

Weird Tales



NOVEMBER, 1952

Cover by Anthony Di Giannurio

- BLACK AS THE NIGHT** Alice Farnham 10
...Jef's yellow eyes were on her, and Moira began to learn just how a dog could hate!
- THE UNICORN** Frank Owen 21
Bandits and Mandarins, they all coveted the Unicorn; but it belonged to a small boy, last seen climbing a hill where no hill was.
- ASTRA** Arthur J. Burks 26
... forty cents' worth of bananas, untold shoes and costumes! Could gremlins or leprechauns cash and carry?
- THE ARTIST AND THE DOOR** Dorothy Quick 31
The house and contents had been exorcised of evil—but maybe the door had been left open, the holy words lost outside.
- THE JAPANESE TEA SET** Francis J. O'Neil 39
Scalding, searing hatred was to be far stronger than love, strong enough to sting aside the veil separating life from death.
- FERMENTATION** Curtis W. Casewit 44
Grapes grafted on cactus . . . the whole wine industry in revolution.
- WEIRD CROSSWORD** Charles A. Kennedy 51
- THE CHAPEL OF MYSTIC HORROR (A Novelette)** Seabury Quinn 52
Connection, my friend—? Is there not connection between the serpent and his venom, between the devil and the flames of hell?
(Copyright 1928 by Popular Fiction Publishing Company)
- THE MERMAID (Verse)** Leah Bodine Drake 75
- THE CHAIN** Hamilton Craigie 76
Someone—or something—had entered, passing, as it seemed, through steel and stone and concrete, like a djinn or a wraith.
(Copyright 1923 by the Rural Publishing Company)
- THE EYRIE** 6

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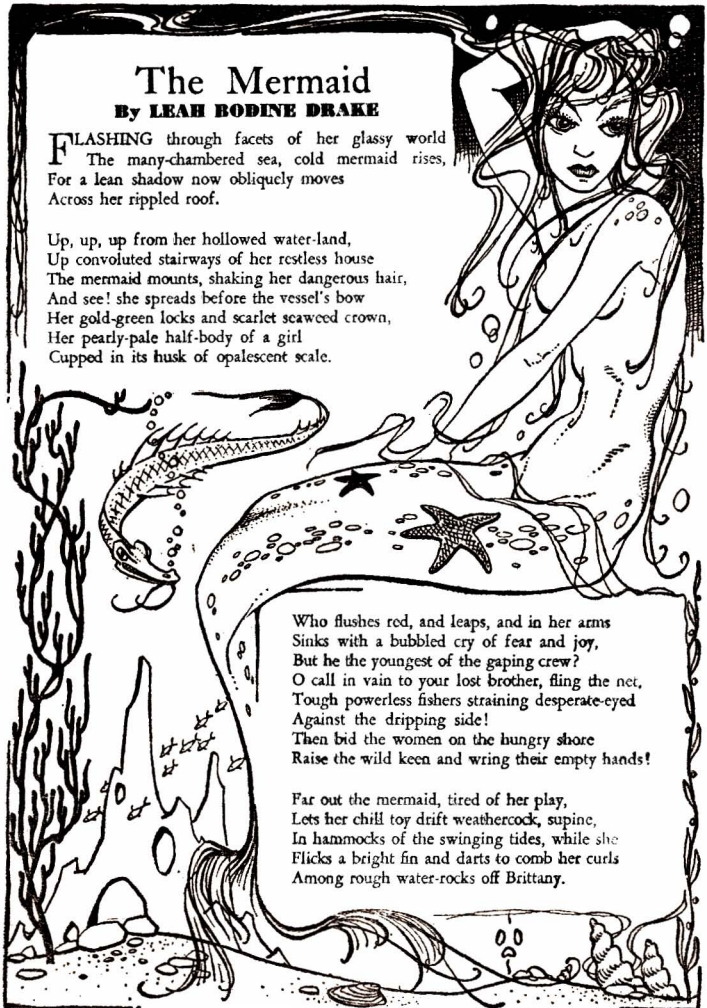
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The Mermaid

By LEAH BODINE DRAKE

FLASHING through facets of her glassy world
The many-chambered sea, cold mermaid rises,
For a lean shadow now obliquely moves
Across her rippled roof.

Up, up, up from her hollowed water-land,
Up convoluted stairways of her restless house
The mermaid mounts, shaking her dangerous hair,
And see! she spreads before the vessel's bow
Her gold-green locks and scarlet seaweed crown,
Her pearly-pale half-body of a girl
Cupped in its husk of opalescent scale.



Who flushes red, and leaps, and in her arms
Sinks with a bubbled cry of fear and joy,
But he the youngest of the gaping crew?
O call in vain to your lost brother, fling the net,
Tough powerless fishers straining desperate-eyed
Against the dripping side!
Then bid the women on the hungry shore
Raise the wild keel and wring their empty hands!

Far out the mermaid, tired of her play,
Lets her chill toy drift weathercock, supine,
In hammocks of the swinging tides, while she
Flicks a bright fin and darts to comb her curls
Among rough water-rocks off Brittany.

Illustration by Boris Dolgov