Multilayered Specter, Multifaceted Presence: A Critical Edition of H.P. Lovecraft's "The Tomb"

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This edition examines "The Tomb" in depth, including the historical context in which Lovecraft was writing, as well as the social and technological changes that occurred. It exposes multilayered ghosts housed within the text. It also examines Lovecraft's fascination with the supernatural and the development of the horror genre, which he modeled after Poe's work.

General Introduction

During the time H.P. Lovecraft was writing his essays and short stories ("The Tomb" was written in 1917 and published in 1922), 20th Century America was experiencing changes in the political and social realms, the result of an influx of Old World immigrants and technological changes such as the railroad, telegraph, and telephone. As Robert MacDougall states, "The pace of technological and economic change was indeed violent and wrenching to many Americans. Each advance in the technology of communication and transportation gave new powers to its users, yet it also compounded the ability of distant people and events to affect those users' lives" (717). Things outside Americans' immediate arc of influence—events, peoples, and ideas—from across the country could change their lives at any moment, thanks to these new technologies.

Many Americans found something unnerving in this new ability to travel more quickly than before because it seemed as if there was no transition from place to place. The telephone, whose name means literally "sound over distance," seemed even more ghostly. To talk with someone you could not physically see, especially someone on another continent, would have been barely fathomable to most consumers. Indeed, early AT&T advertisements rarely described in detail what their customers were buying, preferring instead to leave the information as indecipherable as a tangle of wires. Few members of the public had a working grasp of the technology that was invading their homes. The public's inability to understand the technologies of their everyday life compounded the knowledge gap between the educated few able to develop these new technologies, and those who merely existed around them. This resulting inequality and anxiety about the unknown was a common topic for Gothic writers, whose texts often featured a mysterious object or a system of magic that could be wielded by only a single or select few individuals. The tomb in Lovecraft's story of the same name provides a perfect example of such an object, as it holds a mysterious power over the protagonist, with its allusion to dark histories and rituals that the narrator insists he comprehends. Readers are unable to understand the ghostly technologies presented to them, creating a chilling effect that mirrors the effects of technology they cannot understand. Although the settings might seem to allude to vastly different times, Gothic stories exist to capture the terror of the incomprehensible, and suggest that times can never change enough to alter our perception of what is scary.

These new technologies changed the American landscape in more nuanced ways as well. Because the telephone reached into the home, it affected the "separate spheres" ideology of the Victorian world (MacDougall 717). Men were able to "enter" the home, a woman's domain, with their voices if not their presence. Women's voices were allowed outside the home as well, raising questions about presence and absence and what

was proper in society. New tensions further blurred the boundaries between the male and female worlds, and Gothic fiction reminded readers of the consequences when proper roles were not observed. For example, Lovecraft and Poe's stories both feature protagonists who are secluded from other male society, often choosing to self-educate and spend a majority of their time indoors reading or wandering fields and forests, behavior very similar to what was expected in the leisure time of wealthy young ladies. Lovecraft's narrator in "The Tomb," Jervas Dudley, spends copious amounts of time at the door of the tomb, sleeping alone in the woods and wandering about a charred mansion. His education concerns ancient and obscure texts, no doubt too expensive to be accessible to the masses. Dudley's function in the story adds little value to regular society, as he does not contribute to the economy or the public sphere through his presence, his time, money, or effort. In fact, Dudley functions as an aristocrat, contributing nothing, believing he has no need of society. Lovecraft uses his story "The Tomb" to comment on the dangers of men stepping outside their traditional gender and economic roles, and ultimately his protagonist is destroyed by this behavior.

America became increasingly concerned with the "politics of masculinity and transformation in child rearing, gender socialization, and the new sciences of human development" (Grant 829) in the late 19th Century, and the majority of this concern was directed towards effeminate or "sissy" boys. When a boy was judged to be too close to his mother or sickly, his masculinity or lack thereof became a problem for society, not merely a concern for the parents. Men like Theodore Roosevelt, who practically "cured" himself of polio and allergies, were heroes, while "sissies bore a clinical and social stigma" (Grant 829). This trend coincided with general upheaval in the roles of adult men and women as a result of feminism, industrialization, and urbanization. It is interesting to note that H.P. Lovecraft himself may have fit the "sissy" mold, as he battled moderate illnesses throughout his adult life, one of the reasons he was able to read and enjoy movies so frequently. He mirrors his protagonist in "The Tomb" who also spends much of his developmental childhood and early adult years reading in seclusion. This story amplifies a common tension of the time, emphasizing the gap between those like Lovecraft in a more aristocratic position—able to create content, and the common members of society who read that content.

There was another reason for change in the late 1800s and early 1900s, as large floods of immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe arrived to America. Newcomers had very little power as they mixed with more established immigrants who were already adjusted to American culture and secure in the industrial system and jobs. Scholar John Bukowczyk remarks on this struggle for assimilation and cultural identity. "The struggle between popular belief and orthodoxy nonetheless represents an important moment in immigrant social history as it opens a window on class and power relations within the immigrant world and also between that world and the larger American society" (22). While immigrants were adjusting to an industrial economy, Lovecraft presented a character that held himself completely apart from that system, reviving Old World sentiments of entitlement, classicism, and aristocracy. In addition to class, family name also became a source of contention for immigrants. The workplace forced immigrant communities to interact with other groups and encouraged them to reach outside their own ethnic community for spouses. This allowed names and family lineage to blend, and families were no longer homogeneously Italian or German, for example. Through the archaic presence of Jervas Dudley, Lovecraft internalizes anxieties concerning societal changes resulting from the influx of immigration, and the increasingly blurred lines of familial lineage. His Old World character becomes obsessed with the grand old family of Hyde, holding onto a lineage that is extinct. He reacts with the fresh immigrant attitude to create tension in an America that supposedly no longer subscribed to class ideals.

With all the uncertainty immigrants experienced, religion was a way to explain and control some part of life. Threats of witchcraft and hexes were used to threaten, especially when actions were inconsistent with the values of the immigrant group or the new American culture. Groups such as the Kashubs (from Northern Poland) "used their belief in unnatural beings to single out—and stigmatize—those who seemed out of the ordinary" (Bukowczyk 26), giving rise to legends such as the succubae, dwarves, and vampires. For example, in many European societies, it was common for a widowed woman to cede her house to her children when they married. In America, however, this practice became less common. Tensions ran high between the generations in the struggle for property and rightful ownership, and younger generations often reacted by suggesting that the older women, stubbornly

refusing to make way for them, were involved in witchcraft or other unsavory activities to punish what they did not like or understand. Lovecraft makes a connection between generations and property through his character Jervas Dudley, who is caught in the ancient magic of his books and the old Hyde mansion. The tension his character experiences between his time and that of the ancient Hyde mirrors the tensions Americans experienced as they reconciled customs of the newcomers.

At the same time, however, old religious customs were being challenged by new science and technology. Secularization gained ground, and religion and superstition became less powerful as life events like births and deaths occurred in hospitals instead of the home. With science, human health could be explained, and both religion and superstition were called upon less frequently. As religious divisions between immigrant groups decreased, they were less divided by regional superstitions and became united by American values of class and gender equality and politics.

Cultural upheaval created many opportunities for writers of gothic fiction like H.P. Lovecraft. The culture brought over by immigrants clashed with the culture America was trying to name its own, creating spaces of uncertainty that were ripe fodder for gothic minds like Lovecraft. The narrator of "The Tomb" is retreating from the increasingly complex new America, into anachronism and an unnatural relation to the past, examining the ghostly consequences of not moving with time.

Introduction to "The Tomb"

Born in 1890 in Providence, Rhode Island, H.P. Lovecraft was a prolific writer of supernatural fiction. Aside from his poetry and fiction, Lovecraft was also known for his letter writing, through which he captured in great detail his views on science, history, philosophy or any other subject which intrigued him. These letters are essential in chronicling the persona of the author, and the working force and creative being of the man behind the weird tales. In the introduction to *Lord of a Visible World: An Autobiography in Letters*, a collection of letters written by Lovecraft, editors S.T. Joshi and David E. Schultz reveal that the author inherited several intellectual and artistic interests early in life such as, "a natural sense of meter at the age of two; reading at the age of four; enthusiasm for the Arabian Nights at five, for classical myth at six, for music at seven, for chemistry at eight, and for astronomy at eleven" (viii). Lovecraft possessed a creative instinct, which led him to write his first stories at the age of six. This inherent creativity continued throughout his life, fueling his poetry, letters, and fiction.

In commenting on the author's work in his article "A Literary Copernicus," Fritz Leiber, Jr., a correspondent of Lovecraft's, writes that he "shifted the focus of supernatural dread from man and his little world and his gods, to the stars and the black and unplumbed gulfs of intergalactic space…. When he completed the body of his writings, he had firmly attached the emotion of spectral dread to such concepts of outer space, the rim of the cosmos, alien beings, unsuspected dimensions, and the conceivable universes lying outside our own space-time continuum" (50). While this overarching theme of otherworldly supernatural terror isn't explicitly present within "The Tomb" (which was written in 1917, early in Lovecraft's writing career), there are subtle glimpses of these larger concepts. At the beginning of the story the narrator states, "It is an unfortunate fact that the bulk of humanity is too limited in its mental vision to weigh with patience and intelligence those isolated phenomena, seen and felt only by a psychologically sensitive few, which lie outside its common experience." In "The Tomb" Lovecraft begins to explore the worlds he believed lay beyond our visible world.

"The Tomb" marked H.P. Lovecraft's return to fiction after a nine-year absence. It details the story of Jervas Dudley, who discovers a tomb that belonged to the Hydes, an ancient family whose last descendant was buried decades before Jervas's birth. He becomes fascinated with the tomb, haunting the doors of the vault with a repetitive obsession, even though he finds his admittance barred, the doors chained. Eventually he gains entrance, and he discovers the tomb filled with coffins, all occupied save one with the name "Jervas" written upon its lid. He lingers in the vault night after night, and he slowly begins to exhibit a new demeanor and manner of speech. Jervas tells us, "I suddenly acquired archaism of diction was soon remarked upon…. I unconsciously grew to possess the bearing of a man of the world despite my lifelong seclusion." Jervas Dudley comes to believe that he has been possessed by Jervas Hyde, the last remaining member of the Hyde family, who perished in the fire that destroyed the Hyde estate. His body was burned to ashes. Unable to lie in the tomb that was prepared for him, his spirit was forced to seek "through the ages for

another corporeal tenement to represent it on that vacant slab in the alcove of the vault." This possession of Jervas Hyde is the most obvious specter within the story, but the true ghostliness of the "The Tomb" is multilayered and multifaceted, represented in the several doublings present within the "corporeal tenement" of Jervas Dudley.

Through Jervas's inheritance of the archaic demeanor of Jervas Hyde, Lovecraft was attempting to actualize and symbolize the essence of his own wandering spirit. In a letter to a friend, the author mused:

"I am really a relic left over from Queen Anne's age… from the time of my earliest recollection, I have seemed to fall into the mental habits of two centuries ago. My constitutional feebleness kept me from regular attendance at school, so that I acquired what little knowledge I possess from a rather indiscriminate perusal of the volumes of the family library…I never felt at home save with the writers of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries…In this manner my style was formed; not as a conscious archaism, but as though I had actually been born in 1690 instead of 1890" (64).

This short excerpt aids in examining a particular layer of ghostliness and doubling of Jervas Dudley/Hyde by illustrating Lovecraft's sense of fitting into an older time period. This character duality emphasizes the presence of the author within the story because it can be posited that Lovecraft is modeling Dudley's character after himself. Just as Lovecraft wishes he had been born centuries earlier, Dudley integrates himself into an ancient family, the Hydes, from many years before.

Lovecraft himself had an upbringing similar to that of his protagonist. Due to high-strung nerves and other ailments, Lovecraft was unable to attend grammar school until he was eight, and even then his attendance was greatly affected by his prevailing illnesses, a consistent pattern throughout the remainder of his school career. Lovecraft led a solitary childhood, housed largely within books from his family library. This solitude is reflected in Jervas who, although not physically ill, remains distant from society, enveloped within volumes from the family library when not haunting the tomb. As Jervas Hyde begins to materialize, the reader is presented with a symbolic entity representing the author's self-realized archaic presence. Through the creation and metamorphosis of the surface ghost, Lovecraft actualizes his own wandering spirit.

Lovecraft was also fascinated with genealogy, and wanted to discover and chronicle both his paternal and maternal lines (Joshi and Schultz 3). In a letter to a friend, Lovecraft detailed his disappointment in his genealogical exploration of his paternal line. Although the line was respectable and filled with well-to-do individuals, the author failed to discover "a damn thing to indicate a revolt against commonplace unintelligence or a taste for the weird and the cosmic. No philosophers—no artists—no writers—not a cursed soul I could possibly talk to without getting a pain in the neck" (Joshi and Schultz 4). His maternal line was filled largely with small, rural gentry. A similar fascination with genealogy is present within "The Tomb." After Jervas encounters the story of Theseus, his drive and longing to enter the tomb dissipate, as he realizes that his time is not yet ripe. His thoughts never drift far from the vault, however, and his desire is rekindled when he stumbles across an "unexpected genealogical discovery that my own maternal ancestry possessed at least a slight link with the supposedly extinct family of the Hydes. Last of my paternal race, I was likewise the last of this older and more mysterious line." This passage from the story reflects the author's disappointment in his genealogical lines. Through Jervas he attempts to create an interesting point to counter the dullness of his paternal and maternal lines, and to discover a sense of belonging within the horizontal progression of his familial timeline. Jervas Dudley is thus a representation of the disconnection experienced by the author himself, solidifying Lovecraft's ghostly presence within "The Tomb."

Another presence entombed in the story is Edgar Allan Poe, by whom H.P. Lovecraft was conceptually, stylistically, and characteristically influenced. Robert Bloch, another of Lovecraft's correspondents, commented on the similarities between Poe and Lovecraft, writing that they "deliberately chose to turn their backs on contemporary style and subject-matter and create their own individual worlds of fantasy. In this above all else they were similar" (160). In our contextual documents, we have included an excerpt from Lovecraft's essay "Supernatural Horror in Fiction," in which he dedicates an entire section to the analysis and discussion of Edgar Allan Poe and his influence on the world of supernatural fiction. In the essay, Lovecraft analyzes the mold of Poe's typical protagonists, and it becomes apparent that Jervas Dudley fits perfectly into this mold: "More particular qualities appear to be derived from the psychology of Poe himself, who certainly possessed much of the depression,

sensitiveness, mad aspiration, loneliness, and extravagant freakishness which he attributes to his haughty and solitary victims of Fate."

Our last contextual document is an excerpt from "Ligeia," a story by Edgar Allan Poe that Lovecraft discusses in "Supernatural Horror In Fiction." When he summarizes his perspective on the story, it becomes apparent that he has captured the spirit of Ligeia and reflected her within Jervas Dudley in "The Tomb." Through Jervas Dudley, Lovecraft embodies his own archaic presence while capturing echoes of Poe's essence, specifically that of Ligeia. The ghost within "The Tomb" is multifaceted, representing the author and his desire to emulate Poe. Through the juxtaposition of new and old, Lovecraft creates a specter that extends far beyond linear placement of the tomb, and the spatial limits of the page.

"The Tomb"[1]

In relating the circumstances, which have led to my confinement within this refuge for the demented, I am aware that my present position will create a natural doubt of the authenticity of my narrative. It is an unfortunate fact that the bulk of humanity is too limited in its mental vision to weigh with patience and intelligence those isolated phenomena, seen and felt only by a psychologically sensitive few, which lie outside its common experience. Men of broader intellect know that there is no sharp distinction betwixt the real and the unreal; that all things appear as they do only by virtue of the delicate individual physical and mental media through which we are made conscious of them; but the prosaic materialism of the majority condemns as madness the flashes of supersite which penetrate the common veil of obvious empiricism.

My name is Jervas Dudley, and from earliest childhood I have been a dreamer and a visionary. Wealthy beyond the necessity of a commercial life, and temperamentally unfitted for the formal studies and social recreation of my acquaintances, I have dwelt ever in realms apart from the visible world; spending my youth and adolescence in ancient and little known books, and in roaming the fields and groves of the region near my ancestral home. I do not think that what I read in these books or saw in these fields and groves was exactly what other boys read and saw there; but of this I must say little, since detailed speech would but confirm those cruel slanders upon my intellect which I sometimes overhear from the whispers of the stealthy attendants around me. It is sufficient for me to relate events without analyzing causes.

I have said that I dwelt apart from the visible world, but I have not said that I dwelt alone. This no human creature may do; for lacking the fellowship of the living, he inevitably draws upon the companionship of things that are not, or are no longer, living. Close by my home there lies a singular wooded hollow, in whose twilight deeps I spent most of my time; reading, thinking, and dreaming. Down its moss-covered slopes my first steps of infancy were taken, and around its grotesquely gnarled oak trees my first fancies of boyhood were woven. Well did I come to know the presiding dryads[2] of those trees, and often have I watched their wild dances in the struggling beams of a waning moon but of these things I must not now speak. I will tell only of the lone tomb in the darkest of the hillside thickets; the deserted tomb of the Hydes,[3] an old and exalted family whose last direct descendant had been laid within its black recesses many decades before my birth.

The vault to which I refer is of ancient granite, weathered and discolored by the mists and dampness of generations. Excavated back into the hillside, the structure is visible only at the entrance. The door, a ponderous and forbidding slab of stone, hangs upon rusted iron hinges, and is fastened ajar in a queerly sinister way by means of heavy iron chains and padlocks, according to a gruesome fashion of half a century ago. The abode of the race whose scions are here inurned had once crowned the declivity which holds the tomb, but had long since fallen victim to the flames which sprang up from a stroke of lightning. Of the midnight storm which destroyed this gloomy mansion, the older inhabitants of the region sometimes speak in hushed and uneasy voices; alluding to what they call 'divine wrath' in a manner that in later years vaguely increased the always strong fascination which I had felt for the forest-darkened sepulcher. One man only had perished in the fire. When the last of the Hydes was buried in this place of shade and stillness, the sad urnful of ashes had come from a distant land, to which the family had repaired when the mansion burned down. No one

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1. This edition of this text was found in *The Vagrant*. The issue of the magazine was published in 1922.
2. A deity or nymph of the woods.
3. Lovecraft chose this name as an allusion to the novel *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (Joshi and Schultz 182).

remains to lay flowers before the granite portal, and few care to brave the depressing shadows which seem to linger strangely about the water-worn stones.

I shall never forget the afternoon when first I stumbled upon the half-hidden house of death. It was in midsummer, when the alchemy of nature transmutes the sylvan landscape to one vivid and almost homogeneous mass of green; when the senses are well-nigh intoxicated with the surging seas of moist verdure and the subtly indefinable odors of the soil and the vegetation. In such surroundings the mind loses its perspective; time and space become trivial and unreal, and echoes of a forgotten prehistoric past beat insistently upon the enthralled consciousness.

All day I had been wandering through the mystic groves of the hollow; thinking thoughts I need not discuss, and conversing with things I need not name. In years a child of ten, I had seen and heard many wonders unknown to the throng; and was oddly aged in certain respects. When, upon forcing my way between two savage clumps of briars, I suddenly encountered the entrance of the vault, I had no knowledge of what I had discovered. The dark blocks of granite, the door so curiously ajar, and the funeral carvings above the arch, aroused in me no associations of mournful or terrible character. Of graves and tombs I knew and imagined much, but had on account of my peculiar temperament been kept from all personal contact with churchyards and cemeteries. The strange stone house on the woodland slope was to me only a source of interest and speculation; and its cold, damp interior, into which I vainly peered through the aperture so tantalizingly left, contained for me no hint of death or decay. But in that instant of curiosity was born the madly unreasoning desire which has brought me to this hell of confinement. Spurred on by a voice which must have come from the hideous soul of the forest, I resolved to enter the beckoning gloom in spite of the ponderous chains which barred my passage. In the waning light of day I alternately rattled the rusty impediments with a view to throwing wide the stone door, and essayed to squeeze my slight form through the space already provided; but neither plan met with success. At first curious, I was now frantic; and when in the thickening twilight I returned to my home, I had sworn to the hundred gods of the grove that at any cost I would some day force an entrance to the black, chilly depths that seemed calling out to me. The physician with the iron-grey beard who comes each day to my room, once told a visitor that this decision marked the beginning of a pitiful monomania;[4] but I will leave final judgment to my readers when they shall have learnt all.

The months following my discovery were spent in futile attempts to force the complicated padlock of the slightly open vault, and in carefully guarded inquiries regarding the nature and history of the structure. With the traditionally receptive ears of the small boy, I learned much; though a habitual secretiveness caused me to tell no one of my information or my resolve. It is perhaps worth mentioning that I was not at all surprised or terrified on learning of the nature of the vault. My rather original ideas regarding life and death had caused me to associate the cold clay with the breathing body in a vague fashion; and I felt that the great and sinister family of the burned-down mansion was in some way represented within the stone space I sought to explore. Mumbled tales of the weird rites and godless revels of bygone years in the ancient hall gave to me a new and potent interest in the tomb, before whose door I would sit for hours at a time each day. Once I thrust a candle within the nearly closed entrance, but could see nothing save a flight of damp stone steps leading downward. The odor of the place repelled yet bewitched me. I felt I had known it before, in a past remote beyond all recollection; beyond even my tenancy of the body I now possess.

The year after I first beheld the tomb, I stumbled upon a worm-eaten translation of Plutarch's Lives[5] in the book-filled attic of my home. Reading the life of Theseus,[6] I was much impressed by that passage telling of the great stone beneath which the boyish hero was to find his tokens of destiny whenever he should become old enough to lift its enormous weight. The legend had the effect of dispelling my keenest impatience to enter the vault, for it made me feel that the time was not yet ripe. Later, I told myself, I should grow to a strength and ingenuity which might enable me to unfasten the heavily chained door with ease; but until then I would do better by conforming to what seemed the will of Fate.

Accordingly my watches by the dank portal became less persistent, and much of my time was spent in other

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4. An inordinate or obsessive zeal for or interest in a single thing, idea, or subject.
5. A series of books written in the 1st Century that are biographies of famous Greek and Roman nobles; also called Parallel Lives.
6. One of the most famous biographies in Plutarch's Lives: Theseus was a Hero of Athens.

though equally strange pursuits. I would sometimes rise very quietly in the night, stealing out to walk in those churchyards and places of burial from which I had been kept by my parents. What I did there I may not say, for I am not now sure of the reality of certain things; but I know that on the day after such a nocturnal ramble I would often astonish those about me with my knowledge of topics almost forgotten for many generations. It was after a night like this that I shocked the community with a queer conceit about the burial of the rich and celebrated Squire Brewster, a maker of local history who was interred in 1711, and whose slate headstone, bearing a graven skull and crossbones, was slowly crumbling to powder. In a moment of childish imagination I vowed not only that the undertaker, Goodman[7] Simpson, had stolen the silver-buckled shoes, silken hose, and satin small-clothes[8] of the deceased before burial; but that the Squire himself, not fully inanimate, had turned twice in his mound-covered coffin on the day after interment.

But the idea of entering the tomb never left my thoughts; being indeed stimulated by the unexpected genealogical discovery that my own maternal ancestry possessed at least a slight link with the supposedly extinct family of the Hydes. Last of my paternal race, I was likewise the last of this older and more mysterious line. I began to feel that the tomb was mine, and to look forward with hot eagerness to the time when I might pass within that stone door and down those slimy stone steps in the dark. I now formed the habit of listening very intently at the slightly open portal, choosing my favorite hours of midnight stillness for the odd vigil. By the time I came of age, I had made a small clearing in the thicket before the mold-stained facade of the hillside, allowing the surrounding vegetation to encircle and overhang the space like the walls and roof of a sylvan bower. This bower was my temple, the fastened door my shrine, and here I would lie outstretched on the mossy ground, thinking strange thoughts and dreaming strange dreams.

The night of the first revelation was a sultry one. I must have fallen asleep from fatigue, for it was with a distinct sense of awakening that I heard the voices. Of these tones and accents I hesitate to speak; of their quality I will not speak; but I may say that they presented certain uncanny differences in vocabulary, pronunciation, and mode of utterance. Every shade of New England dialect, from the uncouth syllables of the Puritan colonists to the precise rhetoric of fifty years ago, seemed represented in that shadowy colloquy, though it was only later that I noticed the fact. At the time, indeed, my attention was distracted from this matter by another phenomenon; a phenomenon so fleeting that I could not take oath upon its reality. I barely fancied that as I awoke, a light had been hurriedly extinguished within the sunken sepulcher. I do not think I was either astounded or panic-stricken, but I know that I was greatly and permanently changed that night. Upon returning home I went with much directness to a rotting chest in the attic, wherein I found the key which next day unlocked with ease the barrier I had so long stormed in vain.

It was in the soft glow of late afternoon that I first entered the vault on the abandoned slope. A spell was upon me, and my heart leaped with an exultation I can but ill describe. As I closed the door behind me and descended the dripping steps by the light of my lone candle, I seemed to know the way; and though the candle sputtered with the stifling reek of the place, I felt singularly at home in the musty, charnel-house air. Looking about me, I beheld many marble slabs bearing coffins, or the remains of coffins. Some of these were sealed and intact, but others had nearly vanished, leaving the silver handles and plates isolated amidst certain curious heaps of whitish dust. Upon one plate I read the name of Sir Geoffrey Hyde, who had come from Sussex[9] in 1640 and died here a few years later. In a conspicuous alcove was one fairly well preserved and untenanted casket, adorned with a single name which brought me both a smile and a shudder. An odd impulse caused me to climb upon the broad slab, extinguish my candle, and lie down within the vacant box.

In the gray light of dawn I staggered from the vault and locked the chain of the door behind me. I was no longer a young man, though but twenty-one winters had chilled my bodily frame. Early-rising villagers who observed my homeward progress looked at me strangely, and marveled at the signs of ribald revelry which they saw in one whose life was known to be sober and solitary. I did not appear before my parents till after a long and refreshing sleep.

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7. Goodman or Goody refers to Pilgrims and is a way to say Mr. or Mrs.
8. Undergarments.
9. A county in England.

Henceforward I haunted the tomb each night; seeing, hearing, and doing things I must never recall. My speech, always susceptible to environmental influences, was the first thing to succumb to the change; and my suddenly acquired archaism of diction was soon remarked upon. Later a queer boldness and recklessness came into my demeanor, till I unconsciously grew to possess the bearing of a man of the world despite my lifelong seclusion. My formerly silent tongue waxed voluble with the easy grace of a Chesterfield or the godless cynicism of a Rochester. I displayed a peculiar erudition utterly unlike the fantastic, monkish lore over which I had pored in youth; and covered the fly-leaves of my books with facile impromptu epigrams which brought up suggestions of Gay, Prior,[10] and the sprightliest of the Augustan wits and rimesters.[11] One morning at breakfast I came close to disaster by declaiming in palpably liquorish accents an effusion of Eighteenth Century bacchanalian[12] mirth, a bit of Georgian playfulness never recorded in a book, which ran something like this:

Come hither, my lads, with your tankards of ale,
And drink to the present before it shall fail;
Pile each on your platter a mountain of beef,
For 'tis eating and drinking that bring us relief:
So fill up your glass,
For life will soon pass;
When you're dead ye'll ne'er drink to your king or your lass!
Anacreon[13] had a red nose, so they say;
But what's a red nose if ye're happy and gay?
Gad split me! I'd rather be red whilst I'm here,
Than white as a lily and dead half a year!
So Betty, my miss,
Come give me a kiss;
In hell there's no innkeeper's daughter like this!
Young Harry, propp'd up just as straight as he's able,
Will soon lose his wig and slip under the table,
But fill up your goblets and pass 'em around
Better under the table than under the ground!
So revel and chaff
As ye thirstily quaff:
Under six feet of dirt 'tis less easy to laugh!
The fiend strike me blue! l'm scarce able to walk,
And damn me if I can stand upright or talk!
Here, landlord, bid Betty to summon a chair;
I'll try home for a while, for my wife is not there!
So lend me a hand;
I'm not able to stand,
But I'm gay whilst I linger on top of the land![14]

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10. Philip Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield (1694-1773), John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), John Gay (1685-1732), and Mathew Prior (1664-1721) are all 18th-Century poets who are known for the witty style.
11. Poets.
12. A festival in honor of Bacchus; a drunken feast; an orgy.
13. A famous Greek poet.
14. This is a poem titled "Gaudeamus" that Lovecraft used for a previous story and later added to "The Tomb" (Joshi 127). "Gaudeamus," also known as "Gaudeamus Igitur," is a poem that was written in the 13th century and is known as the "student song," which was commonly sung by college students at their graduations ("Gaudeamus Igitur" n.p.).

About this time I conceived my present fear of fire and thunderstorms. Previously indifferent to such things, I had now an unspeakable horror of them; and would retire to the innermost recesses of the house whenever the heavens threatened an electrical display. A favorite haunt of mine during the day was the ruined cellar of the mansion that had burned down, and in fancy I would picture the structure as it had been in its prime. On one occasion I startled a villager by leading him confidently to a shallow subcellar, of whose existence I seemed to know in spite of the fact that it had been unseen and forgotten for many generations.

At last came that which I had long feared. My parents, alarmed at the altered manner and appearance of their only son, commenced to exert over my movements a kindly espionage which threatened to result in disaster. I had told no one of my visits to the tomb, having guarded my secret purpose with religious zeal since childhood; but now I was forced to exercise care in threading the mazes of the wooded hollow, that I might throw off a possible pursuer. My key to the vault I kept suspended from a cord about my neck, its presence known only to me. I never carried out of the sepulcher any of the things I came upon whilst within its walls.

One morning as I emerged from the damp tomb and fastened the chain of the portal with none too steady hand, I beheld in an adjacent thicket the dreaded face of a watcher. Surely the end was near; for my bower was discovered, and the objective of my nocturnal journeys revealed. The man did not accost me, so I hastened home in an effort to overhear what he might report to my careworn father. Were my sojourns beyond the chained door about to be proclaimed to the world? Imagine my delighted astonishment on hearing the spy inform my parent in a cautious whisper that I had spent the night in the bower outside the tomb; my sleep-filmed eyes fixed upon the crevice where the padlocked portal stood ajar! By what miracle had the watcher been thus deluded? I was now convinced that a supernatural agency protected me. Made bold by this heaven-sent circumstance, I began to resume perfect openness in going to the vault; confident that no one could witness my entrance. For a week I tasted to the full joys of that charnel conviviality which I must not describe, when the thing happened, and I was borne away to this accursed abode of sorrow and monotony.

I should not have ventured out that night; for the taint of thunder was in the clouds, and a hellish phosphorescence rose from the rank swamp at the bottom of the hollow. The call of the dead, too, was different. Instead of the hillside tomb, it was the charred cellar on the crest of the slope whose presiding demon beckoned to me with unseen fingers. As I emerged from an intervening grove upon the plain before the ruin, I beheld in the misty moonlight a thing I had always vaguely expected. The mansion, gone for a century, once more reared its stately height to the raptured vision; every window ablaze with the splendor of many candles. Up the long drive rolled the coaches of the Boston gentry, whilst on foot came a numerous assemblage of powdered exquisites from the neighboring mansions. With this throng I mingled, though I knew I belonged with the hosts rather than with the guests. Inside the hall were music, laughter, and wine on every hand. Several faces I recognized; though I should have known them better had they been shriveled or eaten away by death and decomposition. Amidst a wild and reckless throng I was the wildest and most abandoned. Gay blasphemy poured in torrents from my lips, and in shocking sallies I heeded no law of God, or nature.

Suddenly a peal of thunder, resonant even above the din of the swinish revelry, clave the very roof and laid a hush of fear upon the boisterous company. Red tongues of flame and searing gusts of heat engulfed the house; and the roysterers,[15] struck with terror at the descent of a calamity, which seemed to transcend the bounds of unguided nature, fled shrieking into the night. I alone remained, riveted to my seat by a groveling fear which I had never felt before. And then a second horror took possession of my soul. Burnt alive to ashes, my body dispersed by the four winds, I might never lie in the tomb of the Hydes! Was not my coffin prepared for me? Had I not a right to rest till eternity amongst the descendants of Sir Geoffrey Hyde? Aye! I would claim my heritage of death, even though my soul go seeking through the ages for another corporeal tenement to represent it on that vacant slab in the alcove of the vault. Jervas Hyde should never share the sad fate of Palinurus![16]

As the phantom of the burning house faded, I found myself screaming and struggling madly in the arms of

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15. One who partakes in merry-making.

16. A person in Roman mythology, in Virgil's Aeneid, who was the Helmsmen of the ship and was to to sleep by a God so that he would fall overboard and be sacrificed to Neptune, God of the Sea

two men, one of whom was the spy who had followed me to the tomb. Rain was pouring down in torrents, and upon the southern horizon were flashes of lightning that had so lately passed over our heads. My father, his face lined with sorrow, stood by as I shouted my demands to be laid within the tomb, frequently admonishing my captors to treat me as gently as they could. A blackened circle on the floor of the ruined cellar told of a violent stroke from the heavens; and from this spot a group of curious villagers with lanterns were prying a small box of antique workmanship, which the thunderbolt had brought to light.

Ceasing my futile and now objectless writhing, I watched the spectators as they viewed the treasure-trove, and was permitted to share in their discoveries. The box, whose fastenings were broken by the stroke, which had unearthed it, contained many papers and objects of value, but I had eyes for one thing alone. It was the porcelain miniature of a young man in a smartly curled bag-wig,[17] and bore the initials 'J. H.' The face was such that as I gazed, I might well have been studying my mirror.

On the following day I was brought to this room with the barred windows, but I have been kept informed of certain things through an aged and simple-minded servitor, for whom I bore a fondness in infancy, and who, like me, loves the churchyard. What I have dared relate of my experiences within the vault has brought me only pitying smiles. My father, who visits me frequently, declares that at no time did I pass the chained portal, and swears that the rusted padlock had not been touched for fifty years when he examined it. He even says that all the village knew of my journeys to the tomb, and that I was often watched as I slept in the bower outside the grim facade, my half-open eyes fixed on the crevice that leads to the interior. Against these assertions I have no tangible proof to offer, since my key to the padlock was lost in the struggle on that night of horrors. The strange things of the past which I have learned during those nocturnal meetings with the dead he dismisses as the fruits of my lifelong and omnivorous browsing amongst the ancient volumes of the family library. Had it not been for my old servant Hiram, I should have by this time become quite convinced of my madness.

But Hiram, loyal to the last, has held faith in me, and has done that which impels me to make public at least part of my story. A week ago he burst open the lock which chains the door of the tomb perpetually ajar, and descended with a lantern into the murky depths. On a slab in an alcove he found an old but empty coffin whose tarnished plate bears the single word: Jervas. In that coffin and in that vault they have promised me I shall be buried.

Contextual Documents

Excerpt from a letter[18] from H.P. Lovecraft to the Gallomo[19]

In this letter addressed to the Gallomo, Lovecraft discusses his inspiration for writing "The Tomb." The letter sheds light upon some of the layers of ghostliness within the story, specifically Lovecraft's presence in Jervas Dudley/Jervas Hyde and Poe's presence within "The Tomb." The scene depicted in the letter—Lovecraft encountering a gravestone from 1711, through which he discovers a mental doorway to his "favourite era of periwigs" (and ultimately his chosen age)—is reflected eerily within "The Tomb" in the scene in which Jervas recovers an antique porcelain figure from the ruins of the Hyde mansion and, upon examining it, decides he "might well have been studying [his] mirror" (14). When these two scenes are juxtaposed, the latter inherits an uncanny eeriness, and the ghostly presence of Jervas Hyde further serves as a manifestation of Lovecraft's antiquated spirit. In a separate letter addressed to an unrelated correspondent, Lovecraft explains, "at length I wrote only as a means of re-creating around me the atmosphere of my 18th century favourites…everything succumbed to my one intense purpose of thinking and dreaming myself back into that world of periwigs and long s's which for some odd reason seemed to me the normal world. Thus was formed a habit of imitativeness which I can never wholly shake off. Even when I break away, it is generally only through imitating something else! There are my 'Poe' pieces and my 'Dunsany' pieces—but alas—where are any Lovecraft pieces?" (65-66).

When Lovecraft wrote "The Tomb" he fueled the story with his inspiration from Poe, and he filled the tale with his presence. Through channeling this style of the past Lovecraft attempted to inhabit that space in time, which

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17. An 18th-century man's wig.
18. Lovecraft, H.P. *Lord of a Visible World: An Autobiography in Letters.* Ed. S.T. Joshi and David E. Schultz. Athens: Ohio University Press, 2000. 63-67. Print.
19. The Gallomo was a circle of literary correspondents composed of Alfred Galpin, H.P. Lovecraft, and Maurice W. Moe. The name is composed of the first syllable of each last member's last name (Joshi and Schultz).

is also expressed multiple times throughout "The Tomb" (most notably the inheritance of Jervas Hyde's demeanor). The archaic language of the letter was commonplace for Lovecraft, an attempt to inherit his chosen age. The dated diction further emphasizes the presence of his wandering, out-of-time spirit.

T'anks fer de remarks on "Dagon," kid! I rather liked that thing myself. It was written in 1917, and is the second tale I wrote after resuming my fictional pen after a nine years' lapse. I think I told youse ginks that I quit writing fiction in 1908, despairing of my ability to shape anything with the grace of a Poe…For a long time I was too indolent to do anything, but one June day in 1917 I was walking through Swan Point Cemetery with my aunt and saw a crumbling tombstone with a skull and crossbones dimly traced upon its slaty surface; the date, 1711, still plainly visible. It set me thinking. Here was a link with my favourite aera of periwigs—the body of a man who had worn a full-bottom'd wig and had perhaps read the original sheets of The Spectator. Here lay a man who had lived in Mr. Addison's day, and who might easily have seen Mr. Dryden had he been in the right part of London at the right time! Why could I not talk with him, and enter more intimately into the life of my chosen age? What had left his body, that it could no longer converse with me? I looked long at the grave, and the night after I returned home I began my first story in the new series—"The Tomb." My narrative pen was very rusty—believe me, boys, very rusty indeed! To drop back into the forms of fiction was exceedingly hard after nine quiescent years, and I feared that the result would be the limit of absurdity. But the spell of the gruesome was upon my, and I finally hammered out the hideous tale of Jervas Dudley. At last—a Poe again!

Excerpt from "Supernatural Horror in Literature" [20]

In the 1920's, H. P. Lovecraft composed a lengthy essay explaining why we need horror. His book is dedicated to the history of horror stories and why we love them, and to the authors who embodied this genre of literature. In this chapter, titled "Edgar Allan Poe," Lovecraft argues that Poe is among the principal and most influential horror writers. Specifically, he discusses Poe's story "Ligeia," an excerpt from which is also included further on. Lovecraft considered Poe as a literary role model, which is why he dedicated an entire chapter to him in this essay. "Supernatural in Literature" is a first-hand account to Lovecraft's idea of what horror is.

Certain of Poe's tales possess an almost absolute perfection of artistic form, which makes them veritable beacon-lights in the province of the short story. Poe could, when he wished, give to his prose a richly poetic cast; employing that archaic and Orientalized style with jeweled phrase, quasi-Biblical repetition, and recurrent burthen so successfully used by later writers like Oscar Wilde and Lord Dunsany; and in the cases where he has done this we have an effect of lyrical phantasy almost narcotic in essence—an opium pageant of dream in the language of dream, with every unnatural colour and grotesque image bodied forth in a symphony of corresponding sound. The Masque of the Red Death, Silence, a Fable, and Shadow, a Parable, are assuredly poems in every sense of the word save the metrical one, and owe as much of their power to aural cadence as to visual imagery. But it is in two of the less openly poetic tales, Ligeia and The Fall of the House of Usher—especially the latter—that one finds those very summits of artistry whereby Poe takes his place at the head of fictional miniaturists. Simple and straightforward in plot, both of these tales owe their supreme magic to the cunning development which appears in the selection and collocation of every least incident. Ligeia tells of a first wife of lofty and mysterious origin, who after death returns through a preternatural force of will to take possession of the body of a second wife; imposing even her physical appearance on the temporary reanimated corpse of her victim at the last moment. Despite a suspicion of prolixity and top heaviness, the narrative reaches its terrific climax with relentless power. Usher, whose superiority in detail and proportion is very marked, hints shudderingly of obscure life in inorganic things, and 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.

These bizarre conceptions, so awkward in unskillful

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20. This portion of text was taken from the book *Supernatural Horror in Literature,* written by H.P. Lovecraft

hands, become under Poe's spell living and convincing terrors to haunt our nights; and all because the author understood so perfectly the very mechanics and physiology of fear and strangeness—the essential details to emphasise, the precise incongruities and conceits to select as preliminaries or concomitants to horror, the exact incidents and allusions to throw out innocently in advance as symbols or prefigurings of each major step toward the hideous dénouement to come, the nice adjustments of cumulative force and the unerring accuracy in linkage of parts which make for faultless unity throughout and thunderous effectiveness at the climactic moment, the delicate nuances of scenic and landscape value to select in establishing and sustaining the desired mood and vitalising the desired illusion—principles of this kind, and dozens of obscurer ones too elusive to be described or even fully comprehended by any ordinary commentator. Melodrama and unsophistication there may be—we are told of one fastidious Frenchman who could not bear to read Poe except in Baudelaire's urbane and Gallically modulated translation—but all traces of such things are wholly overshadowed by a potent and inborn sense of the spectral, the morbid, and the horrible which gushed forth from every cell of the artist's creative mentality and stamped his macabre work with the ineffaceable mark of supreme genius. Poe's weird tales are alive in a manner that few others can ever hope to be.

Like most fantasists, Poe excels in incidents and broad narrative effects rather than in character drawing. His typical protagonist is generally a dark, handsome, proud, melancholy, intellectual, highly sensitive, capricious, introspective, isolated, and sometimes slightly mad gentleman of ancient family and opulent circumstances; usually deeply learned in strange lore, and darkly ambitious of penetrating to forbidden secrets of the universe. Aside from a high-sounding name, this character obviously derives little from the early Gothic novel; for he is clearly neither the wooden hero nor the diabolical villain of Radcliffian or Ludovician[21] romance. Indirectly, however, he does possess a sort of genealogical connection; since his gloomy, ambitious and anti-social qualities savour strongly of the typical Byronic[22] hero, who in turn is definitely an offspring of the Gothic Manfreds, Montonis, and Ambrosios.[23] More particular qualities appear to be derived from the psychology of Poe himself, who certainly possessed much of the depression, sensitiveness, mad aspiration, loneliness, and extravagant freakishness, which he attributes to his haughty and solitary victims of Fate.

Excerpt from "Ligeia" by Edgar Allan Poe[24]

"Ligeia" was published in 1838, and it details the tragic story of the narrator and his betrothed Ligeia, who died shortly after their marriage. He remarries, but he is enamored with Ligeia, and he is haunted by her presence; he finds no joy in his second marriage to Lady Rowena Trevanion, of Tremaine. Shortly after they are married, Rowena becomes terribly ill, and dies, and the narrator is left grieving for both of his lost brides. On the night of her death, the narrator mourns Rowena, and sits by her body, "when a sob, low, gentle, but very distinct, startled me from my revery… At length it became evident that a…barely noticeable tinge of color had flushed up within the cheeks….[it appeared] that Rowena still lived...In a short period it was certain, however, that a relapse had taken place; the color disappeared from both eyelid and cheek." The narrator settles again into his mourning, until he notices movement again.

There are definite parallels between "Ligeia" by Edgar Allan Poe and "The Tomb," and the influence of Poe's work on Lovecraft's is evident. When Jervas Dudley exclaims, "I would claim my heritage of death, even though my soul go seeking through the ages for another corporeal tenement to represent it on that vacant slab in the alcove of the vault," he eerily echoes the conclusion of "Ligeia," in which the narrator's deceased first wife inherits her proper representation as his betrothed on the deathbed of his second wife. In both stories the specters become mirrors of their original physical embodiments. Ligeia wanders until she can return to the living, but the spirit of Jervas Hyde wanders until he can properly cross over into death.

Structurally, there is further evidence alluding to the influence of "Ligeia" on "The Tomb." Shortly before her death, Ligeia asks the narrator to recite a string of verses she has composed, which begins:

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21. Reference to Anne Radcliffe (1764-1823) and Anthony Ludovici (1882-1971), both authors known for their romantic style of writing
22. Lord George Byron (1788-1824), a poet known for romantic plays and writing styles.
23. All characters from plays and poems; "Manfred" is a poem written by aforementioned Lord Byron, Montoni is a character from the play *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, written by aforementioned Anne Radcliffe, and Ambrosios from the play *The Monk,* written by Matthew Lewis.
24. This excerpt came from the anthology of work by Edgar Allan Poe, titled *The Essential Poe: Tales of Horror and Mystery.*

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Jervas Dudley also channels a fit of verse ("The Gaudeamus"), shortly before he uncovers what he believes to be the actuality of his existence. While both instances deal with the transition from life to death, they each exhibit a very different voice. Ligeia is melancholy, aware of the differing spheres of existence, although unaware of her impending return to the living. Jervas Dudley, unaware that he is a wandering spirit, makes light of his perceived totality of death, reciting, "So fill up your glass /For life will soon pass /When you're dead ye'll ne'er drink to your king or your lass!"

An hour thus elapsed when (could it be possible?) I was a second time aware of some vague sound issuing from the region of the bed. I listened—in extremity of horror. The sound came again—it was a sigh. Rushing to the corpse, I saw—distinctly saw—a tremor upon the lips. In a minute afterward they relaxed, disclosing a bright line of the pearly teeth. Amazement now struggled in my bosom with the profound awe which had hitherto reigned there alone. I felt that my vision grew dim, that my reason wandered; and it was only by a violent effort that I at length succeeded in nerving myself to the task which duty thus once more had pointed out. There was now a partial glow upon the forehead and upon the cheek and throat; perceptible warmth pervaded the whole frame; there was even a slight pulsation at the heart. The lady lived; and with redoubled ardor I betook myself to the task of restoration. I chafed and bathed the temples and the hands, and used every exertion which experience, and no little medical reading, could suggest. But in vain. Suddenly, the color fled, the pulsation ceased, the lips resumed the expression of the dead, and, in an instant afterward, the whole body took upon itself the icy chilliness, the livid hue, the intense rigidity, the sunken outline, and all the loathsome peculiarities of that which has been, for many days, a tenant of the tomb.

And again I sunk into visions of Ligeia—and again, (what marvel that I shudder while I write,) again there reached my ears a low sob from the region of the ebony bed. But why shall I minutely detail the unspeakable horrors of that night? Why shall I pause to relate how, time after time, until near the period of the gray dawn, this hideous drama of revivification was repeated; how each terrific relapse was only into a sterner and apparently more irredeemable death; how each agony wore the aspect of a struggle with some invisible foe; and how each struggle was succeeded by I know not what of wild change in the personal appearance of the corpse? Let me hurry to a conclusion.

The greater part of the fearful night had worn away, and she who had been dead, once again stirred—and now more vigorously than hitherto, although arousing from a dissolution more appalling in its utter hopelessness than any. I had long ceased to struggle or to move, and remained sitting rigidly upon the ottoman, a helpless prey to a whirl of violent emotions, of which extreme awe was perhaps the least terrible, the least consuming. The corpse, I repeat, stirred, and now more vigorously than before. The hues of life flushed up with unwonted energy into the countenance—the limbs relaxed—and, save that the eyelids were yet pressed heavily together, and that the bandages and draperies of the grave still imparted their charnel character to the figure, I might have dreamed that Rowena had indeed shaken off, utterly, the fetters of Death. But if this idea was not, even then, altogether adopted, I could at least doubt no longer, when, arising from the bed, tottering, with feeble steps, with closed eyes, and with the manner of one bewildered in a dream, the thing that was enshrouded advanced boldly and palpably into the middle of the apartment.

I trembled not—I stirred not—for a crowd of unutterable fancies connected with the air, the stature, the demeanor of the figure, rushing hurriedly through my brain, had paralyzed—had chilled me into stone. I stirred not—but gazed upon the apparition. There was a mad disorder in my thoughts—a tumult unappeasable. Could it, indeed, be the living Rowena who confronted me? Could it indeed be Rowena at all—the fair-haired, the blue-eyed Lady Rowena Trevanion of Tremaine? Why, why should I doubt it? The bandage lay heavily about the mouth—but then might it not be the mouth of the breathing Lady of Tremaine? And the cheeks-there were the roses as

in her noon of life—yes, these might indeed be the fair cheeks of the living Lady of Tremaine. And the chin, with its dimples, as in health, might it not be hers?—but had she then grown taller since her malady? What inexpressible madness seized me with that thought? One bound, and I had reached her feet! Shrinking from my touch, she let fall from her head, unloosened, the ghastly cerements which had confined it, and there streamed forth, into the rushing atmosphere of the chamber, huge masses of long and disheveled hair; it was blacker than the raven wings of the midnight! And now slowly opened the eyes of the figure which stood before me. "Here then, at least," I shrieked aloud, "can I never—can I never be mistaken –these are the full, and the black, and the wild eyes—of my lost love—of the lady—of the LADY LIGEIA."

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