

Weird Tales



SEPTEMBER, 1941

Cover by Margaret Brundage

NOVELETTES

- BEYOND THE THRESHOLD** August W. Derleth 6
The Forces of Ancient Evil Are Always Breaking Forth— Becoming Manifest Briefly, Horribly to the World of Men!

- BIRTHMARK** Seabury Quinn 44
A Strange, Dreadful Drama of Pre-Natal Influence . . .

SHORT STORIES

- WHERE ARE YOU, MR. BIGGS?** Nelson S. Bond 24
A Spaceways Tragi-Comedy of the Inimitable Mr. Biggs.

- THE MAN WHO LIVED** Raymond F. O'Kelley 34
He Had the Whole of London to Do With as He Pleas'd.

- UNHALLOWED HOLIDAY** O. M. Cabral 59
"Either He's a Myth—or There Really Is Such a Kid; and in That Case . . ."

- A SORCERER RUNS FOR SHERIFF** Robert Bloch 69
*Needles Sharp and Shining—Tiny Daggers for the Death of a Doll . . .
How Could These Be Used in a Modern-Day Political Campaign?*

- THE HALF-HAUNTED** Gans T. Field 83
Judge Pursuivants Rout a Murderous, Hunchbacked Hulk of a Phantom!

- THE MUSIC FROM INFINITY** Thorp McClusky 93
*Sparkling Showers of Notes, Furious Triumphant Piano Playing . . .
Jazz . . . but What Jazz!*

- THE LOST GODS** Dorothy Quick 106
"Gods Are as Real as Their Worshipers"

VERSE

- REINCARNATION** Gerald Chan Sieg 82

- WITCH DANCE** Clark Ashton Smith 104

- SUPERSTITIONS AND TABOOS** Irwin J. Weill 42

- THE EYRIE AND WEIRD TALES CLUB** 122

Except for personal experiences the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use of the name of any living person or reference to actual events is purely coincidental.

Published bi-monthly by *Weird Tales*, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Reentered as second-class matter January 25, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, 90c. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. English Office: Charles Lavell, Limited, 4 Clements Inn, Strand, London, W.C.2, England. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unmailed manuscripts although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. Copyright, 1941, by *Weird Tales*. Copyrighted in Great Britain. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Vol. 36, No. 1

D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

HENRY AVELINE PERKINS, Associate Editor.



Witch-Dance

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

AS in the Sabbat's ancient round
 With strange and subtle steps you went;
 And toward the heavens and toward the ground
 Your steeple-shapen hat was bent
 As in the sabbat's ancient round.

Between the windy, swirling fire
 And all the stillness of the moon,
 Sweet witch, you danced at my desire,
 Turning some weird and lovely tune
 To paces like the swirling fire.

Your supple youth and loveliness
A glamor left upon the air:
Whether to curse, whether to bless,
You wove a stronger magic there
With your lithe youth and loveliness.

Upon the earth your paces wrought
A circle such as magicians made . . .
And still some hidden thing you sought
With hands desirous, half afraid,
Beyond the ring your paces wrought.

Your fingers, on the smoke and flame,
Moved in mysterious conjuring,
You seemed to call a silent Name,
And lifted like an outstretched wing
Your somber gown against the flame.

What darkling and demonian Lord,
In fear or triumph, did you call?
Ah! was it then that you implored,
With secret signs equivocal,
The coming of the covens' Lord?

Sweet witch, you conjured forth my heart
To answer always at your will!
Like Merlin, in some place apart,
It lies enthralled and captive still:
Sweet witch, you conjured thus my heart!

