

Weird Tales



March, 1953

Cover by Virgil Finlay

- SLIME (A novelette)** Joseph Payne Brennan 6
It was a shape of utter darkness, a black viscid pool of living ooze that flowed like a great filthy carpet...
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I've spent so much of my life in the dark brooding land that is Africa that I won't go on record about what might have appeared on any film taken there.
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... the whole floor had vanished into the wall save a space at his feet about three feet wide!
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Burn a candle; have a dream. The formula was clearly set forth.
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"... Sir, I have put the young witch away as your worship bid." But she was not, after all, the supreme witch.

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- THE EYRIE** 70

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D. McILWRAITH, Editor

Who Are We?

by Frances Rogers Lovell

WHEN night comes down,
We go where we never were,
And see what we never saw,
And yet we know
Both what we never were,
And what we never saw.

We do what we never did,
And say what we never said,
And yet we are at home
Where we have never been,
We understand what we never heard.

Our hearts respond
To beauty that has never been seen,
To songs that have never been sung,
Our senses thrill to the peal
Of bells that have never been rung.

With daylight we return
Back where we've always been,
Do what we've always done,
See what we've always seen.

Everything seems the same,
But still, where was it we were?
Were we the ones that were there
Or are we the ones that are here?

While we were there were we we?
Or while we are here, are we we?
And, which we would we rather be?

EBERLE