

Weird Tales



JANUARY, 1952

Cover by Jon Arfstrom

NOVELETTES

THE BLACK ISLAND August Derleth 8
... which rose to the surface only at intervals, was unnamed, uncharted—the perfect abode of the Deep Ones.

OOZE Anthony M. Rud 74
... if it got food enough in the swamp it could grow as big as the Masonic Temple.

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SHORT STORIES

LUCY COMES TO STAY Robert Bloch 30
I knew why Lucy had run out on me that way; she knew they'd find me and call it "murder."

THE SEAMSTRESS E. Everett Evans 34
No other village can boast a professional seamstress worth ten million dollars; dollars which carry a curse.

THE GUARD OF HONOR Paul Suter 44
Something began calling him from far away, something remote, terrible. Through the corridors of sleep he advanced to meet it.

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LOVERS' MEETING Harold Lawlor 55
Lots of elderly people retire to Florida. Who is to say in which incarnation they are now sojourning?

CAT'S CRADLE E. W. Tomlinson 64
Could it be that the whipping cords of the bizarre design were themselves hypnotic?

THE IRON HANDS OF KATZAVEERE David Eynon 68
The man had been strangled . . . by two right hands.

VERSE { **CAT-EYES** Harriet A. Bradfield 64
NOT ALTOGETHER SLEEP:
Sonnet for the Psychoanalysts Clark Ashton Smith 73

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THE WEIRD TALES CLUB 95

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Clark Ashton Smith

Not Altogether Sleep

BLITHE love, what dubious ponderings bemuse
Thy lover's mind! . . . In me thy memories are
As attar in some alabaster jar . . .
Wholly must I the rose-drawn essence lose
Upon unbalmed oblivion, and diffuse
Its odor on the dust? And shall no star
Of ours illumine that ebon calendar
I keep beneath the taproots of the yews?

Or shall, in some ineffable permanence,
The senses merge into one only sense
Holding thine image evermore apart
From suns expired and cycles yet to come?—
Where time shall have none other pendulum
Than the remembered pulsings of thy heart?