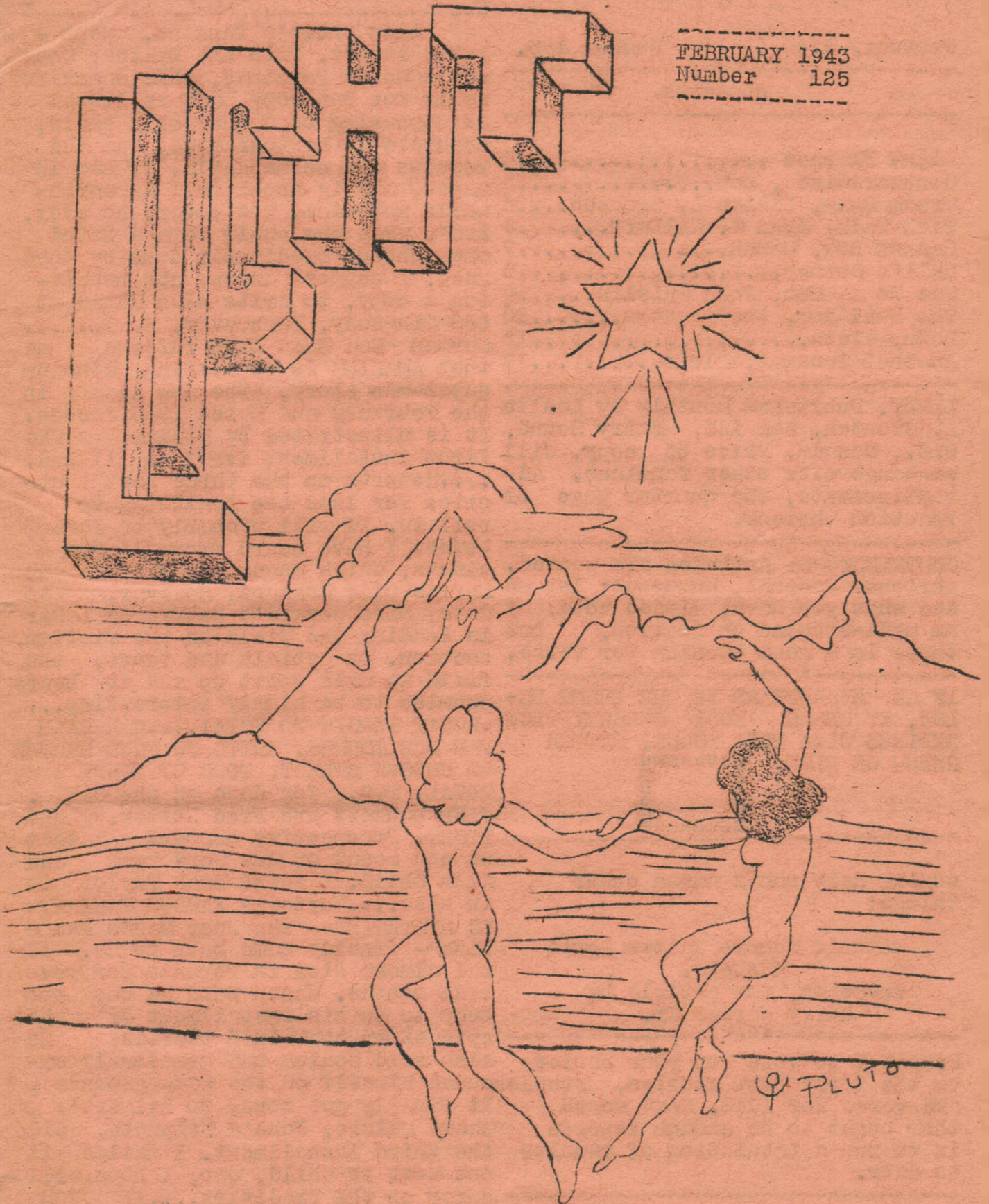


Hunter

FEBRUARY 1943
Number 125



(COVER BY PLUTO)

L I G H T

February 1943 Number 125.

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LIGHT. Published monthly by Leslie A. Croutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ont., Canada. Price 5¢ copy. Will exchange with other fanzines. Advertisements, 25¢ quarter page or fraction thereof.

CONTRIBUTORS: Articles are wanted, serious, factual, humorous; let me see what you have. Please note: I am well-stocked on fiction, but there is a good opening for verse.

IF AN "X" APPEARS IN THE FRAME BELOW, IT MEANS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES WITH THIS ISSUE. BETTER RENEW OR ELSE:

coming next month among other things:

Satanic Humor- Walter Scott Haskell.

Invasion, fan article by Harry Warner Jr.

Remember to vote for your choice on the three best stories, articles and verse for 1942. Next month there ought to be enough reports in to run a tabulation of results to date.

LIGHT FLASHES

Alan Child's fanzine, Meph-isto, is out. With the byline: "Canada's Weird Fanzine", this magazine sells for 5¢a copy, and is listed as appearing on a quarterly basis. Mephisto is hektographed, and the results are commendable. It has 15 pages, and is chock full of worthwhile material. The cover, however, isn't what one could term a weird one, though creditably done by Gord Peck. I suggest anyone not receiving a copy, to write Alan Child, at 680 Kingsway, Vancouver, B. C. Norman "Baa Baa" Lamb informs me that AMAZING is reprinting Weinbaum super-man story, "The New Adam", in the February and March 1943 issues. It is illustrated by Finlay. The first installment isn't at all bad.Reports on the three best stories for 1942 are beginning to roll in. It will probably be June before I have heard from all precincts, which means you birds in Merrie Olde England. However, to date, Miss Bovard's Return to Lakar is leading the field in the fiction section. In article and verse, the field is well split up and it bears promise to be highly interesting... .DON'T FORGET TO VOTE!....CANADIAN FAN PUBLISHERS. WRITE TO FRED HURTER 83 HUDSON STREET, TOWN OF MOUNT ROYAL, P.Q., for dope on the CAFF. CAFF backers are Fred Hurter, and LIGHT. Prospective members that we can count on are Gord Peck and Alan Child. I think Beak Taylor is in also....Hurter's FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES- "The Poor Man's Fanzine"- finally came back to me. It had almost died in Toronto for several months. Mason said he was too busy to do his installment of the epic story contained therein. He also said Conium had graciously excused himself on the same grounds. It finally got round to Hilkert's, where Maisie, John's helpmate, did the third installment. I mailed it out west to Child, who, I hope, will carry on the tradition....IF YOU ARE A CANADIAN FAN PUBLISHER OR ARE ABOUT TO GIVE BIRTH TO A FANZINE, THEN YOU BELONG IN THE CAFF. WRITE HURTER NOW! DON'T DELAY!....

CONTRARIWISE

It looks like the yellow paper I used last month is here to stay. It was well-liked by you readers... Virginia Anderson, our poetess, is going to have one of her poems printed with a full-page Virgil Finlay in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES.... John Hilbert was sort of sad when he saw TICK TALK in print. He seemed to think it wouldn't go over. It wasn't universally accepted, neither was it universally condemned. It passed about 50-50, well enough for it to continue awhile longer, at least.... Due to the cut in newsprint as reported in last month's LIGHT, it is reported that ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN will revert to the small format familiar to us. I wonder what Campbell will say to sort of "save face"? He went large format on the excuse it would save paper-----!!!!.... personally, although the large format IS the more impressive I still prefer the small. ...You'll have to pardon the shortness of this month's Light Flashes, but there just doesn't seem to be anything to report. Canadian fans have been rather inactive. Magazines haven't been coming through and news has been almost nonexistent. Let's hope next month will see more to report.

readers! the following magazines are now in stock for swapping at the listed values:

STARTLING STORIES

May 1939.....	10¢
January 1940.....	15¢
March 1940.....	15¢
July 1940.....	15¢
January 1941.....	15¢
May 1942.....	15¢
September 1942.....	15¢
January 1943.....	15¢

CAPTAIN FUTURE

Summer 1941.....	15¢
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REPRINT SCIENCE FICTION

December 1939.....	25¢
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Here we go again, back to fans and actifans. Let's settle this. A fan is a reader, one who takes enough apparent pleasure in science-fiction to buy the mags regularly, but who remains unknown; like the planets he is there but little is known about him. Like, for instance a tall soldier in the Union Station here in Washington, running to catch his train, a copy of the Amazing Quarterly clutched tightly in his hand. And the elderly, white-haired lady in said station, who was one of a party of five and who was hanging onto a copy of Amazing. And like a high-school boy in Los Angeles, waiting for a street-car, his nose buried in a copy of Fantastic Adventures. All these are fans, but are far from being actifans. The moment a fan writes a letter into a magazine, he becomes an actifan. He has found something to strike up enough spark to start a squawk- which is usually the case - or damnation with faint praise. In any case, he has risen from common-ordinary people into the mad, idealistic whirl of actifans. An actifan doesn't have to be an editor, director, publisher, writer, artist or critic. All he has to do is to express himself in letters. Making himself known is the only prerequisite of an actifan.

If anyone is interested, the Pentagon building, on the banks of the Potomac across the river from Washington, is an amazing place. It is completely ultra-modern, almost futuristic, and is, as its name indicates, in the shape of a five-sided circle. In the center, is a courtyard, nearly always empty. It's the largest office building in the world, and people prove it by constantly getting lost. There are no set corridors or wings. Imagine, if you can, five stories all on one floor. That's the way it works, starting from the inside and working out; ABCDE rings, each complete in itself, corresponding to a separate floor, in an ordinary building. There are 25 floors, but only 5 stories. And you never know what you're going

DREAM

by

LESLIE A. CROUTCH

SHIP

THEY said Little Willie had been scaired by something before he'd been born, which was just a politer way of saying Little Willie's Mother had seen something she hadn't oughter. Anyway, the truth still stood that Little Willie was a bundle of raw nerves. Ever since he'd been able to cry he'd been pretty nigh scaired to death of his own shadow. First it had been his nurse. But then that wasn't suprizable, for she'd had a face that would have scaired a diotator let alone a poor innocent little baby. Then Willie yelled his head off the night his father came home and he saw him for the first time. Now this doesn't mean his paw was a delinquent from the horny bed of matrimony or that his face was something diabolical. It just meant that paw had been out selling shoes- he was a salesman- and hadn't seen Little Willie for some time. After that scare Little Willie started having dreams. He'd wake up in the middle of the night yelling his head off fit to bust. Paw would walk the floor with him and his mother would try everything from soothing syrup to lolly-pops. First one would work and then t'other. Paw one night got exasperated and wall oped Little Willie on the hinder and that worked the longest of any. Then Little Willie got to talking. Most kids usually say "Maw" or "Paw" at first but he had to be different. He started in jumping at dark corners and saying funny things like "Oogu!" or screaming when the cat came tearin' out from behind the kitchen stove after a mouse: "Aila lagla!" This went on for a time until one day they bought him a picture book. Then he started calling shadows "dragons" and "vipers" and such.

They thought Little Willie's tantrums would wear off when they sent him off to school but instead they grew worse. First it was the stretch of woods he had to walk through on the way. He declared "big green things, Mommy, stare out at me." Teacher also kept little Willie in a dither. But then, after Paw saw teacher he didn't blame the kid. In fact, Paw went off and got drunk himself. But the kid couldn't get drunk, so he had to look at that spinsterial face all day long and get sick to the stomach.

But things got real bad the night Willie woke up in another of his dreams. They had to hold him on the bed while he fought and screamed and actually cursed. Big curses they were, too. Paw was a golfer and he oughta know and he said they were real good ten buck words. In fact, Paw 'lows as how he picked up a few new ones, s And the things Willie cried. Through his tears they discerned such qucer terms as "my legs are all swellin' up!" "I'm floatin' upside down!" "My arms are awful big!" and so on. This went on for some time when he finally quietened down and went to sleep.

The next night Willie was at it again. This time he was sobbing that there were "clothes pins ticking onto my skin all over" and he actually got away from his parents and went tearing out into the kitchen "looking for a butcher knife!"

Mom declared it was too much pie and cake before supper. Paw said it was childish dreams and said how he used to see green things and Mom said he still could when he took a snifter. After that Willie just watched a nightmare wile awake. Quite evidently he was highly amused because he had a good laugh over it all.

Finally, when Willie was eight, they took him to a doctor in the city. He said it was his diet and put him on a starvation ration. This must have enraged Willie because he got worse than ever. This time

he said it was "things" chasing him. They couldn't get any details out of him because just talking about them sent him off the deep end. In the end the doctor sent for another doctor who called in a psychiatrist. Then they stayed with Willie all night and had a few good scares themselves. But their presence must have been beneficial indirectly because the third night Will started to work his legs like he was running and crying out "the ship, the ship." This went on for about a week and it seemed in his dreams he had finally found some means of help.

They questioned him about it and this time, to the happiness of his parents, he didn't mind talking. It seems he would find himself in some strange place where there were terrible shadows that had legs and would chase him. No, they never quite caught him but they came pretty close once or twice. Sometimes he would escape by flying like a bird; once he fell over the edge of a cliff; another time he leaped from a high building. In fact, his dreams seemed to consist of all the horribleness you or I dream of rolled into one. Then he said he started to see this shore. He seemed to sense there was help there and he would struggle toward it. Finally one night he did reach it. He said he could see a sea, stretching far out and on it a little ship, away off. As his dreams continued this ship came nearer and he told them it was a great white one, with wind-filled sails- and here Little Willie's eyes lit up, his face became transformed and his vocabulary suddenly blossomed until it was a thing of beauty.

"...all white it was," he whispered. "Like a beautiful gull, the sails belled out with the wind in them. I could hear singing aboard, as though its crew were very, very happy, and I wanted so much to join them."

"Every time I reached the shore and the ship was nearer, the horrible things behind me would halt and draw back. Along the silvery sand there was always a sharply defined line where the bright mass of the ship fought back the blackness that was behind me."

"Some day I know that ship will be near enough for me to go aboard. And when I do I know the shadows will never bother me again."

The men of medicine shook their heads and said it was definitely a case of a slipped gear somewhere inside Willie's cranium. They didn't think it would get worse unless the shadows caught him some time and then....they went away, leaving poor Mom and Paw worrying over the unspoken inference.

Willie didn't have any more dreams for a long time. He said he was waiting for the ship and when it was time he would go. They humored and told themselves he was just playing some sort of childish game. But evidently Willie didn't think so. Every night he would go to bed long before his wanted time, and he hated getting up in the morning. "I want it to come fast," he said, ungrammatically.

Finally it did come, but the elders didn't know it. They woke on that fateful night in their lives to hear Little Willie screaming again in one of his dreams. They got up and hurried to his bedside. For a long time they watched over him and saw him finally quiet down as his ship was reached. Suddenly his eyes opened and he looked at them. The light in their depths frightened Mom no end. They looked so sad and yet so happy.

"Goodbye, Mom," Little Willie said. "Goodybe, Pop. My ship has come in. I'm going now."

"No-no- don't say that," Cried Mom, sensing in his mother-love something unexplainable coming between her and her son. Pop just harrumphed and snorted in his handkerchief and mumbled something about being a good boy.

For a moment Little Willie looked at them. Then he cocked his head on one side as though listening to something. "I must go now."



by John G. HILKERT

ART IN THE ARMY

One of the most prolific cover artists in the pulp business, Norman Saunders, whose work has adorned Science Fiction, Detective, and Western magazines for "Columbia", "Popular" and "Ace" is now just plain Pte. N. Saunders, at Fort Ontario, Oswego, N.Y.

When called up for military service, he was currently executing the covers for the American issues of the "Ace" line. Here I am painting the covers that go on the Canadian versions of the "Ace" pulps.

Pte. Saunders, in a recent letter, about how they utilized his ability as an artist, said "They are likely to decide your talent is with a brush- only they make it a large one. You brush the floor of the 'Infirmary' with it, and then scrub it afterwards- anyway, that's what they had me doing today."

Further on, he says, "I can tell you that I am having a swell time and more fun than I have had in years- and, I mean 36 of them."

A few years back Saunders brought down the wrath of the right-cous and the first banning of American pulps when it was declared his covers for "Mystery Adventure", "Dime Detective" were too hot for conservative Canada.

NEWS FROM THE NEWSSTANDS

No, more, said the authorities, could comic books be imported from the US with supermen performing impossible feats- no sir- everything has to be true or factual to get off...so gone are Superman, Batman,

The Blue Beetle etc...But are their adventures missing?...Until recently they were, but an enterprising publisher has put out a book with such stories as that of a whale swallowing a person whole, a superman that can tear a temple down alone, a young boy that slays a giant- they are called "Bible Stories" and contains the stories of Jonah, Samson, David and Goliath and all the other Biblical heroes who performed seemingly impossible feats. But who is so lift a finger to say they are not true?

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Now that it's far enough away to be funny I can really tell what happened when I got Hurter's Xmas "cheque"...I've been in the habit of getting cheques at intervals through the mail from "Ace". Well sir, when I got Fred's card, so much did it fool me I put it away unopened believing it was my end of the year "financial cleanup"... Comes the day before Xmas. I need the money, so down to cash my Xmas card...Well, you can believe it or not, but I had endorsed the blame thing and handed it to the teller before he drew my attention to it. He thought I was full of the Xmas spirit and laughed it off.

1001 NIGHTMARES

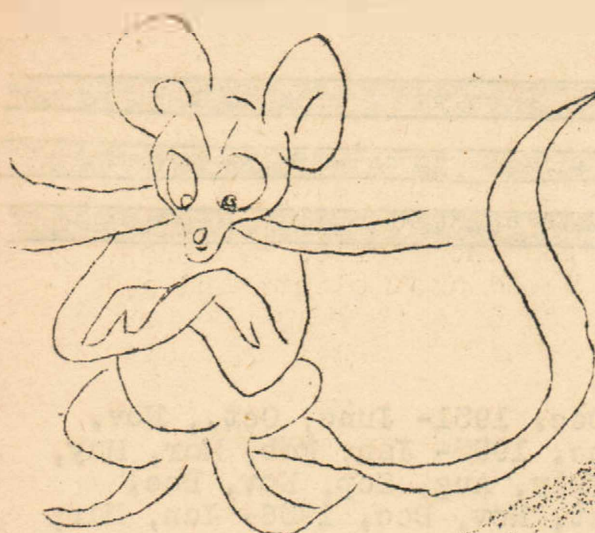
Latest fantasy film to hit the screen is the classic Wanger production for Universal, "Arabian Nights", in glorious technicolor.. Speaking of knights (we were, weren't we?) there's the one about the Knight from King Arthur's Round Table who, being scared of horses, rode a big mangy dog!! Applying at an inn for a night's lodging, it was found that the place was filled. However, the inn keeper relented, letting him sleep in the kitchen, for, said he, he couldn't turn a (k)night out on a dog like that!!

"DREAM SHIP"- cont'd from page 5
they're ready!" He said, and closed his eyes.

They watched over him for some time, but when nothing happened they finally arose and retired.

But in the morning there were tears and wonderings.

For Little Willie was gone.



HANNES BOK

(author-artist)

by
N A N E K

(decorations by Nack from Bok sketches)

Hannes Bok refuses to tell his age, it is either because he is one of these child prodigies, grown up, or because he is of such tender age his editors would be liable under the child-labor laws. His height, five feet ten inches. Secret sorrow, his two inches to make six foot. Don't worry, Hannes, the girls find you much longer than that on looks.

His idols are Merritt, Paul and Cummings. He made his bow to fantasy fandom with the cover for COSMOS, a fantasy mag supplement serial.

His first professional appearance was on the cover of WEIRD TALES, Dec. 1939. In the summer of '41 he realized one of his life's ambitions when he did a double spread for SFQ's reprint of TARRANO THE TRAVELER, (issue number 4) and for FUTURE'S reprint of MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN. He still hopes to illustrate a Merritt.

He is single....one at a time, girls, besides, I think he already has a girl. Weighs about 165, light complexion, burr-own hair and eyes.

His likes are exotic musique, chinese art, food, specifically mince pie and potato salad, ugly people...(oh, oh, Hannes, that cooks your goose, for who is going to admit the awful truth,) Mice, Cecil Corwin, Beautiful people, (we take it back)(maybe he means people). Animals, nature, windy weather particularly, sleeping and nacking, (separately or together? the two actions, we mean?) New clothes, new money, move over brother.

His dislikes, insecurity, (the guy is human! music he has to listen to at other peoples houses. Albums, SF and fantasy mags forced upon him when he's visiting. Likes people, can always see mags at other times. Lamb chops unless he can eat em a la finger. Green beans. Getting his best clothes rained on. 9/10 of all fantasy fick-shun. Acting sensible. Squeaky chairs.

He always signs his letters with a little sketch.

He spends all his time writing and painting or drawing, and all the money this brings in on records. Irregular of habit, bohemian to the eyebrows....with a spark most of us would give our eye teeth to possess, he is the idol of many and many a less talented fan. Hannes Bok...we love you.

His stories to date are ALIEN VIBRATION, POOR LITTLE TAMICO, and SORCERER'S SHIP. More on the way. Brother, keep 'em coming, but don't forget the feel of a brush and pen.

FINIS





AMAZING STORIES

1928- May, June. 1929- Dec. 1930- Nov, Dec. 1931- June, Oct., Nov.
1932- Mar, Apr, June, Jul, Aug, Sept, Dec. 1933- Jan, Feb, Mar, May,
June, July, Oct, Nov, Dec. 1934- June, July, Aug, Sep, Nov, Dec.
1935- Feb, Mar, Apr, May, July, Sept, Oct, Nov, Dec. 1936- Jan, Mar,
Apr, May, July, Aug, Sept, Nov. 1937- Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, May, Sept,
Nov.

AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY

1930- Winter. 1931- 1934- All.

ASTOUNDING STORIES (ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION)

1930- Jan. 1931- Feb, Apr, June, Aug, Sept, Nov. 1932- Jan, Feb, Apr,
May. 1933- Oct. 1942- Oct, Dec.

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES

1942- May, Nov.

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES

1941- June.

FANTASTIC ADV. QUARTERLY

1941- Fall. 1942- Spring.

FANTASTIC NOVELS

1941- Mar, Apr.

MARVEL TALES

Any issue.

MIRACLE, SCIENCE & FANTASY

Any issue.

ODD STORIES

Any issue.

PLANET STORIES

1942- Fall. 1942/43- Winter, 1943-
January.

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY

Issue #5.

STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES

1942- All except March.

STRANGE TALES

Any issue.

UNCANNY STORIES

Any except first issue.

UNUSUAL STORIES

Any issue.

WEIRD TALES

1925- Any from May on. 1924- all.
1925- all. 1926- all. 1927- Jan,
Mar, Apr, May, June, July, Aug,
Dec. 1928- Jan, Feb, Apr, May, June
August, October. 1929- Apr, June,
Nov, Dec. 1930- Jan, Apr, July,
August. 1931- all. 1932- Mar, May.

WONDER STORIES

1929- July. 1930- Feb, Mar, May,
Nov, Dec. 1931- all. 1932- Jan,
Feb, Mar, Apr, May, June, Sept,
Oct, Dec. 1933- Jan, Feb, Apr,
May, June, Sept, Oct, Nov. 1934-
all. 1935- Jan, Feb, Apr, May, Sept,
Nov. 1936- Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr,
May.

WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY

1930- Fall. 1931- Winter, Summer,
Fall. 1932- Spring, Summer, Fall.
1933- Spring, Summer, Fall.

BOOKS- Science-fiction; Fantasy;
and Weird. Quote prices, stating
book and author and condition.

Quote prices and condition of mag-
azines.

C A S H O R T R A D E

B52537,
Sgt. N. V. Lamb,
#25 C.A. (B) T. C.,
Simcoe, Ontario,
Canada.

HELL'S CORNER

Pluto's Nomination

I'd like to set aside a special niche in Hell's Corner for all science fiction writers who insist on clothing the thinking entities of other globes with coats of skin similar to our own. For Pete's sake give the Creator credit for dreaming up enough ideas to go around!

Personally, I do not think that interplanetary travel in the flesh via rocket ships etc. will ever take place. We've made such a mess of our own small orb, that we can't expect the Powers That Be to allow us to interfere with evolution in other spheres.

To me, it is perfectly feasible that with a little more evolving we will be able to visit all these places in the Astral Body. We are heading that way now, as witness the recent experiments along the lines of E.S.P. (extra-sensory perceptions).

"Man-know Thyself", isn't too bad a motto for even science fiction writers. We still don't know what makes us tick, and many of our inner organs serve mysterious purposes.

"CONTRARIWISE", cont'd from pg. 3

to run into. For instance, I ran into Spoor the other day, and he's been working here as long as I have but in opposite sides of the building. The Secretary of War wanders about, but no one ever recognizes him. If many more buildings are like this in the future, man is going to need the over-large brain to which he is growing!

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society is steadily dropping in its personnel. Gus Wilmoth is in an Oregon Army camp; Bob Hoffmann, artist and precluder of "Hoffmania", with his famous collection of musical movie-backgrounds, has disappeared into the Navy. However, Ellen Finn and Art Joquel have returned to Shangri-La from Washing-

ton and we hope things start humming again. Artist Harryhausen is at Ft. McArthur with Ackerman.

There's a fellow in McArthur named Yngve. Wonder if he thinks he is a louse? (Thru the courtesy of FSA).

4c, by the way, is one of the editors and columnists of the Fort paper. His famous puns fairly sprinkle the pages.

Contrariwise, it sprinkles in Washington when it isn't snowing.
-Bob.

"ODE TO A HUT"

-John Guislin

Professor Jerk on a rug did
repose,
And when asked why by one of his
niece;

Looked up, and replied:- "An
atom I've cracked:-
But dammit I can't find the

pieces!"

AMERICANS - - - - -

Your collection cannot be complete without a file of Canada's

UNCANNY TALES. Fairly

complete stock on hand. 15¢

a copy. All in perfect condition. (Also have some

copies of Canadian edition

SCIENCE FICTION. 25¢ a copy

and in perfect condition).

This publication is a member
of the C.A.F.P.

THE 'MAIL BOX'

letters from the readers of LIGHT

Norman V. Lamb, Simcoe, Ontario

"Don't do Nothing" - A damn good article, even if I disagree with some of the points. Mr. Wellheim evidently doesn't live in Canada, especially in Quebec or he'd think again about doing something for the habitants. It would take centuries to train them to be normal human beings before you could introduce Fantasy to them. All Wellheim need do is ask any soldier over here (who is fighting for the yellow b-----) what he thinks about the Froggies who stay behind and snipe at all the war jobs. Grr! I foam. 99 44/100 of them dumb clucks couldn't understand Fantasy anyway.

Now for boquets - yes, D.A., too many fans talk a bigger and better fan world but too few do anything about it.

No, D.A., we are not at war technically with Vichy, but we are fighting against their ideals. As for the Spanish idea - well, up here we don't know so much about your potential readers as you do. I am strongly in favor of advancing stuff and fantasy in any way that is possible.

Now D.A., you are 100% right when you say that only the people who don't do nothing amount to anything. Absolutely right, but don't forget that an honest difference of opinion will bring the best out.

Now, D.A.W, I'm gonna argue. You state that one issue of a week pro mag will help fandom more than a thousand issues of fanzines. No! A thousand times no! You get a publisher with weak morals - what does he do? He gets reprints of 15-20 years ago and sells them as new stuff. He gets a word writers who hack out the stuff by the ton. Do you think that this sort of literature will attract any thinking person? I would suggest that you read "Terence X O'Leary's War Birds". There were 5 issues printed which were supposed to be stuff. If you think junk, for that is all it is, like that will convert people to

stuff, you and I differ a hell of a lot. Well, that's a load off my chest.

Here's a slam at Ted White. We know the French fought for their language in Canada. So 66 2/3 of our population has to endure French money, stamps, radio announcements etc so that the pampered illegitimates will support our Masterful Prime Minister. Here I have to stick my foot in, Norm. I agree with you on the Quebec question, but don't forget thousands of good Canadians voted for King also. Any why? More than any reason because they wouldn't vote for a radical CCF and a CONSERVATIVE party led by a jackass. Have you ever been in Quebec province and tried to buy anything there? You'll find out that unless you can speak French you'll pay at least 25% more for anything you need. No thanks Ted, you can have your French friends? Can I put my oar in here again, Norm, or isn't it safe? You keep saying "French". Democracy was supposed to start in Old France. Personally I have met Old Country French and Quebec French and they are two different types of people altogether. The Old Country Frenchman is usually well-educated, clean, and intelligent. The big trouble with Quebec isn't the people so much as the fact that a Religious Dictatorship has them by the neck and won't let them learn anything for fear knowledge will shake its power.

Tick Talk: A very amusing story you missed, H. was when Mo and Forbes-Brown were scouring the second-hand book stores for real old magazines so that they could get "new" material for their publications. My God - is that the truth? - ED

In Future Arms, "The Speed Gun" - Hurter says that this hand weapon had range, etc. For his info, no short barrelled weapon is worth a pinch of salt, when the range is over 30 yards. No kidding even the finest Army pistols need to be used by a marksman to be able to hit a target at 50 yds. The barrel being short cannot give sufficient "spin" to the bullet to

may it go true.

- 11 -

Harry Warner, Jr., Hagerstown, Md.
Hickert's statement that sales in the pulp field are good may be true but I still see trouble ahead for the prozines. That restriction on pulp paper (10% cut now; three further cuts scheduled for this year) will probably affect them, since most are published by large chains that use far more than the 25 tons per quarter. The quality of fiction is bound to drop off, as more and more authors are drafted or in the case of those who did writing in spare time work longer hours in a regular job. Add that the rising costs of labor/to / and other publishing expenses that are shooting up all along. I still stick to my guns, and say as I've said over since Pearl Harbor, that very few strantasy pulps will be with us by the end of 1943, barring peace this summer.

What does Mrs. Walker mean that man has free will and animals haven't? Doesn't a cat or dog exercise "free will", if it exists when it decides to lie down and take a nap instead of going out and scouring the neighborhood's garbage cans? What's the difference between that and a man's choosing between two movies, for instance, and thus exercising his free will? Not that I think that "free will" exists; it's merely a convenient term that covers "choices" we make that are actually determined by everything we've done in the past. For full details, see Mark Twain's "What Is Man?".

Alan Child, Vancouver, B. C.

An open letter to Mrs. J. Walker.
To begin with, I do not believe in a future life nor in any deities. I admit their possibility but I do not believe in them. In the MAIL BOX several months ago I mentioned that I do not believe in the things I write about. That is why it is fantasy. I believe in God and Satan no more than I believe in witches and vampires. The type of story I write depends on the inspiration I receive. I have written more than one story approaching religion from the orthodox viewpoint.

I have written some so "sacriligious" that I have been told that the hand of God will strike me down at any time.

I am sorry, but would you please explain more fully what you mean by "we did not always come in pairs"? Now then, I presume that you believe that when an ego takes another home it takes with it mental characteristics. If you don't believe that, I can't imagine what would be passed on. (Please don't say The Soul unless you define the term). As the brain dies with the body, there must be either a small part of the brain that comes to life after death which has the mental characteristics same as the rest of the brain as I stated in THE DEVIL TAKES OVER, or else the soul is an exact replica of the brain as Walter Starling states in THE TWO MASTERS. Sex plays a very large part in mental activity besides being one of, if not the greatest, thing we own. It gives us energy, makes us appreciate beauty and is our greatest form of enjoyment). Greatest of all, it is a stimulus to the brain. Jack Woodford claims when the sex urges goes unsatisfied for a time the brain can turn out better work. In other words, the impulse is transformed into another form. You claim that sex is limited to the physical aspect of life. Therefore the other part would not have it. When the ego returned to another body, the Maker would have to supply sexual desire and it would in all likelihood be of a different type than before. Consider the difference this would make. Say that Byron's spirit were put into a body along with few sexual tendencies. Would you have a genius? Hardly. And if a day should come when men have no sex, they will be no better than slaves. (You undoubtedly know what happens to people who have no sex.) In a day when heredity is practically a proven fact, it is rather quaint to hear of believers in reincarnation. Perhaps you would keep a soul in the same family --- that would help a bit.

We stupid mortals with our

theories of creators, etc. are but spots on the chart of Time. It is not we nor our theories which are eternal. There is only one eternal thing on this unhappy world. It shall last as long as life lasts. That thing is sex. I cannot prove that but I have more proof re that than you have re reincarnation. For as far back as man has been able to trace, except in the cases of simple-celled animals, where life has existed sex has existed.

q You say that nothing we learn is lost. If only that were the case. Knowledge of great civilizations like that of Egypt would not be lost. No, that theory doesn't hold up. Child prodigies get all their learning from books, etc. They are able to absorb more knowledge because their brains develop sooner than brains of others. In later life the brain of a child prodigy deteriorates---he usually goes mad or dies.

When the world is increasing in population all the time, how are there enough second-hand egos to go around?

So rebirth of the ego is the only answer to the inequalities of existence? Don't you believe in ambition and good fortune playing a part? Don't you believe in heredity and environment having their effect upon a man's success or failure?

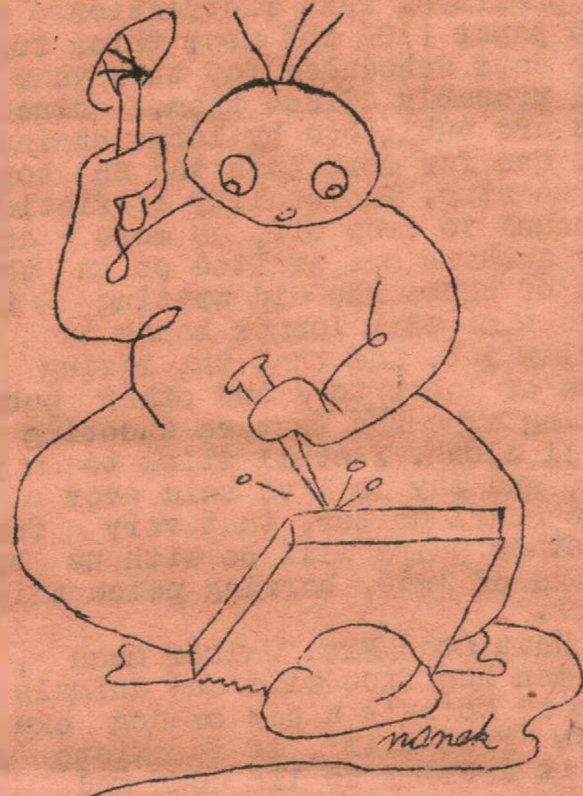
Never mind about biblical quotations. I'll just reply with contradictory statements from other books or the Bible itself and we will get nowhere. The day when a few lines from the bible would settle any arguments is gone. The bible no more proves a thing than does a quotation from Voltaire.

Personally, I can't see how any one believing in reincarnation can be a Christian. Take the verse you quoted: "for in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage--but are as the angels of God in heaven." As far as I can see you believe that the resurrection is a rebirth of the ego on the earth, and thus all ~~these~~ people are like angels. I

come in contact with a good many people,.... and I am able to say

that is any one of them is an angel, it is quite possible that I am Jesus Christ.

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One thing in favor of the Stone Age was the impracticability of best sellers.

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(contrariwise to Comb's 'Twilight and Thought in October LIGHT')

D A W N - - - - -Pluto

The faint light breaks,
The day comes soon,
Our race grows strong,
Like the sun at noon.

ANOTHER THOUGHT - - - - -Pluto

Though this planet may die
And its dust be forgotten,
The "I" that is I
Is not dust-begotten;
A ray of the Spirit
Eternal and free,
It moves onward and upward
Each cycle to see.

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