

WOLFGANG BUCHTA

Beyond the Wall of Sleep

HOWARD PHILIPS LOVECRAFT, 1890–1937

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
William Shakespeare

Wolfgang Buchta's *Beyond the Wall of Sleep* is the epitome of a synthesis between aesthetic beauty and elegant draftsmanship. There is no intaglio artist & image-maker as skilled as Buchta. He is a master.

Beyond the Wall of Sleep, 2007 is the artist's triumph. These 48 pages flow effortlessly with its hand-brushed text and figurative-landscape imagery. Each scape is between two to four passes of the press, two to four plates—two to four colors. Buchta is the heir apparent to Vienna's Secession Movement—a definite continuation of the tradition Egon Schiele and Gustav Klimt. It is upheld in this work's vibrant illumination. This book glows.

Buchta's focus on the tradition of the gothic fiction from New England started with his previous work with Edgar Allan Poe's *Tell Tale Heart* in 2002. What does this master of ink & pressure from Vienna have in common with these dark, yet obsessive, elders of horror? It is exactly that—all three of these men have had a repetitive perfectionism their respective arts.

Buchta lives a simple life in Vienna. He works in his studio everyday from nine to five like clockwork. He says he is a monk as he works on the top floor in the antique washroom turned atelier. His practice is always revision and refinement—a constant creation. There is always a pen in his hand & it's moving. The copper plates for this project, Buchta made over a two year period. The first eight months of 2007, he printed *Sleep* in half of its edition. The paper was specifically designed by Gangolf Ulbricht—the master papermaker of Europe—for this project. It was bound in Vienna by Stephen Ortbauer. The book lays flat when opened.

Buchta's figures depict Lovecraft's declaration of the state of freedom is within oneself. This derives out of his time period and specific constructs such as New England's own Puritanism. Lovecraft's stories always proclaim that the individual can only experience one's TRUTH through his own insanity. This obsession with man's interior world is magnified through Buchta's landscapes. These scenes have created a visual space for Lovecraft's OTHER, or rather, his later Chthulu Mythos. Both this artist and this author crave a connection to another world. This is seen, by the viewer, directly by one's personal experience through Buchta's masterpiece. This *Sleep* is therefore essential for all Lovecraft followers. And, therefore its superiority is indeed timeless.

“Joe Slater is dead,” . . .

“I am an entity like that which you yourself become in the freedom of dreamless sleep. I am your brother of light, and have floated with you in the effulgent valleys. It is not permitted me to tell your waking earth-self of your real self, but we are all roamers of vast spaces and travelers in many ages. Next year I may be dwelling in the Egypt which you call ancient, or in the cruel empire of Tsan Chan which is to come three thousand years hence. You and I have drifted to the worlds that reel about the red Arcturus, and dwelt in the bodies of the insect-philosophers that crawl proudly over the fourth moon of Jupiter.

“How little does the earth self know life and its extent! How little, indeed, ought it to know for its own tranquility!

“Of the oppressor I cannot speak. You on earth have unwittingly felt its distant presence—you who without knowing idly gave the blinking beacon the name of Algol, the Demon-Star. It is to meet and conquer the oppressor that I have vainly striven for eons, held back by bodily encumbrances. Tonight I go as a Nemesis bearing just and blazingly cataclysmic vengeance. Watch me in the sky close by the Demon-Star.

“I cannot speak longer, for the body of Joe Slater grows cold and rigid, and the coarse brains are ceasing to vibrate as I wish. You have been my only friend on this planet—the only soul to sense and seek for me within the repellent form which lies on this couch. We shall meet again—perhaps in the shining mists of Orion’s Sword, perhaps on a bleak plateau in prehistoric Asia, perhaps in unremembered dreams tonight, perhaps in some other form an eon hence, when the solar system shall have been swept away.”

H.P. Lovecraft
“BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP”

“I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.” –Shakespeare

Wolfgang Buchta

I have frequently wondered if the majority of mankind ever pause to reflect upon the occasionally titanic significance of dreams and of the obscure world to which they belong.

Whilst the greater number of our nocturnal visions are perhaps no more than faint and fantastic reflections of our waking experiences—Freud to the contrary with his puerile symbolism there are still a certain remainder whose immudane and ethereal character permits of no ordinary interpretation, and whose vaguely exiting

And disquieting effect suggests possible minute glimpses into a sphere of mental existence no less important than physical life, yet separated from that life by an all but impassable barrier from my experience I cannot doubt but that man, when lost to terrestrial consciousness, is indeed sojourning in another and uncorporeal

Life of a different nature from the life we know; and of which on the slightest and most indistinct memories linger after waking. From those blurred and fragmentary memories we may infer much, yet prove little. We may guess that in dreams life, matter, and vitality, as the earth knows such things, are not necessarily constant; and that time and space do not exist as our waking

selves comprehend them. Sometimes I believe that this less material life is our truer life, and that our vain presence on the terraqueous globe is itself the secondary or merely virtual phenomenon. It was from a youthful reverie filled with speculations of this sort that I arose one afternoon in the winter of 1900 1901, when to the state psychopathic institution in which I served

as an interne was brought the man whose case has ever since haunted me so unceasingly. His name, as given on the records, was Joe Slater, or Slaader, and his appearance was that of the typical denizen of the Catskill mountain region; one of those strange repellent scions of a primitive colonial peasant stock whose isolation for nearly three centuries in the hilly fastnesses of a little-travelled countryside has caused them to sink to a kind of barbaric

degeneracy, rather than advance with their more fortunately placed brethren of the thickly settled districts. Among these old folk, who correspond exactly to the decadent element of „white trash“ in the

south, law and morals are non-existent and their general mental status is probably below that of any other section of the Native American People. Joe Slater, who came to the institution in the vigilant custody of

four state policemen and who was described as a highly dangerous character, certainly presented no evidence of his perilous disposition when first I beheld him though well above the middle stature, and of somewhat brawny frame, he was given an absurd appearance of harmless stupidity by the pale, sleepy blueness of his small watery eyes, the scantiness of his neglected and never-shaven growth of

yellow beard, and the listless drooping of his heavy nether lip his age was unknown since among his kind neither family records nor permanent family ties exist; from the baldness of his head in front, and from the decayed condition of his teeth, the head surgeon wrote him down as a man of about forty. From the medical and court document we learned all that could be

gathered of the case this man vagabond hunter, and trapper had always been strange in the eyes of his primitive associates. He had habitually slept at night beyond the ordinary time, and upon waking would of the talk of unknown things in a manner so bizarre as to inspire fear even in the hearts of a unimaginative

populace. Not that his form of language was at all unusual, for he never spoke save in the debased patois of his environment; but the tone and tenor of his utterances were of such mysterious wildness, that none might listen without apprehension. He himself was generally as terrified and baffled as his auditors, and within an hour after awakening would forget

all that he said. Or at least all that had caused him to say what he did; relapsing into a bovine, half-amicable normality like that of the other hill-dwellers. As Slater grew older, it appeared, his matutinal aberrations had gradually increased in frequency and violence; till about a month before his arrival at the institution had occurred the shocking

tragedy which caused his arrest by the authorities. One day near noon, after a profound sleep begun in a whiskey debauch at about five of the previous afternoon, the man had roused himself most suddenly; with ululations so horrible and unearthly that they brought several neighbours to his cabin—a filthy sty where dwelt with a family as indescribable

as himself. Rushing out into the snow, he had flung his arms aloft and commenced a series of leaps directly upward in the air; the while shouting—his determination to reach some ,big, big cabin with brightness in the roof and walls and floor, and the loud queer music far away.’ As two men of moderate size sought to restrain him, he had struggled with maniacal force and fury screaming of his desire and need to find and kill a certain ,thing that shines and shakes and laughs.’

At length, after temporarily felling one of his detainers with a sudden blow, he had flung himself upon the other in a daemoniac ecstasy of bloodthirstiness, shrieking fiendishly that he would jump high in the air and burn his way through anything that stopped him. Family and neighbors had now fled in a panic and when the more courageous of them returned, Slater was gone, leaving behind an unrecognisable pulp-like thing that had been a living man but an hour before.

None of the mountaineers had dared to pursue him, and it is likely that they would have welcomed his death from the cold; but when several mornings later they heard his screams from a distant ravine, they realised that he had somehow managed to survive, and that his removal in one way or another would be necessary. Then had followed an armed searching party, whose purpose (whatever it may have been originally)

became that of a sheriff's posse after one of the seldom popular state troopers had by accident observed, then questioned, and finally joined the seekers. On the third day Slater was found unconscious in the hollow of a tree, and taken to the nearest gaol; where alienist from Albany examined him as soon as his senses returned. To them he told a simple story

He had, he said, gone to sleep one afternoon about sundown after sinking much liquor he had awaked to find himself standing bloody-handed in the snow before his cabin the mangled corpse of his neighbour Peter Slader at his feet. Horrified, he had taken to the woods in a vague effort to escape from the scene of what must have been his crime. Beyond these things he seemed to know nothing, nor could the expert questioning of his interrogators bring out a single

additional fact. That night Slater slept quietly, and the next morning he wakened with no singular feature save a certain alteration of expression. Doctor Barnard, who has been watching the patient, thought he noticed in the pale blue eyes a certain gleam of peculiar quality; and in the flaccid lips an all but imperceptible tightening, as if of intelligent determination. But when questioned, Slater relapsed into habitual vacancy of the mountaineer, and only

reiterated what he had said on the preceding day on the third morning occurred the first of the man's mental attacks after some show of uneasiness in sleep, he burst forth into a frenzy so powerful that the combined efforts of four men were needed to bind him in a strait-jacket. The alienists listened with keen attention to his words, since their curiosity had been aroused to a high pitch by the suggestive yet mostly conflicting and incoherent stories of his family

and neighbours. Slater raved for upward of fifteen minutes, babbling in his backwoods dialect of great edifices of light, oceans of space, strange music and shadowy mountains and valleys but most of all did he dwell upon some mysterious blazing entity that shook and laughed and mocked at him. This vast, vague personality seemed to have done him a terrible wrong. And to kill it in triumphant revenge was his paramount desire.

In order to reach it, he said, he would soar through abysses of emptiness, burning every obstacle that stood in his way thus ran his discourse, until with the greatest suddenness he ceased. The fire of madness died from his eyes, and in dull wonder he looked at his questioners and asked why he was bound. Doctor Barnard unbuckled the leathern harness and did not restore it till night when he succeeded in persuading Slater to don it on his own volition, for his own good.

The man was now admitted that he sometime talked queerly, though he knew not why. Within a week two more attacks appeared but from them the doctors learned little. On the source of Slaters visions they speculated at length, for since he could neither read nor write, and had apparently never heard a legend or fairy tale, his gorgeous imagery was quite inexplicable. That it could not come from any known myth or romance was made especially clear by the fact that

the unfortunate lunatic expressed himself only in his own simple manner. He raved of things he did not understand and could not interpret; things which he claimed to have experienced, but which he could not have learned through any normal or connected narration. The alienists soon agreed that abnormal dreams were the foundation of the trouble; dreams whose vividness could for a time completely dominate the waking mind of this basically inferior man.

With due formality Slater was tried for murder. Acquitted on the ground of insanity, and committed to the institution wherein I held so humble a post. I have said that I am a constant speculator concerning dream life, and from this you may judge of the eagerness with which I applied myself to the study of the new patient as soon as I had fully ascertained the facts of his case. He seemed to sense a certain friendliness in me; born no doubt of the interest I could not conceal,

and the gentle manner in which I questioned him. Not that he ever recognised me during his attacks, when I hung breathlessly upon his chaotic but cosmic word-pictures but he knew me in his quiet hours when he would sit by his barred window weaving baskets of straw and willow, and perhaps pining for the mountain freedom he could never enjoy again. His family never called to see him; probably it had found another temporary head, after the manner

of decadent mountain folk. By degrees I commenced to feel an overwhelming wonder at the mad and fantastic conceptions of Joe Slater. The man himself was pitifully inferior in mentality and language alike; but his glowing, titantic visions, though described in a barbarous and disjointed jargon, were assuredly things which only a superior or even exceptional brain could conceive. How, I often asked myself,

could the stolid imagination of a catskill degenerate conjure up sights whose very possession argued a lurking spark of genius? How could any backwoods dullard have gained so much as an idea of those glittering realms of supernal radiance and space about which Slater ranted in his furious delirium? More + more I inclined to the belief that in the pitiful personality who cringed before me lay the disordered nucleus of something beyond

my comprehension; something infinitely beyond the comprehension of my more experienced but less imaginative medical and scientific colleagues. And yet I could extract nothing definite from the man. The sum of all my investigation was, that in a kind of a semi-uncorporeal dream life Slater wandered or floated through resplendent and prodigious valleys, meadows, gardens, cities, and palaces of light;

in a region unbounded and unknown to men. That there he was no peasant or degenerate, but a creature of importance and vivid life; moving proudly and dominantly, and checked only by a certain deadly enemy, who seemed to be a being of visible yet ethereal structure, and who did not appear to be of human shape, since Slater never referred to it as a man, or as aught save a thing. This thing had done Slater some hideous but unnamed wrong, which the maniac

(if maniac he were) yearned to avenge. From the manner in which Slater alluded to their dealings, I judged that he and the luminous thing had met on equal terms; that in his dream existence the man was himself a luminous thing of the same race of his enemy. This impression was sustained by his frequent references to flying through space and burning all that impeded his progress.

yet these conceptions were formulated in rustic words wholly inadequate to convey them, a circumstance which drove me to the conclusion that if a true dream world indeed existed, oral language was not its medium for the transmission of thought. Could it be that the dream-soul inhabited this inferior body was desperately struggling to speak things which the simple and halting tongue of dulness could not utter? Could it be that I was face to face with intellectual

emanations which would explain the mystery if I could but learn to discover and read them? I did not tell the older physicians of these things, for middle age is sceptical, cynical, and disinclined to accept new ideas. Besides, the head of the institution had but lately warned me in his paternal way that I was overworking;

that my mind needed a rest. It had long been my belief that human thought consists basically of atomic or molecular motion,

convertible into either waves of radiant energy like heat light + electricity. This belief had early lead me to contemplate the possibility of telepathy or mental communication by means of suitable apparatus, and I had in my college days prepared a set of transmitting and receiving instruments somewhat similar to the cumbersome devices employed in wireless telegraphy at that crude, preradio period. These I had tested with a fellow student but achieving no result, had soon packed

them away with other scientific odds and ends for possible future use. Now, in my intense desire to probe into the dream life of Joe Slater, I sought these instruments again; and spent several days in repairing them for action. When they were complete once more I missed no opportunity for their trial. At each outburst of Slater's violence I would fit the transmitter to his forehead and the receiver to my own; constantly

making delicate adjustments for various hypothetical wave-lengths intellectual energy. I had but little notion of how the thought impressions would, if successfully conveyed, aroused an intelligent response in my brain; but I felt certain that I could detect and interpret them. Accordingly I continued my experiments, though informing no one of their nature. It was on the twenty-first of February, 1901, that the thing finally occurred. As I look back across the years

I realize how unreal it seems; and sometimes half wonder if old Doctor Fenton was not right when he charged it all to my excited imagination. I recall that he listened with great kindness and patience when I told him, but afterward gave me a nerve-powder and arranged for the half year's vacation on which I departed the next week. That fateful night I was wildly agitated and perturbed, for despite

the excellent care he had received, Joe Slater was unmistakably dying. Perhaps it was his mountain freedom that he missed, or perhaps the turmoil in his brain had grown too acute for his rather sluggish physique; but all events the flame of vitality flickered low in the decadent body. He was drowsy near the end, and as darkness fell he dropped off into a troubled sleep. I did not strap on the strait-jacket

as was customary when he slept. Since I saw that he was too feeble to be dangerous, even if he woke in mental disorder once more before passing away. But I did place upon his head and mine the two ends of my cosmic „radio“, hoping against hope for a first and last message from the dream-world in the brief time remaining. In the cell with us was one nurse, a mediocre fellow who did not understand the purpose of the apparatus, or think to inquire into my course.

As the hours wore on I saw his head drop awkwardly in sleep, but I did not disturb him. I myself lulled by the rhythmical breathing of the healthy and the dying man, must have nodded a little later. The sound of weird lyric melody was what aroused me. Chords, vibrations, and harmonic ecstasies echoed passionately on every hand; while on my ravished sight burst the stupendous spectacle of ultimate beauty.

Walls, columns + architraves of living fire blazed effulgently around the spot where I seemed to float in air; extending upward to an infinitely high vaulted dome of indescribable splendour. Blending with this display of palatial magnificence, or rather, supplanting it at times in kaleidoscopic rotation, were glimpses of wide plains and graceful valleys, high mountains and inviting grottoes; covered with every lovely attribute of scenery which my delighted eye could conceive of, yet formed wholly of some glowing, ethereal, plastic entity,

which in consistency partook as much of spirit as of matter. As I gazed, I perceived that my own brain held the key to these enchanting metamorphoses; for each vista which appeared to me, was the one my changing mind most wishes to behold. Amidst this elysian realm I dwelt not as a stranger, for each sight and sound was familiar to me; just as it had been for uncounted aeons of eternity before, and would be for like eternities to come. Then the resplendent aura of my brother

of light drew near and held colloquy with me, soul to soul with silent and perfect interchange of thought. The hour was one of approaching triumph, for was not my fellow-being escaping at last from a degrading periodic bondage; escaping forever, and preparing to follow the accursed oppressor even unto the uttermost fields of ether, that upon it might be wrought a flaming cosmic vengeance which would shake the spheres?

We floated thus for a little time, when I perceived a slight blur ring and fading of the objects around us, as though some force were recalling me to earth where I least wished to go. The form near me seemed to feel a change also, for it gradually brought its discourse toward a conclusion, and itself prepared to quit the scene; fading from my sight at a rate somewhat less rapid than that of the other objects. A few more thoughts were exchanged, and I knew that the luminous one and I were being recalled to bondage, though for my brother of light it would be the

last time. The sorry planet-shell being well-nigh spent, in less than an hour my fellow would be free to pursue the oppressor along the milky way and past the hither starts to the very confines of infinity. A well-defined shock separates my final impression of the fading scene of light from my sudden and somewhat shamefaced awakening and straightening up in my chair as I saw the dying figure on the couch move hesitantly.

Joe Slater was indeed awaking, though probably for the last time. As I looked more closely, I saw that in the sallow cheeks shone spots of colour which had never before been present. The lips, too, seemed unusual; being tightly compressed, as if by the force of a stronger character than had been Slater's. The whole face finally began to grow tense, and the head turned restlessly with closed eyes. I did not arouse the sleeping nurse, but readjusted

the slightly disarranged head-bands for my telepathic „radio,“ intent to catch any parting message the dreamer might have to deliver. All at once the head turned sharply in my direction and the eyes fell open, causing me to stare in blank amazement at what I beheld. The man who had been Joe Slater, the catskill decadent, was now gazing at me with a pair of luminous, expanded eyes whose blue seemed subtly to have deepened.

neither mania nor degeneracy was visible in that gaze, and I felt beyond a doubt that I was viewing the face behind which lay an active mind of high order. At this juncture my brain became aware of a steady external influence operating upon it. I closed my eyes to concentrate my thoughts more profoundly, and was rewarded by the positive knowledge that my long-sought mental message had come at last. Each transmitted idea formed rapidly in my mind, and though no actual language was employed my habitual association

of conception and expression was so great that I seemed to be receiving the message in ordinary English. "Joe Slater is dead", came the soul-petrifying voice or agency form beyond the wall of sleep. My opened eyes sought the couch of pain in curious horror but the blue eyes were still calmly gazing, and the countenance was still intelligently animated. "He is better dead for he was unfit to bear the active intellect of cosmic entity. His gross body could not undergo the needed adjustment

between ethereal life and planet life. He was too much of an animal too little a man; yet it is through his deficiency that you have come to discover me for the cosmic and planet souls rightly should never meet. He has been my torment and diurnal prison for forty-two of your terrestrial years I am an entity like that which you yourself become in the freedom of dreamless sleep. I am your brother of light, and have floated with you in the effulgent valleys. It is not

permitted me to tell your waking earth-self of your real self, but we are all roamers of vast spaces and travellers in many ages. Next year I may be dwelling in the dark Egypt which you call ancient, or in the cruel empire of Tsan-Chan which is to come three thousand years hence. You and I have drifted to the worlds that reel about the red Arcturus, and dwelt in the bodies of the insect-philosophers that crawl proudly over the fourth moon

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just and blazingly cataclysmic vengeance. Watch me in the sky close by the daemon-star. I cannot speak longer, for the body of Joe Slater grows cold and rigid, and the coarse brains are ceasing to vibrate as I wish. You have been my friend in my cosmos; you have been my only friend on this planet the only soul to sense and seek for me within the repellent form which lies on this couch. We shall meet again—perhaps in the shining mists of Orion's sword perhaps on a bleak plateau in prehistoric Asia. Perhaps

in unremembered dreams tonight; perhaps in some other form an aeon hence, when the solar system shall have been swept away." At this point the thought-waves abruptly ceased, and the pale eyes of the dreamer or can I say dead man?—Commenced to glaze fishily. In a half-stupor I crossed over to the couch and felt of his wrist, but found it cold. Stiff, and pulseless. The sallow cheeks paled again and the thick lips fell open, disclosing the repulsively rotten fangs of the degenerate Joe Slater.

I shivered, pulled a blanket over the hideous face, and awakened the nurse. Then I left the cell and went silently to my room. I had an insistent and unaccountable craving for a sleep whose dreams I should not remember. The climax? What plain table of science can boast of such a rhetorical effect? I have merely set down certain things appealing to me as facts,

allowing you to construe them as you will. As I have already admitted, my superior, old doctor Fenton denies the reality of everything I have related. He vows that I was broken down with nervous strain, and badly in need of the long vacation on full pay which he so generously gave me. He assures me on his professional honour that Joe Slater was but a low-grade paranoiac, whose fantastic notions

must have come from the crude hereditary folk-tales which circulate in even the most decadent of communities. All this he tell me—yet I cannot forget what I saw in the sky on the night after Slater died. Lest you think me a biased witness, another's pen must add this final testimony, which may perhaps supply the climax you expect. I will quote the following account of the star nova Persei verbatim from the pages of that eminent astronomical

authority Prof. Garrett P. Serviss: "On February 22, 1901, a marvellous new star was discovered by Doctor Anderson, of Edinburgh, not very far from Algol. No star has been visible at that point before.

Within twenty-four hours the stranger had become so bright that it outshone capella. In a week or two, it had visibly faded, and in the course of a few months it was hardly discernible with the naked eye.

A book by Wolfgang Buchta

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