

THE PHANTAGRAPH

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VOL. 4

NOV-DEC 1935

NO. 2

----- CONTENTS -----

ITS PRAYER

Duane W. Rimel

THE DWELLER

H. P. Lovecraft

THE SKY HERMIT

E. Theodore Pine

THE MEMMONS OF THE NIGHT Clark Ashton Smith

THE SCIENCE FICTION RACKETEER H. Koenig
SCIENTA CLAUS ALI : S SANTA CLAUS Clay Ferguson, Jr.
HOW I GET MY INSPIRATION by A Weird Tales Author
IS SCIENCE FICTION IN A RUT? C. W. Jonsdell

SUN - SPOTS

Donald A. Wollheim

ALSO:- Editorial Pages

The Bulletin Board

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



T H E D W E L L E R

H. P. Lovecraft



It had been old when Babylon was new;
None knows how long it slept beneath that mound,
Where in the end our questing shovels found
Its granite blocks and brought it back to view.
There were vast pavements and foundation-walls,
And crumbing slabs and statues, carved to show
Fantastic beings of some long ago
Past anything the world of man recalls.

And then we saw those stone steps leading down
Through a choked gate of graven dolomite
To some black haven of eternal night
Where elder signs and primal secrets frown.
We cleared a path - - - but raced in mad retreat
When from below we heard those clumping feet.