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Novelettes

ANTHEM.....Ayn Rand 12

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

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THE METAMORPHOSIS.....Franz Kafka 36

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.

Sharben Books, Inc., New York, 1952.

WORMS OF THE EARTH.....Robert E. Howard 64

Titus Sulla played fox to a dangerous eagle when he baited the high-land king whose fens bred magic more deadly than the bite of Caesar's swords.

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Short Stories

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Editor, MARY GNAEDINGER

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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 Popocatepetl 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 Tepanoo
Sing curses to Nezahualcoyotl
Or drink the Star's Blood
Unto the first Acatl.

No more . . . no more . . . Far 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 Xieutecutli! 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.

