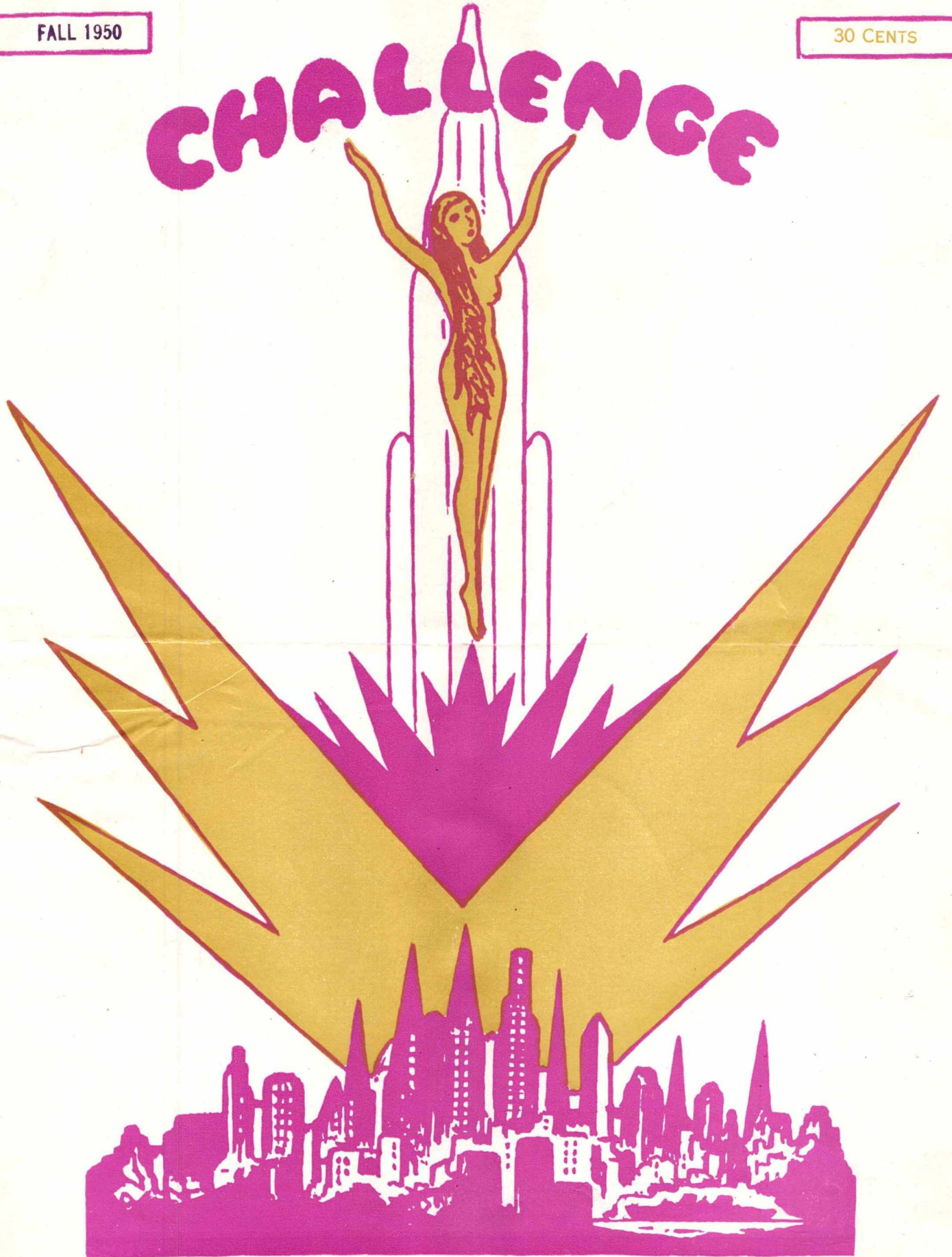


FALL 1950

30 CENTS

CHALLENGE



RRP

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CHALLENGE
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The Poetry of the ATOMIC Age

** FALL 1950

(A Quarterly)

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2
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Editor and publisher, Lilith Lorraine; Associates; Stanton A. Coblentz and Evelyn Thorne. Sponsored by Avalon World Arts Academy, Rogers, Arkansas. \$1.00 per year. (four copies), 30 cents per copy.

Prophetic Poetry is not an escape but a challenge, not a day-dream but a blue-print, not a Swan-song for an old world but the Dawn-song for the new.

THIS EDITORIAL is going to be short and sweet. Short because we received so much good poetry that we need space for it, and sweet because the hundreds of congratulatory letters which we received after our first issue came out has saturated our disposition with sugar which many of our friends will consider an improvement. We want above all to express our appreciation for the fine friendly letters from the fan field the pro field and the general readers outside of these fields whom we have previously contacted through our ten years of publishing.

We also want to thank the authors, especially the poets in the science-fiction field, who have been so very cooperative in accepting our suggestions for bringing their work up to our standards when for some minor reason or reasons, it failed to meet our needs. To be able to accept constructive criticism and make good use of it, denotes a high degree of professional awareness. It also confirms our own judgment that in extending the scope of our publishing activities to the science fiction field of poetry, we have added a large number of progressive poets whose work we shall be happy to promote in many markets during the coming years.

To the many editors who have so enthusiastically co-operated with us, we express our sincere thanks. We shall return that co-operation in many ways possible to us because of the numerous ramifications of our literary activities, for again we re-iterate, "Competition is the law for the survival of the beast, but cooperation is the law for the survival of humanity." And we have reason to believe that most editors are human.

In closing we would remind you that we are not limiting our acceptances to any specific type or style of fantasy or science-fiction poetry. We ask only that it be written according to the best poetic craftsmanship, (and we are willing to help you acquire it), that it avoid preaching, moralizing, triteness, dullness and obscurity, and that it exemplify originality, daring, universality, beauty of imagery, and tolerance, and that preferably it tell a story. Our limit is now 34 lines.

If you need a good course in modern poetry that will enable you to place your work in the better markets, write us about ours. The instruction and marketing advice is free to all Avalon members and subscribers to our official magazine who avail themselves of the two text books, and through this course we have given new markets to several hundred poets who otherwise would have attained no wide recognition.

Please tell your poet-friends about us and give us their addresses. If you like us ask your friends to subscribe, for the sooner we build up our subs. the sooner we go into print. CHALLENGELY YOURS

LILITH LORRAINE



THE LIGHT DEVOURER

GALACTIC GALIVANTINGS

Dariell Dunay

Dariell Dunay has done it again. On so many of the planets photography was either impractical or impossible, therefore Dariell, who is quite skilled with a pencil, held with his thirty-fifth tentacle, has done a series of sketches of the incredible wonders he has encountered in his adventurous life. Here are monsters that defy description, lost worlds, strange dooms and the dainty creatures of the asteroids. You will shudder and gasp and laugh at these pictures and your CHALLENGE editor is sure that you will find here material for a thousand poems. The Plutonian Press has reproduced these sketches, seventeen in all in a mimeographed booklet, size $5\frac{1}{2}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which it offers for sale to this planet through Avalon its terrestrial agents. For one year beginning with the next issue, CHALLENGE will publish and award a \$1.00 prize for the best poem titled after one of these pictures. Not only poets will want this booklet; there is material here for many a science fiction yarn also. The above picture is one of the 17, and what a tale Dariell told about it. Perhaps you can tell a better. Order from DIFFERENT, Rogers, Ark. Price 50 cents.

Lillian H. Roberts

ARMAGEDDON

Are they asleep in Agharti? Does even the great King sleep?
Do they dream while we cry for the succor that nothing mortal can
bring?
Have they yielded themselves to the lulling wave of the somnolent deep
That rolls over the roof of the city, the home of the world's last
King?

Surely they hear in Agharti - - they are waiting their mighty allies -
To greet with a shout the Titans, the Elder Gods from afar,
Who will flash to the aid of the undone earth, grown evilly over-wise;
They will come on the wings of the Atom from their home on the far-
thest star.

They will come once more - they have promised - to war for our per-
iled souls
With the obscene legions of Evil who have tangled our feet in lies;
Unleashing their weapons of Primal Force as the battle surges and rolls,
And Man fights at last for this birthright, the limitless scope of the
skies.

Earle Franklin Baker
1310 North McCann St.
Kokoma, Ind.

LIFT UP YOUR EYES

Seek not her star within the tomb,
Nor seek the day within the night;
Lift up your eyes ! Behold her light
Above Earth's darkening mist and gloom.
Lift up your eyes toward the stars,
Above the clouds our senses know,
Let chainless earthmen come or go
Beyond the pall of terror's bars.

Seek till you hear the whispering surge
As great ships stem the tides of space,
And watch her symbol blend and merge
With dreams that time cannot efface.
Lift up your eyes ! The dawning ray
Of Truth disperses error's night,
And man-- star-reaching, gains the light
Of Peace -- sublime, eternal day.

NOTE: This is the winning poem over many entries in the CHALLENGE cover contest for which a \$3.00 cash prize was offered for the best interpretation of our cover which was designed by Ralph Rayburn Phillips. The judge, a famous science-fiction author and a nationally known poet wished to remain anonymous.

IMPORTANT: A \$1.00 cash prize will be given in each issue for the poem which receives the greatest number of reader votes. BUT votes must be in within ten days after you receive CHALLENGE. Write your choice naming both author and poem on a slip of paper separate from all other correspondence. EVERYBODY VOTE AND TELL WHY.

Martha Lavinia Hunter

DREAM CITY

My soul soared starward in a mystic dream
And sped through stellar pathways into space,
Where onward guided by a golden gleam,
It reached a city of transcendent grace;
The mad earth whirled in chaos on its way,
A star within the boundless firmament
Whose light was dimmed by mankind's carnal clay
That failed to see creation's vast intent.

That city walled with light was beauty's goal
It lured the poet's soul away from earth,
To write their names with stars upon the scroll
Within the realm of their immortal birth.
Upon that star of white celestial fire
There blazed a shrine for all that dreams desire.

Isabelle Cox

THE GHOSTS HAVE FORGOTTEN

High in their turrets the golden moon ones
Remember the fabulous dream,
And weeping white tears through the cosmic aeons,
Remember the day of the last holocaust
Remember the dream and remember the cost.

Under the arches that hide blood and bone,
The ghosts have forgotten the dream,
And hearing not, seeing not, huddle alone,
Forgetting the godmen who perished at birth,
Forgetting the dream that escaped from the earth.

Lillian H. Roberts

THE ROVER

When on some distant star man finds rebirth,
And dreams beneath its alien skies at even,
I wonder - will he long for fabled earth
As now his homesick spirit longs for heaven?

Michael De Angelis

EPITAPH FOR A POET (To Samuel Loveman)

To him the far-flung stars
Best down in flaming ecstasy,
And made the vinous orb of Mars
A psalm to eternity.

Know then, that in the final dark
His distant soul's ethereal spark
Shall kindle for the gods to mark,
His Pyre - Immortality!

Evelyn Thorne

FROZEN STAR

Tamoran, lord of the ice-blue star
Sits tranced on his chilly throne;
About him the city lies carven and white
And the people like pillars of stone
Stand frozen in a wizard spell
Pale and lovely as asphodel.

For centuries no one has lifted a hand,
No little breeze has stirred the folds
Of a shimmering garment, not one leaf
Has spireled downward, the city holds
Silence, immobile, unbroken and tall
As the city walls are impregnable.

For long ago Tamoran had said,
Now we are perfect, let no one sing
Another new song, let no poet write
Another line, all imagining
Is forbidden lest we cease to be
Perfect....this do I decree.

So all life froze on the ice-blue star;
It waits for some rebel to break the spell
With a new thought sharp as a scimitar
Or a song that will clang like a new bronze bell.

Robert J. Kelly

APPARITION

Black velvet
eternal darkness
far away
pinpoints of luminosity;
jet gauze before an orb of light
a rent
in the gauze
it closes
a streak of incandescence
moves
slowly through the velvet;
man
towards the stars !
a rent in the gauze
it closes
black velvet
(blacker for the knowledge of light)
eternal darkness.

Dariell Dunay

SALE AS ABOVE IN RHYME

Night
Flight
Light
Night.

Emili A.

MARTIAN ODYSSEY

We steered our airy argosies through space
Full speed ahead; we marked the space-jets roar,
Snarling like lions, as the rockets tore
Straight toward Terra. We had won the race
With fate or death; at last the new world lay
Supine below us - the green earth was ours
To make or mar. We built our shining towers
High against heaven; we were here to stay
And found an empire...

Little did we know
Of Terra's fickleness, the quaking earth
Toppled our turrets - then in cruel mirth
The sea roared in - we knew that we must go.

With bitter courage, born of deep despair,
We hurled our foundering rockets through the air.

11

Tending our camp fires by the canal side
At dusk we listen while our elders tell
Of how we once fared forth, and what befell
Our strong intrepid men; Yea, how they died
Fleeing from treacherous Terra. Yet, they say
That two were left to found a mighty clan
That still does rule the earth - one perfect man
Of our kind and his mate -

When the chill day
Of Mars has ended, and each silver moon
Speeds through the tenuous air, we mark the tales
Of elder sages, while pondering on how soon
Our earth-born kin will take the space-wide trails;

Guided by memory, deathless as the stars -
Steering from Terra back to ancient Mars.

Hugh J. Smith

MARTIAN LANDSCAPE

First dawn is small on Mars,
The day when it comes is quick,
The hills are low and neat and sharp,

Red sand black, sky cold,
Along the wide green dry canal,
The sand is dry, no water,
No green but dry green,
Dust always the skeleton of a world.

And crying to the stars the worn-out dream
Alone in the old desert,
The tired towered cities
On the curved flatness in the cold.

Stanton A. Coblentz

THE LOST WORLD

The timeless Master of the Galaxies,
Who dreams aloft, throned above fate and space,
Peered down across the dim, sidereal seas,
And heard report of many a stellar race.

"There, in Orion, all is peace and light;
Yonder, in Perseus, love and plenty reign.
Great Vega's sages flame from Height to height
And Algol shines like one illumined brain.

"And Sirius is beauty-brimmed and all
Is bright on Procyon. Yet look, below !
A shadowy lesser globe, where bipeds crawl,
Crumbles in smoke - and man calls man his foe !"

Then the wise Master, lord of suns and years,
Learning of that lost world where millions die,
Leaned down to watch; and all the wandering spheres
Trembled with one long universal sigh.

Sally Pepos

LAST MONUMENT

Here lies the last of the Golden Race,
The genocide, and the fragile dream,
Here in the dearth of this lonely place
An echo lives with an echoed scream,
With the hollow voice of deathless fear
Where the wind of the wasteland sighs,
Where man has left his hate-charred bier,
Mute testament of his demise.

Edsel Ford

PIONEER

The ancient mountains are the lasting hills.
The final moon is rocket-raped and bleak;
Out of one gaping, cratered, clawed breast spills
The bitter honey that the Curious seek.
(They were excited groups on ashen sands,
Clamoring, "Fire her up ! The hour grows late !"
...Black noses pointed skyward, eager hands
Lifted in brave salute - in awe of Fate...)

I loved green hills. In these enormous eyes
I see remembrances of dream-filled men
Wondering what lay past those mystic skies,
How they could get themselves out there, and when.

But I have wearied of it - long for sleep
In this black land - no shepherd - and no sheep...

Alan Donovan

OF POLAR ICE CAPS

Between a breath and a breath the earth tipped over,
The seas ran wild one instant before they froze,
Whole continents were piled with mountains of crystal
Encasing as flies in amber the Taj Mahal and the rose.

Old Farmer Jones was caught to stand for ages,
His hoe swung high above his carrot bed
As a river leaped in a fraction of a second
Then dropped in a cone of freezing diamonds on his head.

The stalking cat will be held for a long forever,
Its paw just lifted above a frightened bird,
And the suave maestro for centuries will signal
A glorious bar from Brahms that was never heard.

And in a clean green land once topped with ice-caps
From amoeba to man another race may rise,
And if hate is frozen and dead with other fossils
Perhaps that brave new race will reach the skies.

Helen Reid Chase

WE MUST NOT FAIL THEM

Breathing the future, man looks to the star-ways,
Feeling a pull that will loose him from earth,
Setting his feet in new orbits, the far ways
Of sun-circling planets, where hope has rebirth.

Narrow the confines of rocket-ships, narrow
The margin of life in the vacuum of space,
But past all barriers man's spirit will arrow,
Sheft from the bow of a pioneer race.

Girdlers of universe-empires, we hail them,
Theirs to emblazon man's name in the skies;
May we have courage and faith not to fail them -
Ours to make sure that the argosies rise.

Thelma Allinder

ON STRANGE TERRAIN

Shall earthmen walk upon a strange terrain
Some day, where eyes have never seen the greed
And hates of Earth, have never felt the need
To blight young dreams? If so, will they bring pain
Into the peaceful realm where Star-Men dwell,
Or will the Star-men teach the earth-born Seed
Their godlike ways and banish battle-hell?

John W. Jakes

THE RIDERS

The sky was black and the years were long
When the lonely men came riding,
With a fiery sword and an ancient song
To unearth a lost queen hiding.

The town was dark and the streets were bare
As the ebon clouds were piling,
But the horses pawed on enchanted air
And the lonely men were smiling.

They found the room and they broke the door
And they sheathed their swords in duty,
For the queen they sought in the mud and gore
Was the single grail of beauty.

But the bombs had come through the morning air,
And the fleshy walls were tumbling,
She was stark and pale and she had no hair
And her eyes were blind and stumbling.

The strong men wept with the veils of pain;
The queen was a witchwolf turning.
The floor was wet with her scarlet rain,
While the final hope was burning.

The sky is black and the years are long,
Still the lonely men are riding,
With a rust-raw sword and a mad-man's song
For a lost queen dead and hiding.

Lucrezia Reynard

NOT TO A GRECIAN URN

The cosmos is a golden urn
holding the ashes of the last god
in which sprouts the swaddling spirit
of the first man,
growing in stature,
bursting the urn
exploding into a new dimension
of nothingness
filling another cosmos
with subtler futilities -
dying at last
of utter boredom,
germinating nonchalantly
a more pretentious seed,
a more convincing unreality-
thus gods are born.

Miranda Snow Walton

DOOM WIND

Do you hear the haunted north wind blowing in the gloom?
In its wake a frightened soul is going to its doom,
For the Wendigo is flying in the blackness overhead,
And when he calls you follow, you become the living dead.
Surely you must hear them crying, poor damned souls with feet
of fire,
Shrieking, sobbing in their torment as he draws them higher,
higher,
Until their anguished cries are echoed by the north winds as
they blow;
I can hear the dread voice calling-- calling me-- and I must go.

Don J. Nardizzi

TO THE FUTURE

When the galaxies' far corners,
When the nebulas are reached,
When the parsecs are but milestones,
And the vastness has been breached,
When the credits are awarded,
And they deck the Hero's hair
With the laurel wreaths of conquest,
I'll be there.

When the failures are returning
With their maimed and crippled crew,
When the casualties are counted
Look for me among them too.
For I've done all this before you
With imaginative dare,
So, remembering look for me,
I'll be there.

Dariell Dunay

A MARTIAN BIOLOGIST REPORTS

The earth is most incredible with two distinctive races,
And one has fur upon its face and one has lost its faces,
The human boasts of atom bombs and smokes and swears and drinks,
And scatters currency around that clinks, and clinks, and clinks,
Then riddles all his world to shreds and tries to stop the chinks,
But all the while his intellect, just shrinks, and shrinks, and shrinks.
He calls himself the master-race but actually he STINKS.

The cat however is a sage, descended from the lynx,
Who, curled upon a cushion sits, and thinks, and thinks, and thinks.
And when we ask him who is boss he winks, and winks, and winks,
And sniffs the cream his "master" brings and drinks, and drinks and
drinks,
He has no need for currency that clinks, and clinks, and clinks,
For fat upon his cushioned throne, he thinks, and thinks, and thinks.

And when we send our spacemen, and our fleets and diplomats,
We'd better make a treaty with the Emperor of Cats.

Pearl Crombie

SECRET OF ATLANTIS

What if the moon holds the lost Atlantis,
Flung to the sea of aerial space,
A fragment torn from the earth's scarred bosom,
Doom of a wanton and self-cursed race?

Xanadus flourished, Homeric Circes,
Pleasure domes shut the clouds away,
Till a watchful Hand with a reckoning finger
Wrote the decree that no power can stay.

Where are the revellers, blind with eye-lust,
Prince and satrap and sinecure,
Wedding to vanity cobra-like bodies,
Laughing at menace, insanely sure?

See ! the moon's craters are tortured features,
Its Cambrian ranges are peaks of pride,
Yielding at last to a dark mutation,
Trapped in the roll of a timeless tide,
A ghost-world hides in a glacial frost,
Moon-mad in Karma....Atlantis the lost !

Earle Franklin Baker

CAVE-MAN TO RAVE-MAN.

After the age of stone men found them there
High on the cave's rock wall, beside a lair,
Crude drawings of a man, a fish, a bear.

Earth-time moved on, man lit the atomic flare,
Burning each citadel, each dream, each prayer,
Built by the hands now dust upon the air.

A coverlet God laid upon Times Square
And tucked it in.... a man, a car, some ware,
To keep them just as He had placed them there.

The years rolled by, from time to time the Square
Is visited by Things that grope and stare
At what they see - a man, a car, some ware.

Dariell Dunay

WE TO YOU

When we prophesied the steamboat it was very melancholy,
You settled it with negatives and called it Fulton's Folly,"
When we dreamed the automobile, you filled us with remorse,
And yelled at every crossing, "You'd better get a horse."
And when we saw ascending the frail and flopping plane,
Your mirth was uncontrollable, you took our names in vain.
And when we glimpsed the atom around the corner peep,
You bid us take a bromide and softly sink to sleep,
But now that silver space-ships will soon assault the stars,
We'll soon be past your laughter...just look us up on Mars.



CLARK ASHTON SMITH

THE CITY OF THE TITANS

I saw a city in a lonely land;
Foursquare, it fronted upon gulfs of fire;
Behind the night of Erebus hung entire;
And deserts gloomed or glimmered on each hand.

Sunken it seemed, past any star or sun,
Yet strong with bastion, proud with spire and dome,
An archetypal, titan-built Rome,
Dread, thunder-named, the seat of gods undone.

Outreaching time, beyond destruction based,
Immensely piled upon the prostrate waste,
And cinctured with insuperable deeps,

The city dreamed in darkness evermore,
Pregnant with crypts of terrible, strange lore
And doom-fraught arsenals in lampless keeps.

Lilith Lorraine

EMPRESS OF THE STARS

Fleeing across the black and burning sky,
Where the dismembered earth rolled crazed and blind,
Last of a war-seared race that chose to die,
I sought a planet peopled with my kind.

I stopped at many a space-port, exile-tense,
Where strange unhuman races, done with wars,
Gave me a deep but questioning reverence,
And told me of the Empress of the Stars,

Whose form was somewhat like to mine, they said,
Who ruled the galaxies with armoured peace....
Again through many a firmament I sped,
Swearing that this, my Odyssey should cease

Only when I had stood before the throne
Of this proud Empress, met with valiant men....
And so again I sped through space alone,
Brushing the worlds aside like chaff, and then

One dawn my blazing rockets seared the ground
Of a great planet blazing like the sun,
Where flame-winged beings circled me around....
But they were glorious women - every one.

And now at last I knew that from the first
Nature had planned this parthogenic race,
That man a temporary role rehearsed,
And women were the sovereigns of space.

And then I saw the Empress of the stars,
Regal and willow-slim with eyes of ice,
With lips to lure celestial avatars,
Yet carven not for love's lost paradise.

One maiden watched me close, with eyes of fire,
Then whispered to the queen some laughing plan,
"Yes, take him for your pet if you desire,
I think he answers to the name of 'man.'"

Dariell Dunay

READER BEWARE

I who write the fillers when the page is nearly done,
Am a very curious creature from a very distant sun,
I come from far Arcturus and I weave a weird refrain
Out of star-dust, out of moon-mist out of luminiscent rain.
You must never quite believe me, lest you fall beneath my spell,
For I come from far Arcturus and my name is Dariell,
Never, never, try to find me for I shatter every norm,
Of the mind whose eyes behold me in my true and awful form.
Well the page is almost finished, and you'll never rue the day,
If you'll greet me with a horse-laugh nor believe a word I say.

Hugh Smith

THE SPACEDOG'S REPLY TO INTERSTELLAR PASSENGERS

You ride safe and sound in the Hyperdrive ships
And sleep in a cabin of chrome;
But remember the spacedogs who made the first trips
And the others who never came home.

Remember the chemical crates that we flew
From Terra to Venus or Mars,
And remember the way the atomic tubs flew
And the hunger we had for the stars.

From Earth to Centaurus is just overnight--
It took Johnny Carter twelve years--
And you sit around while we had to fight,
And water the skies with our tears.

But ours was the glory of quenching our thirst
On planets that no one had known,
And ours was the glory of getting there first,
And then getting back on our own.

Lin Carter

SONG OF THE SORCERER (A Fragment)

.....I have flown
Astride a Gryphon to enchanted stars
Where fiery mountains rise in boiling seas
Of living light and incandescent mist;
And cyclopean shapes of shifting flame
Do battle under irridescent skies.

And I have seen the nighted regions far
Where lightless worlds in star-less cycles swing,
And suns and galaxies collide in flame
And fury ! Once I watched two dragon fleets
Come thunder-winged across a world of ice,
While horsed upon their multitudinous backs
There rode a Daemon horde.....I saw them meet
To battle underneath a red-mooned sky.

They fought and broken-winged, they tumbled down....
Yet fleshless hordes of Daemons urged them on,
And shrieked with fiendish laughter as they died !

Dariell Dunay

SOLILOQUY IN A ZOO

The monkey views the acts of man with mixed emotions blended,
And wonders who it was that rose and who it was descended.
And wonders if the Martians come if they will call him "mister,"
Or if they'll say salaciously, "how would you like your sister....."

OUR EXCHANGES.

CALLING ALL FANZINE EDITORS: CHALLENGE will be happy to exchange our magazine for yours. Most of the zines are already on our exchange and this is our invitation to the rest.

IF YOU WISH TO EXCHANGE ADS as well as magazines, we'll give you a fine line ad in CHALLENGE for a five line ad in your zine. But please send it in not later than ten days after you receive this issue and we'll send you our ad in exchange. We have no competitors, only cooperators, for competition is the law of survival for the beast, cooperation is the law of survival for humanity. We THINK we're human...what are you?

EXPLORER, a fan-zine which tries to have something about everything of interest to the s-f and fantasy fan --- trading lists --- hobby lists --- an outlet for aspiring writers who write for the fun of it. It's for the International S-F Correspondence Club. If you want an idea of what it's like, write to Ed Noble, Jr., Girard, Penna. for a copy, or at least a letter in explanation if no copy available.

UTOPIAN, published irregularly by R.J. Banks, Jr., 111 So. 15th St., Corsicana, Texas, is now 40 Mimeographed pages. Regular features are fiction; poetry; limericks; columns; and an interview with a popular proauthor. Single copies, 25¢; 4/\$1.00; 10/\$2.50; 25/\$5.00.

THE NEKROMANTIKON, Manly Banister, Editor, 1905 Spruce Ave., Kansas City, Mo., Amateur weird, fantasy, and science-fiction ms. Welcomed. About 5,000 words preferred. Payment, free copy containing work. Advice on unacceptable ms. if requested. Also use art work suitable for reproduction by line-engraving process. Sub. 4 issues, \$1.00.

THE AMERICAN SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY, the most progressive institution of its kind wishes members with creative ability to take part in its activities. Services such as: Low-rate SF book service, Manuscript and literary Dept, Swapping and Correspondence. The Circle Letter Club, Shaver Mystery Dept. coming in the future. Write to C. Thomas Beck, 7312 Blvd. East, North Bergen, N.J.

WONDER, edited by Michael Tealby, is published quarterly at 2 Burchfield Ave., Loughborough, Leics. England, Subscription 2/ per year. Features the best in short stories, science comments, book reviews, fan news and highlights on proauthors. Read for originality and variety, good craftsmanship and progressive viewpoint.

GARGOYLE, Edited by Michael DeAngelis, 1526 East 23rd St. Brooklyn 10, N.Y. is a new printed zine which welcomes material for publication. The first issue was dedicated to August Derleth and Arkham House and a forthcoming one will feature Clark Ashton Smith. Derleth's story Logoda's Heads appeared in the first issue and excellent yarns are scheduled to appear in the future.

OPERATION FANTAST, Britian's newest printed fanzine, edited by Capt. K.F. Slater, 13 Gp. R.P.C. B.A.O.R., 23, % GPO, England. Note by Lilith Lorraine: Due to slow mails promised ad material has not reached us, but we want to tell you that this is a fine publication and we hope you will all send for a copy and find out for yourselves. Capt. Slater needs no introduction to fans.

QUANDRY...The strangest zine you've ever seen. The first issue was illegible, the second stunk. The third is an improvement. The fourth should be VERY good. Why not find out for yourself? Write LEE HOFFMAN, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Ga. The editor who dared.... !!!!

SPEARHEAD: A Quarterly Magazine of Poetry and Comment, edited by Thomas H. Carter, 817 Starling Ave., Martinsville, Va. Published for the pleasure it gives the editor and staff and sent to those who want it badly enough to write and ask for it. Will feature the very best poetry it can get. First issue featured poems by Stanton A. Coblenz, August Derleth, Lilith Lorraine, Evelyn Thorne, Joe Kennedy, Clark Ashton Smith, and e.o. cummings.

NOTE: Don't forget that all fanzine editors wishing to exchange ads with us may send us a five line typewritten ad in return for the same length ad from us. If we've omitted any one whowanted in, let us know.

BOOK REVIEWS

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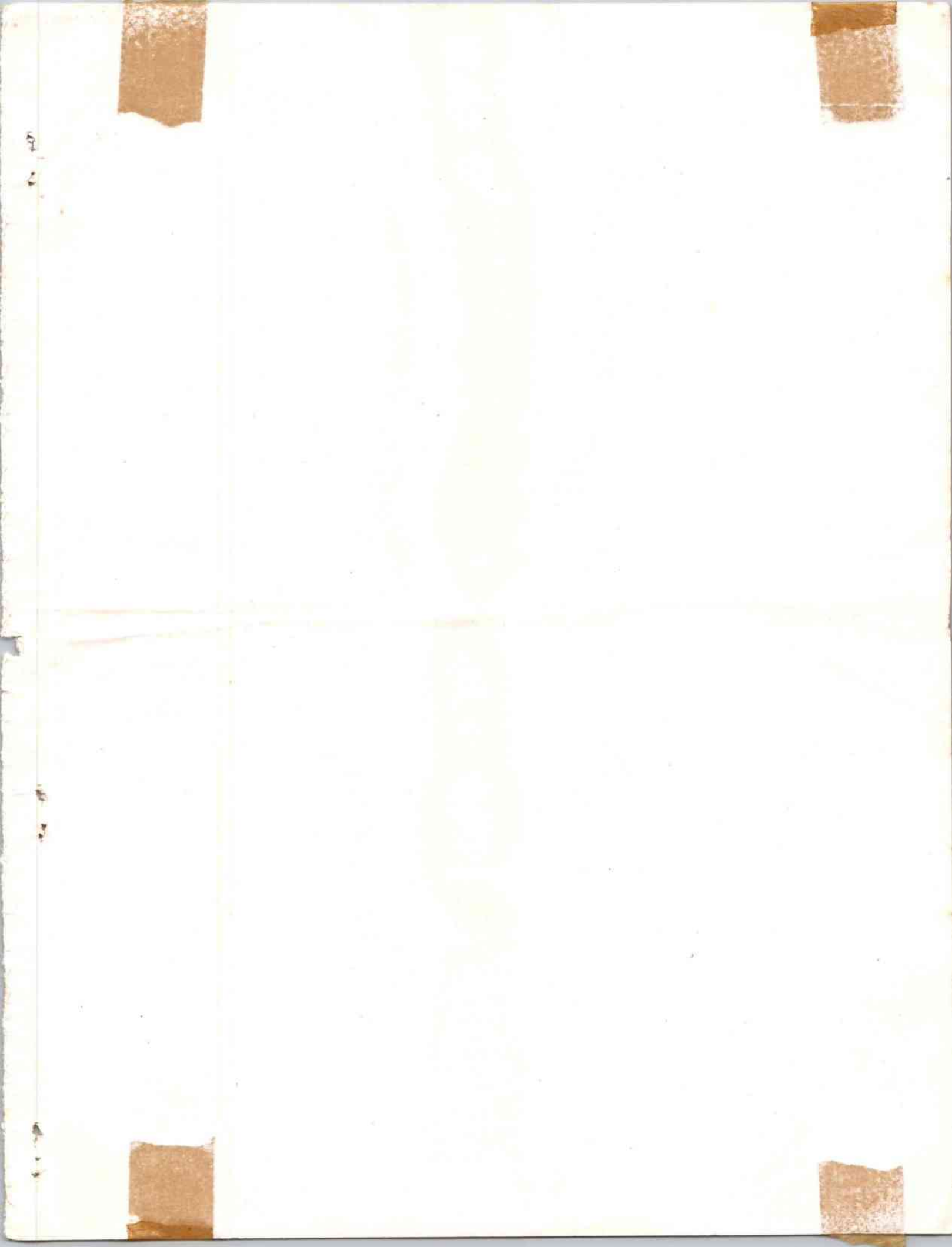
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