A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



Volume 31	CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1938 Number	er 6
Cover Design		dage
	Virgil Finlay	641
Suicide Chapel	y of fearful murders, lovely girls and a giant ape	643
The Last Hour		664
From the Beginning	Eando Binder	665
H. P. Lovecraft	of the origin of the human race	683
	Gans T. Field	684
Slave of the Flames	e eery personality called Varduk—a tale of Lord Byron Robert Bloch	700
A weird tale of the great Song of Death	A. W. Calder	713
Thunder in the Dawn (e	de a sensuous song that carried death to its listeners nd) Henry Kuttner	723
The Doom that Came to	vizards and valiant men of might in the far-off olden time Sarnath	742
Outlanders	y a late great master of bizarre and fantastic literature	746
Death Dallies Awhile	Leslie F. Stone bic universe created by the genius of a great scientist	747.
Weird Story Reprint:		1
The Gray Champion A classic weird tale of or		754
Farewell to Eros		759
The Eyrie	TALES express their opinions	762

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4





To David Warren Ryder

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

By desert-deepened wells and chasmed ways, And noon-high passes of the crumbling nome Where the fell sphinx and martichoras roam; Over black mountains lit by meteor-blaze, Through darkness ending not in solar days, Beauty, the centauress, has brought us home To shores where chaos climbs in starry foam, And the white horses of Polaris graze.

We gather, on those gulfward beaches rolled,
Driftage of worlds not shown by any chart;
And pluck the fabled moly from wild scaurs:
Though these are scorned by human wharf and mart—And scorned alike the red, primeval gold
For which we fight the griffins in strange wars.