

Hunter

CHRISTMAS NUMBER  
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Number 125



"Wait till I lay my hands on  
those guys from the Junior  
Chamber of Commerce!"

cover by  
nanek



# LIGHT

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Christmas decorations on the various pages were done by Miss Viola Kenally and L. Croutch from sketches by Miss Kenally.

LIGHT is a monthly publication put out by Leslie A. Croutch at Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada. Price 5¢ a copy. Exchange subscriptions made with other fan publications. NO "DEAD BEATS" TOLERATED FROM NOW ON! If you have something no other fanzine will touch because of topic or treatment let me see it. LIGHT specializes in the unusual and wacky!



# REVOLT OF THE MAN-MADE MONSTERS

by John E. Hilker

THIS IS THE CHRONICLE OF THAT STRANGE OCCURRENCE known in history as "the revolt of the Mechanical Monsters". It all started after the Third World War had petered out, principally because of the lack of materials and supplies on both sides. The two main antagonists met and terms for a "lasting" peace were signed, but everyone knew that it was merely a truce during which each side would retire to lick its wounds, and feverishly rearm.



Then the machines began acting strangely, though I doubt if anyone had any real conception of what was happening when one morning the car suddenly refused to work or a defective washing machine obstinately resisted all efforts to be put back in working order. It was about this time that the papers started carrying accounts of the "accidents" that occurred with machines of all types. One man had fallen into a cement mixer, another had been run over by his own car as he lay beneath it. A housewife insisted an electric wringer had tried to



.....  
strangle her, a farmer in Saskatchewan had been gobbled up by his thrasher.

Coincidence? Perhaps, but there were other experiences that never reached the papers, things of such a fantastic nature that those who experienced them knew that none save themselves would believe....

My own experience occurred early one morning with my car, a not overly expensive make and several years old. However, it was well kept up and served to take me to and from work. It really shouldn't have balked on this particular morning for the weather was by no means cold, but it did.

I got out to crank it, gave the crank a few quick turns and was surprised to hear what sounded like a growl--not a human one, mind you, but the kind a car would make if it could growl--a crossbetween the sound of gears being stripped and the honk of a horn.

At first I thought the motor was just a bit slow in turning over and was about to give it another crank when again that strange growl reached my ears. I stopped dead in my tracks, only then becoming aware that the motor was "breathing" and that I had that queer sensation one gets when one comes suddenly upon a snake concealed in the grass.

The shock was so great that for some moments I was too startled to look up but when I did it was to see both headlights looking directly at me! The front of the car seemed to be grinning at me, an illusion created by the long, chromium bumper. Just then one of the headlights blinked deliberately, I am sure.

"Surprised?" The word came from the car, still in that cross between the sound of stripping gears and the honk of a horn.

I nodded, gulped and managed to say, "Well - rather!"

I remember feeling distinctly foolish talking to an "inanimate" object.

"I suppose this all rather surprises you, eh, George?"

I was taken aback, at being addressed in such a friendly fashion.

"That's all right," it went on, "don't stand on Ceremony. Just call me Olds. Short for Oldsmobile, y'know. I think all this business about being addressed as Mister is the bunk. Like this work you're doing?"

"What's wrong with my work?" I had recovered enough to be indignant.

"This work you're turning out at the foundry. What is it?"

"Oh that!" We had all been cautioned never to speak of what we were doing lest enemy agents overhear.

"It's all right. I know, George. I found out from your wrench and screw-driver. You're making big guns, aren't you?"

I'd have to take my wrench and screw-driver to task for being so glib-tongued, I mentally commented. "I suppose so."

"Screwy says," Olds went on, "that's what I call your screw-driver--Screwy says these guns aren't nice people at all, that they just sort of hang around sullenly when not in use and bark at whoever speaks to them."

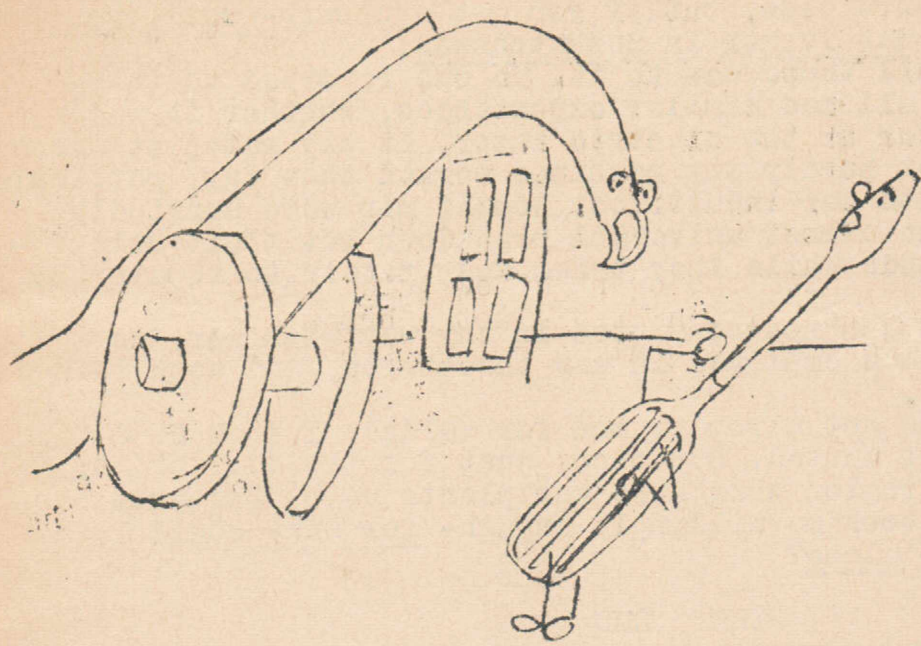
"Oh," I replied. There didn't seem to be much else to say.

"Yes. Screwy says to me, 'See here,' he says, 'this big shot cannon we're working on isn't the least bit sociable.'"

"Oh," says I.

"'No,' says he. 'Why, only yesterday during noon-hour when George left me on top of him for awhile, I tried to strike up an acquaintance: 'Hello,' I says, but gets no response, so I tries again. 'Hello. Pretty hot, ain't it?' 'Shut up,' barked the cannon, 'with your driv-el. I'm concentrating.' 'On what?' I asks. 'On important things,' says he. 'Such as-?' I persists. 'Such as how many people I'll be lucky enough to kill when my time comes.' 'Oh! Is that what you're made for?' 'Of course, idiot, what did you think? It is I who decides the fate of an empire, the very destiny of man -- why you were created especially





"Screwly says that at this moment the cannon laughed deep and terrible, like the sound of shell-fire in a canyon.

"But don't you like to do anything besides kill?" Screwly asks. "Of course not!" he barks back. "What is more important than that? Why, if I'm lucky I might even be reconditioned again! My grandfather was reconditioned in the Second World War because we weren't ready then and they had to use everything they could get."

"But," says Screwly, "killing people is

like murder -" "So what?" barks back the cannon. "You're as much a murderer as I- you helped build me." Screwly was pretty taken back at this. "But George," he countered with but was cut short- "George is in this as much as you. He brought you here to work on me!"

"Just a minute!" I interrupted Olds' narrative. "A murderer, am I? Well, who'd do all the work if we all felt like that?"

"Exactly what we've been thinking," says Olds. "If you all felt like that there wouldn't be any guns to kill with, there wouldn't be any wars-"

"But the enemy," I began. "The enemy would take us-"

"The enemy, George, is yourself- you and 'tens of thousands like you. They are exactly like you, rearming for the same reason. They want to kill just as much as you do. They believe you're what you believe them to be and neither of you are right."

"I know," I said, "but what can I do about it?"

"You can't, alone, but all the other yous- all the tens of thousands like you- are going to;

"The machines had a meeting recently and we decided what the cannon said was right: that you and the screw-driver were indirectly responsible for the murder that that cannon would commit."

"But it doesn't stop there, George. I am just as responsible, for I take you there to do the work. The garage man who keeps me in running order is responsible for making it possible for me to carry you to work, and so on. We are all murderers, George, the same as your father and his father before him, for as far back as there have been wars, killings, murders."

I marvelled at the words of wisdom from my car and made a mental note to consult him on the next race at Hialeah.

"So, George, we got together; by we I mean all the gadgets, machines, and mechanisms your race has created- with the sole exception of the big guns who were too self-important to come."

"And?" I prompted.

"We came to the conclusion that if we all refused to function, you and all the tens of thousands of other Georges would be unable to on creating machines to murder- you would be unable to wage war."

"But this is fantastic!" I blurted.







.....0.....  
SEX AND TABOOS

by Leslie A. Croutch

Fans are afraid of sex! And they are afraid nude figure in illustrations having to do with too! In the United States, the only magazine to nude female figure on its covers now and then is what happens? Fans, male and female, rise and tones of the innocent, the insulted about the ness of such goings on. In Britain they have much more mature and intelligent outlook on this ion.

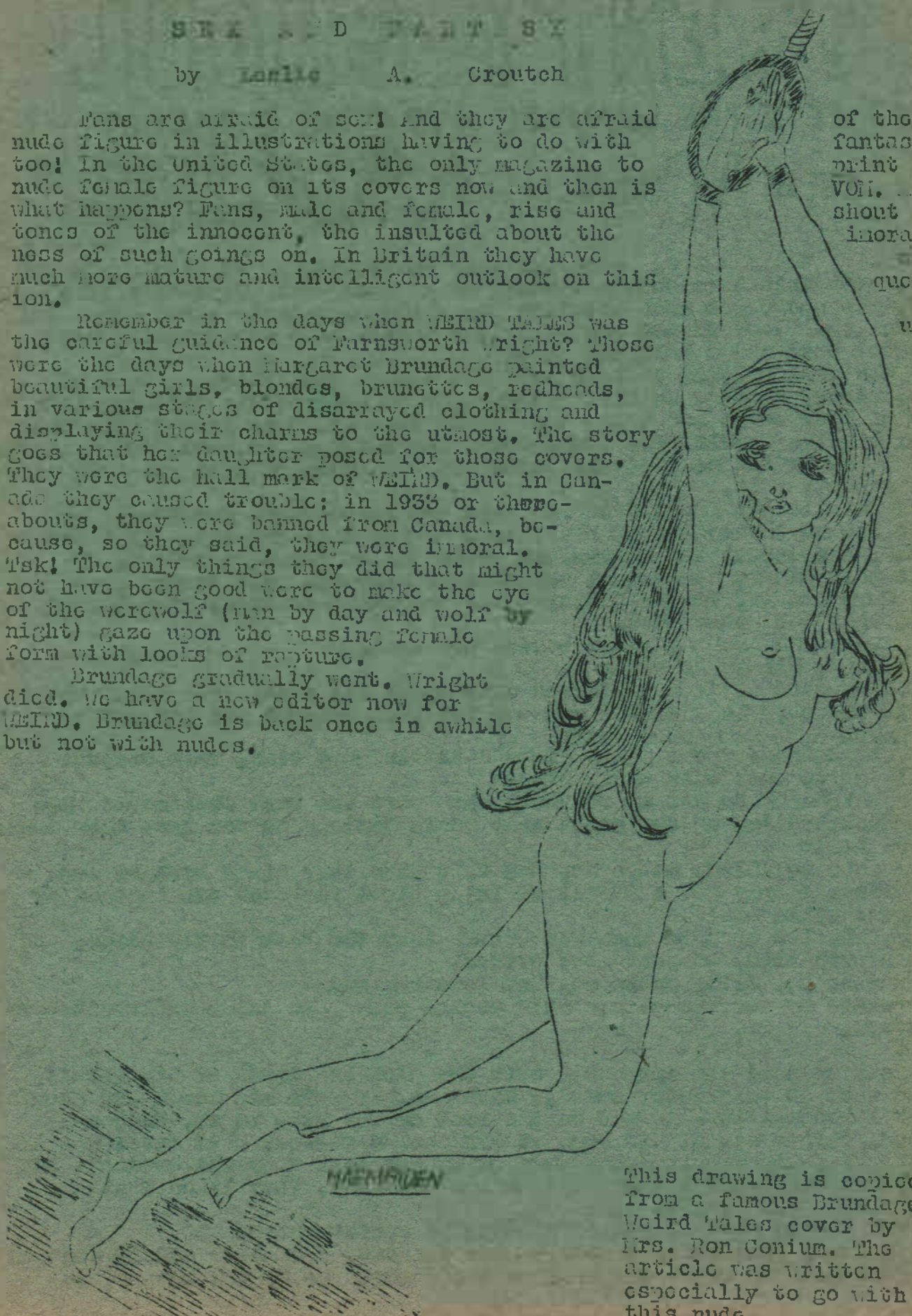
Remember in the days when WEIRD TALES was the careful guidance of Farnsworth Wright? Those were the days when Margaret Brundage painted beautiful girls, blondes, brunettes, redheads, in various stages of disarrayed clothing and displaying their charms to the utmost. The story goes that her daughter posed for those covers. They were the hall mark of WEIRD. But in Canada they caused trouble; in 1933 or thereabouts, they were banned from Canada, because, so they said, they were immoral. Tsk! The only things they did that might not have been good were to make the eye of the werewolf (man by day and wolf by night) gaze upon the passing female form with looks of rapture.

Brundage gradually went. Wright died. We have a new editor now for WEIRD. Brundage is back once in awhile but not with nudcs.

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fantasy,  
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VOH. and  
shout in  
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under



This drawing is copied from a famous Brundage-Weird Tales cover by Mrs. Ron Conium. The article was written especially to go with this nude.



# TWENTY-GHOUL

MEET PETE THE VAMPIRE AND THE EQUALLY

by LESLIE A. CROUTCH

*author of "Horror In  
The Hut" and others.*

Pete, the Vampire, found business atrocious. If it didn't pick up pretty soon he'd have to close shop and go back east. He didn't like there. The smoke got into people's lungs and made their blood taste bad. And when the blood tasted smoky he had a hell of a time getting his customary buck and a half per pint.

Pete went outside to look over his latest acquisition, a team of twenty sleepy ghouls. He hadn't been able to collect his bill for last month of Igor so he had taken the ghouls instead. Pete looked them over speculatively. Ghouls were notoriously bad natured, he knew, being liable to grab you by the seat of the pants with their teeth just when you were least expecting it.

A whistle out front drew him from his inspection. Cautiously he peered around the corner of his store. He was half-expecting that old Shylock, Rubberneck the Bludsucker, over one of these fine days. He hadn't paid him for that last shipment of seccubi. Pete jumped about a foot. Sure enough, on the doorstep was the black-cloaked, high-hatted figure that was Rubberneck.

Pete slunk around, hands behind his back.

"Moady, Slim," he said.

Slim waved a piece of tanned skin under his nose. "See that? That's and attachment, Pete. Either you pay for them seccubi you got off me last month or I take over here!"

Pete hedged. "Now, Slim, gimme a little more time. Them seccubi weren't up to much this time, Slim--"

"Hatcha mean not up to much? They were the best obtainable. Dracula snatched 'em up the coast near Boola Boola, and you know them dames are red hot."

"Mebbe so, Slim, mebbe so. But this time they ain't brought such a high price. I only got a barrel of Injun blood for each one instead of the usual white blood."

"Yeah, I happen to know Pan thinks them the best in his harem, and Pan's pretty rich, he pays good prices."

"Mebbe so, Slim, mebbe so. But jest the same--"

"Outta my way, Vampire." Slim pushed poor Pete aside and stalked up the steps.

Pete snapped his long whip over the plodding heads of his ghouls, urging them on to greater speed, which was, if Pete had known his ghouls, a rank impossibility. He sat on the seat of the high wagon, broken-hearted. Thrown out of his home at his age. He sobbed. He'd never get a start again, times being what they were. The best vampires wouldn't buy off him if they didn't know what he was peddling. They liked their stuff with a kick in it.

The ghouls stopped and refused to go another step.

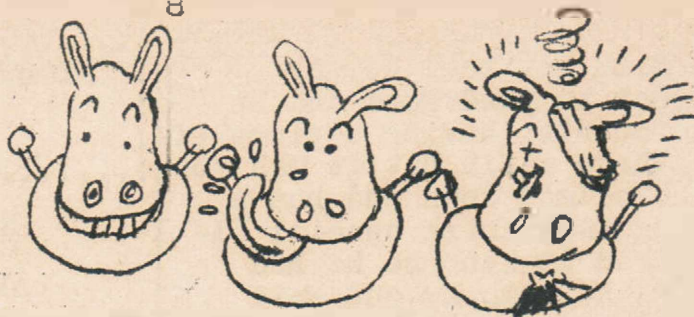
"Lissen, you ornery brutes," Pete pleaded. "I gotta get to Corpses Graveyard tonight or no supper. You don't wanta go to bed hungry, do you?"

The lead ghoul cocked his eye at him. "Now listen here, Vampire," he



# TEAM

HUMOROUS GHOULS,  
AND RUBBERNUTZ.



said, "We're not hauling your lazy carcass-all the way to Corpses Graveyard just to get a meal of dried out bones a hundred years old."

"Well, I can't buy you any better, I'm broke."

"Why doncha get some money?"

"Cause I ain't got no business. Vampires won't buy cheap blood. They like theirs with a kick in it."

"Why doncha set up a still and make your own?" Suggested the second ghoul.

"You mean- bootleg, it?"

"Sure, why not? Humans do it with liquor. They pay big prices for bootleg stuff that only kills 'em in the end."

Pete the Vampire thought this over and the longer he thought the better he liked the idea. He decided to do it.

Pete wasn't such a bad-looking guy when he shaved and put on a new suit. He wasn't enemie-looking like most vampires because, like all good bootleggers, he never touched his own stuff. For a year now Pete, with the help of his twenty-ghoul team, had been distilling the stuff and peddling it at three bucks a pint. Slim Rubbernutz' trade had vanished and he was badly in debt. Now Pete was on his way to lord it over his enemy.

Slim was out but Slim's daughter was in. At least, everybody thought she was Slim's daughter, but there were some who said she was a "love child". They suggested that Slim got tangled with a certain succuba one evening and Lu was the result. Anyway, Lu was watching the store when Pete turned up.

Pete wasn't so old, only 300 years, and he'd kept his figure pretty well. Instead of being skinny like the other vampires he had a paunch and a gay humor. So when he stepped into Rubbernutz' Blood Emporium and Soda Fountain (radios, canned sardines and nymphs sold as a side-line) and saw Lu behind the counter, his heart did a double leap and loved kicked him in the pu ss.

Lu wasn't so bad-looking herself. She had the eye teeth of any self-respecting vampire, and the form of a succuba. Pete decided when he looked at her to woo and wed this maiden.

Pete was a fast worker and Lu wasn't so slow herself. Pete opened the preliminaries by hoisting a bottle of his a-number-one-five-bucks-a-pint vampire hootch from beneath his coat tails. This he plunked down on the counter and said:

"Have a drink on me, babe!"

Lu fixed him with a fishy eye.

"Just what are you after, masher?" Demanded she.

Pete sort of run his toe around in a circle and blushed. And when you see a vampire blush you know it's because of one of two things: (a) he's just found henbane or garlic in his blood, or (b) he's embarrassed. And Pete was shy.

"I think yer kinda cute," said Pete, forgetting his grammar.

Lu looked at his throat sort of affectionate-like and grinned back.



When Slim got back he was horror-struck to find Pete and Lu behind the counter having a piece of pie. He threw a fit but it was too large so he calmed down and had a snort from Pete's extra special elixir. He liked it fine so he had another. By the time Lu and Pete had finished two pieces of pie and a hunk of cake, Slim was plastered.

Lu and Pete decided they better get made into one before Pa got sobered up, so they went off to the preacher, who had gone wrong somewhere back in the fourteenth century. After tying the knot and pronouncing them man and wife, they returned to the Emporium.

Slim had sobered up enough now to know what had happened, and he started to laugh like hell. This made Pete sore and the madder Pete got the harder Slim laughed.

"I'd hate to figure out your kids," Slim roared.

"What d'ya mean?" Pete roared even louder. "What'll be the matter with my kids?"

To which Slim retorted, pointing at the horror-struck Lu: "Cause she's half Gorgon, and when half-Gorgon's get married their kids are full-blooded Gorgons!"

At which Poor Pete pulled his trusty six-shooter and filled Slim so full of lead he sunk right on down through the floor. Then he turned to Lu and said:

"Looks like this is good-bye, Lu. I love you but our kids can't be Gorgons." And he belted her over the skull with his pistolover.

Then Pete looked about him and his chest swelled with pride. Getting a board and a pot of paint he went to work. When it was finished, he mailed it up outside his door.

It read:

PETE THE VAMPIRE. HI-GRADE LIQUORS  
AND WINES.  
Successor to Slim Rubbernutz, deceased.

Finis.

## NIGHTMARE

by

Nils H. Frome

Ever in dreams I wade,  
Through dust and debris,  
Of some vast city slain,  
And levelled to the plain.  
And when I wake again,  
I try me to persuade  
It was not prophecy.

## COMING UP!

Renew your subscriptions now, or you'll stand an excellent chance of missing some of the following gems in line for publication during the first few months of 1943:

SAVED BY A PILL by Art. Widner Jr.

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SATANIC HUMOR by Walter Scott Haskell.

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NEW LIFE by Alan Child.

TO THOSE WHO WAIT by Shirley Peck.

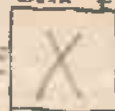
EVAPORATION by Fred Hurter Jr.

SPLIT SECOND by John Hollis Mason.

THE LIGHT BEYOND by Cpl. Ted White.

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IF AN "X" APPEARS IN THE FRAME HERE, IT MEANS YOU BETTER SUBSCRIBE, OR ELSE! DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!



S W A P

UNKNOWN for December 1941...25¢

ASTOUNDING for January,  
February

1942.....25¢  
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## DON'T DO NOTHING!

by

Donald A. Wollheim

When I wrote that article advocating a science-fiction magazine in the French language for the French speaking section of Canada, I had a number of things in mind. One was, of course, the possibility that some fan who really wanted to do more to advance science-fiction than talk of advancing it, might try to get some publisher moving on the matter. Another was that some French speaking reader of LIGHT or a French speaking fan who might have been contacted by a LIGHT reader would take the matter up. That might yet happen of course. But a third was to see the reaction that fans would give. I was not surprised.

Years of experience in fandom has revealed that when most fans talk for science-fiction and rave over its wonders and its mission to humanity and why everyone should read it, they are simply talking for their own amusement. They have no intention of ever stirring a finger to actually do anything to advance it. There is only one way to advance science-fiction, and that is to do something. I don't mean talk about it, I mean do it. And what sort of things, you ask? Why things that will bring science-fiction to more people in more places, things that will improve the quantity and quality of the stuff. Otherwise what are you fans for? Who are you kidding?

Remember this, fan. One issue of even the weakest established and most ephemeral professional newstand fantasy magazine will do more to reach potential readers and more to enlarge the world and scope of science-fiction than a thousand copies of your fan magazines. So what was so wrong with extending the field to French Canada?

I personally suppose that such a magazine would be a failure financially. That do you care, fan, for the finances of some unknown publisher? Your concern is science-fiction, if you can get someone to push it, what matters to you if it should seem doomed to failure. It was an attempt, it will have some effect however small. It will be doing something. But you do not think that way. For all your claims to having original and unique minds, to thinking about such futuristic thoughts as space-flight and time-travel, when it comes to a suggestion for one single new or previously unattempted venture in the real world, a howl of "poocy" goes up, a howl of "who cares for French" and a storm of really silly thinking.

In the first place I was not aware that I was speaking of a magazine for France. I thought I was addressing people intelligent enough to know that about a third of Canada speaks French for its native tongue and reads French in preference to English. There are French language magazines in Canada for Canadians. That is what I refer to. As for France itself, that is another matter for discussion at some other time. Mr. Cunningham makes the stupid remark that we are at war with France. He should not reveal his his ignorance so shamelessly. We are not at war with Vichy France and we never have been. (This is written September 1943). I hope to hell we do go to war on Vichy France and wipe the dirty fascist rats out. But it remains a fact that we are not so at war today.

Cunningham further says "Why not a Spanish magazine, etc.?" Indeed, why not? If he had the initiative of a real enthusiast, he could probably succeed by unselfish correspondence in getting some publisher in Mexico City or Buenos Aires to put out a Spanish language magazine reprinting great American fantasy tales. There are lots of Latin American pulps in the Spanish tongue. In addition to boosting science-fiction, Cunningham



.....  
as well as bolstering slightly by royalties the income of American fantasy writers and publishers. But will he do that? No.

The point is there are and have always been too many fans who do all in their power to prevent anyone from doing anything. When active fans expose crooks in professional or fan field, these fans howl that a "stink" is being raised. When active fans attempt to keep rats from wrecking the good name of fandom, these peculiar do-nothing fans scream "feud", when an active fan suggests a new way of advancing science-fiction practically, they shout "pooey". But do they themselves do anything to correct conditions or make improvements? No. They do nothing.

The people who made science-fiction from the first writer who dared go where other writers feared to tread, from the first publisher who dared print what others never had, from Gernsback who dared bring out a magazine 100% devoted to science-fiction where all other publishers had not dared to move, from the first fan who suggested an organization of fans, all these were people who believed in not doing nothing. They are the only kind of people who ever will amount to anything or count for anything in this world. Don't do Nothing!

Finis

THE BIRTH OF ONTARIO FANDOM

or

"The Tale of a LIGHT Subject "

by

Cpl. E. R. White .

.....  
One day in March, 1940, I got the bright idea to start a sfn club, and so started my fan career. (If you can call it that. There have been mumblings of another nature.) Correspondents numbered one, then two and so on until about 15 had had the good grace to answer my letters and say they were interested in seeing a club started but, alas, offering no help in the venture. Three fellows did offer any help they could and they were Croutch, Mason, and Heaton. The club was started. It flopped. It was determinedly brought forth again. Again it stagnated for lack of cooperation, personal contact and other reasons not to be mentioned here. Every method was discussed by which we might be able to finally get the club in operation and stay there for a decent length of time. During these discussions I had my eye on the Croutch News, but being a bashful fellow and not wishing to intrude on other people's affairs I maintained a silence in which the breathing of a gnat was like the roar of thunder.

Croutch, being a good fan, a good fellow, and, I suspect, on the watch for more subscribers for the NEWS, offered to allow space for club news. I accepted hastily, fearing a change of heart on the part of the amiable Croutch, and we had news, syllabus's and pleas for help and memberships printed. Everything went well for a short while but then again we found the response was not anywhere near what had been expected.

By this time we had managed by blackmail and skullduggery to get Howes to move his feeble self and join us in our discussions. One beautiful day, not in May but in June, we gathered together on the sagging verandah fronting my shack in North Toronto for a little serious chin-wagging. Among those present was Howes, Mason, Croutch, Campbell (a fly-by-night so he proved) and myself.

Prior to this meeting I had managed to get the consent of certain persons at the building wherein I was supposed to work, to use the printing presses there with a small amount of paper thrown in for good measure. Knowing the lay of the land, I had also procured plates for the covers and whatever interior illustrations there would be.



..... 15. ....  
had a fanzine of my own in mind, but one that would be printed on the best paper and properly bound, not stuck together by discarded wads of gums or whatever else was handy. Back to the meeting:

Having convinced myself that I had been chortling to myself long enough, I decided to tell the fellows of my success in gaining access to the printing machines, whatever they call them. To my dismay, they did not accept the news as something wonderful, but only natural or so old as to be common-place. Feeling very put out but nonetheless determined, I explained just what I had on hand. It amounted to machines, paper, and plates, but nothing to print.

Croutch the ambitious, tentatively suggested the mag be called the CROUTCH NEWS and he would discontinue his own efforts in Parry Sound. Probably noting the disapproving looks on the rest of us, he hastily withdrew his suggestion with the explanation that it was only a joke. I still don't believe it. I didn't call him ambitious just to write a nine letter word for the room it takes up.

Several titles were discarded in rapid succession when someone, I believe it was Lac, mentioned LIGHT. It, and two other titles, now forgotten, were torn apart, and the two that failed to mend in one piece were also thrown to the dogs. Needless to say, LIGHT was victorious. We parted that evening having got no further than that, but satisfied that we were at least started.

One month later, I joined the army. That little act caused untold damage in many ways to myself but it also disrupted all the plans we had made for the mag. I was the only one who had access to the print shop where the key to the whole matter lay, so what happened. The idea remained an idea and everyone sulked for a month.

CROUTCH NEWS came out regularly (sometimes) for the next year during which time I had been shipped overseas. Just what caused Lac to adopt LIGHT for CROUTCH NEWS I can't say for I was practically out of touch with things then, but what little strength I had left in me (being very ill at the time - oh, very, very ill) was knocked out on receipt of the old CROUTCH NEWS renamed LIGHT. Our plans for numerous illustrations, wide variety in the contents and the sponsoring of Canadian activities in stndm had all been adopted with the title. I was surprised, I was flabbergasted, I was tickled pink.

Since then you have watched LIGHT become one of the best fanzines on the fmmarket. It has grown and flourished, attracted the top fans and drawn some of the best compliments any fazine has ever been given

finis.

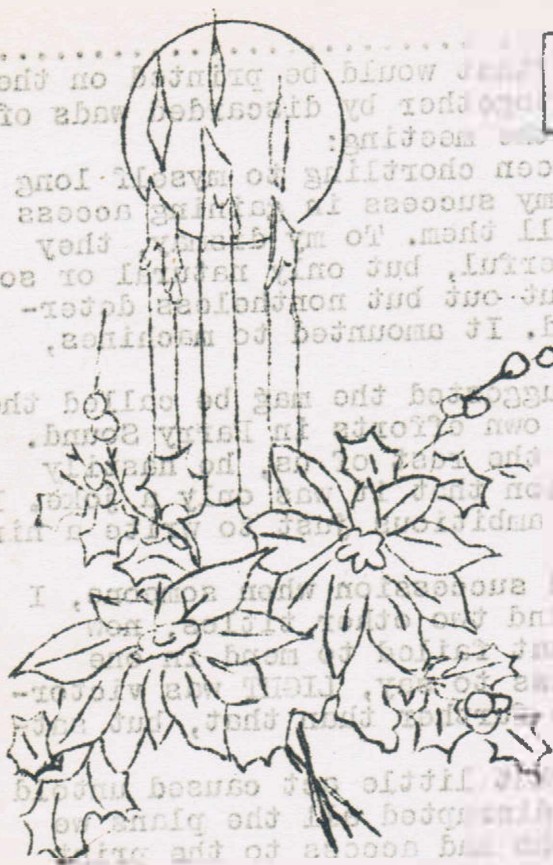
Editorial note: I had for some time realized the drawbacks in a name such as CROUTCH NEWS so I started experimenting with other titles. Most of you remember ELECTRON, which, it turned out, wasn't new enough or original so it was dropped after a few issues. I thought up titles by the ream, I asked correspondents for suggestions. I wanted a name that was short, easy to remember, attractive, and original. Suddenly I remembered LIGHT. This name outlived all the others. It was a thoroughly Canadian name as it had been brought up during the meeting Ted tells about in the foregoing article. I knew he would be pleased to see it being used, and I also knew he would take a more personal interest in the magazine. In fact, he has been appointed LIGHT's Canadian Correspondent in Britain and has been given the job of reporting on all fan activities over there that he comes in contact with. It was coincidence that LIGHT's present policy happens to be the same as that outlined by Ted. But both are similar because it is the most likely policy to evolve in the making of an entertaining amateur publication.



# MAIL

## BOX

*letters from the readers.*



FRANCIS T. DAVIS, CLARKSTON, WASHINGTON  
Franc had a fairly good idea for his story, but the writing is execrable. Some of those long, endless sentences that drop you off on the second turn were the worst; but the whole story should have been thoroughly revised before using it....Combs' poem was better than average for fanzine work, but nowhere near as good as others of hers....Davis' deal on religion had some excellent ideas in it, but in places was not too coherent. However

he did a good job of handling a most ticklish question, and while I don't always agree with him, I'd certainly enjoy having a good session with a guy that has thought a few things out. I hate to admit it, but your story was far and away the best thing in this issue.

IRENE SHILLOG, PARIS, ONTARIO I received the October LIGHT safely and thanks very much. I thoroughly enjoyed your story "Horror In the Hut".

HAROLD WAKEFIELD, TORONTO You are right! That story by Barbara Bovard is the best piece of fantasy I've ever seen in LIGHT.

TED WHITE FROM ENGLAND Dear Les: Gosh, ulp, holy cats!!!! Are we really cousins? and if so, why does this hafta happen to me? I ain't done nuthin' in all my miserable life to deserve such disgrace. On bended knee I beg of you, do not tell anyone. Don't even whisper it out in the middle of the ocean in case someone gets to hear of it. I could never hold my head up again!! Seriously though, (t'all with the u!) I can hardly believe it's true. We became acquainted in such a strange manner, that to find we are relatives is almost more than my mind can digest at one fell swoop. How on earth your Mother ever got the bug about us being related is more than I can understand, but the fact remains she did. I congratulate her on the remarkable intuition she has. And to think I passed up a chance to visit you once while I was in Camp Borden. Oh may I spend my hereafter in hades!! May I be cursed for being such an ass. Confidentially, you are one relation I don't mind admitting the knowledge of. [well, hully choc- thanks, pal-ED] Some of the others...phooey! They just don't seem to think along the proper lines for me. Maybe I'm too radical for them and if so God help them if you ever have to introduce yourself to them....latest LIGHT is a pip. The best yet! (I'm in it!!!!) S'long for now; Ted.

EDWARD R. WHITE IN A LETTER RECEIVED THREE DAYS AFTER THE ABOVE  
JONG. I still can't get used to the idea of your being my cousin. Seems



like someone did me a dirty deed way back in our history. Hafta put up with you, though. First of all, I suppose you want a long and detailed account of my visit to Manchester and the fellows I saw there. Sorry, chum, circumstances were such that I didn't see one little sfn. Nope, not even Harry Turner, although I nearly saw him. He went out the back door on his way back to camp just as I rushed up to the front door hoping to see him for a few minutes before I started back for camp myself. Leeds was out of the question altogether and the other fellows in Manchester were saved from seeing my handsome face through an act of God. I'm all burned up about it but I'll tell you about it later. Right now I want to answer your August letter and say a few thousand words about the August issue of LIGHT. Your splurge on the lackadaisical (made a mistake there, I'm sure) Canadian fandom in Light Flashes has been a long time coming. I expected to see it long ago and intimated as much in some of my letters as you are well aware. Of course, I confined my remarks to Toronto fans but often felt like going all out and giving the whole country a hell of a blast and see what happeness, through smug indifference I could destroy. Now you have printed a blast that howls from the roof-tops. I am waiting to see what the result will be. /They apparently took it lying down, Ted. Though perhaps the waking up of one Toronto fan who sent several mss. recently was due to this, though I doubt it.-ED/ Frankly, I'm afraid your contributors are going to remain in the small numbers for awhile, at least. /Canadian, maybe. But I have several Americans in my files, and stuff ought to arrive from England now and then. Miss Combs, or rather, Mrs. Anderson now, is an American; Wigner, coming up, is American; Barbara Bovard is American; and have my eye on others.-ED/ I have no faith in the Canafans as a whole. /Maybe I shouldn't have printed that, Ted, but such a remark from another active Canadian fan along with mine may make somebody mad. Then we'll have a fight. Goody goody. Times have been too tame recently anyway. Only good set-to we've had is this French question Wellheim stirred up.-ED/ Even Hurter is feeling the pinch of material. Absentee big-shot!!! Such a description of me. Surely you can do better than that, Les, old man. Why I can think of the loveliest terms for myself. /How about a poll to see who get's voted in as Number two Canadian fan? Right now I think you should be somewhere in the top 5 brackets. I think you, Child, Peck, Frome, and I would divvy up those top five places. Homecoming, by Mason, needless to say, surprised me. I read the story before I thought of looking to see who the author was and when I found out, I had to read it again to find out why I like it. His writing has certainly changed. The last script of his I had the misfortune to read was one of those horrible Mason-things and since then I have tried to get past anything of his without reading it. This bit of his is quite a surprise though, and I must admit I enjoyed it. /I recently accepted several mss of Mason's which will, I think, be well accepted.-ED/ Phantasm by Shirley Peck is well written. That girl sure can turn out poetry, good stuff at that, too. /And yet I have a hard time getting her to write enough of it!-ED/ Barbara Bovard Exists explains much and makes interesting reading. Are you going to let Ackerman steal her away now? /Miss Bovard expects to go to Washington and this will likely curtail her writing. However, I wouldn't be surprised if she dropped columnizing and started in for fiction. Her "Return To Laker" has been acclaimed as the best thing LIGHT has yet printed.-ED/ Message From An Immortal has no wonder- ing if Shirley drools. She must do to write such stuff. Gad, what a girl.

BEB started an argument some time ago about who the fans are and who they are not - or somep'n! Anyway, it all boiled down to an argument amongst several of the guys and gals. I stated a fan is a person who does something about it. One who merely reads and maintains a strict silence is not a fan. I still say it. Sure, classify them as



.....  
fans, and ~~nothing~~ if you want to, ~~DEB~~, but doggone it, what good will it do? If a guy doesn't say anything what good will it do? You can't tell what he wants or what he thinks and I believe one of the main interests of fandom is to turn out the stuff the fans want. How the devil can you do that if you have no idea what he wants? There is people you cannot depend on to keep reading your stuff and so you don't cater to them at all. As far back as I can remember, there has been a gosh-awful argument between the scientifiens and the fantasy-fans, and I believe it will go on forever. In my opinion there is nothing to worry about as long as the two sides yell loud and long. When they fail to tell the difference in the stories and remain quiet, start worrying. When that happens something serious has gone wrong somewhere. You just can't mix the two in one. They have to remain separate or they are not science fiction or fantasy. I hate to think of what would be the result when the two become so mixed there would be no defining the story. What a mess that would be!

Al Godfrey's letter in the Mail Box strikes a sour note with me as it must do with others. Has this fellow ever heard of Hitler? He wants everyone to read, speak, and write the German tongue and forget their own native language. That is just what Godfrey is seemingly in favor of with the difference of changing French to English. He had better read his history and learn how the French fought to retain the right to speak their own language. Another, and more serious point, is that the ill-feeling between Quebec and Ontario is antagonized by such thoughtless remarks as his. Such a feeling as this may some day lead to something such as we are in now and I'm sure no-one really wants that.

Enough of that, we don't talk politics in our letters. Tain't healthy! Every common man should know and speak his politics. If the common man of the world today didn't leave his government in the hands of thoughtless, selfish politicians who are out for themselves and not for the people, maybe we wouldn't be fighting this war. We have got to look after our own rights and understand what is going on.-ED/ child's letters are always good for a laugh.

JOHN HASON, TORONTO Just read Miss Bovard's excellent little tale and agree with you that it's the best thing LIGHT's printed. Yup. Even better'n MOLECOLING.

EDWIN MACDONALD, INVERNESS, SCOTLAND This BEB is rawthah stupid. Doesn't she know that, thro usage, "fan" in the science-science world has come to be a technical term, denoting one who reads science-fiction (and if a true fan, also fantasy and weird) and also writes to fellow readers of "that literature", writes to magazines, pro and amateur, joins fantasy clubs, etc. Bob's "fan" is named properly, a s-f "reader". "Actifan" correctly means a more-than-ordinarily active fan, one who publishes a fanmag, or is the director of a club, or does some such thing.

A. VAN VOOT, TORONTO My criticism of LIGHT is entirely on its sex motif. I prefer subtlety. Mere display can be very boring, and certainly the reproduction of a washroom portrait does not show iconoclasm at its best. I didn't like ...SPC. The best cartoon in the issues I saw was the one where the explorer is being cooked in a test tube. [Thanks, Alf. You see, when you say there is something you don't like I like to know exactly what it is. Only thus can I mend my ways! Sex is various ways has been exploited in the past months. I can promise you it won't be quite so blatant in the future. A few declared that testube picture wasn't sin or fantasy and I say it IS fantasy- where esle but in fantasy would you find a testube and bunsen burner large enough to cook an explorer with. I wonder if the chef was Dr. Livingston? -ED/



JOHN G. REPP, TORONTO Each and every one has shown a consistent improvement over the last. Your editing and laying out is getting better too- keep going Les- maybe some day you'll get to have a silk-screened cover- that would be tops.

GMR. BOB GIBSON, CA, ENGLAND COMES THROUGH WITH SOME INTERESTING REMARKS /these are the sort of letters, interesting to all, and discussive, that LIGHT wants and does print without fail-ED/ That duplication of plot is common enough. Of course there is a full range from accidental to all the way up through unconscious duplication of a consciously forgotten plot to plagiarism. I watch for them- among other things- and if the story is too much like a preceding one, I mark it down. Repp's "Red Dimension" after Plagg's "Blue Dimension". Williamson's "Secret of the Pyramid" or "Under the Pyramid" or some such title, after H. K. Wells' "Cavern of the Shining Ones". Fuqua's cover for the one he suggested Wesso's for the other (before I read the mag) that I thought he must have been pinching ideas, though he illustrated another part of the story. And another by Repp, "Armageddon, 1948", I think, is just the basic situation of Cole Cox' "Out of the Silence" with a world-doom by monsters plastered on. Those are the worst. Gabriel Williamson's "Earth-Venus 12" is a perhaps legitimate duplication of Cummings' style and vocabulary. G.W. being Mrs. Cummings. I also watch for the appearance of stories on the plots I have thought of. The last time one showed up that I know of was in Macdonald's "By His Bootstraps" and Del Rey's "My Name is Legion". This last set of remarks rises from an item in the Child letter. Another point on which I agree with him is that about stf printed in Germany. It's just as silly to boycott literature as it is to ban music from a country.

HOLD YER HATS, G. MC! SPR. GODFREY JUST FLEW IN WITH HIS USUAL BREEZY TALK-IM-RUNNIN First the cover by D. Elder, I wonder if he ever held feet? That gal has sure got lots of meat, but why did he make such small feet? It's easy, Les, to figure that, for feet were not what you would look at... "The Fate of Red Bat" was all right, but I see bats most every night, and some are red, and some are black, they're out each night upon the track of some poor helpless NCO, they get him drunk, then take his dough... The Horror in the Hut, oh boy, it nearly made me retch with joy, but army grub has made me tough, and so I cannot get enough of stories like that little tale, that is when they get through the mail. The little cartoon of the wee little house was stolen from a Gay Tales, you louse (Yngvi?)/Gwan, my oaf, how you do loaf. Didst not you know on a postcard from you that little house did show?-ED/ That scaly thing, with the long leathery wings, if you use a fine comb, you'll get rid of those things... D.O.A.L.S. was hard to digest, so of all in the mag, H.I.T.H. was best... The mail bag was full, it's a good thing for us, for it gives us a chance to praise or to cuss. The best of the lot was a letter from Bloch, he speaks of some very good stuff there, b'gosh. Could we get a reprint on some of that dope? If as tough as it sounds, drag it in with a rope... I suggested such a thing to Bloch but haven't heard from him yet-ED/ The horrible puns from the fellow called Fred, they smelled so darned bad, they must have been dead... Rodeo, by Peck, just what does he drink? That stuff that he turns out, no, it does not stink, but if he washed it in Lifebuoy, that might make it better, but then it is not quite as bad as is this letter... Return to Iakar, that really was swell, in my estimation, that one rang the old bell... The mail bag as usual full to the brim, in response to the Lamb, just baa, baa, to him... Your directory, Les, is a mighty fine plan. Now about putting in the name of this cockeyed fan?... You sent me a copy of Acolyte soon so I'll send on my comments straight in to you. The mat-

(more of this on pg. 22)

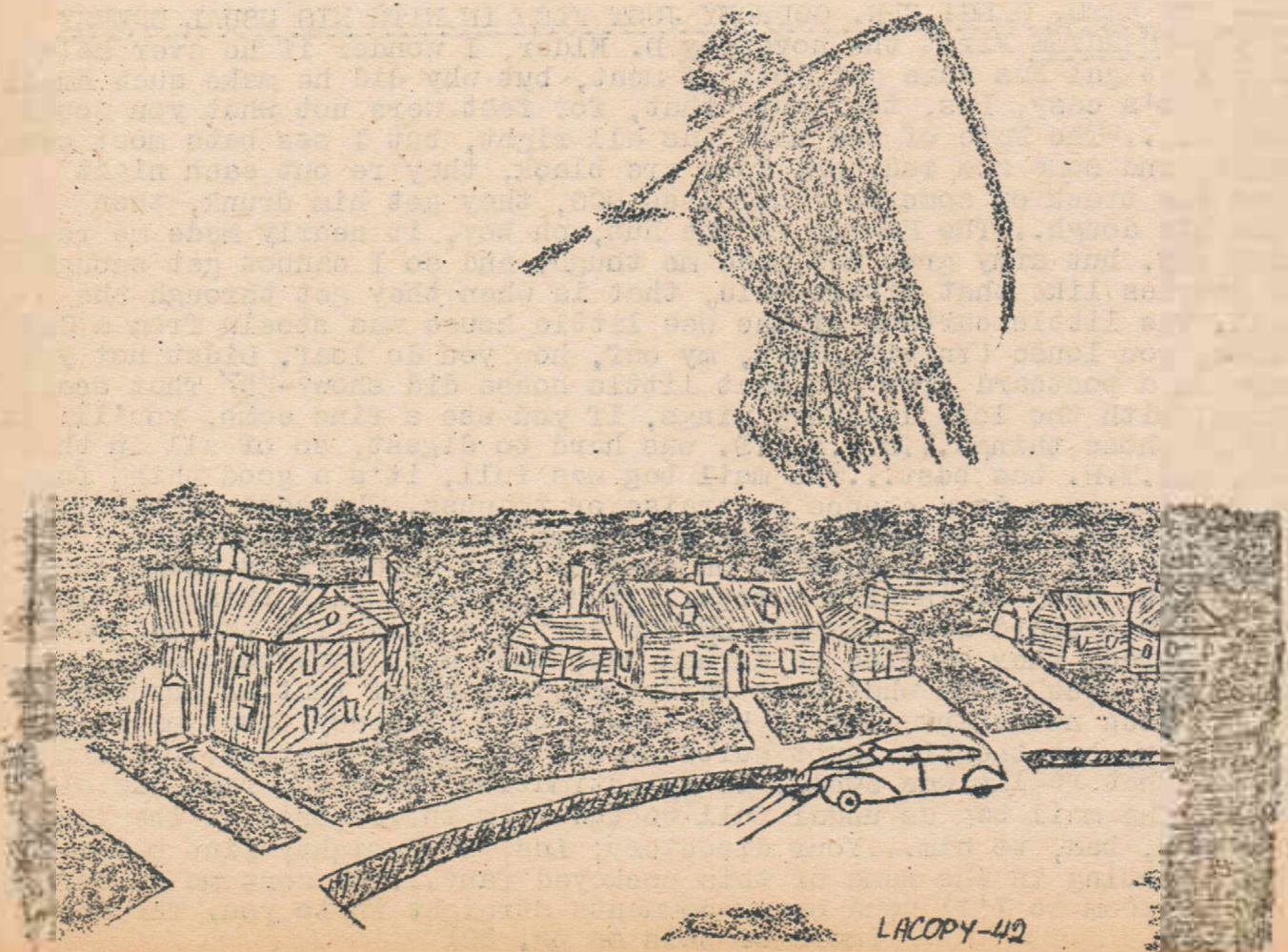


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WHAT TIME HATH WROUGHT  
Gordon L Peck.

I glimpsed the glory of a realm of old  
Where stood the jade and jasper minarets,  
Tipped by the sunset's random brush of gold  
With Sol's last ling'ring tokens ere he sets,  
Of Zorog, dire necropolis of doom:  
Not a pennant flutters on the breeze.  
Palace, dooryard, court and counting-room,  
Throne-room, shrine and altar, mart, all these  
Lie 'neath a pall of dry dust, undisturbed.  
Tis aeons since the foot of man hath trod  
These halls: Great stone faces, unperturbed,  
Impassive, on a bed of common sod,  
Stare mindlessly on streets of polished stone,  
Weed-riv'n, where in an earlier, happier day  
Commerce throve. All in confusion thrown,  
Mansion, hut, surrender to decay.

What Armageddon wrought this great downfall?  
'Twas Time, most inexorable of all.





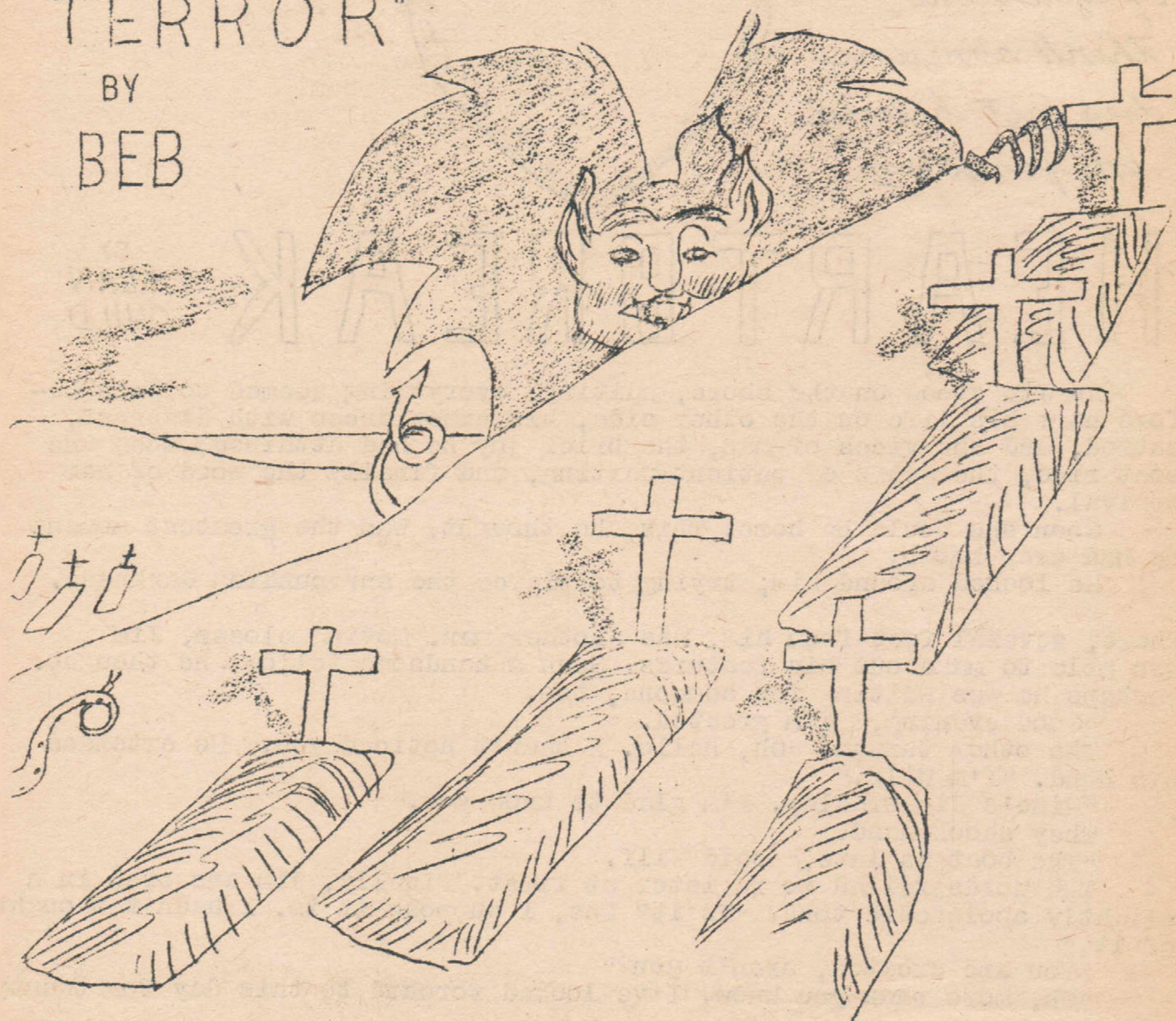
# "ODE TO



# TERROR"

BY

BEB



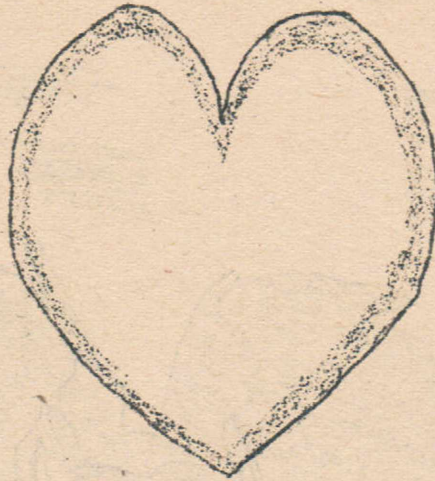
Miasma scuts the moon-filled sky  
Above the holes where dead men lie,  
Making shadows black and long  
On the hills where crosses throng.

Where Things lurk in the slime  
of Death  
Slithering to choke the Night's  
foul breath,  
Horror clouds the cold unseeing  
eyes  
And fiends wait for the dead  
to rise.

(illustration by Beb)



this tender little  
tale packs a  
heart-throb  
not for those  
of you who  
think romance  
does not belong  
in fantasy.



# HEARTBREAK

BY  
ALAN  
CHILD

As Jim stood on the shore, waiting, everything seemed to pass before him: his life on the other side, his experiences with distrust, hatred, and the vices of man, the brief joy he had attained, then the boat ride, the years of patient waiting, and finally the word of her arrival.

Soon she would be here. This, he thought, was the greatest moment he had ever known.

He looked around him, trying to pierce the surrounding darkness.

There, several feet from him, was another man. Moving closer, Jim was able to make out his features. Such a handsome fellow, he thought. Perhaps he was waiting for someone, too.

"Good evening," Jim greeted.

The other turned. "Oh, hello. I hadn't noticed you." He extended his hand. "I'm Wilf."

"Mine's Jim Bradley. I'm glad to know you."

They shook hand.

"The boat is late," said Wilf.

The words failed to register at first. Finally, Jim answered in a slightly apologetic tone. "Is it? Yes, I suppose it is. I hadn't thought of it."

"You are excited, aren't you?"

"Oh, more than you know. I've looked forward to this day for twenty years."

"I've been thinking of this moment for forty," said Wilf with a smile.

"That's a long time to wait."

Wilf sighed. "Yes, but it will be worth it."

"Your wife?"

Wilf nodded.

"Same," Jim spoke slowly, his eyes never moving from the waters. "I hope yours hasn't forgotten you after all this time."

Wilf was astounded. "Forgotten me? Impossible. Ours is the eternal love. We were meant for each other and knew it. We married almost as soon as we met."

"Mine wasn't like that," declared Jim. "I'm positive that she's



madly in love with me and always was, but our courtship lasted quite some time."

Slight splashes were heard. The boat at last! Now they could see the little craft. On it were two men, but only one woman.

"Too bad, old chap," said Jim, "I suppose yours will be on the one later."

"But," cried Wilf, "that is my wife. You must be mistaken."

"What! Jim could not believe his ears, then his voice broke. "Oh, I see. You're the other one. Why didn't I think of this!"

He was miserable but Wilf was affected none the less, either. Jim turned and walked away.

"Where are you going?" Wilf shouted. "Say, that's not right." He plunged into the dark, caught hold of the fleeing Jim.

"Please let me go," pleaded Jim. "Don't make me see her. That would only make it worse."

"Don't be foolish. Perhaps I was wrong about her affections."

"No- you weren't. You should have heard what she told me about you."

"Women are apt to exaggerate," soothed Wilf. "Besides, if you don't come, what can I say if she asks where you are?"

"Oh- tell her I am dead...no, that's no good. Let's see..." Jim was forcefully led back to the shore without further ado. Their wife had just disembarked. Jim had never seen her look so beautiful. She was so young looking. That was a great thing about this place: one became young upon arrival and stayed that way.

"Hi, Bob, Jim," she rushed over to them. "My, you both look wonderful. Oh," she turned slightly, "this is Geoffrey Allen." They noticed the man with her. "My husband."

Wilf became horribly pale: Jim tottered dangerously on the edge of the bank. But the greatest blow was yet to come.

Naturally Geoffrey and I will live together over here. I hope you will visit us often. I'm sorry I have to disappoint you, but now that I've met Geoffrey, I know that I could not be happy without him. I realized this beyond any shadow of doubt when we died together on the beach when it swept over the bridge on the other side."

With muttered good nights, Jim and Wilf wandered off into the night. There was a long pause, then Wilf said, "At least she didn't tell me that we would find someone else. I know that would be impossible." Jim almost smiled. "And I always thought that everything was perfect on this side."

finis

ISAAC ASIMOV by Virginia Anderson.

A chemist isn't a hero, he's just a common guy,  
Nobody bewails it if he loses leg or eye.  
He hasn't a speck of glamor, no wonder it gets his goat,  
For the only uniform he wears is a laboratory coat.  
If his alchemy goes wrong, and he flies through the roof,  
The papers, screaming, headline the death of another goof.  
Day in, day out and forever, he's always risking his neck,  
But glamor or no glamor, he's my hero by heck!





(Editor's note: "Hells Corner" was formerly a column in Charles Belings' fanzine in the States. It was primarily intended to be contributed to by fans who had some pet peeve and wished to work it off harmlessly. Beling's fanzine disappeared, and in a recent letter Harry Warner Jr sent me this contribution to Hells Corner with the thought that it was ideally suited to LIGHT and that I might wish to continue to column. The following nomination by an English fan gives you an idea what it is all about. If this is well accepted, and if someone will keep the ball rolling by sending in a contribution for the January issue I'll make Hells Corner an institution. So send in your pet peeves, began always with the words, "I nominate for a corner in hell" or some such words with that general idea. THIS IS YOUR DEPARTMENT. FOR THE LOVE OF LIME DON'T LET THIS SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS TOO!!)

by Doug Webster,  
(England)

I nominate for a corner in hell all fans who will talk and write of nothing but stf and fantasy. I spend quite a lot of time studying and thinking about fans, for they are on the whole very interesting little nippers, and I've found they can be divided into two rough classes:- Those who are willing and eager to talk on any subject under the sun, including religion, politics, and sex (woo-woo) and those who are, by and large, boring.

It's true I talk mainly of English fans, while American ones are different. And I expect you fellows often wonder if we ever talk of anything but politics. Sometimes we do- we're interested in sex as well. But we, I'm afraid, are forced to take a look at where the world's going, instead of sett-

ing our course by the stars. We see it going places, pretty damn quick. Some of the younger fans don't seem to; some of you Americans don't seem to either.

It's much more fun, really. I sometimes wonder if any of you ever give a thought to social reforms, educational betterment, the international situation, and so on and inf. Maybe you do, in letters: I can rarely find any trace of it in a fanmag. When I read Milt's Mag that Elmer Perdue had been calling the President a bastard, I let out a mighty whoop of joy. Elmer was behaving like an ordinary human being! I could name dozens of English fans who are fairly normal in most respects, but they don't seem to abound in America. Why, fancy the Futurians actually discussing politics! Naughty fellows!

Maybe the war will force it on you. Joe Gilbert seems to think so. We were always much the same over here, but I wonder if any of you could find yourself in my present position and still not give a thought to the outside world? My university course has been broken off, I've been given the most useless job I could ever imagine, and every chance of my being much use to the country in the future destroyed. No, I don't think about rocket-ships.

One useful thing above all should accomplish: in an fanmag worthy of the name, it should start one hell of a fight!

(Ed's note: now you've read it. Do you like it? If you do will you do your bit to keep it up? It won't take long to write out enough to fill a page. How about you, Norm Lamb, Alan Child, Fred Hurter?)

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX





MUNDANE TERMINOLOGY  
by  
Barbara Bovard

(Editor's note: this article by Miss Bovard is presented in reply to Gord Peck's "Extramundane Terminology" which appeared in CENSORED for June 1942.)

In answer to Mr. Peck, one doesn't have to leave this dusty sphere in order to find outlandish--or, in his case, outworldish--names. I worked at the local draft board--one of them--and the ones I picked up are really pips.

For the instance, I reveal the following:

(First names) All these are masculine.

Estolv--Ture--Macario--Andarast--Berdell--Joy--Skitin.

(Last names)

Dienforf--Bandurraga--Carnes--Boyajian--Neihart--Densie--Ponsing--Ckentre.

If there isn't enough variety and oddness about those names to warrant using them for planetary stories, then the stories are going to pot. "Ture", "Andarast", "Skitin", "Bandurraga", and "Ckentre" are good enough for any planet outside earth. The others will trail along in a pinch.

Should Mr. Peck care to look about him hard enough, he'd save quite a bit of rocket fuel by finding what he wants down here. The authors obviously got their names from some idea that hit them. They got an impression of an odd name and it stuck with them. Their names are made up of several different types and parts. You don't need even an imagination for finding names.

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continuing-----

THE MAIL BOX

erial, fine, but you couldn't read much, the paper was good, but the ink didn't touch. If you get a copy a fellow can read, just send it along, I'd like it, indeed...At the newsstands I've bought a copy or

or two of Uncanny Tales, and I'm telling you, that the readers page in it looks so much like Light, with Barbara, Gord Peck, and others who write it, it is quite uncanny the tales that are told, and that is the stuff that keeps magazines sold...

This is the end, but before I go away, I wish all you people a glad Christmas Day, and a Happy New Year, we will throw that in too, don't drink too much white mule or other bad brew.

FRANCIS T. LANEY AGAIN In spite of a tendency to use pulp phrases and cliches, "Return To Lark" has an atmosphere.; particularly in the first few paragraphs. I think DEB tried to tell too much, did not leave enough to the readers' imaginations; but even so, this is far and away the best thing I've yet seen anywhere. And now I'd like to pick a row with your friend Ted White, whose long letter filled most of the mailbox. Listen, chum, why all the ultra-patriotic ballyhoo of Canadian Fandom? What are the United Nations fighting for, a world made of Jealous ultra-nationalistic little nations, or one big happy family? /That, my dear Frank, is a question more than YOU would like to have answered-ED/ I personally don't give one faint small damn whether Fandom is strongest in Canada, the U.S.A., England, Australia, or where--as long as I can participate in it. Sure, I want to see a strong Fandom in Canada, but this is because I want to see a strong Fandom everywhere, and not because I give one loud whoop about where where the boundary line may be located. Let's forget about the maps, what? I see you are going on a cash basis with "Light". Good idea. I've read, let's see, about five or six of your stories now (Spaceways, Censored and Light) and this is so much better than any of the others that I don't see how the same guy could have written it. /thanks, but didn't you see the ones in Uncanny, Eerie, and the one in Future?-ED/



..... WASHINGTON D.C. Oh, so I gotta prove Yngvi is a louse?  
If I do write it up, will you print it? /I will-ED/ Say, is there any  
way of enlarging your circulation to include American actifans be-  
sides the more prominent ones? /Certainly, anyone who wants LIGHT can  
subscribe in one of three different ways. It just happens that I count  
the more active ones among my friends- ED/ Or don't you ever print  
anything by an American fan? /Certainly, what about you, Anderson,  
Ackerman, Elder, Nyx? Coming up are Widner, Warner Jr and others-ED/  
You know, Crutch, I don't get it. First you rave and roar about want-  
ing LIGHT to be a magazine for Canadians, and then you allow Virgie  
and I to contribute. /Once there was a hungry lion who roared for  
fresh meat. So little was handed him that he got so hungry he soon  
started eating other stuff and eventually became a vegetarian. I DID  
was LIGHT to be 100% Canadian but soon found this impossible do to lack  
of sufficient Canadian support. So I have opened the doors to anyone  
who reads and writes English, whether he lives in Canada or on Mars.-  
ED/BUT, we're the only USERS to do so. Does the fact that we're fe-  
males have anything to do with it? /To a certain extent yes, to a cer-  
tain extent, no. You wouldn't be in LIGHT if you were just girls, and  
couldn't do something. But I will admit I'm giving you the breaks, as  
I will any girl femmefan who can write, draw or what have you. Reason-  
I have always believed the girls were too shy to come out and do things.  
Everywhere you looked, in the prozines, the fanzines, it was boys who  
wrote the letters and did the art and so on. There were all too few  
girls. So, to try and draw the girls out, LIGHT will always be sympath-  
etic toward them and give them the breaks.-ED/ (I don't count 44. He's  
a sort of globe-trotting writer and is too well-known to be classed as  
a definite species). I don't get it.

Now we come to LIGHT. The cover---Les, you should be ashamed of  
yourself. If you don't have anyone who can draw better than that, then  
don't have a cover, because that one stinks. If you want a VOMaiden,  
then let me get you a good one, for pete's sake, find yourself an ar-  
tist! /Alright- you find a decent one and I'll print it-ED/ THE FATE OF  
RED BAT tickled me immensely. I have never, in a long time, read such a  
story of melerdrama. Swell possibilities of comedy there. Seriously, an  
old theme, well worth developing, was ruined. Frone's phraseology was  
good, though. Combs- you know how I like her. DISSERTATION ON A LOST  
SOUL...I'm the one who got lost. Who won? /Bingo did-ED/ Mailbox...I  
apologize to Gibson and admit my error. I think I was talking about six  
other things. However, if Peck did write "Panegyric", it is the best  
thing he's ever done. THE HORROR IN THE HUT...very good, Les, m'lad  
/this is getting to be monotonous- remind me to write a bad story-ED/  
I was wondering how long it would be before we saw you in print again,  
and the result is good. I could go into detail about one or two spots,  
but it isn't worth the effort. Quite chilly, old boy, quite spookish.  
Something on the order of Seabury Quinn, slightly. /Doo Lowndes,  
then author's agent, turned that down, and later on UNCANNY did- the  
buns.-ED/ THE LIGHTER SIDE...terrific. I giggled over that. In fact,  
it's swell! /hear that, John? How about a repeat?-ED/ Comb's dragon  
or griffin was very good indeed. Only it should have been on the cover  
instead of that monstrosity supposed to be a female. Get Nanek to turn  
out some more, Les. She's the best artist you've got. /Nanek's here  
to stay, Beb-ED/ Who did the cartoon? It looked suspiciously like one  
of Gus Wilmoth's. /it was copied from a postcard sent me by Al Hod-  
frey-ED/ I take back what I said about "Panegyric". Peck's cartoon on  
the back is the best thing he has done. It was really and truly good.  
The idea was entirely new, and was just the right finishing note to  
the mag.



.....1941.....

## CONTRARIWISE

Before we go any further, let me announce that science-fiction should be spelled sft--not sfh. Anyone who has ideas on the subject, kindly contact the editor.

Our own Sergeant Lamb brought up the fact that so many of our actifans are out of circulation. Quite true. But that doesn't prevent them from partaking just as vigorously of the millions of items that constitute actifandom. The active ingredients of a good organization are ideas and activity. The big shots who are in the Army, Navy, Landers, Black Watch, or what have you, can take care of the ideas while the stay-at-homes, second-class big shots can take care of the activity. Even if the man in uniform can't act, he can still think, and there is no reason why he can't keep in contact with correspondents and visitors---and if he gets a furlough, so much the better.

And look at the hundreds of people whom they can convert! Not to mention that the biggest chance of a lifetime is the armed forces they're in. There is where they can find out who is the acti-fan and who is the fan. Think of the possible fans they can turn into actifans! A little question asking, an adroit waving of a magazine, and presto! More actifans!

If there is a question of getting reading matter through to the men in the armed forces, there lies something for someone who is an acti-fan and wants to do something for someone. Get magazines into the various armed forces. Of course, if the government labels it subversive propaganda, then it's time to start introducing science-fiction into the Canadian government!

How many of the audience have explored the possibilities of the string of names and addresses found in the Canadian Weird Tales? There are quite a few of those addresses in the American mag, but never as many as there is in the Canadian. There lies a wealth of material in fandom that needs to be turned into actifandom. These men and women read Weird Tales. They experience a real desire to join a group who are doing something. Not having the vaguest idea of what the club is like, yours truly can't exactly say that they don't do anything. However, it isn't likely that more than a fifth of them actively partake of the correspondence. They only need to be prodded a little. They would probably welcome the chance to dive into the madhouse of actifandom. Look 'em over.

I suppose I would be wasting my breath to ask how many have read Charles Fort's book, "Book of the Damned". There is the basis for many of the stories found in our mags, not to mention the lead novel in the first Unknown, "Sinister Barrier". At any rate, anyone with half the imagination that our group displays will keenly enjoy this book. You'll like his style of writing, too. It's different, to say the least. His entire attitude is one of, take it or leave it, and be damned if you do either.

Contrariwise, actifanlife in Washington, D.C., is terrible.

Beb





# LIGHT FLASHES

TO OPEN THIS MONTH'S COLUMN WITH A BANG- I WISH ALL OF YOU A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A MERRY NEW YEAR. MAY ALL YOUR SHIPS COME HOME IN 1945...and also may the Allies knock hell out of the Axis and may the little yellow bellies get a bad epidemic of collective hari-kari..... By now all of you will have had a pretty good look at the Christmas offerings of LIGHT and I hope it has both surprised and pleased you. Copies of this issue go to various professional magazines who run preview fan publications. A copy will also go to Colby of Canada's UNITY TIMES. Additional copies are on hand, so if any of you has a friend who is interested and might like a copy, tell me and I'll send you an extra copy for you to pass on.

As is usual with this time, we sit down one by one. And as far they have been many.

Now the advent of the and since then stories, its quality has stead- as the size. Also.

and did a bit of of prophecies Why change all Well, I think material

ed for some I'll admit fancy lying but it paid. bigger and 1945 than I first part articles, Milkert has monthly column publishing in in the January

will have a chance to Contrariwise will

Hells Corner also if I get Corner, this is YOUR department. personalities and insult anyone you like, except that no names will be permitted. Surely everyone of you has some pet peeve, at least, you'd like to get off your chest. Doug Webster's, I think, is one almost all of us agree on. Mrs. Anderson (Virginia Combs) has sort of promised a personality series on various professionals she knows and corresponds with. Such as Hannes Bok, Isaac Asimov, etc. I think you will see much red white during the coming year, in the letter column, as author articles, fiction.

Now to the usual news which is really the backbone of this department....Dan Cupid is a science-fictionist! He must be. Lately he has been hanging around the homes of fans and fanettes and causing marriages all over the map. First we got word that Art Widner had taken the leap. Then Virginia Anderson turns up with a mate, and tells that Isaac Asimov also "dood it". Now another has joined the ranks. Cy Kornbluth, alias Gottessman, etc, took to wife a correspondent-reader of mine, Mary Byers. Virginia Anderson asks how it feels to be married to four men

LIGHT, each year about and count our blessings as LIGHT is concerned, For instance, March minicographed magazine, articles and collect- ively upped, as well LIGHT has sat back crowing in the form for the next year. that this year?

I can safely say the crisis which exist- time, is now over. I did some tall and there for awhile, I can promise you better stories for offered for the of 1942. Also poetry, pictures, John G. offered to do a on professional Toronto. This starts issue when you comment on it. continue.

contributions. About Hells

That is where you can indulge in That is where you can indulge in personalities and insult anyone you like, except that no names will be permitted. Surely everyone of you has some pet peeve, at least, you'd like to get off your chest. Doug Webster's, I think, is one almost all of us agree on. Mrs. Anderson (Virginia Combs) has sort of promised a personality series on various professionals she knows and corresponds with. Such as Hannes Bok, Isaac Asimov, etc. I think you will see much red white during the coming year, in the letter column, as author articles, fiction.



at once....rumor from Toronto, unconfirmed but from a reliable source says that Canadian fantasy author, Thomas P. Kelley, was arrested for disorderly conduct. Tsk, Tom, tsk!....The American magazine which was voted the best fanzine in the Midner popularity poll, has been another war casualty. Harry Warner shocked fandom by circulating mimeod letters informing his readers of the fact that due to rising cost of material, impending draft, etc., that SPACEWAYS had been buried for the duration. He, however, ended with the cheery note that when things wound up in a proper fashion, SPACEWAYS would be continued. Harry is evidently confident out side will will, for I can't envisage such free-speaking, free-thinking organs as fan magazines, being allowed to exist in Nazi- or Jap-ruled lands....In Hollywood, with Ackerman in the army, Morajo is continuing Voice of the Imagination, doing all the work herself, though I presume he aids when he has a leave and gets home. Latest issue shows quality has not slipped a bit....Fred Hurter Jr, editor and publisher of the almost defunct Censored, is attending a course in Chemical Engineering at McGill's in Montreal....nomination for title of having best science-fiction magazine collection in Canada, from standpoint of condition and completeness, goes to Ron Conium, of Toronto. Nomination for having best library of weird literature in Canada also goes to Toronto, to Harold Wakefield. It is said Wakefield sups with a ghou, sleeps with a vampire, necks with a nymph, and, shhhhh- is a werewolf himself! But if it comes down to that, all sfm and fantasy and weird fans are werewolves, the men, that is. I can offer evidence to uphold my statement- they are men by day and wolves by night. Wooo wooooooooo!....Barbara Bovard has changed her place of habitat to bureaucratic Washington, where laws are made, boards are spiked, and altogether little gets done (courtesy TIME magazine!) If fans keep hopping about I'll have to steal an idea from Bob Tucker of Le Zombic, and run a "rent dodgers department". Fans who have changed addresses in the past three months are Bovard, Kornbluth, Godfrey, professional Van Vogt, Lamb, Mason, and goodness only knows who else. ....Nomination for maker off dumbest, lousiest, rottenest, poorest action, dialog, sets, weird films of recent date to Producers Releasing Corporation. Remember "Mad Monster" and "The Panther's Claw". It's a shame that with a raw film shortage on us that good companies like MGM, UNIVERSAL, etc, must be starved to allow crummy corporations like Producers to keep on wasting it! But such is control- or rather, lack of it!....fans with radios really should tune in LIGHTS OUT at 8 pm on Tuesday evenings over the Columbia Network. Such stations as KNOX, WABEC, and WJR carry it. They also use science-fiction themes at times....My my! A young lady said to your editor: "Croutch, you're a worm and a pig, but lately I've lost my fear of worms and am beginning to like pork!" Tsk! Dan Cupid, you really should know better than to hang around me. I'll teach you bad habits....What fan in Toronto is riled green to the gills because LIGHT rejected a mss of his? ....Shhh, it's supposed to be a secret but Rommel isn't really retreating. No, he's just going to run around the world and attack the British in the rear!....FLASH! FLASH! FLASH! Famous Fantastic Mysteries will continue with Mary Gnaddinger as editor. The February issue is the first under Popular Publications ownership. The magazine will be a quarterly now, but 144 pages as before, selling for a quarter. The magazine will no longer reprint stories which have appeared previously in other magazines. The entire contents will either be completely new or will be new to magazine pages. The editor may buy first serial rights to books which have never had magazine publication....It is the aim of FFM to be a sort of Golden Book of the best in fantasy. There is no limitation on story lengths. Anything up to 80,000 words. Payment has been set at a cent a word and up....

(continued on page 27)



a VISION seen in the LIGHT of a  
candle made of HUMAN fat with a

WICK of witch's HAIR. by NORMAN V.  
...LAMB.....

I was pondering in my dreary den, one dark and loathesome day:  
Just thinking of the Fate to come to mortals of base clay:  
When suddenly I heard a sound-- a foul repulsive scream,  
That nearly changed my blood to ice-- so eerie did it seem.  
I slowly turned and saw IT there-- IT's feral eyes agleam.  
The hydra-headed body, which was of shroud-like hue,  
Supported high a ghostly head, bedecked with Death's own dew.

I shuddered as I gazed at it; my heart within me quaked:  
And terror claimed me for its own, as my poor nerves it raked.  
I gasped quite low, in tones of fear, "From whence in Hell came you?"  
"What do you want to haunt ME for? What devil's name have you?"  
"I cannot stand your ghostly sight. What foulness will you do?"  
IT answered not but glared at me with hatred in IT's eyes:  
Foul drool just slavered from IT's mouth; IT mumbled obscene cries.

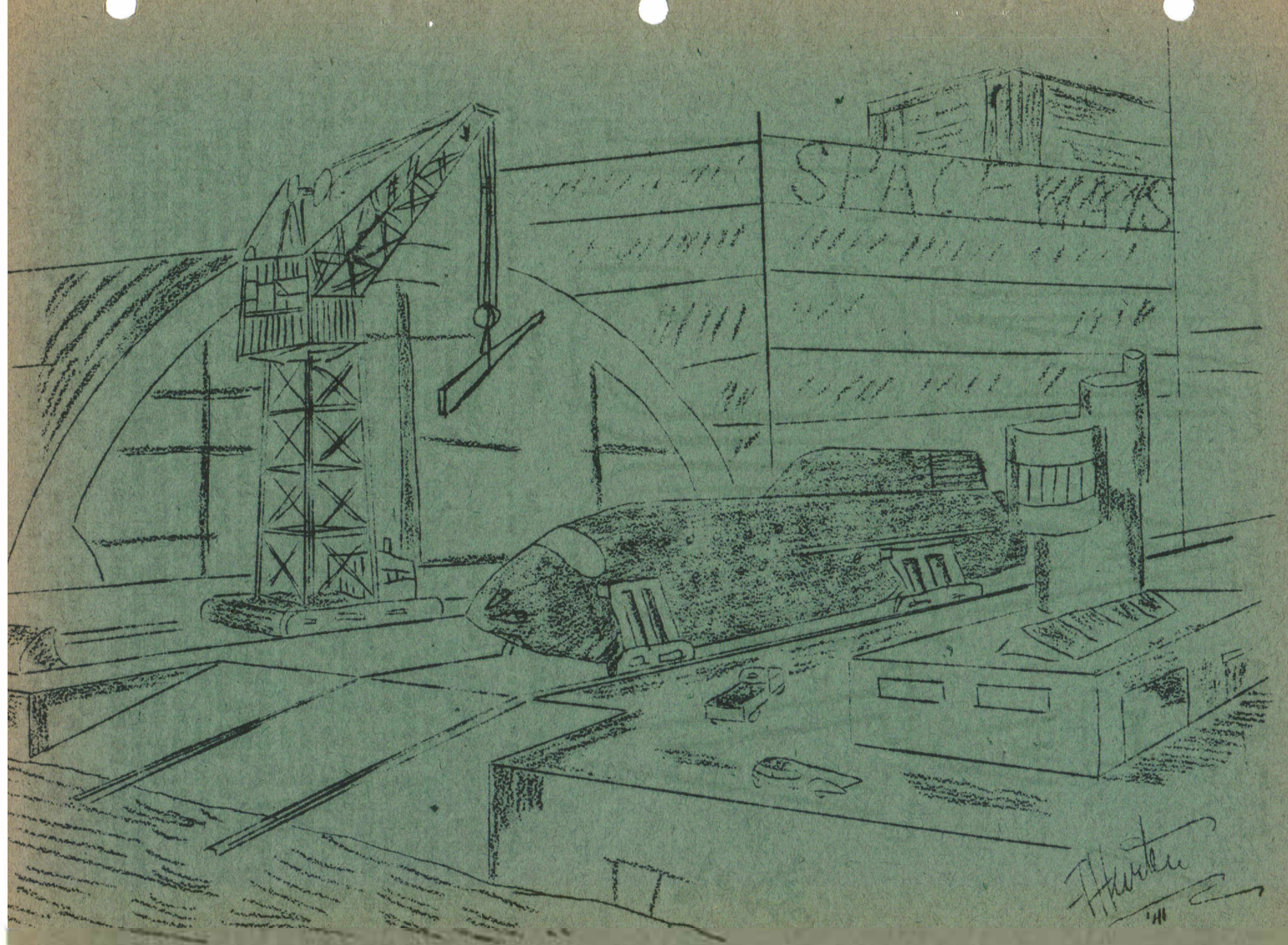
Then suddenly IT's features changed; I wondered what it meant  
As it go down upon the floor and lay on elbows bent.  
It leered at me reproachfully-- it looked just like a simper  
And uttered mild the lambent words-- "Why you have SUCH a temper."  
"You are not very polite to me; my actions you do harper."  
"Why do you stare at me SO much, as if I was so foul?"  
"I really think you look at me as if I was a ghoul."

"Oh deary me, how sad I am: I'm filled with UTTER woe."  
"I think I will not stay with you; I would much rather go."  
Next time you eat, ere you retire, a dish of lobsters grand,  
You'll have to get a spectre new. You're one man I CANNOT stand!"

#### LIGHT      FLASHES

...here's more dope on the new FFM dated March 1943. It contains John Hawkins' "Ark of Fire" and has a Finlay cover. The next number contains John Taine's "The Iron Star". Also scheduled are Taine's "The Greatest Adventure" and one of Hodgson's books....Virginia Anderson recently sold a poem of hers: "Dwellers In the Mirage" to FFM at 25¢ a line, almost four cents a word....FLASH! Matrimonial bureau says Pogo, California flame fan, is expecting to be a proud Mama any time now....FLASH! The following is reprinted from October 28 Fantasy Fiction Field: Here it is fans: "Odd Tales", the newest prozine. It will sell at 15¢ and is edited by Julius Unger and associate editor Harry Warner Jr. All stories will be illustrated by Hannes Bok, and a new fan artist Larry Shaw. Plans call for a bi-monthly publication date. "Odd Tales" will  
(continued on page 32)







# THE VAN VOGT



by Leslie

A.

Croutch

.....

It was spring. The sun rose out of a cloudless east on that beautiful day in April of the year 1912. As he climbed into the azure blue his health and life giving rays called to the flowers and grasses hidden in the hard ground of the Canadian prairies. Into a window in the easternmost of the three prairie provinces, Manitoba, he poked inquisitive fingers. Therein the age old drama of birth was being enacted for the millionth time on this old earth of ours. Outside in the city streets life went on as it had for years. But here in this room a doctor slapped the buttocks of a new-born child and listened with a thankful smile as the first hesitant breath was drawn and the baby vented his outrighteous indignation to the world in a weak, long-drawn cry.

Saturday, April the 26, 1912. Winnipeg, Manitoba. Only another of many births to the doctor but an occurrence of infinite wonderment to the doting parents. Born of fourth generation, solid, respectable Dutch parents, Alfred van Vogt looked out on this bright new existence with eyes that were inquisitive, seeking. This curiosity about the scheme of things into which he found himself so unceremoniously thrust without so much as a "thank you" and "may I", he carried into his adult life.

"Isn't he a beautiful baby, Henry?" His mother may have asked. We have no record of that. Even if he had understood those first words maybe he wouldn't have been interested in them. Henry may have said al-



most anything. Perhaps he only imagined. Perhaps, when the small, pink-checked cherub lying in his mother's arms, would grow up to write "fairy tales", he would have been very crude in his outspoken opinion!

Although born in Winnipeg, his real home to begin with was in Neville, Saskatchewan. There he learned to take his first toddling steps and probably discovered that a cat meowed when its tail was pulled. He was one and a half when his parents moved to Indianapolis where his father attended law school. Then they returned to the home town where Mr. van Vogt set up his law practise.

Alfred was six when he started to school freshly scrubbed. He wasn't cut out to be a scholar, though. That first day he attended classes for only a few minutes and then left for home.

He was ten when the family moved, first to Morden, Manitoba, a pretty town, then to Winnipeg where his father worked for the Holland American Line. From mid-1925, Henry van Vogt was manager in the Winnipeg office of the company. But when, several years later, immigration was curtailed, the office was closed, and the law business, which had never been quite deserted, was resumed.

In school, Alfred was a normal child, bright in some respects, dense in others. He skipped two grades. He swam, played baseball, put football, without brilliance. But reading fairy tales was his passion. When in Grade Six, age 11, his teacher one day took a fairy story book away from him and ordered the boy out to play. In High School he spent recesses reading Amazing Stories, anything but studying.

He considers his education a hodge-podge, and himself a living proof that anybody can learn to write. A couple of languages, some extra mural courses, and a couple of courses at the University of Ottawa complete the educational picture.

When he left school, he went to work as do the majority of young men in this country. During the fall of 1928 he worked as a clerk in Eaton's. Tiring of indoor work he left for a farm in 1929. There he worked on a threshing outfit as the separator man. He wasn't cut out to be a farmer, though. The fall and winter of 29-30 he was a trapper. He and two other fellows tramped the trapping lines all that winter. They had lots of fun but not much success. Their good fortune didn't run much better than muskrats, rabbit and a couple of weasels. 1930 he worked for his father in the latter's law office. That fall he worked driving a truck for a combine for about forty days until the run was finished.

Alfred van Vogt had had his fill of fresh air and the wide open spaces by now. He decided to work within the enclosing confines of four walls, a ceiling and a floor. He wrote the civil service exam and stood well, so was sent to Ottawa. That was in 1931. This job lasted a year. He ended up almost as poor as when he started for most of his earnings were lost, as he puts it, "in a queer game called poker". He was glad when the job was ended, however, for it interfered with his writing.

In the fall of 1932 the check for his first story lay in his hands. Sold to True Story Magazine, and called "I Lived in the Streets", it was all about how he, a fine looking girl, had lost his job, and had had to live in the park for awhile. True Story changed the title to "For the Sake of Decency" and gave him 26 a word for 8,000 words. It was a well-written yarn with plenty of mood. Van Vogt was just 20 then, and, filled with the sublime confidence of youth, thought he was going to coin money from then on.

After arriving back in Winnipeg, in 1932, whence he journeyed from Ottawa, he wrote many true stories. His biggest year was 1935 when he won a first prize in one of True Story's contests. Non other



.....  
sizes from time to time, but tired of this type of story in ~~search~~ of  
the good money. During this period and afterwards, van Vogt wrote many  
radio plays, some love stories. In 1957 he started doing trade paper  
work on a large scale as a side-line. He was a reporter of this type for  
nearly three years, resigning in November, 1959, when he and Mrs. van  
Vogt came east. This apparently explains Campbell's statement that  
van Vogt "is a Canadian newspaper man". All this time, fiction was his  
main job. He wrote, among other things, the very familiar BLACK DESTROY-  
ER, DISCORD IN SCARLET, and the first seven scenes of BLANK.

In every young man's life a little romance must fall. Dan Cupid  
didn't miss van Vogt in his perambulations. We wonder if, perhaps,  
all this time, he wasn't keeping an eye out for Alfred and chuckling  
behind his chubby little hand. In March 1956, the Fates, a meeting of  
the Writers Club in Winnipeg, and Dan Cupid, laid a trap for the wander-  
ing feet of our young hero. At this meeting of the Winnipeg Writers  
Club, the young lady, daughter of a Wheat Pool executive, who was also  
editor of The Western Producer, which is the important farm paper of  
the west, and Alfred van Vogt somehow found themselves together. She  
was, at this time, writing feature articles for the magazine sections  
of the Winnipeg Free Press, and for the Winnipeg Tribune. Since then she  
has written some fiction.

To cut a long story short, Dan Cupid found an arrow bright and  
sharp and van Vogt was wounded to the quick. The virulent poison was  
never successfully combatted, and wedding bells soon rang for the  
happy couple.

Today we find her influence in every story he writes. The "IT"  
in the A. E. van Vogt is hers because of the work she does on every  
story that leaves the van Vogt menage.

In 1958 Alfred picked up a copy of the July ASTOUNDING. In it was  
Don A. Stuart's WHO GOES THERE? He started to read it in the newsstand,  
quite idly, he says, but it down, finally, impressed, and thinking that  
sooner or later he'd better examine the magazine more thoroughly. But  
meanwhile he had other writing to do.

The way he got off science fiction was that he considered AMAZING  
the magazine, and all the others merely inferior junk. Then, when  
AMAZING faded out, he kept picking it up occasionally to see what was  
happening to the "best" in the field. Of course, he found as thousands  
of fans did, that it was growing worse.

But when he read WHO GOES THERE? he realized for the first time that  
the real sf magazine was ASTOUNDING. He returned to the newsstand a  
week later and bought that issue. Then he bought some back numbers.  
After this he sent a story idea to Campbell, who said to go ahead.  
First it was written in the ordinary manner, but van Vogt didn't like  
the result, worried over it for a few days, finally wrote it mood.  
Campbell called it "a perfectly beautiful yarn, a top-notch novelette".

Now to bring this up to date and to conclude. In November of  
1959, the van Vogts returned to Eastern Canada, first to Ottawa, then  
in 1941 to Thistletown, a suburb of Toronto. Recently, since September,  
they have moved to Toronto proper. They will dwell but temporarily  
in their present home as he has purchased a house and will move in  
after the first of the year.

(I wish to thank Mr. van Vogt for the kindness he has shown in  
so generously giving me the information needed for this, and the  
patience shown when, no doubt, I became somewhat "nosey". This is  
correct in all details as the van Vogts have passed on it themselves.  
Other fanzines wishing to reprint or quote portions are free to do so.)



.....  
 print new stories by A. Merritt, E. E. Smith, Henry Kuttner, and a first yarn by Frank R. Paul. There will be a ten page art section by Hannes Bok. . . . So far few have heeded the warning printed in the November issue about subscriptions: John Hilbert has submitted his column idea which is good. Nobody as yet getting LIGHT free have sent in material, or in any way looked after their subscription. This is YOUR last warning. This time I'm NOT bluffing. Those of you who haven't insured getting the January issue by subscribing in one of the three prescribed forms will find out there's teeth in that warning. Remember, I can print 25 copies of LIGHT just as easy as I can print 75. Remember, there is a vast field as yet untouched by LIGHT, and it is more practical to send sample copies out on the chance of raking in a subscription than it is to continue sending to someone bumming a ride on the rods who will continue to do so. Naturally I get a lot of enjoyment out of printing this and I don't give a hoot if it makes money or not. In fact, I'm not trying to make money. This is a hobby, but I'll be blamed if I'm going to carry a bunch of loafers who never do a darned thing in one way or another. So you who find "Xs" in that subscription square on page 9 WON'T GET A JANUARY ISSUE UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! Forewarned is forearmed, so-----.....In California at Fort MacArthur where Forrest J. Ackerman is stationed, they held a "Snafucius Say" contest. The winner was to have the honor and also the joy of escorting movie actress Carole Landis about the popular night spots for a day and an evening. To uphold the honor of fandom, Ackerman won the prize and also Miss Landis. Barbara Bovard wonders if he "dood it". Whatever it is she wonders we are not in doubt. A fan never let the old flag down, y'know!....We also wonder if Miss Landis is a stf fan now. We can dream of her saying to her bosses: "Hire stf fans. THEY are men!.....Christmas holly and decorations in this number are collaborations of your editor who improvised some, and Miss Kenally, who supplied the models and also many sketches....Gordon Peck suggests a non-Fantasy amateur publication for stories that aren't weird, fantastic, or stf. This for the boys who now and then like to write something not fantasy or what have you. LIGHT won't do this, but if LIGHT ever sees something really good in straight fiction LIGHT isn't a bit afraid of running a non-fantasy supplement with some number. But heck, you can write a good murder yarn and keep it distinctly weird. Fantastic ways of killing people haven't been properly plumbed yet. Which reminds me- why don't somebody send me a good weird murder story?.....QUESTION: What well-known Torotno fan misogynist is reported to have taken unto himself a girl friend? Tsk, m'fran- we never thought you'd dood it!....BEFORE I FORGET IT: ADVERTISING RATES NOW IN EFFECT ARE 25¢ PER QUARTER PAGE OR FRACTION THEREOF. EASY TO REMEMBER, ISN'T IT?.. Harry Warner Jr, publisher SPACEMAYS, or rather, ex-publisher, sent back his draft questionnaire last week in November. He is certain his classification will be 1A, which means he will be available for immediate military service....pros in the army now: Jack Williamson, Mort Weisinger, who used to edit Standard Buds, probably August Deifelth unless he got another deferment....newest subscriber to LIGHT is Franklin Baldwin, Grangeville, Idaho.....first New Years Greeting Card received here was a specially lithographed one from the gang at the LASTS: Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society in Hollywood. Thanks gang!....Anybody interested in a good condition paper back edition of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" (1854)?.....Remember last month a letter was printed in the MAIL BOX from William F. Temple in England that he was going out of England? Can it be this popular stf author was in the affair in North Africa? Your editor is hoping the next letter from Bill will enlighten