untimely end of his promising career.

I think that the more notable talents and characteristics of Lovecraft's many-sided activities are best exemplified in his letters, a collection of which has been announced for publication by Derleth and Wandrei, supplementing their recent edition of his weird tales. All but one or two of the considerable number of letters that I have received from him have been either lost or passed on to others, but I have a keen recollection of their archaic urbanity and charm. His microscopic handwriting with its individualized alphabetic forms, its Poesque economy of space, and its skyrocketing marginal interpolations at times created the impression of a mediaeval black letter manuscript in process of violent revision; or again, in one of his Georgian moods, sprouted s's that looked like f's, or even reverted to Chaucerian simplicities. In letters addressed to me the date line was always quaintly latinized, though sometimes identified by some such reference as "St. Swithin's Day", or, if the weather happened to be inclement, as "Dies Infaustus"; his invariable salutation was "O Stylus!" and his signature "Yr. Obt. Svt. Stylites Senax". It was also a Lovecraftian foible to affect such eighteenth century forms of spelling as "characteristicks", "shew" for "shown", etc. These idiosyncracies were probably confined to his intimate correspondence, -- a gesture of friendly ease, as when a host receives you in dressing gown and slippers for an evening of informal fireside discussion. In effect, it denoted a sort of dry humor, a scholastic venture in jocosity. Lovecraft was not much given to humor; he could twinkle over Rabelais and enjoy the drolleries of Sterne, Smollet, and Fielding, but his attitude towards the risque was rather austere.

No monk in his cell was ever more withdrawn from the excitements and occupations of ordinary life than that beaked and bony dreamer, sitting in his aerie on "the ancient Hill". Yet such was the scope of his intellectual curiosity that he even developed an academic interest in government and a singularly romantic conception of the New Deal, gorgeously complicated with Utopian ideologies that would have astonished even Mr. Roosevelt, who, in Lovecraft's opinion, was about to produce an authentic Millenium out of his presidential hat. The embroideries contributed by Lovecraft included adequate provisions for indigent gentlemen and scholars, baronial largesse for the peasantry, liberal endowments for those desiring to practice the arts and sciences, a stiff educational test for voters, and the gradual substitution of an aristocracy of intellect for the present aristocracy of wealth. We discussed these alluring ideas in the course of many let-

ters extending over a period of six or seven years, without intolerance but with a great deal of mutual amazement.

Lovecraft's poems were, by his own frank admission, merely literary exercises, mostly in that stilted, Georgian style which he admired so much; yet he wrote some excellent verse, and his sonnet entitled "Continuity", published in the first issue of Causerie, is one of the most impressive I have ever read. I think that his reputation will finally rest, not so much on his weird fiction, which was to some extent a tour de force, but on his collected essays, letters, and miscellany. Of his short stories, those dealing with the diablerie of haunted houses, witchcraft, and similar subjects are the most enthralling; in other realms "out of space, out of time," his objective method and rather naive terminology fell just a trifle short of producing the effect of nameless and menacing evil so implicit in the terrible evocations of Arthur Machen, Dunsany, and Poe. They are infinitely superior to the best horror stories of current magazines, but, as Pytheas said of the arguments of Demosthenes, they are slightly redolent of the lamp. Just before his death Lovecraft spoke to me of an ambitious project reserved for some period of greater leisure, a sort of dynastic chronicle in fictional form, dealing with the hereditary mysteries and destinies of an ancient New England family, tainted and cursed down the diminishing generations with some grewsome variant of lycanthropy. It was to be his magnum opus, embodying the results of his profound researches in the occult legends of that grim and secret country which he knew so well, but apparently the outline was just beginning to crystallize in his mind, and I doubt if he left even a rough draft of his plan.

Lovecraft's attitude toward his ailments was humourously stoical but his kindness and tenderness toward the misfortunes of others was a beautiful thing. We never met, our acquaintance being wholly through the exchange of letters, yet during an illness of over two years, when my responses were infrequent and probably ungracious (for I was anything but a cheerful invalid), he wrote me the most charming and cheerful letters, never less than once a week,—letters of twenty pages or more, brimful of sparkling gossip, literary causeries, amusing stories of his adventures, and the sort of tactful, unspoken sympathy that alone is enduring. He actually toured the South one winter, using bus lines, living in hotels, and subsisting on thirty cents per diem, making the whole experience sound like a glorious lark! I never told him that the anticipation of his inspiring weekly letters provided me with what sometimes seemed my only incentive to hang on, and now the bitter memory of the dereliction sticks in my craw.

There was really nothing affected in Lovecraft's eccentricities; they sprang quite spontaneously from the ferment of a powerful and original mind. His occasional profanity may have been an inheritance from robustious sea-faring ancestors, one of whom, he related with great glee, was a known pirate and smuggler. But usually he drew his expletives from a considerable weird nomenclature of his own invention, and his letters bristled with such ejaculations as "By Yuggoth!" or "Azoltoth, but I wish I were in Florida!" A chance word was suf-

ficient to start him off on eager speculations. On one occasion when I pretended to find some vulgar and comic associations in his use of the word "fetor", he replied, "pausing for reflection,...I think that if I have any tendency to associate the word 'fetor' with any particular idea or scene or object, it is the charnel house or tomb. Not that I've ever seen a charnel house or smelled anything around a tomb, but that literary associations supply the images. My next concrete association, I think, would be with the odor of some hellish monster, or any sinister odor where it ought not to be—like the 'odor of goat' or some reptilian taint, detected (in the best weird fiction) when some sinister character of faunesque or vampirish or werwolfish nature passes by". And then he adds, "I'm very sensitive to bad odors, which put me out of business as about as effectively as anything short of cold weather." Recalling the disingenuous character of my outrageous insinuations in the light of these painstaking explanations, I laughed so hard I tore a few stitches, and the nurse threatened to confiscate all correspondence and tape me to the bed. In another letter, after I had suggested that a monograph should be written on the amusing apposition of sound to sense in certain terse but unprintable Anglo-Saxonisms, Lovecraft promptly assumed that I intended to undertake the task, and sent me an exhaustive glossary, with learned philological annotations and illuminating examples ranging from Petronius to the bawdy literature of the eighteenth century.

I think that the most lasting impression Lovecraft left me was one of essential nobility, of dauntless integrity. He was a great scholar in his ability to pluck the heart out of any subject. He was an enthusiastic antiquarian, a deadly controversialist, a writer of distinction, a correspondent of surpassing charm; in short, a man of such engaging parts and accomplishments as to win the esteem and affection of all who knew him. But deeply as I admired these attributes, he remains enshrined in my memory as a great gentleman, in the truest sense of that much abused term.

A FEW MEMORIES

JAMES F MORTON

My personal sense of loss in the passing of Howard Lovecraft is still far too acute to permit me to gather my recollections of him and to write of them with any degree of calmness. Howard was a person absolutely unforgettable by any who came within range of his influence. I have never known any human being who approximated his totally unique characteristics. Great and lasting as were his services to amateur journalism, they formed but a tiny percentage of those activities which brought him into close contact with the most intimate circle of his friends. To this belonged primarily a group of his fellow writers of weird and exotic fiction, with a very small number of amateur journalists and still fewer outside both these ranks. With this intimate circle he kept in constant touch through correspondence and, where possible, through personal contact. Certain of his closest friends he had never even seen. This did not mean quite so much to him as it would to most of us, for correspondence was almost the breath of life to him. He said to me one day that, no matter how often he had met him on the most friendly terms, he never felt that he really knew him until he had corresponded for some time with him. Howard himself was most at home with pen in hand. I think of him as the last of the great classical letter-writers, and as almost singlehanded saving correspondence from being a lost art. He hated the typewriter and used it only to meet the demands of editors. He said that the interposition of a mechanical device impeded the flow of thought. Hence, in all his private correspondence he wrote unweariedly page after page in his well known fine script. His letters were lengthy almost beyond belief; and he loved to devote numberless pages to detailed accounts of the places which he visited, and still more to endless arguments on all conceivable subjects, in which he delighted beyond measure. A letter of thirty or more closely written pages was by no means an isolated phenomenon with him.

Howard liked to consider himself a man of the eighteenth century, in which, he maintained, the true race pattern of the Anglo-Saxon people had most effectively culminated. He was inordinately devoted to Georgian architecture, and held that it afforded the only correct model for the homes and public buildings of those who show the best taste. His utmost scorn was reserved for structures and interiors showing any trace of Victorian influence. He held firmly to the spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and vocabulary of the eighteenth century, whenever and wherever it was possible to do so. He was probably the only twentieth century person in either England or America who actually talked, without the faintest effort or affectation, after the manner of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and following the same practices in his letters. There was no posing in this, which was to him an absolutely natural mode of expression. In his light moments, he delighted in playfully indulging himself in modern slang, and thus going to the opposite pole from his

normal method; and when he did so, he did it well and showed complete mastery of his linguistic material. But he knew no resting place between the two extremes. He tried valiantly, at least until a late period in his life, to uphold the artificial Popean verse as what the best poetry should be. But his own keen sense and powers of humor could not be denied. I remember that I once told him frankly that some of his extreme justification and admiration of the eighteenth century was palpably a pose. He laughed and answered: "But isn't it an artistic pose?" I could never overcome the feeling that his tongue was often in his cheek when he persisted in claiming that he regarded himself as still a loyal subject of the king of Great Britain and condemned the American Revolution as a great error or worse. He meant this in part, but only in part, as it formed an element in his general somewhat topheavy theory. But his solitary adhesion to the spirit of any age long since left behind in the evolution of our race only endeared him the more to his friends, though we argued with him ferociously and at immense length in our endless correspondence.

Howard always insisted on taking the attitude of an arch-materialist and declared that all conceptions of right and wrong were simply amusing delusions. Nevertheless, he was himself the most rigid Puritan on Earth, both theoretically and practically. His mode of maintaining his standards was to pronounce as inartistic and contrary to a gentleman's code the things of which he disapproved; but the result was all that could be demanded by the most strict ethicist.

Howard was always, above all else, the perfect gentleman. No matter how provoked, it seemed impossible for him to lose his temper. If bitterly angered, he showed the fact only by a growing coldness of demeanor and an exaggerated formal politeness. To strangers and casual acquaintances his manner was that of calm courtesy; to his friends, one of indescribable and gentle graciousness, rarely marked by anything approaching exuberance. He did not believe in enthusiasm, though sometimes a pastoral scene or an unusually fine example of a colonial doorway would elicit a strong outcry of admiration and delight. He declared that the only correct attitude toward life was that of a quiet and amused philosophical detachment, and that when life ceased to be amusing, it was time to retire from it.

But to write in any thorough way regarding one who was in many respects the most remarkable character I have ever known would require volumes. These little snatches of impressions garnered through years of close friendship may suffice for the present as indications of a very limited number of the more salient aspects under which Howard Lovecraft was seen and known by those who were nearest to him in sympathy and understanding.

EDWARD H COLE

AVE ATQUE VALE!

On March 13, 1937, at Swan Point Cemetery, Providence, Rhode Island, were laid to rest the mortal remains of Howard Phillips Lovecraft, one of the noblest and most inspiring spirits in the Society of Amateur Journalists. Only three of those who cherished him in life accompanied him to the grave; his beloved aunt, another more distant relative, and I, who could not bear that he should lack the final tribute of at least one fellow amateur journalist. It remains an abiding satisfaction of my life that I was present.

Ten days later I visited again the delightful Georgian home at 66 College Street that had brought to Howard a supreme happiness of environment in his last years. There is the large rectangular, high-ceilinged room which had been his study. I talked with young Robert Barlow, his literary executor, who had flown from Kansas City only too late to attend the funeral, and was remaining to fulfill the sad task of arranging for the disposal of Howard's estate. Barlow's was a most bewildering task. There were hundreds of books on nearly every topic and stacks of magazines to which Lovecraft had contributed or in which he had a peculiar interest. There were an extensive collection of amateur papers and accumulations of geological phenomena that Lovecraft had gathered in the course of his tireless ramblings. There were manuscripts without number on well nigh every conceivable theme and of every description—essays, stories, poetry, scientific discussions, tales of mystery,—but how can they be enumerated? We spoke long and lovingly of him who had been the Genius of this room. What an enigma! Talented as few men have been, he had been denied the active career his ambition urged. None the less, he had made truce with Fate and Fortune and had created for himself a world that gave him happiness, though he felt himself denied the full enjoyment of the world about him! Though his abilities might well have enabled him to loom large in that other world, he had been content to devote his best energies to that of his own making. It was a world that had much make-believe and many idiosyncracies. Those of us who knew him were always a bit amused by his pose as Theobald, as grandpa sitting by the window and watching the world go by, foregoing its rugged activities, but very knowing and forgiving with respect to its foibles and follies. We smiled at his convictions that civilization had reached its pinnacle in the eighteenth century, and we felt it to be an eccentricity that he should affect the literary style of the Georgian era and find reason for ecstacy only in colonial art and architecture and dress and manners and politics. Because those things were so genuine to him and because we loved him so, we humored his oddity, only to find ourselves half converted to his mood and his belief as we felt his enthusiasm and saw through his eyes.

Barlow and I asked one another the solution of the enigma. For Lovecraft had shown himself adept in the life and manners of our own day, too, once he permitted himself to participate fully in the world about him. Who could enter more heartily into the discussion of any contemporary problem or participate more effectively and wittily in any gathering? Yet he remained to the last content to appear the recluse, the passive observer of an active world from which he was withdrawn.

He was, nevertheless, the Presiding Genius in the world of his own creation, or, more accurately, in several little worlds. Amateur journalism was one. The small world of his few acquaintances in Providence was another. As a young man departed from the funeral, I overheard him say to his companion, "I didn't know Mr. Lovecraft well—I'd only met him a few weeks ago at his boarding house—but I recognized him as a most unusual man and shall always remember the few visits I made to his room." The world of writers of weird stories and mystery tales was a third. He has been acclaimed (probably too fulsomely) as the equal of Poe; the project is underweigh to publish his literary works in three considerable volumes. There were still other worlds of which I know too little to write.

Barlow, who knew him very intimately, and who lived with him daily during two summers, ventured the thought that Lovecraft's true talent lay in essay-writing. On one occasion he had expressed that idea to Howard himself. Lovecraft had partly agreed. "Why don't you publish your essays, then?" Whereupon Lovecraft had replied, "Because my best work is for my friends. What I do for pay is done because I must live, but it's hack work, and my heart's not in it. I put myself into what I do for my friends." If there is any finer expression of the amateur spirit, I have yet to hear it.

Lovecraft dissipated his energies upon his friends, but it was a most excusable and lovable dissipation. His friends were innumerable; he was constantly seeking out kindred spirits with whom he might correspond. There was hardly a limit to the number of such friends or to the multiplicity or to the length of the letters he could write. He is said to have been in active correspondence with at least a hundred persons, and during the last year of his life he undertook vigorous communications with fifteen new friends. Anyone so blessed as to receive his letters, moreover, can testify that he was the ideal correspondent. Replies were never delayed. The letters he wrote were marvels of wit, understanding, sympathy, encouragement, genuine solicitude for the well-being of the recipient, and a most lively and compelling narrative of the writer's recent activities. He put to shame the ordinary letter writer by the promptitude and the voluminousness of his own correspondence. Yet he always permitted the other fellow to set the tempo of the exchange. My own files reflect perfectly the years in which other affairs prevented me from active correspondence, likewise those occasional years in which my leisure permitted participation to the full. I never had a dull letter from him, and his post cards were sources of piquant delight. He filled every iota of blank space and often part of the picture with closely packed miniscular handwriting

with the archaic spellings to which he was given. I used to make him laugh by telling him I should find his cards a source of never-ending wonder, for every time I reread them I discovered a new meaning or deciphered another world. To the present day I am still mystified as to many quite blurred phrases. His communications were always a challenge to my ingenuity with script and never failed to serve as a stimulus to my frequently flagging spirits.

Barlow and I sat talking of these things. Lovecraft's aunt, Mrs. Phillips Gamwell, and my wife joined us. The late March sun sank rapidly in a flawless sky; twilight cast its deepening shadows; a star here and there gleamed in the grey-blue; then the lights in the buildings of downtown Providence began to shine forth, too. We sat in silence, spiritually stirred by the peace and the beauty of the sight which had exercised its mysterious spell over Lovecraft himself on many an evening and had caused him to write in terms of unrestrained joy and happiness of the content that filled his soul in this, his home. And as the light faded gently into night, and we scarcely could see one another's faces, Mrs. Gamwell expressed the thought that we all were suppressing: "It seems as though Howard himself were here." Perhaps he was. Probably his spirit was there, if there is anything in the thought that the souls of the departed return to commune with those who sorrow. Such an hour, such friends, such utter majesty and beauty of scene, such peace would have been to him inescapable.

In the years that have passed since those fateful days over three years ago, I have thought much and have pondered deeply about Howard Lovecraft. He is peculiarly in my mind because so many of the avenues of my life are haunted with intimate memories of him. For nearly twenty-five years was he intertwined with the events of my life, and occasionally was my companion as I went about my daily work. I have recollections of him from almost every scene of my customary activities.

In my own home, where he was always a most welcome guest, there's a rocking chair and there's Peter, the big part-anhora. How Howard used to sit in that chair by the fireside and try to win the attention of the indifferent animal! He'd dangle his watch and chain to win a passing gleam and an outstretched paw as the chain swept by. Shall I ever forget the indescribably funny attempts Howard made to imitate the cat's inordinately loud purr?—attempts which sounded, I declared, somewhat between a stifled peanut-stand whistle and the unsuccessful effort of a soda-fountain to explode! Howard was a great lover of cats. He used to write me most entertainingly and imaginatively of the Council of toms that sunned themselves on the roof of a shed beneath his window at 66 College Street. Then there's the pathetic black kitten that used to accompany him occasionally from his boarding house to his study. One day, for no known reason, the poor little animal fell dead. Describing the incident to me, Lovecraft expressed his emotion in verses of touching pathos and fine feeling.

"My fortnight of solitude has been signalized by a distressing plethora of work, a picturesque siege of indigestion which had me in bed 2 days (I'm hardly out of it now),

and a sorrow of unfeigned poignancy... the passing of my little black friend across the garden, of whom I spoke so frequently last month, and whom I vainly tried to find when you were here. Poor little Sam Perkins! And he seemed to be getting along so well—even making his peace with the old Toms of the shed roof and becoming a member of the Kappa Alpha Tau! On the 7th he was here nearly all day—climbing over Grandpa, rustling the papers on the old gentleman's desk, and signing a letter to my aunt with a tiny foot-print. But on the tenth he was found lifeless—from no apparent cause—in the garden, and was interr'd amidst universal mourning... Blessed little piece of the night—he lived but from June to September, and was spared the knowledge of what savage winter is like! The Kappa Alpha Tau chaunt his requiem o' nights and I trust that Napoleon, His Grace, and Peter Ivanovitch may institute similar funerary observances.

The ancient garden seems tonight
A deeper gloom to bear
As if some silent shadow's blight
Were hov'ring in the air

With hidden griefs the grasses sway
Unable quite to word them—
Remembering from yesterday
The little paws that stirr'd them."

Of nights, I cannot sit in the quiet shades of my living room with Peter stretched out near by without thinking often of the many hours Howard and I have been there together in the course of the fourteen years during which he visited me in this house. Memories of the serious discussions, of banted and badinage, and of all those exchanges of thought and soul that endear friendship flood my mind and leave an ache in my heart that these hours are never to be renewed.

The historic sites of Quincy (of which Vollaston is a part)—the homes of the presidents, the church in which they repose, the Dorothy Q. house, Merrymount—all these, my daily environment, recall the spirited enthusiasm with which Howard visited them. Am I in Boston? There the drug store I pass daily on my way to work recalls the many occasions when it was the rendezvous for Howard and me when he came to Boston. I can call up instantly the picture of his tall figure, his long, almost cadaverous face, the inevitable black bag, and the peculiar case in which he carried his writing materials and a small telescope. How his somewhat somber features would light up with smiles, his eyes twinkle, and his hand reach forth in sincere greeting when I'd enter! There's Beacon Hill and Louisbourg Square, where Howard went into raptures over the perfect survival of eighteenth century architecture and through his enthusiasm made me keenly aware of the actual rarity and the true beauty of the scene. There's Bunker Hill and its monument, to which Howard always referred disparagingly as the scene where

the rebels overcame His Majesty's loyal troops.

It was an amusing part of Lovecraft's Game of Life that he loved to transport himself back to pre-Revolutionary days and feel that he was a loyal colonial, a Tory true to his King. He always made mock lamentation over the Separation. Indeed, he was so truly British in his sympathies, I understand, that in the early days of the World War, in 1914 or 1915, he actually enlisted under the British flag, and it required the most desperate efforts of his two aunts, armed with doctors' certificates of physical unfitness, to extricate him. So, at least, I was told shortly before I made his acquaintance at a meeting of the Providence Amateur Journalist's Club.

The narrator, a lively Irish-American named Dunn, who was active only for a few years, raised a high eyebrow about Lovecraft's physical unfitness, and for many years I, too, had my doubts, for Lovecraft appeared a very substantial citizen; and those who ever accompanied him on jaunts to visit places of historical interest had reason for days afterward to recall the occasion by virtue of aching limbs and paralyzed feet. He was truly indefatigable at such times. To this day I recall vividly the Saturday afternoon in July, 1923, when Lovecraft, Maurice Moe, Albert Sandusky, and I went to Old Marblehead to visit the numerous Colonial houses and other places of interest with which Howard was thoroughly familiar. He was so insistent that our friend from the west should not miss a single relic or point of view over lovely town or harbor that he walked us relentlessly for miles, impelled solely by his inexhaustible enthusiasm until our bodies rebelled, and, against his protests, we dragged ourselves to the train. Lovecraft was still buoyant. Howard's indifference to sleep and his apparent tirelessness at conventions and whenever amateur journalists assembled and lost no time in slumber, —all would give the lie to physical infirmity. That his ruggedness was only apparent is all too true. Just as he was graduated from Hope Street High School in Providence and was preparing to enter Brown, as he narrates in the letters published by Reinhart Kleiner in the Californian, he was stricken with a malady that threatened to make an invalid of him for life. Ever afterward he was peculiarly susceptible to cold. As he told me on one occasion, temperatures of eighty to a hundred degrees gave him a feeling of fitness, but let the thermometer fall below sixty and he became, of necessity, a recluse, wrapped in blankets and hugging steam radiators. Not the least of his enthusiasm for 66 College Street was that, although it was a truly Georgian mansion, it had been very adequately equipped by Brown University with steam heat, most plentifully supplied from a central heating plant. His aunt has told me that in winter he would revel in an atmosphere of one hundred degrees with the radiators pounding and pipes clanking and winter's snows and gelid temperatures without for him to mock. He rarely ventured forth from December to March or April, other than to hurry across to the boarding house where he ate one meal daily (he prepared the others himself). He once laughed at the situation and confessed that he should live in Florida in winter, if not the year 'round. He would have been completely happy if only he could

have afforded residence in the south during the cold season and in Providence when the weather was mild or warm. His heart was bound, nevertheless, to his native city, and he would not have been content to dwell away from it. His "exile" to New York and Brooklyn for the few years of his married life was truly an unhappy episode; he returned to Providence profoundly determined to make it his permanent residence with but temporary excursions elsewhere.

Despite the infirmity that so circumscribed his life (though it did not cause his death) Howard possessed an intellectual vitality that amply compensated. I have never known a person so essentially a creature of mind. Beyond high school he was completely self-educated yet he had both a range and a depth of knowledge rare even among intellectuals. He had a veritable nose for research and pursued to the remotest ends whatever information he sought. His mind was quick to grasp. He quickly penetrated beneath the surface of facts and comprehended principles and truths. He assimilated rapidly, and he retained ready hold of an astounding amount of detail. His memory was crowded with the minutiae of whatever he had studied or experienced. For years he had studied astronomy, made frequent use of an observatory near his home, and wrote a column for a Providence newspaper. He ranged the hills, the fields, and the shores of Rhode Island to gather geological and biological specimens, many of which he assembled in his room. He read extensively in a tremendous variety of fields; his personal library was truly vast and contained not only the ponderous tomes of learned writers but also fiction of ephemeral nature. His knowledge of authors was surprising; a book, to him, was something to be assimilated, or, at least, perused. He delved into detective stories; his researches into mystery tales and morbid literature as a background for his own writing made him a master of a type in the production of which he attained distinction.

In argument he was devastating, as I learned shortly after I became acquainted with him. I had chanced the remark that the Roman occupation of Britain had left little traces in the language of the natives; that the Latin influence dated from the later missionary sources and from the Norman Conquest. Shortly afterward he wrote me a bulky letter assembling unassailable authority from an overwhelming variety of sources that demolished my arguments. I never forgot the episode, and later I often had occasion to marvel at his limitless capacity for assembling information and his masterfulness in hurling it at anyone who ventured to enter into debate.

The driving force of his mind, too, gave to his otherwise somewhat somber countenance an animation, a positive luminousness, when he was launched upon a subject in which he was truly interested. His manner became thoroughly vitalized; his voice grew vibrant; his words poured forth in a nervous, high-pitched torrent so turbulent that often he almost stuttered because his tongue could not keep pace with his swift thought.

His capacity for retaining fact extended to the smallest matters of life. Once when we were driving from Leominster to Fitchburg he recalled the exact hour on which horsecars were withdrawn from the line.

His last letter to me contains exact references to incidents in our relations years previous. He often entered into conversation with Mrs. Cole about the ingredients of delightful recipes he had run across from time to time.

His most intense exaltation and contagious enthusiasm, however, was for Georgian architecture and for relics of the eighteenth century. On those matters he became an authority and could speak hours on end about the variants of architectural devices and the shifting styles of dress of the period, to say nothing of the inexhaustible subjects of utensils, manners, literature,—in short, everything. To run down a Georgian house he had not previously seen was the joy of his life. He saved penuriously to make trips to Marblehead and Salem and Portsmouth and in his later years to the Carolinas to revel in the mansions of the eighteenth century. He wrote of them glamorously; he dragged me, not unwilling, whenever we were in the vicinity. I have fond memories of Salem and Marblehead as revealed through his eyes. Once we drove to Lexington and Concord and finally to West Townsend, where we ate lunch in a truly eighteenth century tavern; his curiosity, his enthusiasm, his admiration, his appreciation were revelations of a thirsty soul that would drink in everything. A few years ago he discovered the Gilbert Stuart birthplace "in the South country," the Providence Plantations area of Rhode Island. His pleasure was unbounded when Mrs. Cole and I joined him in a journey to behold its loveliness. The house was only early on its way to restoration, but he made us see what it must have been in its prime, and we became as enthusiastic as he about the beauty of its setting—a small clearing surrounded by ancient trees, a brook running near by and utilized to operate the grist mill. In his last letter he glowed over still another house he had visited: "the ancient Clemance house (1654), now recognized as the oldest edifice in Rhode Island...its builder—Thomas Clemance, a friend of Roger Williams—is a lineal ancestor of mine in the 8th generation." And he drew a very recognizable illustration to make clear its architectural peculiarities.

With Lovecraft's passing there went from the lives of those who shared his friendship an influence irreplaceable. Howard was unique and anachronistic. He brought into this age of hurry and unrest the manners of an age of leisure and the outlook of a polished gentleman of intellectual attainments. To his world he admitted a few who found therein new appreciations and a respite from the tedium of their own lives and, above all, an enthusiastic docent to reveal surprising pleasures to their eyes. He gave them a friendship of rich and rare quality. He gave them, too, the inspiration of a noble soul that had struggled through deep disappointment and despair to the contentment and happiness of a world of his own making.

Today those who, as I have done, went their way through the peaceful paths of Swan Point Cemetery to the Phillips lot will find upon the

granite shaft the final record:

WINFIELD S. LOVECRAFT 1853-1898

His Wife

SARAH S. PHILLIPS 1857-1921

Their Son

HOWARD P. LOVECRAFT 1890-1937

But those who knew him will turn from that simple inscription, as I have done, with a heaviness of heart and a longing of soul that find alleviation only in the wealth of precious and happy memories, his generous bequest to those who shared his love.

THE CTHULHU MYTHOS: A STUDY

GEORGE WETZEL

GENERAL

When the body of Lovecraft's prose is studied, it is at once seen that there is a varied and elaborated repetition of certain concepts and supernatural actors to which the phrase "The Cthulhu Mythos" has justifiably been given. The underlying theme in his work, aside from whatever plot is immediately manifested on the surface of individual poems and stories, is the struggle of supernormal entities to regain their mastery over the world and man from which they once were ousted. The more one studies the Mythos stories of HPL, the more convinced he will become as to their close unity despite their separate fictional frameworks; which brings me to conclude that the Mythos stories should actually be considered not as separate works but rather the different chapters of a very lengthy novel. When viewed this way, many series of stories using the theme of, say, the "ghoul-changeling" seem logical as they reveal in separate story-chapters the slow disclosure of some particular evil or horror. The gateway between the waking world and Hell/dreamworld of the Mythos was one such theme that was not immediately revealed in THE STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER, or in THE TEMPLE, but only finally in THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH; and similarly the nature and powers of Nyarlathotep which HPL never finished, though he came close to completion in THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK. There are other half finished concepts and still unsolved mysteries in the Mythos which only study will disclose, and some that no amount of study will ever unravel; as HPL's clues (successive stories with their gradually unfolding of particular mysteries—as witness the "ghoul-changeling" theme—though this latter he did give the final revelation in PICKMAN'S MODEL) are not existent, as he died leaving some such unwritten in additional fiction.

As to why Lovecraft created his Mythos—his lengthy novel called THE CTHULHU MYTHOS, if I be permitted—evidence exists in many of his little known philosophical articles written in amateur journals, and in some of his stories and poetry. Like CELEPHAIS, he wrote: "Whilst they strove to strip from life its embroidered robes of myth and to show in naked ugliness the foul thing that is reality, Kuranos sought for beauty alone." And again in THE MATERIALIST TODAY, he remarked: "There is no object or purpose in ultimate creation, since all is a ceaseless repetitive cycle of transitions from nothing back to nothing again... All is illusion, hollowness and nothingness—but what does that matter? Illusions are all we have, so let us pretend to cling to them..." Then there is some development of this recurrent philosophy in the curious poem TO AN INFANT (printed in "The Brooklynite," Oct., 1925), or which the following lines give some idea:

"For dreams, as they are most precious,
are most fragile of all we prize,
And the pow'rs of earth that enmesh
would sear them out of our eyes...
... They are all that we have to save us
from the sport of the Ruthless Ones,
These dreams that the cosmos gave us
in the void past the farthest sun..."

I could go on with other quotes, like passages from HPL's article, LIFE FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE, which prove his reason for creating the world of the Cthulhu Mythos.

Other facts about his Mythos are not too well known, especially the fact that Greek mythic ideas were formative influences in his Mythos, despite the known fact that the Dunsany stories gave him the initial push towards creation of his own Mythos. From 1917 to 1923 his poetry is full of Greco allusions and outright rhymed Greek mythic narratives. The Grecian influence in his prose is less obvious, though a quick check shows such unquestionable bits as in THE MOON BOG, THE TREE, HYPNOS, etc. Origination of such things as the Greek titled NECRONOMICON, the similarity of the Mythos Hell/dreamworld to the Greek Hades, etc., again prove the contention. And in his story POETRY AND THE GODS, which is of Greek gods, one sees in Hermes the messenger, the Messenger of Azathoth, named Nyarlathotep; in the dream communication of the Greek gods with mortals the same psychic device used later by Cthulhu to contact his cult followers. In the article, A DESCENT TO AVERNUS, HPL likens the cavernous earth, blighted by things suggestive of horrors in the Mythos, to the Greek Tartarus. His three poems in A CYCLE OF VERSE likewise have a glimmering of the Mythos' horrors but with the Grecian taint.

Numerous other interesting facets emerge from the Mythos which a book would truly need be written to show. Suffice to remark on HPL's use of the terminal climax, a device used repeatedly by E. L. White... which gives to the work of both that identical quality of a nightmarish dream which likewise ends on a note of final and terrible revelation. Then HPL used in a number of stories a remarkable single feverish crescendo that builds from the start to the ending, increasing, without any single lessening of its fervor but instead a brilliant upsurge of fear.

Lovecraft has been called an amoralist, but in his THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH is discernible the one instance of an effect and poetic moralistic ending. Since this novel was not long after his unfortunate New York sojourn, the conclusion that the moralistic ending and perhaps the rest of the novel as well is but a fragment of a spiritual autobiography is well founded.

THE NECRONOMICON

Creation of the Necronomicon was one of HPL's most interesting ideas, and there is some basis for thinking he received some of the inspiration from awareness of the similarly arcane Book of Thoth that occurs in Egyptian mythology. That he meant the Necronomicon to have some antecedents in Egyptian arcana can be shown.

I originally had roughly translated the Greek meaning of the Necronomicon as "Book of the Names of the Dead." But Donald Susan pointed out that "nom; nomos" was more correctly "Region;" and he interpreted the name to mean "Guide (or Book) to the Regions of the Dead," which does fit more logically with what character HPL meant it to have in the early stories.

Lovecraft, in his "History of the Necronomicon" (1936), states that Alhazred, author of the Book, visited, among other places, "the subterranean secrets of Memphis" (Egypt). In the story, THE GREEN MEADOW (1927), he tells of an ancient Greek who had translated some awful knowledge out of an Egyptian book, "...which was in turn taken from a papyrus of ancient Meroe (Egypt)." The well of forbidden knowledge, then, seems to have been in Egypt (within the framework of the Mythos), and Alhazred merely wrote of what he found there in the Necronomicon.

In THE STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER (1919), there appeared an old and nameless book which undoubtedly was the first mention in the Mythos of the Necronomicon. The fact that Harley Warren in the story used that book on his quest beneath a graveyard would indicate that it was a guide to where access could be found to the gateways between the waking world and the Hell/dreamworld of the Mythos. What he encountered below were the ghouls who, according to the lines in the poem NEMISIS, guard such places or else lurk there.

Later stories such as THE DUNWICH HORROR have the usage of the Necronomicon more as a source text of evil spells. The phenomena of growth that is found in other concepts and characters in the Mythos is evident in the gradual characterization of the Necronomicon.

As to where and how Lovecraft first thought of the name, not the idea, or the Necronomicon, I can theorize from a datum found in his serialized article, MYSTERIES OF THE HEAVENS, in the "Ashcrville Gazette-News" for April 3, 1915:- "...Manilius, referring to the Milky Way in his 'Astronomicon'..." An erudite writer like Lovecraft, with some knowledge of Greek, well knew the translation of "Astronomicon;" and when later on, casting about for a suggestive name for the evil book he first had described in part in THE STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER, he hit upon the association of ideas of Astronomicon, necro (meaning dead), and the fact that a character in THE STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER had used such a book to investigate the dark mysteries beneath a graveyard, the Necronomicon had evolved.

NYARLATHOTEP

The first appearance of Nyarlathotep was a prose-poem of the same name in "United Amateur" in (Nov.) 1920; and a number of clues to some understanding of him—as meant by HPL—lurk in that work. The name of this god of the Mythos, if broken into "Nyarlath" and "hotep" have some significance at once. "Hotep," a suffix phrase, is Egyptian, and means "is satisfied." Lovecraft used it because it was a recurring suffix part of Egyptian names, and thus was a "color" to suggest anything Egyptian.

"Nyarlath," if broken down to just the phoneme "nya," is a prefix found in the names of gods of certain African negroid tribes. One such example is the "nyankopon," sky-god of the Ashanti.

Lovecraft spoke of Nyarlathotep as having arisen out of the darkness

of 27 centuries. This would place this god as having something to do with the 25th Dynasty—the Ethiopian invasion of Egypt. Nyarlathotep must then have been incarnate in some Ethiopian ruler of Egypt—must have been the driving power behind the Ethiopian armies that suddenly rose up and made their conquest.

But Lovecraft makes it plain that Nyarlathotep was not a negro, but a swarthy person, when he appeared in later stories. In fact, he seems to have been, in the Mythos, the embodied symbol not only of chaos and the final destruction of the world but also of darkness, as the black entity in the later HAUNTER OF THE DARK (1935); likewise, the black man of the witch covens in THE DREAMS IN THE WITCH HOUSE (1932).

Another characteristic of Nyarlathotep was his power of demonic possession (the avatar concept used by HPL) and his hinted shape-changing. In the prose poem of 1920 it was said that he was the soul of the ultimate gods who were mindless gargoyles; which would indicate his shape changing ability. Something of this seems likely in the blackbat-like thing from the steeple in HAUNTER OF THE DARK; and in this same story he attempts demonic possession of the narrator.

THE CRAWLING CHAOS (July?, 1920) does not mention Nyarlathotep, but the story obviously has some connection with him, as HPL refers to him in THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH (1926) as the "crawling chaos;" and THE CRAWLING CHAOS was about the final end of the world, and probably the twilight of the Mythos' gods as well. In the fungi sonnet NYARLATHOTEP (1929-30), this Ragnarok ends with, "the idiot Chaos blew earth's dust away..." when Chaos destroyed, crushed, what "he chanced to mould in play." As Chaos seems to have the sense of a deity, here, he must be the creator god of the Mythos, as well as its destroyer. And since Nyarlathotep has the appellation of the "crawling chaos," he must be the creator god; this conclusion is bolstered in part by the fact that he has some close connection with the god Azathoth, who reposes at the center of Ultimate Chaos.

The god Azathoth in the Mythos was never quite developed (though if the fragmentary story AZATHOTH were ever completed, more might be known as to what his eventual characterization was) but in the prose existing, he does seem to have some connection with Nyarlathotep. The term AZOTH (compare the spelling to the god AZATHOTH) was a term in Medieval alchemy meaning "the primogenetic source-essence of life." Collate the similar spellings of the Mythos god and the alchemic term. The god existed at the center of chaos which in the Mythos seems to have been the center of the universe and life; then consider that chaos was a god in the sonnet NYARLATHOTEP, and consider the epithet given Nyarlathotep as "the crawling chaos." What is seen is a part of the Mythos still not quite formed but in the slow process of gestation.

THE HELL OF THE MYTHOS

It is in the novel, THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH (1926), that the Hell of HPL's Cthulhu Mythos is fully described and made the locale of a story. Though HPL does not identify this curious sinisterra of dream as the Mythos' Hell, it is so nevertheless and can be shown to be so upon study. The most outstanding proof of this is the similarity to the two-fold Hell of the Greek Mythology.

In the DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH, HPL wrote of King Kwiones that

he "...could not go back to these things in the waking world because his body was dead." King Kwiones was then the soul of a man, dead in the outside world; making the locale of DREAM QUEST the otherworld of the dead, Heaven, the Elysium of the Greeks.

But this pastoral aspect or Elysium of the Mythos' otherworld had contiguous regions that corresponded to the Tartarus of the Greeks, wherein a number of fearful entities might be encountered---like the domain of the Gugs or the mountain peak of Inquanok, where Carter meets the Shantak-birds.

Curiously enough, the Hell of the Mythos was also the dream - world wherein a slumberer's psyche existed during sleep. Carter's own perception of the Mythos' Hell was because he entered it in sleep. As sleepers have both pastoral and nightmarish dreams, HPL was able to make his conception of this dream-world coincide with the likewise twin concept of the otherworld of the dead.

When boiled down, HPL's Mythos' Hell was a commingled otherworld of the dead and the world of dream.

The dream-world part of this Hell concept was further developed in another way; those adventures therein, that the dreamer Carter had, like his meetings with the Night Gaunts, were not the peaceful visions of dream, but its dark side, its nightmares. There is a possible suggestion in the DREAM QUEST of such dark entities of this Hell's dream-world aspect, such nightmares gaining access to the waking world (a contemplated story by HPL at one time?), and creating havoc. By such horrors running amuck in the waking world, certain hideous demons and human monsters and ghouls in the Mythos would be explained.

In the dream novel there were several places where the waking world was touched upon by some of the sinisterra of the Mythos' Hell, places where these embodied nightmares could enter the waking world, giving rise to tales among men of demons, and possibly also explaining why gargoyles atop cathedrals bore resemblance to the ghouls of this place. Where these entrances touched the waking world from the wood of the Zoogs, there shone the phosphorescence of fungi; there was a phosphorescent shining abyss in the story, THE NAMELESS CITY (1921), and in the drowned temple in the story, THE TEMPLE (1920).

There were more fearsome gates to this Hell---through the burrows of the ghouls beneath graveyards, as revealed finally in the dream novel; when Carter visits the ghouls he notes that he is very near the waking world which the appearance of gravestones and funeral urns strewn about indicates all too clearly. The line, "Through the ghoul guarded gateways of slumber," from the early poem NEMISIS (1918), which prefigured some of this, takes on a disturbing meaning.

Harley Warren, in THE STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER, obviously came to his doom at the hands of such ghouls when exploring burrows under a graveyard.

In this concept of entering the Mythos' Hell not only in dream or even at certain earthly abysses, but also under a graveyard or, more specifically, through a grave, HPL's awareness of Greek beliefs again was used for inventive purposes. "Grave" was sometimes used in the New Testament as a synonym for "hell:" and entrance to hell (the Elysium and the Tartarus) was through a grave. Lovecraft utilized this idea in brilliant fashion in his Mythos' Hell concept.

THE GHOUL-CHANGELING

In Lovecraft's hands, many supernatural concepts that were handled by other writers in orthodox fashion, and close to their traditional outlines, became transmuted into something original and refreshingly new. Like the manner in which he elaborated and developed the ghost theme, into something not like its traditional presentation, like the manner in which he treated the avatar theme with similarly original presentations, so he did with the ghoul theme, changing some of it from its appearance in racial lore. With it, he embodied the changeling concept, a totally different ethnic belief (the changeling idea being Celtic; the ghoul theme, Persian), so that a new supernatural actor or character was invented. By such inventions he gave not only to his own prose a freshness, but also bequeathed to supernatural fiction—already threadworn with overly familiar supernatural actors—a new lease on life, a new source of plot and character material. This, along with his fusing of science-fictional concepts to the supernatural, is what makes his work so interesting.

Who has not puzzled over the identity of the narrator in Lovecraft's *OUTSIDER*? Even his *RATS IN THE WALLS* has several unanswered questions posed within its fictional framework. The mystery produced in these two and other tales is found only by their careful study in conjunction with the clue furnished by a later title, *PICKMAN'S MODEL*.

To my mind, the start of this mystery was the earlier *PICTURE IN THE HOUSE* (1920). Here, an ancient countryman possessed a book containing pictures of a hideous butcher shop of the Anzique cannibals, and he himself was cursed with a cannibalistic craving.

Then in 1921 we have the nebulous and Poesque horror of *THE OUTSIDER*. Many explanations as to the nature of the narrator have been put forth by readers of this tale, though it is significant that Lovecraft very obviously refrained from any. Even the climactic discovery of the narrator that a monstrous creature which appals him is his own mirrored reflection does not completely reveal his nature. Beyond the fact that he has existed in a subterranean place below a graveyard, all is vague.

The horrendous *RATS IN THE WALLS* (1923) was next to appear. Herein the motifs in the above two tales reiterate and are further developed. In the grotto beneath Exham Priory a ghastly butcher shop is found. There are cases of fratricide in the family history of the de la Poers, the owners of the place, for the implied reason that the secret of their character, or their true nature, has occasionally been revealed. But most significant is the fact that the passage between the priory cellar and the dreadful grotto was chiselled upward through the foundation rock.

All these evil adumbrations reach a peak in *PICKMAN'S MODEL* (1926). The protagonist of this story is degenerating, and a ghoulish trend is strongly hinted. Richard Pickman speaks authoritatively of ghouls who kidnap human children, leaving their own daemon offspring in their stead. Old graveyards, he says, are frequently inhabited by ghoulish things that burrow through the earth.

Piecing these clues together gives us a single common theme. The decadent countryman of THE PICTURE IN THE HOUSE now assumes the character of a ghoulish-changeling. The tomb-dweller in THE OUTSIDER is a kidnapped human who has dim memories of some teacher similar to the ghoulish mentors painted by Pickman in his picture, "The Lesson." The fratricides in THE RATS IN THE WALLS were perhaps necessitated by discovery that family members were ghoulish-changeling; certainly the evidence of the subterranean passageway bespeaks close connection of some sort between human beings and underground creatures.

Where Lovecraft got the central idea of his story THE OUTSIDER was apparently a passage in Hawthorne's THE JOURNAL OF A SOLITARY MAN, from which the following is quoted to show this:

"I dreamed one bright forenoon I was walking through Broadway, and seeking to cheer myself with warm and busy life of that far famed promenade... I found myself in this animated scene, with a dim and misty idea that it was not my proper place, or that I had ventured into the crowd with some singularity of dress or aspect which made me ridiculous... Every face grew pale; the laugh was hushed... and the passengers on all sides fled as from an embodied pestilence... I passed not one step farther, but threw my eyes on a looking-glass which stood deep within the nearest shop. At first glimpse of my own figure I awoke, with a horrible sensation of self-terror and self-loathing... I had been promenading Broadway in my shroud!"

In his Commonplace Book, Lovecraft recorded the germ idea of THE OUTSIDER, and placed after "Identity" a question mark; even though he may have had only a subconscious idea of the human identity of this character, the source of the story seems evident. The leaving of loose threads in a story (which he eventually tied together in a later story) is akin to Edward Lucas White's style where this latter author gave a true nightmarish quality to his prose by such vague but still partially outlined horrors at his terminal climaxes.

There are other ideas HPL derived from Hawthorne, some especially dealing with the ghoulish theme. For example, HPL jotted in his note book the following suggested from Hawthorne's DOCTOR GRIMSHAW'S SECRET:-

"Man lives near grave-yard—how does he live? Eats no food."

If one excepts my belief that Lovecraft meant to rationalize supernatural manifestations and biological anomalies as the embodied nightmares that crossed gateways to the waking world from the Mythos Hell-otherworld of dream, then the following in his notebook and verbatim from Hawthorne, would then suggest the start of a story unfinished by HPL.

"...a defunct nightmare, which had perished in the midst of its wickedness, and left its flabby corpse on the breast of the tormented one, to be gotten rid of as it might."

HPL would then rationalize the appearance in art of hideous figures as memories of such embodied nightmares. In fact, he leaves a strong clue to this when in THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH he significantly describes a ghoulish... "a curious face peering over it as a gargoyle

peers over a parapet of Notre Dame." Another bit of proof exists in PICKMAN'S MODEL wherein the faces painted by Pickman (ghouls) were compared for sheer hellishness to the gargoyles on Notre Dame cathedral.

The gargoyle idea itself figured in several notes in the Common-place Book, which notes came unmistakably from chapter XIV and XV in George MacDonald's PHANTASTES.

Though Lovecraft peopled the ancient tunnels in Boston's Old North End with fictitious ghouls in PICKMAN'S MODEL, such tunnels themselves actually exist, revealing HPL's erudition and use of local color. And in THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH he very facetiously remarks on ancient tombstones stolen (apparently by the ghouls) from several Boston and Salem graveyards; surprisingly enough, such pilfering took place in Boston by its citizens who used such stones for door stoops, chimney tops, etc., another example of HPL's occasional use of factual local color, and I might add, one of the few rare instances of his wry humor.

GHOSTS AND AVATARS

The psychic possession theme and the ghost theme, in a Lovecraft story, are altogether different than their more orthodox presentation in the work of other authors. In the Mythos, both these themes are at times interwoven so that there emerges a concept particularly Lovecraftian. Thus the reason for considering both under one section. For purposes of simplification I allude to the psychic possession theme as the avatar theme in the Mythos.

Lovecraft embodied both the avatar and the ghost theme in THE TOMB (1917), wherein a restless spirit seeks consecrated burial and thereby peace by possession of a man's mind and body. It is very likely that this story was suggested to Lovecraft by de la Mare's novel, THE RETURN, which is somewhat similar in part. In the Lovecraft story, the memories and personality of the dead man are infused into the living body of the narrator and shares with him a common soul—this later delineation appears in later stories of the Mythos; there is also mention of the wandering of the narrator's dream-soul, another significant point in other later stories.

In THE TREE (1920), the metempsychosis of a dead artist's personality into an olive tree occurs. HERBERT WEST: REANIMATOR (1921-1922) deals with reanimated dead—as the story IN THE VAULT—but by scientific resurrection, and is reminiscent of the putrescent horror of Poe's THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR.

THE HOUND (1922) is a story where the ghost concept borders on the classification of a demon entity. An amulet is stolen by two diabolists from the grave of one who had been a ghoul in life. The amulet was carved with a picture of a winged hound, the lineaments of which were "drawn from obscure supernatural manifestations of the souls" of of ghouls. This idea that the souls of the dead have terrifying shapes Lovecraft elaborated upon in the later story, THE UNNAMABLE. In the present story, the winged hound is the visual shape of the dead ghoul, which shape kills one of the diabolists and recovers its amulet. When the survivor opens the grave of the ghoul, there comes from the jaws of the ghoul's corpse "a deep, sardonic bay as of some gigantic hound,"

and corpse is again wearing its amulet.

THE UNNAMABLE (1923) portrays in fuller detail Lovecraft's idea that the psychic emanation (ghost) of a dead man is a grotesque distortion; and since in this story the corpse was extremely hideous in life, being half human and half animal, this rendered its ghost so much more grotesque that it could be described by a character in the story as "unnamable." The ghost of such a biological anomaly once living is what attacks the two men in this story.

THE SHUNNED HOUSE (1924) is a fuller elaboration of the Lovecraftian ghost concept. The shunned house was built over a graveyard where a vampire had been buried. (In the prior story, THE UNNAMABLE, Lovecraft had remarked of "old graveyards that teem with the terrible, unbodied intelligence of generations.") Some of the source material of this story can be very definitely traced. In an unpublished ms. Lovecraft sent to Wilfred Talman, titled WHO ATE ROGER WILLIAMS (date of writing unknown) there is much of this story's plot. Somewhat more of the same is to be found in THE GREEN PICTURE, contained in Charles Skinner's MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF OUR LAND, Vol. 1, p. 76; in fact, much of the same general description in the Skinner opus appears in the Lovecraft work as a collation will prove. It is interesting to note that fungus actually will grow atop the ground where a burial exists. Lovecraft also embodied another source, verbatim, of the vampire Roulet from the account given by John Fiske in his book, MYTHS AND MYTH-MAKERS. In this Lovecraft story the ghost of the dead vampire hovers about as a luminous vapor (the special Lovecraft idea of a grotesque ghost is not prominent here) and invades the minds and bodies of its victims. They share its memories and also the same common soul. Much more could be said in analysis of this one story's other part, but space is lacking.

IN THE VAULT (1925) is the closest Lovecraft ever came to the usual form of ghost story and significantly enough when it was printed in "Tryout," Nov., 1925, Lovecraft prefaced it thusly: "Dedicated to C. W. Smith from whose suggestion the central situation is taken."

Ghosts appeared in other Lovecraft stories such as THE EVIL CLERGYMAN, THE FESTIVAL, and HE (this last was of dead Indians). One of the curiosities in the Mythos stories was the ghost of King Kurnaes, in THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH, whose body lay dead in the waking world but whose ghost frequented the dream/underworld world of the Mythos.

The avatar concept has been shown to be interwoven with the ghost concept in the Mythos but Lovecraft wrote other stories in which other than a ghost possessed a living person. Those other stories were of humans with strange magical powers who performed possession or even mind exchange, or of outre life forms who did the same, or even the gods, the most notable being Nyarlathotep.

In THE FESTIVAL (1923) he makes quite obvious what it is that shares a common soul---"the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from this charnel clay, but fests and instructs the very worm that gnaws; till out of corruption horrid life springs..."

The thing in THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE (1927) absorbs all in fungoid blighted area into its own substance, even humans and their minds---

again the common soul idea. In the CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD (1926-7), the invading entity completely ousts the original soul; whereas in THE SHADOW OUT OF TIME and THE CHALLENGE FROM BEYOND, there is mind exchange, as in THE THING ON THE DOORSTEP. BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP is of an alien mind existing simultaneously in the mind of an earth man.

The most interesting, however, is THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK (1935), where the sentient blackness from the steeple was an avatar of Nyarlathotep that briefly demonically possessed the mind and body of Robert Blake, the main character. As this will require proof, I will detail the same:

In this story, Nyarlathotep is mentioned as "in antique and shadowy Khem taking the form of man," which indicates that god's power of psychic possession; also in the passage the above quote comes from (at the story's end) it is apparent the thing from the steeple is being referred to. In the same passage occurs this "Roderick Usher—am mad or going mad—I am it and it is I." This points out the common soul and possession of Blake's mind. The reference to Roderick Usher seems unrelated until Lovecraft's remarks on Poe's THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER is recalled; which are: "Usher... displays an abnormally linked trinity of entities at the end of a long and isolated family history—a brother, his twin sister, and their incredibly ancient house all sharing a single soul and meeting one common dissolution at the same moment."

When the lightning strikes the black thing, the fatal bolt is transferred to Blake, since he shares a common soul with it, and he is killed. The aspect of blackness is peculiar to Nyarlathotep; in this story it is evident, and it occurs in the prose-poem NYARLATHOTEP and similarly in the black man in THE DREAMS IN THE WITCH HOUSE. Since black was a symbol of evil in ethnic tales, HPL obviously meant this god to be the physical embodiment of evil.

MATTHEW H. UNDERBOOK

*A Discussion of the Supreme Contribution
of Howard Phillips Lovecraft to the
Philosophy of the Weird Tale.*

THE LORD OF R'YLEH

To the uninitiated, it may appear a curious fact that the most avid readers of supernatural literature usually have no belief in the reality of the categories of human experience therein described. They peruse it for the unique and untold enjoyment obtained: fundamentally it is a medium for entertainment. A few of the best works in the genre may cause a deepening of the spiritual insight, but generally the net result never directly affects their actions or the daily decisions they must make in carrying out the tedium of existence.

It seems equally true that among the host of writers in this field a substantial majority admit to an agnostic attitude towards the verity of these same convictions. These authors are, almost without exception, very sensitive and extremely learned in the lore of the unseen, but they have likewise a strong distaste for the naive and credulous outlook which would accept these credos as the revealed truth.

If we care to seek an explanation for this sometimes perplexing state of affairs, the most likely conclusion that appears would seem to be that those really steeped in the occult, and to whom the nearness of the other world is a matter-of-fact daily occurrence, are entirely too close to the whole matter to gain a proper perspective. To these, the supernatural is too real to be a satisfactory medium for literary expression. Stories in this domain must of necessity appear insipid and puerile to them; hence, such believers usually have no true critical appreciation of the art.

After all, if you are actually convinced you can communicate with the deceased via spiritualism, or if you really believe you are able to invoke demons or gods and propitiate them if necessary—all by the use of proper spells and incantations—it is small wonder that a barley-water version of the real thing provokes only amusement or boredom.

We reach, finally, the rather intriguing paradox that, in the main, the great majority of spectral stories are written by unbelievers for the delectation of other unbelievers—equally fervid in their heretical views. The fundamental problem of why some people since the dawn of time have been obsessed with the unknown and the unseen, and why so many have had such a passionate interest in reciting and listening to spectral ballads and later in history in reading and writing about the supernatural, is a tremendous and profound question. However, since it is clearly beyond the scope of the present article, we regretfully abandon it and concentrate attention directly on the chosen subject matter.

Howard Phillips Lovecraft was a rationalist. There can be little doubt of this, not only from consideration of his own published works but from the casual testimony of friends and acquaintances. In view of what has been said above, that alone should provide no barrier to our understanding of why he could also be a writer of fine supernatural tales. When we dig deeper, however, and note that he asserted he was a mechanistic materialist in philosophy, we may again wonder a little. For this same man, not content with works of more conventional form, such as the superb short story "The Outsider," and the magnificent novel "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward," progressed further and created in literary form a new family of Gods and associated lore which we have come now to know under the general title 'The Cthulhu Mythos.'

Here would seem to be a basic contradiction. If "mechanistic materialism" means what it implies, it would indicate a conviction that man's psychical faculties as well as his physical ones — and all the attributes of his world and the universe around him — are uniformly governed by immutable and inviolable mechanical laws, some of which we have already discovered and labelled "science." In short, man and the universe are equally machines; and machines have no power of choice: they must obey the laws which regulate their actions. To such an adherent, it would require an impossible wrench of the intellect to postulate powers of any sort which could modify, reverse, or set aside these blind mechanical laws or any part of them merely to satisfy some whim of the gods or supplication of mankind.

Now, the most immediate conclusion which might be drawn in the case of Lovecraft is that his literary creation of a new pantheon was simply a grim, ironic jest; a bold nose-thumbing at conventional religious concepts; a credo that any man may construct his own family of gods to suit his own tastes and inclinations; a dictum that each man's pantheon has equal validity because in reality none of them has any intrinsic meaning. Those who know anything of Lovecraft the man, however, and who are aware of his genuine erudition, must cast aside immediately such ideas. A man of his character, learning, and intellectual integrity was utterly incapable of such shallow posturing, such sophomoric sniping at fundamental and human questions.

Here was Lovecraft's dilemma as this writer sees it, and here is how he resolved it, according to the best thought and meditations of this same humble seeker after truth: Lovecraft had an innate predilection for the weird and the supernatural since early childhood. Next, he professed an intense nostalgia for the vanished eighteenth century and all it implied (and surely the eighteenth century was a veritable apotheosis of mechanistic materialism in science and philosophy!). Finally, he had a complete awareness of twentieth century science and the speculation arising therefrom: he well knew the terrifying new vistas it had opened to the human mind. So the query is: how to reconcile these diverse elements?

In the fires of genius flaming in his brilliant intellect he was able to reinterpret eighteenth century mechanism in the light of twentieth century relativity and indeterminacy, and then to integrate these new basic concepts of science with the best elements surviving from age-old supernaturalism. The crowning touch was the added glamour of the weird, which like a gossamer sheen envelopes the best of all his tales.

By accomplishing this remarkable feat, he created (as all genius must) something new and unique in the world's storehouse of original ideas. In his case it was a new kind of weird tale that had elements of science-fiction artfully and inextricably woven into the deeper currents of the unseen and the Outside. The result was neither science-fiction, nor weird fiction, nor supernatural fiction, but something different from all of these: in short, a Lovecraftian tale! The supreme resulting achievement! What we formerly called the supernatural was no longer so: it had now become merely the supernormal.

The conflict between science and religion is one of mankind's oldest wars. It probably started when one of our earliest ancestors found a new and better way of hunting and killing, or a new kind of food, drink or amusement that conflicted with the authority of the tribal priests. This inevitably led to the institution of taboo against this particular action. Thus the weight of the supernatural gods (with which the tribal priests were of course on the closest of terms) was thrown behind the ukases of these holy men.

An uninhibited analysis of medieval history inevitably leads to the conclusion that a great deal of the persecution of the so-called witches, wizards, warlocks and alchemists by the Church and State was prompted by a deadly fear of the unorthodox findings which some of these persons might have chanced upon in their gropings into the unknown.

Of course the classic example of true scientific spirit being throttled by ecclesiastical authority is the case of Galileo, which we all know by heart. No new words need be added to what the verdict of history has finally written on this shameful episode of human stupidity.

With the tremendous upsurge of scientific inquiry and invention in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; the terrific upheavals of our revolution and that of the French people; the spread of democratic ideas; the breaking up of the family unit of economy through the introduction of the factory system in the Industrial Revolution—is it any wonder that philosophy began to proclaim the Age of Reason? Voltaire and Diderot; Franklin and Paine; Hume, Dalton and Adam Smith were the new prophets. The mechanical principles of Galileo and Newton in astronomy and physics were confirmed in chemistry by Lavoisier. Laplace introduced his famous nebular hypothesis. Malthus capped it all with his essay on population in 1798. Since Lovecraft tried to immerse himself in this eighteenth century and felt he was really an outsider, stranded in space and time, who really belonged in that turbulent era, is it any wonder that he professed himself a mechanistic materialist?

The old conflict reached its apogee with Darwin and the publication of his Origin of Species IN 1859. The doctrine of evolution seemed to cut the last props from under the already shaky edifice of supernatural gods and established religion. Darwin, Huxley, Drummond and many others were all participants in that last great battle.

Today we know that the mechanistic philosophy of life is hopelessly inadequate and outdated. The old fashioned conception of science indeed made it absolutely irreconcilable with religion and the supernatural. If the universe and man alike were ruled by immutable, absolute laws there is an inevitable clash in any reasonable mind when it tries

to envision at the same time the existence of a power which can at will set aside or operate in variance with these laws. Present-day science in its ultimate conceptions spills over into the realm of metaphysics—it is unavoidable. In the last analysis, the complete validity of our scientific knowledge is seriously open to question.

Einstein and relativity; Planck and the quantum theory; Bohr and Compton and the later investigators whose electronic research shows that ultimately the heart of the sub-atomic particle may be only pure energy; Heisenberg and Schroedinger and the principle of indeterminacy; Millikan and the cosmic rays; the modern interpreters like Jeans and Eddington; Dunne, with his serial time and serial universe—all these combine to show us that our final knowledge of the worlds around us is, to say the least, still very incomplete.

The principle of indeterminacy may indicate that our scientific laws in their ultimate conceptions are really mere statements of probability; statistical rules based on averages. The principles of relativity seem to show that while our picture of reality in our own space-time may be accurate enough for most practical purposes, it could be utterly at variance with the reality we might deduce from the same sort of tests and observations in another space-time. What pictures of reality might appear to the inhabitants of other galaxies or other dimensions of space and time brings us to the final conclusion that there may be no such thing as Absolute Reality.

Granting this, there is no reason why we should be slavishly bound to strict scientific law in our broadest conceptions of the universe, and the door is thus left open for a renaissance of personal faith in the supernatural based on our individual intuitions and inclinations.

Now, Lovecraft was cognizant of all that has been sketched in the lines above, but he also realized that we live in a world in which heat, light, gravitation, electricity, etc., do seem to follow definite laws of action that remain quite stable from day to day. Unless we are to abandon all reason, we must take this fact into account. After all, the modern reader of his stories would be bound to have a fair scientific background: this reader couldn't tolerate very many of the old-fashioned Gothic trappings of the ghost, werewolf and vampire per se. It takes a first rate artist today to make us grant even a half-hour's credence to these relics of yesterday, and after that we dismiss the tale with a shrug and a smile. Clearly, a new approach and wider horizons are required.

Lovecraft was possessed of an enormous spirit of sensitivity and almost boundless imagination, so it seems quite probable that he shrank from the full implications of a universe governed by mere blind force, particularly with his intuitive feeling for the weird and the unseen. So, therefore, I venture to suggest that his brilliant mind resolved all of these difficulties by a new concept of the spectral tale; a synthetic attitude into which grew inevitably the mythos of super-normal, scientifically conceived gods and associated lore to take the place in literature of the simon-pure supernatural and more strictly poetical gods of our past days.

I think we can sense this immediately upon the first perusal of his best works, although realization does not come until after meditation and considerable re-reading. The atmosphere of a clear rationalism overhangs all of the story-telling; something of the mechanistic belief sur-

vives in the concept of Fate as ruling the action of both man and gods. Neither of these, however, subordinate a complete grasp of present-day scientific and philosophical outlook. Mingled throughout is the sense of terror from vast, unseen things and psychological horror of the creeping menace of unimaginable entities from outside.

The objection may be made that the finished product is only pure terror; that the creations of the mythos are almost universally malignant, or, at best, indifferent towards man's fate. This cannot be avoided: all the main currents of the supernatural in the past have had the prime effect of making us uncomfortable. A scientist of today can conceive the universe as peopled by blind forces which have no concern with the human race, but for the purposes of literature this attitude is too static, too dead: we must have conflict of purposes and emotions to make a story. We must personify these forces in some manner to make them intelligible to the reader, and we are forced to make them inimical to mankind's aspirations and progress in order to have the interesting elements of struggle and survival. If we postulated all the powers of the galaxies as simply united in working towards our objectives, the outcome would be merely a lazy complacency of mind, even granting we could hurdle the patent absurdity and puerile infantilism of such an idea. It could not be expected that a modern scientific integration with the supernatural would help to flatter us to any extent when we consider the utter vastness of our present conceptions of space and time, and man's paltry insignificance in the midst of it.

Science-fiction had already seen most of its best days when Lovecraft began seriously to write: he was just a couple of decades ahead of the bulk of the writing world in sensing this fact. Of course the reason for this beginning of decadence was, ironically enough, that legitimate science had almost caught up with the best visions of our "scientifiction" writers. This type of story in the past had always had a punch because it was so breathlessly futuristic: it related of times so far ahead that readers in this ordinary world were filled with heady inspirations and dazzling dreams of the great scientific Utopia to come. Now, the products of research bid fair to outstrip the finest imaginings of our visionaries in literature. Just one instance: we can no longer be expected to read wide-eyed about rocket trips to other planets when modern armies, in conducting military operations, are already on the very fringes of that stage of development. The fictional prophets have been vindicated, of course, but unfortunately they stand in danger of being superceded by the news items in our daily papers! Perhaps not immediately—today—but the shadows are on the horizon, and unless we discover a few new geniuses of the stature of the early H. G. Wells, it would appear that the writing of "scientifiction" will continue its steady decline. We are doomed to be progressively bored and annoyed by the stale rehashing of ideas that once seemed daring and eon-distant in the first quarter of this century. Of course, some may say: What of Olaf Stapledon? Unfortunately, in this writer's present estimation, Stapledon—at least in his two most significant works Starmaker and Last and First Men—has not written fiction in any true sense of that word. These volumes are crammed with magnificent ideas and concepts, but they read like history texts—albeit very fantastic

ones! They will undoubtedly be prime source-books for future writers; granting the emergence of new geniuses to elaborate portions of this material into colorful and dramatic story form, we may yet have a renaissance of science-fiction; let us all hope so! Incidentally, Stapledon's treatment of the superman theme in Odd John is excellent, and may well point the ways towards future elaborations he intends to make of his master works. And Sirius, his latest novel, is an able delving into psychological subtleties from a most unexpected view point. Stapledon may well tell the whole tale of cosmic history in readable form if given time.

Another dark portent in the minds of thinkers, however, is the beginning of a sad loss of faith in science as the final arbiter of human progress and welfare. Unless and until war and human greed are conquered, it does not seem that piling more and more gadgets and conveniences on us will help to cure the fundamental faults of human nature. We come inevitably to the distasteful conclusion that a man of the future subsisting on vitamin pellets, week-ending on Venus or Mars, and arming himself with atomic disintegrators or cosmic-ray guns would be even less pleasant to live with than a twentieth century human being unless there were a concurrent improvement in his cooperative abilities and basic nature. The present day revelation of collectivism in all the horrors of its several forms makes us shrink from the vision of scientific Utopia, a regimented bee-hive of civilization in which all life would be conducted on the latest principles of research, and wherein we would all have to live as supermen—whether we wanted to or not. Wells must bear a large share of the blame for attempting to foist this unpalatable concept of a brave new world upon us in his later works. The optimists, of course, brush all these doubts aside with light-hearted assurance that man will become better as his world becomes more and more scientifically controlled: but history has thus far not justified their faith. We have made the world infinitely smaller, but the main result has been to bring the other fellow just that much closer to our bomb-sights.

However that may be, in Lovecraft's view the decline and fall of old time science-fiction seemed not to far distant. He revived and rescued the best elements of it by marrying them to the older concepts of the supernatural and the weird, and today, of course, we recognize the resulting synthesis as the Lovecraftian attitude.

The writer hopes that this discussion will provoke plenty of thought, discussion and controversy; certainly everyone should think for himself on all of the aspects involved. Hence, no attempt will be made at too exhaustive an analysis of any one phase: many of the confirmed Lovecraftians who may have the patience to read this article will have decidedly different opinions, and that is all to the good. If these words can help only in suggesting some new lines of thought on the subject of Lovecraft's genius its purpose will have been nobly fulfilled.

Let us now consider how rational and scientific an aura surrounds much of the apparently wild and fantastic events in his works; and let us note precisely why his stories satisfy our intuitive love of the supernatural, yet do little violence, in their fictional medium, to our scientific background of knowledge.

In "Dagon" we have the most concise and perhaps the best expression of the whole Lovecraftian credo. The account is factual and circumstantial; the idea of a submarine upheaval in the ocean's floor is plausible. That such an eventuation might produce evidence of a lost race does not seem impossible. Our credulity is strained, of course, when we get intimations that the 'people' must have been a pre-human race of aquatic men who worshipped a fish-god, but by then the story's spell has captured us. Over it all hangs the awareness of the terrible and acknowledged antiquity of the earth and man's tenuous sinecure thereon. The final horror (if it is not really the narrator's own madness) is certainly little enough license to allow the writer of such a splendid tale.

The whole comment might with even greater certitude be made on that key-stone of the whole mythos: the longer, more definitive, and among the greatest of Lovecraft's stories, "The Call of Cthulhu". Here, a complete city is heaved up from the ocean's floor: unholy and eon-cursed R'lyeh wherein lie great Cthulhu and his minions, lord of the waters and his cohorts—perhaps only hibernating for the nonce. In this same story we learn the details from varied sources of the ancient and shocking cult of Cthulhu which has existed since earliest pre-human ages. Since we do know vaguely of mysterious cults that have lurked in the background of human history since earliest antiquity, the evidence as it is unfolded has a certain air of versimilitude. Cthulhu and his followers are material beings (of a very peculiar sort, it must be granted) and they do not seem to be all-powerful, else they would not remain dreaming in their slimy prison. The air of bland factuality and cosmic horror is nicely balanced; the tale cannot but impress the critical reader.

We hear more of Dagon in "The Shadow Over Innsmouth". Clearly, Dagon, one of Cthulhu's entourage, was worshipped by the degenerate aquatic-human hybrids who infested and ruled accursed Innsmouth.

The tremendous adventures of Randolph Carter as detailed in the splendid episodic novel—"The Silver Key," "Through the Gates of the Silver Key" and "The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath"—are fine conceptions of events in other dimensions of space and time which are surely not too basic an improbability as fiction in the light of our present-day speculations on relativity and serial time.

In a tale almost as detailed and circumstantial as the works of De-foe, "The Whisperer in Darkness," we have one of Lovecraft's supreme horror stories which yet has a certain amount of quasi-scientific background—enough for fictional purposes, it would seem.

It is in that superb creation, "The Shadow Out of Time," however, that Lovecraft really rose to the heights. Here we have the finest exposition of our planet's terrifying age; we have a rational discourse on relativity; the time displacement angle is handled in a masterly fashion; and above all we have almost the ultimate zenith in physical terror and psychical horror. This tale is far from being the most popular among readers, but after long consideration, this writer cannot but place it at the top: it appears to meet all possible requirements and tests.

Dulled in effect by its length, perhaps, but almost as great in its own way is the novel "At the Mountains of Madness." The acknowledged evidence of one-time tropical climate at the poles is used to bolster

a magnificent and frightening account of the discovery of the ruins of a pre-human civilization of unimaginable antiquity in the Antarctic. Behind hitherto-undiscovered mountains, incredibly high, lurks this vast hulk. Within its dead walls is sculptured the history of a mighty race and its decadence and final downfall. The fact that underground there are—capable of being revived by heat—remnants of the creatures that destroyed this elder race is not too scientifically implausible (as fiction) in the light of what we know today about quick-freezing, hibernation and the innate toughness of some lower species of animal life.

There is even a very thin scientific justification for the events in the series of horror episodes entitled "Herbert West: Reanimator," although the quality of this writing is definitely inferior to much of Lovecraft's best.

Aside from all that has just been written, however, it would appear that the basic reaction which occurs in the reader's mind is the final and most important point. When we think of Azathoth as ruling all space and time at the center of Ultimate Chaos, we do not experience the same feeling as did we when confronted by the vague, spiritual entities of older supernaturalism. We feel somehow that Azathoth is explicable in terms of modern astronomy and physics. He seems nearer to our rational scientific minds than the misty ghosts and purely spiritual forces of a past age. It is perhaps worth repeating that this is the leit-motif of Lovecraft's peculiar art, the core of his philosophy of the weird: that all these vast and mysterious aspects of the universe around us should be regarded in the light of the supernormal rather than the supernatural. It is perhaps even better exemplified by our feelings toward the physical monstrosities, the blasphemous abnormalities of structure, appendage, etc., as encountered in so many of the mythos tales. We feel that these strange and abhorrent creatures are not mere nightmare denizens of the Pit (as in the old supernaturalism) but rather conceivable products of a process of biological evolution that might have taken place in an utterly alien cosmos under conditions which an earth-dweller could scarcely comprehend.

Only a few suggestive examples have been given from the mass of Lovecraft's work; whole books could be easily written if and when a definitive critical analysis were attempted. Some of the most popular stories such as "Pickman's Model," "The Colour Out of Space," "The Dunwich Horror," "The Rats in the Walls," "The Music of Erich Zann," "The Temple," "The Thing on the Doorstep," and others have not been specifically referred to merely because it is felt that confirmed Lovecraftians, if they feel that the ideas and opinions herein expressed may provide a slight trace of a new and fresh viewpoint, may like the intellectual entertainment of re-analysing some of these tales for themselves. It would seem that enough has been cited to give those who are interested an opportunity to trace down evidences of confirmation or rebuttal should they feel so inclined.

The importance of Lovecraft's style has been a point of some discussion among its devotees. Of course, the similarity to Poe's was immediate and self evident: Lovecraft himself admitted that Poe and Dunsany had the greatest influence on his writings. We readily discern the same Poesque elements of morbidity, extravagant phraseology, melodramatics

and sombre atmosphere. However, while Poe was an infinitely greater writer in a strict literary sense, we can say that Lovecraft had imagination equally as fertile; in addition he had the benefit of three generations of scientific research and the philosophical speculation arising therefrom. These same generations saw an almost complete revolution in our conceptions of the universe; they opened up endless vistas for the human mind to explore, and they could not help giving Lovecraft material to draw upon of which Poe could never have dreamt.

Lovecraft's works can be characterized by saying that they are a blend of Poesque style, Dunsanian fantasy and contain a dash of Wellsian scientific realism—but this conveys nothing without a consideration of the catalyst: the genius of Lovecraft's total cosmic viewpoint. This causes all the elements to combine into that superb compound: the Lovecraftian story. This compound gives off the characteristic, peculiar aura that we all recognize: the creeping horror of the menace from Outside.

The Lovecraftian influence is most noticeable in the mood reflected in the reader's mind. That is why his stories can be re-read countless times and still appear fresh and interesting. Characterization is negligible; devices and mechanics of plot are far from unique; yet again and again we are drawn back by the description and the atmosphere. Obviously, those who reread him must enjoy the moods engendered: upon each new perusal the old mood is recreated, yet each time it is never quite the same. Sometimes one aspect seems high-lighted; sometimes it seems foreshortened and another facet is emphasized. The stories are thus a teeming source of countless, varied moods and never seem stale lifeless, or too familiar.

What of Lovecraft's influence on the future of the weird tale? We know that so far his works have had a very definite bearing on some of the writings of August Derleth, Donald Wandrei, Clark Ashton Smith, Robert E. Howard, Frank Belknap Long, Hazel Heald, Henry Kuttner, Robert Bloch, Zealia Bishop, and others. Certainly we can trace an apparent Lovecraftian influence in the two fine novels of William Sloane, To Walk the Night and The Edge of Running Water; both of which deal with menace from the Outside: the first of an alien intelligence possessing a human body, and the second, the tremendous, dark forces lurking beyond the barriers of our familiar dimensions.

Lovecraft's brilliant and revolutionary idea of integrating the most worthwhile elements of a decadent science-fiction with the best concepts of the supernatural and the weird would seem to be enough to guarantee an indelible impression being made on the minds of all future writers in the genre. In addition, however, he left the superb concept of the mythos to which several writers have already made additional contributions. When Lovecraft died, the mythos was admittedly incomplete: unquestionably, had he lived only a decade longer he would have widened and deepened its scope to tremendous extent. Certainly no future writer in this domain of literature can afford to be ignorant of the mythos with its pantheon of supernormal gods who are more acceptable to a generation with a modern scientific background than the older, Gothic, purely supernatural deities and powers of darkness and

light. Filling in the gaps and extending the sweep of the mythos should provide an inspiration for at least those select few who are capable of carrying it forward.

Finally, as if this were not enough, he left a considerable reservoir of basic plot-material for future writers in the associated lore of the mythos and in the dark portents hinted at in "The Ancient Track" and "Fungi from Yuggoth," which should be limited in development only by the imagination and the ingenuity of a generation yet to come.

Think of the stories that yet remain to be written about witch-cursed Arkham, and degenerate Innsmouth! And since R'lyeh presumably will not rise again from the ocean floor until eons have passed and the stars are right once more, what is to prevent us from making a submarine expedition to its cyclopean, slimy-green ramparts in the Pacific deep? Inspiration for mythos tales lies all around us: even the writer of this article has a fairly complete mental synopsis of a gripping story based on an unusual local character and his mysterious habitation which derives directly from influence of the Lovecraftian viewpoint.

In conclusion, this same writer awaits with the keenest of anticipation the momentous day when some hardy Latin scholar decides to take up the fabled Olaus Wormius edition of the forbidden book, and brings forth to the startled world a translation of the Necronomicon — unabridged and unexpurgated—into English blank verse!



LIN CARTER

HPL: THE HISTORY

Forming a framework for most of the weird fiction of H. P. Lovecraft, and a pattern for his legendary Necronomicon, is a colossal and complex history of the Earth, past, present and future. A history that must equal, if not indeed surpass in scope the monumental Stapledon epic of the Eighteen Races of Man, Last and First Men.

Lovecraft tells of our Earth falling into this cosmos countless billions of years ago from some extra-spacial plane and the control of a nameless malignant race who have constantly striven to return it to its former region.

The first recorded inhabitants of the Earth were a race of semi-poly-pous Elder Beings, who ruled our world and a couple other planets of the system, some six hundred million years ago. Coming from a universe at a tremendous distance from ours, they were completely different from all terrene organisms, and had a sense of "perception" rather than sight. This alien mode of "vision" served them in light or darkness and they could "see" through solid matter. Eventually, the Elder Beings were attacked by a race of cone-shaped entities, who, using weapons of electrical energy, defeated them and drove them underground. All too little is known about the Elder Beings.

The cone-entities, who for some reason Lovecraft left nameless, were in turn invaded and dominated by a horde of mental beings, the Great Race, one billion years before the advent of Man on this planet. In the form of indestructible mental creatures, these came from Yith, a dead lightless world far beyond Yuggoth (HPL's name for Pluto), and took over the bodies of the conquered cone-race. This cosmic exodus of an entire civilization across the gulf of interstellar space is a fascinating concept, one of many Lovecraft left undeveloped.

From the basis laid by the cone-race, the Great Race constructed a complex, highly developed civilization, with enormous cities on every continent. They raised great buildings thousands of feet in the air and used ships and aircraft propelled by some means of electrical repulsion. Perhaps the greatest achievement of this culture was the "Central Archives," a colossal library where the entire history of Earth from the dim past to the equally dim future is recorded in books of indestructible metal. The City of the Archives, one of the few cities of the Great Race still in existence, is buried under the deserts of Australia, perfectly preserved. Lovecraft mentions the site of the buried city as approximately 22 degrees, 3 minutes, 14 seconds south latitude, and 125 degrees 0 minutes, 39 seconds east longitude. A glance at the map shows this to be about 100 miles south of Joanna Springs.

Fifty million years ago the Great Race left Earth to make another tremendous mass migration through space and time. Their researches in time

indicated the return of the Elder Beings, now grown to vast strength in their underworld caverns where they had been driven by the cone-entities hundreds of millions of years before. It seems the Great Race had decayed somewhat during their long reign and feared battle; so, forsaking their former bodies, again in mental form, they fled through time to about the two-hundredth century, A. D., and at that date will take over the race of post-human beetle creatures that are to rule Earth in the far future.

About 150 million years ago, around the peak of the Great Race's civilization, a savage winged race of black-snouted beings evolved. They dominated the world after the Great Race fled it, but since they were only semi-civilized, there is very little to tell of them. It becomes apparent that they died out in a series of wars with the dimly mentioned furry and reptilian races that ruled Earth immediately previous to Man. About all known about these nameless peoples is that they ruled from Hyperboria, a continent in the far north, and worshipped the god Tsathoggua. The fourth interstellar invasion of Earth came about at this time: a race of near-forgotten entities from Kythamil, the no longer existent double planet system of Arcturus. What became of them is not told.

During this period of time, from about 50,000 to about 9000 B. C., various semi-human and human races held Earth. One of the earliest was the civilization of bulbous headed brown men that ruled Africa from the stone city of Zimbabwe. About 15000 B. C., the Land of Cimmeria was dominant, and one called Lomar was becoming powerful. Lomar, it seems, was a polar land, ruled from the marble city of Olathoe on the Plateau of Sarkia. People of this land were tall and grey-eyed, the descendants of an earlier race who were driven from their original home, Zobna, by a glaciation. The vastly important Pnakotic Manuscript was possessed by Lomarian philosophers during this period. The Manuscript is the only known surviving link with the Great Race. Both Cimmeria and Lomar were later overwhelmed by the short, dark human tribe then called Inutos, today Esquimeaux. There were numerous other civilizations that rose and fell during this age, the lands of Commorium and Uzuldaroum, Ib and Sarnath among them. The city of Ib was founded well before 9000 B. C., and centuries after, Sarnath was built nearby. Eventually a war between them gave Sarnath a victory over the Ibians. The empire of Sarnath itself lasted only a thousand years and was destroyed through the vengeance of the god of Ib. From this period**on various races inhabited our world: in turn the serpent men of Valusia, the Sea-Kings of Mu and Atlantis, and the known civilizations of Egypt, Phoenicia, Babylon, Rome, and so on through actual history into the present.

The collapse of modern civilization is to occur prior to 2150 A. D. In a series of global wars, the Mongol Empire will overrun the Earth.

** Space considerations force the author to skip sections of the histories of several minor cultures existing around this time, among them Thraa, Teloth, Narthos, Mnar, Oonai, and Jaren of the Onyx Walls.

In 2169 A. D. all of Earth is under their domination except Australia, which preserves its independence for some four centuries after this. Little is known about this dark empire, or indeed any of the civilizations beyond this, as Lovecraft seldom wrote stories of the future, preferring, rather, merely to mention brief facts about future happenings.

From 4930 to about 5000, the cruel and all-powerful empire of Tsan Chan is dominant, obviously an off-shoot of the Mongol Empire. After this, the Tsan Chan Empire meets an obscure end, probably dissolving from internal strife and civil war. Numerous small tribes and city-states come into being, but of them nothing is known. There is still human life by 16,000 A. D., although by that time all scientific knowledge has been lost, and men are tumbling into savagery. There is no record of human life after that date. It may be assumed that Man simply died out, or was overwhelmed by some stellar race that declined and disappeared soon after. (It is interesting to note the minor role our human civilizations play in this History. We become merely one of numerous races to dominate the planet, and our greatest works and most important achievements become small in the truer perspective of Earth's tremendous history.)

Some twenty thousand years in the future, a post-human beetle race inherits Earth, and is shortly invaded by the mind-migrations of the Great Race from fifty million years in the past. There is no mention I can find of the length of their rule, but with Earth's beginning to cool in the remote future the Great Race again abandons this world in another cosmic exodus... this time to the planet Mercury, closer to the aging sun. They overwhelm the bulbous vegetable race ruling the planet, and are lost to our knowledge. (What a wonderful story would be built around the cosmic history of this Great Race! A series of novels would be necessary to cover it. And yet, consider: they are but a small part of the background of Lovecraft's tales.) Sometime after the flight of the Great Race, an Arachnid people evolve, the last known creatures of Earth.

Another interesting factor in Lovecraft's cosmic panorama of civilizations is the fact of Man's never building an interplanetary empire, so at variance to most other author's "futures." However, life evolves on other worlds: there are numerous references to the race of insect philosophers living now on the planet Jupiter's fourth satellite, and the weird isolated civilizations of Yuggoth (Pluto) and Yith and Kynarth (two trans-Plutonian planets). Yuggoth is inhabited by an intelligent crustacean race that worships Yog-Sothoth, and serves as the outpost of an interstellar race whose birthplace is incredibly distant, beyond our space-time continuum. There are also occasional references to other planets beyond Yuggoth and Yith, not belonging to our system: Yaddith, Stronti, Kath, etc. Lovecraft also wrote of "cyclopean ruins" on Mars and white fungi on Neptune.

The last Solar System inhabitants are an undefined race on Venus incalculable ages in the future, apparently after the fall of the spider people on the cooling Earth.

GEORGE T. WETZEL

T H E R E S E A R C H O F A B I B L I O

The exorbitant price asked for what few copies of the Lovecraft books THE OUTSIDER and BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP were available, plus the fact that not all his stories were procurable in moderately priced copies of Weird Tales Magazine, had long caused me to be on the look-out for other appearances of his work. When I heard that certain Lovecraft items were to be found in some amateur press papers I was exceptionally interested.

This encouraging information was obtained from a terse little article entitled "Pseudonyms of H. P. Lovecraft", by R. E. Barlow, in No. 2 of the fanzine Acolyte. Barlow stated that HPL's own collection of amateur press papers were deposited in the library at the Franklin Institute, and that the industrious could track down Lovecraft items there by using the partial list (of seven definite, and one in question) aliases HPL had signed to numberless prose and poetic works. This article by Barlow was in the Summer 1943 issue of Acolyte, I believe; however, I was not made aware of it until, in December 1945, shortly after my release from the Air Corps, I was given this particular copy by an acquaintance.

Not only to see and read HPL items unobtainable in the few available "pocket editions", but also for the prestige of compiling a bibliography of his amateur works is what made me decide to go to the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia and research these items. While planning, I attempted to ascertain if anyone else had already undertaken this same project after the reading of the Barlow article in 1943. Though I could not establish whether the material had been researched, I decided to gamble, and in the early summer of 1946 I went to Philadelphia for two days and began the work that has culminated in this present near-complete listing of all of HPL's literary outpourings.

While in Philadelphia I showed some of my initial compilation to Oswald Train who immediately decided he would collaborate with me on the project; since that time he has apparently done nothing, since he has never written me. The Lovecraft story "Life and Death" was found by me at this time, but the amateur paper and date were on one page of my biblio which vanished while I was visiting at Train's home. I attempted to re-locate this item on a later trip, but I feel I've not back-tracked enough. Suffice it to say that it exists in those files and may one day be uncovered by some one more blessed with funds for research expenses than myself.

For several years after that first trip, I tried unsuccessfully to get various fan-magazine editors to publish my bibliography in its partial form. Two persons received the biblio but ignored correspondence upon it; others who did say they would publish it procrastinated its use and it was used by none of them. Finally, in Fall 1951, it was printed in the fanzine Destiny, five years after it was compiled.

Encouraged somewhat by this, I returned to Philadelphia several

times and compiled additional items of HPL, in number three to four times as many as appeared in the Destiny bibliography. I was approached by a fan-magazine editor, Dave Hammond, who solicited the use of this new compilation, and I unsuspectingly furnished it. He used it for his own personal use to look up and copy HPL items at the Franklin Institute Library, but froze up when correspondence on it was sent him. Since 1952, when the bibliography was given to him, he has neither printed it or returned it. A few more fan-magazine editors who received the biblio followed his unprincipled example, leaving this new work to gather dust until now. A chronological listing, not nearly so complete as the one contained herein, was printed in part by a fan-magazine a short time ago. All in all, however, dealing with the editors of fanmagazines regarding this bibliography has been a series of exasperating and disposition-ruining experiences.

When an advertisement for the "Lovecraft Collector's Library" appeared in an English fan-magazine, it brought a letter from a gentleman in Australia who made reference to my Destiny bibliography, and mention his own Lovecraft biblio he was running in his amateur journal (not a fan-magazine) since 1948. I was jubilant as I had been trying to locate this very gentleman. According to the Amateur Journals consulted at the Franklin Institute he had a collection of some 15,000 such publication; the Institute had many lacunae which might contain HPL articles. If I could find someone—like Leon Stone of Australia—who had such a collection, I might get listings and transcripts of Lovecraft items not available through the Franklin Institute. I contacted Stone at once. He replied within a month of my own letter, and forwarded by ship-mail copies 5, April 1948, to 9, December 1952 (the latest) of his amateur journal Koolinda, containing his own bibliography. While my own research of 1946 and 1951-3 had already furnished me with the majority of his listings, still the work provided certain items new and unknown to me, the which have been embodied in the present compilation with his permission.

The generous cooperation of this gentleman in subsequently exchanged letters needs to be recorded as it is rare to find one so accomodating and free of tempermental arguments. In a proper sense he can be regarded as a collaborator. Much of the various dull cross-checking of Amateur Journals which he performed for me will not be mentioned, but some of his labors which reveal the sincere, ardent hobbyist, should be noted. Much of the running down of blind trails of research was executed by him; he listed for me by number and date all the copies he possessed of Tryout, National Amateur, United Amateur, &c; He checked off for me all HPL items findable therein (whether or not they were already in a bibliography I had furnished him) and thus turned up nearly two dozen new items. At present he is compiling for me a complete listing of the contents of Lovecraft's own Conservative. All this he has done despite a recent death in his family which curtailed the time he could normally devote to such matters.

There is another Lovecraft enthusiast who, although his contributions to my bibliography were not so import as those of Leon Stone, deserves mention nonetheless as his help has been significant and he even managed to turn up a couple of items hitherto unknown to anyone. He

stitute. With this meagre fact, supported by internal evidence in two poems so signed (the case is to be found, presented in full, in Volume three of this series) I concluded that Archibald Maynwaring was the "lost alias" of HPL. The list of the aliases are given:

Humphrey Littlewit	Ward Phillips
Richard Raleigh	Edward Softly
John J. Jones	Augustus T. Swift
Albert Frederick Willie	Lewis Theobald
Henry Paget-Lowe	Lawrence Appleton
Ames Dorance Rersley (Rowley)	Archibald (Maynwaring)

Lovecraft's serialized article MYSTERIES OF THE HEAVENS was first mentioned in the May 1949, #2 issue of Ray Zorn's The Lovecraft Collector, no copy of which reached me before 1953. The data therein mentioned very briefly that the item appeared in The Ashville Gazette-News beginning February 16, 1915. From what I could determine, no one had bothered to look up the series. So I went to the Library of Congress and consulted their file of this newspaper. I found and listed the installments of the article, of which I located thirteen. The final segment bore no part number and may be the missing #14. It is to be further noted that this final, unnumbered portion was marked "to be continued". Though I searched up to August 7, 1915, I found no more articles in this apparently unfinished series.

The idea of an HPL biblio, both of his professional and amateur appearances, herein the respective compilations of myself and Robert E. Briney, began originally between Al Leverentz and I. Leverentz, who printed Volume One of this series, was called up unexpectedly for induction, and Bob Briney took over on the "professional" side of the bibliography.

There remains to be said something of the interesting little side-lights of various items in my bibliography, and some general remarks on research.

Lovecraft's artistic ability shows in the few existant drawings he made. The majority of these known to me are found in his letters. The separate sketches of Cthulhu and Pickman's Model, which he did in mid-1934, are reproduced in the Acolyte, Summer 1943, as taken from a pair of letters. The sketch of the Blasted Hoath was never reproduced, although it is to be seen in an HPL letter owned by Baldwin. Similarly unknown to present-day Lovecraft enthusiasts is the "Ward Phillips" illustration for a story by Frank Belknap Long in a 1921 issue of the United Amateur. Embellishing some of his famous travel letters are to be seen drawings of peculiar architectural features that often seemed to strike his fancy.

One reason that the stories of Zealia Reed Bishop, Hazel Heald, William Lumley, and others are accepted almost as Lovecraft stories is because his revision of them often substituted more words of his own than

is Jack Grill, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who has travelled up New England and visited anyone having any remote connection with Lovecraft. Grill is a Lovecraft collector par excellence. He has copies of almost everything HPL had published professionally, and some of the Amateur Journal material. Associational items, HPL letters, HPL photos and other miscellaneous items comprise his collection. Grill loaned me several Amateur Journals for purposes of my transcription (a loaning which speaks well for the generosity of the man as collectors are often indisposed to mail off valuable items). The Lovecraft item, "Who Ate Roger Williams", was a manuscript that Grill bought from Wilfred Talman, and he very kindly furnished me with a copy.

Grill was able to obtain from a certain few people connected with Lovecraft items which I had tried years before, unsuccessfully, to secure. He also has copies of two unpublished stories of Hazel Heald written in the Lovecraft idiom. Many of the experiences Grill has had in the course of gathering his collection would make interesting reading, as would—even more so—a description and commentary of each item that is in the collection. It is to be hoped he will someday catalogue it.

A librarian at Princeton University made a listing of all HPL items in Fantasy Fan, of which they have a complete file. As most of the copies of this magazine were found at the Franklin Institute, this compilation served to merely fill in some lacunae. The items from Driftwind I compiled from a near complete file in the Rare Book Department of the Library of Congress. A few of the Amateur Journals cited in this bibliography are in the New York Public Library. The Lany —Evans bibliography, printed in 1943, did not come to my attention until 1952 and by that time few items remained in it that were new to me. August Derleth, while going through letters for the forthcoming Arkham House book of Lovecraft's SELECTED LETTERS, found a letter-bibliography HPL had sent to Rheinhart Kleiner on April 4, 1918, listing verse. Once again the majority of the included items had been previously discovered by myself.

Efforts to contact many of the old amateur journalists familiar with Lovecraft in a biographic sense have been almost total failures. Likewise, contacting members of the same group regarding old Amateur Journals (either in regard to purchase or information) has similarly been notoriously unsuccessful. I combed old Amateur Journals for all members with addresses; then, going to the Pratt Library, consult the city directories of the various cities, and get off my letters of inquiry. Very few letters ever came back marked "unknown". I scored an unusually high percentage of hits with my letters being obviously accepted. But, out of several hundred, I received only five replies!

The list of pseudonyms used by Lovecraft in his amateur work was drawn largely from the lists compiled by Barlow and by August Derleth. The Ames Dorance Rersley (or Rowley) alias is taken from HPL's letter-bibliography of 1918. The said letter gives the last name 'Rersley', whereas it appears under the varied spelling in the amateur magazine where the poem to which it is signed was printed. The "lost" alias is the one Barlow gave as "Archibald xxx, surname forgotten by HPL". I spotted only one by-line using the name Archibald (with a surname of Maynwaring) in all the Amateur Journals I checked at the Franklin In-

ultimately remained of the original author. This has been proved to be more than a mere suspicion based on stylistic similarities; the majority of Lovecraft "revisions" are actually collaborations. Lovecraft's own amateur journal, the Conservative, demonstrates this most inarguably.

The proof comes from HPL himself when, in his "Department of Public Criticism", in the United Amateur, July 1917, he states: "We wish to emphasize to those readers who are familiar with the Conservative's editorial policy, that the lines appear practically without revision; every bold conception and stroke of genius being Mr. Cole's own". Even that far back, Lovecraft was already adding his own touch to the works of others. In view of this, every item which HPL accepted for his Conservative should be scrutinized as a possible "collaboration". I have personally uncovered some suspicious items. The poem, "The Unknown", by Elizabeth Berkely (Conservative; October 1916) has the impress of HPL's idiom. It is a weird poem with the typical terminal climax associated with Lovecraft's method, and certainly merits reprinting. It was with this same lady that Lovecraft collaborated publicly on the two stories, "The Crawling Chaos" and "The Green Meadow".

There are two poems by Winifred Virginia Jordan (Conservative; October 1916), "The Pool" and "Insomnia", which might be suspect of being revised and hence "collaborations" of HPL's. The terminal climax in the first named is again the characteristic touch of Lovecraft. "Insomnia" has vague Poesque qualities which again suggest HPL, as he was imitating Poe when he started his own serious work at this period.

"Poetry and the Gods" was not listed by Lovecraft in his 1935 story list which Laney and Evans used in their bibliography, so it would seem Lovecraft himself had forgotten it. I was very fortunate in stumbling across it myself. There may well be one or more other stories Lovecraft failed to include in his 1935 listing, and this should serve as a worthy project for some future HPL scholar,....along with a questing after the story "Life and Death". A plot note on this latter is to be found in the Commonplace Book. How much of "Poetry and the Gods" was written by HPL will never be known, but a rough guess might be attempted by a comparison of other prose work of Anna Helen Crofts with the story in question. There is another story by Crofts, "Le Silent", in Tryout for February 1918 which might be studied in the same manner.

Among the inclusions in the Lovecraft Omnibus Beyond the Wall of Sleep is HPL's "Commonplace Book", which saw an earlier printing by Futile Press in 1938. A collation of the two editions reveal they vary considerably in certain portions. Each have some textual material in identical wording; however, in each there appears material not to be found in the other. When questioned on the matter, Mr. August Derleth, publisher of the omnibus edition, remarked in two separate letters:

"To the best of my knowledge there were two separate "Commonplace Book" manuscripts. The Futile Press book appears to have been a selection from both. I do believe we have all the Lovecraft manuscript of this work in our Beyond the Wall of Sleep. We followed HPL's form and they did not. I do not know why the Futile Press people did as they did;

we always sought to follow Lovecraft's manuscripts without alteration....."

Later, he seemed to feel other reasons might be behind the differences:

"Differences between the published texts of HPL's 'Commonplace book' may be due to various factors—1) an incomplete text sent to us by Barlow; 2) the interpolation of some of Barlow's own notes into the....text.....3) secretarial errors in copying."

Regardless of the reason, the fact such strong differences exist should make HPL collectors desirous of obtaining both.

Jack Grill discovered an alias of HPL's which it is unlikely was ever used when he authored pieces in the amateur press. The alias was "Grandpa Van Kasje" signed on a post-card to Wilfred Talman, and dated October 18, 1936. This was HPL's favorite signature to Talman, after he learned he was descended from the Casey's of Rhode Island. Kasje, the Dutch transliteration of Casey, was done for Talman's benefit and amusement.

There is an 18-page travel letter by Lovecraft, dealing with Washington, D.C. and elsewhere, that has never been published, and which is a part of Grill's collection. Additional HPL items not included in my biblio doubtless exist in this un-catalogued collection.

A number of HPL's stories that appeared in Weird Tales saw initial print in the amateur journals. I had little time to attempt collation of these printings. However, I did note that the 1938 printing of "Beyond the Wall of Sleep", in Weird Tales, carried the inserted phrase, "...Freud to the contrary with his puerile symbolism", which did not appear in the 1919 Pine Cones version. This naturally raises the question as to how greatly did HPL revise his stories when preparing them for professional publication. This, again, is a project for some future researcher.

The old amateur journals are a rich source of data about HPL which I have hardly tapped myself. Facets of Lovecraft not presented in any of the formal biographies or memoirs are to be discovered by a perusal of these magazines. His sense of humour will become apparent in the many comical rhymes he has done. His temperance views manifest themselves in no uncertain terms, as does his exasperation with simplified spellers, whom he lectures in erudite prose.

A further publication of more of his relatively unknown work in the amateur press is therefore indicated.

AMATEUR PRESS ESSAYS

Allowable Rhyme, The	"Conservative"	October	1915
Amateur Standards	"Conservative"	January	1917
Americanism	"United Amateur"	July	1919
At the Root	"United Amateur"	July	1918
Autobiography of H P Lovecraft			
Memorial Number, "Boys Herald"		October	1941
Battle that Ended the Century, The	"Acolyte"	Fall	1944
Bolshevism	"Conservative"	July	1919
Brief Autobiography of an Inconsequential Scribbler, The	"Silver Clarion"	April	1919
Brumalia (w/poem)	"Tryout"	December	1916
By Post from Providence (Letter)	"Californian"	Summer	1937
Case for Classicism, The	"United Co-operative"	June	1919
Cats and Dogs	"Leaves I"		1937
Cigarette Characterization	"Fantasy Magazine"	June	1934
Columns:-			
See: 'Department of Public Criticism'			
'Further Criticism of Poetry'			
Comment	"Silver Clarion"	June	1918
Concerning 'Persia--In Europe'	"Tryout"	January	1917
Confession of Unfaith, A	"Liberal"	February	1922
Conservative and His Critics, The	"Conservative"	October	1915
Convention, The			
(as by "Theobald")	"Tryout"	July	1930
Crime of the Century, The	"The Trail"	January	1916
Department of Public Criticism	"United Amateur"	April	1916
(Column reviewing Amateur Journals)	Ibid.	June	1916
	Ibid.	August	1916
	Ibid.	March	1917
	Ibid.	May	1917
	Ibid.	July	1917
Descent to Avernus, A	"Bacon's Essays"	Summer	1927
Despised Pastoral, The	"Conservative"	July	1918
Dignity of Journalism, The	"Dowdell's Beat-Cat"	July	1915
Editorial	"Conservative"	October	1915
Editorial	"Providence Amateur"	February	1916
(Editorial)	"Conservative"	July	1923
Editorial Comment	"United Amateur"	November	1920
Editor's Note (to MacManus' <u>Irish and the Fairies</u>)	"Providence Amateur"	February	1916
Favorite Weird Stories of HPL	"Fantasy Fan"	October	1934
For President--Leo Fritter	"Conservative"	April	1915
For What Does the United Stand?	"United Amateur"	May	1920
408 Groveland Street	"Tryout"	July	1921
Do. (Reprint)	"Boy's Herald"	January	1943

Further Criticism of Poetry (Column)	"National Amateur"	--	--
Do. (Reprint)	as Brochure (Printed by H C Koenig)		
Do. (Reprint of Part I)	"National Amateur"	December	1944
Guide to Charleston, S. C.	Brochure (Printed by H. C. Koenig)		
Haverhill Convention, The	"Tryout"	July	1918
Helen Cole— Litteataur (Biog)	"United Amateur"	May	1919
Heritage or Modernism	"Californian"	Summer	1935
History of the Necronomicon, A	Brochure; Rebel Press, Alabama		1936
Homes and Shrines of Poe	"Californian"	Winter	1935
Do. (Reprint)	"Acolyte"	Fall	1943
Ibid	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	January	1938
Idealism and Materialism: A Reflection			
	"National Amateur"	July	1919
In a Major Key	"Conservative"	July	1915
In Defense of Dagon	"Leaves"	# II	1938
In Memoriam: Robert E. Howard	"Phantagraph"	August	1936
Do. (Reprint)	"Fantasy Magazine"	September	1936
In the Editor's Study	"Conservative"	April	1915
Do.	"Conservative"	July	1915
Japanese Hokku	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	--	--
League, The	"Conservative"	July	1919
(Letter)	"Buckeye"	June	1923
(Letter)	"Imagination"	January	1938
(Letter Excerpts)	"Acolyte"	Fall	1942
(Letter Excerpts from 'Argosy')	"Golden Atom"	December	1940
(Letter Fragment)	"Olympian" (pp 35-6)	Autumn	1940
(Letter Fragment)	"Amateur Affairs"	October	1935
(Letters to G. Macauley)	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	Spring	1938
Life for Humanity's Sake	"American Amateur"	September	1920
Liquor and its Friends	"Conservative"	October	1915
Literary Composition	"United Amateur"	January	1920
Literature of Rome, The	"United Amateur"	November	1918
Looking Backwards (Serial)	"Tryout"	February-June	1920
Lord Dunsany and His Work	--	--	--
Lovecraft as an Illustrator	"Acolyte"	Summer	1943
Lovecraft on Poetry Writing	"Boy's Herald" (Mem. No.)	Oct.	1941
Map of Arkham (Drawing)	"Acolyte"	#I	
Materialist Today, The	"Driftwind"	October	1926
Do. (Reprint)	Brochure		1926
Merlinus Revivus	"Conservative"	July	1918
Metrical Regularity	"Conservative"	July	1915
Miniter, Mrs.—Estimates and Recollections (Biographical)	"Californian"	Spring	1938
	"Conservative"	April	1919
Morris Faction, The			
Mysteries of the Heavens (Serial)			
The Sky and its Contents	"Asherville Gazette-News"	Feb. 16,	1915
The Solar System	Ibid.	Feb. 20	1915
The Sun	Ibid.	Feb. 23	1915

Mysteries of the Heavens (Continued)

The Inferior Planets	"Asherville Gazette-News"	Feb. 27	1915
Eclipses	Ibid.	Mar. 2	1915
The Earth and its Moon	Ibid.	Mar. 6	1915
Mars and the Asteroids	Ibid.	Mar. 9	1915
Comets and Meteors	Ibid.	Mar. 13	1915
The Outer Planets	Ibid.	Mar. 16	1915
The Stars	Ibid.	Mar. 20	1915
The Stars (Continued)	Ibid.	Mar. 23	1915
The Rings of Saturn	Ibid.	Mar. 27	1915
Comets and Meteors (cont'd)	Ibid.	Mar. 30	1915
Clusters and Nebulae	Ibid.	Apr. 3	1915
The Constellations	Ibid.	Apr. 27	1915
The Summer Stars	Ibid.	May 1	1915
Telescopes and Observations	Ibid.	May 11	1915
Magnifying Power	Ibid.	May 17	1915
Nietscheism and Realism	"Rainbow"	October	1921
Notes for the Round Tower	"Golden Atom"	Winter	1943
Notes on Writing Weird Fiction	"Amateur Correspondent"	May-June	1937
Do. (Reprint)	"Supermundane Stories"	Spring	1938
Observations on Several Parts of North America		--	--
Old England and the "Hyphen"	"Conservative"	October	1916
Omnipotent Philistine, The	"Oracle"	May	1924
Poetry and the Artistic Ideal	"Acolyte"	Spring	1943
Poetry of John Ravenor Bullen	"The United Amateur"	September	1925
President's Message	"United Amateur"	November	1917
President's Report, The	"National Amateur"	July	1923
Professional Incubus, The	"National Amateur"	March	1924
Proposed Author's Union, The	"Conservative"	October	1916
Question of the Day, The	"Conservative"	April	1915
Remarkable Document, A	"Conservative"	July	1917
Renaissance of Manhood, The	"Conservative"	October	1915
Reply to the Lingerer, A	"Tryout"	June	1917
(Review)	"Californian"	Winter	1936
(Review: Smith's "Ebony and Crystal")	"L'alouette"	January	1924
Robert Ervin Howard: A Memorial	"Fantasy Magazine"	September	1936
Rudis Indgestaque Moles	"Conservative"	March	1923
Simple Spelling Mania, The	"United Co-Operative"	December	1918
Singer of Etherial Moods and Fancies, A (w/poem)	"Memorial"	September	1921
Some Backgrounds of Fairyland	--	--	--
Some Causes of Self-Immolation	--	--	--
Some Notes on a Nonentity	--	--	--
Some Notes on Interplanetary Fiction	"Recluse"	--	1927
Do. (Reprint)	"Californian"	Winter	1935
Supernatural Horror in Literature (Serialized in 17 parts)	"Fantasy Fan"	Oct-Feb	1933/5
Symphony and Stress	"Conservative"	October	1915
Systematic Instruction in the United	"Ole Miss"	December	1915

Teuton's Battle Song, The (w/poem)	"United Amateur"	February	1916
Time and Space	"Conservative"	July	1918
Trip of Theobald (as by "Theobald")	"Tryout"	September	1927
Truth about Mars, The	"Phoenician"	Autumn	1917
Vermont	"Driftwind"	March	1928
Vers Libre Epidemic, The	"Conservative"	January	1917
Weird Work of W H Hodgson, The	"Phantagraph"	February	1937
Winifred Jackson (Biography)	"United Amateur"	March	1921
Youth of Today, The	"Conservative"	October	1915

AMATEUR PRESS STORIES

Alchemist, The	"United Amateur"	November	1916
Azathoth (Story fragment)	"Leaves"	No. II	1938
Beast in the Cave, The	"Vagrant"	June	1918
Beyond the Wall of Sleep	"Pine Cones"	October	1919
Do. (Reprint)	"Fantasy Fan"	October	1934
Book, The (Story fragment)	"Leaves"	No. II	1938
Cats of Ulthar, The	"Tryout"	November	1920
Do. (Reprint)	Brochure: Dragonfly Press		1934/5
Celephais	"Rainbow"	May	1922
Do. (Reprint)	"Marvel Tales"	May	1934
Challenge from Beyond, The	"Fantasy Magazine"	September	1935
(In Collaboration with Moore, Merritt, Howard & Long)			
Do. (Reprint)	Brochure: Cheddar Press		1954
Crawling Chaos, The	"United Amateur"		1920
(In collaboration with Winifred V Jackson, under the respective pseudonyms: 'Lewis Theobald, Jr.' and 'Elizabeth Neville Berkeley')			
Do. (Reprint)	"Tesseract"	April-May	1937
Do. (Reprint)	"Tesseract Annual"		1939
Dagon	"Vagrant"	November	1919
Descendant, The (Story fragment)	"Leaves"	No. II	1938
Doom that Came to Sarnath, The	"Scot"	June	1920
Do. (Reprint)	"Marvel Tales"	March-April	1935
Ex Oblivione (Prose-poem)			
(as by 'Ward Phillips')	"United Amateur"	March	1921
Do. (Reprint)	"Phantagraph"	July	1937
From Beyond	"Fantasy Fan"	June	1934
Green Meadow, The	"Vagrant"	Spring	1927
(In collaboration with Winifred V Jackson, under the respective pseudonyms: 'Lewis Theobald, Jr.' and 'Elizabeth Neville Berkeley')			
Hypnos	"National Amateur"	May	1923
In the Vault	"Tryout"	November	1925
Life and Death (perhaps prose poem)	(written ca. 1920)	place pub.	unknown
Memory (prose-poem)			
(as by 'Lewis Theobald, Jr.')	"United Co-operative"	June	1919

Music of Erich Zann, The	"National Amateur"	March	1922
Nameless City, The	"Transatlantic Circular"	--	--
Do. (Reprint)	"Fanciful Tales"	Fall	1936
Nyarlahotep (Prose-poem)	"United Amateur"	November	1920
Do. (Reprint)	"National Amateur"	July	1926
Do. (Reprint)	"Supermundane Stories"	Spring	1938
Other Gods, The	"Fantasy Fan"	November	1933
Picture in the House, The	"National Amateur"	July	1919
Poetry and the Gods	"United Amateur"	September	1920
(as by 'Henry Paget-Lowe,' in collaboration w/ Anna Helen Crofts)			
Polaris	"Philosopher"	December	1920
Do. (Reprint)	"Fantasy Fan"	February	1934
Quest of Iranon, The	"Galleon"	July-Aug.	1935
Statement of Randolph Carter, The	"Vagrant"	May	1920
Street, The	"Wolverine"	December	1920
Do. (Reprint)	"National Amateur"	January	1922
Terrible Old Man, The	"Tryout"	July	1921
Thing in the Moonlight, The	"Bizarre"		
	(Scienti-Snaps)	January	1941
Tomb, The	"Vagrant"	March	1922
Tree, The	"Tryout"	October	1921
Unnameable, The	"Vagrant"	---	--
Very Old Folk, The	"Scienti-Snaps"	Summer	1940
What the Moon Brings	"National Amateur"	May	1923
Do. (Reprint)	"Cosmic Tales"	May-June	1941
White Ship, The	"United Amateur"	November	1919

AMATEUR PRESS POETRY

Absent Leader, The	1927, In booklet "In Memory of Hazel Adams"		
Ad Brittanos, 1918	"Tryout"	April	1918
Ad Criticos	"Golden Atom"	December	1940
Ad Scribam (poem?)	"Tryout"	February	1920
Alethia Phrikodoes	"Vagrant"	July	1918
Ambition	"United Co-operative"	December	1918
American to the British Flag, An	"Little Budget"	December	1917
American to Mother England, An	"Dowdell's Bear-Cat"	November	1916
Amissa Minerva	"Toledo Amateur"	May	1919
April	"Tryout"	March	1918
Astrophobos	"United Amateur"	January	1918
Do. (Reprint)	"Phantasmagoria"	March	1937
Do. (Reprint)	"Golden Atom"	March	1940
August	"Tryout"	August	1918
Do. (Reprint)	"Californian"	Summer	1937
Autumn	"Tryout"	November	1917
Ave Atque Vale	"Tryout"	December	1927

Beauties of Peace, The	"Providence News"	June 27	1916
Bells (as by 'Ward Phillips')	"Tryout"	December	1919
Book, The	"Fantasy Fan"	October	1934
Do. (Reprint)	"Driftwind"	April	1937
Bookstall, The	"United Official Quarterly"	January	1916
Bride of the Sea, The	"Providence Amateur"	February	1916
(as by Lewis Theobald)			
Do. (Reprint)	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	December	1937
(With 'Epilogue': "As the rash fool, a prey of Unda's art....")			
Do. (Reprint)	"Phantagraph"	August	1941
Britannia Victura	"Inspiration"	April	1917
Do. (Reprint)	"Little Budget"	May	1917
Brotherhood (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	December	1916
Brumalia (w/article)	"Tryout"	December	1916
Canal, The	"Driftwind"	March	1932
Chloris and Damon	"Tryout"	June	1923
(as by Edward Softly)			
Christmas (as by Edward Softly)	"Tryout"	November	1920
Christmas Greeting to Mrs. Phillips	Gamwell	--	--
Cindy: Scrub Lady in a State Street	Skyscraper		
City, The (as by Ward Phillips)	"Tryout"	June	1920
Clouds (appeared originally in "A Cycle of Verse," q. v.)	"Vagrant"	October	1919
Do. (Reprint)	"Stars"	June	1940
Do. (Reprint)	"Spaceways"	February	1939
Do. (Reprint)	"Fantasy Commentator"	v. 2, p. 190	1949
Comment	"Tryout"	July	1920
Content	"United Amateur"	June	1915
Continuity	"Causerie"	February	1936
Do. (Reprint)	"Acolyte"	Summer	1943
Crime of Crimes, The	"Interesting Items"	July	1915
Cup Bearer, The	"Asmodeus"	Fall	1915
Cycle of Verse, A (by 'Ward Phillips')			
Oceanus	"Tryout"	July	1919
Clouds	Ibid	July	1919
Mother Earth	Ibid	July	1919
Damon and Delia (As by 'Edward Softly')	"Tryout"	August	1918
Dead Bookworm, The			
(as by 'John J. Jones')	"United Amateur"	September	1919
Death	"Californian"	Summer	1937
Despair (as by 'Ward Phillips')	"Pine Cones"	June	1919
Dream, The (as by 'Edward Softly')	"Tryout"	September	1920
Earth and Sky	"Little Budget"	July	1917
Do. (Reprint)	"Pine Cones"	December	1918
Edith Miniter	Booklet: "In Memory of Edith Miniter"		
Eidolon, The	"Tryout"	October	1918
(as by 'Ward Phillips')			

Elegy on Phillips Gamwell, Esq.	"Providence News"	Jan. 5	1917
Elegy on Rev. F C Clark	"Providence News"	Apr. 29	1915
(Epilogue) "As the rash fool, a prey of Unda's Art..." (to 'The Bride of the Sea')	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	December	1937
(Epilogue) "Behold kind Nature in her sweetest mood..." (to 'A summer Sunset & Evening')	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	December	1937
(Epilogue) "The reverend parson, wak'd to man's estate..." (to 'The Peace Advocate')	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	December	1937
(Epilogue) "Whene'er distracted by a light refrain..." (to 'The Introduction')	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	December	1937
Epistle to Rheinhart Kleiner, An	"United Amateur"	June	1916
Ex-Poet's Reply	"Epogophi"	July	1920
Fact and Fancy	"Tryout"	February	1917
Familiars, The	"Driftwind"	July	1930
Feast, The	"Hub Club Quill"	May	1923
Fragment on Whitman	"Conservative"	July	1915
Futuristic Art	"Conservative"	January	1917
Garden, A	"Vagrant"	Spring	1927
Garden of Yin, The	"Driftwind"	March	1932
Gems from 'In a Minor Key'	"Conservative"	October	1915
George Willard Kirk	"National Amateur"	May	1927
Germania—1918	"Tryout"	November	1918
Grace (as by 'Ward Phillips')	"Conservative"	July	1918
Halloween In a Suburb (re-title of "In a Suburb," q. v.) (under above title)	"Phantagraph"	June	1937
Harbor Whistles	"Silver Fern"	May	1930
Do. (Reprint)	"Phantagraph"	November	1936
Hellas	"United Amateur"	September	1918
Homccoming	"Fantasy Fan"	January	1935
House, The (as by 'Ward Phillips')	"Philosopher"	December	1920
Howler, The	"Driftwind"	November	1932
Hylas and Myrrha (as by 'Lawrence Appleton')	"Tryout"	May	1919
In a Suburb	"National Amateur"	March	1926
Reprint: as "Halloween in..."	"Phantagraph"	June	1937
In a Sequestered Churchyard where Poe Once Walked	"Science-Fantasy Correspondent"	Mar.-Apr.	1938
In Memoriam (as by 'Ward Phillips')	"Tryout"	March	1919
Inspiration (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Conservative"	October	1916
Introduction, The	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	December	1937
Isaacsonic-mortoniad, The (written ca. 1915)	--	--	--
Iterum Conjunctae	"Tryout"	May	1917
Do. (Reprint)	"Little Budget"	September	1917
John Oldham: A Defence	"United Co-operative"	June	1919
June Afternoon, A	"Tryout"	June	1918
Key, The	"Fantasy Fan"	January	1935
Laeta: A Lament	"Tryout"	February	1918
(Appears as by "Ames Dorrance Rowley." In a letter dated April 4, 1918, to Rheinhart Kleiner, Lovecraft gives 'Rowley' as 'Rersley')			

Lamp, The	"Driftwind"	March	1931
Lines for Poet's Night	"National Amateur"	January	1924
Do. (Reprint)	"Pegasus"	February	1924
Lines on Gen. Robert E Lee	"Coyote"	January	1917
Lines on Graduation From R. I. Hospital School of Nurses (erroniously ascribed to John T. Dunne.)	"Tryout"	February	1917
Lines on the 25th Anniversary of the Providence Evening News	"Tryout"	December	1917
Link, The	"Tryout"	July	1918
Magazine Poet, The	"United Amateur"	September	1915
March	"United Amateur"	March	1915
Mississippi Autumn, A	"Ole Miss"	December	1915
Monas: An Ode	"Silver Clarion"	October	1918
Monodny on the Late King Alcohol (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	August	1919
Mother Earth (see, "A Cycle of Verse")			
My Favorite Character	"United Amateur"	July	1918
Do. (Reprint) (?)	"Brooklynite"	January	1926
Myrrha and Strephon (as by 'Lawrence Appleton')	"Tryout"	July	1919
Nathicana (as by 'Albert Frederic Willie')	"Vagrant"	Spring	1927
Nemesis	"Vagrant"	July	1918
Night Gaunts	"Phantagraph"	June	1936
Nightmare Lake, The	"Vagrant"	December	1919
Do. (Reprint)	"Scienti-Snaps"	Summer	1940
1914	"Interesting Items"	March	1914
Nostalgia	"Phantagraph"	July	1936
Nymph's Reply to the Modern Business Man, The (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	February	1917
Oceanus (originally appeared in "A Cycle of Verse," q. v.)			
Do. (Reprint)	"Cataclysm"	November	1952
October (as by 'Henry Paget-Lowe')	"Tryout"	October	1920
Do. (Reprint) (?)	"Tryout"	January	1926
Ode for July Fourth, 1917	"United Amateur"	July	1917
Old Christmas	"Tryout"	December	1913
On a Battlefield in France	"Voice from the Mountains"	July	1918
On a Grecian Colonnade In a Park (as by 'Henry Paget-Lowe')	"Tryout"	September	1920
On a Modern Lothario	"Blarney-Stone"	July-Aug.	1914
On a New England Village Seen by Moonlight	"Trail"	Summer	1915
On a Poet's 91st Birthday (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	March	1922
On Receiving a Picture of Swans	"Conservative"	January	1916
On Receiving a Picture of the Marshes at Ipswich	"Merry Minutes"	March	1917
On Receiving a Picture of Ye Towne of Templeton			
Catalogue from ARKHAM HOUSE, Publishers			1950
On Religion (as by 'Henry Paget-Lowe')	"Tryout"	August	1920

On the Bay-Stater's Policy	"Bay Stater"	June	1915
On the Cowboys of the West	"Plainsman"	December	1915
On the Death of a Rhyming Critic	"Toledo Amateur"	July	1917
Outpost, The	"Bacon's Essays"	Spring	1930
Do. (Reprint)	"Fantasy Magazine"	May	1934
Do. (Reprint)	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	January	1938
Do. (Reprint)	"Spaceways"	December	1940
Pacifist War Song—1917 (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	March	1917
Peace Advocate, The	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	December	1937
Percival Lowell	"Excelsior"	March	1917
Phaeton	"Silver Clarion"	August	1918
Do. (Reprint)	"Californian"	Summer	1937
Do. (Reprint)	"Golden Atom"	Winter	1943
Poet of Passion, The	"Tryout"	June	1917
(as by 'Lewis Theobald')			
Poe-et's Nightmare, The	"Vagrant"	July	1918
Poet's Rash Excuse, The	"Tryout"	July	1920
(as by 'Lewis Theobald')			
Port, The	"Driftwind"	November	1930
Power of Wine, The	"Tryout"	April	1916
Primavera	"Brooklynite"	April	1925
Prologue	"Tryout"	July	1917
Providence	"Brooklynite"	November	1924
Do. (Reprint)	"Brooklynite"	May	1927
Do. (Reprint)	"Californian"	Summer	1937
Psychopompos	"Vagrant"	October	1919
Pursuit	"Fantasy Fan"	October	1934
Quinsnicket Park	"Badger"	June	1915
Recognition	"Driftwind"	December	1936
Regner Lodbrug's Epicedium	"Acolyte"	Summer	1944
Respite	"Conservative"	October	1916
Return, The	"Tryout"	December	1926
Revelation	"Tryout"	March	1919
Rheinhart Kleiner, Laureatus	"Conservative"	April	1916
Rose of England, The	"Scot"	October	1916
Rural Summer Eve, A	"Trail"	January	1916
Rutted Road, The	"Tryout"	January	1917
(as by 'Lewis Theobald')			
Simple Speller's Tale, The	"Conservative"	April	1915
Singer of Etherial Moods and Fancies, A (w/article)	"Memorian"	September	1921
Sir Thomas Tryout (as by 'Ward Phillips')	"Tryout"	December	1921
Do. (Reprint)	"Tryout"	March	1941
Sir Thomas Tryout's Lament for the Vanished Spider	"Tryout"	January	1920
(as by 'Edward Softly')	"Symphony"	July	1916
Smile, The	"Little Budget"	September	1917
Do. (Reprint) (?)	"Tryout"	January	1925
Solstice (as by 'Lewis Theobald')			

Sonnet, A	"Lovecrafter"	August 20	1936
Sonnet on Myself	"Tryout"	July	1918
Spirit of Summer, The	"Conservative"	July	1918
Spring	"Tryout"	April	1919
State of Poetry, The	"Conservative"	October	1915
Summer Sunset and Evening, A	"O-Wash-Ta-Nong"	December	1937
Sunset (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	December	1917
Do. (Reprint)	"United Amateur"	May	1918
Do. (Reprint)	"Californian"	Summer	1937
Temperance Song	"Dixie Booster"	Spring	1916
Teuton's Battle Song, The	"United Amateur"	February	1916
Theodore Roosevelt	"United Amateur"	January	1919
To a Dreamer	"Coyote"	January	1921
To Alan Seegar	"Tryout"	July	1918
Do. (Reprint)	"United Amateur"	November	1918
To Alfred Galpin (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	December	1920
To an Infant	"Brooklynite"	October	1925
To Charlie of the Comics (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Providence Amateur"	February	1916
To Clark Ashton Smith, Esq.	"Asmodeus"	Fall	1951
To Damon (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	August	1923
To Endymion (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	September	1923
To Edward Plunkett	"Tryout"	November	1919
To General Villa	"Blarney-Stone"	Nov.-Dec.	1914
To Greece, 1917	"Vagrant"	November	1917
To Jonathan E. Hoag, Esq.	"Tryout"	November	1923
To Jonathan Hoag	"Brooklynite"	May	1926
To Jonathan Hoag, Esq., On His 87th Birthday	"Eurus"	February	1918
To Jonathan Hoag Upon His 96th Birthday	"National Amateur"	May	1927
To Members of the United Amateur Press Association	"Providence Amateur"	June	1915
To Miss Beryl Hoyt	"Justice"	February	1927
To Mistress Sophie Semple	"United Amateur"	November	1919
To Mr. Finlay	"Phantagraph"	May	1937
To Mr. Galpin (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	December	1921
To Mr. Hoag	"Pegasus"	July	1924
Do. (Reprint)	"Tryout"	March	1925
To Mr. Lockhart, On Poetry	"Tryout"	March	1917
To M. W. M. (published anonymously)	"United Amateur"	July	1917
To Rheinhart Kleiner (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	April	1923
To Samuel Loveman, Esquire	"Dowdell's Bear-Cat"	December	1915
To Selene (as by 'Edward Softly')	"Tryout"	April	1919
To Templeton and Mount Monadnock	"Vagrant"	June	1917
To the American Flag	"Californian"	Summer	1937
Do. (Reprint)	"Rochester-American Patriot"	Summer	1942
To the Late John H. Fowler, Esq.	"Scot"	March	1916
To the Nurses of the Red Cross	(written ca. 1917)	--	--
To the Pinfeather Club	"Pinfeather"	November	1914

To the Rev. Joseph T. Pyke	"United Official Quarterly	1914
(Untitled Poem) "The ancient garden seems tonight..."	"Olympian" (p 36)	Autumn 1940
(Untitled Poem) "Slang is the Life of Speech"	"Conservative"	April 1915
(Untitled Poem) (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	January 1920
(Untitled Poems) (Four season's greetings poems)	"Silver Clarion"	January 1919
Ver Rusticum	"The Voice from the Mountain"	July 1918
Voice, The	"Linnet"	August 1920
Volunteer, The	"Providence News"	Feb. 1 1918
Well, The	"Phantagraph"	July 1937
Window, The	"Driftwind" (marked 'Special Issue')	April 1931
Winter Wish, A	"Tryout"	February 1918
Wood, The (as by 'Lewis Theobald')	"Tryout"	January 1927
Ye Ballade of Patrick von Flynn	"Conservative"	April 1916
(as by 'Lewis Theobald')		
Zamen's Hill	"Driftwind"	October 1934

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Thanks must here be rendered to all those without whom this bibliography could never have been published. There are first: the indefatigable bibliographers and indexers upon whose work we have drawn for so much of our data: Bradford M. Day, Donald B. Day, Earl Kemp, T. G. L. Cockcroft, Joseph Payne Brennan, William Evans, and Francis T. Laney.

In addition, there are the many people whose expenditure of time and effort in supplying or helping us obtain information has been of invaluable aid. Among these we must mention Robert Bloch, Henry Kuttner, Clark Ashton Smith, August Derleth, Ralph Rayburn Phillips, Earl Kemp, Bea Mahaffey, and Al Leverentz.

Robert E. Briney

Muskegon, Michigan
22 March 1955

PROFESSIONALLY PUBLISHED MAGAZINE FICTION

Arthur Jermyn (as 'The White Ape') (1920)	Weird Tales	April	1924
At the Mountains of Madness (3 Parts) (1931)	Astounding Stories	May	1935
Beyond the Wall of Sleep* (1919)	Weird Tales	March	1938
Do. (Reprint)	Avon Fantasy Reader No. 6		1948
The Call of Cthulhu (1926)	Weird Tales	February	1928
Case of Charles Dexter Ward, The (Two-part Novel) (1927-8)	Weird Tales	May-July	1941
Cats of Ulthar, The* (1920)	Weird Tales	February	1926
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	February	1933
Do. (Reprint)	Fantastic Novels	January	1951
Celephais* (1920)	Marvel Tales	May	1934
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	June-July	1939
The Colour Out of Space* (1927)	Amazing Stories	September	1927
Do. (Reprint)	Famous Fantastic Mysteries	October	1941
Cool Air* (1926)	Tales of Magic and Mystery	March	1928
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	September	1939
Dagon* (1917)	Weird Tales	October	1923
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	January	1936
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	November	1951
Doom That Came to Sarnath, The* (1919)	Marvel Tales	Mar-April	1935
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	June	1938
Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath (4 part novel) (1926-1927)	Weird Tales	Winter-Fall	1948
Dunwich Horror, The (1928)	Weird Tales	July	1933
Evil Clergyman, The (see: 'Wicked Clergyman, The')			
Festival, The (1923)	Weird Tales	January	1925
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	October	1933
From Beyond* (1920)	Weird Tales	February	1938
Haunter of the Dark, The (1935)	Weird Tales	December	1936
He (1925)	Weird Tales	September	1926
Herbert West: Reanimator (6 parts) (1921-1922)	Home Brew		1922
Herbert West: Reanimator			
I. From the Dark	Weird Tales	March	1942
II. The Plague Demon	Weird Tales	July	1942
III. Six Shots by Moonlight	Weird Tales	September	1942
IV. The Scream of the Dead	Weird Tales	November	1942
V. The Horror From the Shadows	Weird Tales	September	1943
VI. The Tomb-Legions	Weird Tales	November	1943
History and Chronology of the Necronomicon	Arkham Sampler	Winter	1948
Horror at Red Hook, The (1925)	Weird Tales	January	1927
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	March	1952
Hound, The (1922)	Weird Tales	February	1924
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	September	1929

Hypnos (1922)	Weird Tales	May-Jun-July	1924
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	November	1937
Imprisoned With the Pharoahs (as by Houdini)			
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	May-July	1924
In the Vault* (1925)	Weird Tales	Jun-July	1939
In the Walls of Eryx (w/Kenneth Sterling)	Weird Tales	April	1932
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	October	1939
Lurking Fear, The (1922)	Avon Fantasy Reader Number 3		1952
Do. (Reprint)	Home Brew	Jan-Feb-Mar-April	1923
Moon Bog, The (1921)	Weird Tales	June	1928
Music of Erich Zann (1921)	Weird Tales	June	1926
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	May	1925
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	November	1934
Do. (Reprint)	Famous Fantastic Mysteries	March	1951
Do. (Reprint)	The London Evening Standard	(date?)	
Nameless City, The* (1921)	Weird Tales	November	1938
Other Gods, The* (1921)	Weird Tales	October	1938
Outsider, The (1921)	Weird Tales	April	1926
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	Jun-July	1931
Do. (Reprint)	Famous Fantastic Mysteries	June	1950
Picture in the House, The (1920)	Weird Tales	January	1924
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	March	1937
Pickman's Model (1926)	Weird Tales	October	1927
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	November	1936
Do. (Reprint)	Famous Fantastic Mysteries	December	1951
Polaris* (1918)	Weird Tales	December	1937
Psychopompos (narrative poem)	Weird Tales	September	1937
Quest of Iranon, The*	Weird Tales	March	1939
Rats in the Walls, The	Weird Tales	March	1924
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	June	1930
Do. (Reprint)	Rex Stout Mystery Magazine # 3	February	1946
Shadow Out of Time, The (1934)	Astounding Stories	June	1936
Shadow Over Innsmouth, The	Weird Tales	January	1942
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales (Canadian)	March	1942
Shunned House, The* (1924)	Weird Tales	October	1937
Silver Key, The (1926)	Weird Tales	January	1929
Do. (Reprint)	Avon Fantasy Reader Number Three		1947
Statement of Randolph Carter, The* (1919)	Weird Tales	February	1925
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	August	1937
Do. (Reprint)	Avon Fantasy Reader Number Ten		1949
Strange High House in the Mist, The (1926)	Weird Tales	October	1931
Survivor, The (Completed by August Derleth)	Weird Tales	July	1954
Temple, The (1920)	Weird Tales	September	1923
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	February	1936
Do. (Reprint)	Avon Fantasy Reader Number Eight		1948
Terrible Old Man, The* (1920)	Weird Tales	August	1926
Thing on The Doorstep, The (1933)	Weird Tales	January	1937
Through the Gates of the Silver Key (w/E. Hoffmann Price)			
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	July	1934
Do. (Reprint)	Avon Fantasy Reader Number Seventeen		1951

Tomb, The* (1917)	Weird Tales	January	1926
Tree, The* (1920)	Weird Tales	August	1938
Unnameable, The (1923)	Weird Tales	July	1925
Whisperer in Darkness, The (1930)	Weird Tales	August	1931
White Ape, The	Weird Tales	April	1924
White Ship, The* (1919)	Weird Tales	March	1927
Wicked Clergyman, The	Weird Tales	April	1939

Note: The symbol (*) indicates that the story had previous publication elsewhere; the majority of the titles so marked originally appeared in various amateur magazines to which Lovecraft contributed, and will be found in the amateur press listing furnished earlier in this volume.

The dates in parenthesis following certain titles indicates the year in which the stories were originally written. In many cases publication dates differ from these by several years.

PROFESSIONALLY PUBLISHED POETRY

Alethia Phrikodes	Weird Tales	July	1952
Alienation*	Weird Tales	April-May	1931
Ancient Track, The	Weird Tales	March	1930
Antarktos*	Weird Tales	November	1930
Azathoth*	Weird Tales	January	1931
Bells, The	Weird Tales	December	1930
Canal, The	Weird Tales	January	1938
City, The*	Weird Tales	July	1950
Continuity*	Weird Tales	March	1947
Courtyard, The*	Weird Tales	September	1930
Dweller, The	Weird Tales	March	1940
Elder Pharos, The*	Weird Tales	Feb-March	1931
Familiars, The*	Weird Tales	January	1947
Fungi From Yuggoth*	Weird Tales	May	1944
Gardens of Yin, The*	Weird Tales	August	1939
Hallowe'en in a Suburb	Weird Tales	September	1952
Harbor Whistles*	Weird Tales	May	1939
Hesperia*	Weird Tales	October	1930
House, The	Weird Tales	March	1948
Howler, The*	Weird Tales	July	1939
Lamp, The*	Weird Tales	February	1939
Memory, A*	Weird Tales	March	1947
Messenger, The	Weird Tales	July	1938
Mirage*	Weird Tales	Feb-March	1931

Nemisis	Weird Tales	April	1924
Night Gaunts *	Weird Tales	December	1939
Nyarlahotep *	Weird Tales	January	1931
Pidgeon-Flyers, The *	Weird Tales	January	1947
Port, The	Weird Tales	September	1946
Recapture *	Weird Tales	May	1930
Do. (Reprint)	Weird Tales	January	1946
Star-Winds *	Weird Tales	September	1930
To a Dreamer	Weird Tales	November	1924
To Templeton and Mount Monadnock	Arkham House Catalogue		1949
To Virgil Finlay	Weird Tales	July	1937
Where Once Poe Walked	Weird Tales	May	1938
Wood, The	Weird Tales	September	1938
Yule Horror	Weird Tales	December	1926
Zaman's Hill*	Weird Tales	February	1939

Titles marked with an asterisk (*) are poems in Lovecraft's sonnet cycle Fungi From Yuggoth. A complete chronological listing of these poems will be found in Appendix II.

This index does not include poems published in newspapers, of which there were a considerable number, especially in Lovecraft's earlier years. The majority of these were patriotic poems, or elegies on the deaths of friends, and appeared in The Providence News, and other local papers, ca. 1916-19.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS BY LOVECRAFT (In Order of Publication)

THE SHUNNED HOUSE. Athol, Massachusetts, 1928. o.p. Foreword by Frank Bellnap Long. Some copies hand-bound, others stapled in paper covers, others remaining as loose, uncut sheets. Not a published book.

FURTHER CRITICISM OF POETRY. Press of George G. Fetter Co., Louisville, 1932. 13 pp. o.p. Paper covers. Taken from a periodical column in The National Amateur.

THE CATS OF ULTHAR. Dragonfly Press, Cassia, Florida, 1935. 10 pp., o.p. Christmas 1935. 42 copies printed. The following is an inscription written by the publisher, R. H. Barlow, inside the cover of Lovecraft's personal copy of the book:

Dear H.P.L.—
Here is the booklet

I so long ago promised!
 There were forty copies
 on ordinary paper, and only
 two on Red Lion Text. This
 is one of the latter. R. H. B.

LOOKING BACKWARD. C. W. Smith, Haverhill, Massachusetts, 1935. 36
 pp. o.p. Paper covers. Originally printed serially in Tryout.

HISTORY OF THE NECRONOMICON. The Rebel Press (Wilson H Shepherd) Oak-
 man, Alabama, 1936

THE SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH. Visionary Press, Everett, Pa., 1936. 158
 pp. o.p. Illustrations by Frank Utpatel.

THE NOTES AND COMMONPLACE BOOK EMPLOYED BY THE LATE H. P. LOVECRAFT,
 INCLUDING HIS SUGGESTIONS FOR STORY WRITING, ANALYSES OF THE WEIRD
 STORY, AND LIST OF CERTAIN BASIC UNDERLYING HORRORS, ETC., DESIGN-
 ED TO STIMULATE THE IMAGINATION. Futile Press, Lakeport, Califor-
 nia, 1938. 45 pp. o.p. 75 copies printed. About half the edition
 paper bound, the rest remaining in loose sheets.

THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS. Collected by August Derleth and Donald Wan-
 drei. Arkham House, Sauk City, Wis., 1939. 553 pp. o.p. Dust jac-
 ket by Virgil Finlay. 1258 copies printed. Contents:

Dagon	The Terrible Old Man
Polaris	The Tomb
Celephais	The Shunned House
Hypnos	In the Vault
The Cats of Ulthar	Pickman's Model
The Strange High House in the mist	The Hunter of the Dark
The Statement of Randolph Carter	The Dreams in the Witch-House
The Silver Key	The Thing on the Doorstep
Through the Gates of the Silver Key	The Nameless City
The Outsider	The Lurking Fear
The Music of Erich Zann	The Call of Cthulhu
The Rats in the Walls	The Colour Out of Space
Cool Air	The Dunwich Horror
He	The Whisperer in Darkness
The Horror at Red Hook	The Shadow Over Innsmouth
The Temple	The Shadow Out of Time
Arthur Jermyn	At the Mountains of Madness
The Picture in the House	Supernatural Horror in Liter- ature
The Festival	

BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP. Collected by August Derleth and Donald
 Wandrei. Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin, 1943. xxiv/459 pp.,
 o.p. Dust jacket: photograph of several of Clark Ashton Smith's
 sculptured figures. 1217 copies printed. Contents:

By Way of Introduction, by August Derleth & D. Wandrei
Autobiography: Some Notes on a Nonentity
The Commonplace Book **
History and Chronology of the "Necronomicon"

Prose-Poems:

Memory
What the Moon Brings
Nyarlathotep
Ex Oblivione

Stories:

The Tree
The Other Gods
The Quest of Iranon
The Doom that Came to Sarnath
The White Ship
From Beyond
Beyond the Wall of Sleep
The Unnameable
The Hound
The Moon Bag
The Evil Clergyman
Herbert West—Reanimator
The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath
The Case of Charles Dexter Ward

Collaborations and/or Revisions:

The Crawling Chaos (w/Elizabeth Berkeley)
The Green Meadow (w/Elizabeth Berkeley)
The Curse of Yig, by Zealia Brown Bishop
The Horror in the Museum, by Hazel Heald
Out of the Eons, by Hazel Heald
The Mound, by Zealia Brown-Reed
The Diary of Alonzo Typer, by William Lumley
The Challenge from Beyond (w/C.L. Moore, A. Merritt,
Robert E. Howard, and Frank Belknap Long)
In the Walls of Eryx (w/Kenneth Sterling)

Miscellaneous:

Ibid
Sweet Ermengarde

Early Poetry:

Providence
On a Grecian Collonade in a Park
Old Christmas
New England Fallen
On a New England Village Seen by Moonlight
Astrophobos
Sunset
A Year Off
A Summer Sunset and Evening
To Mistress Sophia Simple, Queen of the Cinema

The Ancient Track (poetry):

The Ancient Track
The Idolon
The Nightmare Lake
The Outpost
The Rutted Road
The Wood
Hallowe'en in a Suburb
Primavera
October
To a Dreamer
Despair
Nemesis

Psychopompos (a narrative poem)

Fungi From Yuggoth (sonnet Cycle)

Last Poems:

Yule Horror
To Mr. Finlay, Upon his Drawing for Mr. Bloch's Tale,
The Faceless God
To Clark Ashton Smith, Esq., Upon His Phantastick
Tales, Verse, Pictures, and Sculptures
Where Poe Once Walked
Christmas Greeting to Mrs. Phillips Gamwell—1925
Brick Row
The Messenger

Addenda:

The Cthulhu Mythology: A Glossary, by Francis Laney
An Appreciation of H P Lovecraft, by W. Paul Cook

** The version of the "Commonplace Book" which appears here differs somewhat from that printed by R. H. Barlow, 1938. August Derleth observes, "...differences between the published texts of HPL's Commonplace Book may be due to various factors, 1) an incomplete text sent us by Barlow 2) the interpolation of some of Barlow's own notes into the Commonplace text; 3) secretarial errors in copying. To the best of my recollection, we had access both to H. P.L.'s original and to one of the Barlow copies, and our edition was undoubtedly made from the original rather than a copy."

THE WEIRD SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH AND OTHER STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL
Bartholomew House, N.Y., 1944 190 pp o. p. Paper bound. Contents:
The Shadow Over Innsmouth The Outsider
The Festival The Whisperer in Darkness
He

MARGINALIA. Collected by August Derleth and Donald Wandrei. Arkham
House, Sauk City, Wisconsin, 1944. Dust jacket by Virgil Finlay.

377 pp. o.p. Illustrated. 2035 copies printed. Contents:
Foreword, by August Derleth & Donald Wandrei
Imprisoned with The Pharoahs, by Houdini (Ghosted)

Revisions:

Medusa's Coil, by Zealia Brown-Reed Bishop
Winged Death, by Hazel Heald
The Man of Stone, by Hazel Heald

Essays:

Notes on the Writing of Weird Fiction
Some Notes on Interplanetary Fiction
Lord Dunsany and His Work
Heritage or Modernism: Common Sense in Art Forms
Some Backgrounds of Fairyland
Some Causes of Self Immolation
A Guide to Charleston, South Carolina
Observations on Several Parts of North America

Juvenilia:

The Beast in the Cave
The Transition of Juan Romero

Fragments:

Azathoth
The Book
The Descendant
The Very Old Folk
The Thing in the Moonlight
Two Comments (from The Fantasy Fan and Weird Tales)

Appreciations:

His Own Most Fantastic Creation, by Winfield T Scott
Some Random Memories of H.P.L., by Frank Belknap Long
H.P.Lovecraft, an Appreciation, by T. O. Mabbott
The Wind That is in the Grass, A Memoir of
H.P.L. in Florida, by R. H. Barlow
Lovecraft and Science, by Kenneth Sterling
Lovecraft as a Formative Influence, by August Derleth
The Dweller in Darkness, by Donald Wandrei

Memorial Verses:

To Howard Phillips Lovecraft, by Clark Ashton Smith
H.P.L., by Henry Kuttner
Lost Dream, by Emil Petaja
To Howard Phillips Lovecraft, by Francis Flagg
Elegy: In Providence the Spring, by August Derleth
For the Outsider: H.P.Lovecraft, by Charles E White
In Memoriam: H.P.Lovecraft, by Richard Ely Morse

SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE. Introduction by August Derleth. Ben
Abramson, N.Y., 1945 106pp. With notes and index.

THE BEST SUPERNATURAL STORIES OF H. P. LOVECRAFT. Edited and with an
Introductory Note by August Derleth. The World Publishing Company,

Cleveland, Ohio, 1945. 307 pp. Contents:

In the Vault	The Picture in the House
Pickman's Model	The Call of Cthulhu
The Rats in the Walls	The Dunwich Horror
The Outsider	Cool Air
The Colour Out of Space	The Whisperer in Darkness
The Music of Eric Zann	The Terrible Old Man
The Haunter of the Dark	The Thing on the Doorstep

THE DUNWICH HORROR. Bartholomew House, N.Y., 1945. Paper bound. 186 pp. o.p. Contents:

The Dunwich Horror
The Shadow Out of Time
The Thing on the Doorstep

THE DUNWICH HORROR AND OTHER WEIRD TALES. Armed Services Editions 1945 Introduction by August Derleth. 384 pp. o.p. (No. 730 in the series published by Editions for the Armed Services, Inc. Copyright 1939, but not placed in circulation until 1945.) Contains 12 stories.

THE LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD, by H.P. Lovecraft and August Derleth. Arkham House; Sauk City, Wisconsin, 1945. 196 pp. 3041 copies printed. Completed by August Derleth from the notes and 1200 — word beginning left by Lovecraft at his death.

EL QUE ACECHA EN EL UMBRAL, by H.P. Lovecraft y August Derleth. Translated by Delia Piquerez. Editorial Molino, Buenos Aires, 1946. Spanish translation of "The Lurker at the Threshold"

THE LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD, by H. P. Lovecraft and August Derleth. Museum Press, London, 1948

THE LURKING FEAR AND OTHER STORIES. Avon Book Co., N.Y., 1947. 223 pp Titled on spine as "Great Horror Stories". Contents:

The Lurking Fear	The Unnameable
The Colour Out of Space	The Call of Cthulhu
The Nameless City	The Moon Bog
Pickman's Model	Cool Air
Arthur Jermyn	The Hound
The Shunned House	

SOMETHING ABOUT CATS. Collected by August Derleth. Arkham House; Sauk City, Wisconsin, 1949. 306 pp Illustrated. Dust jacket by Ronald Clyne. 2995 copies printed. Contents:

Prefactory Note, by August Derleth

Something About Cats

Revisions:

The Invisible Monster, by Sonia H. Greene
Four O'Clock, by Sonia H. Greene
The Horror in the Burying Ground, by Hazel Heald
The Last Test, by Adolph de Castro

The Electric Executioner, by Adolphe de Castro
Satan's Servants, by Robert Bloch)
(preface by Bloch & notes by Lovecraft)

Essays:

Three Conservative Articles

The Despised Pastoral

Time and Space

Merlinus Redivivus

At the Root

The Materialist Today

Vermont: A First Impression

The Battle that Ended the Century

Notes:

For "The Shadow Over Innsmouth"

Discarded draught of "The Shadow Over Innsmouth"

For "At the Mountains of Madness"

For "The Shadow Out of Time"

Poems:

Phacton

August

Death

To the American Flag

To a Youth

My Favorite Character

To Templeton and Mount Monadnock

The House

The City

The Poe-et's Nightmare

(includes Alethia Phrikodes)

Sir Thomas Tryout

Lament for the Vanished Spider

Regnar Lodbrug's Epicedium

Something About H. P. Lovecraft:

A Memoir of Lovecraft, by Rheinhart Kleiner

Howard Phillips Lovecraft, by Samuel Loveman

Lovecraft as I Knew Him, by Sonia H. Davis

Addenda to H.P.L.: A Memoir by August Derleth

Lovecraft's Sensitivity

Lovecraft's "Conservative"

The Man Who was Lovecraft, by E. Hoffmann Price

A Literary Copernicus, by Fritz Leiber, Jr.

Memorial Poems:

Providence: Two Gentlemen Meet at Midnight, by

August Derleth

HPL, by Vincent Starrett

THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK AND OTHER TALES OF HORROR. Edited and with an
Introduction by August Derleth. Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London 1951
303 pp. Contents:

The Outsider
The Rats in the Walls
Pickman's Model
The Call of Cthulhu
The Dunwich Horror

The Whisperer in Darkness
The Colour Out of Space
The Haunter of the Dark
The Thing on the Doorstep
The Music of Erich Zann

THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD. Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London, 1952
160pp.

THE LOVECRAFT COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY. Edited by George Wetzel. SSR Publications; North Tonawanda, N.Y. Issued in 75 numbered copies.

Volume One: Selected Essays (1952; 26 pp)

Poetry and the Gods (a story)
Idealism and Materialism
A Confession of Unfaith
Nietzscheism and Realism

Volume Two: Selected Essays (1953; 25 pp)

The Street (a story)
A Descent to Avernus
The Brief Autobiography of an Inconsequential Scribbler
Anglo-Saxondom
Revolutionary Mythology
The Trip of Theobald
The Alchemist (a story)

Volume Three: Selected Poetry (1953; 28 pp.)

Bells
The Voice
On the Death of a Rhyming Critic
Monos; an Ode
Inspiration
Hylas and Hyrrha, A Tale
Ambition
The Bookstall
On Receiving a Picture of Swans
To Edward Plunkett, Baron Dunsany
To Mr. Lockhart, on his Poetry
Autumn
Iterum Conjunctae
To the Eighth of November
The Pensive Swain

Volume Four: Selected Poetry (1955; 32 pp)

A Cycle of Verse
Ver Rusticum
Earth and Sky
Prologue
Solstice

The Garden
 Nathicana
 The Poet of Passion
 Lines for Poet's Night at the Scribbler's Club
 Cindy: Scrub Lady in a State Street Skyscraper
 The Dead Bookworm
 Ave Atque Vale
 The Dream
 Ye Ballade of Patrick von Flynn
 Pacifist War Song
 The Nymph's Reply to the Modern Business Man
 Grace (and Ward Phillips Replies)
 To Greece, 1917
 Lines on the 25th Anniversary of the Providence Evening News
 Fact and Fancy

Volume Five: The Amateur Journalist (1955; 33 pp.)

The Simple Spelling Mania
 The President's Message
 Amateur Criticism
 The Symphonic Ideal
 The Professional Incubus
 A Reply to the Lingerer
 Concerning "Persia--In Europe"
 Les Mouches Fantastiques
 Looking Backwards (abridged version)

THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH. Shroud, Publishers; Buffalo, N.Y.
 Illustrated by Charles Nomberger.

Due in print shortly.

The following books have been repeatedly announced for publication but none has as yet appeared:

AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS. Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London.
 At the Mountains of Madness
 The Shadow Out of Time

FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH. Collected Poems. Arkham House; Sauk City, Wis.

SELECTED LETTERS OF H. P. LOVECRAFT. Edited by August Derleth. Ar-
 kham House; Sauk City, Wisconsin.

ANTHOLOGICAL APPEARANCES

THE POETICAL WORKS OF J. E. HOAG. N.Y., 1923

"Biographic and Critical Preface"

"Jonathan E. Hoag, on his 86th Birthday"

"To Johnathan Hoag, on His 87th Birthday"

"Ad Scribam"

"To Mr. Hoag, on His 90th Birthday"

"On a Poet's 91st Birthday"

"To Mr. Hoag Upon His 92nd Birthday"

YOU'LL NEED A LIGHT. Selected by Christine Campbell Thompson. Selwyn & Blount, Ltd., London, 1927

"The Horror at Red Hook"

BY DAYLIGHT ONLY. Selected by Christine Campbell Thompson. Selwyn & Blount Ltd., London, 1928

"Pickman's Model"

SWITCH ON THE LIGHT. Selected by Christine Campbell Thompson. Selwyn & Blount, Ltd., London 1928

"The Rats in the Walls"

NOT AT NIGHT! Edited and with an introduction by Herbert Ashbury. Macy-Masius: The Vanguard Press; New York, 1928

"The Horror at Red Hook"

BEWARE AFTER DARK! Selected and with an introduction by T. Everett Harro. The Macaulay Company, N.Y., 1929

"The Call of Cthulhu"

CREEPS BY NIGHT. Selected by Dashiell Hammett. The John Day Co., N.Y. 1931

"The Music of Erich Zann"

THE OTHER WORLDS. Edited With an Introduction by Phil Strong. Wilfred Funk, Inc; N.Y., 1941

"In the Vault"

25 MODERN STORIES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION. Edited and with an introduction by Phil Strong. Garden City Publishing Co; Garden City, NY

"In the Vault"

GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL. Edited by Herbert A. Wise and Phyllis Fraser. Random House, N.Y., 1944

"The Rats in the Walls"

"The Dunwich Horror"

SLEEP NO MORE. Edited and with a foreword by August Derleth. Armed

Services Editions, 1944.

The Rats in the Walls

The Horror in the Burying Ground (by Hazel Heald)

THE PORTABLE NOVELS OF SCIENCE. Edited by Donald A. Wollheim. The Viking Press, N.Y., 1945

The Shadow Out of Time

WHO KNOCKS? Edited with a foreword by August Derleth. Farrar & Rinehart, N.Y., 1945.

The Shunned House

THE GARDEN OF FEAR. Crawford Publishing House, Los Angeles, California, 1945.

Celephais

H.P.L.: A MEMOIR, by August Derleth. Ben Abramson, N.Y., 1945.

The Cats of Ulthar

The Festival

The Gardens of Yin (Poem)

To Pan (Poem)

Rudis Indigestaque Moles (article, Conservative, March 1923)

Does Vulcan Exist? (newspaper column, The Providence Journal, 1906)

AND THE DARKNESS FALLS. Edited by Boris Karloff. World Publishing Co. Cleveland, 1946.

The Thing on the Doorstep

AVON GHOST READER. Edited by Herbert Williams. Avon Publishing Co., N.Y., 1946.

The Dunwich Horror

THE COMPLETE MURDER SAMPLER. Edited by James Nelson. The Crime Club, Doubleday & Company, N.Y., 1946.

The Outsider

TERROR AT NIGHT. Edited by Herbert Williams. Avon Publishing Company N.Y., 1947.

The Hunter of the Dark

TALES OF THE UNDEAD. Collected by Elinore Blaisdell. Crowell, N.Y., 1947.

The Tomb

THE NIGHT SIDE: MASTERPIECES OF THE STRANGE AND TERRIBLE. Edited with a foreword by August Derleth. Rinehart & Company, N.Y., 1947.

The Colour Out of Space

THE SLEEPING AND THE DEAD. Edited by August Derleth. Pellegrini and Cudahy, N.Y., 1947.

The Dreams in the Witch-House

DARK OF THE MOON: POEMS OF FANTASY AND THE MACABRE. Edited by August

Derleth. Arkham House; Sauk City, Wisconsin, 1947.

Fungi From Yuggoth (36 sonnets)

Psychopompos

The Messenger

The Ancient Track

STRANGE PORTS OF CALL. Edited by August Derleth. Pellegrini & Cudahy N.Y., 1948.

At the Mountains of Madness

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON. Edited by August Derleth. Pellegrini and Cudahy, N.Y., 1949

Beyond the Wall of Sleep

UNSEEN WINGS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY. Compiled by Stanton A. Coblentz. Beechhurst Press, N.Y., 1949.

Continuity

A Memory

IN THE GRIP OF TERROR. Edited by Groff Conklin. Permabooks: Doubleday & Company, N.Y., 1951.

In the Vault

NIGHT'S YAWNING PEAL. Edited by August Derleth. Pellegrini & Cudahy, N.Y., 1952. An Arkham House Book.

The Case of Charles Dexter Ward (Novel)

WORLDS OF TOMORROW: Science Fiction with a Difference. Selected and with a foreword by August Derleth. Pellegrini & Cudahy, N.Y., 1953

From Beyond

TERROR IN THE MODERN VEIN. An Anthology edited and with an introduction by Donald A. Wollheim. Hanover House, Garden City, N.Y., 1955.

He

REVISIONS AND COLLABORATIONS

Bishop, Zealia Brown-Reed:

The Curse of Yig

Weird Tales

November

1929

Do.

Weird Tales

April

1939

Medusa's Coil

Weird Tales

January

1939

The Mound

Weird Tales

November

1940

THE CURSE OF YIG. Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin, 1953. 175 pp. 1200 copies printed. Contents:

The Curse of Yig

Medusa's Coil

The Mound
H. P. Lovecraft: A Pupil's View
A Wisconsin Balzac: A Profile of August Derleth

Bloch, Robert
Satan's Servants. In SOMETHING ABOUT CATS, Arkham House, 1949

de Castro, Adolph
The Electric Executioner Weird Tales August 1930
The Last Test Weird Tales November 1928

Davis, Sonia H.
Four O'Clock - ? -
The Invisible Monster Weird Tales November 1923

Heald, Hazel
The Horror in the Burying Ground Weird Tales May 1937
The Horror in the Museum Weird Tales July 1933
The Man of Stone Wonder Stories October 1932
Out of the Eons Weird Tales April 1935
Winged Death Weird Tales March 1934

Long, Frank Belknap, Robert E. Howard, A. Merritt, C. L. Moore
The Challenge from Beyond Fantasy Magazine September 1935

Lumley, William
The Diary of Alonzo Typer Weird Tales February 1938

Price, E. Hoffmann
Through the Gates of the Silver Key Weird Tales July 1934

Sterling, Kenneth
In the Walls of Eryx Weird Tales October 1939

NOTE-- See also the stories "Poetry and the Gods",
"The Green Meadow", and "The Crawling Chaos", in
the index of amateur press works.

STORIES BY OTHER AUTHORS RELATED TO THE CTHULHU MYTHOS OR INFLUENCED BY LOVECRAFT'S WORK

By Robert Bloch:

The Creeper in the Crypt* Weird Tales July 1937
The Dark Demon* Weird Tales November 1936
The Faceless God* Weird Tales May 1936
The Grinning Ghoul Weird Tales June 1936
Notebook Found in a Deserted House* Weird Tales May 1951
The Secret of the Tomb Weird Tales May 1935
The Shadow in the Steeple* Weird Tales September 1950
The Shambler from the Stars* Weird Tales September 1935

Egyptian series (related):

Brood of Bubastis	Weird Tales	March	1937
The Secret of Sebek	Weird Tales	November	1937
Beetles	Weird Tales	December	1938
Opener of the Way	Weird Tales	October	1936
Eyes of the Mummy	Weird Tales	April	1938
Fane of the Black Pharaoh	Weird Tales	December	1937
The Faceless God	Weird Tales	May	1936

"The tales indicated by an asterisk are, in my opinion, definitely within the 'Cthulhu classification'....insofar as they embrace Lovecraftian concepts, are based on the Cthulhu Mythos, or have a sufficient background of allusion to be considered a part of the pattern. To this you might possibly add 'Fane of the Black Pharaoh', because of its allusions to 'The Faceless God' and similar material. Actually, though, this tale is part of the entire 'Egyptian series'. The other stories also contain stylistic elements similar to HPL's work." ---Robert Bloch (December 30, 52)

By August Derleth:

Beyond the Threshold	Weird Tales	September	1941
The Black Island	Weird Tales	January	1952
The Dweller in Darkness	Weird Tales	November	1944
The Evil Ones (w/Mark Shorer)	Strange Stories	October	1940
The House in the Valley	Weird Tales	July	1953
Incubus (poem)	Weird Tales	May	1934
Ithaqua	Strange Stories	February	1941
The Keeper of the Key	Weird Tales	May	1951
The Lair of the Star Spawn (w/Shorer)	Weird Tales	August	1932
Occupant of the Crypt (w/Shorer)	Weird Tales	September	1947
The Return of Hastur	Weird Tales	March	1939
The Sandwin Compact	Weird Tales	November	1940
Something From Out There	Weird Tales	January	1951
Something in Wood	Weird Tales	March	1948
The Testament of Claiborne Boyd	Weird Tales	March	1949
The Thing that Walked on the Wind	Strange Tales	January	1933
The Trail of Cthulhu	Weird Tales	March	1944
The Watcher from the Sky	Weird Tales	July	1935
The Whippoorwills in the Hills	Weird Tales	September	1948

By Robert E. Howard:

Arkham (poem)	Weird Tales	August	1932
The Black Stone	Weird Tales	November	1931
Dig Me No Grave	Weird Tales	February	1937
The Shadow Kingdom	Weird Tales	August	1929
The Thing on the Roof	Weird Tales	February	1932

By Henry Kuttner:

Bells of Horror (Keith Hammond)	Strange Stories	April	1939
The Frog	Strange Stories	February	1939
The Graveyard Rats	Weird Tales	March	1936
The Hunt	Strange Tales	June	1939
Hydra	Weird Tales	April	1939
The Invaders (Keith Hammond)	Strange Stories	February	1939
It Walks by Night	Weird Tales	December	1936
The Salem Horror	Weird Tales	May	1937
The Secret of Kralitz	Weird Tales	October	1936
The Watcher at the Door	Weird Tales	May	1939

"It's hard to say, now, which stories of mine were influenced by Lovecraft fifteen years ago— especially as I was also influenced then by Machen, Poe, Dunsany, Robert E. Howard, and for that matter, James Cain and Ray Chandler. But the stories abover were all influenced by Lovecraft. Some used the Cthulhu Mythos, some used a myth-system extrapolated from his, some didn't mention the mythos at all but were nevertheless strongly influenced by H P L. 'Hydra' used Lovecraft, Robert Bloch, and me, under assumed names, as characters." —Henry Kuttner (January 11, 1953)

By Frank Belknap Long:

The Abominable Snowmen (poem)	Weird Tales	June/July	1931
The Brain Eaters	Weird Tales	June	1932
The Horror from the Hills (Novel)	Weird Tales	Jan., Feb/Mar.	31
The Hounds of Tindalos	Weird Tales	March	1929
The Malignant Invader	Weird Tales	January	1932
On Icy Kinarth (poem)	Weird Tales	April	1930
The Space Eaters	Weird Tales	July	1928
When Chaugner Wakes (poem)	Weird Tales	September	1932

By Clark Ashton Smith:

The Coming of the White Worm	Stirring Science Stories	April	1941
The Door to Saturn	Strange Stories	January	1932
The Holiness of Azederac	Weird Tales	November	1933
The Nameless Offspring	Strange Tales	June	1932
The Return of the Sorcerer	Strange Tales	September	1931
The Seven Geases	Weird Tales	October	1934
The Tale of Satampira Zeiros	Weird Tales	November	1931
The Testament of Athammaus	Weird Tales	October	1932
Ubbo-Sathla	Weird Tales	July	1933
The Weird of Avoosl Wuthoqqan	Weird Tales	June	1932

"As to the Cthulhu Mythos, I believe I added about as much to it as I borrowed. Tsathoggua and the Book of Eibon were my crea-

tions, and were promptly utilized by Lovecraft. In turn, I borrowed the Necronomicon, which, in its original Arabic, was featured in my yarn The Return of the Sorcerer. Also, I used a quotation from the Necronomicon for a heading on another tale, The Nameless Offspring. Tsathoggua made his debut in The Tale of Satampira Zeiros, and also played some part in The Door to Saturn and The Seven Geases. The Coming of the White Worm was supposedly a chapter from the Book of Eibon; and the book also featured in Ubbo-Sathla and in The Holiness of Azederac (which latter story mentioned two Lovecraftian deities under the slightly altered names of Iog- Sotot and Kthulhut). Eibon himself entered prominently into The Door of Saturn. All of these underlined titles, then, can be considered as having more or less relationship to the Cthulhu Mythos. —Clark Ashton Smith (July 21, 1953).

By Donald Wandrei:

The Lady in Grey	Weird Tales	December	1933
Sonnets of the Midnight Hours	(poems) DARK OF THE MOON		1947
The Tree Men of M'Bwa	Weird Tales	February	1932
THE WEB OF EASTER ISLAND	Arkham House		1947

Stories by Miscellaneous Authors (a partial listing):

The Ho-Ho-Kam Horror (Bruce Bryan)	Weird Tales	Sep	37
The Death Watch (Hugh B. Cave)	Weird Tales	Jul	39
Spawn of Inferno (Hugh B. Cave)	Weird Tales	Oct	32
Heart of Light (Gardner F. Fox)	Amazing Stories	Jul	46
The Leapers (Carol Grey)	Future Science Fiction	Dec	42
The Guardian of the Book (Henry Hasse)	Weird Tales	Mar	37
Far Below (Robert Barbour Johnson)	Weird Tales	Jun/Jul	39
The Abyss (Robert W. Lowndes)	Stirring Science Stories	Feb	41
Dreams of Yith (Duane W. Rimel)(Verse)	DARK OF THE MOON		47
The Sealed Casket (Richard F. Searight)	Weird Tales	Mar	35
Why Abdul Alhazred Went Mad	Nekromantikon	Autumn	50
The Door (Michael Storm)	Fantastic Worlds	Summer	52
The Stormcliff Papers (W. J. Suprenant)	Weird Tales	Jan	54
Spawn of the Green Abyss (C. Hall Thompson)	Weird Tales	Nov	46
The Terrible Parchment (Manly Wade Wellmann)	Weird Tales	Aug	37

ARTICLES ABOUT H. P. LOVECRAFT

Note: Some arbitrariness in the following list will be apparent. Since the amount of material which comes under the above heading is so overwhelming, and from such diverse sources, completeness is virtually impossible. Thus many items have undoubtedly been missed. Others, primarily letters in various letter columns, or articles from fan-magazines which are mere

repetitions of material available elsewhere, have been omitted intentionally. Still others, listed elsewhere in this index as parts of other books or collections, have been omitted in the interests of conciseness. All possible attempts have been made to include material of genuine critical value or material which makes available information not obtainable in other forms.

Anonymous-

Arthur Machen, Master of Weird Fantasy, Inspired Lovecraft
Fantasy Review Feb/Mar 48

Bailey, J. O.-

PILGRIMS THROUGH SPACE AND TIME pp. 178-81 Argus Books; N.Y.- 1947

Baldwin, F. Lee-

Some Lovecraft Sidelights Fantasy Magazine Apr 35
Do. (Revised) Fantasy Commentator Sum 48

Barlow, Robert H.-

Three Letters on H.P. Lovecraft Golden Atom Win 43
Footnote (to Lovecraft's "The Round Tower & Other Notes") Ibid.

Boland, Stuart Morton-

Interlude with Lovecraft Acolyte Sum 45

Butman, Robert-

Modern Mythological Fiction (Serial) Reader & Collector
See especially Chapter III. Oct 45 - Apr 46

Carter, Lin-

H.P.L.: The History Fantasy Advertiser Mar 50

Cockcroft, Thomas G. L.-

Notes on the Works of H.P. Lovecraft Woomera Sep 51
Random Notes on H. P. Lovecraft Bacchanalia Apr 53
Laney's "The Cthulhu Mythology": A Brief Critique Unpublished

Cook, W. Paul-

A Plea for Lovecraft The Ghost May 45

Davis, Sonia H.-

Lovecraft as I knew Him Providence Journal Aug. 22 48

DeCamp, L. Sprague-

Unwritten Classics Saturday Review March 29, '47

Derleth, August-

A Master of the Macabre Reading and Collecting Aug 37
A Note About THE OUTSIDER Alchemist Dec 40
A Wreath for Lovecraft Frontier Feb 41
Lovecraft and Music Utopia May 45

The Weird Tale in English Since 1890	The Ghost	May	45
The Building of Arkham House	Fantasy Review	Jun	47
Random Notes: On THE LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD	Arkham Sampler	Spr	48
Appended note to "History of the Necronomicon"	Ibid.	Win	48
Myths About Lovecraft	The Lovecraft Collector	May	49
Arkham House: A Thumbnail History	The Fossil	Oct	50
The Arkham House Story	Fantastic Worlds	Sum	52
Eddy, Ruth H.-			
The Man Who Came at Midnight	Fantasy Commentator	Sum/Fall	49
Harrison, Michael-			
Howard Phillips Lovecraft	Fantasy Advertiser	Nov	47
Hillman, Arthur F.-			
The Lovecraft Cult	Fantasy Review	Aug/Sep	47
Keller, David H.-			
Shadows Over Lovecraft	Fantasy Commentator	Sum	48
Lovecraft's Astronomical Notebook	The Lovecraft Collector	Oct	49
Kleiner, Reinhart-			
A Memoir of Lovecraft	Arkham Sampler	Spring	48
Ladd, Thyril L.-			
Did Lovecraft Miss This?	Fantasy Commentator	Summer-?	48
Laney, Francis T.-			
The Cthulhu Mythology: A Glossary	The Acolyte	Winter-?	42
Larnach, S.L.-			
H P Lovecraft-- A Master of the Uncanny	Bibliionews	Sep/Oct	48
Leiber, Fritz, Jr.-			
The Works of H P Lovecraft	The Acolyte	Fall	44
Some Random Thoughts About Lovecraft's Writings	Acolyte	Win	45
"Butman's Essay" (a letter)	Reader and Collector	Oct	46
Loveman, Samuel-			
Howard Phillips Lovecraft	Arkham Sampler	Sum	48
Moskowitz, Sam-			
John Buchan: A Possible Influence on Lovecraft	Fantasy Commentator	Spring	48
Onderdonk, Matthew H.-			
The Lord of R'lyeh	Fantasy Commentator	Spring	45
Apostle from the Outside	Fantasy Commentator	Summer	45
Charon--in Reverse	Fantasy Commentator	Spring	48
Price, E. Hoffmann-			
Howard Phillips Lovecraft	Acolyte	Fall	44
The Sage of College Street	Stellarite # 3	Dec	46
Lovecraft and the Stars	Arkham Sampler	Spring	49

Richardson, Darrell C.-
HPL on Imaginative Fiction Fantasy Commentator Spring 48

Scott, Winfield Townley-
The Case of H P Lovecraft of Providence, Rhode Island
Providence Journal Dec 26, 43

Slater, Kenneth-
Too Much Lovecraftiana? Fantasy Review Oct/Nov 48

Stone, Leon-
Lovecraftiana Koolinda Apr 48, Dec 49, 1950-1

Walter, Dorothy Charlotte-
Lovecraft and Benefit Street The Ghost Spring 43
Do. (reprint) Xenon Jul 44

Wetzel, George T.-
Some Thoughts on the Lovecraft Pattern Fantasy Commentator Fall 46
Random Notes: On the Cthulhu Mythos Arkham Sampler Spring 48
Lovecraft's Amateur Press Works Destiny Summer/Fall 51
A Lovecraft Randomonium Destiny Winter 51/Spr 52
The Ghoul Changeling Fantasy Commentator Winter 51/2
The Dream Gate & Other Matters Fantasias # 4 Jul 52
An Early Portrait of Lovecraft Renaissance # 8 Mar 53
Genesis of the Cthulhu Mythos Fantastic Story Magazine Mar 54
Ghosts and Avatars in the Cthulhu Mythos Unpublished
A Lovecraft Profile Unpublished

Wilstach, John-
The Ten-Cent Ivory Tower Esquire Jan 46

Zorn, Ray H.-
About the Collecting of Lovecraft The Lovecraft Collector Jan 49

BOOKS ABOUT LOVECRAFT

Joseph Payne Brennan:
SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY OF H.P.LOVECRAFT (Privately Printed)
H.P.LOVECRAFT: A BIBLIOGRAPHY. Paper, 14pp. Biblio Press; Wash-
ington, D.C., 1952.

W. Paul Cook:
IN MEMORIAM: HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT: RECOLLECTIONS, APPRECIATIONS, ESTIMATES. 75 pp. Driftwind Press, North Montpelier, Vt., 1941. "Written in December 1940. Printed, one page at an impression, by the author, April to June 1941, by the courtesy and with the cooperation of the Driftwind Press; an edition of 94 copies, net."

William M. Evans & Francis T. Laney:

HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT, 1890-1937. A TENTATIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY. 12 pp., paper. Printed Winter 1943 (presumably in California) for F.A.P.A; "An Acolyte Publication". Contents:

Foreword (Laney)
Published Collections
Stories
Revised Stories
Verse
Essays, Articles, & Miscellaneous
Partial List of Juvenilia (compiled by R. H. Barlow)
Addenda: Stories of the Cthulhu Mythos (Laney)

August Derleth:

H.P.L.: A MEMOIR. Ben Abramson, N.Y., 1945. 122 pp. Contains bibliography of Lovecraft's works up to 1945, and reprints of "The Cats of Ulthar", "The Festival", "The Gardens of Yin", "To Pan", "Rudis Indigestague Moles", and "Does Vulcan Exist?".

Donald M. Grant & Thomas P. Hadley:

RHODE ISLAND ON LOVECRAFT. Grant-Hadley, Providence, 1945. Illustrated. Contents:

Foreword (Editors)
Lovecraft as a Poet (Winfield Towley Scott)
Lovecraft and Benefit Street (Dorothy C. Walter)
Howard Phillips Lovecraft (Mrs. Clifford Eddy)
Miscellaneous Impressions (Marian F. Barner)
A Glimpse of H. P. L. (Mary V. Dana)

James Warren Thomas:

HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT: A SELF PORTRAIT. Thesis (A.M.) Brown University, 1950. (Unpublished)

Dorothy Charlotte Walter:

LOVECRAFT AND BENEFIT STREET. Driftwind Press, North Montpelier, Vt. 1943. 14 pp.

ADDENDA

-Checklist Of The Cthulhu Mythos-

The Nameless City	The Hunter of the Dark
The Festival	The Shadow Over Innsmouth
The Call of Cthulhu	The Shadow Out of Time
The Colour Out of Space	At The Mountains of Madness
The Case of Charles Dexter Ward	The Dunwich Horror
The Dreams in the Witch House	The Thing on the Doorstep
The Lurker at the Threshold	The Whisperer in Darkness

-Fungi From Yuggoth- (Chronologically)

The Book	The Bells
Pursuit	Night-Gaunts
The Key	Nyarlatheotep
Recognition	Azathoth
Homecoming	Mirage
The Lamp	The Canal
Zaman's Hill	St. Toad's
The Port	The Familiars
The Courtyard	The Elder Pharos
The Pigeon Flyers	Expectancy
The Well	Nostalgia
The Howler	Background
Hesperia	The Dweller
Star-Winds	Alienation
Antarktos	Harbour Whistles
The Window	Recapture
A Memory	Evening Star
The Gardens of Yin	Continuity

-Lovecraft's Astronomical Articles-

Lovecraft was the author of at least two regularly appearing series of articles on astronomical subjects which appeared in newspapers. The first of these was a series of monthly articles ("of about 7p. ms. or 4p type") in the Providence Evening Journal, beginning January 1, 1914.

The second was a series entitled "Mysteries of the Heavens Revealed by Astronomy," which appeared in the Asheville (N.C.) Gazette-News, beginning February 16, 1915, and appearing every Tuesday and Saturday thereafter for approximately six weeks. Fourteen parts were announced, although the twice-a-week schedule varied slightly after the first ten installments.

The majority of the material in this book is being simultaneously issued as Volumes VI & VII of the Lovecraft Collectors Library. Additions to the present edition consist of Lin Carter's essay, "HPL: The History" and the introduction, "The Research of a Biblio", by George T. Wetzel. The version of the introduction in the Lovecraft Collectors Library printing is extremely shortened and edited. It appears here in its original form.

This volume has been published in an edition of 200 copies, in August 1955.