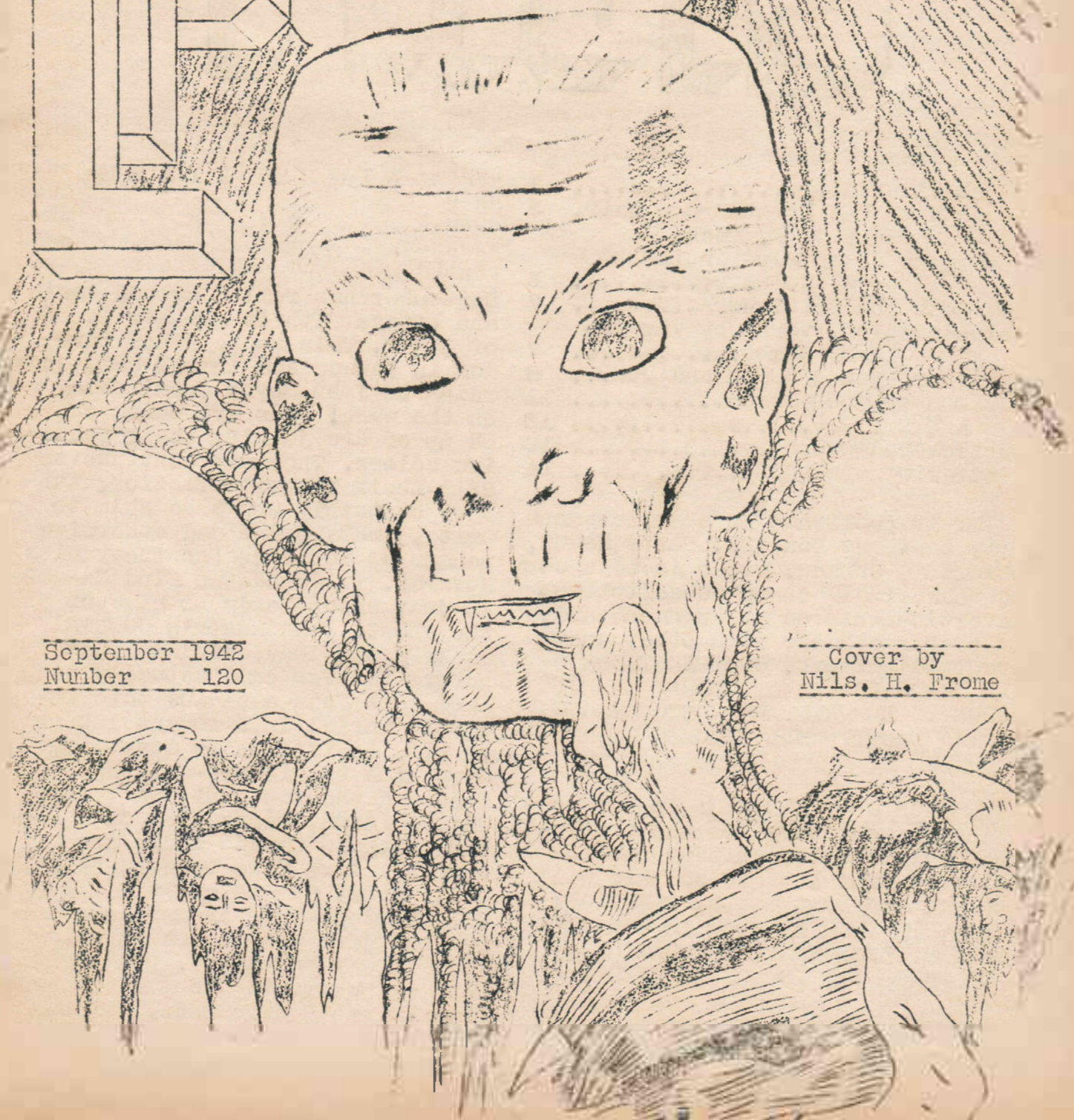


Hunter

WALT

September 1942
Number 120

Cover by
Nils. H. Frome



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September 1942 - - - - - Number 120

LIGHT

CONTENTS

Light Flashes.....	1
Genie With The Light-Brown Hair, by G. P. Peck.....	3
Biography of an Esperantist by B. E. B.....	6
Bad News for Dritishers.....	7
Reincarnation, verse by Virgin- ia H. Combs.....	7
Mail Box, you and you and you... ..	8
Cartoon by Bob Gibson.....	11
S W A P S	12
Subtle-shadowtoon by LAC.....	12
Contrariwise by BEB.....	14

LIGHT is published on a strict monthly basis at Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada. Price is 5¢ a copy whether singly or on subscription. Advertisements on arrangement and in exchange basis with other amateur publications. CONTRIBUTIONS OF ALL SORTS LOOKED AT. DON'T EXPECT YOURS TO BE PRINTED PRONTO, THOUGH, AS I'M PRETTY WELL STOCKED RIGHT NOW.

QUESTION OF THE MONTH: Is science-fiction necessary for the continued existence of amateur publications?? Best letters on this will be printed next month. QUESTION: WHAT, IN YOUR OPINION IS CANADA'S BEST SCIENCE-FANTASY MAGAZINE, AND WHICH ONE IS THE LOUSIEST?

~~~~~ LIGHT FLASH ~~~~~  
~~~~~ E S ~~~~~  
September has rolled around again and brings with it another issue of LIGHT. This month finds fandom in Canada and in the USA, according to John Meyer Cunningham, on the wane! Fans are being called up or are joining their respective colors. They may continue to READ their favorite fiction, but they certainly won't be able to write, draw, print and otherwise remain as actifans (courtesy Miss Bovard). In Canada we find CENSORED just about ready to give up the ghost. John Mason's GOON'S GAZETTE embalmed and laid away before it ever came actually to life. But John explains this indecent burial in a recent letter of his. He intends to devote much more time to his pro-writing this fall and the two just don't mix. Why, he asks, waste time on a fanzine when in Canada there are not enough active fans to warrant it. Well, every man is entitled to his own opinion. This is a free country (but just try to get anything free in any country!). LIGHT will keep on publishing no matter how dead things become here. As long as I can support it and have the time to look after it LIGHT will come out each and every month. In

THE
15s own small way LIGHT will keep alive the little bit of activity in
this country and will keep us fresh in the memory of extra-Canadian
fans. But LIGHT won't collapse, this fall and winter I think I can
safely promise my readers some nice juicy gems. I have some nice yarns
on tap by Canadian and American authors. To uphold the poetry section
there is enough verse to keep LIGHT going for at least a year at the
rate of one bit a month. There is art by BEB, Conium, Frone, Peck,
Jenkins, and others....more news on that man with the itchy foot, the
Wandering Jew of Fandom: Vernon W. Harry shook the dust of Green Lane
Farm, Thornhill, Ontario, of his feet and stayed a few days at Howes'
Hutch in Toronto the Good. Then he journeyed west to British Columbia.
He was in Victoria which he was most uncomplimentary about. It seems
it is much too too conservative for Mr. Harry. He suggests it as the
ideal city for people who wish to be hermits and otherwise withdraw
from the cold, inhospitable world. So he left there for Vancouver and
from thence will wind his way back to Los Angeles. Where he'll go from
there nobody knows unless Satan sends him a request to attend a Sulphur
and Brinstone party. But you can rest assured that wherever Harry is
there shall also be pigeons, big and small, fat and tall, with and with-
out feathers!....in case you wonder when you read the biography on one
Morrojo- she holds, I think I am safe in saying, the crown for being
America's Number One girl fan....Who is Canada's Number One Girl Fan?
Well, I guess Miss Shirley Peck is the only legit holder of that title
so far. She reads the stuff- and has some of her work appeared in this
magazine....Because of Ted White's letter in the August number I sent
a copy to his favorite relative, Sister Thelma White. Lately, to my
surprise I have found she has been reading Fantasy for some time and
likes it, though, she admits, she doesn't really understand it. Who
does at times? As a result, her name has been put down on the mailing
list. When Ted gets back home, maybe he'll inject some more enthusiasm
into her and we'll find we have a full-blown Toronto fanfan!....FLASH!
ARGOSY was recently banned from the American mails due to printing of
obscene and other objectionable matter. This according to WRITER'S
DIGEST....John G. Hilkert, our own live science-fiction artist on the
hoof had some work of his in the current Fall SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY
illustrating Bob Tucker's "Gentlemen, the Queen"! This is the American
magazine and NOT the abortive Canadian attempt of the same name. Quite
a coincidence as both Tucker and Hilkert read LIGHT currently. John
also tells me in his latest letter that the American Consular Service
in Washington has extended his stay here for a year longer....and now,
little chillun, climb up on to your Uncle Leslie's knee whilst I relate
to thee a tale strange and wondrous. It might almost have come out of
Anderson's Fairy Tales, it's a coincidence almost of the first water.
To begin with, everyone knows Cpl. Ted White and how thick Ted and I
are. LIGHT and Ted and I have been like that (fingers held up) for
months and years. LIGHT got its name one evening on Ted's veranda in
Toronto. That evening Clare Howes, Johnny Mason, some other worthless
goons and I were holding confab on Ted's stamping ground. In the back-
ground, preparing sandwiches were two ladies- the gracious Mrs. White
and a winsome Miss that both Howes and I eyed most frequently and which
I thought quite nice, Miss Thelma White, Ted's sister. Being so in-
terested in Fandom and publishing Ted and I corresponded right along,
and when he went overseas to fight for Democracy we kept in contact.
Last winter when I spent a week in the city I was around to the Whites
for one evening where I met his parents, his sister (woo woo!) and the
future Mrs. Ted. Now comes the meat of this tale, and anybody who ups
and calls me a bluddy liar better be prepared for a dool at dawn with
hoss-pistolovers. Regardless of the farcial being this may be written
in it's the truth, so help me Great God Klono, Ghu, Foo-Foo, Ingal and
other super-nacherool beings which is supposed to watch over all be-
(SEE PAGE 6 FOR MORE STUFF)

GENIE WITH THE

LIGHT-BROWN

HAIR

for those
who like
their
humor and
puns in

liberal doses, here
is another story by
that exponent of
Canadian fanhumor
who gave you "Hom-

onym"; "The Magnificent Session" and others.

BY SPACENUT GORDON PECK, BATT. E., KU-YJ.

ACT I.

PLACE: Fanville SFS Clubroom.

TIME: Late Evening.

Characters: Potiphar Pettigrew, man of action; Alec McDoodle, a bony
Sect; Gideon Gumboil, lernid; Alice Illusion, femfan.

POT (laying down UNKNOWN): Bah! Rot!

ALEC: What's atin' ye the noo?

POT: It's that thrice-accursed "Shottle Bop". Of all the-

GID: Come on, gate- elucidate.

POT: "Shottle Bop" is a flop. The way it started out and with that
masterpiece by Cartier, the author had to go and drag it out of the
"Warm Dark Places" class into the "Where Angels Fear" class. Focey-

ALICE: I like nice ghostly one. I think it was good.

POT: Aw, why did we ever let her in the club, anyhow?

GID: Because she's your sw-

POT: AS I was saying, "Shottle Bop" is punk. And I know the reason.

ALEC: Weel, spit it oot. (tunes bagpipes)

BAGPIPE: Zoom de doodle de zoom de zoom-

GID: Fevvens sake, quit it!

ALICE: I won't let you read "Skylark of Spa-ace" if you don't stop. (wags
finger)

POT: Well, don't think you can load it over us because you happen to
have a few moth-eaten old-

ALEC: Weel, git on wi' yer argyment.

POT: Well, as I was saying, "Shottle Bop" is a miserable failure. You
know why? (breathless hush) It's because the hero went to the wrong
shop! (cries of horror) Yes! The Shottle Bop in the story was a fake, an
imposter!

ALICE: And just how do you know?

POT: Because the original Shottle Bop is in this very town! (incred-
ulous gasps)

ALICE: Why, Potiphar, you know-

ALEC: I canna thole prevarica- prevorito- ah, liars.

GID: Do you comprehend the magnitude of your statement?

POT: Yes, I realize. And I'm prepared to prove it!

GID: Aw, sofa juice!

POT: The original is next to the post office, on East Nausea Street!

ALICE: Bosh! Potiphar, you know there's a vacant lot there, and has
been since the haunted house burned down- ulp! (slowly, haunted house-

POT: Well, let's go over and see. It's only a few blocks.

GID: ALEC: ALICE: Ok, but don't be disappointed.

All Exeunt.

Where is goons gazette? where is goons gazette? where is goons gazette?

ACT III

Enter Potiphar, Alec, Alice and Gideon. Before them is a vacant lot.

ALICE: ALEC: I told you so.

GID: You're right, Potsie.

ALICE: ALEC: You're crazy!

POT: Yes, I was wrong, but I saw it last night!

GID: Come here. You can see it from here. (Alec, Alice and Potiphar walk over to where Gideon is standing)

ALICE: ALEC: POT: Well, blow me down! (with a huff and a puff Gideon blows them down!)

A, A & P: Thanks.

POT: I knew I was right! I knew I saw it last night.

ALICE: I believe you.

GID: There's the sign. It says "Shottle Bop. We sell bottles with all sorts of junk in them". Aha! there's a difference from the one in the

ALEC: Weel, are we gangin' in?

POT: Comon, folks.

ALICE: I dowana.

GID: Come along. (pulls her along by the elbow. She breaks away)

GID: Comon Alice. Remember our club bath: "Alice for one and one for Alice". It's all for the sake of-

ALICE: I know-dear old SF. OK, I'll come. (they enter)

ALEC: Hoot mon, wot a ghoulish place.

Enter Artemidoru Skink.

ART: Good efenink, shenelmen. I can something doing for you, no?

GID: No. Let's go, folks. (starts to leave)

POT: (grabs Gid's arm) Don't be a sap. Can't you see this is the Original Shottle Bop.

ART: In bottles you somethink to see wishing are, hey? How about a bottle, jar, flagon, decanter, jug, flask, vial, mug, with a ghoul, ghost, genie, spook, snakey, werewolf, vampire, elf, dwarf, zombie-

POT: Oh-or-gimme a-a-

ALICE: A genie!

ART: Here you are- a genie it is. (lifts a gnarly green flagon-peers into it) Hum- a cute liddle feller is he. Now to me the price you are giving, eh? (grins ghoulishly)

ALEC: Whit's the price, eh?

ART: Your souls!

ALICE: ulp!

POT: Ulp!

ALEC: ULp!

GID: ULP!

POT: Did you say souls?

ART: Shoor. Shoor.

GID: Lemme outa here!

ALEC: Likewise!

ART: Shoor, just the soles of your shoes!

POT: Whew! (rips soles off) Here. (hands it to Artemidorus)

ART: (hands flask to Potiphar) Here you are. Thankink you. Hee-hee-hee-har-whoo-hoo.

POT: Wot'se you laphing about?

ART: Your soles I owning am. Hoo-haw-heear-howeehaw!

ALEC: Let's gang oot. (they all depart with... without opening the door)

ART: Heechawerayhelamohoo!

Exit Art.

ACT III

Time: 3 seconds later.

ALICE: Well, we've ~~been~~ been home ~~in~~ ~~some~~ now.

GID: That's (puff) right.

POT: Let's open the bottle. I wonder what's in it?

ALICE: I asked for a genie.

ALEC: Weel, open the bloody thing.

POT: (grunting) I can't. It's got two triangles on the cork.

GID: Seal of Solomon.

POT: Hm- must be old. Hmm- Open Sesame!

CORK: Plock!

ALICE: It's out!

GID: Do tell!

POT: Hey, look, smoke's coming out of it!

ALICE: It's a genie. (the smoke swirls together)

GENIE: Hello, boys.

POT: It talks.

GENIE: Are you deaf? I said hello.

GID: Er- hello.

GENIE: How did I get here?

ALICE: We ~~bot~~ you at the Shottle Bop.

GENIE: Don't you mean Bottle Shop? Oh, well, no matter.

ALEC: Hoo'ja get in thot wee bit joog in the feerst place?

GENIE: Oh, King Zoolimun put me in there for- ah well, it's a long story.

The first 10,000 years I said I would reward the person who set me free-

ALICE: Oh, goodie!

GENIE: And the second 10,000 years I said I'd make my rescuer the king

of the universe (gasps). Then in the third 10,000 years I said that to

the man who liberated me I would give a complete hand-written set of

Weinbaum's, Smith's, Merritt's and Lovecraft's works.

ALICE: GID: ALEC: POT: ZOWIE!

GENIE: And the 4th 10,000 years I vowed that the person who set me free

would receive-

FANS: Yes? YES?

GENIE: A BELLYFULLAHOTLEAD!

FANS: Gulp!

POT: Well- let-t-t's d-die like f-gans.

GENIE: Then after 50,000 years I said that-

GID: Gosh, what horrendous thing next? Brrrrh!

GENIE: I said that I would give them this bottle I was in (spreads hands in large gesture)

POT: Pheeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

ALICE: Gee, Mr. Genie, you sure are a regular phelloe!

GENIE: Well, folks! I guess I'll be toddling- so long. (vanishes in a puff of smoke)

ALEC: (stretches) Hoot, have I bin asleep?

GID: Gee, have I got a hangover!

ALICE: Ooh! My head!

POT: I feel as if I just woke up.

GID: Here's the bottle the genie left us.

POT: Hey, lessee that! (snatches it).

ALICE: What's wrong, Potsie-Wotsie?

POT: This bottle's got a label on it- "Four Roses, 90 proof". But this isn't a whiskey bottle. On the cork is the Seal of Solomon.

ALICE: Wow! Your breath is under the infloonce of alcohol.

GID: (grins) So's yours.

POT: Hey! Have we all bin drunc and dreaming, or did it really happen?

ALEC: Dinna ask me!

ALICE: What do you think, Giddsie Widdsie?

GIDDSIE WIDDSIE: Aw, mustache gas!

BIOGRAPHY OF AN ESPERANTIST

by
B.E.B.

Her name is Morojo- pronounced Mo-ro-yo- and she answers to that name exclusively. To all appearances, it is the only name she has.

She is petite, dark, and good-looking, with twinkling brown eyes, and an eternal smile. She's efficient, too; with a firm, if sometimes unladylike hand, she keeps the club accounts (the LASFS: Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society) in order, handles most of the business affairs and helps 4e turn out their magazines-- VOM--with a dispatch that comes from her business training.

She is working in a government office now, and she gets up six days a week at six-thirty to work until five-thirty or thereabouts, helping Uncle Sam's engineers do their work.

That's her pass-word; "help". She gives it, generously, readily, however she can.

In fandom, she is well-known, from coast to coast, north and south. Morojo is a by-word. She got started in fandom as a protegee of 4e Ackerman; she met him at an Esperanto meeting. There, they discovered each other's tastes and dislikes, and she became his right-hand man-- woman. She had read science-fiction ever since she could read, but never did anything about it.

Then she took up Esperanto-- believing as she still does--that it is the future language of the world. She was known in Esperanto circles before she came into acti-fandom, and she now publishes a little booklet, Guteto, a current digest on what's doing in Esperanto circles and why.

She lived quite a while in Arizona, and she loves and respects the desert. When she first came to California to work and live, she missed the desert, but she says now that if she left Shangri-La, Los Angeles, to those who don't know, she would miss it.

Her two final loves are Esperanto and science-fiction; she likes malts, sodas, and fruit dr-

inks, snows, and dinners out on Sundays with Ackerman. She works as hard on VOM as she does in her office. Her collection of magazines and art is really something; her walls are plastered with originals of the artists who draw for AMAZING, FANTASTIC, UNKNOWN, and FFMYSTERIES. She has some choice Fin-lays, Cartiers, and numerous photographs of screen stars, and starlettes, not to mention pictures of the New York convention. Needless to say, all her pictures have to do with science fiction.

That is Morojo, a very fine lady actifan.

LIGHT FLASHES

knighted and gallant hefans. Anyway, here Mrs. Croutch, mother of Big Les, comes into the picture. Mother mentioned when I told her of the Whites, that she wondered if by any possibility they might be a relation of hers. Finally this month--- August--- I started to satisfy my curiosity which had been mounting by leaps and bounds ever since. So I started tracing up the family tree with the help of the Winsome Miss with whom I was corresponding, and finally the great and ghastly secret was unearthed. Now hang onto your seats fans, for this makes Ontario fandom almost a family affair, and it makes LIGHT a regular family publication, for it turns out that

TED WHITE AND LES CROUTCH
ARE THIRD COUSINS!

I know this is going to surprise Howes, Conium, and Mason who know Ted and I intimately. I know it's going to be news to a lot of others who know us from our work. Ted has already beconsent a letter telling him the good- or might it be more correct to call it bad news?. It will be very interesting to read his reaction to this. You will know also as I intend to print what remarks he makes in the earliest issue of LIGHT possible.....

(MORE GUFF ON PAGE 14)

BAD NEWS FOR BRITISHERS!!!

Swapping with England and all other overseas addresses has been hit a serious blow, but such is the fortunes of war. Following is a type - script from a label affixed to some magazines addressed to J. Michael Rosenblum which were returned to me stamped NOT TRANSMISSABLE, RETURN TO SENDER:

TO CONSERVE SHIPPI- SPACE FOR VITAL WAR NEEDS IT IS NECESSARY TO REDUCE THE VOLUME OF NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS SENT TO CIVILIANS AND THE ARMED FORCES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND OTHER TRANS-ATLANTIC DESTINATIONS AS WELL AS TO PLACES IN CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA, BERUDA, AND THE WEST INDIES.

COMPLETE NEWSPAPERS OR PERIODICALS CANNOT BE MAILED TO THESE DESTINATIONS.

INSTEAD OF MAILING THE COMPLETE NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE THE PUBLIC ARE REQUESTED TO SEND ONLY CLIPPINGS OF SPECIAL INTEREST.

In the light of this, no more magazines or books can be sent overseas as has been done in the past to fans. As this cannot be done, it is highly unfair, in my opinion, to accept magazines and books which cannot be paid for until some indefinite future date and perhaps, in the event of the receiver being drafted and killed, not at all. Therefore, I, for one, request all overseas swappers to stop sending me books and material until such a time as the above regulations have been changed or amended in such a way as to allow shipment of the articles in requested. LIGHT will still be sent as it will be placed in an envelope and sent as first-class mail, letter post, and thus should get through without any trouble at all. In the meantime, let us on this side who are so fortunate sympathize with our British cousins and hope this damned mess is soon over with!

-Leslie A. Crutch.

REINCARNATION

by Virginia H. Combs.

Strange visions come to me, to me alone.
Strange senses mock my brain, as chisel stone.
Weird feelings beat my breast and gaze aghast.
To feel the new clay temple my soul hast.
And gleaning through the veils of earthly mold
Are other selves, which like heat waves unfold,
And jeer and mock me with the riddles dim
Which ever and anon upon my senses swim.

WATCH FOR THESE STORIES

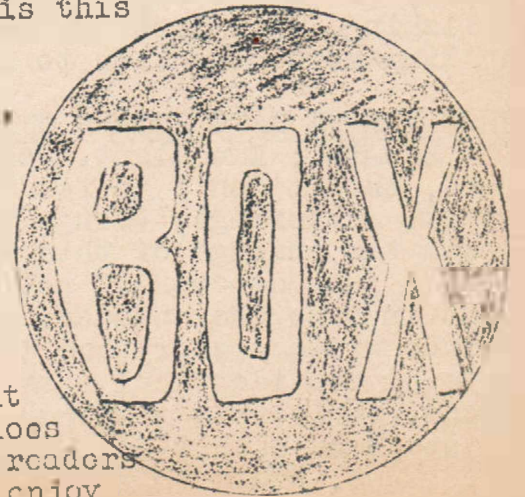
RODEO AND GHOULIET (Martian version) by Gordon L. Pock.
THE FATE OF RED BAT by Nils H. Frome.
RETURN TO LAKAR by Barbara E. Bovard.
THE REVOLT OF THE MAN-MADE MONSTERS by John G. Hilbert.



CHINE IN, GIRLS AND BOYS! HERE'S THE MONTH'S COLLECTION OF UNCENSORED, UNEDITED, UNPRINCIPLED, UNPARALLELED REMARKS. IF ANY BLOOD IS SIDED, LEGS HAMTRUNG, OR ASSORTED MAYHEM, MATRICIDE, SEWERBIDE OR FAITHICIDE, THE EDITOR AND LIGHT REFUSE TO HOLD THEMSELVES RESPONSIBLE. NOW GO TO IT AND MAY YOUR BLOOD BE ON YOUR OWN TOUPEES.

WELLHEIM MAN IN THE RING IS THAT UNSCARRED
STAINMENT WHO CALLS HIMSELF A LAMB BUT WE
DOUBT IT ...now for August LIGHT. Cover--

Mars? Damn good. Helmer made a very good drawing when he made that one. Shouldn't the loin cloth cover be bigger or are they midgets there? (Feelth, as usual) Readers are warned that any references to anyone this side of hell damned or damned in this letter is not only due to malicious humor but also malicious aforethought- Ed/ Light Flashes-- Thanks for the crack at the fans who want someone else to write. They should be ashamed to let one or two fans do all the writing. After all, Les, if they don't co-operate, why the Hell try to get a Can. Fannag. just pinch the American stuff and give it to them, it's good enough if they won't pitch in and help. But what of those who want to help and would if they were so talented? Why make the innocent suffer for the guilty? -Ed/ Wellheim's article seemed to have taken a panning. How many favorable reports did you get on it? Very few. Few enough, in fact, to make it possible to ignore the article altogether-Ed/ Not many I hope. As for Hurter's complaint, how many got the same treatment as I did; he sent me a sample copy which I wrote and thanked him for and also asked a few questions which I expected to have answered. That was damn near a year ago and I'm still waiting for an answer. I can see that that sort of treatment wouldn't get much results if he pulls it on the fans. Homecoming-- one of the type I like-- a ghost story without the groans and the clanking of chains, Mason's best for quite awhile. Very appealing, light fantasy. Phantasm-- Good girl, Shirley. I've read that poem over three or four times now, it was good, but definitely. The metre missed fire a bit but what the Hell, it was good regardless. 4SJ's cont. Does he know how to write in English? If he doesn't grab him. His humor is damfunny; Ida hard time standing it. Quite interesting, this discovery of a fellow fan through a fanzine printed 3,000 miles away. This article of 4sj's was written in "Ackermanese", a type of shortched English 4e uses all the time. An article or story by 4e written in regular English just simply would NOT be 4e-Ed/ Message- what, Shirley again? Who is this Feminemaster of writing? What does she have over our dear Editor that he prints two articles by her in one issue? Naw! No, Shirley, the Snapey is not the world conqueror, I may tell you who he will be some day. Meanwhile, just toddle along in your innocence. Contrariwise-- Please spare some of us fans, dear DEB. Speaking for myself, right now, this Army life prevents me from doing a lot of things not the least of which are: getting into fan clubs, meeting scientists and chewing the rag till the wee sma' hours about subtle points about stories. However, that does not apply to a very large percentage of the readers who are the spectator type who just love to enjoy



someone else's work, but cannot seem to do anything towards making a bigger and better sci-fandom. They are Apostates and if they cannot be brought into the field they should be Excommunicated and forbidden to bear the name of Scientifans. Fantasy and STF are two quite different types of escape literature. Personally I love 'em both but there are some STTFers who snort at Weird Tales and such. Why, I can't figure out. Then, of course, the old WTFers who say of STF: quote "Ray guns. Buck Rogers! Are you sure you feel all right, old man?" A pox on both of them. I say, let us have more and more of both types. Myself, I started with the old Argosy and went to W.T. Then AMAZING & AST., right down to Can. LIGHTLY. I've been reading 'em all for over 20 years and I still like both kinds. Let them who holler about the sameness in the stories get busy and plot out some new ideas; if they can't write let them send them to those who can. I'll bet any of the prowriters would welcome new ideas. Thanks for that very pertinent article, Les. Mail Bag - would have been up to the usual standard if it wasn't for the first letter. Who is this Pte. Al. Godfrey to go round insulting his superiors? Remind me to peg him if I see him. Is he a Private or a Sapper? The latter I think would cover it. I am waiting for Ted's story on Toronto fandom so that I can see what he did about trying to get them together.

A LADY COMES IN AND PITCHES INTO WIDNER. MISS MILD SHIRLEY PECK: I think Widner's remarks about my poetry were idiotic. How does he know I copy anyone's style if he isn't sure which one I copy? I wish people wouldn't make such vague statements. To tell the truth, I can't say that I have ever read any poetry by any of the writers he mentioned. I probably have, but don't remember. As for studying anyone's style, I read things for enjoyment, not to pick them to pieces. I suggest Widner do the same. Let's see what he says about Phantasm. How does he know what a "little girl my age" knows or should know? Have you heard the latest? No-Ed The Editor of Canada's Newest Fanzine brother Peck-Ed says he is going to VULCANIZE canadian fandom. Alright, Wid. Now it's your turn. Answer the young lady, will you? -Ed

OLIVER C. DAVIS WRITES IN I send tanks (not under lend-lease, however) for the two copies of Light and congratulations concerning them. They haven't been completely read as yet, but the work seems good, or, from the evolutionary point of view, gooder and gooder. The main thing that interested me slightly from the two copies was some mention which had this Shirley Peck and I in the same sentence. The Peck woman, who is she? So far, only contender for the title of #1 Can. femfan, Ollie-Ed Apparently some teen aged genius, genius girl; however, that material I've most recently read has a lot of imagination and some quite good poetry (from the esthetic sense) in it. Altho, perhaps, it could stand polishing. That last may be unkind. I'll let it stand as it is, without calling more attention to my fault finding.

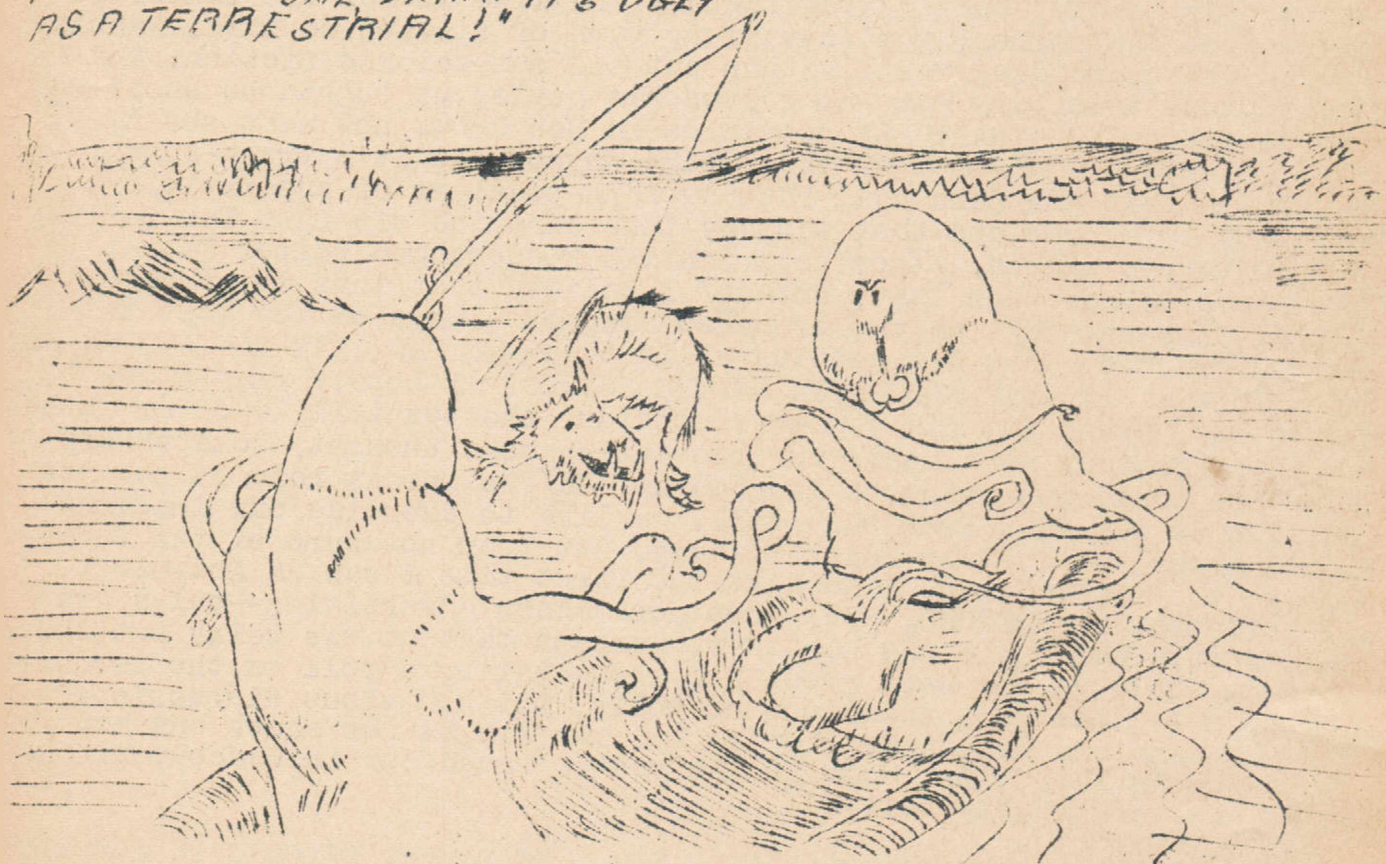
FROM VAN WE HAVE FRINED CHILD PLAYING AROUND WITH HIS BLOCKS AGAIN: HO ECOING: Excellent. Johomo sure dood it this time. HOWEVER: Very good, tho' I don't go for imperfect rhymes. (e.g. town, mound; neck, stalk; mutterings, things.) You noticed I suppose, the similarity between the endings of this and CAVERN. Shirley didn't copy my idea. She had it just as soon if not sooner than I. Clear this up with the fans, just in case they wonder. Coincidences like this occur continually. I once wrote a story and later discovered that the first two paragraphs were almost identical with those in the translation of a story of some Swede. This is a most common occurrence in writing, Alan, and reflects no stain on either-Ed LIGHT FLASHES: a little less drivel and a little more news. puts to you sonny boy or could I say Jency chile? -ED ERR-

CONTRARIWISE: /also comment. Don't you like our girl writers?-Ed/ Oh pardon me, I see you stuck in "Terrible"- Ed MAIL BOX: was good-- all the letters were interesting. Gee, I felt proud stuck in between two soldiers. Excellent pun on my name, old thing. Well, I'm hoping it was on my name, if it was on my character I'll slit your head open. /Ohhhhhh, what you just said!-Ed/ Now to view the issue a little more closely /as the doctor said when he looked at the new-born babe with a magnifying glass-Ed/: Cunningham, you disgust me. In case our Texan friend really had an argument re. Wollheim's article I am disgusted with you Les, for not printing more. Of course we are at War with Vichy, and what it stands for, but what bearing has that on the subject? If Germany produced good fantasy stuff, I would say, "Reprint it, why not?" Since French Fantasy got going it would really go over. It just needs someone to put it on its feet. Allow me to quote from a note by Arthur Machen. "In France it is agreed that imagination and fantasy are to work as they will and as they can, and are to be judged by their own laws. He who carves gargoyles admirably is praised for his curious invention and execution of these grinning monsters; and if he is blamed it is for bad carving, not because he has failed to produce pet lambs. In England, of course, we judge very differently; we lay stress on usefulness and serious aims, and Imagination itself is expected to improve the occasion, to reform while it entertains, and to instruct under the guise of story-telling." Is not this also true in Canada and the U.S? /no, I don't think so, Alan. It might with some fans but not with the older, more mature, died-in-the-wool fans. We read fantasy as an entertainment, not to receive therefrom a moral lesson of some sort of other. I know, personally, that I read fantasy and like it for the relief it gives from the common, garden-variety type of fiction we have. Fantasy is even better reading usually than out and out science fiction. And in the humorous vein, any man who carves his goyles up oughta be shot!-Ed/ One section of CONTRARIWISE convinces me Deb knows not what she talks about. I hope she doesn't on that point anyhow. If it's true--Jesus! She claims that sf fans call fantasy fans peddlers of superstition, fear, and ignorance and that fantasy fans admonish sf fans for failing to see things unseen. /They call AMAZING readers and Editor Palmer stronger things than that, Bub-Ed/ I believe that fans do no such thing. /Huh-uh?-Ed/ The two branches are not always on the best of terms, granted. What I'm getting at is this--WE WHO LIKE FANTASY DO NOT BELIEVE WHAT WE READ AND WRITE ON THE SUBJECT (I hope.) /Maybe so-- maybe not, Alan. But did you ever consider the possibility of an author using fantasy as a means for presenting some thought, some theory of his that would otherwise be laughed at?-Ed/ We merely read it because we like to get away from the world. We like to exercise our imaginations. After all fantasy means a fancy. But I am not sure of the fans-- perhaps they DO believe. I thought the first time I saw an Astrology advertisement in UNKNOWN, "Oh, just more cheap advertising--pulp are full of it." Perhaps I was mistaken. Perhaps that ad was being put there where it would do the most good! How about taking a poll on the subject? /That's a pollicat of a question- no polls, but how about discussions?-Ed/ Her name was Virginia. They called her Virgin for short but not for long. /Who's she, Alan? Some fanfan you've found out in Vancouver? Ohh who is he- you naughty boy!-Ed/

PA-TA-TETADEUM- A NEW READER MAKES HIS APPEARANCE. WELCOME TO OUR LITTLE GATHERING OF GOONS. GMR. BOB GIBSON, SO FAMILIAR IN READING WITH THE INDIAN ARMY. I've often wondered about Yngvi. The man in the green tunic may be presumed to have known him, but he offered no evidence about his peculiarity. Yet many condemned him unheard. You champion him, but again no evidence is offered. He either is or is not- prove it, you guys. /LIGHT just couldn't stand seeing anybody called a louse for

For so long without offering some aid, Everybody jumped on poor Yngvi and followed the line of the mob, condemning him unseen and unheard. This is a free land and nobody is a louse until adjudged so by a jury of his peers. SO I MAINTAIN THAT "YNGVI IS NOT A LOUSE! -Ed/ That's you paid for must have been made for me, except that I don't want it hot. [neither do I but I'm so goodnatured everybody picks on me and I never say a word-Ed/ It looks as though fandom in Canada is a distinctly flourishing growth. Yet I lived there all my life and accumulated magazines for twelve years or so, and never met another enthusiast. Had to come over here to get in touch with fandom. Notice an anachronism in Lamb's autobiography. Quote: "Ran into a complete vols of Argosy from 1915-1919 in 1929. Read them and became a fan of the Radio Planet stories." End of quote. Huhuhuh? "Radio Man" didn't show up until mid 1934. [Ed/], Norm- how come?-Ed/ I like the idea of a French stf mag. But it's mean I'd have to learn French. I'm a shade surprised that the absent postmaster was surprised at the devil's ability to handle the Bible. He knew his Book, and it contains examples of his Satanic Majesty's familiarity with Scriptures. Hope to see how it turns out. "The Monstrosity" is a neat and practical little verse. Am less impressed by Mr. Peck's illuminated "Panegyric". I like the one-piece cover- it is neater than the usual fan mag down the spine.

"In S. RE NO CAE WOULD WANT TO
EAT THAT ONE DEAR. IT'S UGLY
AS A TERRESTRIAL!"



Oh The Art,
Bob.

(continued on page 13)

list is complete and up-to-date to August 31, 1942. NBC- no back cover; NFC- no front cover; NC- no covers. Note the listings of very old and rare copies. Postage is paid to USA, British Isles and of course, within the Dominion. Please notice the extension of years the cover price evaluation is now in force on. In a later issue of the Swappers Bulletin, you will be told the price schedule in effect and how they are arrived at on various copies. Notice, also, the rather comprehensive listings of British Reprint Editions.

Prices on these are kept as low as possible but they are rather difficult to get, and with the new postal regulations in effect prohibiting sending of return swaps to England, most British Reprints will of necessity be cut off or become increasingly rare over here.

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Watch LIGHT for Future

numbers of the

Swappers' Bulletin to

keep you up to date on

what's new. CANADIANS,

PLEASE NOTE: NO CAN-

ADIAN MAGAZINES NEEDED

JUST NOW. PLEASE DO NOT

SEND ANY.

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

by DEB

IT IS GOOD NEWS TO HEAR THAT "CENSORED" HAS YET ANOTHER ISSUE COMING, even if it is the last. It has long been the consensus of opinion that CENSORED is one of the best put-together magazines, technically, on the Continent today. It was nearly chosen the best mimeoed by the FAPA, but a slight technicality ruled it out. CENSORED's mimeoing is by far, outside of VOM and NOVA, the best ever made.

How are the fans coming? What attempts are being made to change the fans into actifans? In fact, has anyone any idea about finding out how many people read science-fiction? There must be quite a few from the number of LIGHTS and CENSOREDs that are subscribed to and read---that is, I presume they're read. They might be used as crack-stuffers, so far as the editor knows. That goes for the pro mags, too. They haven't any way of knowing how many people read their magazines.

Not that they're losing anything. Most of Canada's magazines aren't worth the paper they're printed on. Something else besides bad bad drawings, reprinted American stories, and lapse of magazines could be used with that paper. Something should be done. Canadian authors and editors must have some ingenuity---surely, they just don't mimic their American cousins. It is so disappointing to get a magazine, well put-together, with a good cover, then find trash on the inside.

In case anyone is interested, there are a few good pictures coming out of Hollywood. There is a sequel to "Mr. Jordan" coming---it was called "Mr. Jordan Goes to Hell", but the producers decided they couldn't have an angel going to Hell, so they changed it to "The Return of Mr. Jordan". It will have the same Claude Rains and Everett Edward Horton, and James Gleason. Also, the horror picture of 1942 is expected to be "The Wolf Man Meets Frankenstein". Then, too, "The Cat People", with Simone Simon, and "The Leopard People" are expected to be good. Anyway, they ought to be.

Helen Finn is leaving Fandon--Actifandon. She quietly turned in all of her stationary, dropped her stencils in the bottom draw, tossed her mimeograph out the window, and tucked STENCH in its grave. I guess she found Washington too full of other matters beside actifandon. Whatever she does, we wish her luck.

Ross Rocklynne and the very pretty Mrs. Rocklynne were in Shangri-La a couple of weeks ago. So was Guy Gifford, bubbling over with ideas for cartoons. I presume you all know him. This Sunday of this week, Mark Reinsberg, the maitre of the Chiconvention, was in, and nosed about the town. He was very disappointed to learn he had missed seeing Ackerman by only three hours.

Joquel, editor and mostly author of SCORPIO and SPECULA has gone to Washington, also. That means that Gus Wilmoth, Director of the LASFS, will have to carry on "Shangri-La", the news paper, by himself. Any contributions from the North are welcome.

Contrarivise, did you ever see a Hellidid?

.....
FINIS:.....

LIGHT FLASHES

...I was the lucky recipient the other day of receiving through the mails a "Shangri-La Record", called by 4sf the "first fan record into Canada". It was a recorded letter from the LASFS to me, containing therein the recorded voices of such fans we usually hear about

but never hear; Ackerman, Bovard, Wilmoth, Moroyo, Hodgkins, and Daugherty. The flexible disc was about 6½" in diameter and was recorded on both sides....Well, all good things have to come to an end and if I don't end LIGHT FLASHES here it's liable to ramble on forever. Bye now.

AND FROM ST. KITTS COMES MISS VI KERRALLY. HIYAH! TOOTS! From where I sit LIGHT seemed a lot more interesting this month than last. /how about this one, Vi?-Ed/HOMECOMING by Mason was well done. LIGHT FL-ASHES- hmmm, Les is a trifle annoyed, I think! (?) Fans getting raked over the coals for laziness. Well, they don't all have the Parry Sound energy. /What energy? Parry Sound has no more than any other town. So cut the flattery, Honey-chile-Ed/CONTRARIWISE- Bob says there are "fans" and "actifans" which alibis us nicely. /no, I don't consider it does in the least-Ed/But what I liked best of all was PHANTASM by Shirley Peck. Very, very good- she's got what it takes-and the ex-ceedingly funny letter-poem from fan Al Godfrey at Camp Petawawa; he's a right funny guy. More power to him, and seeds of good luck also. And I also say "poocy" to Vollheim's idea of a French fantasy magazine. Let 'em speak English. It's a darn fine language! /HEAR! HEAR!-ED/

/oh you kid!-Ed/

DO ANY OF YOU KNOW WHAT ADAM LINK WAS SINGING AS HE WENT TO SEE EVE LINK? "....OH I GOT NUTS THAT JINGLE, JANGLE, JINGLE AS I GO STRIDING MERRILY ALONG...."

/adv/

M
E
P
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T
C

another Canadian fanzine that is trying to get started and needs material. Send your junk to Alan Child in his playpen at 680 Kingsway in Vancouver, British Columbia and see how quick it comes back. It's surprise you!

F L A S H! Our wandering reader, pigeon-pie Verne Hurry, is now in Las Vegas, Nevada. Says he: "lotsa pigeons, but they are all half-baked. Must'be the heat!" From his letter, I think he'll be back again in Canada.



WHAT SIT

by VIRGINIA
H.
CONIBS