

THE ACOLYTE

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND THE SUPERNATURAL

Edited and published by
Francis T. Laney
720 Tenth Street
Clarkston, Washington

-c0o-
Art Director: R. A. Hoffman
-c0o-

Contributing Editors: Duane W. Rimel, F. Lee Baldwin, Harold Wakefield

Vol. II, No. 1 Fall - 1943 Whole No. 5

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

Cover: Howard Wandrei

Stories:

PROSE PASTELS	Clark Ashton Smith	3
HORROR AT VECRA	Henry Hasse	9
THE BEAST IN THE CAVE	H. P. Lovecraft	23
THE TREE	John Hollis Mason	28

Poems:

APPARITION	E. A. Edkins	4
ON WAKING IN THE TOMB	Lilith Lorraine	21
ESTRANGED	Duane W. Rimel	21
RUNIC	Arthur Kennedy	29

Articles and Features:

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING	The Editor	1
HOFFMANIA	R. A. Hoffman	
1. Road To Yoh-Vombis		(facing) 2
2. Labyrinth		(facing) 20
HOMES AND SHRINES OF POE	H. P. Lovecraft	5
WITHIN THE CIRCLE	Franklin Lee Baldwin	22
LITTLE-KNOWN FANTASISTS	Harold Wakefield	27
FANTASY FORUM	The Readers	30

The Acolyte is published quarterly; the next issue will appear Dec. 15.
Subscription: 25¢ for four issues, or by exchange with other amateur
publications. Canadian subscriptions should be sent to Harold Wakefield,
177 Beaconsfield Ave., Toronto 3, Ontario--others to FTL as above. This
is an amateur and non-profit publication, and no payment is made for
accepted material. Opinions expressed herein, unless signed by me, are
not necessarily my own. I am not responsible for disputes arising from
advertising contained in these pages. Comments on this magazine are al-
ways welcome. FTL

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING.

---c0o---

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

8. THE MITHRIDATE

The world has a thousand poisons, thin or potent, honey-like or nauseous, quick or languid, corrosive and deadly, or captious and deceptive and narcotic. There are poisons bright as an amber wine, or rich as blood or rubies, or clear and hueless and innocent-seeming as the water of untroubled lakes, or dark and turbid as the ooze of the nether sea. There are poisons that slay the soul, that slay the heart or the mind or the body, and others that never slay, but only torture and benumb.

Against all these, your love is the sovereign mithridate; and indeed, I have never found any other.

But when you love me not, or love me ill, I am powerless against them; and even love itself becomes an immedicable poison--a poison that is doubly lethal because it kills so slowly, or does not kill at all.
