



the oldest fantasy fan magazine
first published in May, 1934

T H E P H A N T A G R A P H

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Guild's Bulletin

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fan magazines by combine or purchase
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Science Fiction Weekly, Mind of Man,
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DONALD A. WOLLHEIM, EDITOR

John B. Michel, Art Editor
Elsie B. Wollheim, Co-editor

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PHANTAGRAPHY

By the Editor

Finally, we have arrived at our eleventh year of fan publishing. Finally, we have come to the Tenth Anniversary Number of The Phantagraph....

Years back, we had thought of the things we should do on this momentous occasion. And when the time came--it was war, prices were high, living conditions high, our time was heavily occupied, printers were persnickety. And so we did not bring out the de luxe printed magazine we had planned. The fine professional sixty-four page job we have dreamed of. Instead, another job from our battered little Junior Speed-o-print with its ink-oozing edges and its other quirks.

But we have only put it off. This time we'll promise a terrific Fifteenth Anniversary Number. And do our best to deliver.

The Phantagraph is very dear to us, even if modern day fans do not seem to hold it in very high esteem. It dates our career in fandom very closely. For it was the issuance of this magazine by Wilson Shepherd in 1934 that drew us as a collector and science-fiction enthusiast into active fan life. Yes, May 1934 was the date of my decision to contact other fans and start things. I had been passively interested before that, sure. But Wilson and his Bulletin got me going. And I've been going ever since.

I never regreted a day of it. I've done just about everything and have been in and out of more darn scraped. Mostly The Phantagraph has been aloof from it. If you study its past pages you'll find a scarcity of dated fan items. I like to consider this as a literary magazine, not a battle one. Someday The Phantagraph shall really change

into the leading fantasy magazine of all. For a time we did hold an envied place back when we were printed and had the banner left drop by The Fantasy Fan. When I feel my fortunes secure enough, this magazine shall emerge as a professionally printed high quality "little magazine" devoted to fantasy. That may begin with the Fifteenth Anniversary Issue. It may be even sooner. But it shall be.

At that, we have done fairly well in our career. Material that first appeared in The Phantagraph has been reprinted in many places. Among them have been Weird Tales, Stirring Science Stories, Science Fiction Quarterly, Astonishing Stories, Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Fantastic Novels, Uncanny Tales, and Beyond the Wall of Sleep. And also in many fan magazines and booklets.

We have thought at times of ~~xxx~~ an anthology. It shall appear someday. Not soon perhaps, but some day.

One advantage of our peculiar position in fandom is the possibility of long range planning. The bulk of fans, at any given time, know that their stay in the field is limited. They are aware of the impermanency of it. But when one has been in this thing as long as the writer, one becomes quite certain that he is here to stay. A childhood hobby has become fixed as an adult's hobby--and that means good for decades to come. Our activity may wax and wane with the years, but one thing is certain, we shall always be around somewhere.

And so will The Phantagraph.

ANNALS OF ARKYA
By Robert W. Lowndes

1. The Courier

The darkness trembled with a dream of light,
And flame-tipped shadows whispered in the room
"Remember." From the lonely sea, a flight
Of eldritch bird-things shrilled of nameless
doom.

I fled the cursed house and strode the height
Of cavern-pierced Kondath to resume
My eon-weary search before the night
Expired, and dread day lashed me to the tomb.

From out the caverns, mewling vashti came
To mock me in my terror, till the same
Fell whisper scattered them and grisly dawn
Destroyed me; yet, before I fell, I heard
The fearful courier's long-awaited word:
"Remember when you were the Eidolon!"

2. The Worshipers

Colossal on the planet's youthful face,
I rose into the azure, cloud-flecked skies,
A thing of frozen midnight's mysteries,
Hewn not by living hands, nor any trace
Of craftsmanship was on me. Emperor,
And highest pontiff, soldier, serf, and sage--
None in the golden land would dare engage
In any task without my dark concur.

Great was the land until those latter years,
When from the sea the fearful Vorklai came
To drown in bitter blood and put to flame
The cities, till the very stones shed tears.
Around me did the vile usurpers press
And mouth my name in drooling loathsomeness.

3. Liberation

What eons passed, what dread stars waxed
and waned
While I was dust? I cannot tell. The mirth
Of winds fell on me; seas received me: earth
Gave fruit, and myriad growing things con-
tained

My being, till a book of elder reek
Became my resting place. A secret shelf
Contained the curious volume and myself,
While nightly burning eyes therein did seek.

Deep were the shadows in the mystic's room,
Low pinings issued from an unseen life,
And scent of incense hovered in the air:
I waited as he chanted of the stair
To Arkya and pronounced the tones of doom,
Then once again I knew the state called Life.

4. The Guardian

Above all things he was respectable,
His very presence breathed propriety:
A stately pillar of society,
He found all time-worn things commendable.
Science, he said, perhaps was tolerable,
Up to a certain point, but then the Gods
Would rise in wrath and smite with fiery rods
The impious and questing radical.

I came upon him poring through the book
Of ancient Arkya with the seal of Yste,
It must be burned, he said, and fairly hissed
A name. I sang the Dirka song and took
The Volume as he vainly sought and fell
To leave a perfect, empty, human shell.

5. The Summons

A dream in metal was the argosy
They built to span the brooding face of night
Between the far-flung planets, and the light
Of bright desire shone on their victory.
All labor ceased within the realm: the cry
Of festive holiday arose, for ere a week
Had passed the valiant voyagers would seek
The verities beyond the azure sky.

None heard the deadly summons from the stars
To those that dwelt unseen within the lands,
Or guessed the fruit of hellish sorcery,
Until the earth erupted burrowers
And bloody chaos sprouted from their hands--
The mindless legion of the Enemy.

6. The Viola

It was an instrument no mortal hand
Dare touch, they said, and crossed them-
selves: a spell
Of evil lay upon it. One would tell
How Yarish found it in an attic, and
Relate in whispers of the prodigies
Befalling his last concert: shadows left
Their proper place to dance, and folks, beset,
Engaged in lewd and hellish revelries.

I took the shunned viola from its place,
To play a long-forgotten melody
And found myself lost in a reverie
That swept my fingers into bows and chords
Undreamed. But this recalled their warning
words:

The counterpoint that issued out of space!

TOMORROW

By John B. Michel

The race is young, but its birth-clouded eyes may drink from the fountain of the universe. In our brains is kindled a blaze of calm and majestic power. In our hands lie ready the raw materials of mighty weapons to forge from this wilderness of primitive artifacts and feeble huts; of the rustling voices of insects, of thin, wan moonlight and the sacrificial fires of factory chimneys a world of peace so wondrous and beautiful as to make it seem like a flowering plant beside the cold grey seed that gave it birth.

Then let us move our giant hands.

Let the rapine cities be rushed from their foundations. Let the streets disintegrate and let the barren wasteland be leveled for a new and vaster sowing. Let the creaking wharves collapse into the sea and the smoking industrial hives be crushed beneath the rolling treads of human juggernauts. Hurl wings to the sky and pile steel into pylons for which all the architectural wonders of the whole earth will be dissolved. Let trees breathe, grass and flowers baton upon the black earth, wheat reach hungrily for the mouth of stars. Cause the weapons to crumble, be flung to the winds. Command the walls of the temples to crash, the ruins be plowed with salt and acid.

Let babies be born to the sunlight and color, the terror and pain of women break on the bastions of truth. Blast mountains from their roots and weave the entombed riches into tapestries of strength and beauty clear as the eyes of children. Strike the touchstone of

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science and illuminate the earth with a
brilliance brighter than the sun. Call
forth the geni of the atoms to surround
the planet with its invincible shield.

Tear the veil of the cons from the
eyes of the peoples forever.

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MS.. FOUND IN A WASTEBASKET

(Annually, Ace Magazines throws an Xmas
party for its staff and writers. Last
December's party was the usual wild
shebang. When DAW arrived at his office
the Monday following, he found amid the
wreckage the following poem. John Michael
swears he did not write it. DAW did not
write it. Mystery! Any ay here it is:)

Caward edits Flying Aces
Men with wings who're going places
And when the fairy strums his harp
The women sing of rings and tarr
Across the vale a flock of cheese
Lifts up its eyes to greet the breeze
And now as in the days of yore
We find that two and two make four
What will the angels sing tonight?
What has the bogies got but fright?
Where 'ere we be
Where 'ere we slurge
There 'grim goosh in furge because
I say, I smile, I laff aloud
There's doosh aloft within the cloud
To Caward here's a toast, methinks
A forest animal is the Lynx.

Thus beginnoth the Eleventh Year
