The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents....
We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity and it was not meant that we should voyage far.

Some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age. The savages have guessed at the awesome grandeur of the cosmic cycle wherein our world and human race form transient incandescences. They have hymned us survival in terms which would freeze the blood (if not masked by a bland optimism). But it is now from them that there came the glimpse of forbidden aeons which chills my thoughts and haunts my dreams.
THE CALL OF CTHULHU

Certainly, if I live, I shall never knowingly supply a link in so hideous a chain.

By H.P. Lovecraft. Illustrated by John Coulthart.

My knowledge of the thing began with the death of my great uncle, George Carmell, A.A.T.

He had been renowned Professor Emeritus of Semitic Languages in Brown University, Providence.

As sole heir and executor, his entire estate of files had passed to me.

I felt that the sense of the thing was beyond me, as has that of all methods of decipherment. This tumulus set of circumstances which I had at the base of the sculpture were combined by Professor Webb and his everlasting researches.

As so far as they bear no relation to any other:

The dead, Sumerian, Egyptian, Dacian or any form which, when carefully considered, can only
The Professor, returning from the Newport box, had fallen after being felled by a negro on the hill leading to Williams Street.

The square pointed to a lesion of the heart as the cause and at the time I saw no reason to dissent from this diagnosis.

Only lately have I been inclined to wonder.

Among his files I had found a locked box. I did not find the key until it occurred to me to examine the personal ring carried with him.

The convenes, a clay bas-relief and assorted notes and cuttings, were quite a source of mystery.

man sacrifices. It is only reconstructed from one of the following.

I IAI SAKKEATH IAI SAKKEATH IAI
IA KUKU KUKU IA IA ZEKIL IA IA
I HEBBIS I KAYHEBAHON IAS I W
never avoid any attempts at reconstruc
the Cult of Dead Kings. Present

UTHULU - Most common pronoun
KHEHILU - Monarchial (H)
KUWULU - Term used by some of
UTHALU - Sumerian
UTHALU - Chaldean (H)

sealed by further investigation
relation of the relatives similar
rational explanation and yet of
a phrase which was often requir
The purpose of the visit was to ask his host's knowledge in identifying the hieroglyphics on the bas-relief.

He had explained the fresh appearance of the table in his characteristic manner.

The night before, a slight eccentricity had excited his imagination. Upon returning, he had had a dream of strange European cities.

On March 1, 1925, a young man by the name of Henry Anthony Wilson had called upon Professor Angell bearing the singular bas-relief.

It is now, indeed, for I made it last night in a dream of strange cities, and dreams are older than brooding Time, or the contemplation of Sphinx, or generation Babylon.

He was a precocious youth of human genius but greased eccentrically studying sculpture at the Rhode Island School of Design.
This verbal jumble was the key to a recollection which excited and disturbed the professor. After many questions he beseeched his visitor with demands for future reports of dreams, details of which followed in the manuscript.

All were relieved somehow to hear these first night sounds and all contained the same cryptic sounds: 'Kulthu', 'R'lyeh'.

On March 22nd Wilcox was seen often with an obscure face.

His frantic cries roused neighbours who summoned the doctor. During his ravings he seemed to be obsessed with some gigantic 'thing' which walked or lumbered above.

The melody ceased on April 2nd. Wilcox awoke unaware of either dream or reality since March 22nd.

All traces of strange dreaming vanished with his recovery.
A weird bunch of cuttings, all odd, which I holistically see aside, hardly pursuing to consider the weight of their implications.
The Tale of Inspector Legrasse

The old master, who had made the seigneur's dream so significant in my uncle's half of his long manuscript.

Once before he had seen the hellish outlines of the nameless monster, puzzled over the hieroglyphics and heard the ominous syllables which can be rendered only as 'Cthulhu'.

In 1908, he had held a prominent part in the deliberations of the American Archæological Society in St. Louis.

They had been approached by a stranger from New Orleans, John Raymond Legrasse, an inspector of police.

His request for enlightenment was prompted by professional considerations.

The scene, such as it was, had been captured during a raid on a supposed voodoo meeting. Of its origin nothing could be discovered and the police were anxious to place it and reveal the source of the cult.
Although excused at the sight of the green stone figure, the assembled scientists were deeply shocked at the sight of the dead man's heads and confessed defeat at the inspector's problem.

There was one, however, who suspected a touch of bizarre familiarity in what he saw — William Channing Webb, professor of ethnology at Princeton University.

With some difficulty, he explained; forty-eight years before in a saucer of Greenland and Iceland, he had encountered a singular tribe of degenerate Eskimos, shunned by others, whose religion, he was told, came down from an unknown source before the world was made.

Their nameless rites and sacrifices were addressed to a supreme devil or demon, one of whose retainers Professor Webb had seen. He was an aged, ragged, shaven-headed wizard-priest.

Most startling to him now was the feeling they displayed around when the auroras were high — in all essentials, a rough parallel of the shaman living before the meeting.
These days, received with astonishment by the assembled members, proved doubly exciting to Inspector Lagrasse. Having posed an enigma from the strange cult-worshippers, he besought the professor to remember the syllables taken down among the diabolical Eskimos.

Lagrasse had even managed to extract the meaning of the words from one of the prisoners: "In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming."

In response to a general urgent demand, he proceeded to relate his experience with the swamp-cult.

On November 1, 1907, there had come to New Orleans police a frenzied summons from squatters in the bayou to the south. The thing which held them in terror, they said, was Voodoo of a more terrible sort than they had ever known and some of their women and children had disappeared since the malevolent vam-vam had begun beating far within the black haunted woods.

So a body of weary police set out in the late afternoon with a squaw as a guide into the dank cypress swamps where day never came.
The region they entered was one of traditionally evil regions, substantially unknown and unexplored by white men.

Legends told of a hidden lake where dwelt a formless white, polymerous thing with luminous eyes, worshipped by bat-winged devils from caverns in the inner earth.

It was nightmare itself, and so see it was to die.

Gradually, a reddish glare seemed to filter through the black grove, and other sounds could be heard over the mutter of some. Only poetry or madness could do justice to the demoniac howls and cackling echoed through the eerie woods. The screams from the depths of hell...

The grove shuddered and, as the spectacle revealed itself, that hideous phrase rose in the air...
She may have only been imagination or echoes, but one of the men Joseph D. Galvez, claimed he heard a musical response to the ritual, the flapping of wings and a glimpse of shining eyes in the woods.
In the ensuing din and chaos five of the worshippers were killed, two wounded and forty-seven rounded up, many others having escaped. The stone image on the monolith was removed and taken with the prisoners back to New Orleans.

Most of them were West Indian or Portuguese, giving a colouring of voodooism to their ceremonies. One of them, a mambo named Old Casero, gave the fullest account of the cult.
They worshipped, he said, the Great Old Ones who lived ages before there were any men and came to the young world out of the sky. They were gone now; inside the earth and under the sea but Their dead bodies told Their secrets in dreams and thus the cyles had formed, in distant wastes and dark places, waiting for the Great Ones to rise from R'lyeh under the waves and rule the earth again.

No man had ever seen the Old Ones. The carved idol was great Cthulhu but none knew the shapes of the others. No one could read the old writings now but they knew the meaning of the charred ritual. In his house of R'lyeh dead Cthulhu wades dreaming.
For eons they had ruled the earth, dying epochs of time before man came. Although they were composed of flesh and blood, where there were ones which could revive them when the scars came round again. They had shapes as the scar-fashioning image proved, but their shape was not made of matter when the scars were wrong. They died in their way and thus they were when men came and they spoke to the senses among them, moulding their dreams.

The cult would never die, said Csera, nor would great Cthulhu and his subjects, for all laws were thrown aside and there was showing and killing and reveling in joy, all the earth aflame in a holocaust of ease, ease, and freedom.

The centre of the cult lay in Arabia, where Irem, City of Pillars, dreams hidden and untouched. Few knew of the cult, no books had ever hinted of it, only the Necronomicon of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred held double meanings which he initiated might interpret. That is not dead which can eternal live and with sorcery seons even dawn may die.
He was his search for corroboration of Casaro's tale that had brought Légrasse to the meeting; little wonder the surprise of my uncle when he heard the story of the young sculptor who had dreamed not only of the swamp-creature and its hieroglyphics but also of precise words from the formula used by the Eskimos and Louisianians.

Believing Wilcox to have invented these dreams, I decided to make a trip to Providence to press him for an answer.

He lived there alone in the Fleur-de-Lis Building in Thomas Square.

I found him at work in his rooms where he had cause to concede admiration for his remarkable clay statuettes.

A short while soon convinced me of his sincerity...

...he spoke of his dreams in a strangely poetic fashion; the Cyclopean city of slimy green stone—whose geometry, he oddly said, was all wrong... and the ceaseless calling from underground: 'Cthulhu, Cthulhu, Cthulhu!'
The mention of words from that dread ritual shocked me, despite my rational beliefs, and yet I still felt that Wilcox had heard of the cult in some casual way which surfaced later in his fever dreams and his art.

Later on, I visited New Orleans, bathed with Legrasse and some of the others and saw the frightful scene myself.

Hearing their stories first-hand excited me afresh and I felt sure I was on the track of a very real, very serious and very ancient religion.

One thing which I now know is that my uncle's death was far from natural—he knew too much. Whether I shall go so far as to be seen...
The headline reads:

**MYSTERY DERELICT FOUND AT SEA**

The Norwegian Gisshal Johansen, second mate of the schooner Emma of Auckland, sailing for Colling, a storm had thrown them south and on March 22nd they had encountered the Alcor named by a crew of Kanakas and half-castes who ordered them to burn back. When they refused, the Alcor opened fire with heavy brass cannon. Showing fight, the crew of the Emma managed to board and subdue the Alcor. At the end of the attack the Emma had sunk due to damage, two crewmen and three men had been killed and the entire crew of the Alcor were dead or missing. Johansen and the remaining men decided to sail ahead in the Alcor; the next day they landed on an uncharted island where six of the men somehow died ashore. Johansen and the other man William Britten take in the Alcor and were rescued. A few days later, Britten having died also by some time of exposure.

Reports from Dunedin stated that the Alcor and its ill-regarded crew had been killed in cases following the storm and earth tremors of March 10th. Johansen was described as a sober and worthy man and an inquiry into the events had been announced.
What a train of ideas this sworded in my mind! How was it that the earthquake and swarms coincided with the incident of Wilson's fever? I thought of the words of Caesar, of the sunken ear-born Old Ones and their mystery of dreams.

That evening I bade my nose adieu and took a train for San Francisco.

In less than a month I was in New Zealand.

Was I wandering on the brink of cosmic horrors beyond man's power to bear?

Once there, however, I found that little was known of the strange cult members. In the old temples save for a journey they once made inland.

In Auckland I learned what Johnson had returned with yellow hair warmed white and dark inconspicuous musk toning at Sydney had sold his house and sailed with his wife for Oslo.

After what I went to Sydney and talked profusely with seamen and members of the vice-admiralty court. I saw the Allens at Circular Quay but gained nothing from the noncommittal bush.
In the Sydney Museum I was able to study the delightful image which geologists had vouched was of no earthly scene.

Once more I thought of Casper's words: They had come from the shore and had brought their images with them.

Shaken with such a mental revolution as I had never before known, I resolved to visit Johansen.

His house lay in the Old Town.

Drs wife answered my knock and I was aghast with disappointment when she told me that Gustav Johansen was no more.

De had returned a broken man.

He told his wife no more when I knew already but he had taken a long manuscript written in English and called guard her from the peril of casual perusal.

Shortly after, a bundle of papers falling from an eave had knocked him down in the street.

He was dead before the ambulance could reach him.

I now felt growing in my veins that dark terror which will never leave me still...
He was a simple rambling thing, a native sailor's effort as a posepaid diary. I cannot attempt to transcribe it but I will seek to give enough to show why the sound of water against the ship's sides became so unendurable to me that I stopped my ears with cotton.

Johansen's voyage began just as he had told the vice admiral. The Emma, in battle, felt the full force of the earthquake. The ship was making good progress when held up by the Alert on March 22nd.

Once more under control, the ship was making its progress when held up by the Alert on March 22nd.

Some peculiarly abominable quality about them made their destruction seem almost a duty.

Of the swarthy cutty, Hendy he speaks with significant horror.

Driven ahead by curiosity in their captured yacht, they sighted a great stone pillar sticking out of the sea...

...In S. Latitude 47° 9', W. Longitude 126° 43', they come upon a coastline of mangled mud, ooze and weedy Cyclopean masonry.

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World Jules

Cafe-Noir

Egyptian Cigarettes

Black Cat Matches

The Golden Bough

Front Rhythm To Romance
It could be nothing less than the tangible substance of earth's supreme terror...
Something like fright had come over all the explorers before much was seen. Each would have fled had he not feared the scorn of the others.

...an immense portal of grotesquely carved stone.

He was Rodríguez who, climbing ahead, showed of what he had found...

O'Connor, by climbing up the edge, managed somehow to get the balance of the great door—and gave inwardly a sob and slowly...

The odour arising from the depths was intolerable.

Something stirred down there.
What wonder that across the same poor Wilcox raved with fever in that telepathic instance? The years were right again and what an age-old rule had failed so do the designs; a band of innocent sailors had done by accident.

After eon million years, Cthulhu was loose again, and raving for delight.
Steam had not been suffered to go down entirely, and it was the work of only a few moments to get the Aline under way.

As she churned the waters the mermen hung from the sears slavered and gibbered on the masonry of the channel shore...

...then slid greasily into the water in pursuit.

Briden looked back and were mad blue. Johansen had not given our view.

Resolving on a desperate chance he saw the engine on full and turned the ship around.

As the steam mounted he drove the vessel head on against the pursuing monstrosity.

When he looked back, Johansen saw the scattered remains nebulously recombining so the Aline drew away from the seeking waters.
That was all. After that he only brooded over the idol in the cabin and awaited so food for himself and the maniac by his side; he felt too drained to navigate. Then came the storm of April 2nd and a gathering of clouds about his consciousness...

Due of the dream came rescue—the Vigilant, she coursed, the streets of Dunedin, and the long voyage home. He would write of what he knew before death came; death would be a boon if only it could blow out the memories.

That was the document I read which I have placed in the tin box with the bas-relief and Professor Angel's papers.

With these, shall go this record of mine—this relic of my own sanity.

I have looked upon all that the universe has to hold of horror and the skies of spring and the flowers of summer must ever afterward be poison to me.
But I do not think my time will be long: I know too much and the curse still lives.

Cthulhu still lives too, I suppose.

This accursed clay is sunk once more; for the vigilante sailed over the sea after the storm.

Yet what has risen may sink, and what has sunk may rise. Lodesomeness waxes and dreams in the deep, and decay spreads over the towering fates of men.

It is only a matter of time...

The End

Art: John Coulthire - 1988

Story: H.P. Lovecraft - 1926