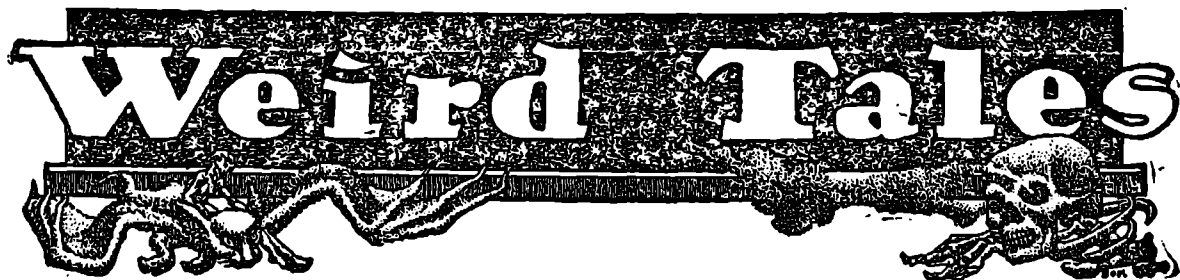


Weird Tales



MARCH, 1952

Cover by Joseph Eberle

NOVELETTES

MORNE PERDU Alice Drayton Farnham 10
... a sleepless night, a spider bite on her arm, and she had seen goblins where no goblins were. Then all at once she heard the silence, like the crashing of drums.

THE HORROR AT RED HOOK H. P. Lovecraft 56
A master hand at tales of terror follows up the thought that awful, love is not, yet dead.
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SHORT STORIES

THE MONKEY SHIP Garnett Radcliffe 26
Banda Bap, who is the god of monkeys, listened tensely for the voices that had left the forest.

THE MASK Curtis W. Casewit 34
The dead—they always look serene, features are never ghoulishly distorted.

THE SCARRED SOUL Seabury Quinn 41
... my body has to slay and haunt the place where my soul died.

THE PRISM Mary Elizabeth Counselman 51
Different folks, they show different color. Violet—can it be the color of saints and babies?

THE PLACE OF DESOLATION August Derleth 70
... a space-time warp, where time and space as we know them terrestrially, do not exist. How about a house that was built in it?

JUNGLE BEASTS William P. Barron 76
That which is alive hath known death; that which lives can never die.
 (Copyright 1923 Rural Publishing Company)

VERSE { **O GOLDEN-TONGUED ROMANCE** Clark Ashton Smith 33
 { **THE BRIDE OF DEATH** Joseph Howard Krucher 69

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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, 26 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.

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PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

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 Vol. 44, No. 3

D. McILWRAITH, Editor

O Golden-Tongued Romance

by

Clark Ashton Smith



WE FOUND, we knew it dimly
Within a dead life grimly
By guarding time inurned—
A glamor far and olden,
A fulgor night-enfolden,
A flame that in long-darkling Eden burned.

Though hardly then we claimed it,
We yet adored and named it
With a name forgotten now—
A faery word and dawn-like,
A word of gramarie, gone like
An opal bird from off a purple bough . . .

Ah! vain the lamp reluming
The unhaunted vault inhuming
The cold Canopic jar,
And vain the charm recovered
From out the demon-hovered,
Worm-traveled page of pentacted grimoire.

And yet the thing we yearned for,
The thing that we returned for
From tomb and catacomb,
It may not wholly dwindle
While moon or meteor kindled
A phantom beacon on the ebon foam.
Through ghoulish wood unthriden,
By goblin mere and midden,
No ivory horn will blow,
No gold lamp lighten gloom-ward,
But we will carry doom-ward
The broken beauty caught from long ago:

An echo half evading
The ear, remotely fading
From a far-vibrant lyre,
A long-plucked flower blooming
In the dry urn, a ruming
Myrrh-fragrant ember in a darkened pyre.

Elberle '51