

# THE PHANTAGRAPH

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801 West 8nd Avenue,  
New York City

Wilson Shepherd, Managing  
Editor  
Oakman, Alabama

VOL. 4

NOV-DEC 1935

NO. 2

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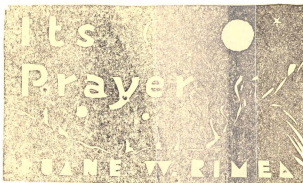
Donald A. Wolfheim

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The Phantagraph is issued BI-MONTHLY by The Terrestrial  
Fantascience Guild at Oakman, Alabama. Copy 10c. 6 issues 50c





A grisly hand raised to the sky  
    In awful supplication,  
Weaving dreams of elder worlds  
    With rhythmic incantation.  
Spectral fingers clutched in vain  
    At entities unbounded;  
Where star-spawn swirl in endless night  
    Through spaces yet unsounded.  
Weak limbs rise and sway and fall  
    Upon a lifeless planet,  
And strive with fruitless straining arms  
    To reach the void and span it.  
The hand is graven in the earth,  
    In mould that never darkens  
Save when it wrenches free its hold,  
    Or to the west wind harkens.  
It flaps about and stretches up  
    Into the cloudy distance,  
But cannot reach those nitemare realms  
    Without a ghoul's assistance.  
And yet at last it soared indeed,  
    All stars and worlds eluding--  
This thing men thought a windtornweed  
    Through too long weeks of brooding