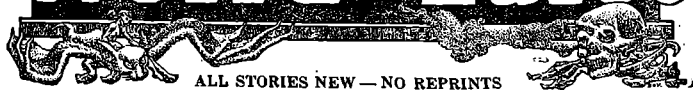


Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

JULY, 1943

Cover by E. Franklin Wittmack

SPECIAL FEATURE

- HIS LAST APPEARANCE** H. Bedford-Jones 6
A reef in the middle of the ocean is an ideal place for occult manifestations

NOVELETTES

- THE UNFRIENDLY WORLD** Allison V. Harding 28
No one knows what strange lands we pass through on our way to and from consciousness
- RETURN OF THE UNDEAD** Otis Adelbert Kline & Frank Bellnap Long 56
No less than anybody else, a medical student has to be shown that things really do come back from the grave

SHORT STORIES

- THE STREET OF FACES** Frank Owen 20
It was a strange street; it had seen many strange faces—like the man without a face
- LOST** Alice-Mary Schnirring 43
Life and death are never far apart in the enveloping darkness of the blacked-out Atlantic coast
- THE SCYTHE** Ray Bradbury 46
Somewhere there is a field, and a farmer there who unendingly cuts the wheat, his blade moving on day and night—forever!
- LEGACY IN CRYSTAL** James Causey 74
She dreamed that the ring had a funny little red man inside, and he was laughing at her
- YOURS TRULY — JACK THE RIPPER** Robert Bloch 83
When stalking a mad monster, the trailer must take care that he doesn't find himself the trailed — too late!
- TAMARA, THE GEORGIAN QUEEN** Harold Lawlor 96
It's horrible to think that such tragedy can start with gaiety, and just an evil suggestion — no more than that

VERSE

- STRANGE MUSIC** Dorothy Quick 55
- DESERT DWELLER** Clark Ashton Smith 71
- SUPERSTITIONS AND TABOOS** Irwin J. Weill 72
- THE EYRIE AND WEIRD TALES CLUB** 107

Except for personal experiences the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use of the name of any living person or reference to actual events is purely coincidental.

Published bi-monthly by Weird Tales, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Reentered as second-class matter January 26, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, 90¢. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. English Office: Charles Lavell, Limited, 4 Clements Inn, Strand, London, W.C.2, England. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession.

Copyright, 1943, by Weird Tales. Copyrighted in Great Britain.
Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Vol. 38, No. 12

D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

LAMONT BUCHANAN, Associate Editor.

Desert Dweller

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

THERE is no room in any town (he said)
To house the towering hugeness of my dream.
It straitens me to sleep in any bed.

Whose foot is nearer than the night's extreme.
There is too much of solitude in crowds
For one who has been where constellations teem,

Where boulders meet with boulders, and the clouds
And hills convene; who has talked at evening
With mountains clad in many-colored shrouds.

Men pity me for the scant gold I bring:
Ungessed within my heart the solar glare
On monstrous gems that lit my journeying.

They deem the desert flowerless and bare,
Who have not seen above their heads unfold
The vast, inverted lotus of blue air;

Nor know what Hanging Gardens I behold
With half-shut eyes between the earth and moon
In topless iridescent tiers unrolled.

For them, the planted fields, their veriest boon;
For me, the verdure of inviolate grass
In far mirages vanishing at noon.

For them, the mellowed strings, the strident brass,
The cry of love, the clangor of great horns,
The thunder-burdened ways where thousands pass.

For me, the silence welling from dark urns,
From fountains past the utmost world and sun . . .
To overflow some day the desert bourns . . .

And take the sounding cities one by one.

