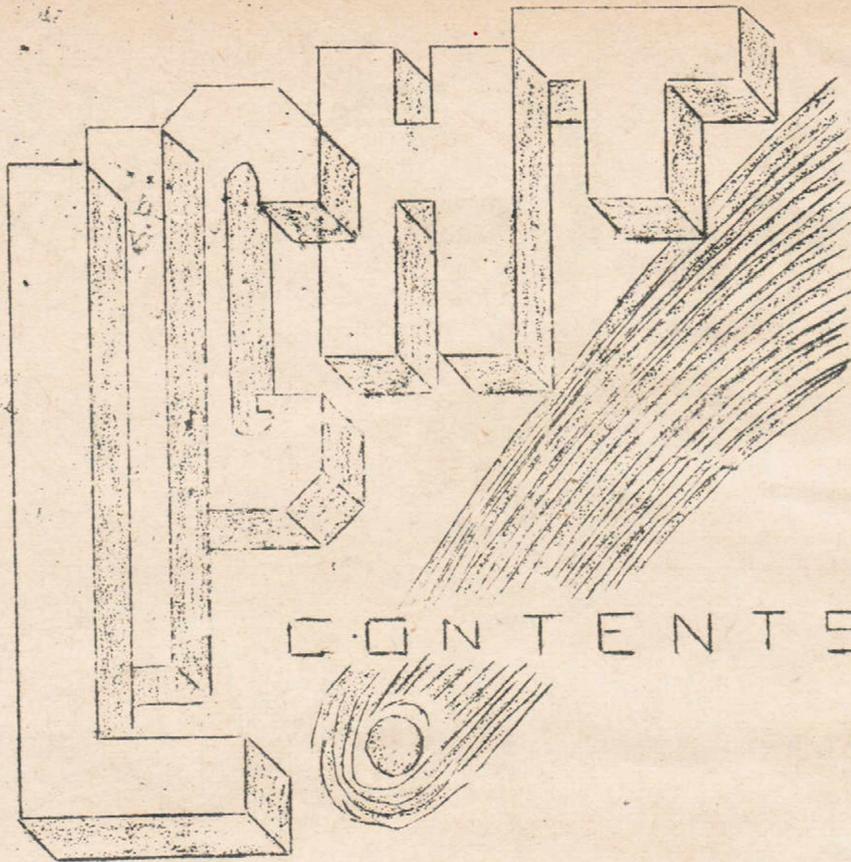


Hunter



COVER BY
nanek.

N O V E M B E R
- 1 9 4 2 -
Number 122
Editor: Leslie A. Crouch



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Material of all kinds considered. Fiction, verse, cartoons, articles. Science-fictional, weird; horror, fantasy. Anything off the beaten track read with great avidity.

Advertisement

I have in for swap two paperbound Methuen (London) editions of Olaf Stapledon's STARMAKER; also one ditto copy of Loaf Stapledon's ODD JOHN. Price in swap 60¢

adv

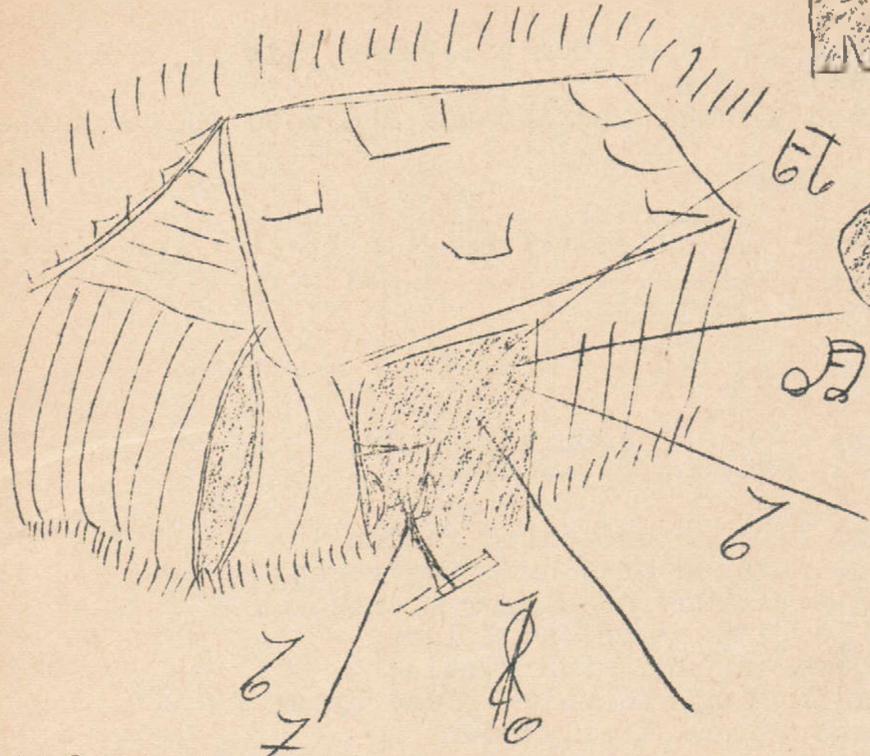
"CANADIAN UNCANNY TALES"

Americans, now's your chance to get yours for that collection-----
15 copy in trade

RODEO

AND

GHOULIET



MARTIAN VERSION AS TOLD BY
GORDON L. PECK

At the Capilets barndance, there was perceived to be present a young Hillbilly, yecept Rodeo. Since he was a Mount Aig, and they were a-feudin' agin the Capilets, he of necessity had donned a masque of silken cloth. He glimpst Ghouliet twixt the crowd and plowed to her side.

"Cut in?" he growled to the slick-haired fellow she was dauncing with.

"Er- shore."

"Ghouliet- Ghouliet, my loff," he whispered in her ear when they got out on the piazza. "Every moment away from you is sheer torment. Never leave muh!"

"Nay, dearest Rrroodeo, to live wizout you were to die." Ju s t then a hooting clamor dinned from within the barn. "Come, let us with-in," gritted Ghouliet, huskily. "But, dawlin', if you're apper- pro- prehen- aw, nuts, if you're caught it's coitings for our beeyootifool frenship."

They entered to find everyone clustered around the punchbowl. Rodeyoe took a drink, not noticing a rat-faced man sprinkling greenish crystals in his cup. He drunk the foaming, fizzing, frothing, effer-vescing stuff and dropped lifeless to the floor. His corpse began to sprout pink funguses all over. "Ohhhhhh- My Rodeyo!" howled Ghouleyet, trying to kiss the cadaver, osculate the carcass, but a pink fungus got in the way.

She pulled a curling-riion from her bosom then put it back again, point-first. A curious red fluid gushed forth and she succumbed. Her last despairing wail would have wakened the dead- and it did. Rodeo sat up, brushing pink funguses off himself, and when he saw Ghouliet dead with a curling-riion putting a finger-wave in her ventricles, he downed the bowl of punch at a gulp, but since it didn't have any green-

.....5.....
ish crystals in it, he merely hiccupped and looked cross-eyed. He wailed.

"Death, where is thy stink?"

Then he snatched a ciggie-liter from his bosom, lit it, and methodically roasted himself alive.

"There, I otto be dead by now," he groaned and died on the carpet of pink funguses.

"Sick transit gloria fungi."

(phinnis)

.....

FUTILITY

by

Harry Jenkins, Jr.

Whispering winds from an enchanted garden
Bear the sweet incense of slumbering roses
On the glittering pathway of silver moonbeams.
Perfume from Persia, or oriental lands--
A rosebud odor, commingled with myrtle;
Enrapture her shining, heavily-lidded eyes;
Her raven tresses sprawl lazily down
Her curved figure to her ivory toes.

All this delightful cajolery destined
To be whisked away in the frightful cbb
Of life. . . the infinite irony of Fate
And separation from those cooling lovers
Blinded by the cloudy rapture of those deep
Scented April nights, well knowing that
All is futile, hopeless, for reigning
Sardonically above all else is - - Death!

////////////////////////////////////

L I G H T
F L A S H E S

THIS is being typed on Friday, Oct 25rd. LIGHT goes to press on Sunday, a whole week, at the least, ahead of schedule. CONTRARIWISE, the regular column, isn't in yet, and if it doesn't arrive tomorrow, this issue will be without it. I will have to run an extra long one next month, which fits in fine with present plans. Reasons for all this somewhat unseeming haste is, of course, the advent of the usual big Christmas number. To you newcomers to our little gang, some explanation is necessary. For

as long as I've been printing this magazine or what went before this magazine, every Christmas I put out one big annual, usually anywhere from two or three times the usual monthly size. This year I am hoping for something even bigger & better. Consider: I have more contributors, writers, artists, writers of verse. It will be run off in the best duplicated manner possible. Yes, I think I am safe in promising you at least a 25 page number. It may be late, it may be the middle of December before it is finished. It depends on many variables.....When Ron Serdum left his job at the Telfer Box Co and went to a more lucrative job

RETURN TO LAKAR

Barbara
Howard

(I BELIEVE I AM SAFE IN SAYING THIS IS THE BEST PIECE OF AMATEUR FANTASY FICTION YET TO APPEAR IN LIGHT. IT IS NOT SCIENCE-FICTION, WEIRD OR A UNION OF THE TWO- IT IS DEFINITELY OF THE PURE FANTASY AND I BELIEVE YOU WILL ENJOY IT VERY MUCH)

John paused, his hand on the stair rail. Sweat broke out in fine beads on his forehead, trembling caused his arms to shake uncontrollably, while terror rose to jam his throat.

Behind him, on the floor something slithered.

Each night it came, in

just that spot, to make him tremble each time he started down the stairs. He couldn't have said when it started---it seemed indeterminate but inevitable. It had only been lately that he heard the definite sound of movement. Before, it had been just a suggestion of something there, just a whisper of sound, a feeling that made the muscles in his back crawl; he had to rigidly control his legs to keep from bolting down the stairs and out into the night.

Therein, too, lay fear.

Two weeks, now, he had not ventured foot outside his house at night. There was nothing he could see in the moon-drenched yard, no sound he could hear, but such an odor of decay rose to his windows that he could scarcely sleep nights because of it.

And the moon always shone--full as the sun that always seemed to disappear precipately. Two weeks, the moon had been full, unchanging, waiting---for what?

He felt only a dim wonder that all this had happened. Somehow, it wasn't new, it fell in with the horrible dreams that made him shiver to think of bed. At first, he had suscribed them to bad diet, worry, anxiety, but now he knew with the certainty of fate that this was his destiny--that this was leading to God knew what!

The slithering stopped.

John drew a deep breath, relaxing with weak-kneed relief, and proceeded down the stairs, thinking subconsciously of his dreams. Their setting was in a wild, weird country, dark, lowering, where a lone wind keened in a sibilant whisper. Black trees silhouetted against a horizon that never appeared, never changed, was the same gaunt buttes, conical hills, and shifting hills.

He stood always on a straight, towering butte, looking down intoinky, solid blackness; feeling the urge, wanting to jump, but held back by such a horror that made him wake, gasping, sobbing with fear. He knew--knew with a deadening, dragging sureness that when he jumped in his dream, the horrors in the yard and hall would take him into their

slimy, obscene depths, choking him to the echoes of their whispering, evil, laughter.

He nearly broke into a run, striving for the fire-lit warmth of his study, but he sternly suppressed the desire. He would not show these creatures he was afraid. He entertained the horrible feeling that if he showed fear, they would take him.

He halted abruptly at the door.

Flitting, weaving, dancing in a mad ecstasy of delight over the carpets and against the flickering firelight was a dainty, gossamer-clad figure, as exquisite as the kiss of a blossom on the lips of the water; a milk-skinned girl, shining with a luminescence not of this world.

His breath caught in his throat, his heart hammered until he gasped with the sheer, aching beauty of her. With a startled little movement, like that of a butterfly when a shadow falls over it, she halted in mid-step, whirling toward him.

He saw features so perfect he could not believe them, eyes as blue as faint flush of dawn on the desert, hair so golden it seemed a million sparkling sunbeams throbbed over her head. Her lips were the red of the Chinese poppy, and lush as the dreams of poets.

He took a step forward.

"Tulala," he murmured. She dimpled into a smile that made his head reel. Her skin, white hand moved out timidly.

"You know me!" she whispered. "You remember, Jongor!"

He brushed his hand across his face, suddenly tired, suddenly bewildered---and afraid. Only his fear was for her. He felt she was in the greatest of danger because of her being here.

"No," he muttered. "No, I don't remember. Who are you? How did you get in? What do you want here?"

As he spoke the words, she trembled, shrinking backwards, hurt showing through her eyes, making him feel as though knives were tearing through him. He advanced, hand held out.

"Please don't look like that. Tell me who you are, perhaps I'll remember."

"You named me," she said simply. He twisted his face in puzzlement.

"Tulala. The name means something, I know." His voice became dreamy. "You come from far away; another world, another sphere."

She caught at his hand, drawing him to the window.

"There is my world---and yours, too. When are you coming back, O, Jongor?"

He gazed up at the moon, still as bright and round as the first full moon two weeks ago. Slowly, shadows began to dance in his brain, forms flickered in and out like ancient memories, built of dust, threatening collapse with sudden movement. Even as tantalizing thoughts teased from the darkest corners of his mind, he became conscious of motion in the hall.

The girl glanced at the door, paling in the half-light. Terror sprang into her eyes, but she did not flinch. That she was familiar with the creatures which moved was evident.

"The shralags," she whispered. "I knew they were here, but not so close."

She clutched his arm.

"Oh, you must defeat him! For the sake of your people and the rich land with which you endowed them, drive him away, destroy him before he destroys us with his evilness, and his horrible creatures!"

A faint tingle of red touched her cheeks.

"He has looked with favor upon me---but I don't want to be his mate! He is a loathesome beast!"

Who he was, John did not know, but the thought of another's hands upon the exquisite body beside him made him choke with rage. Fiercely, suddenly, he caught her to him, bending her supple form to his.

"None other shall have you! I am Jonkor, ruler of Lakar, and no man may oppose my will!"

Even as his lips closed over hers, she was gone, fading away, as vague as the moonbeam that danced on the window sill. Nay she was the moonbeam, for it carressed his face lightly, before disappearing into the night.

John was trembling. Wiping his face of the perspiration that oozed into his eyes, he gazed about him, toward the door. The movement in the hall had ceased with the girl's going. An uneasy peace rested in the house. The creatures---the shralags would stir no more tonight.

Even so, John would not venture upstairs again tonight. Stretching his long, muscular form on the studio couch, he stared into the fire. Lying thus, he fell asleep.

The wind shrilled through his hair, like a battler seeing duel. At his feet, the edge of the butte slid down into the murky blackness. Then he fell to one knee with a cry as Tulala's face looked up at him, sad, longing.

He stretched his hands to her, crying her name. As he did so, her sweet face floated away, and another took its place. This one belonged to a satyr, a visage so full of evil it struck John with actual force, making him reel back, sweat starting from his brow.

"You are weak, Jonkor." The voice was thin and whispering, with the nightmare quality of disbelief. "Your ancient power has gone with your passing. Never again will you sit at the throat of Tula, Goddess of Peace, dealing wisdom and strength to your peoples. I, I, Kiswa, shall sit in your place, teaching the people of Lakar what real strength is. And Tulala shall sit beside me."

John gave an inarticulate shout of rage and jumped to his feet. Shaking his fist at the surrounding bleak scenery, he lifted his head to the darkness overhead.

"I am Jonkor!" he roared. "No longer shall you keep me in this prison! I am the ruler of Lakar, the beloved of Tula, the son of the Gods and Goddesses, the last of the ancient rulers. And so shall my line go on, with Tulala at my side!"

He woke shaking. The fire had died down, the first streaks of dawn were painting his window in red flame. In the coldness of the room, he shivered, weak as always from the reaction of his dreams. The house was cool and clean, with no traces of the monsters. But as he passed upstairs to his room, he knew they were invisible, waiting--- But so could he wait for the night.

For he remembered.

Eons ago, he had been the ruler of the kingdom in what was now the moon. The interior, with its metals and fires, he turned to his hand, enslaving the everlasting power there, teaching his people crafts and arts and sciences. Long he ruled, and happily, until his eye fell on Tulala, daughter of the priest and sacrosanct to Tula, Goddess of Wisdom and Peace.

Also desirous of her was Kiswa, son of the other priest and long envious of the stalwart Jonkor. Trembling, and in fear, he sought the services of his dark God, Skona, master of devils. By this power, he caught and captured Jonkor while on a hunt in the sacred woods.

He bound Jonkor to the surface of the moon, ensaring him upon the single butte with the obscene shralags to guard. But this much power had Jonkor, endowed in his moment of stress by Tula---he sent Lakar and all its peoples into dormination, suspending their life. So long had this dormination been that the next day...

ernal door of the battle, escaped his shackles and sped earthward.

Caught up in the maelstrom of roaring, obbing, riotous, overflowing life, he was born again. Until now, his spirit had not remembered.

But Tula, ever-watchful, kept the shadow of her hand over him. His dreams drew his spirit back to his prison; with the return of his spirit came the return of animation to Lakar. Instantly, Kiswa returned to attack. He surrounded John's house with his creatures, planted one in his hall, waiting for the time to spring.

Then came Tulala, drifting on the Grace of Tula, to earth to awaken the lost ruler of Lakar.

John could hardly contain his impatience for the return of night and sleep. Slowly, through the long, weary day, he grew more and more expectant of the coming battle. He knew that tonight he had to fight, not only for his freedom and life, but for the sanctity of Tulala, the safety and happiness of his people, and the assistance of Tula.

He no longer feared the coming of the night. Standing before the window of his bedroom, he watched the moon rise and flexed his arms, feeling the surge of limitless strength, such as he'd never felt before. He was Jonkor, ruler of Lakar, about to take his place again!

The moon itself seemed aware of the coming event. It was blood-red, swollen, like the rotten head of a corpse. When it reached the top of the fence rail in the yard, John turned and made his way in the darkness to the hall.

He stumbled back, choking with the fetid odor clouding in the hall, but his jaw snapped outward, his shoulders squared, and he strode forward, fully, toward the shapeless, squirming monster, revealed in the moonlight. Vague, gibbering, slimy, it squished toward him, opening a cavern of red horror, lined with razor-sharp cutters.

Nimble, he avoided it, dodging past it toward the stairs. Rushing down them, he darted into the study. Then he reappeared, bearing a flaming torch that lit up the hallway, causing the horror on the stairs to draw back. Mouth set in a soundless snarl, John thrust the firebrand directly into the loathesome mass.

There was a loud explosion, and he staggered back, brushing bits of rotted fleash and ropes of slime from his face and shoulders. He shuddered in distaste, but the rotting odor was gone, the hall was clean except for the rapidly disappearing pieces.

He laughed exultantly and walked back into the study. Stepping directly to the window, he looked out into the yard.

"Waiting for me, aren't you, Kiswa? Well, I'm coming out; I won't skulk in my hole any longer, shaking with fear. I'm coming out, Kiswa, so get your little pets together!"

Throwing open the window, he leaned out. The moon-lit yard seemed to draw upon itself, crouched like a gigantic beast, ready to pounce. With a last, defiant laugh, he leaped lightly through the window onto the ground.

Instantly there was movement. Rolling toward him came shralags, caravans wide, cutters slashing. Nimble, he dodged from one side to the other, keeping his back against the house, his head away from the window. Explosion after explosion rocked him backwards, but he fought doggedly on, fighting through the instinct handed down from his forebearers.

Then there came a minute when the battle stopped. Gasping for breath, he watched the creatures roll back, to settle in a circle about him like watchful wolves. Then he gave a choked sob as in the air before him formed the ethereal body of Tulala.

In her eyes there was a promise, in the motions of her body was desire, and in the beckoning of her hands was that which made his throat close with want, his head swim with delight.

"Cease," she whispered, "Cease and come with me, gladly will I share your bondage and we shall have such ecstasy as was never experienced."

John swayed toward her. Then he halted abruptly as a low, thin chuckle came to his ears.

"No!" he panted. "You are not real! You are but a vision of Kiswa to lure me into the clutches of those monsters. I do not believe you!"

Tulala's form vanished, and he felt delirious with delight. Nothing could beat him now, nothing! He braced his feet and waited.

It came. The full fury of the madman Kiswa awaited him, and the shralags rolled to him in waves. He fought them back in desperation, fought until his arm sagged with weariness, his eyes swam with sweat, and pain swarmed like fire over his shoulders and back.

"Goddess of Peace and Wisdom, Goddess Tula, give me strength!" he prayed. There was another evil chuckle, and beyond the mounting echoes of the shralags, John saw the knotted and twisted form of Kiswa, dancing in savage glee, urging his creatures on.

John gave a great shout of triumph and sprang forward.

Shralags threw themselves on his back, but he ignored their lancing into his fatigued muscles. His sinewy hands closed down on Kiswa, who gave a shrill cry of terror and tried to scuttle away.

John--nay, Jonkor--threw back his head and laughed.

"You are too bold, little one. Now you shall perish!"

Relentlessly, he forced the man back, Kiswa, desperate, choking for breath, drew a long, thin blade. The moonlight glinted on it, like the winking of an eye, and Jonkor could not twist aside in time to avoid it. Even as his hands overlapped on the scrawny neck under them, and bent it backward, living pain stabbed into his back, and he gasped, hurrying. There was a brief scream, a brittle snap, and Kiswa sagged in his hands.

Jonkor had time to see the shralags vanish like smoke before he dropped the shrivelled thing in his hands. There was a great ringing in his ears, a red mist sprang upward before his eyes. The pillar-like muscles folded, and Jonkor fell earthward, but as he did so, he caught a glimpse of gossamer draperies and milk-white skin. As he sank into a sticky murk of unconsciousness, he heard a faint whisper.

"You have won. O Jonkor! You are free!"

Space whirled and spun under him. Great voids dipped sickingly under him. Flashing spheres streaked by, worlds, people, creatures alien and familiar, plants, spun in a kaleidoscope of color, noise, and tumult; there was great shouting and joy.

Tulala's hands mending his wound, Tula mended his mind. Lakar healed his spirit.

The moon waned, waxed, waned. Months passed, years followed. The house on the earth fell into decay, deserted, empty; not even the bats circled over it. It was the graveyard of evil--ancient, plotting evil.

In Lakar, fields gave crops that were bounteous. Children played in the shadow of the palace, where Jonkor sat at the throat of Tula, Tulal a by his side, dispensing wisdom and power.

Jonkor, lost ruler of Lakar, has returned.

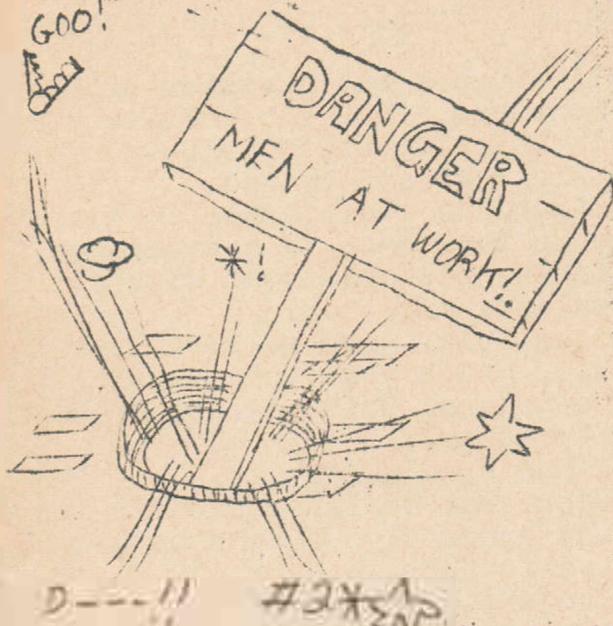
THE END

"WATCH FOR THESE
STORIES"

REVOLT OF THE MAN-MADE MONSTERS - John Hilkert.
SAVED BY THE PILL - Arthur L. Widner Jr.
HEARTBREAK - Alan Child.
DREAM SHIP - Leslie A. Croutch.
SATANIC HUMOR - Walter Scott Haskell.

GOO!

FOO!



presenting
The
MAIL
BOX

HARRY WARNER JR, HAGERSTOWN, MD, WRITES IN WITH A FEW WORDS: Peck's playlet fairly amusing. Morajo biography tells me some things I didn't know before this, and BEB's "Contrariwise" I continue to like, now that I'm accustomed to her style of writing which is sorta tough at first. The little picture on the last page of this issue is, I think, one of the best you've yet run; I wouldn't know why I like it, but in art, I know what I like, as the cow said.

WID WHITE WRITES FROM ENGLAND, SENDING LIGHT IS USUAL CHEERY LETTER, PARTS OF WHICH IS PRINTED BELOW: August 23, 1942, LIGHT has certainly changed during the last year. You have done a marvelous job with it, Les, and you deserve credit with medals (putty) and other such things. I'm really tickled pink with it tho and right now one of my Officers is looking at the June and July issues and liking them. The only drawback is that I want them to comment on and he won't give 'em up. I can see the covers from here so I can at least say something about them until such time as I get them back. Frome did a nice job on both and you also on the repro. I think if they were a little plainer I would like them better. When there is too much to look at you tire of it while something nice and clear tickles the cockles of your heart and gets you interested in the rest of the issue. [I'm trying some simpler covers to see how they turn out, Ted-ED] The way you are turning it out, the zine almost looks like a pro. [THANK you!-ED] Damn that man anyway, he's reading your short, The Devil and the Postmaster now and I'm darned if he'll let me go. Some people are the biggest pains in the neck sometimes. He is a good guy, I'll admit, but right now he looks like hell to me. We are both supposed to be working so I had better keep my mouth shut in case he makes me do something and leave the letter alone altogether. [He sounds like a good egg from those few words, Ted-ED] You can bet he wouldn't give up the mags then either. [Maybe I ought to send extra copies along for him, eh, Ted?-ED] I think I'll put him on the blacklist unless he comes across with some nice words about the zine. Anything but and his name is mud from now on. [Shucks, don't be so hard on the poor guy, he's only human and maybe a potential fantasy fan. He can't help it if LIGHT enthralled him-ED] Ah! Back home is the tin-can and so on goes the bull. I see the June cover is by Peck. More like the covers I favor so of the two, Peck is the better. I gather the cover depicts a chap frightened silly by a vampire or is it merely

10
goss. What was that nice looking animal tabbed as such? /The picture, I presume, Ted, is supposed to depict the change from man into beast-ED/ The blank page in front puts me out of my stride every time. Looks nice tho'. 'Light Flashes' and yore jaunt to the big city- lengthy, newsy- humorous and a dollar to a donut you was in Toronto! /Correct-ED/ (Hog Town!!) /Maybe not Hog Town, Ted, but sure some narrow-minded people therein-ED/ Lucky dog. Purty soon I hope to see some of the fans over here. /And when you do, don't forget you are LIGHT's official British representative and correspondent on the loose-ED/ When I do you can be sure I'll write you a blurb about it. Shirley has certainly gathered a bit of knowledge in her 14 years. I can well believe her statements of discussing any subject after reading her poems. I had her tabbed as a woman of a few more years with a hooked nose and drooling lip to say nothing of a swollen cranium fronted by pop-eyes. /TED! I have seen a picture of Miss Peck and she is a most charming young miss. Maybe you'll hear from her after that outburst-ED/ Having heard a lot about Lamb....I was prepared for his autobiography. However, it fills in the blanks and tickles my funny-bone with his 'I like me - like hell' writing. Can't say much about Wollheim's idea of a French Fantasy Mag as I haven't any idea of the possibility of keeping one on the market in black rather than red ink. Besides, je pas parle le Francais Canadiene. (That may be good French but it's damned poor spelling!) /You said it chum-ED/ A poem by Peck is always good but the pleasure I got from Panegyric was superseded by The Monstrosity by Sinclair Hopping. This is the guy that wrote you a note some months back and promised a poem or at least stated he could write a better one than you had already printed, isn't it? /Yes, in the December 1941 issue, in reply to a verse by Godfrey-ED/ I had formed an opinion of him in my mind that was just printable and that is all but now I see I made a mistake somewhere. The guy can really write! Maybe not professionally but at least he can pen a poem for the fanzines. I am wondering whether this is the first I have seen of his work, having perhaps missed something in a previous issue. /That was Hopping's one and only appearance in LIGHT. Since he has dropped from sight-ED/ JULY ISH: According to the notes as you give them here Ackerman and Widner have sent you stuff for LIGHT which they considered not good enough for their publications but quite suitable for LIGHT. /No, I didn't say that. Exact words were, quote: "...Ackerman and Widner have sent through material submitted to them and which wasn't suitable for their publications..." unquote. LIGHT uses material others don't because LIGHT isn't as strictly science-fictional or fantastical as most. Much material turned down by others and used later by LIGHT has received high acclaim and turned out to be big successes. The poetry I'm printing by Miss Combs now was some of that sent to me by Widner which he termed as "unsuitable". It is going over big.-ED/ The 'top flight American' fan /Widner-ED/ who wrote the letter you quote is either unaware of what Canada has been doing during the past year or so or disdains to notice the progress that has been made because it wasn't a sudden flare-up such as occurred in the States. /I think American fandom has been more than just a "sudden flare-up", Ted-ED/ Admittedly the Canadians have been slow to bring forth an active fandom and that today it is small. There is, however, one important thing about that fandom the American fans, top and bottom flight, might take note of and that is the type of fan that is making up the ranks of Canada's stiffs. Few though they are, they are not momentary flashes but steady fellows that are showing themselves to be true fans more every day. (In my case, more every issue of LIGHT) /That the better type of American fan recognizes our existence is shown by their steady interest in and submission to LIGHT-ED/ I was told once, before that nothing in the U.S came into bloom overnight but took a normal length of time to come into being. I admitted at the time that

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true, but in comparison with the difference in population of the two countries it was only natural for the U.S to bring out something much quicker and on a grander scale than Canada is capable of doing in the same time. For every reader in Canada there is somewhere around 12 in the U.S /I rather think the ratio would be much greater than that-ED/ How many fanzines have passed into obscurity in the States in the last 12 years? How many in Canada? One, Sure, the only one at the time, but still it proves my point. Twelve years- one mag. In this issue of LIGHT I see there are now four fanzines in Canada. /Correction to date. In Canada there is actually but one fan magazine in the Dominion, and LIGHT is it. CENSORED isn't likely to come out this fall. Maybe only four times next year, maybe not at all. It is very indefinite. Mason's GOON'S GAZETTE never materialized. Peck's VULCAN is still in the birth stage. Child's NEPHILSTO is being planned but nothing more as far as I know.-ED/ That proves my point that although the Mills of the Gods grind slowly they grind well. Look at CENSORED, the uncontested fanzine in Canada of satire and wit. How many U.S mags equal it's format? How many zines from over the line had the maturity of LIGHT at its comparatively early age? And--heck, I could go on but I've said all that is necessary to make my opinion clear. Are we in agreement chum? /Yes, I do. And so do many Americans now reading LIGHT who have seen their own. See their letters in past, current, and future issues of LIGHT. See what Lancy, Bloch, and others have to say-ED/ The Devil and the Postmaster- quite good. I would have recognized your writing even though it had appeared on a roll of toilet paper, without title or by-line. The officer that was reading it while I fumed around with nothing to say, said he thought it was the damndest thing he had ever read. He got quite a laugh out of it so he enjoyed it no matter what he said. /Please convey my greetings to the officer in question, Ted-ED/ YOU by Lamb is one of the best poems I have read in many a long day. It's too bad you had to put that monstrosity that bears microscopic resemblance to a woman at the bottom of the page. What happened to Conium? Looks like the result of a hangover's imagination. If I write a letter to Edwin MacDonald of Scotland and tell him I'm never coming to see him I can state my reasons in six words. 'See page 5 of July Light'. I haven't had a drink for days so those horrors must actually be printed on the page. Maybe he drinks, huh? He must do something except being a fan that dreams things which just ain't except when you are on the outside of a bottle of jungle juice. If he actually dreamed of those ungodly things he is either white-haired or bald by now. No head of hair would remain normal after any one of those things coming into sight.

VANCOUVER'S CHILD IS HERE AGAIN. STAND BY WHILE HE "DOOD DIT AGIN"!
LIGHT this month /September's-ED/ has one of the worst covers I have ever seen. GENIE was only fair (if that). Parts are quite good but such parts are outweighed by the corn. REINCARNATION--the usual senseless gurgling. Oh God, don't tell me Hilkert has written a story about man-made monsters revolting! /That's what the title implies-ED/ What have I done to deserve this? I have read dozens of stories with that plot. I have read of robots taking over recently but the conflict was just a part of the story. As far as I know, it's been a long time since anyone's had the herve to make it the main plot. /Hilkert may be a professional artist, Alan, but he is just an amateur writer. As such he is a fan and entitled to write fan fiction. His story is good. No doubt the others will like it. At least wait until you read it before condemning it.-ED/ Oh, why can't people be original like me? Oh yes, Miss Kenally's letter. Is she always good-natured about things? Personally, I don't know how anyone can read LIGHT and be good natured. /Or the other way about, Alan. How can an editor read your letters and and put out a magazine that won't leave people bad-natured?-ED/ So Miss Combs

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less clothes on? If I take any more off he'll just have a skeleton left-
A skeleton, at that!-ED/ Glad to hear that you met Van Vogt. I can
imagine the meeting and how you would enjoy it. How about some stuff
from him for LIGHT? /Van Vogt is a very busy man, writing, as he does,
for a living.-ED/ PLATE OF RED MEAT: quite an odd mixture of stf and Un-
canny material. Very well written, a little too much drawn out in spots
to suit me but after all that well worth reading over again. Prone has
a very good touch and you should get after him for some more. TO OTHER
SERVES: very good, Virginia. Excellent idea and reads good except the
meter is a little cock. Practise should help that difficulty. Just the
thing for LIGHT. DISS.C...L.S: well, well, Religion rears its ugly head.
Well, as I was told it takes all kinds to make a world. I'll bet you get
quite a bit of discussion about this article. Davis brings forth ideas
which are quite new (to me at least). He is quite interesting even if he
doesn't back up his statements with his own belief. His idea of mankind
evolving through ages to a being that requires no religion is not one
that would gain him much support from the Christians, or for that matter,
most of the religions except the Buddhists. MAIL BOX: Thank Ptc. Godfrey
for his kind remark, quote: "you really wouldn't feel much pain", un-
quote. It's quite decent of him to admit the fact that even an NCO has
some feelings. Of course, anyone in the wilds of Petawawa could not be
expected to have any semblance of intelligence. /chuckle! Godfrey is
now in Halifax at the school in electrical class.-ED/I'm afraid that
saying came from his instinct as I presume then even he has been in oth-
er camps and seen and noticed the sterling qualities, the admirable in-
tellects of all NCO's. /Well, Norman, I must admit that when it comes
to some things- you are an intellectual!-ED/ So Shirley Peck doesn't like
sex. How odd! And a female at that! Unfortunately, sex does have the
habit of popping up in very unexpected places /even LIGHT?-ED/, in real
life or even fantastic pubs. I am never amiss to reading or seeing a
choice morsel about good old sex. /neither am I, but shucks, everyone
isn't a Don Juan or another Rabelistic character.-ED/Poor Hurter--he's
drooling. Those would be puns, laugh and likewise Ouch! They're even
worse than yours, Les, that sure is going some. Here's one for you. /Dear
Readers: there are depths to which even LIGHT does not go. Lamb's remark
is therefore CENSORED-ED/ The MOR. I. T. II: ay, how gruesome our little
Les is becoming. You've gone and spoiled our LIGHT. Nevermore will it be a
fit present for Sunday School attendance. Woc is me, God, how lovely and
loathsome the ending is. The build up does not let one suspect anything
like the finish. Damn good, Les. More power to your pen. /pen? that pen?
I do all my work on a typewriter, as you know blamed well. Am letting a
little boil around in the old noggin: THE VENGEANCE OF SU LIM or some such
title but haven't thought up a vengeance worthy of my elite audience-ED/
CENSORSHIP: how could you say that 3rd paragraph about stf? You must
have been reading one of Edmond Hamilton's stories. That ain't stf. That's
(censored)! Yes, Deb, why is it that stf and wt readers are such a "write
to the editor" mob? Your answer that we are the elite etc is very nice
and goosy but maybe readers of other pubs think that they are the same.
I will say that I think that the stf and wt readers use their brains
more than any other class of readers; and that in the right direction.
My experience in the old mag store has taught me that. Maybe I was pre-
judiced in their favor seeing that I am one of them but I don't think
that it colored my outlook to a great extent. What, more comes by Virgin-
ia? Well, she is a prolific writer, no doubt. Those little rhymes of
odds and ends are always nice to see and read. Again, we must have more
of Virginia. FFI COME: I hope the info is wrong as I think that many
of the readers will sadly regret it. No among many others. /this info
has come in from other sources, Horn. It is the goods, all right-ED/

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SWAPS: where in hell did that section go? Whassa matter- too much good stuff to print this month? / the Swap Bulletin doesn't change enough in one month to be worth printing in its entirety. Each month, however, there will be listed extra swaps in small quantities to keep you up to date-ED/ BACK COVER: Idea good. Drawing good. Tittle poor. In case Peck doesn't know, the sling on the rifle is on the wrong side. (That's just showing off my superior knowledge of such things.)
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"LIGHT FLASHES" continued from pg. 3

with John Inglis in Toronto, I saw my source of splendid paper for this monthly effort vanishing. This has proved to be the case. However, there is no danger of a paper shortage just yet. I investigated the local print shop where the one and only weekly paper is printed. There I found I can get suitable paper cut to my size, running about \$1.25 to \$1.50 a ream, in a choice of ten colors! So you should be able to look forward to the day when LIGHT starts sporting a coat of many colors like Joseph's famous coat of Biblical days....IT WILL BE WISE FOR YOU TO READ THIS: STARTING JANUARY, 1945, LIGHT CARRIES NO STOWAWAYS ON FUTURE VOYAGES. EVERY COPY YOU RECEIVE MUST BE PAID FOR IN ONE OF VARIOUS WAYS: 1) SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IN. THIS IS ONLY 5¢ A MONTH AND THOSE OF YOU WHO SAY IT IS WELL WORTH IT. 2) YOU CAN PAY BY SWAP, BY SENDING A BOOK OR A MAGAZINE ACCEPTABLE BY ME, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WILL BE PAID TO THE EXTENT OF THE VALUE OF THE SWAP. 3) IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SWAPPER WITH A CREDIT STANDING, YOU CAN PAY FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION OUT OF YOUR CREDIT FOR AS MANY MONTHS AS YOU WISH. 4) YOU CAN CONTRIBUTE, YOU WILL RECEIVE A FREE COPY OF THE NUMBER IN WHICH ANY WORK OF YOURS APPEARS (exclusive of letters). THIS MEANS THAT THOSE WHO DO NOT SUBSCRIBE IN ONE OF THE THREE FOREGOING WAYS, AND WHO DO NOT CONTRIBUTE, DO NOT RECEIVE THE MAGAZINE. UNLESS: HE OR SHE IS A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE CANADIAN ARMED SERVICES IN UNIFORM. In distributing when the magazine is printed and bound, those in the armed services, cash subscribers, and contributors whose work appears in that number, will be looked after first- their copies will be wrapped and put in the mails before any others. Swap and credit subscribers come second. THIS DOES NOT MEAN FREE COPIES ARE STILL NOT AVAILABLE AS "SAMPLES" TO NEW READERS WRITING IN. Now, fans, hop in and do your bit. Canadians, support the only active Canadian fan mggazine that you have. Americans, Britishers, your material is welcomed and receives consideration and treatment equal to that of Canadians. 1. After some thought, advertising rates for LIGHT have been set and are, I think, very reasonable and very fair. To simplify matters, rates have been figured out on the page space: \$1. for a full page, 50¢ for half page or full column, 25¢ for half column or quarter page. There will be no lower rate than 25¢, even if the ad takes up only one line, the minimum is 25¢. For publishers of fan mags special rates are in effect, and for those with duplicating equipment who wish to print their own add on their own paper for inclusive binding with LIGHT...those readers who did not receive copies of ACOLYTE with your October copies, please pardon me. The magazine came in too late for inclusion. You will find yours enclosed with this copy of LIGHT. Please send all communications to Frances T. Laney and not to me....A. E. Van Vogt has moved from Thisteltown into Toronto proper to live for the winter...FANTASTIC ADVENTURES is starting to reprint "famous fantasies". They are stories from early issues of FA. Considering FA has been on the go only since May 1939, this is a hot one...well, I really must say good bye for this month. Time is precious so please forgive the apparant skimpiness of this issue. I'll make it up next month.