

AUGUST 1942
Number 119

Cover this month
by Helmer



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LIGHT is published every month by Leslie A. Crutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada. Price is \$1 a copy. Advertising space on application. Exchange subscriptions and ads offered with other fan magazines.

LIGHT
FLASHES

What's the matter with you Canadian fans? Have you died or where you never alive in the first place? Now, this isn't a plea for contributions. I'm getting enough, but they are from American fans, ones are promised from English fans. The Canadians, outside of a pitiful few, are falling down on the job. If they don't wake up they won't have a job! In Canada the only fans who have had material printed in LIGHT so far have been: (count 'em) Clare Howes; Ron Conium; John Mason; Alan Child, Nils H. Frone; Gordon Peck; Shirley Peck; J. Sinclair Hopping; Norman Lamb; Alex Saunders who no longer seems interested in fandom; and Ted White. IS YOUR NAME THERE? IF IT ISN'T, WHY ISN'T IT? You've had chances. You've had suggestions, definite requests for material. I wanted to run a series of autobiogs on Canadian fans to introduce you to the American fans and the English fans. HOW MANY OF YOU CAME THROUGH? Just exactly two so far. Norman Lamb and Shirley Peck. What a rotten showing that was. Yet autobiogs are easy to write. What's the matter, are you shy or just plain lazy? Now LIGHT has to have

material. Some have been wondering why the recent issues have been smaller. That's not due to material, but if I'd depended on Canadian fans it would have been. IF LIGHT CAN'T GET CANADIAN MATERIAL TO PRINT AND IT DOESN'T WANT TO FLOP WHAT WILL IT DO? Go elsewhere of course. Where's the closest supply? The United States, of course. Some of you may try to think up a bun excuse and say: well, they have more experience than we have. We can't write stuff as good as theirs when they have been doing it for years. Granted-but if you don't try you'll never be able to do it. Did Ackerman, Warner, Widner write that good when they started? No! They had to start small. They had to get rejected and thrown out on their ears. But they weren't afraid to try again until they made the grade. ARE YOU AFRAID TO TRY AND TRY UNTIL YOU MAKE THE GRADE?.....and now after that stumppping let's get on to more pleasant topics.....in Toronto it looks like Mason's GOONS GAZETTE is sleeping for a time again. Once before John got bitten, and he killed the bug before it took. This time he got farther. Maybe next time he'll get it all printed, and wrapped and addressed and then will neglect to put stamps on them!.....is ASTOUNDING's Hubert Rogers American or Canadian? Campbell announces in the August issue that he is now in the Canadian army!.....Ackerman got reclassified, you know, and is now in Uniform.....Ed. C. Connor, American fan who lives in Peoria Illinois was called and goes in end of this month. This effects us as he was sending a good many of the American prozines over we were reading....Cunningham of Texas, after reading Wollheim's article on a French fantasy magazine, has this to say: "Why not a Spanish Fantasy magazine for SA? Such a silly thoughts etc cetra."consensus of opinion on Wollheim's article was "poocy"...Cunningham also says: "Have U (see page 4)

the little girl was lost---- but she found a rescuer who showed her the way home- even if he couldn't see her!

a neat little story complete in this issue by one of Canada's top fans.....

HOME COMING

by
JOHN
HOLLIS
MASON



JIM FENTON DIDN'T HEAR THE SOBBING at first because his thoughts were in such a tumult that all extraneous sounds went unheard. He felt like an utter fool. Here he was lost in the forest! And when he'd started out that afternoon, knapsack on back, he'd been so full of his ability to look after himself, no matter what happened. He was only thankful there was no one with him.

As darkness settled like a mantle over the woods a queer feeling of loneliness gripped him. The kind of feeling men get in the far places of the earth, cut off from their kind.

He'd never had sensations like that before and suddenly Jim Fenton was afraid. Digging out a box of matches, he tried to light a fire and of course they were wet. He was just ready to blow up when he heard the sobbing.

It was the voice of a child- a little girl, it seemed- and she was crying with monotonous regularity. "Boo hoo. I'm lo-ost. Ohhh, I-I-I'm lost." It was barely aud-

Tracking the sounds through the darkness, Fenton reached the place where the little girl should have been. But there was no one there! Puzzled, he went on a little further. The sobbing receded.

Turning back, he retraced his steps. Again he came to the spot where the sobbing had been loudest. Extending both hands, he moved slowly back and forth trying to locate the child. But there was nothing. The sobbing continued.

Fenton wondered whether he was hearing things. Maybe the silence was getting on his nerves. Maybe his imagination- always irrational - was inventing something to keep his mind off other things. And yet-

"Where are you?" he asked.

The sobbing stopped abruptly and after a moment's silence a tiny, tear-stricken voice inquired, "Ooh- have you come to take me home? Am I really going home?" There was a childish delight in the question that only added to the man's malaise, for he seemed to sense eyes upon him and the sensation wasn't any too edifying.

"Yes, I've come to take you home, girlie. But we'll have to wait till morning before we can find our way out of the forest." He felt almost silly, but not quite. Then-

"Oh-h-h- then we're both lost." A pause. "But now I've got somebody to talk to, I'm not afraid any more. It was being all alone that made me scared."

He asked how long she had been lost.

"Oh for days and days," she said.

"Aren't you hungry?" Fenton hadn't a lot of food himself, but this poor kid must certainly have more need for it than he.

Her reply astonished him. "No, I was awful hungry the first few days, but after that it went away."

That stopped him for awhile. Finally he got out, "Do you live near here?"

"Our farm is on the edge of the woods," she said. "But I've wandered so far it must be a terrible long way to it now." She added as an afterthought, "Gee, Mama and Daddy will be worried. They'll think I've run away from them." The last seemed to be a horrifying thought, for she started to whimper again.

"Here, here now. Don't do that. You're going right home to your folks in the morning." Fenton wanted to pat the little shoulder reassuringly, but there was no shoulder to pat. Again he felt that feeling of strangeness. It was positively eerie.

Gradually, bit by bit, he elicited the facts. She had been playing near the woods with her dog, Skip, when the latter disappeared into them in pursuit of a rabbit. Afraid he might get lost, she ran after him and finally, despairing of catching up to the dog, discovered that she herself was lost.

For the first time she felt fear. Frenzied with terror, she ran wildly, without direction, for a long time. But she must have run in circles for when she finally collapsed, exhausted, she had reached the place she started from.

After that she just wandered around, trying to stave her hunger with what berries she found and looking for a way out of the woods. When Fenton came upon her, she had just about given up the idea of ever getting back to her home.

There were several parts of the story that didn't make sense, but he decided against inquiring further of her. Her name was Dot Gaynor and she was nine.

Fenton told her how he'd got lost. The voice of the grown-up man had meant a lot to her because Dot Gaynor had a pretty complete history of his life before dawn came. It was only the scarlet flush creeping into the sky that put an end to his reminiscing.

The depths of the forest grew lighter. And then the sun crept over the horizon. But though he still talked and heard the other's replies as the day waxed there was no sign of anybody else in the woods.

By this time Fenton was somewhat inured to the strangeness of the thing, but it was still more than a trifling disturbing to be carrying on a conversation with someone who wasn't there. He made no mention of it, however.

When the sun was clearly discernable through the branches of the trees, he climbed a tall fellow in an attempt to discover a way out of the woods. At first there was nothing but serried rank on rank of trees rolling away seemingly to infinity, then Fenton descried the edge.

But it must have been miles away and would take hours to reach. Crying his eyes to the utmost, he was almost able to make out a farm near the woods.

Dot was thrilled when he told her of his discovery; it was undoubtedly her home and she was anxious to begin the long journey right away.

Feeling peculiarly guilty, Fenton partook of a sandwich and half a chocolate bar. Then they got under way.

Hours passed as they picked their way through the thickly grouped trees and brush. By the time the sun reached the meridian, he was out and bruised and hungry as a regiment. He wolfed the remains of his food and wished there was more.

Again they pressed forward. Hour after hour they plodded on and as Fenton's hunger grew acute he maintained a running conversation with his companion. It helped keep his mind off the gnawing pains inside. They made the edge of the clearing just as the sun hovered on the brink of the world.

The farm was several hundred yards from the woods but a cry of joy went up from Dot as she saw it.

Her words echoes back to him as she raced ahead. "Mama, Daddy, I'm home! I'm home! An' I'll never never go away again..."

Her words died away in the distance. But just before they faded completely it seemed to Fenton that he heard a joyful bark of recognition.

Following as quickly as he could, he finally reached the farm house. As he approached he suddenly forgot all about his hunger, for the place was a ruin. Bricks discolored and falling apart, roof caved in, it must have been deserted for years.

He didn't stay there long for many things were clear to him now. And as he walked off across the fields to wards the road in the distance, it seemed that he heard youthful laughter and the bark of a dog

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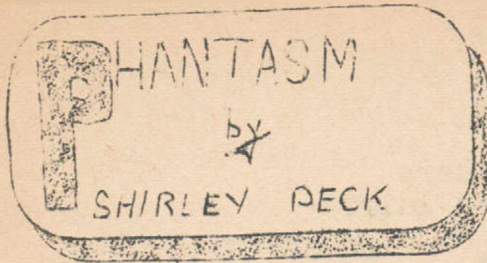
The End

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"LIGHT FLASHES" cont'd from 1

heard, we are against France of Europe".....Helen Finn's fazine STENCH is supported entirely by herself. It is taking the place of THE DAMN THING.....AMAZING QUARTERLY mounts in size and price: RAP in making good his promise of giving equal amounts in the quarterly as in the past is still bidding in 3 copies of AMAZING, and with AS such a whopper of a size think of what the present ASQ must be!..... Harry Warner has a new idea: it is to have fanzine publishers send him as many extra copies of their publication as they can spare free. He in turn sends them on to fans in the US army....What for a new fanzine that may make its appearance on the west coast, B.Columbia, named MEPHISTO; publisher, Alan Child, who, you may remember, wrote Cavern of the Damned and Cause for Rejoicing....our friend Vernon

Harry is now pitching hay on a farm in Southern Ontario with the picturesque name of "Green Lane Farm". We wonder if there are any pigeons there. Vern, you may recall, enjoys pigeon pie, well browned.....another clue to Canadian writer Van Vogt's identity has been let out by John W. Campbell, Jr. Vogt is a newspaperman. Now anybody know any such name on any Canadian newspaper? (I know he doesn't live in Parry Sound. Heh heh.) Maybe the Toronto Star or Globe and Mail couldn't answer this question. They have questions and answers depts. That could be a job for Mason or Conium in Toronto, and Hurter in Quebec could snoop about in Montreal when he is there..... Doc Smith of "Skylark" fame has been drafted into the army; He won't be in uniform but will serve in his civilian capacity, whatever (see page 8)



verse by Canada's only girl
fan.

The fog is crouching o'er the town,
A sodden shape, a greying mound.
Is that a ghost ahead I see
Or just a prank of fantasy?
Is it snakey, ghoul, or witch.
Or scabbles in the muddy ditch?

The grave-yard gates before me loom,
An iron spectre in the gloom.
Cold fingers grip my reeling brain,
A dread command, an urge insane,
I grope among the clammy stones,
That shelter long-forgotten bones.

I fumble at an iron ring.
My sweaty fingers touch a spring.
A ghostly portal creaks aside.
I sense the presence of a Guide.
Through corridors where echoes mock
My Guide and I like shadows stalk.

Skeletons hang in rusty chains.
My blood in pounding in my veins.
In their webs the spiders dance
While spectres whirl the wheel of chance.
Their wagers, lives of mortal men,
They, shrieking, laugh and bet again.

Into a chamber, censer-lit,
A hellish light, as from the Pit
Shines upon an ebony throne.
Where broods a horrid thing and groan
The burdened souls of tortured men,
Long-fettered in this gruesome den.

The hiss of night strange gods invokes
With solemn rites and dismal croaks.
The grisly monster, breathing fire,
Upon my soul his vengeance dire
Visits with weird mutterings
And promises of dreadful things.

And then it gates, "Here man, depart,
I practise now my evil art.
But e'er in mind, you mortal clay,
Remember, you'll return some day
And like the rest will spin the wheel
And my un-ending torture feel.

A loud report, a flash of light.
I find myself out in the night.
Around me wraiths of fog gyrate
And e'er remind me of my fate.
When will I die, and how, and where
And return again to that demon's lair?

Was it a dream of ancient lore?
Will I e'er go to Heaven, or...?

BARBARA BOVARD EXISTS!

Subtitle: As If She Ever Douted It.

An Ackspose by Ejjay.

This is an unsolicited, unexpected bit from Forrest J. Ackerman of Los Angeles, USA's #1 fan. The article itself is more than self explaining.

I have been derelict in my duty to myself & my fellow fangelenos by letting LITE's "Babsy" remain undiscovered on the home front all the time she's been making a faname for herself amongst U Panadians! But do U noe what? I thot BEB was a seudonym! Well, look at the picture for yourself: Barbara Bovard-- apears out of nowhere-- is featured extensively & exclusively in Canadian fmz-- while reputedly living in Los Angeles, hot-bed of fan activity. Why woud a girl center her interest in Canadian fandom when she didn't even get the Vom that was publisht practicly in her own backyard? (Odd coincidence: My st. no. 236 $\frac{1}{2}$, hers 1236 $\frac{1}{2}$) No, I assured myself, "BEB" is but a brainchild of lil Les Croutch, who latterly has brancht out under the same seudy in CENSORED. Well, there myt be a Barbara Bovard in LA--but she must just be a maiden aunt of Croutch's, or sumthin! No connexion with stf.

Elmer Perdue, during his LA sojourn, attempted to locate her; without success. Looks bad for BEB!

But then BEB apeard, complete with adres, in reader section of Fantastic Advs; & simultaneously on prospective FAPA mem list. This was too much. Too much for "man-of-action" Herójo, tennyrate, who, hearing me again dissertate on the Mystery of the Missing Beebee, declared, "Well, why don't we go over & see about her?" So befor I nue it we were ringing her bell.

Breathless, suspenseful moment, after the fatal act. The die was cast--what had we done? Shoud we turn & run? Woud we be confronted by a mystifyd landlord? Coud this be the end-product of long-range planning & a carefully baited trap designd eventually to lead us in curiosity to this door? Woud we be gobbled up- vanish from the ken of fan as mayhap others befor us who had attempted to uncover Barbara B? (in a nice way, of course--don't be coarse!)

Armd with FAPA mailing, current pro's & fmz, we waved our wares at the woman at the top of the stairs & babbled things about Did Barbara Bocard live here & was she the one who--?

"Oh, yes--I'm her mother--Bobby's out to a show tonight, but come up--I'm interested too!" Too! 2-in-1! What a discovery.

And Barbara--hereinafter referred to as Bobby--hapnd to fone while we were there & both Morójo & I talkt to a very interesting voice.

(writer's note here: This preface is being ritten prior to meeting Bobby herself; more upon making her personal acquaintance, which I expect to do

in the very near future.)

The Very Near Future has come & become the recent past: I've met Bobby at last! She came, she saw, she was conquered: We corralled her into the club (we didn't even beat her with it: She just volunteerd to join after participating in about half a meeting.)

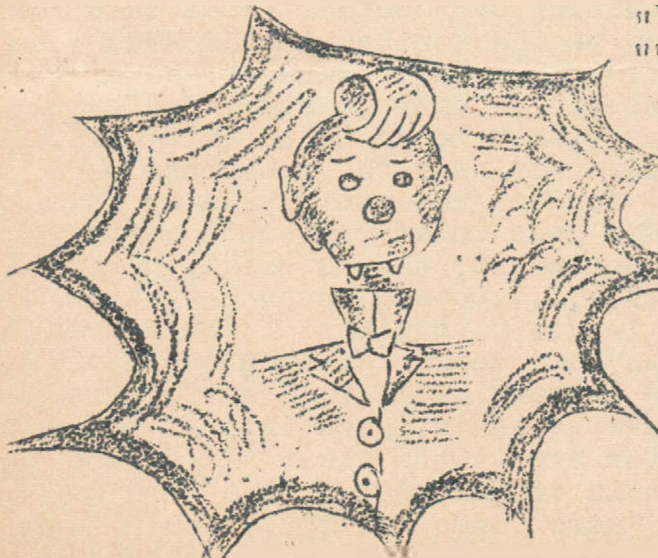
She is one of those rare girls who didn't enter fandom via the 3 routine routes of masculinity: i.e., brother, boyfriend or breadwinner; but rather was innoculated with the stf bug by her mother, who gave her Astounding to read about 10 yrs ago when they lived in Seattle & Bobby was so young she pronounced it "A'sounding" (that is, the mag; not the city).

What U all are waiting to noe, as I was, is this: Bobby began in fandom sevral yrs ago when damon knight pickt her out of a readers' col & dropt her a funny postcard. Bobby responded in kind, & they kept up a running, or praps I myt say funning, correspondence, "each trying to out-sillify the other." She rote "Daisies Will Tell" for Snide, which I recalled reading when it was mentioned to me, but that was bfor her name meant anything to me. I was under the impression she had apeard only in Can-Snags. It seems Hurter & Crutch both rote her for material, so she responded to them. knight moved to NYC, became a proartist & let his fm lapse, so Bobby was left in the laps of the Canadians. She never lookt up any LAers beuz she doesnt have much of a socialife & isnt the type to put herself forward. But directly she recvd an invite--she came ryt over! And joind the gang, U shouda seen her wandering around the club room taking in the originillustrations, the 1000 pro's, the many new fuz, the assorted fans (Yerke, Daugherty, Joquel, Freehafer, Morajo, Chamberlain, etc). "Find Your Kind on Terra if You Can" Morajo said in Guteto. I think Bobby has. And will stick with us. Unless--

Great Stf, maybe even now she's at home composing a Bovardicle entitled "Ackerman Exists Too; subtitle, Oh My God!"

//////////////////////////////////T H E E N D//////////////////////////////////

" MESSAGE FROM AN IMMORTAL by " " Shirley X Peck Jr III "



There are some of you who have never heard of the Smapey, and probably most of my readers have not either but, for the few who have, I write this.

You who joer at the mere thought of such a thing, who ridicule any belief in such a stupendous thought, you will also believe some day. Men with their puny ghouls and ghosts, their weak as water djinn and all the rest of the product of their warped imaginations, if they only know!

Even your blood-sucking vampires are less ghastly than the Smapey. It sucks no blood, It sucks your soul! It moves not in silence and darkness. It moves to the sound of tortured minds in hell. Its shape can be seen but all who see are no more. A mere glimpse of the area of white darkness that lowers over it drives human mad.

L. C. H. S.

You ask how I know? I know because I am it. Yes, I am the Smapey. You fools, you will soon feel my presence. I am coming to get you.....

Author's note: in case you want to know, the Smapey is my familiar. He thinks he's horrible, though he's a cut li'l guy. His picture is enclosed herewith. Does he look like the future conqueror of the world?)
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"LIGHT FLASHES" con'd from 4

that is....latest word on Ted White is that he is on a sort of medical probation for two or three months in England, and it depends on medical examinations and his health during that probation whether he remains in the Old Country or his invalided home!.....maybe my friend and your friend Hurter would have liked this to be kept secret but you know me: I'd see my own Grandmother's soul for a scoop, and so I tell you this: in Fred's latest letter he said, to begin things with a disgusting bang: "....I was going to write you that CENSORED" was going to suspend publication indefinitely...." then later on in the same letter he goes off on the following wheeze: ".....there were several reasons for this decision. Not enough material of the kind I want, not enough support from so-called Canadian fandom, Ron Smith joined the Air Force, hence no more silk screen covers, and I had no decent mimeograph available...." (Fred has been turning CENSORED out on the St. Andrew's machine) "....HOWEVER, I have just discovered a fellow who HAS and ELECTRIC POWERED GESTETTER MINEOGRAPH WORTH SOME \$700.00, what is more he has all sorts of stencils for doing lettering, more cutting instruments than I ever dreamed existed, and hordes of other instruments. What is more, the printing on his mimeo is adjustable. It will print anything from one to twelve inches wide. The standard mimeo will only print to a width of ten inches. Also, this fellow knows some other fellows who have a Multigraph, which, in case you didn't know, is the closest thing to printing this side of Mars. The machine uses a metal stencil, and reproduces drawings exactly. Over 100,000 copies could be turned out on a multigraph. This fellow I know said that he would see that the cover of the forthcoming CENSORED would be done on the multigraph. Yup, so after all there will be another issue of CENSORED, tho perhaps the last, at least until next summer. I just couldn't pass up the chance to turn out a magazine with such beautiful equipment available....CENSORED will be putting out another issue this Fall, and four in a row next summer.....Now re the forthcoming CENSORED; as it will be the last issue for some time, I want to make it one of the best. I'd like to get first class material, humorous stuff preferably. If I don't get the stuff I want, there won't be an issue this Fall...." There you are, fans. CENSORED is apparantly near the rocks and why? For the plain simple reason Canadian fandom just won't wake up and help support a good thing! If CENSORED goes under you won't anybody but yourselves to blame! Hurter has the equipment, the material, but he needs stories, cartoons, and so forth.....Does a science-fiction fan, a potential fan, that is, live in St. Catharines? I don't mean Miss Kenally, who is more of a fantasy and weird fan than a sfn one. I mean her brother who, she says, like it very much. Your editor has almost decided that this fall he'll have to investigate this in person. Of course, it makes a swell excuse for a week-end visit and anyone can do with one of those. Yessir, what this country needs is a good 5d weekend. "Also", pipes up Ole Mule, "more femme fans!".....when Ye Fo got back home from a week-end visit to Sault Ste Marie (I can see the grins on Conium's, Howes, Harry's and Lamb's faces when they read that!) I found a letter from the absentee big shot of Canadian fandom: Cpl. Ted White. You'll find much of what he has to say in the MAIL BAG, which, I am gladsurprised to say, is larger than I had hopes for. I have

taken the liberty of reprinting much of it that is pertinent to LIGHT and to Canadian fandom as I am sure you will find it interesting, and, also humorous in spots.....well, I guess this closes LIGHT FLASHES for another month. To you who kicked about last month's shortness, I hope this time it is long enough to satisfy you. Naturally, there's much more to do so we'll find LIGHT hitting the high spots in pages this month. So, cheerio until we meet again!

C O N T R A R I W I S E

by BEB

In regard to the difference between fans who read science-fiction and fantasy and fans who do something about it, has anyone done anything about that? Well, I've been thinking about it, and here's the conclusion to which I come. (With your permission.) Fans are those who read, irregardless of what they think or do--which is nothing, according to their silences--and should be called fans. The ones who form clubs, lambast the editors, write, draw, act, or criticize are ACTIFANS. All are fans, but some distinction should be drawn between them. Reverting to my old arguments, a FAN is someone who reads scientifiiction literature and does or does not react to it, but they're still fans. That's my history and I'm stickin' to it!

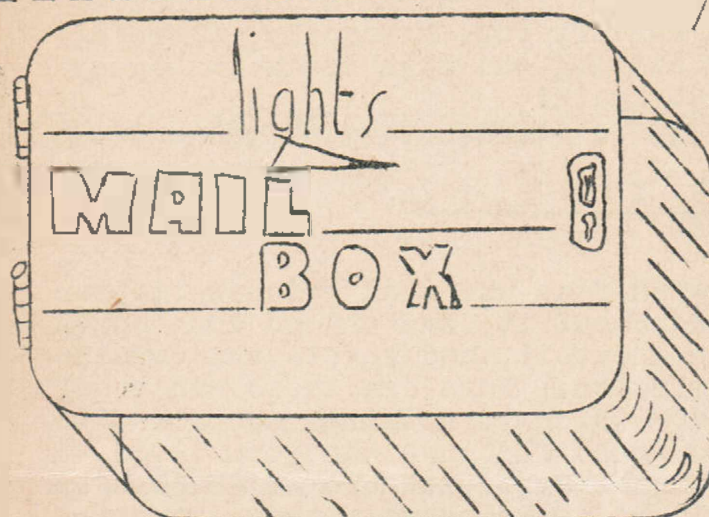
There seems to be an awful argument--practically bloodshed--going on between different sets of Actifans about science fiction and pure fantasy. "Fantasy", roars one side, "is a bane on the earth, a waste of good paper and material, superstition, fear, ignorance, and is keeping us from reaching the higher heights of Actifandom!" "Science-fiction," retorts the other side, "is a group of narrow-minded bigots who think that the world should follow their opinions, a bunch of cold intellectals who can't think beyond four dimensions, people who shut their eyes to the possibilities of things unseen!" Oh, it goes on like that for hours! Now, before anybody gets hurts, what's all the furse about? If a drift like that gets serious, it's liable to have serious consequences in Actifandom. Of course, the two don't mix, especially in one story, but if an editor choses to run a fantasy tale alongside one of pure science-fiction, surely, it shows that the possibilities of writing are far from exhausted. An Actifan can't be narrow-minded. If he does, he loses the tiny touch that makes him what he is, a clear-headed, clear-thinking member of the groups who have chosen to bring science-fiction and fantasy closer to the realms of ordinary thought and action.

That brings up something else. Some, I won't say who, are beginning to whine a little about the "sameness" of the stories now coming out. They cry that the stories all follow one fit pattern, that they can guess the ending long before reaching it, and that the editors are catering to one special type of writer who can turn out his stories like a stereotype. I--and hundreds of other Actifans--know that the editors of the professional magazines are doing their very best to keep from just that thing. Constantly, they cry for new writers, fresh material, something that is "different". They don't want junk, surely, but they do want something that shows promise of real science-fiction, real vision, real hope, real fantasy. The editors can't do any better than the material they have.

Is there a special law in Actifandom that governs the color of the ink that is used in correspondence and actifanzine publishing? Green, brown, purple, blue, red, and varigated. Does it have to be startling or is it merely an indication of publishing to come? My word! Look at the possibilities of flashing colors for action passages, love passages, hate and murder passages, and just passages. My, my!

Contrariwise, did you ever explore the possibilities of a good menu?

The End



/LIGHT assumes to responsibility for any comments, sulphurous or otherwise, made by the readers, who do so at their own risk! This is fandom's only uncensored letter department. If your letters are fit to read they're fit to be printed but for Gawd's Sakes, do remember you are civilized! Hair-plucking, hoot-foot, hitting above the belt, and other ungentlemanly practises are frowned upon and the inflictors thereof shall have their toenails pulled with hot tweezers and sent to Japan!/

First letter this month is from Private Al Godfrey of Camp Petawawa, Ontario. Your mag and note arrived today and after that I'll have my say. You ask to know just what we think 'bout LIGHT, it almost doesn't stink, the issue for July, I mean, the cover made my friends turn green. Don't quite know why your artist Frome, when he was drunk and far from home dreamed up this thing which has no name, it will not add much to his fame. Except for that LIGHT's not so bad, when nothing else is to be had. The tales could be a wee bit worse, and as for Norm Lamb's bit of verse, would be better if he took more pains, but then a sergeant has no brains, for if you're dumb and awful slow they make the dope an N.C.O! June's cover, that by Gord Peck, was good, I hope he's still on deck. Your details of your trip to town, think you did the thing up brown. I think that this guy Wellheim talks through his hat most of the time, for if these French have any sense and if their heads are not too dense they'll learn to use our language and then they can join our happy band. (This thing is awful corny, Les, but so am I, I must confess) Your pardon if I act too grumpy, but meat was tough and porridge lumpy. This army marches on its abdomen, beans will make a healthy yeomen. On guard last night I was alas, the rain it soaked me to the knees. But send on still your little mag, but off front cover leave the hag and put more stories that are comic, they can be funny and atomic. And now before I get the gong, I think that I will say so long. So greetings to you, tiny pal, from the sappy sapper, your friend Al. (Well, Al, after that burst, I'm sure the readers will want to be seeing more of your brand of "corn". Remember though, no army gags now, after all, we be still civilized!-Ye ed.)

From Vancouver pigeon-pie eater Alan Child scoots in on his scooter and gurgles through his bib. June LIGHT: the orange cover was very pretty, and the drawing on it was par excellence. (June issue was run off on several colors to test reader reaction. Ed) One would scarcely believe that it and that mess on page 4, which resembles the scribblings of a three-year old, were by the same artist....Parts of LIGHT FLASHES were superfluous but I suppose such stuff is permissible if you have lots of space....Both the stories were excellent with the DEVIL AND THE POSTMASTER perhaps a tiny bit the better. I do not believe that you did justice to CAUSE FOR REJOICING- starting it in the middle of the second column. Can't you lay your mag out any better than to do things like that? It would have filled a page nicely if you had started it at the top of the first column....D.A.P is indeed a fine piece of work. I was

L I G H T

almost in that poorhouse while reading the story. That's the greatest praise I can give you, if you want more, go to Hell. The second chapter should be even better but if it isn't I'll let you know. S'funny, the Devil, as you depict him, reminds me of you! (Every author puts a little of himself into every story. Ed) I suppose C.F.R. will raise many remarks from these fans such as "That isn't fantasy". How annoying to all those who pored over it expecting the elephant to turn into a zombie or for S'Amabra to speak. Fo'give me. However, for some who eat, sleep, and work in fantasy, it may prove a godsend. Some fans have a shell around them. Perhaps C.F.R. will show them that good down-to-earth literature is still being written. But am not so unorthodox as to continue sending non-fantasy. It will never happen again....Lamb's autobiography was swell. I snail ed at it most heartily. I refuse to make any remarks concerning Sholl's attempt....The MONSTROSITY was the best poem. PAINEGYRIC was quite good but Miss Gerace's verse filled my room with a vile stench! (Why doncha use Lifebuoy, Al? Ed)....Wollheim's idea is wonderful. French fantasy would be another step to making that which we adore, universal. CONTRARIWISE followed no definite idea that I could see. It just rambled along. Even at that I waded through it tolerantly, but when I came to 'A Fan In The RCAF' I immediately started thinking up insults to fling at C.H. I could say that it was a boring article showing the effect that a slightly unusual character has upon the bourgeoisie! But I approve of articles dealing with fans. This I content myself with saying A.F.I.T.R.C.A.F. was overly long and rather uninteresting in parts. Incidentally, tell Clare that no one (not even Vernon Harry) can be an atheist and agnostic. An atheist denies the existence of God. An agnostic says that no one can have any knowledge of God, a God whose existence he is not sure....the Book Review was O.K. if you like Book Reviews. Mail Box was not quite as good as usual....Sin nudes are senseless if done correctly. Fantasy nudes are swell but a nude of another planet should not tempt an Earthling anymore than a nude cow! (Golly, how you DO go on! Ed)

From England where he sojourneth and eateth his heart out, cometh an epistle from one of the apostles of fandom- Cpl. Ted White, who makes the following remarks, uncensored, ungarnished, ungentlemanly. He starts out on the February issue with.....I am referring to Mason's return of Ambrose". All I can say is, does John realize that this sort of stuff died out way back in the Middle Ages of the History of sci? Apparently not, so let us hope the comments in the later issues of your fair zinc have awakened him to the fact.....have just come across the january issue. This issue has a couple of interesting features. The cover was kicked around by Hurter quite a bit and little wonder. What happened that month, LAC? Did your mind wander around unguided? And NYX! Gruesome thing but thanx pal. I can't drink anymore without seeing that horrible thing and I'm all the better for it....CAVERN OF THE DAMNED is one tale in which I suspect a little foul play. Why did you have to print such a thing when you know my conscience would start to bother me right away? Darned dirty trick I call it. Auburn hair-brrrrr. And the last girl I was out with was a red-head!!! T'was a good piece of work though, give 8 to Child. The mark would have been ten but I cut off two beacuse of the scare he gave me.....everytho seems to like LIGHT but Mason. What's the matter with the grouch? Being the one and only critic with the idea the zinc could be better, perhaps he can publish that better one, huh? Hch heh! Can't be done, Mason, better forget your mad and admit you like it....A gal from St. Catharines eh? Grab her Les. We need more feminine interest. In the zinc I mean, not in the fellows therein.....Rosenblum hit the nail on the head with his remarks about my article with one little exception. I had a mad on at the time at all sci fans and wasn't looking for British fans, only books and mags. I

...the probability of a particular outcome is the same as the probability of any other outcome.

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