

THE ACOLYTE

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND THE SUPERNATURAL

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THE ACOLYTE IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
H. P. LOVECRAFT BY A SINCERE ACOLYTE.

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ways welcome. FTL

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING.

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THE ACOLYTE STARTS ITS SECOND YEAR with this issue, but aside from a few
extra pages, I'm making no particular effort to celebrate. Fancy anni-
versary issues are all right for fanzines which come out more frequent-
ly, but it would be silly to make a great to-do over a mere four issues.
However, if The Acolyte is able to continue for that long, I guarantee

RUNIC

by Arthur Kennedy

-----oooOooo-----

This is no land to bear a human tread--
In leprous floods, the twitching fungi crawl
From feast to feast. The haggard trees let fall
Their virgin blooms into a fluid bed
Of sentient corruption. Attended
By her phantoms, a fallen Lilith sings
To Satan of her Eden journeyings--
This lightless place is peopled by the dead.

Yet I, the living, went this way (the night
Had scored a twisted furrow through my brain;
My feet had left a subtle, spider stain
Upon the rocks) till in my ceaseless flight
The sombre river Lethe came in sight.
I smiled to feel the liquid's numbing bite. . .