number COVER THIS HOWFH: D. ELDER



[D D D D D Con ten D 0 Light Flashos The Fate of Red Bat (fiction) .. Nils H. Frome To Other Selves (verse) Virginia H. Combs..... 5 Dissertation on a Lost Soul (article) Oliver C. Davis..... 6 Canadian Fan Directory (informative)8 The Mail Box (letters by the readers)........................9 Light is published on a monthly basis by Leslie A. Croutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada. 5% a copy straight. Adevrtisements on arrangement and in exchange with other fan publications. Material of

all kinds wanted.

HESPOIDE TO REPEATED EDITORIALS ABOUT WITERIAL HARRIET BOTH ANY TOO HOT! I DION WHAT BOTH OF 80 YOU ARE THINKING IN ALL LIKELIHOOD, "CROUTCH 00 LIGHT RITASITES 00 MOUNT HAS HAPPENED TO CORS? IF HE CAN'T PRINT WHAT HE HAS GOT THE WAY IS HE YELLIED FOR MORE?" I'LL EXPLAIN, LIGHT HAS SUFFICE MY MATERIAL TO RUN THE YEAR OUT AT THE PRESENT RATE OF COING, BUT IT HEW HATERIAL DOESN'T COME IN, WHAT ABOUT THE NEW YEAR? THERE IT OUT THE SELVES On the eredit side of the ledger we find Miss Virginia Combs, or should I say Hrs. Virginia Anderson, Nee Combs, as she is a bride of three past three months, according to her latest letter. She has promised material later on so that makes a new contributor to LIGHT. An American by the way, or rather, a United Station! But I want to dee aturf by you Camadians, you there in Nova Scotia, and you in Toronto and you out there in British Columbia, On hand is material by Contum, Child and Peck! Three Canadians, Is LIGHT going to become a Canadian publication filled by material from south of the border? Figure for yourselves and see what the figures add up to. If it happened say I didn't warn you! ... there doesn't seem to be a thing to regard this month. The Canadians are dropping down when + comes to letter writing and it is from letters I get the dope to fill this column. forhaps bythe time this goes to press we'll have something for you, but (DCB:5)



of the past few hours; the multiple murder, the rich prize in durite objects piled indiscriminately in a corner of the dingy interior of the spaceship, cleaning dully in the feeble helium light, on the proceeds of which he would be able to retire for life if he chose. But murder

was no new emperience for Red Bat.

If he felt anything at all about what he had done, it was congrequented himself on his eleverness. It had been an ingenious trick to discourse in the uniform of the patrolman he had slain and pose as the curadi n sent to these other wordlings by Earth Government and get the pla man who was the head of the little asteroid world to show him the durite objects of which he was custodian, or which he had heard in an

ampha-snoke filled dive on Phobus.

Durite. In the 21st century it was the most valuable or all substances. Without it spaceships could not fly. A durite-impoverished system cried for it. As little as an ounce or two was sufficient to send a hundred ships from Earth to Pluto and back, but only a few ounces on the precious metal had ever been found- in a meteorite. Scientists had searched the system and scanned the spectrum of the stars in vain for it, for the past twenty years. Within another twenty-five, unless a further supply of the all-important metal could be found, the east interplanetary empire the Earth had built up would become only a glorious memory. Power, wealth, everything would be his for the asking who brought the durite-starved system an ounce or two of the metal, and in a heap in the corner he had objects of durite totalling several pounds at least.

He leared and licked his sensual lips as he thought of that pretty little creature who was the daughter of the old man he had killed, and what he had done to her, how she had screamed and then screamed no more.

The had devoted the time he had spent reading Venerian Love Tales to Cosmographic Monthly, he might have learned something of the storm of controversy the strange world-bound civilization of Fallos eccasioned in scientific circles when an emergency landing on the little asteroid of one of the early space pioneers had inadvertently thrust it into the scientific limelight and itinery or all interplanetary tourists. There was a mystery of how the simple people of Fallos not to their bare asteroid world, since they seemed to have utterly no scientific knowledge. They lived in the most primitive manner. They seemed to have no history, only a legend about a life long ago on answorld which had been destroyed by collision with a gigantic pro-

jestile. Their forebears had escaped by means of a mastery of the art of teleportation unith all their race had known then. By this means they done to the asteroid about the time of the last great ice age on the Earth, and there was no sign of human tenancy on Pallos prior to that approximate period. According to the legends, all human life accently had spread through the universe from the destroyed planet with their powers of teleportation which they had possessed before they ate the

If, instead of being so anxious to obtain them, he had examined the graven discs of durite when the old man had shown them to him, he would have seen that they had carven on them in exquisite bas relief weird scenes of another world than the bleak rocky asteroid familiar to space-travellers, a verdant, beautiful world, a world being struck and reduced to fragments by a monstrous rock from space, and others wich showed vast swarms of human beings with the same beautiful faces and physiques as these savages, swimming in space beneath the stars, without any medium. But these conjectures of scientists meant nothing to him- he would have scoffed in his hard soul if he had been aware of them.

A fabulous heard of durite right under the World Government's nose, guarded by a race of child-like people who didn't even have sense enough to have locks on their doors, and no one had ascribed any value of to them save a lot of old fossils, until a young adventurer had seen them and had the sense to steal one and have it analysed, only to be foolish enough to enlist the services of Red Bat and be killed for his pains, after having told all to him. Ignorant animals, he sneared,

they didn't deserve to have the durite.

Yes, he congratulated himself, it had worked out without a hitch. He started thinking what he would do with his priceless hoard of durite. A certain planetary government had long desired to colonize Earth, which was a decided improvement over their cooling outer planet, but the earth was already overcrowded. Earth would not hear of it. But with Red Bat's durite and their superior scientific resources, no civilization of any world could withstand the combination and their ancient dream of colonizing a younger world nearer the sun could be realized. They would be folling over themselves to make a deal with him for his durite. He vaguely thought of the terms he would make...the fate of the inhabitants of his native world did not concern him in the least...

He happened to glance, with a triumphant smirk, back through the stern port at the swiftly receding world. Then he noticed a motionless speck, like a fly speck, on the pallid disc of the distant asteroid, which he had not noticed before. Fursuing a course parallel to that of the spaceship and gradually overtaking it was what he guessed was a meteor. Nothing dangerous, of course, only a body of meteoritic matter of inconsiderable size, not really travelling fast enough to do much damage even if it should happen to hit the ship, but better to take no chances. The fact of its presence in that particular sector of space between the ship and the asteroid signified nothing not accountable by known laws governing bodies in space. The change in the course of the vessel a degree or two to one side to enable the body to pass him by to keep its urgent appointment with eternity was quickly effected. When he again looked out of the stern port a body darkened the part of the lise of the asteroid, only slightly larger than before.

For a moment it seemed to him that the space rock had deliberately changed its course. Then he shrugged the feeling off with a snarl, he did not know much theory, but he was no sluch where anything to do with practical navigation was concerned and he knew that objects in space are compelled to travel its original path in the absence of any outside force. "I'm getting jumpy, space-whacky. Just another damn meteor; he muttered. But this time he picked up a telescope and trainedit on that mushrooming object. Then he dropped the instrument as sharp super-

itious fear stabbed through him agonizedly.

Ho recled back from the port, his face blanching, his eyes starting from their sockets. What had he seen? He asked himself the question anguishedly. Had he seen a meteor out there in space or had he looked upon a thing which by rights should by now be stiffening in a pool of blood back on the asteroid where he had left him to diem had he for an instant stared into impersonally accusing eyes which seemed to search his very soul. The seemed to see them still; Never had he seen eyes so impersonal, so sad and inexpressably weary. In the eerie light which exists in the ether between the worlds, with its violent clasnes or light and darkness, where there are no softer tones of shadow, it seems ed caricatured in grotesque, inhuman planes like the nightmarish creation of a surrealistic artist. In his rancy the thing seemed in that moment to be hurtling toward him at the speed of light.

He fought himself back to sanity, forced himself to rationalize what he had seen, tried to tell himself it was only a hunk of peculiarly shaped meteor-matter which had been plummeting through the cosmos long before he was borng and would be hurtling through the ether after he was dead, unless some planet or star took it in tow, or some fellow wanderer of infirity intercepted it. He had underestimated the strain of the last few hours on him, and had allowed his eyes to play tricks with causing him to see in a rock with superficial resemblance to head and the shoulders of a foreshortened human body, the likeness of the man he had murdered. A further glance through the rear port at the speck, now much magnified to what it had been when he first had noticed it, galvanized him action. He the controls at full

speed.

The ship groaned at every seam at the unreasonableness of his unprecedented demands, but responded with a surge of speed. Dials told of velocity such as they never had before as the rocket plowed through the ether with ever increasing momentum. His horror-glazed eyes went to the rear port- and he screamed in an ecstacy of terror. He had given the ship all she could take-and might as well have been motionless. The incubus, as if unaware of any increase in speed on the part of the rocket, was overtaking the ship, slowly but surely closing the distance between them, at the same rate in relation to the ship as before. The spaceship was doing her limit but he could not shake off this monster. There, in the emptiness of the void, travelling at thousands of miles a minute, Red Bat experienced the emotions of the damned. No need now for a magnifying instrument- no longer any doubt about the identity of his nemesis! The shape was now in the shadow of the spaceship---now it had passed beyond view of the port---

Frantically he looked around the cabin, but nowhere was there any place he could hide. Almost fainting with horror, he watched for what he knew must come next- he felt the vibrations of the outer air lock door of the old ship being opened from space, then the inner door of the air-lock chamber swing gratingly open and he was no longer alone in the small confines of the interior of the spaceship- though he never felt more alone in his life. Bringing in with him all the cold of space, the man he had left to die, the father of the girl he had wronged had come into the cabin- no ghost but a real, tangible, inexorable physical

force.

Inexorable and impersonal like some cosmic law, a horrible smear of blood matting his white hair, yet with a kind of majestic dignity, deaf to Red Bat's hysterical pleading, and threatening, the old man came on. He seemed to tower over Red Bat- almost touching him. Just as the horror was almost touching him, Red Bat, summoning the last shreds of his sanity, jerked the revolver up from where it lay on the compass pillar beside him and blazed away at the monster- again and again until the cartridges were exhausted.

The first shot sent the horror whirling off balance to the floor. Ike an automaton he climbed to his feet and never feel again- but came

on, jerking only with the shock of the bullets ripping through him, then Rid Bat felt hands fasten upon his throat, throatling the life out of him. Red Bat screamed out the last shreas of his sanity before he passed through the doors of death.

TO OTHER

by Virginia H. Combs

SELVES

This stymied, chilling planet Whose veins once flowed with fire, Now clogs its pores with granite Nor holds power to inspire.

. Long, long ago I loved thee, When thou and I were young. But now, almost I hate thee, Dust chokes my spirit's tongue.

No more I pour thee praises That I was wont to pour, Until creation's hazes Descend on us once more.

My tongue is numb with speaking, My heart is frozen hard, My spirit, bowed to breaking Lies prone upon thy sward.

Littliff of the prone upon thy sward.

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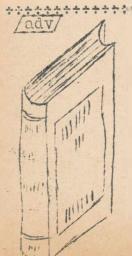
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/WARGIL FOR THESE STORIES/

RODEO AND GHOULIET (Martian Version) by Gord. Peck.

RETURN TO LA KAR by B. E. Bovard. REVOLT OF THE MAN-MADE MONSTERS

by John G. Hilkert.
SAVED BY THE PILL by Art L. Widner Jr.

HEARTBREAK by Alan Child.

"LIGHT FLASHES"-con'd from page 1 til then guess I'll just have to muddle on through, as the British say....LIGHT'S contributor, Miss Barbara Bovard, received a check from the Fictioneers for an article she and Weaver Wright did together. Which makes another fan gone pro. Lot's all hope she click's again and soon....Ackerman is stationed at Fort MacArthur in California ... arrangements are being entered into with the publishers of ACOLYTE to distribute to LIGHT's readers (permanent ones) as many free copies as it is possible to obtain. The magazine is gratis, anyway, you know....it is a very good first attempt and well worth reading September 10-14th (more on pg.7)

THE REPORT OF A LOST SOUL

Cpl. Oliver C. Davis (LESLIE HLS, BEING A GRACIOUS CHAP, INVITED HE IN FOR A FEW WORDS. THE EXCUSE WAS COMPATIED IN A COUPLE OF LETTERS IN WHICH I TALKED ABOUT RE-LIGION IN A QUASI-INTELLIGENT AND DISCONCERTING WAY. ((OF COURSE, I'LL PROBEBLY NOT CORPECT LYSELF, BUT MY SOURCES OF INFORMATION HAT BE.)) I WORLT SAY THAT I BELIEVE ALL THIS MYSELF, ALTHOUGH I QUITE PROBABLY DO. I WOR'T EXPECT YOU TO ACCEPT AMY OF IT, BUT I'LL BE DISAPPOINTED IF YOU DON'T,)

My introduction is done. Now, for this matter of religion.

Is it true that the belief in something beyond and superlative to our best powers is importative to the mental life of any intelligence which has not yet itself achieved a god-like stature? It may not - I merely ask; but any sentience which is as self conscious as our own would inevitably worry about its own end results and the propagly true end result of simple and utter extinction after death isn't very encouraging.

There is such a thing as brain power which we'll finally be able to measure in particles of volts, ohms, and amperes, (I suspect my personal ohnage will be far over the voltage!) or at least I choose to believe that there is. If so, purely evolutionary development ought to put it on an independent stage in a few millions of years. We have, that is the necessary raw material to become immortal within the present existence, but we have a lot more waiting to do before evolution gous around to that.

A good Christian would claim outright that there is no point in waiting, that the same result can be had in death.

It's an impious lie.

Impious that is, in that my personal religion, if I have any, is the human race and its potentialities in the next fifty million (or so) years. We'll obtain at last eternity and as much bliss as we make for curselves, have probably tremendous powers and a good deal more than dominion over valm and pine. (No, there is not a necessity for being anthropormorphic in relation to our present existence!) Purely mental essentials, movement at the speed of light if not that of thought, escape from physical hungers, especially that of sleep, all go along to make us at least the equal of our current idea of God. Being human, however, if and when we achieve that, we may still have something in our minds tremendously further, tremendously better; just as we now are better than the divinity of two-thousand years ago except in still being mortal. God, like all things, is definitely a limited objective.

But the main question still is, could we advance at all without an idea of God? Commonly, we believe in life after death, and so go about making what we can of the present, trying to be comfortable as we await ecstacy in the hereafter. If there were no hereafter, and we were dead certain of it, would the race as such be capable of survival? Frankly, I thik it would, now; but would it fifty-thousand years ago? We've come far enough to see the possible answer; but the Australian aborigine dies out because he cannot face the terrific mental powers of the white man. . . self-conscious race suicide of a sort. What if man had always been certain from the time of his first clear thought that there was nothing for him better than what he achieved on earth? Would he always be willing to keep on keeping one?

There is one point to the foreward look, now that we have already proceeded the initial conceptions of God, but there might not have been

and the same and t to a thinking being -- albeit thinking dimly -- of meat for food the next day, of a cave with line always no matter what. There may be a stage where race connectameness surpasses self consciousness, and it may be there that the thinking being loses his need of a personal god. That obviously still hold to one is neither important nor surprising; we are merely more comfortable so, and changes may come swiftly after this war with a new internationlish and a bet or world to live in (This assuming that religion usually is the luxury of the uncomfortable and incompetent.)

All of this is too general, I know, at least until the definition or god is cleared up; I've talked mostly in the nurrow terms of Christian definition ... which is the from commonly monotonic the common to have and in mind the broader idea of God, especially when specially of the earlier divinities that we have already physically exceeded. The definition I offer is the one propounded by a man whom I believe will come to be called great, the hold or the Department of Psychology at

UCLA, Dr. Knight Dunlan.

The idea, in essence is that the Godhead comprises mans' attempt to secure by supernormal means that which it was not in his power to

achie ordinally

This is the god that for a long time remained just as mortal as his desciples, in his second phase the god of sacrifices and claborate prayers. This is the divinity men prayed to for full crops, large herds, and many children, the founder, as it were, or the stork club.

That the founder, as it were, or the stork club.

That the founder, as it were, or the stork club.

the check, is a highly personal and I suppose, perfectly athiestic

point of View.

It is alloyed and tempered with the belief that the ordinance and subsequent stagnation of mar is just as wrong as evolution is many that fatalism is just as probably fame as circumstantialism is probably true. That, in the dedication of lan to himself as the best thing in nature or heaven we shall fine the reason for our being, the answer to all the questions, the confidence needed to carry us to the end of our tremendous promise. We shall rind that the religion of man is man, that in himself is the true ratta.

II SHE OF THE TO SOURY IT IN SAID ANTHLING, BUT; I'M SORRY IF I'VE THE DELICATE IN PURISH A STATE OF SILLY. I'VE DOTE IT BEST.)

The End

inclusive, your editor was again in Toronto for a bit of a 'rest cure". This time, as usual, I saw Messre's Mason, Howes, Mason, Lamb, and Manlev However- one incident occurred which must be told in some detail. Thursday evening when howes and I went around to Contum's it was to find the lordly beast in its lair, fairly bursting with some solt or "news" which Howes and Mrs. Conium wouldn't let him tell (he didn't want to anyway) for they said it was up to Mason to "crow a bit". I thought of everything under the sun but the right thing. Friday evening when Howes and I again descended on the Conium Cookoocastle in rull war paint and disguised as a couple of fans (not one of Sally Rand's, worse luck) we not Mason and also Wakefield, which I lorgot to mention up above, thar. Wakefield was his usual jolly self and was sprting under one arm a copy of a book called "TORTURE GARDEN". He brought it for me to see but I thought it was for Ron the Gruesome Conium so didn't take it away with me. Mason toddled in and pretended to throw an intellectual fit to find me there. I hadn't told him I would be down. Kept it as a sort of surprise, I did. In the course of the evening Meson broke the (secon is on pg.8).

that you have been said and mad give had give had give had give an one was now was mad mad now man had had now had been now had had now had been now had now h CARADIAN MAN DERECTORY

(A'l damadian fans are invited to help keep this Directory up-to-date. To you know fars who are not listed below send me their names and addresses for inclusion in the next publication of the Canadian Fan Directory, American and English readers are invited to use these addresses for correspondence and for those sample copies or that new magazine you are publicating.)

Frome, Mils H.

Gabson, Gnr. W M3020

Guislin, John

Kenally, Viola L,

Namb, Sct. N.V. 200 E rpinsott St

Mason, John H. 75 Tongewood

Wakefield, Harold

Bate B

R.H.C., 11th, Gunadian Light Field Rgu., BCA CAMADIAN ARMY OVER-

White, Cpl. E. R. Ambulance, PCAMO, CA, AF Canadian Army

Unild, Alan
Conium. Ron
Croutch, Leslie A.

Vancouver, E. C.
Toronto, Ontario
Parry Sound, Ontario

Fraser Mills, B.C

SHAS. New Gluegow 20 Jinacy, H. S.

Manley, Tom IE November Gresc., Toronto, Onturio Toronto, Onturio Toronto, Onturio Toronto, Onturio Toronto La, Ont. Thurter, Fred 35 Musica Street Town of Mount Royal

St.Catharines, Ont

Toronto, Ont

Toronto, Ontario

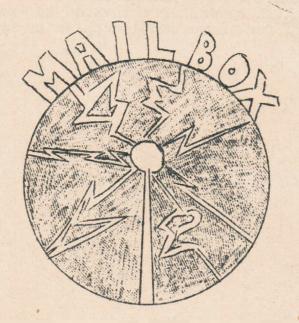
Peck, Gordon L. 28.4 W. Loth, Ave Vancouver, B.C. Feck, Shirley 374 W. Loth, Ave Vancouver, B. C.

Toronto, Ontario

Overseas.

Prospective swappers please note- all the above are thoroughly familiar with the Croutch system or credit swapping. The majority will welcome writers wishing to trade American material for Canadian. Comments are welcomed, on this new department in LICHY.

("LIGHT FLASHES-from pg.8) STUPEDOUS news which almost raves an extra column in this issue all by itself. However I'm going to write an article later on if the chappie in question concurs. The big news was: WAM VOGT IS A CANADIAN AND DWELLS IN A SUBURB OF TORONTO: 1: Howes and I immediately cornered Mason and threatened him with a rolled-up copy of AMAZING STORIES to which the victim shricked "No! No! Anything but that!" when we showed him a copy of Edmond Hamilton's story. Drauking down, the poor fellow agreed to phone Van Vogt (pronounced VOTE as in VOTE FOR YMGVI;) and see if the three of us-Mason, Howes in I, could visit the chappie while I was down. Sunday Morning Mason phones up. Yes we could, but he, John, couldn't make it as he was under the weather so Moves and I could toddle along. So about 2 pm Sunday and we boarded a St. Clair car and got off at Keele and got off again at Weston and teek a bus and went on (VAN VOOT ON PARK 12).



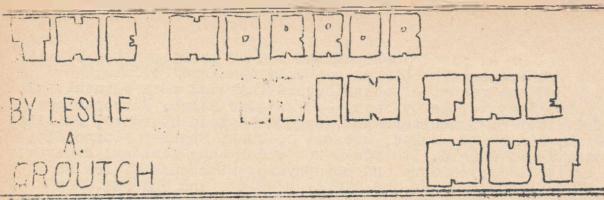
TO LEAD THE MAIL-BOX THIS MONTH, WE PRESENT MISS BARABARA BOVARD. LOS ANGELES. The only good thing about the September cover was the face. Period. Light Flashes was good, as usual, and I'm glad you finally got out the story of how LIGHT got its name. /that was only part of the story, Babsy, Ted's going to write the real story-ED7 Peck's playlette-no thanks, Reincarnation--very, very good, Feeling, words, and ideas
were very good, /Miss Combs will appear regularly in our pages from
new on-ED/While I'm on the subject of the girl, her drawing on the last page is a pip. I wonder if you could coax her into doing a landscape of weird vegetation? Something tells me she could do that as easily as Wright and Hunt do their weird creatures. She does very nice, very nice, indeed. /Hear that, Virginia? You have a fan already. Perhaps Miss Combs will send in something along the line you suggest, Babsy-ED/ Contrariwise- stinks. Gibson's cartoon, okny, I guess. The only thing I have to say about the mailbox is; to Mr. Gibson, Panegyric was not written by Peck. Kindly do not credit that man with something as good as that. I trust the mistake came through accident, but Panegyric is not Mr. Peck's style anyway, he didn't write it; none of the Pocks did. /I'm very much afraid you have your wiress crossed there, Babs. That is definitely the Peck style- note his spelling- he has done much material in the past and this is definitely Gordon Peck. Perhaps Mr. Peck, himself, will refute your statement.-ED7 A. E. VAN VOGT WRITES IN IN RESPONSE TO SOME SAMPLE COPIES OF LIGHT: My original idea for writing you was to thank you for those copies of LIGHT. With one exception I enjoyed everything in it, particularly your yarn THE DEVIL AND THE POSTMASTER, What the "devil" was in that letter? /I wondered to and investigated. It turned out to be his draft call!-Ed/ I liked Mason's HOMECONDING, except for his use of two words, malaise and something else. /what was the thing you didn't like in LIGHT? I'm interested. Let's hope future issues of LIGHT, which you will be receiving, will prove as interesting as the ones you have seen-Ed7

ANOTHER MAN FAMOUS TO READERS WRITES IN. HE AISO RECEIVED A SAMPLE COPY was a very happy to receive a copy of your edifying, alb magazine. It is vaguely reminiscent of SAMETNESS AND LIGHT (ever see it?) an abortion performed on the west coast some years ago by Henry Kuttner, James Mooney, Fred Shroyer, etceters, /ves | I saw one copy of

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT- the one with Kuttner's EUNUCH'S IN THE PULPS IN IT. I reprinted this argicle and it received acclaim as the best reprint I'd ever green-EDJOther points about your publication tend to remind me of the original Goon publication of these parts -- ERUTAL, The Magazine For People. It boasted not only 4-colored drawings but photographs, and the roster or continuous included such eminent names as Bishop Shapiro, Lerty Feep, . Fenimore Belch, Subconscious Sigmund, Sylvester W. Skadeitendapun, Osgood Nascene Stercore, Phillipi Stringelborgh, Caspar the Maked, Hotfoot O. Ouch, Stabber Fitznoodle, and Ecclesiastic W. Omigod. Its field was wider than fantamy, however, embracing as it did psychiatry and metaphysics with such titles as HIND LEGS OF A HAMBURGER, AND OLD AT THE SEX ORGANIC AND HOW TO PLAY THEM. Then there was the somewhat famous burlesque of WATER TALES, entitled PIMMP TALES, which reproduced more or less accurately the W.T. format parodying not only all the authors but the illustrators and the render's columns. It made the rounds (including the inspection of editor Wright) and subsequently perished of indecent exposure. The Lord only knows where all that stuff is now. Some is in the hands of my computriot, Morold Gauer, in Washington, Kuttner must have other items. Some must be buried in my store-room. But receipt of Ing to hit the min spots, eh - ED/T will hewever somewhat Tantic when I opened the magazine and noted Mr. Peck's GENIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR.... because it so happens that I have written a yarm for HAITABLE ADVENTURES in the Lefty Feep series, titled GEMI WIRI THE LIFE TO BE HATR. It deals of course, with Aladdin's lamp, and will not be put ligation probably for about six months. In order to avoid any implicateof placiarizing the title, I hasten to inform you of the ract. Will you tell Peck that? /Isn't this better? Now enough know it to swaer to your nonesty-ED7 I hope that when LIGHT next emerges from behind its bushel it doesn't run a yarn called THE GOON FROM RANGOOM ... another Feer title already written but not yet run. Great minds run in the same hutters. /You should get out of the gutter, Bob, Come down in the sower with me and Lambi/ED/Thanks for the introduction to Canuckwhen you get this number you ll see ident is carrying on thind thanks for the wishes. As you read your copy from month to month you'll see that far from going under, LIGHT cota livlier and livelier-ED/ from Stock

Robert Bloch

HERE'S PTE, E. A. GODFREY WITH ANOTHER "LETER-POEM": So you made "Light" out of my letter, now you really should know better, for when you print that kind of tripe the fans may think you're overripe. But Light's still going strong, and Les, you ask me if I like it? Yes, it helps to pass the time away and is thrice welcome any day. Now Sergeant Lamb best take this hint, you'd be a roast, adorned with mint if round this camp you stick your snout, so if you're wise you'll just stay out. A favorite game up here you know is cutting up an NCO. They like to see what makes them tick, don't worry pal, it's over quick. You really wouldn't feel much pain, your loss would be the army's gain. So keep out pal, or you'll be had, as German's were at Stalingrad. Now Les these Last two issues were at least were good, at worst, were fair, your mail bag hears no consor's snip, you just stand back andlet her rip, that's just the way to do it, too, a mixture like witches brew. Frome's cover on this latest LIGHT is pretty rair, almost a rright. I pity your poor cousin Ted, he groans in pain and hides his head, he seldom ever shows (continued on page 15)



The heat and darkness in the human packed adobe hut was stiffling. The old priest shooed the dirty, bare-footed natives out. When the rock was empty save for the small group of whites, he spoke.

the words. The flickering yellow flame of the cracked, chimneyless lamp revealed a room empty of all furniture save for a long table in the middle, holding a blanket covered object. Toward this he led the others.

"We must be careful to replace things as we find them," he said. "Even after years of teaching the works of our Lord, they revert to

heathen rites in their hour of duress."

Handing the lamp to a portly little man with a goatee, he turned to the hysterious object. Gently he rolled down the blanket at one end, disclosing the clive features of a younggirl who seemed but asleep.

She had been very beautiful and very young. Had been? She still was. Silken lashes nestled against soft cheeks: ripe-red lips partly open; it seemed as though she might awake any instant and inquire as to their intrusion.

This is she," the priest told them. "She has been like this for four months now. AApparantly only sleeping, yet also apparantly dead,"

The portly man bent over the form, examined the features expertly,

gently 2 "Ham," he said, straightening, "Not a cataleptic trance, Not like those cases of sleeping sickness I've seeen before. Here, what deyou think of it, Carruthers?"

Carruthers, a long loan man with the air of an undertaker, moved foreward. When he had finished he remarked: "Strange, The flesh is soft, yet cold. Underneath I seemed to sense the beat of a pulse, a

moving sensation."

"We have noticed that," remarked the old priest, "At times watchers have distinctly seen the side of her face move, or the neck, Onbe hor father declared he saw one cyclid move slightly. That is why they refuse to have her buried, why they believe she is still alive."

"When did you first notice these movements?" Asked the third man,

a bald-headed, eagle-boaked, predatory-looking person.

"Oh, not right at first. It was perhaps two months after she was found like this. The movements were quite slight at first, but have

been growing more pronounced weekly."
The portly man leaned over the girl for long minutes. He felt for her pulse. He drew a stethoscope from his pocket and applied it to her breast. Then he place one thumb on her cyclid, rolled it gently upward. When he released it, it stayed in that position.

"Roll the other up." said the tall man. "Let us see if it appears

as living as the first."

It did. Darks seeming to hold a pleading their depths, they stared straight ahoad. The third man stepped foreward, drew a penlite, focussod the boam intolthe sightless orbs.

"Ah!" He exclaimed, straightening himself. "She is in a trance. The pupils distinctly contracted under the light. I suggest we move the The second secon

ar semething to aid her."

Was it their imagination or did the eyes reflect something like gratitude?

Suddenly the old priest cried out: "Look! She moved! I distinctly

saw her lips move."

They crowded about excitedly. One felt her cheek and cried out that it was not as cold as before.

"Here," commanded the tall man, handing over a hypo "Adrenalin,

Perhaps it will help."

But it was unneeded, for suddenly the eyes turned, the lips moved. A faint whisper floated forth into the suddenly hushed room. The old priest leaned down. He listened, straightened, puzzlement in his eyes.

"I do not understand," he said. "The shock must have unhinged her mind. She keeps saying: 'take them away, thee them away, they hurt,

they hurt! ."

"Undoubtedly delerious," said the portly man. "But enough of this

talk. She lives; we must get her away from here."

They moved about, tucked arms under the form, started to lift when a cry of horror halted them.

"Her eye- her eye!" Cried the priest.

They all looked, then staggered back, dropping her rudely the few

inches they had lifted.

Her head was straining up, the features working in terrible agony and fear. One eye had disappeared. Like a rotten fruit it had burst. The liquid ran down her cheek, and from the orifice, greyish, fat, erawling....

And before they could move the other eye split and they could see

.... then her cheek moved, heaved, the soft flesh burst....

They fled screaming into the night. The old priest dropped to his knees in the dust and prayed. And from the adobe hut rang the horrible cries and pleadings that grew fainter until they died away in the night......

The End

 Before we get started on this month's discussion—and it surpasses last month's by a good 100%—I want to admit that last time Contrariwise stank. This is to offset the caustic comments I

know are coming.

Please, I didn't say, quote- "sfn fans call fantasy fans peddlers of superstition, fear, and ignorance and that fantasy fans admonish sfn fans for failing to see things unseen", ungote. I didn't say it. I was merely showing the readers what the general belief is in the United States about the relationship between science-fiction and fantasy. No matter what the general belief might be, that is what reaches my ear, And there is plenty of controversy. Fantasy, of course, has a free high way of writing. They are not held down by scientific rules, they don't have to watch out for fans that pounce gleefully on the tiniest of scientific throat they must make their stories plausible. Science-fiction writing represents the highest in preparation, thought, accumulation of the latest scientific knowledge, and the finest of weaving together the fiction and the non-fiction, the characters who are the agents in getting across the idea that the author wishes to express.

I'll agree that some stories in science-fiction are sheer trash. Big, brave hero dashes up in his latest rocket ship, rays down all the big, bad monsters and sneering villains, and saves the big, beautiful

heroine.

Fantasy, too, has its preparation behind it. A good, a really good author of fantasy has to build up his own background in the lore of fan-

tasia, fairy-tales, Arabian Nights, Folk-lore, superstition, books of black and white magic, ancient volumes of evil, hate, and fear, He must be able to be familiar with devils, imps, ghosts, werewolves, vampiros, genies, and every other form of supernaturalia that has made mankind cower at shadows for eons. What is most important, the author must weave into his story, and most disturbingly, the thread of reality; the coincidences that we ordinarily laugh at, the odd little things that happen constantly, the unusual feelings that arise occassionally in men. A good fantasy author will entertain, but his entertainment is paid for in the thoughts that come to the surface depsite efforts to

laugh at them. Not horror, just uncertainity, which is far worse. Personally, I don't see any cause for strife between the two types of fiction. Their purpose is to entertain, yes, and most of them do that very well. Both have their reasons for existing; fantasy, to put into words all the accumulated tales of weird happenings since the dawn of man; science-fiction, to build faith in the future, to make mankind realize his heritage. Both have other uses, which I will relate another time. Their main reason is entertainment, but why do fans read, actifans gather and talk? Why is actifandom one of the tightest-knit organizations in the world? Because, knowingly or unknowingly, actifans represent the elite in thought and culture and they have responsibility. More of that some other time.

Contrarivise, the editor gave me one heck of a bawling out for

the cheap effort last time.

beb

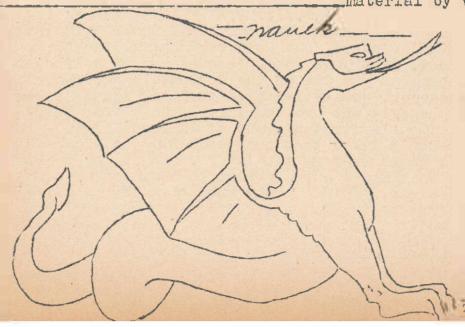
LIGHT FLASHES-cont'd from pg.8 to Thisteltown, "Two narrow bridges, get off at top of hill" said the directions and we did. We started along a narrow, gravelly road and was montally cussing the boulders big as mountains which brusied our feet when we met a tall guy in slacks and sweater, hat on his head, glasses on his nose from which depended a dainty chain. This fellow was long and tall and gaunt. Now don't think he looked like something out of a Draculoan play. He was just tall. About 6'3" or 4", weighing in the neighborhood of 175, which an humorous glint to his eye. He stopped. We stopped. He said something. We said something. We shook hands. This, then was Alfred E. Van Vogt. We were gently guided along the road a piece further and to the left and then to the right to a nice dwelling of half log siding. There we were just as gently ushured into a character nouse where we met the Mrs. Van Vogt, who in time proved to be a most intelligent conversationalist, hostess, and all round worthy mate for a worthy man. Much of the subsequent conversation was personal. But the whole visit of some 6 hours ranged from science-fiction to the weird and supernatural, with murders, skunks k and garbage piles thrown in for good measure. Mrs. Van Vogt brews a nice cup of tea and I must say I warmed my inner man with it more than onco. As a sop to you birds who live, sleep and eat science-fiction, I'll say we saw photograph or Campbell and the Mrs and the Youngster: Van Vogt mentioned his ruture plans; and so forth. But this account, short as it is, is to try and introduce Van Vogt, the man, to you. To try and show you what he is like as much as I am able. I hope I might be able to give you a real article sometime later on about him, if he will agree to sort or collaborate along with it on the details. But Van Vogt the man is about 30, darkish, humorous, well-read, intelligent, with other ideas just as you and I. As witness the skunk and the garbage pile. He said he had an idea about a skunk that was always digging up this garbage heap back of this country home. In this pile was some thing a certain man didn't want found out and he was afraid the skunk would uncover it so he tried to kill said polecat. People got curious about his hate for skunks and investigated and found a dead

can buried in Itl Like a symbol fam I toted along copies of recent issues of LIGHT and left them there for him to look over. In addition, I've but him on the mailing list, Maybe he'll get a little laugh out of LIGHT and who knows, maybe through him little tips will come fro LIGHT FLASHES. So, you United Staters may have your Merritt, and Leinster but by gum to hold claim to having the brigest star of the new writers, the man on whome Campbell is counting so heavily, ALFRED . VAN VOCT (pronounced, never forget, as V-O-T-E as in VOTE FOR ROOSEVELT!) ... I don't suppose very many knew of this, but as it is now a thing of the past, I see no harm in releasing it: John Mason used to suffer from the fact that he had a bad right eye- it was terribly erossed to the point where little besides the white could be seen. Recently, however, he underwent an operation and when if Toronto I saw in for the first time after this operation. The eye is perfectly straight now, one could never know from looking at him that he had ones suffered from this handicap. You girls would also be very surprised to know what a good-looking cuss he is, too! But John has an antifomale complex so you might as stay away from him and work your charms on Howes and I where they'll be approciated !!! (I can see tongues in the chock in several quarters at that remark!) To all of you interested in CENSONED published by Fred Hurter his new address is: FRED HURTER JR., 83 HUDSON STREET, TOWN OF MOUNT ROYAL, P.Q. Fred also suffered under a handicap. He had one bum leg. Went around with a cane, in fact. Lately, however, it turns out that he had east away the cane, has taken up dancing, and is cycling 32 miles to Resembre to see a French girl who cannot speak a word of English! ... Out in Lod Angeles, now that 4sj is in the army, we find Morojo putting out VOM (Voice of the Imagi-Nation) all by her lonesome ... word from reliable sources tell

THE LIGHTER SIDE by
John Guislin

When Adam in bliss
Asked Eve for a kiss,
She pursed her lips with a coo.
She looked most estatic,
And said most emphatic,
"I don't care Adam if I do!"

me that author Isaac Asimov was
married in July, from the note of
the letter about the end of that
month...Fred Hurter Jr is circulating a new kind of fan magazine:
FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSERIES, the "poor
man's fanzine". It is a chain-letter affair. It is sent from one fan
to another, each recipient adding
an installment to the main story
and any other material he or she
wishes...sudden reception of much
material by various fans from Hurter



makes me wonder if CENSORED will come out this fall or not. I'm hoping so but am not betting on it....fans with names in the FAN DIRECTORY wishing to have their address filled in, please notify me in time for the November issue. Otherwise only your address as it pertains to city will be listed- this for privacy's sake THIS CLOSES THE COL-UMN FOR ADOTTER MOREH. WATCH FOR MOVEMBER 'S. **ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ**ZZZZZZ

spots was good, Virginia's head's not made of wood, those lines she wrote were up to scratch and show the queer things that will hatch, and that stuff from the little child who toars his hair and goes so wild. About the Vichy Vachy folk and on the language that they spoke- well that's all right for they're in France and must talk fast when they've a chance but they are not our "Canadien", they might be nice, they're not real men. Let's hear not more of this Franch guff, justwrite in English, that's the stuff. To make a finish to this page before you're all in a rage, remember we're still out in tents, it's too cold to collect the rents the frost in mipping hands and feat. Water shaving's no treat, and our morale, it seems to me, goes down as fast as mercury. On well, there's still the note from Vi, who dished up a piece of pie. Than's a lot, my little friend, so with that, I'll he an end. /Another respond on Wollheim's French Fantacy Maganine. If this keeps on I'll have to write a piece in LIGHT FLASHES and try and argur it all out to through on the same question whill make bely a clear up some points.

Figs The Shirley K. Maybe Widner will take wask a few things he said, Look, bud, don't you ever think of writing about something weird or scientific and not about drinking and health belvs and such sordid things? Fut out a magazine called SEX if you want to, but please don't put such tribe in LIGHT.

They about HORROR IN THE MUT this number, La Funk Readers all like such "tripe" as sex and health belts, EDT How about a real science story for a change, something with a virile, handsome hero called Heroules Manglepapa and aaa beautifulblondeprofessor; sdaugnter? Throw in lots of rayings and hand-to-hand slaughter and a good scientific theme. huh? /oh, thud and blunder stuff, eh, keed?-ED/
FRED HURTER YELPS WITH PAIN FROM TOWN OF MOUNT ROYAL, QUEBEC: Got
LIGHT, Good issue, though cover wasn't up to usual standard. I like your new cut for the contents page. Keep it by all means. / how's this month's, Fred?-ED/ It fits in with the lettering on the cover,/have a-nother here that fits even better-ED/The shading on the lettering was good. [LIGHT and shade, eh chum?-ED/You should letter the word "CONT-TENTS" also, I think, At least make it a bit larger. I don't go for those though. A line of xxxx's as at the bouten of the page make an attractive border. Never thought or it before. Here's some I have used, tho: -000- %0%0%0%0 :0:0:0:0:0:0: The first one is about the best. Good for the end of a story or something. /cripes. Are you sure you aren't a border-line case, or sumpin? ED/ Your mimeographing is good and clear, and easy to read.....LIGHT FLASHES are as informative & interesting as ever. GENIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR was not up to Peck's usual high standard, but good reading all the same. The article by BEB was good. Poetry is good. Iaccuse you of deliberately bracking off the girl's name as you did on the Contents page. There was room enough to complete it, you evil-minded so & so. /just looked this up and for readers' benefit who are too lazy to do so for them- m selves, find I split Miss Comb's first name up so it read Virgin - ia! 'Twas not intended, Fred-ED7 I liked that song of Link's on the back page. Heh heh. Darn good. Wanna hear my two latest? You don't? [91] here they are. Question: What did a guy say when he saw another lar vomiting? Answer: wRETCHed man. WHAT a pewky subject: -kD7 And while you're getting over the effects of that one, here's the cuner: "that aid the car say to the gasoline pump when it heard of the new gas restrictions." hehehehehehe, aw nurs, turn the page. This coing to Lill you, heh heh. "You can't fuel me!" /Lombill mail yours to a ctump and push YOU over backwards for that stinkerco, durger-headless is ear-My on a par with an American famous.

but I believe I liked the August issue bit better. Personally I thought Jeanic Genic stank (or is it stunk?). REINCARMATION wasn't bac at all, though I'm mad at the author being's as how she didn't like the sound of ACOLYTE well enough to answer my letter. I enclosed return postage, too ... sucker! From all I can finger out about Shirley Peck (I meant FICGER, damn it!), she seems like quite a gal. Wich I sould beat your time a bit and grab something of hers for the ACOLYTE. Swapping page is the best feature, though --- all fanzines are more or less readable, but LIGHT is the only one that recognizes the pack rat activities of mankind in general and fans in particular. /T wish I could print your verse about Adam and Eve, Frank, but figure I' better not, Maybe send it out to the men however, it's that good 1-ED7



FLASH: FAMOUS FARTASTIC MYSTERIES PROBABLY DEAD

The following informating was received at the last moment from Don A. Wollheim. Direct quote: "Flash News: - Famous Fantastic Mysteries is dead! Last issue dated November. Fans probably will never read the last installment of three part se God stept down from heaven a space Into the Infinite" by Austin Hall which is too bad for it was the best (I know, I have the original Argosy pages). Reason for end of FFM is due to sale of entire Mun He stood awhile. sey chain to Popular Publications

which has iron rule against reprints. They will continue so far only Argosy, Detective Fiction, All-Story Love, and Railroad Magazine. Mary Gnaedinger is now working with Popular having been sold too." End of quote. Only suitable comment to this is Popular will not be so Popular from now on- Thrilling Wonder and Startling are certainly NOT going to make up for the loss of FAMOUS FANTASTIC.

TWILIGHT by Virginia H. Combs.

The faint light fails, Another day is done, Civilization fails-When sinks the sun.

THOUGHT by Virginia II. Combs.

Chained to a dying planet Forgotten by my God, I wonder if they'll regret me When I'm under the sod.

TIME by Virginia H. Combs.

Ten million years of light are circling round. Unnumbered planets wheel Around a million suns. Ten thousand glasses weep Thin threads of sand.

ETERNITY by Virginia H. Combs. And set his sapphire sandal on the sea.

Far down the sky-suiting his pace To fiery worlds, and on infinity;

