

THE PHANTAGRAPH

"Published Monthly for the Phantasy Enthusiast"

Vol. 4

JULY, 1936

No. 4

"NOSTALGIA"

by

H. P. Lovecraft

Once every year, in autumn's wistful glow,
The birds fly out over an ocean waste,
Calling and chattering in a joyous haste
To reach some land their inner memories know.
Great terraced gardens where bright blossoms blow,
And lines of mangoes luscious to the taste,
And temple groves with branches overlaced
Over cool paths----all these their vague dreams show.

They search the sea for marks of their old shore---
For the tall city, white and turreted---
But only empty waters stretch ahead,
So that at last they turn away once more.
Yet, sunken deep where alien polyps throng,
The old towers miss their lost, remembered song.

LOST EXCERPTS

By Robert Nelson

III. THE FLINGING OF THE ROCKS

He stood upon the precipice of the world, laughing wildly and flinging golden rocks of happiness upon the mountains, valleys, and seas below. The hoary mountains were crowned with gold and quaked in glee; the manifold valleys shook their bosoms and babbled in joyousness; the heaving seas shone with the golden blood of the bursting rocks.

The laughing winds screamed about him and perished in the golden mist far beneath. He stood on golden feet; and golden blood sped through his veins. In endless perpetuation he hurled the rocks of golden happiness until they all flowed in one mighty stream, and men knew not where it began nor where it ceased. And he defied both heaven and hell to halt him. His words were almighty cannons of universe-splitting bombardment, crashing levin-flashes that turned the eye to stone, the soul to everlasting darkness. His curses mingled with the golden torrent, and the rocks became happier.

They made the sun to dribble hot tears of golden gladness, and spattered upon the sullen moon a flushed gold, so that it turned more swiftly, letting men see its other side for the first time. Then they slew each other in city and on plain in mad jubilation. And the dead rose to die again with grim laughter stamped on their skulls. Blue flowers were sprinkle with the powder of the dead, and drank the blood of the dying and turned golden. On and on came the rocks. They whirled in the cosmic dust and burned in a million worlds.

SUN -- SPOTS

by Donald A. Wollheim

It is our sad duty to announce that David R. Daniels, promising young author, committed suicide two months ago...The first fan magazine from the Southern Hemisphere is the "Science Fiction Bulletin" from New Zealand...Bob Tucker married Mary Jane Joesting on March 16th. And Virginia Parks Parker married John Harakus at about the same time. Congratulations to all of you...A special I.S.A. printed Rocket Bulletin is being projected...Since my last column I have heard that Jack Darrow, O. A. Kline and Weird Tales itself have complete files of that magazine...Robert Bloch is finishing his first book "In Bed We Laugh"- a Thorne Smithian burlesque. Weird Tales has taken his "Creper in the Crypt," "Not Always Blind," and "The Dark Demon" ...J. Thos. Wood, former editor of "Underworld" may launch a new sf. magazine this year...The British sf. mag. has been put off...The new English fan mag. will be called "British Phantasy Review." It will be edited by Gllings and Carnell...Duane W. Rimel has had his first acceptance from WT with "The Disinterment"...In the 1936 Writer's Year Book appear photos of Otto Binder, Allen Kline, Howard Wandrei, Mort Weisinger, Leo Margulies, A. J. Burks, and Henry Kostkos...Claire P. Beck has dropped out of sf...Donald Wollheim now owns the "Science Fiction Review"...If you would like mention in this column let us know what you are doing in phantasy.

SUN — SPOTS

by Donald A. Wollheim

SUN-SPOTS POSTSCRIPT

The Phantagraph, July 1936

¶ The next issue of Marvel Tales will definitely appear on the newsstands. Wm. Crawford has completed arrangements for its printing and distribution. It will be large size and regular pulp make-up. Cover in colour by Ferguson. It'll reprint "Challenge From Beyond"

¶ Still another fan magazine! This time "The Science Fiction Fan"

that David R. Daniels, died suicide two months from the Southern "Pulp Bulletin" from New York. Jane Joesting on Parker married John Congratulatory to all pocket Bulletin is being I have heard that Jack Tales itself have converted Bloch is finishing "The Dark Demon" a Thorne Smithian his "Creepers in the "Underworld" may appear...The British sf. English fan mag. will w." It will be edited

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Harold Hersey will bring out
a new novel-a-month pseudo-stf.
magazine called "Flash Gordon"
It probably won't last long.

Subscribe to The Phantagraph
"The only fan magazine worth a
nickel." NOW MONTHLY!

Coming!

• **BAROQUE** •

the third S. & W. publication.

Watch for further notices.



THE PHANTAGRAPH

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR ----- WILSON SHEPHERD

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Member: UAPAA, NAPA, TFG, etc.

Metamorphosis

A word from the Editor

This issue marks still another change in the formal of The Phantagraph. And we feel certain the final one. From this date on, this publication will come out every month promptly. And with this issue, we definitely take the lead for monthly phantasy fan magazines.

Published as we shall be every month, 8 pages full of phantasy verse, prose, articles and news, we feel certain that we can hold our own with the best of them. Our circulation jumps greatly with this issue. From now on, we can state truthfully that we have over 450 copy circulation a month! 250 more than any other amateur phantasy publication! Thus your writings appearing here, your trials at phantasy, scientifiiction or weird fiction, will cover a wider and more appreciative group than was formerly to be had. May we look forward to seeing your phantastic works in our mail? Short poems,

sketches, prose, or anything else having a phantastic or highly imaginative content will be appreciated.

A "Dream"

by William Lumley

Lo! I stood within a hallway
Measureless to mortal man
Whose great walls were dark, and shiny
While a golden river ran
Oer the floor, which leaped and rippled
Like the rays of noon-day sun.
In its midst there stood a tripod
And an image sat thereon,
This was veiled in mist and dimness
Like the falling waters' spray
And above the silent river
Rose and melted fast away.
Though it was unknown unto me
Something told me oer and oer
Countless years it had awaited
For my coming to that shore.
Oer the tide strange shapes of evil
Flit, and whispered each to each
Words that fell like distant thunder
On my ears in unknown speech
Though twas speech it bore no semblance
To the tongue of any race
But some lost, and forgotten[†]
Echo from oblivious space.
Oer the walls the golden waters
Leaped as though to beat them through
While the image seemed to beckon
And the veil was rent in two.
I therein saw this inscription
Graven there in snowy white
In unknown gigantic letters
On a tablet black as night.
"Know ye everything that liveth
Hath known death to purify
Life within yet thing or creature
That is dead can never die
In the circle of the spirit
All things shall endure for aye
Though they sleep and are forgotten
They shall never pass away."

WEIRD MUSIC

By Duane W. Rimel -and- Emil Petaja

Since the dawn of civilization and probably long before, the soul of man has thrilled and trembled to strange music of one type or another. The savage voodoo drums of Africa; the harsh strains of Oriental rhythms; the tango of South America; the classics, and even much modern jazz---are filled in varying degrees with an unmistakable weirdness. There is something about a melody or succession of harmonic changes portraying intense fear, sorrow, remorse, or other gloomy moods of human nature that is easily recognizable, yet quite undefinable. They awaken queer thoughts and emotions which no mere language or tongue can interpret.

One of the most fantastic compositions is *Danse Macabre*, the ghostly Dance of Death by Saint-Saens. Music such as Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" Suite which is filled with glamour and exotic charm of the *Arabian Nights*, and his fairy tale operas, is repleat with fantastic atmosphere. The Gounod *Faust* ballet music conjures up a strange scene in a dark castle high in the mountains of Germany on Walpurgis night. Mephistopheles causes all the dead beauties—Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, etc.—to appear and dance before Faust, who may take his choice from among them. Such music evokes a weird and wonderful panorama. Edvard Greig's *Peer Gynt Suite* is a masterpiece of fanciful, sensuous and sinister rhythm-patterns.

Tschaikowsky is the God of sad and sombre themes, often heart-rending in their pathos—sometimes welling up in sudden intense orchestral sobs—sometimes low and passionate in exquisite depths of sorrow; while Rachmaninoff's compositions like *Isle of the Dead* are spine-chilling in their vividness. There are countless other weird compositions in the classics, and even such modern songs as George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* and Ferde Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite* possess more than a touch of fancy, and it would take many volumes to cover and adequately describe all of the music of this type.

In literature we find that many masterpieces have been inspired by or written about weird music. Poe's great poem "The Bells" catches some of the elusive charm that only eery sounds can evoke. Some of the best stories in *Weird Tales* have dealt with the subject: H. P. Lovecraft's "The Music of Erich Zann" ably portrays a genuine mood of outre terror by the wild suggestive notes of a bass viol. "Bells of Oceana" by Arthur J. Burks brings to the reader a sense of the unknown horror inspired by unearthly music. The rites of Pan are climaxed to the accompaniment of weird, piping strains, and we have all read stories in which the Pipes of Pan are heard, reminding one of the drowsy Aeolian measures of Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun*. Much weird verse is closely akin to music of the same nature—and the two are very often combined with marvelous results. As an example, two of H. P. Lovecraft's verses "Fungi from Yuggoth" were set to music by a composer of Los Angeles, Harold S. Farnese. Readers of *Weird Tales* will remember "Sable Reverie" by Robert Nelson, for which music had been written.

Certainly when great masters like Richard Wagner, Felix Mendelssohn and Jan Sibelius and others have expressed themselves through the medium of weird, haunting music, it is at once raised to immortal levels.

Announcing

FANCIFUL TALES

A new printed quarterly of phantastic fiction. Fine stories of weird fiction, science fiction, or phantasy by some of the best writers in the field. In the first issue we will feature "THE NAMELESS CITY," an hitherto unpublished story by that master of masters H. P. LOVECRAFT. A gripping story of the accursed ruins in Arabia Deserta and of the eldritch wind that blew from a cliff door. Reminiscent of his "At the Mountains of Madness" and of the Elder Gods tales. Also in Fanciful Tales will appear stories by August W. Derleth, Dr. David H. Keller, J. Harvey Haggard, Ralph Milne Farley, Robert Bloch, L. A. Eshbach, and others. Illustrated by Clay Ferguson and Duane Rimel.

20¢ a copy, 75¢ a year (4 issues).

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Coming In The Phantagraph

Robert E. Howard's "The Hyborian Age" will be continued bi-monthly in a special supplement. In next issue will appear R. H. Barlow's "Annals of the Jinns." Don't miss our forthcoming issues!