

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE of the



BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 1

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 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, \$2.50 a year in the United States, \$3.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Laveil, 13, Serjeant's 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 WRIGHT, Editor.

Copyright, 1930, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

Contents for January, 1931

Cover Design ----- C. C. Senf
Illustrating a scene in "The Lost Lady"

The Eyrie ----- 4
A chat with the readers

Fungi from Yuggoth:
6. Nyarlathotep; 7. Azathoth ----- H. P. Lovecraft 12
Verse

The Lost Lady ----- Seabury Quinn 14
A beautiful white dancer in the temple of Angkor is persecuted by a fiendish Chinese doctor—a tale of Julei de Grandin

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FUNGI · from · YUGGOTH

By H.P. LOVECRAFT



6. NYARLATHOTEP

And at the last from inner Egypt came
The strange dark One to whom the fellahs bowed;
Silent and lean and cryptically proud,
And wrapped in fabrics red as sunset flame.
Thronged pressed around, frantic for his commands,
But leaving, could not tell what they had heard;
While through the nations spread the awestruck word
That wild beasts followed him and licked his hands.

Soon from the sea a noxious birth began;
Forgotten lands with weedy spires of gold;
The ground was cleft, and mad auroras rolled
Down on the quaking citadels of man.
Then, crushing what he chanced to mold in play,
The idiot Chaos blew Earth's dust away.