

THE  
**MYSTERY** 50  
EXAMINER

SPECIAL ISSUE

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# TRAGEDY IN LOUISIANA

THE LOUISIANA POLICE RETURNED WITH A VERDICT OF SUICIDE

## When Tragedy Strikes

By William J. Herbert  
*Editor of the Mystery Examiner*

It is with heavy hearts that we announce the death of Jeremy Hartwood. Our readers will never forget his outstanding talent, first revealed in the columns of this newspaper.

The son of a respected Arkham family, Jeremy's interest in the arts was encouraged by numerous fine teachers; he himself spoke often of Pickman, who introduced Jeremy to the wonders of painting. Hartwood's very first sketch for this newspaper is still famous.

Our extensive investigations into the Isthmus affair fired the imagination of our youngest staff-member; the boldness of his draftsmanship, coupled with the uncompromising vigor of his palette, shed a chilling light on the sinister tragedy that befell that unhappy New England town.

Our paths separated; and yet each time the balmy



Louisiana breeze carried him home, he never omitted to drop by to "sniff the final proof", as he invariably put it. He knew the welcome

would always be friendly and heartfelt.

We won't forget Jeremy Hartwood, an artist whose talent filled so many of us

with wonder. To have been a friend to such a man is a source of pride. His memory will forever be in my heart.

# The Pain of Solitude

By Harold McGruder  
Our Special Correspondent

*Pale shafts of dawn sunlight draw the rope's shadow grotesquely on the wooden floor.*

The sombre wings of death flapped raven-like in this lonely loft, and a man ended his troubled days. Jeremy Hartwood is no more.

A tipped-over stool, a makeshift knot...For local Police chief Drake, the death was clearly a suicide: "Everything points to it. There is no evidence of a struggle. This is an open and shut case." And yet, for the amateur detective (a species not unknown among our esteemed

readership!), several questions are unanswered and foul play remains a possibility. Allow me to shed the light of reason on these shadows of doubt.

While Mr. Hartwood appears not to have left a suicide note (not at all unusual in cases of suicide, contrary to popular belief), those closest to the deceased described him as being sickened of life, disillusioned with an existence that seemed void of meaning. According to his trusted butler, he was "a broken man since the death of his poor father. He tried to

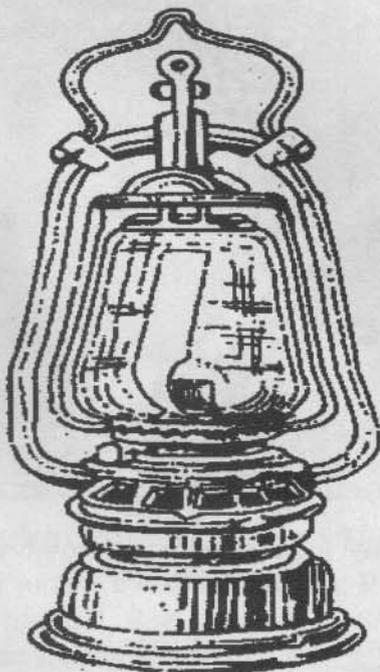


overcome his grief by intensive study but was haunted by visions of horror." Readers may care to read Frank Thorndike's fascinating article on the subject of those visions.

Living in the secluded confines of his immense house, Derceto, Jeremy Hartwood's life gradually turned into a nightmare. I myself managed to lose my way in Derceto's

shadowy corridors, and for several minutes experienced some of the fear that Hartwood lived with day after day..

Is it surprising that a man whose nerves had already been sorely tested, and who spent all his time in so oppressive an atmosphere, should have turned to what surely seemed the only way out of an intolerable life?



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# P A I N T A N D C A N V A S

*K.W. Limerick's chronicle*

Although, indeed one is tempted to say because, Jeremy Hartwood's talent was first discovered and nurtured by those whom Shelley termed the "aristocracy of taste", it is to be feared that his force and inimitable technique are fated to wait in the antechamber of culture's Hall of Fame for some years to come.

The mastery that marks even his earliest work is not, alas, sufficient to overcome the handicap inherent in his chosen (some readers might find the term ill-chosen in view of the evidently obsessive nature of Hartwood's oeuvre) area of interest.

The artist's attraction to the domain of the supernatural, while not without precedent, renders him unpalatable to many; his taste for the macabre exerts demands that only the strongest stomachs can meet. His exhibition at Boston's Russel Hall last fall provoked distinct murmurings among even his most ardent admirers.

Allow me to remind you of the titles of some of the paintings: "Howling at the Moon", "The Final Sabbath", "In the Abyss of the Unspeakable". A conversation with

Hartwood afforded me some insight into the artist's perceptions:

"If the human mind were to learn of certain concepts common to a number of forgotten religions, it would certainly seek refuge in madness. There are things we should never know!"

How can one look upon

his work without experiencing a certain "malaise"?

This feeling of unease was only compounded by Hartwood's next utterance: "My subject-matter comes from my dreams, and yet I am convinced that such beings have always existed and will always exist!"

You may remember that the exhibition, scheduled to run for three weeks, was cancelled after a mere forty-eight hours. My esteemed colleague McGruder assures me that Derceto, Hartwood's home, contains paintings that are even more disquieting.



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# HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

## A BIOGRAPHY OF A MASTER OF FANTASY LITERATURE

Born on June 12th 1889 in Providence, Rhode Island, Howard Phillips Lovecraft was a gifted and highly-imaginative child. He was fascinated by the mysteries of the night sky and stories such as 1001 Nights. He wrote his first story, "The Little Glass Bottle", when he was six, four years after the death of his father.

Lovecraft attended school episodically, being of delicate health. Working on his own, he was a keen student of chemistry and astronomy.

He began writing poetry and publishing scientific magazines. The death of his paternal grandfather plunged the family into serious financial problems, a situation from which Lovecraft was to suffer all his life.

Living almost as a recluse from 1909 to 1913, he wrote poems, articles and short stories for a number of small-circulation magazines.

He continued to read voraciously during this period.

It was in 1919 that he wrote one of his best-known stories "Beyond the Walls of Sleep,"



H. P. LOVECRAFT

which proved to be a milestone in the evolution of his own work and opened new horizons in the world of fantasy literature.

From then on, H.P.L. wrote a continuous stream of poetry, essays and stories while keeping up a lively correspondence with many fellow-writers and friends.

During his lifetime, Lovecraft's fame in the United States never went beyond a restricted circle of admirers.

No collection of his stories was published. This lack of success did not deter him, and he travelled to a number of states in search of a legendary America.

Lovecraft married Sonia Green in 1924.

Living in New York, he suffered a number of disappointments. Poor, unsuited to regular employment and disgusted by life in New York, H.P.L. realized that his marriage was a fiasco. The "Gentleman from Providence" was a deeply unhappy man.

Feeling lost in a century he despised, Lovecraft returned to Providence and devoted himself to reading, correspondence and his beloved cats.

The circle of admirers has never stopped growing; among the more famous are Jorge Luis Borges, J.Bergier and Stephen King.

His complete works are regularly republished, thanks to the efforts of his friend August Derleth.

A number of films have been inspired by his work; Herbert West: Reanimator, Dunwitch Horror.

Fantasy literature has been profoundly influenced by Lovecraft's vision, and he is often quoted alongside Poe as a precursor who explored fresh paths and invented a new style.

## A Selection of Lovecraft's Novels and Short Stories

THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD

BEYOND THE WALLS OF SLEEP

IN THE VAULT

HERBERT WEST: REANIMATOR

THE RATS IN THE WALLS

THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK

THE SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH

THE OUTSIDER

THE NAMELESS CITY

THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE

COOL AIR

CALL OF CTHULHU

DUNWITCH HORROR

THE WHISPERER IN DARKNESS

AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS

PICKMAN'S MODEL

THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH

# MENTAL DISORDERS

*By our science editor  
Frank Thorndike*

### *The tragic case of Jeremy Hartwood*

Each day sees further developments in the wonderful new science of psychoanalysis. The mind's mysteries will soon be laid bare before the blinding light of progress. In my position as science chronicler of this newspaper, I thought it would prove educationally uplifting to prevail upon Professor

Zempf, head of the neurology department at Boston's Frobisher Psychiatric Hospital, for a few thoughts on the tragic case of Jeremy Hartwood.

Professor Zempf writes:

"It is clear that an individual's taking of his own life is in many cases a source of particular distress for family members and friends, not to mention a subject of conversation for others; it is as though the deceased, by committing such an act, has given expression to a hitherto unsuspected madness. And yet the

phenomenon is far from uncommon, and is by no means restricted to individuals who might reasonably be termed insane. Suicide is more often than not the culmination of many distressing factors, compounded by what is subjectively perceived as an insurmountable obstacle to viable life (in the case in point, the father's death). Apparently well-balanced individuals are by no means immune from the temptation; it requires only a suitable series of circumstances.

Close family members and friends are often quite unaware of the sufferer's growing sense of despair, or as scientific jargon would have it, neurotic obsession. The Hartwood case presents no surprise; a highly-strung artist, clearly given to hysteria, who willingly exacerbated a natural morbid tendency. As to the particular circumstances that finally forced Mr. Hartwood into taking the final and fateful step, one may never learn the answers."

# FRIGATE TO STARBOARD

## THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE VULTURE

### EPISODE ONE

*We would like to pay tribute to the Hartwood family by publishing, in serial form, the novel by Jeremy Hartwood's father Howard, known to amateurs of adventure stories as Captain Trevis.*

It was the time of year when balmy island breezes give way to the lively "Fuego", a south wind that fills out sails and sends ships flying through the foaming swell. Hauling close to, the Vulture sailed under her fearsome commander, Scarface Jordan.

"Frigate to starboard!" cried Cut-throat Quick from the crow's nest. "We'll 'ave 'im", chuckled Jordan.

He rubbed his calloused hands, already counting the pieces of eight, and imagining the rum he would

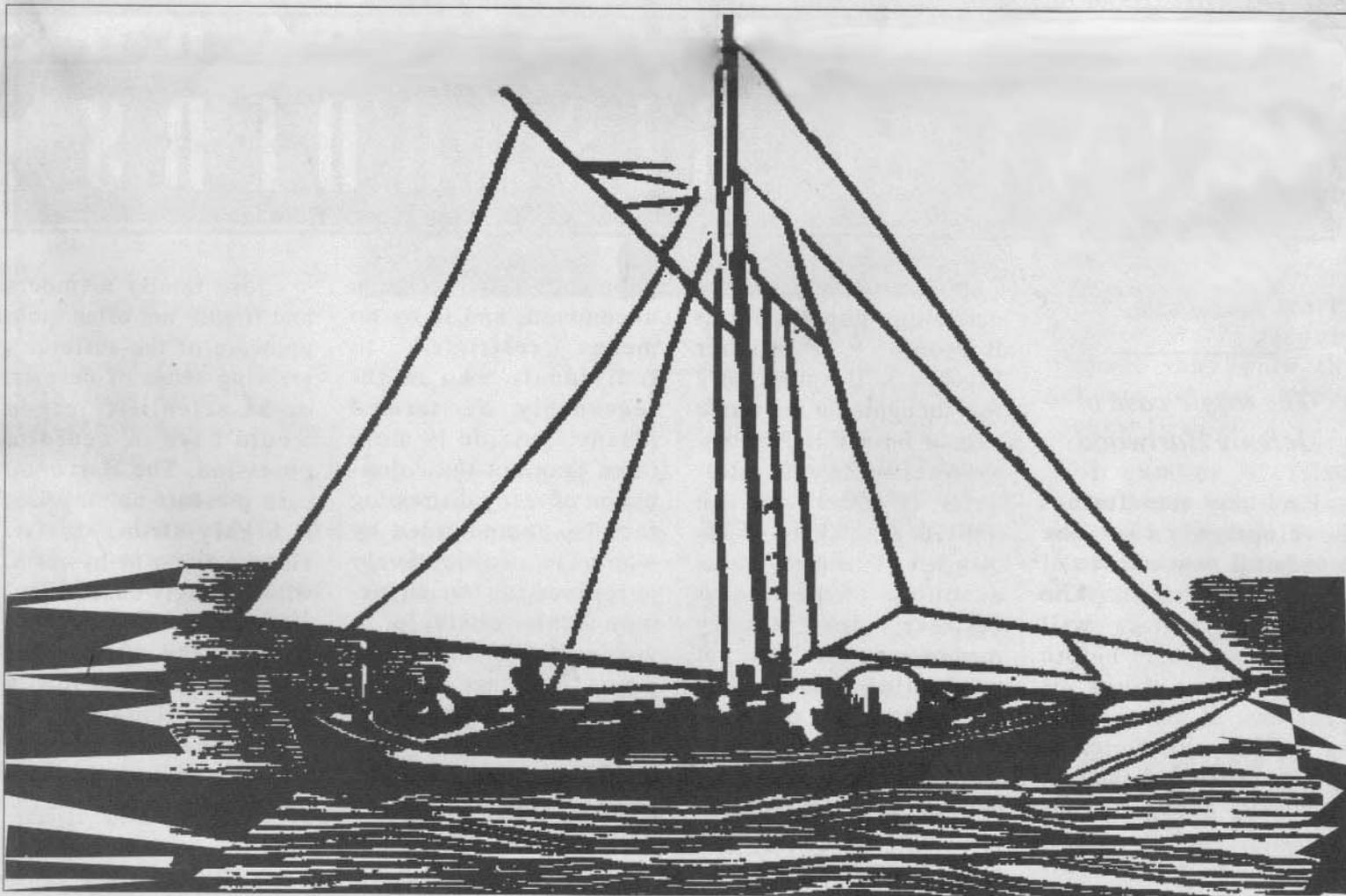
soon be swigging. He trained his spyglass on the prey.

Jordan's hungry grin froze, then became a dreadful mask of terror.

"Dear God almighty!" he gasped. "It's 'im'll 'ave us...Lads! Break out whatever the masts'll take! That's Pregzt over there, and I smell death in the air! If he over'auls us, then we're sharkmeat, for none can fight the demon!"

The first cannon-ball struck the Vulture's hull.

*To be continued...*





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