

Weird Tales

ALL STORIES NEW—NO REPRINTS

MAY, 1950

Cover by Boris Dolgov

NOVELETTES

TELL YOUR FORTUNE Robert Bloch 6

It looked like an ordinary barroom scales; but the little professor had trafficked with darkness to bring it into being.

DJINN AND BITTERS Harold Lawlor 22

Fancy being married at ten o'clock—and having a djinn come out of a bottle by afternoon!

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The ghostly voice pleaded for the stranger to come on; some counter voice, maybe an inward devil, warned him back.

THE LAST MAN Seabury Quinn 44

"I have been told you can bring back the spirits of the dead. Is that true?" "Of course," was the reply.

THE TRIANGLE OF TERROR William F. Temple 50

The words "Is anybody there?" died in my mouth—for it was manifest there was nobody. Yet I had seen...

THE MONKEY SPOONS Mary Elizabeth Counselman 63

These three little monkey spoons were surrounded by forces no one could combat. Forces older than time—older than logic.

THE LAST THREE SHIPS Margaret St. Clair 70

Fifteen deserted ships at night might give a graveyard, eerie effect; but it was all right if one kept away from those last three hulls.

AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR Evangeline Walton 74

A story of the Greek undead—if dead men could walk because they had reason for revenge, a lot of them would have done it these last few years.

THE MAN ON B-17 Stephen Grendon 82

The cinder ball couldn't see the man on the trestle—not the woman either—but the engineer and the fireman and the conductor, they all did.

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Country doctors are supposed to be able to cope with anything. How about the supernatural?

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Luna Aeternalis

by CLARK ASHTON SMITH

BY an alien dream despatched and driven
In a land to strange stars given,
Stars that summoned forth the moon,
Singing a strange red eldritch tune,
I heard the coming of the moon
With tremulus rim that clomb and rang,
Whose rondere on the horizon rang
A gong distinct with silvery clang,
Re-echoing distantly, until,
Arisen soon,
In silent silver stood the moon
Above the horizon ringing still.

Half-waned and hollow was her brow,
And caverned by the night; but now
Her twilight turned the stars' loud rune
To muted music in a swoon,
Her low light lulled the stars to drowsy,
Flicker and fail, and vaguely rouse:
I felt the silence come and go
As the red stars muttered low . . .



Old with moonlight lay the night,
And on the desert lay
Ancient and unending light
That assured not of the day;
For the half-moon stood to stay
Fixed at the heavens' height
And eternal ere the day.
Triumphant stood the moon
In a false and cold and constant noon:
Surely in conflict fell
The true, lost sun of noon;
The golden might of Uriel
Met some white demon of the moon.

By an alien dream despatched and driven,
I found a land to demons given,
To silvern, silent demons given
That flew and fluttered from out the moon,
Weaving about her tomb-white face
With mop and mow and mad grimace,
And circling down from the semilune
In a dim and Saturnian dance,
To pirouette and pause and prance,
To withdraw and advance,
All in a wan eternal dance.