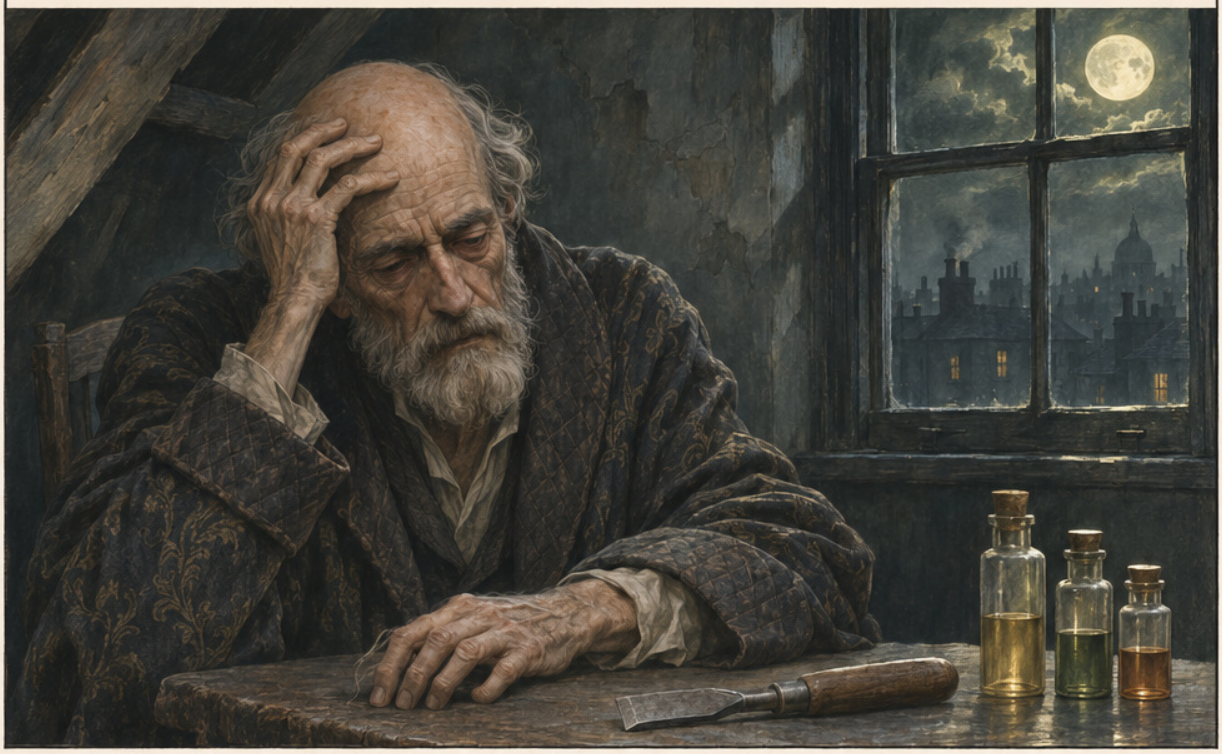
HYPNOS

MAY THE MERCIFUL GODS, IF INDEED THERE BE SUCH, GUARD THOSE HOURS WHEN NO POWER OF THE WILL, OR DRUG THAT THE CUNNING OF MAN DEVISES, CAN KEEP ME FROM THE CHASM OF SLEEP.



...MY ONLY FRIEND, WHO LED ME AND WENT BEFORE ME, AND WHO IN THE END PASSED INTO TERRORS WHICH MAY YET BE MINE.



WE MET, I RECALL, IN A RAILWAY STATION, WHERE HE WAS THE CENTRE OF A CROWD OF THE VULGARLY CURIOUS.



...WHEN HE OPENED HIS IMMENSE, SUNKEN, AND WILDLY LUMINOUS BLACK EYES I KNEW HE WOULD BE THENCEFORTH MY ONLY FRIEND...



...I TOLD HIM HE MUST COME HOME WITH ME AND BE MY TEACHER AND LEADER IN UNFATHOMED MYSTERIES, AND HE ASSENTED WITHOUT SPEAKING A WORD.



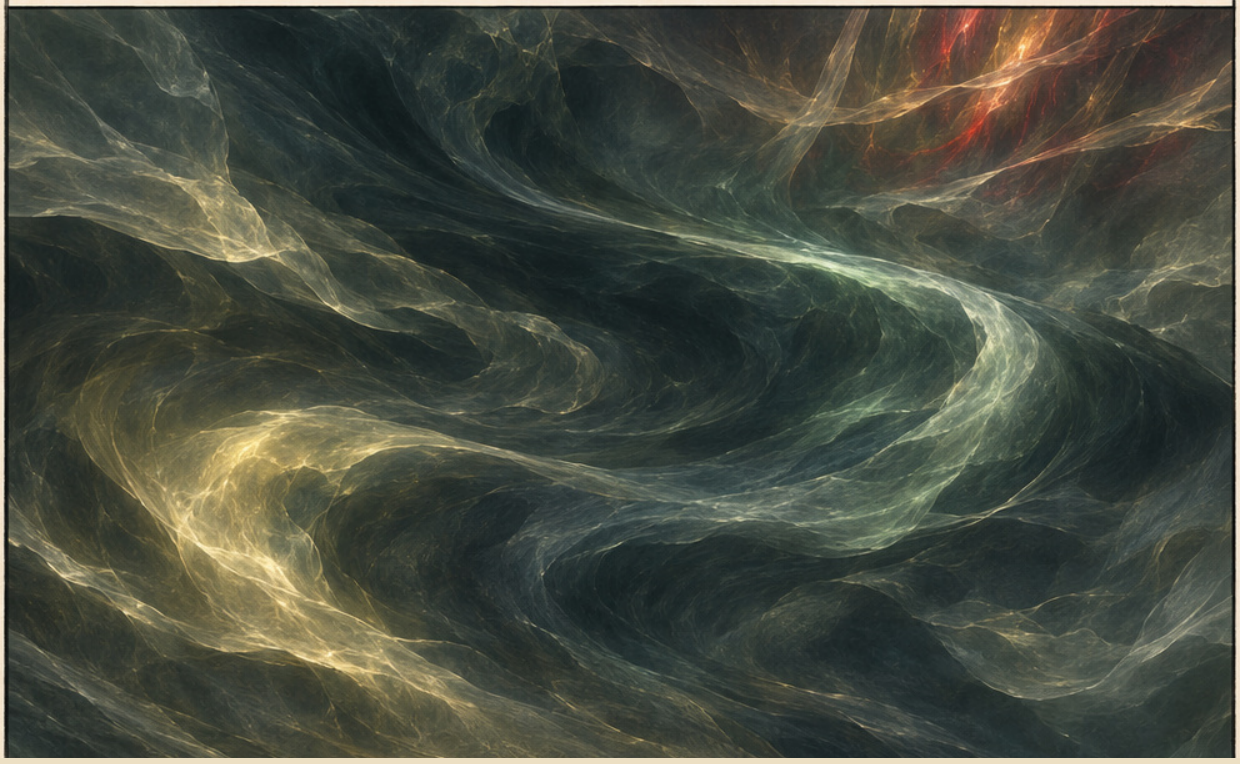
WE TALKED OFTEN IN THE NIGHT, AND IN THE DAY, WHEN I CHISELLED BUSTS OF HIM AND CARVED MINIATURE HEADS IN IVORY TO IMMORTALISE HIS DIFFERENT EXPRESSIONS.



...WITH EXOTIC DRUGS COURTED TERRIBLE AND FORBIDDEN DREAMS IN THE TOWER STUDIO CHAMBER OF THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE IN HOARY KENT.



...SOME PART OF OUR MINDS BROKE BOLDLY AWAY FROM ALL THAT IS REAL AND PRESENT, RUSHING AËRIALLY ALONG SHOCKING, UNLIGHTED, AND FEAR-HAUNTED ABYSSES...



...MY FRIEND WAS ALWAYS FAR AHEAD...HIS FACE APPEARED TO ME, GOLDEN FROM A STRANGE LIGHT AND FRIGHTFUL WITH ITS WEIRD BEAUTY...



...WE CAME AT LENGTH TO MARVEL WHY WE DID NOT GROW OLD.



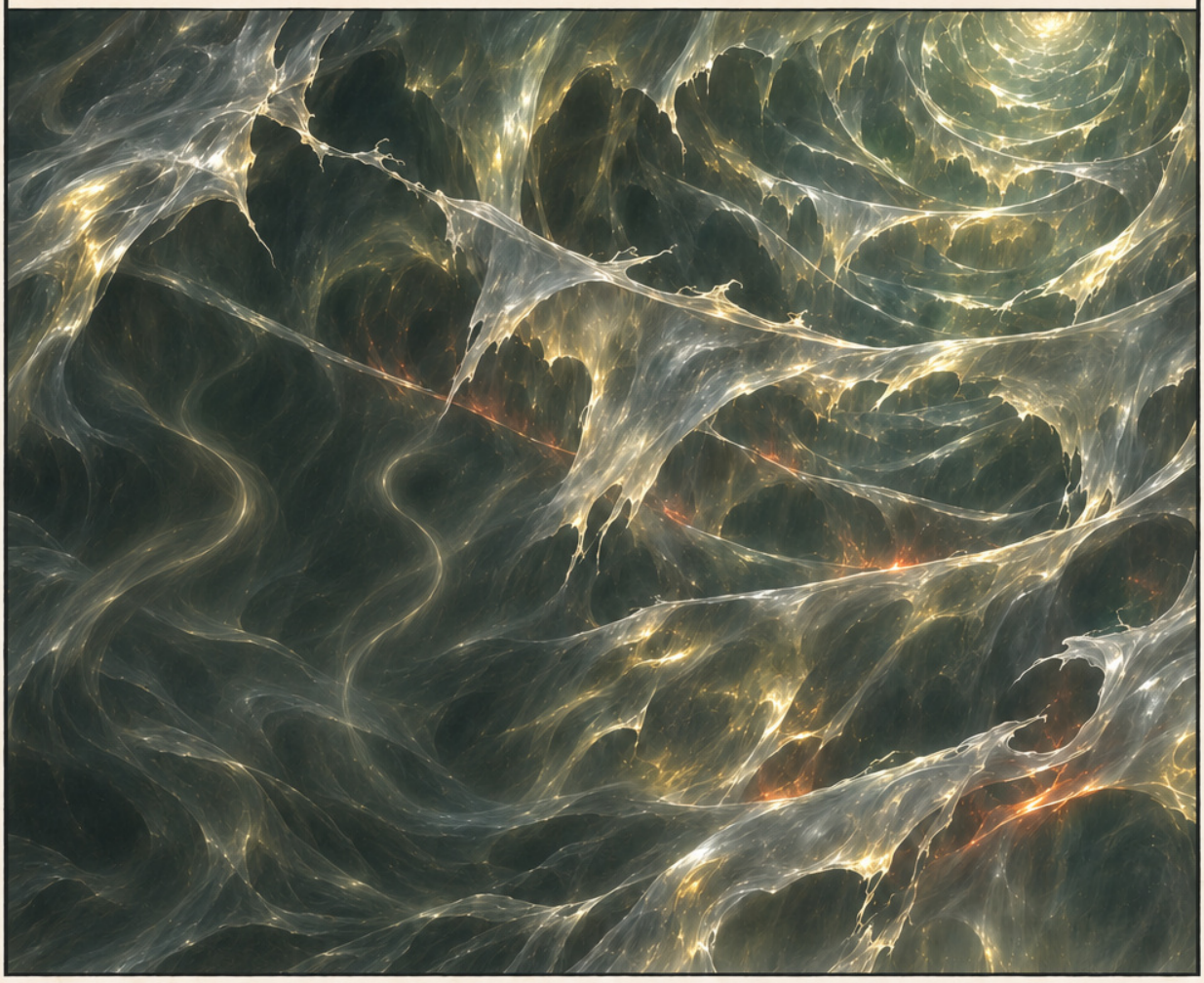
...MY FRIEND ONCE WROTE ON PAPER A WISH WHICH HE DARED NOT UTTER WITH HIS TONGUE, AND WHICH MADE ME BURN THE PAPER...



...HE HAD DESIGNS WHICH INVOLVED THE RULERSHIP OF THE VISIBLE UNIVERSE AND MORE...



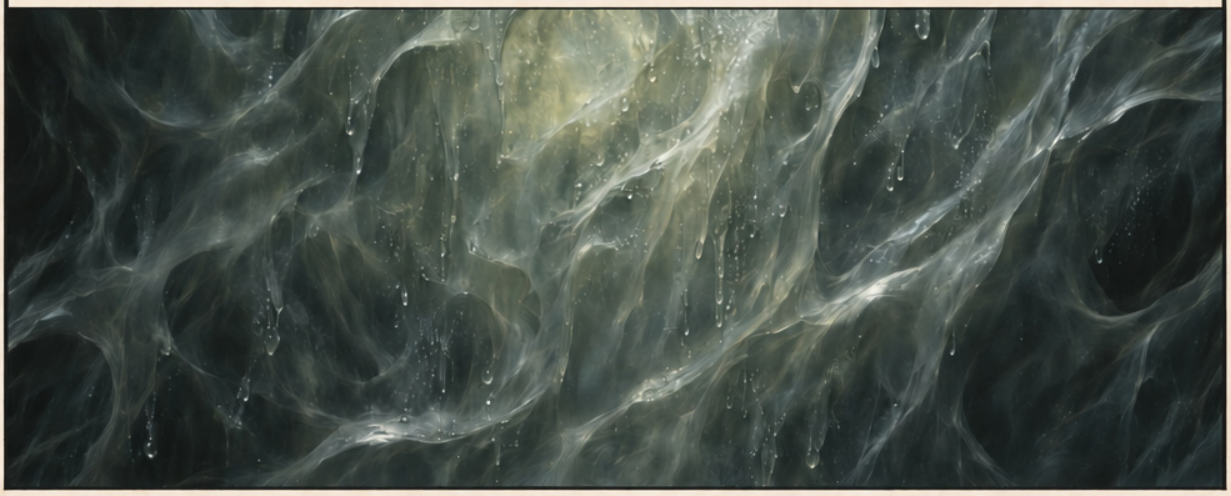
THERE WAS A NIGHT WHEN WINDS FROM UNKNOWN SPACES WHIRLED US IRRESISTIBLY INTO LIMITLESS VACUA BEYOND ALL THOUGHT AND ENTITY.



SUDDENLY THAT FACE BECAME DIM AND QUICKLY DISAPPEARED...



I HAD, I FELT, BEEN HALTED BY A BARRIER WHICH MY FRIEND AND LEADER HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASSED.



...OPENED MY PHYSICAL EYES TO THE TOWER STUDIO IN WHOSE OPPOSITE CORNER RECLINED THE PALLID AND STILL UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF MY FELLOW-DREAMER...



I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW HE SHRIEKED, OR WHAT VISTAS OF UNVISITABLE HELLS GLEAMED FOR A SECOND IN BLACK EYES CRAZED WITH FRIGHT.



...WE MUST NEVER VENTURE WITHIN THOSE REALMS AGAIN. ...WE MUST SLEEP AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE, EVEN IF DRUGS WERE NECESSARY TO KEEP US AWAKE.



AFTER EACH SHORT AND INEVITABLE SLEEP I SEEMED OLDER, WHILST MY FRIEND AGED WITH A RAPIDITY ALMOST SHOCKING.



HIS SOLE RELIEF WAS OBTAINED IN REVELRY OF THE MOST GENERAL AND BOISTEROUS SORT...



ESPECIALLY WAS HE AFRAID TO BE OUT OF DOORS ALONE WHEN THE STARS WERE SHINING...



ONLY AFTER TWO YEARS DID I CONNECT THIS FEAR WITH ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR...



...A SPOT ROUGHLY MARKED BY THE CONSTELLATION CORONA BOREALIS.



WE NOW HAD A STUDIO IN LONDON, NEVER SEPARATING...



MY STATUES AND IVORY HEADS WERE ALL SOLD, AND I HAD NO MEANS TO PURCHASE NEW MATERIALS, OR ENERGY TO FASHION THEM EVEN HAD I POSSESSED THEM.



...ON A CERTAIN NIGHT MY FRIEND SANK INTO A DEEP-BREATHING SLEEP FROM WHICH I COULD NOT AWAKEN HIM.



...THE TICKING OF THE LONE CLOCK; THE FANCIED TICKING OF OUR WATCHES AS THEY RESTED ON THE DRESSING-TABLE...



...BEYOND THE ROOF AND THE FOG AND THE RAIN AND THE ATMOSPHERE, CORONA BOREALIS WAS RISING IN THE NORTHEAST.



...A LOW AND DAMNABLY INSISTENT WHINE FROM VERY FAR AWAY; DRONING, CLAMOURING, MOCKING, CALLING, FROM THE NORTHEAST.



...FROM THE BLACK NORTHEAST CORNER A SHAFT OF HORRIBLE RED-GOLD LIGHT...STREAMED ONLY UPON THE RECUMBENT HEAD OF THE TROUBLED SLEEPER...



...BRINGING OUT IN HIDEOUS DUPLICATION THE LUMINOUS AND STRANGELY YOUTHFUL MEMORY-FACE AS I HAD KNOWN IT IN DREAMS...



...I BEHELD THE HEAD RISE, THE BLACK, LIQUID, AND DEEP-SUNKEN EYES OPEN IN TERROR, AND THE THIN, SHADOWED LIPS PART AS IF FOR A SCREAM TOO FRIGHTFUL TO BE UTTERED.



...I TOO SAW FOR AN INSTANT WHAT IT SAW, AND FELL WITH RINGING EARS IN THAT FIT OF SHRIEKING AND EPILEPSY WHICH BROUGHT THE LODGERS AND THE POLICE.



THE LODGERS AND POLICE ON THAT NIGHT SOOTHED ME, AND THE DOCTOR ADMINISTERED SOMETHING TO QUIET ME...



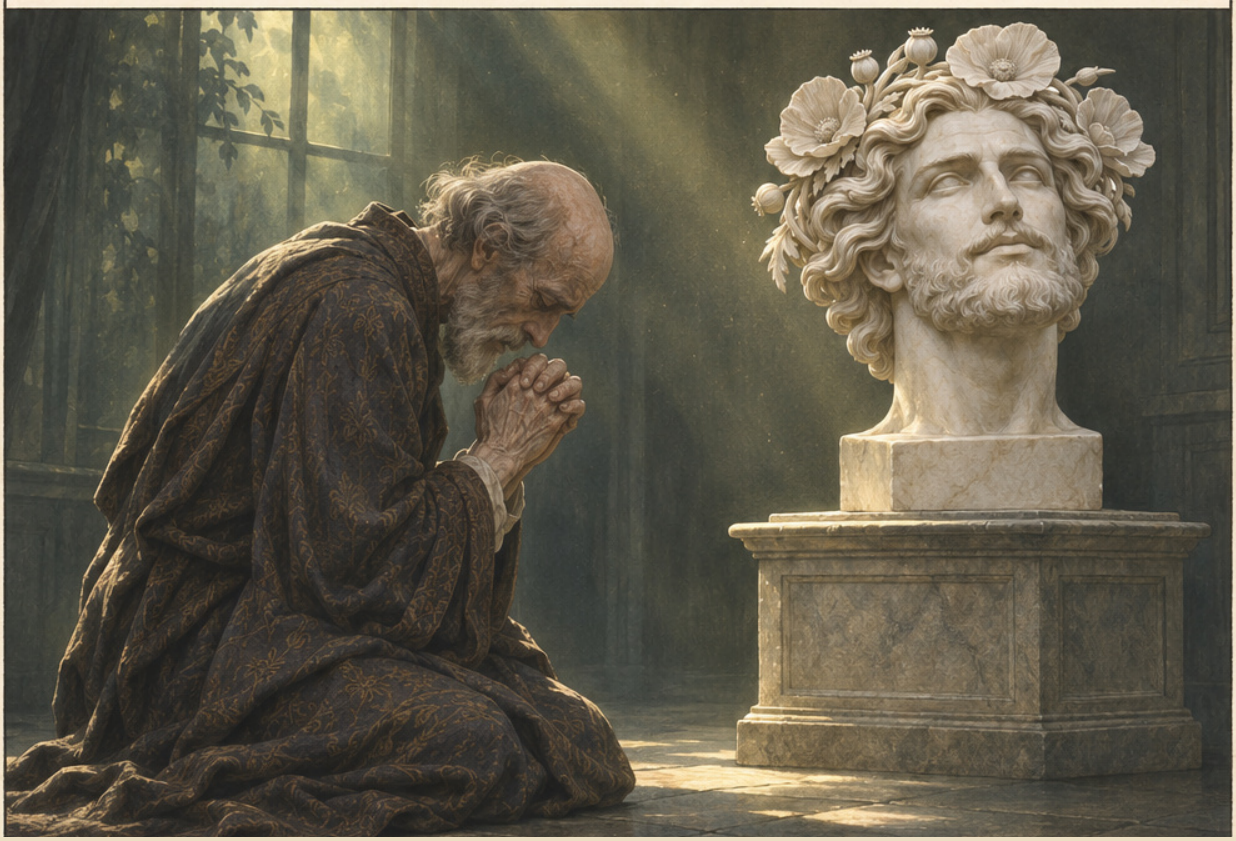
THEY HAVE SAID, I KNOW NOT FOR WHAT REASON, THAT I NEVER HAD A FRIEND, BUT THAT ART, PHILOSOPHY, AND INSANITY HAD FILLED ALL MY TRAGIC LIFE.



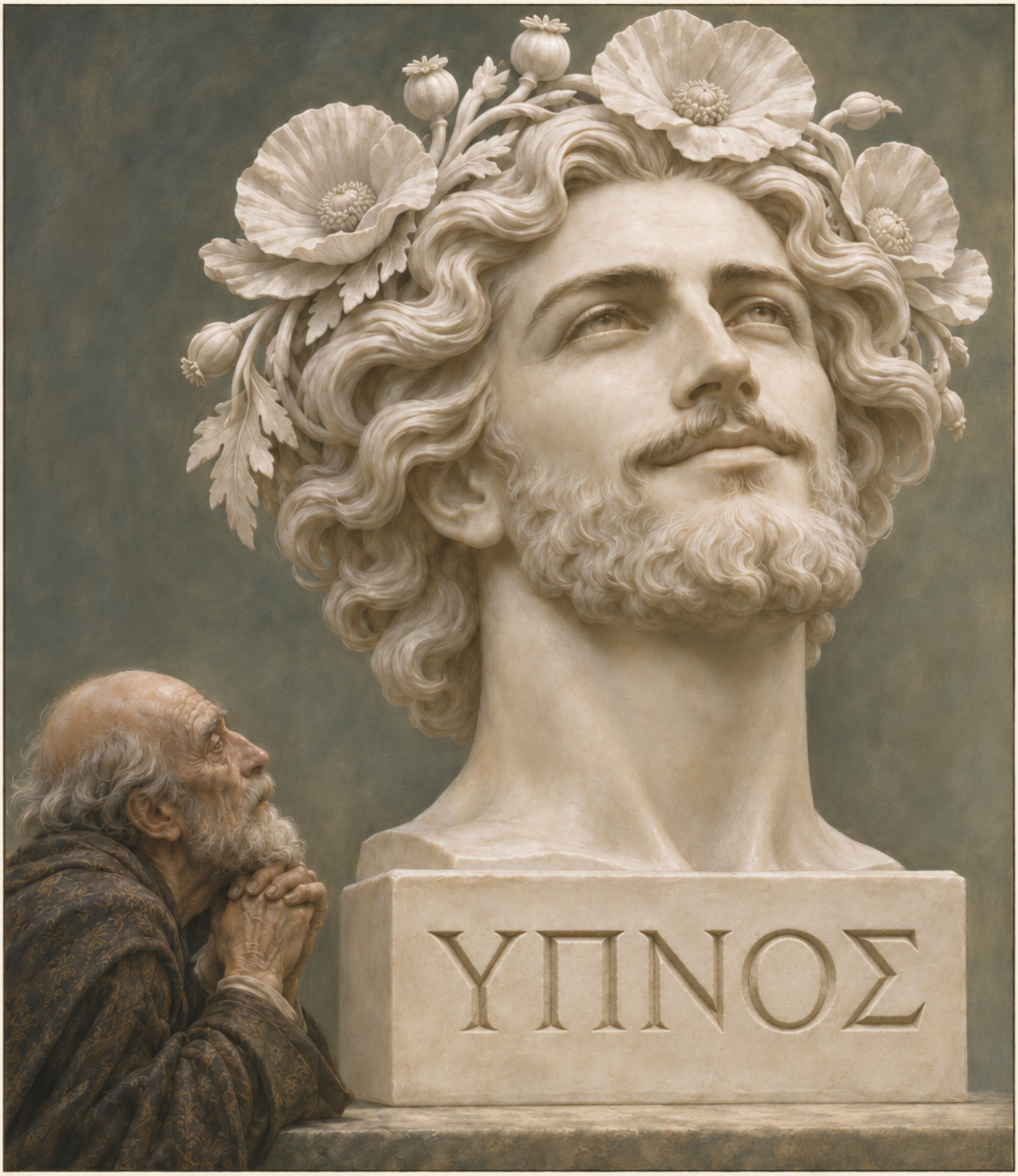
...WHAT THEY FOUND ON THE COUCH IN THE STUDIO MADE THEM GIVE ME A PRAISE WHICH SICKENED ME...



FOR THEY DENY THAT I SOLD THE LAST OF MY STATUARY...



...A GODLIKE HEAD OF SUCH MARBLE AS ONLY OLD HELLAS COULD YIELD, YOUNG WITH THE YOUTH THAT IS OUTSIDE TIME...



THEY SAY THAT THAT HAUNTING MEMORY-FACE IS MODELLED FROM MY OWN, AS IT WAS AT TWENTY-FIVE...

...UPON THE MARBLE BASE IS CARVEN A SINGLE NAME IN THE LETTERS OF ATTICA...