



Famous FANTASTIC Mysteries

25c

Combined with FANTASTIC NOVELS MAGAZINE

VOL. 14

JUNE, 1953

NO. 4

Novellets

ANTHEM.....	Ayn Rand	12
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He alone, of all the prison world of indexed numbers, had dared to dream of long-forgotten freedom.

Copyright 1948 by Ayn Rand. Reprinted by permission of the author.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.....	Franz Kafka	36
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Already he had taken on the alien loathsome shape..... In all except the still watching mind- the vestige of a soul that still could suffer.....

Schoken Books, Inc., New York, 1951.

WORMS OF THE EARTH.....	Robert E. Howard	64
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Titus Sulla played fox to a dangerous eagle when he baited the highland king whose fens bred magic more deadly than the bite of Caesar's swords.

Copyright 1938 by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company for Weird Tales, November 1938.

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Editor, MARY GNAEDINGER

Cover by Lawrence. Inside Illustrations by Finlay and Lawrence

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Published bi-monthly by Popular Publications, Inc., at 1123 E. Vigo Ave., Kokomo, Indiana. Editorial and Executive Office, 205 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y. Harry Steeger, President; John J. McVicker, Treasurer. United as second-class matter at the Post Office at Kokomo, Indiana. Copyright 1953 by Popular Publications, Inc. This issue is published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention and Pan-American Copyright Convention. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction, in whole or in part, in any form. Single copy, 25c. Annual subscription for U. S. and possessions and Canada, \$1.50; other countries \$2.00 additional. All correspondence relating to this publication should be addressed to 1123 E. Vigo Ave., Kokomo, Indiana, or 205 W. 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y. When submitting manuscripts, enclose stamp, self-addressed envelope for their return, if found unmarketable. The publishers will exercise care in the handling of unsolicited manuscripts, but assume no responsibility for their return.

Printed in the U. S. A.

DIRGE

(Aztec)

By Louis M. Hobbs

The flame that burned in Ichocan is dead.
Burns the world, in fresh fire!
The prophecy is spoken, upon carven stone,
Beneath the sacrificial crimson.
I go from the deserted Temples
To pray atop Popocatopetl for an hour,
And thence, to bury my gods.

O! Mexico hangeth wretched from a tree!
No more the rolling drum of sacrifice,
No more, beneath the silver of the moon,
Shall the shades of Tepanee
Sing curses to Nezahualcoyotl
Or drink the Star's Blood
Unto the first Acatl.

No more . . . no more . . . For lo! The God cometh!
Hail from afar, Quetzalcoatl! Come in the thunder of the storm
Which blows the wind of conquest o'er the world!
Shake down the Temples of my fathers!
Throw down the House of Texcatlopochtli!
Strike fear unto Tlaloc, and all her brood across heaven
Where e'er a drop of water falleth
To quench the breathing jungle's thirst!
Welcome, All Father! Welcome unto fire,
Unto the crimson knife that slayeth to the Sun,
The flaming altar of Xipe Totec; I offer thee
The down drooped lips of Anahuac,
The kiss that breeds the seething lust of war . . .
Ayaq! Welcome, O Sons of Xiuhtecutli! Welcome
Unto the end of everything—of Man, of Peace, of God,
Of Empire—of art, of sacrifice, of bloody ways . . .
Of Mexico.

The flame that burned in Ichocan is dead.
The flame that burned in Ichocan is dead.
O, ye beloved gods!
The flame that burned in Ichocan is dead.

