

# Weird Tales



MAY, 1952

Cover by Virgil Finlay

**NOVELETTE**

- THE LAMIA IN THE PENTHOUSE** . . . . . Thorp McClusky 8  
*Can demons be summoned up or banished at will—  
 or do they sometimes get out of control?*

**SHORT STORIES**

- RHYTHMIC FORMULA** . . . . . Arthur J. Burks 21  
*The old jungle chief announced that one murderer in his family  
 was enough; but there were other families!*
- A BIT OF MOSS** . . . . . Suzanne Pickett 26  
*She heard his voice and felt his presence, yet could not see him.  
 Was he invisible or was she blind?*
- THE EIGHTH GREEN MAN** . . . . . G. G. Pendarves 36  
*The idea of any form of life not classified and labeled as belonging  
 to the animal or vegetable kingdom could only be a joke.*  
 (Copyright 1928 by Popular Fiction Publishing Company)
- SHE WORE A BLACK ROSE** . . . . . Frederick Sanders 45  
*Even in her coffin she wore it; her coffin sealed with  
 twenty-six of the ghostly blooms.*
- DARK LAUGHTER** . . . . . Garnett Radcliffe 50  
*You have only to obey the Great Masters and they will treat you with love.*
- THE FIFTH CANDLE** . . . . . Cyril Mand 57  
*The old man reached back from the grave each year to light  
 one candle in a fearsome candelabrum.*  
 (Copyright 1939 by WEIRD TALES)
- THE LITTLE TREE** . . . . . C. F. Birdsall 62  
*Did you ever hear of a dead delegate turning up at a convention?*
- THE NIGHT ROAD** . . . . . August Derleth 68  
*In Lost Hope Valley someone cut the seven of spades.*
- THE DEVIL OF MANIARA** . . . . . Douglas Leach 73  
*Too much curiosity about jungle sorcery is unwise.*  
 (Copyright 1933 by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.)
- FATHER'S VAMPIRE** . . . . . Alvin Taylor & Len J. Moffatt 82  
*Authorities, being politicians as they are, are naturally stupid,  
 so they didn't try to account for any missing blood.*
- DOUBLE HAUNT** . . . . . Joseph Howard Krucher 67
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D. McILWRAITH, Editor

## Out of Space

by DOROTHY QUICK

SHE stared into the cauldron of the night.  
 Where wind lashed branches wove into a snare,  
 And fog rose out of a miasmic earth  
 Bringing strange music from she knew not where,  
 She could see nothing but the glinting light  
 Of eyes that made a pattern in the dark,  
 She did not know what evil gave them birth.  
 Swift winged as flinted arrows to a mark  
 They reached her heart. While in her ears the sound  
 Of beating music throbbed and louder grew.  
 The blackness ebbed like waves about her feet.  
 This was a terror no one ever knew.  
 This was an evil only she had found,  
 Nameless, and horrible from out of space.  
 She, at that moment, glimpsed where two worlds meet—  
 And tried, but could not turn her stricken face.

