

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
- THE EYRIE** 6
- THE WEIRD TALES CLUB** 95

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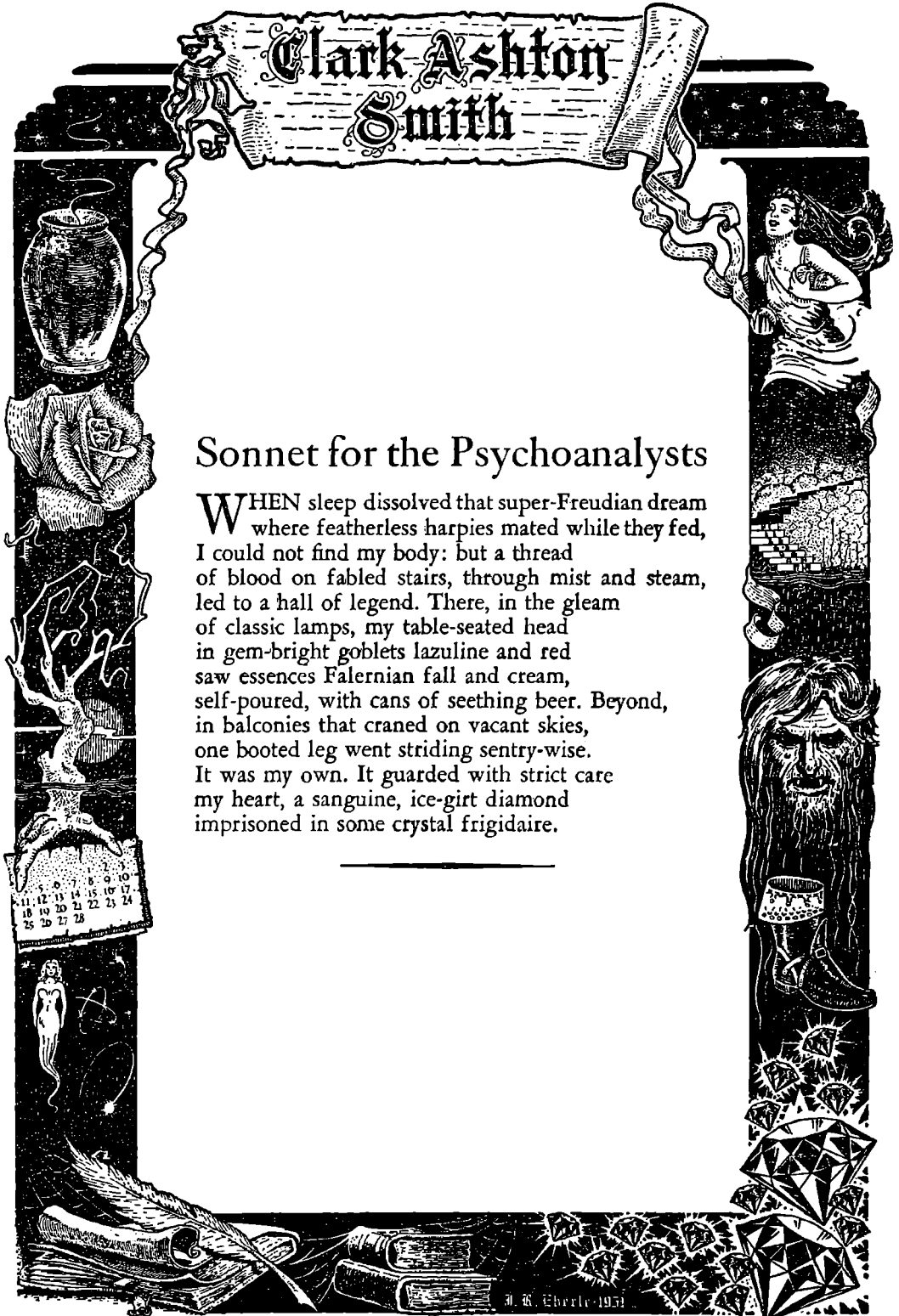
D. McILWRAITH, Editor

173
 Vol. 44, No. 2

Clark Ashton Smith

Sonnet for the Psychoanalysts

WHEN sleep dissolved that super-Freudian dream
where featherless harpies mated while they fed,
I could not find my body: but a thread
of blood on fabled stairs, through mist and steam,
led to a hall of legend. There, in the gleam
of classic lamps, my table-seated head
in gem-bright goblets lazuline and red
saw essences Falernian fall and cream,
self-poured, with cans of seething beer. Beyond,
in balconies that craned on vacant skies,
one booted leg went striding sentry-wise.
It was my own. It guarded with strict care
my heart, a sanguine, ice-girt diamond
imprisoned in some crystal frigidaire.



W. B. Eberle 1951