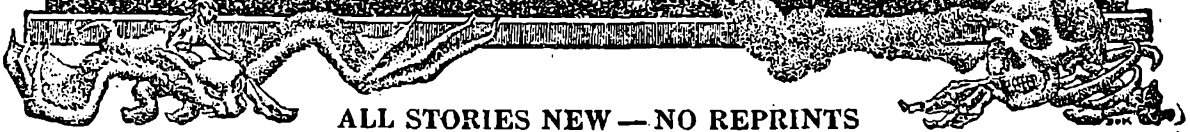


Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

MARCH, 1950

Cover by Lee Brown Coye

NOVELETTE

- HOME TO MOTHER** Marly Wade Wellman 4
Whatever was to live through man-made catastrophe on earth would be bound to be altered into the sort of monster that alone could survive—horror piled on horror.

SHORT STORIES

- TWO FACE** Frank Belknap Long 19
Until now we have been free to speculate on the planetary mysteries of the universe, but on some great tomorrow these mysteries shall be known—for better or worse.

- THE SHADOW OF SATURN** E. Hoffmann Price 30
Wish is a firecracker, will is an A-bomb. Wishing is an emotional muddle; willing is pure force.

- THE TREE'S WIFE** Mary Elizabeth Counselman 43
Her young husband shot, her Paw in a hospital, how could she do anything else but marry a tree?

- THE CORN DANCE** Margaret St. Clair 50
To see the Corn Dance—and talk about it afterwards—that was an experience few terrestrials could have.

- TAKE THE Z TRAIN** Allison V. Harding 60
At the end of a hot monotonous day at work do you dare long for something truly different?

- STAY WITH ME** Shelby Steger 66
It was a comforting assurance that one need not be afraid either of living or dying.

- THE HUNGRY GHOST** Emil Petaja 74
"He's come back, Doctor! He won't let me eat because I starved him to death!"

- DEAD MAN'S SHOES** Day Keene 81
He had never killed anyone, blasphemed, nor stolen and what had it got him? A sentence of death at forty.

VERSE

- YOU FORGET, ENCHANTRESS?** Clark Ashton Smith 29

- EIRDISMS** Lee Brown Coye 65

- THE EYRIE** 94

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D. McILWRAITH, Editor



Do You Forget, Enchantress?

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

THE Muses all are silent for your sake:
 While night and distance take
 The hamadryad's hill, the naiad's vale:
 Low drops the hippocentaur's golden tail;
 And sleep whelmed the satyrs in the brake.

Unplucked, the laurels stand as long ago;
 The balms of Eros blow
 Rose-red and secret in the cedar's pall. . . .
 Do you forget, enchantress, or recall
 The world you fashioned once, and now forego?

Where, Venus-like from Lethe and the abyss,
 Might rise the abandoned bliss;
 Where the mute Muses bide your summoning word;
 Where darkling faun and daemon drowse **unstirred**,
 Waiting the invocation of your kiss?