

# Weird Tales



March, 1953

Cover by Virgil Finlay

- SLIME (A novelette)** . . . . . Joseph Payne Brennan 6  
*It was a shape of utter darkness, a black viscid pool of living ooze that flowed like a great filthy carpet...*
- DON QUIXOTE ON MARKET STREET (Verse)** . . . . Clark Ashton Smith 11
- THE TALKIE DOLLS** . . . . . Donald F. Vieweg 22  
*A wonderful game; a delicious game where dreams came true. But how to end it...?*
- CAVEAT EMPTOR** . . . . . L. Sprague de Camp & Fletcher Pratt 31  
*Is the fraud legitimate when one tries to defraud the devil?*
- NIGHT COURT** . . . . . Mary Elizabeth Counselman 36  
*"De Lawd give each of us a certain po'tion of time to use. And He don't aim for us to cut off de supply dat belong to somebody else."*
- IN CAMERA** . . . . . John Ward 47  
*I've spent so much of my life in the dark brooding land that is Africa that I won't go on record about what might have appeared on any film taken there.*
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*It was a fearsome curse, even to read about: a black soul in a white body was to corrupt even before the grave closed over it.*
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*... the whole floor had vanished into the wall save a space at his feet about three feet wide!*
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*Burn a candle; have a dream. The formula was clearly set forth.*
- WHO ARE WE? (Verse)** . . . . . Frances Rogers Lovell 77
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*"... Sir, I have put the young witch away as your worship bid." But she was not, after all, the supreme witch.*

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- THE EYRIE** . . . . . 70

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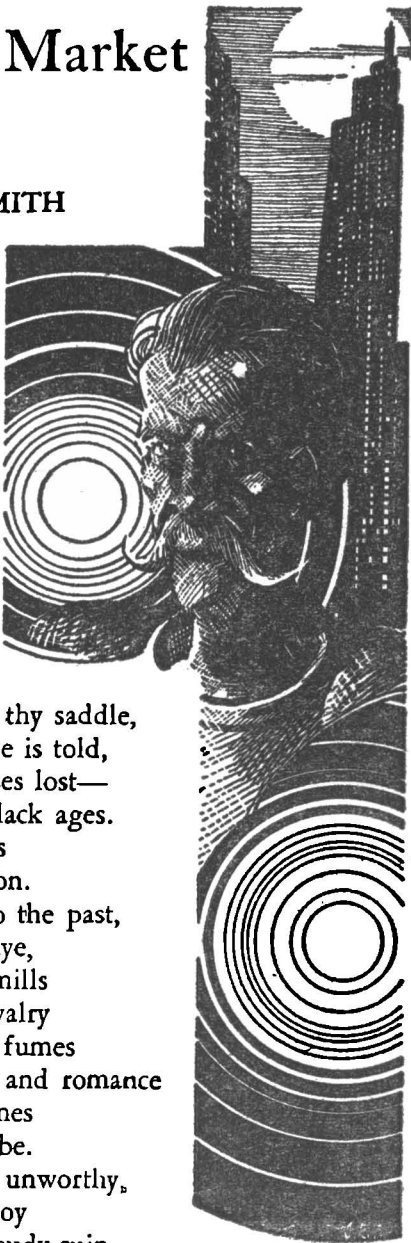
D. McILWRAITH, Editor



## Don Quixote on Market Street

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

RIDING on Rosinante where the cars  
 With dismal unremitting clangors pass,  
 And people move like curbless energumens  
 Rowelled by fiends of fury back and forth,  
 Behold! Quixote comes, in battered mail,  
 Armgaunt, with eyes of some keen haggard hawk  
 Far from his eyrie. Gazing right and left,  
 Over his face a lightning of disdain  
 Flashes, and limns the hollowness of cheeks  
 Bronzed by the suns of battle; and his hand  
 Tightens beneath its gauntlet on the lance  
 As if some foe had challenged him, or sight  
 Of unredressed wrong provoked his ire. . . .



Brave spectre, what chimera shares thy saddle,  
 Pointing thee to this place? Thy tale is told,  
 The high, proud legend of all causes lost—  
 A quenchless torch emblazoning black ages.  
 Go hence, deluded paladin: there is  
 No honor here, nor glory, to be won.  
 Knight of La Mancha, turn thee to the past,  
 Amid its purple marches ride for aye,  
 Nor tilt with thunder-driven iron mills  
 That shall grind on to silence. Chivalry  
 Has flown to stars, unsooted by the fumes  
 That have befouled these heavens; and romance  
 Departing, will unfurl her oriflammes  
 On towers unbuilt in an age to be.  
 Waste not thy knightliness in wars unworthy,  
 For time and his alastors shall destroy  
 Full soon, and brings to stuffless, cloudy ruin  
 All things that fret thy spirit, riding down  
 This pass with pandemonian walls, this Hinnom  
 Where Moloch and where Mammon herd the doomed.

