



COVER THIS
MONTH BY
NILS H. FROME

Hurter

JULY
1942

NO,
118

LIGHT

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Light is published by Leslie A. Croutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ont, Canada. Price 5¢ per straight. Ads on arrangement but nobody wants to advertise. Trade with other fan magazines. Material of all kinds wanted. Next issue out sometime by middle of August 1942 A.D. Money business and monkey business keeps this outfit going. You send the money and we'll ship you a monkey!

LIGHT FLASHES

Is there a true Canadian fandom? I know that sounds funny? Personally I believe in its existence sincerely. We have two going fanzines: CENSORED and LIGHT. In British Columbia we have a new one in the labor of being given birth to: VULCAN. In Toronto Mason works mightily on THE GOON'S GAZETTE. Peck, Mason and I believe there is one. But consider Hurter's latest letter: "Personally, I'm getting a bit worried about so-called Canadian fandom! There doesn't seem to be any, if my circulation figures are correct, 30 copies at the very most go to Canadian subscribers, about 10 to England, and over 100 to the U.S.A. Seems sort of funny for a Canadian fanmag to sell almost completely in the States." Before we say anything let's see where LIGHT goes: 17 go to Canadians; 5 to English fans and the rest to Americans! The small

group of Canadians it goes to are fairly active in contributing to it. But let's look at LIGHT's contributors and see where they live. 9 of them are Canadians; 5 are Americans and 2 are Englishmen. Now this takes in only those who have had stuff printed, not those who have stuff accepted but is hasn't seen print yet. Of the Americans, two, Ackerman and Widner, have sent through material submitted to them and which wasn't suitable for their publications. Through Ackerman you have had Nyx, Pogo and in the future will see others. Widner sent over material by many American fans. In a recent letter from a certain top flight American fan I found this: "Most fans over here look upon Canadian fandom as a somewhat unimportant adjunct of U.S. fandom, and not a self-contained one that is alive such as ours, England's and Australia's!" Now, is this true? Are the remarks of those two fans, justified? Is there such a thing as a Canadian fandom? I think there is. Peck thinks so. Mason also. Hurter to an extent. How can we grow stronger Contact as many other Canadians as you can who like fantasy and sci and Weird fiction. Get them to read some Canadian fanzine. Get them to contribute to one of the four. See if they will correspond with others, if they will swap, and so on. As an offer, every new fan who writes me will receive a copy of LIGHT free and will be put in touch with VULCAN, CENSORED and the GOONS GAZETTE. READERS-DO YOUR PART!

News? Not as much as usual. Summer is always slow. Nobody seems to be doing anything. Nothing much seems to be happening.....however,it looks as though Canadian artist Hilkert won't be leaving us (see page 7)

the postmaster and the devil
have their innings

CONCLUSION OF "The devil and the postmaster"

by LESLIE A. CROUTCH

"Cheer up, old top," a merry voice interrupted his black thoughts. He looked up. Sitting on the edge of the sorting table, swinging its legs, its robe hoisted above its knees, sat a ruddy-cheeked, laughing-eyed gentleman, eating a banana.

"What's so doeful," this second amazing visitor asked him.

"Who-who are you?" The Postmaster knew he couldn't stand many more shocks today. This fellow looked rather familiar.

"Me? Oh everyone knows me." And he picked up from the table where it had lain unnoticed, a golden horn. He fitted it to his lips and played "Bringing In The Sheaves" in a rollicking manner.

"Stop it! Stop it!" Long trailing made him cry out at this second blasphemy. "That's a sin, playing a hymn like that. Don't you know any better?"

The visitor set the horn down, and he twisted slightly as he did so. With unbelieving eyes the Postmaster caught a quick glimpse of his back. He couldn't believe it.

No, no, it just couldn't be. He almost ran around to see for sure.

Yes- the fellow did have wings. Real man-sized wings that looked as if he could really fly.

"Who-?"

"Don't you know me yet? Tut, tut. Now I can see how easy it was for you poor humans to be misled so easily. I'm Gabriel, old boy. The angel Gabriel."

The Postmaster sat down with a bump. First the Devil, then the angel Gabriel. Why did this have to happen to him?

"What- are you- mail?" He gasped incoherently.

"Mail? Shucks no. The Devil might have to read his mail but the

angels just think a bit and we know it, wherever it is."

This was better. They were more powerful. "Then he is weaker than you are?"

The Angel skimmed a banana skin at a mail bag, watched it plip in with an air of appreciation. "Say, you boys down here do have good fruit. Sure, we're better than old Satan. We know plenty he doesn't. We can see into the future, for instance, and he can't."

"But the Book- the Book-"

"It was powerless? Oh yes. But what else could you expect? It's so full of lies it's got such little power left it's almost useless!"

"Lies- lies-?"

"Sure. In the past there's been so many men, so many false creeds, false religions that's got hold of the Teachings and messed them up to suit their own ends that what is left is well-nigh useless. The Master feels pretty bad about it. But it isn't serious, you know. All you got to do is believe in Him. That's what it says in the Book, you know- 'Believe in Him and Thou shalt be saved'. It doesn't say believe in the Book or in men or in the Devil. It says 'Believe in Him!'"

A light broke in on John Paul Peterson. The Angel was right. He didn't need the Book.

"Why are you telling me all this?" He asked.

"Well, I thought after seeing the Devil and how the Book was powerless against him and reading your thoughts I figured here was a good man going wrong through misunderstanding, so I figured I'd better get down here and explain things-" he broke off and glanced out the window and exclaimed: "dear me, how your silly time flies. Why don't you learn to do without it? It's so useless. Well, I must be off now. So long!"

He picked up his trumpet, flapped his wings a couple of times and flew off toward the ceiling. There he seemed to float right on through it. John Paul Peterson, Postmaster, sighed, then smiled. "Well, anyway," he said, "I believe!"

advertisements

YES SIR! IN THE QUARTERLY FIELD IT IS TOPS!

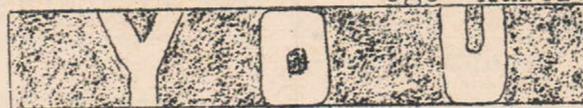
AND IT'S ONLY A DIME

that's

"CENSORED"

Fred Hurter Jr- St. Andrew's College- Aurora- Ontario.

The End



BY SGT. NORMAN V. LAMB

Stars meet and part near torn,
 Ages since- the world is born.
 Dawn's ooze sprouts amoebic slime
 And Life raises its head in Time.
 Fish roam the lone, uncharted sea,
 Till from the water much life does flee.
 The Saurians ope their wicked jaws
 And smaller life departs into their maws,
 Pterodactyls' wings course thro' dank air
 As young mammals flee to nearby lair.
 Then up Primates come and use all paws to walk,
 Soon comes first man, with glimmerings of talk,
 Fast giving way to Cromagnon race,
 He loses all his chance for place
 As Missing Link is killed by man
 As vicious as he always can.
 Then on to start of time we know
 Since when we've noted times' own flow.
 Till now- perched on life's high peak,
 We cry for other worlds to seek.
 Think you that Nature's course is run
 And its long striving is now all done?
 Dear Homo Sap- at yourself just look,
 After all the countless pains she took-
 Can you think that nature is content
 with
You?

RON CONIUM 42



HOMONYM

by Gordon L. Peck

"Yessir," said Shunky, "I've got as sweet a twelve-foot ro-ach-coot as ever."

"Whoat?" gasped Niffle. "A real one? Twelve feet? What a giant!"

"Oh," quoth Shunky, "I dunno. I've had bigger ones. Twenty feet--"

"Twenty feet?" Exclaimed Niffle. "Well, this is a surprise! I didn't know there were any in the world."

"Yessir," said Shunky. "Rub by a 3-horsepower motor, a nice-ach-ool-rudder--"

"Rudder?" inquired Niffle. "Wow it must be radically new in design!"

"Oh, I dunno," ahood Shunky.

"Oh, now, don't be modest. Do you realize you're the greatest man in the world today?"

"Come on home and take a look at it," invited Shunky. "We'll go for a ride. She seats four people."

"You don't mean to tell me it carries four people?" Bleated Niffle.

"Oh, yes," replied Shunky. "We go on pincies in it. What's that you're carrying?"

"But man- this's the latest Amazing-," Yodelled Niffle. "Do you realize what a weapon it would make, mowing down soldiers by the dozen...."

"Here we are," said Shunky, opening a shed-door. Inside lay a trim, clinker-built craft.

"But-" stammered Niffle. "Where is it?"

"Right in front of you-" began Shunky. "Trimmiest little rowboat--"

"OW!" Screeched Niffle, scaring the bats in his belfry. "I THOUGHT YOU SAID 'ROBOT!'"

"Achoo!" Sneezed Shunky.

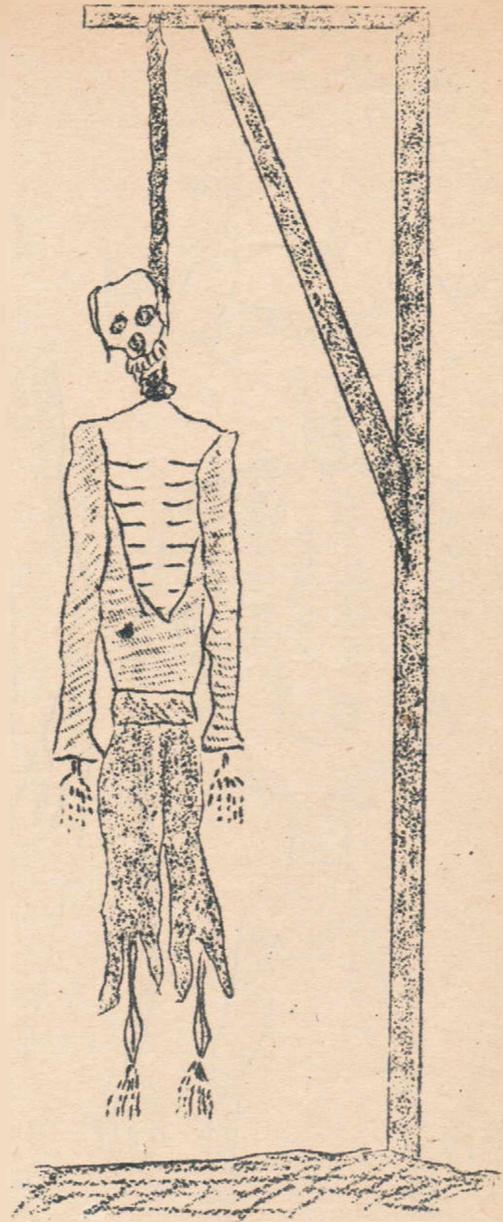
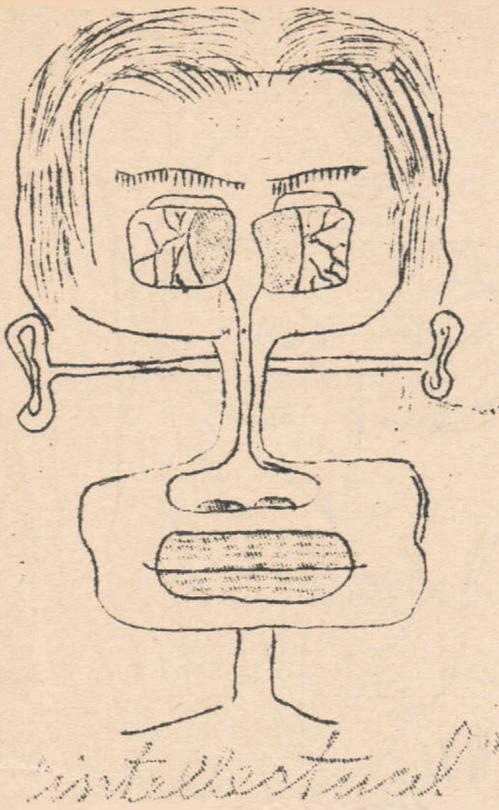
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FANERIUM TREMENS

WORDS BY CROUTCH AND LANTERN-SLIDES BY EDWIN MACDONALD, SCOTLAND

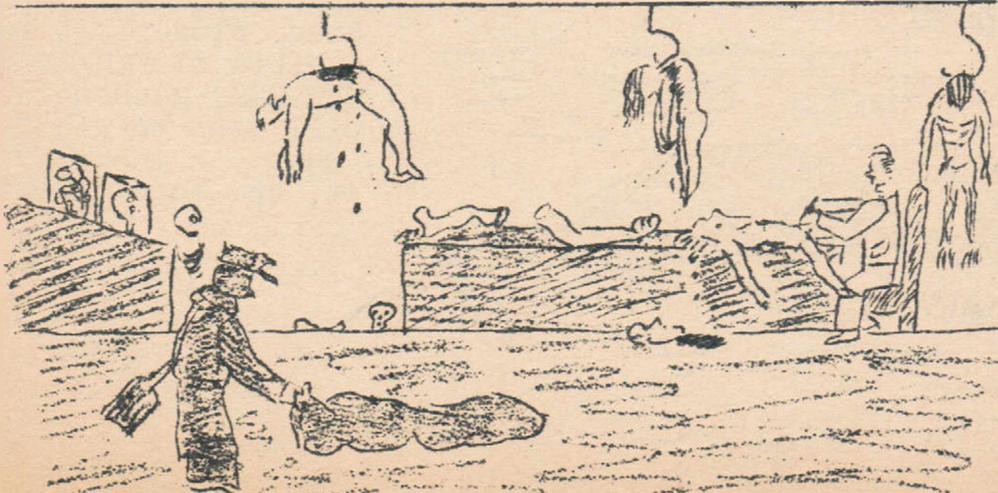
How do fans live? What do fans dream? Do they have night-mares, night horses or night-asses? We've read what an opium eater experiences in CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER. We know what other people experience from MEMOIRS OF FANNY HILL. Dogs chase rabbits in their sleep, men chase blondes and baby gets the colic. But what do fans dream? What horrible monstrosities haunt their sleep after reading SEDUCTION ON VENUS or CAPTAIN FLIT AND THE LOUSEY MARINES? Nobody knew. Nobody guessed. Nobody seemed to dream. Then a momentous occasion reared its serpentine head. Edwin MacDonalld sent some pictures and said they were the stuff that dreams are made of. So down below, with suitable comments by Professor Croutch who will discourse on display we present the most amazing pictures ever to come from any fandango or foodinnus:

First we shall show you the picture of an INTELLECTUAL. And intellectual, ladies and gentlemen is a person who studies and studie from dawn til dusk and what does he know? That 2 and 2 makes the fourth dimension and that blondes have sex appeal and baldmen have no hair. I am inclined to think that MacDonalld read a story from Amazing about Bug-eyed Monsters, for look at the eyes on this critter. Examine closely the ears. This comes from listening at keyholes. The lips are from Osculation by Lamb who is just a panhandler in Ada's clothing! Now take a good look at this INTELLECTUAL and then sign the pledge for the Abolition of Bugeyed Monsters for Britishers....



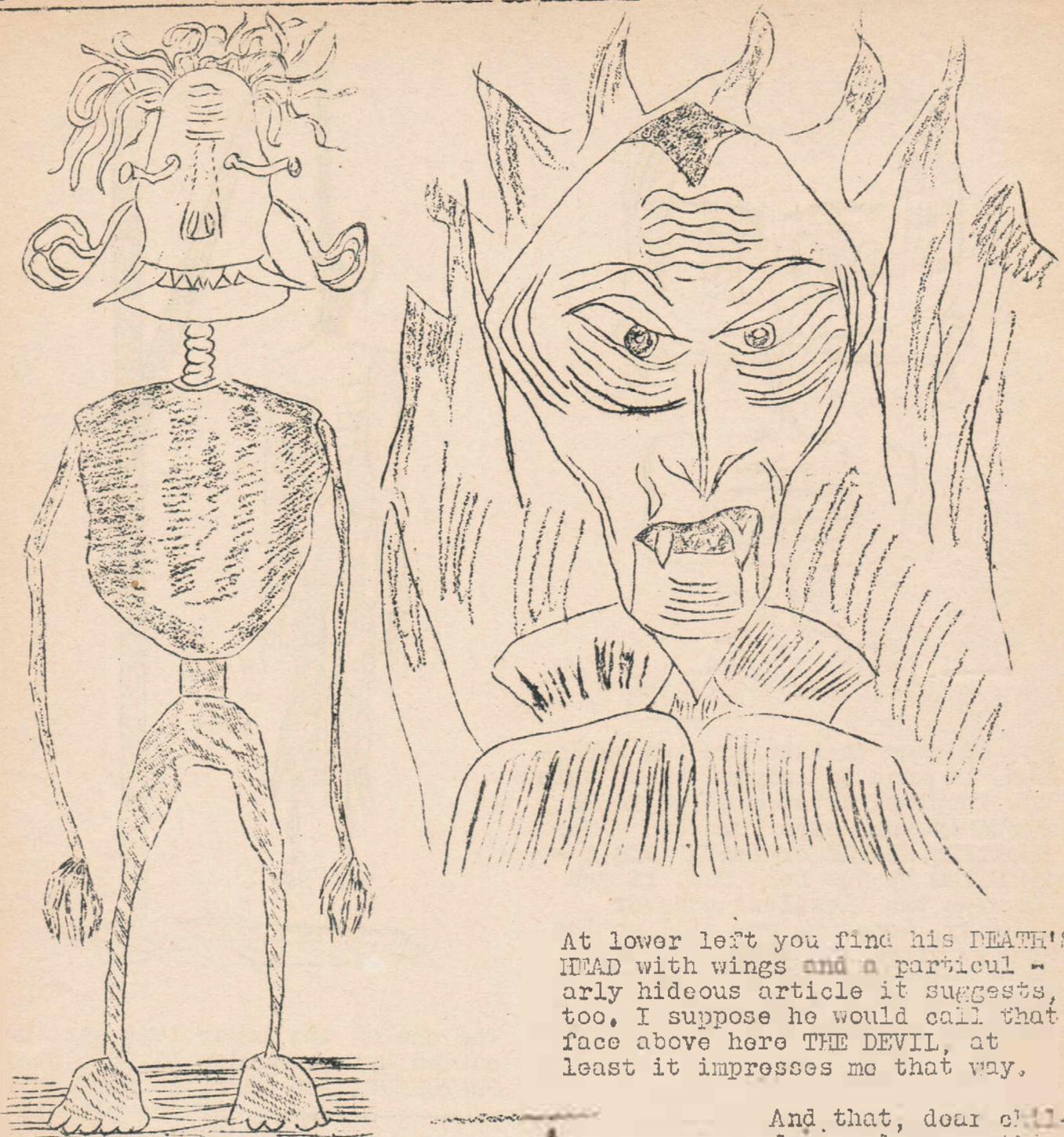
Now we come to this hanging skeleton. It must be assumed that this was inspired after a WEIRD TALES. Probably some such yarn as THE SHOELESS CORPSE or DEATH GOES A-SWINGING by One Long Pan. If you examine the fleshless cadaver closely, however, you will notice a very singular thing. The left foot evidently had 6 toes! This must have been some alien monster from the depths of hairless space.

The one at the lower left here is called by Mr. MacDonald THE BODY SNATCHERS. The horrible portent



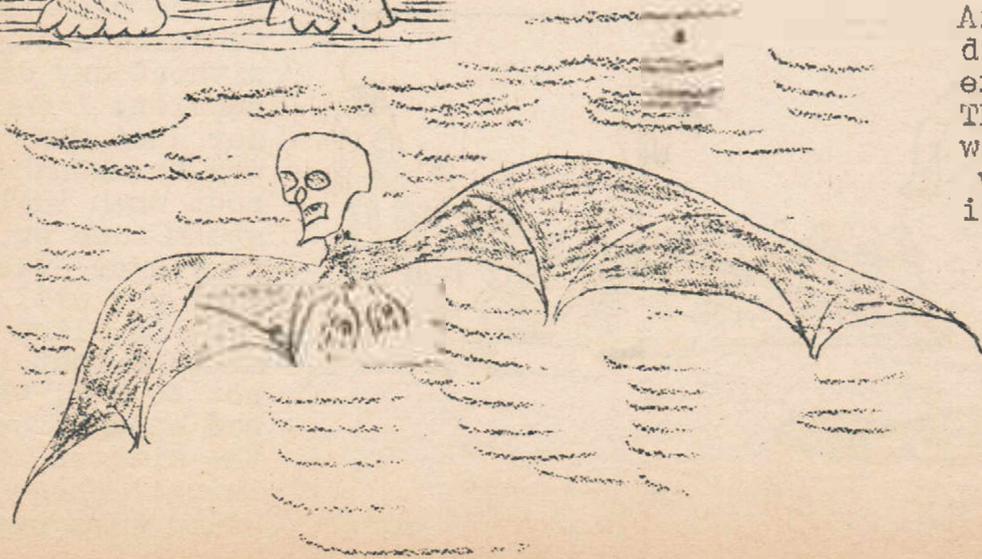
of the picture is quite enough without any discussion. I wonder just what he was thinking about when THAT spasm came on him? Over the page you will find an alien monster that is not so bad, tho bad enough. By the size of the thing's chest I would dare pre-

sume that it might have possibly come from Mars.



At lower left you find his DEATH'S HEAD with wings and a particularly hideous article it suggests, too. I suppose he would call that face above here THE DEVIL, at least it impresses me that way.

And that, dear children, closes this exhibit of TANERUM TREMENS. Macdonald will want to know what you thought of it, and so will I.



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Widner and me--me and Widner. What? Do I get around! Coming out from behind my vicious chuckle, I'll exhort aloud. Campbell and I agree on the fact that fans are too silly. However, we don't agree on the definition of "fan". To him, a fan is a person who reads, then writes or does something about it. To me, a fan is a reader, whether he does anything about it or not. Obviously they don't know they're fans, but ~~because they read science-fiction--~~ good, bad, or indifferent--they are followers of the mystic-minded authors. As followers, they are fans. You can't get away from it. In that case, a new name for the present so-called fans has to be found. (I can see where I'm going to be mobbed and lynched!) My brain, as usual, is a complete blank about what new name to choose, so I'll leave it up to mob rule. They'll be fans for the next six million years, anyway--authors to the contrary.

About Widner. That right worthy gentleman thinks that the fan-mags should stay out of the pro class, also. (I use "fan" for lack of something better.) At least, those are his sentiments per VOM. We've got something there. Pro men and women have every right in the world to do guest articles and be the fans guide and teachers, but they have no right to criticize or judge these mags. That sounds ambiguous, I know. They have an unfailing quality of judging the fanzines on their standards, which were meant for the smooth, powerful, money-making mags on the market. I say all this in all earnestness: there is no closer knit organization of writers and readers in the world than those of modern fandom in the science-fiction sphere.

The main problem before the noise today seems to be a way to make the non-stimulated fans get in contact with the editors and the corresponding fan editors. Considering the thousands of people who read sf in the United States and Canada--not to mention the rest of the world, it seems a shame to think they read and digest in sil-

ence. Perhaps they need something to shock them clear out of their complacency, perhaps they're shy, perhaps thoughtless, perhaps busy and can't be bothered, perhaps they read only to fill in time, perhaps they read in order to persuade others not to read--who knows what goes on in a reader's mind?

Ah, nudes! Personally, unless nudes have exceptional beauty they strike no responsive whatsoever, shocking, intriguing or otherwise. Although a body on the dissecting table is different from that one alive and vibrant, anatomically they're the same, and boring as such. In the case of the Turner nude in VOM, last issue, the background was excellent, and the setting different. However, I agree with whoever said "keep scientifiction nudes scientifiction."

If a fanzine wants stories or articles, why not have a series of drawings or sketches set out, and then ask for stories woven around those sketches? Think of the interesting results.

Contrariwise, think of the sleep I'm missing.

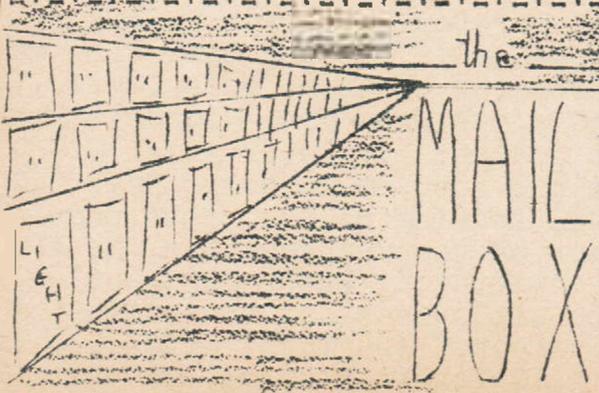
The End

(Comments and otherwise on this feature and the views presented therein will be welcome, and the most interesting printed in forthcoming issues.)

continued
"LIGHT FLASHES" from page one

after all, I saw him on my trip to Toronto first of June and he told me he'd gotten a contract for a certain number of covers per mo. and therefor had given up his plan to leave for the States, at least, for the time being..... FLASH: cut from Art. Widner's latest letter: "...Peter Allen Widner was born on Mother's Day, May 10th, leaving me the proud possessor of the youngest fan. He's affectionately known as Sweet Petewith the pleat seat and the neat feet." Congrats, Art..... Pogo is fanticipating!...looks as though American fandom is enlarg-

...Ted White finally got in touch with English fans. I see in current FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST, which is J. Michael Rosenblum's effort from that "Tight Little Isle"....talk about fans being broadminded: T. Bruce Yerke, in California, who used to publish THE DAMN THING, turned down DR. BEJAZER'S HEALTH BELT, "Too hot," lisped he. LIGHT printed it. Is Canada therefor the possessor of a broad-minded fandom? How about England which goes onesbetter? In a little fansheet I haven't received for some time there was reported the activites of a bunch of fans in getting up the S.P.C. What's the S.P.C? Well, hark to a tale. Lamb will like this I know. This fansheet reviewed several books, fantasy, with a highly sexy nature and a royal old argument got to going on sex etc etc. You all know the tale. Out of this mumbo jumbo somebody thought of the SPC. And now to tell you what those three magical letters mean: S.P.C-----Society for the Promotion of Coitus! Now who holds the wreath for the most broadminded fandom? USA? Canada? Britain? (As an offside, how many JS fanzines have mentioned this? If none, then I suppose LIGHT is the second most daring for walking in where angels fear to peek!).....last issue, best liked offerings in LIGHT were LIGHT FLASHES (blush blush) and A FAN IN THE RCAF! Next came DEVIL AND THE POSTMASTER and Lamb's autobiog. Miss Peck's was liked but consensus of opinion was that it was much too short. CONTRARIWISE, beg your pardon Beb, was in the top rank and file also. It will appear as a regular feature from now on (I hope).....Widner makes an offer to all LIGHT readers: to anyone dropping him a line, he'll send a copy of his magazine FANTARE and keep on sending it provided they promise to send him a card or a letter each time commenting on the magazine for the readers department Strange Interludes. His address is ARTHUR L. WIDNER JR, 25 ARNOLD STREET, QUINCY MASSACHUSETTS....Donald A. Wollheim and John Michel are intending to motor into Quebec. While there they plan on visiting Fred Hurter, who is working his holidays out in an office "calculating buidling costs" in Rosemere, Quebec. Nice to hear of Wollheim and Michel touring part of the country but one wonders- Why Quebec?.....Wollheim says there's not issue of STIRRING SCIENCE planned for immediate publication. Seems as though rising costs of publication and so on is keeping this little magazine rather adequately squelched at present....WRITER'S DIGEST slipped this time and not me: it mentioned FFM as going 160 pages a t 25¢ per, but July 1942 number to hand has but 144 pages containing 2 instead of the usual complete book-length novels. Correct as to cost though: up to 25¢ a copy.....E. A. Godfrey is now in the army. Remember him as the author of a little verse in the September 1941 LIGHT. He reported middle of June....Vernon W. Harry is no longer in the RCAF! He received an honorable discharge due to some sort of nose trouble. He had been treated for it for some time but it was apparently too tough a job for the military medicos. Vern can now chase pigeons to his heart's content!.....Well, as I said once before, news is scant just now, but I've managed to fill up a page someway or other....so until I see you August, cheerio.



the ARTHUR L. WIDNER JR, QUINCY, MASS
 (these are pertinent excerpts from a recent letter of his covering LIGHT for several months.)....Peck's style is ideal for the hecto..... Mason's review of FANTASIA was excellent, and exactly the kind of thing I like to see in a fanzine. Not that I'd want a whole zine full of movie reviews, but I like to see an article with a little thot and a few opinions in it.... Shirley Peck has been undully in -

fluenced by by Lovecraft, CASmith, or something similar, for it is reflected in her poetry. As someone commented later, her poetry is meaningless. Yes, on the surface, but in GRUMP, as in the later one, there is a glimmering of an idea struggling to get thru the fog of clumsy words. The title, GRUMP, a strange word indeed, to be associated with such ideas, is almost scary. I think if Shirley can get her thots straightened out, and learn how to handle words, she can produce a terrific sockeroo in a poem. On the other hand, she may have a lot more brains than I give her credit for, and may be satirising the horror poem, and laughing up her sleeve at us when we don't get it..... GENESIS, hmmm. She must be ribbing us (speaking of Shirley again). This is a mere bunch of words that rhyme. But somehow the diametrically opposed phrasing intrigues me. Reminds me somewhat of Davis only he usually makes sense. "Ebon light" "velvet-throated scream", "tortured mines in ecstasy". What the devil, Shirley, what the devil? The last two lines suggest something that a little girl your age shouldn't know You probably don't, but where the heck do they come from? Very strange says I.....CAVERN OF THE DAMNED, I liked the idea of wild-oat sowers getting their just desserts but otherwise it wasn't much.....Pogo can do better than that nude if she wants to put some time on the job..... May 1942: I like the all-around covers, but can't you get something - anything besides grey? This drawing would have shown up much better on white or some light color. (Conium and Howes thought differently, Wid) Nice repro job you did too. But what the hell is the idea of trying to tell us that the drawing was Ron's originally? (Did I, actually? Not in so many words, Art.) It's nothing but a copy of a very good Dold from an ancient MIRACLE SCIENCE & FANTASY. I'm surprised nobody else caught him in the fraud. (it wasn't a fraud, Wid, Ron told me. We were wondering who would recognize it. You are the one and only so far. To the rest of you fans, I say "For shame!") I'd just as soon see something like that the instead of those God-awful, boneless horrors he dreams up by himself!.....I SAW THE SEA. It tickled me- in a damp sort of way. (Insuating you'rre all wet, chum?) FAN IN THE RCAF. Good writing. Howes should be in more often.

VIOLA KENALLY, ST. CATHARINES, ONT Gee, Les, you made a good job of LIGHT. I haven't read it all yet but really enjoyed what I did. But I am reserving a good kick in the shins for you, my fran! Why the heck did you print what I said about your story? Gee, I nearly fainted when I read that! I just ain't gonna trust you no more! So besides Croutch there's another humorous guy around, name of Lamb. That autobiography by himself was a real dilly. There wasn't enough of your story in- I just got interested. The verse by J. Sinclair Hopping was quite good. I have been reading so much about Werewolves lately I jump when a dog barks. This new paper seems to take the ink much better and you are able to read every word. (Well, Vi., just as long as you comment on what appears in LIGHT in such an entertaining fashion I shall keep printing them. I think this little excerpt makes it more than eligible for inclusion in the MAIL BOX where only interesting ones are now printed)

NOTICE TO ALL SWAPPERS:

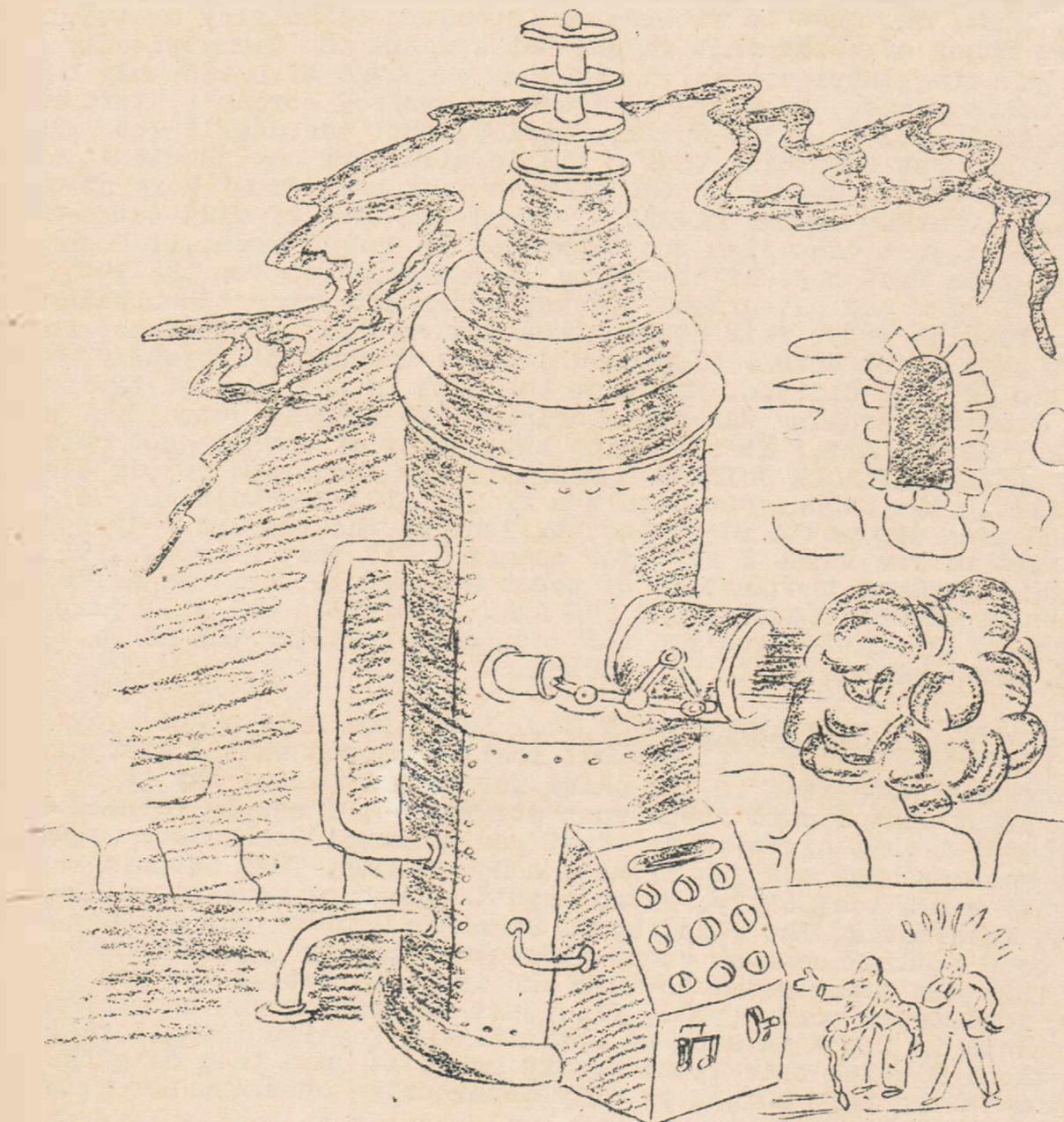
All magazines, weird, sf, fantasy printed and dated January 1941 and thereafter are now valued at straight cover price! This move was made to simplify further the swap system. REMEMBER- COVER PRICE ON ALL 1941 and 1942 PUBLICATIONS!
ZINES!

ALL FANS WISHING TO HAVE A HAND IN forming VULCAN, a new Canadian fanzine with contributions, keynote humor, got in touch with the publisher:

GORDON L. PECK
214 W. 15TH. AVENUE
VANCOUVER, B. C.

fiction-verse-articles-art-etc wanted.

cartoon by-
DANNY DAILWOOD



"We've been working on it sixty years- now I can't remember
what it's for!"