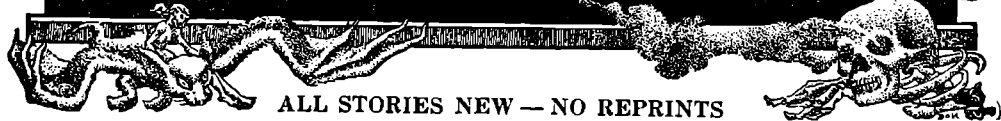


Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

Cover by Matt Fox

NOVELETTE

- SHALLAJAI Arthur J. Burks 18
The greatest indictment of man is that animals, birds and snakes fear him. He even fears his own kind; often he fears himself. That was why they had come to the Sea of Glass.

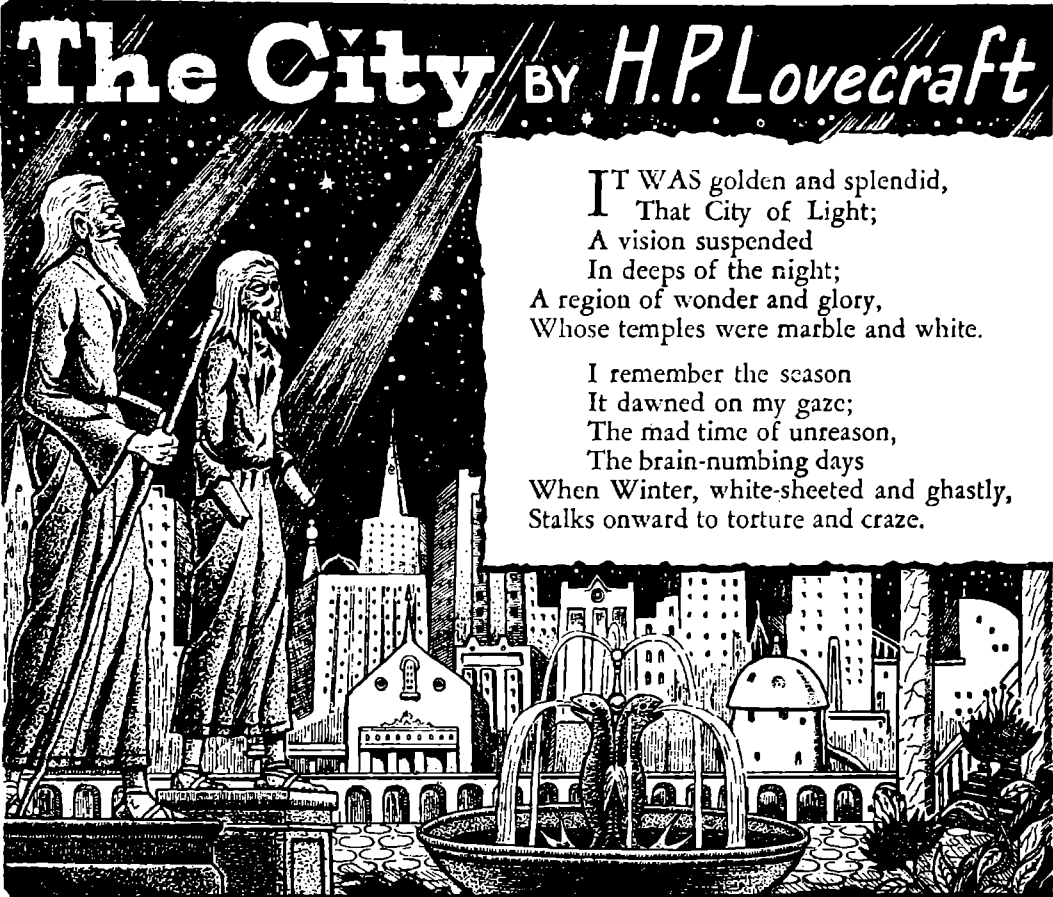
SHORT STORIES

- THE WEIRD TAILOR Robert Bloch 6
Only a connoisseur of horrors would have appreciated the tailor's window dummy.
- THE RHYTHM OF THE RATS Eric Frank Russell 40
"Some day we shall deal with this horror as our forefathers dealt with the witch that bore him. . . ."
- REBELS' REST Seabury Quinn 50
They said that ghosts walked in the cemetery after sunset. Ghosts of the men who lay in Rebels' Rest.
- WOE WATER H. Russell Wakefield 55
Only ten anonymous letters that morning—the rush was over. But as one pointed out, Angela had always been afraid of water.
- CORDONA'S SKULL Mary Elizabeth Counselman 62
There is a horrible sort of anonymity about a skull—yours, mine, anybody's.
- THE CLOSING DOOR August Derleth 72
He had been warned to have the church clean by sundown—but still he couldn't help but be disconcerted in the dusk by the door which never could be propped open.
- MRS. HAWK Margaret St. Clair 78
. . . Mrs. Hawk had much to offer a prospective husband—beauty and a prosperous pig farm.
- FLY DOWN DEATH Cleve Cartmill 83
He had his faults; his mother admitted it when he was a child. And that was 500 years ago.
- VERSE
- THE CITY H. P. Lovecraft 48
- PATTERN Dorothy Quick 61
- WEIRDISMS Lee Brown Coye 77
- THE EYRIE 93
- WEIRD TALES CLUB 4

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The City BY H.P. Lovecraft



IT WAS golden and splendid,
That City of Light;
A vision suspended
In deeps of the night;
A region of wonder and glory,
Whose temples were marble and white.

I remember the season
It dawned on my gaze;
The mad time of unreason,
The brain-numbing days
When Winter, white-sheeted and ghastly,
Stalks onward to torture and craze.

More lovely than Zion
It shone in the sky,
When the beams of Orion
Beclouded my eye,
Bringing sleep that was filled with dim
mem'ries
Of moments obscure and gone by.

Its mansions were stately,
With carvings made fair,
Each rising sedately
On terraces rare,
And the gardens were fragrant and bright
With strange miracles blossoming there.

The avenues lured me
With vistas sublime;
Tall arches assured me
That once on a time
I had wandered in rapture beneath them,
And basked in the halcyon clime.

On the plazas were standing
A sculptured array;
Long-bearded, commanding,
Grave men in their day—
But one stood dismantled and broken,
Its bearded face battered away.

In that city effulgent
No mortal I saw,
But my fancy, indulgent
To memory's law,
Lingered long on the forms in the plazas,
And eyes heir stone features with awe.

I fanned the faint ember
That glowed in my mind,
And strove to remember
The aeons behind;
To rove through infinity freely,
And visit the past unconfined.

Then the horrible warning
Upon my soul sped
Like the ominous morning
That rises in red—
'And in panic I flew from the knowledge
Of terrors forgotten and dead.

