

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.*
 (Copyright 1923 by Rural Publishing Company)

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.*
 (Copyright 1923 by Rural Publishing Company)
- 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
- THE EYRIE** 6
- THE WEIRD TALES CLUB** 95

Published bi-monthly by WEIRD TALES, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Reentered as second-class matter January 26, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, \$1.50. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession.

Copyright, 1951, by WEIRD TALES. Copyright in Great Britain.
 Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

D. McILWRAITH, Editor

173
 Vol. 44, No. 2



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?