

A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Volume 25

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1935

Number 6

Cover Design	M. Brundage	
<i>Illustrating a scene in "The Horror in the Studio"</i>		
The Horror in the Studio	Dorothy Quick	658
<i>A dramatic weird story of Hollywood and a soul-blacking horror out of hell</i>		
Satan in Exile	Arthur William Bernal	672
<i>An amazing tale of a Robin Hood of the airways</i>		
Flapping Wings of Death	Amelia Reynolds Long	693
<i>A tale of mysterious murders and a frightful Thing that flapped its bat-wings after sunset</i>		
The Destroying Horde	Donald Wandrei	711
<i>A tale of giant organisms spawned in a chemist's laboratory and an orgy of hideous death</i>		
Dominion	Clark Ashton Smith	724
<i>Verse</i>		
The Spider's Web	John Scott Douglas	725
<i>An eerie story of gruesome incidents and stark, panic terror</i>		
Beyond the Black River (end)	Robert E. Howard	734
<i>A thrilling saga of terrific adventures and dark magic in the old heroic days</i>		
The Suicide in the Study	Robert Bloch	755
<i>A short, grim tale of dual personality</i>		
The Woman in Gray	Walker G. Everett	758
<i>A strange story of too many cocktails, and a weird neiness in gray</i>		
Together	Ida M. Kier	762
<i>A brief little story with a real human appeal</i>		
Weird Story Reprint:		
The Cup of Blood	Otis Adelbert Kline	765
<i>A popular story from WEIRD TALES of twelve years ago</i>		
Autumn Leaves	A. Leslie	777
<i>Verse</i>		
The Eyrie		778
<i>The readers express their opinions about this magazine</i>		

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2467 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1923, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$3.00 a year in the United States, \$4.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, E. C. 4, London. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. The contents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers.

NOTE—All manuscripts and communications should be addressed to the publishers' Chicago office at 840 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. FARNSWORTH WRIGLEY, Editor.

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

Dominion

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

Empress of all my life, it is not known to thee
 What hidden world thou holdest evermore in fee;
 What muffled levies rise, from mist and Lethe drawn,

Waging some goblin war at thy forgotten whim;
 What travelers in lone Cimmeria, drear and dim,
 Follow the rumor of thy face toward the dawn.

Plain are those nearer lands whereon thou lookest forth:
 Thy fields upon the south, thy cities in the north;
 But vaster is that sealed and subterraneous realm:

High towers are built for thee with hushed demonian toil
 In dayless lands, and furrows drawn through a dark soil,
 And sable oceans crossed by many an unstarred helm.

Though unto thee is sent a tribute of wrought gold
 By them that delve therein, never shalt thou behold
 How the ore is digged from mines too near to Erebus;

Though strange Sabean myrrh within thy censers fume,
 Thou shalt not ever guess the Afrit-haunted gloom
 Whence the rich balm was won with labor perilous.

Occulted still from thee, thy power is on lost things,
 On alien seraphim that seek with desperate wings,
 Plown from their dying orb, the confines of thy heaven;

Yea, still thy whisper moves, and magically stirs
 To life the shapeless dust in shattered sepulchers;
 And in dark bread and wine thou art the untold leaven.

But never shalt thou dream how in some far abyss
 Thy lightly spoken word has been an exorcism
 Driving foul spirits from a wanderer bewrayed;

With eyes fulfilled of noon, haply thou shalt not see
 How, in a land illumed by suns of ebony,
 Beneath thy breath the fiery shadows flame and fade.