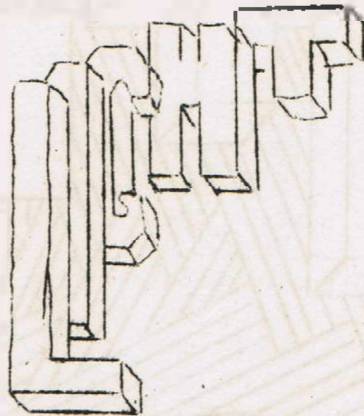


FALL 1945

Number 135.



AN ALL - GIRL NUMBER, MARY BYERS, JESSIE WALKER, BARBARA BOVARD, NANER.



Number 135

FALL 1945

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Cover Design
by
Leslie A. Croutch

- A -

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LIGHT is an independent magazine, owing
allegiance to no organization, amateur or
otherwise. No responsibility accepted
for remarks other than editorial made in
material appearing herein.

Free to accepted mailing list. Subscript-
ion on invitation only.

See remarks made in Light Flashes for
advertising policy from now on.

IN THE FUTURE

EVAPORATION

fiction by Fred Hurter, Town of Mount
Royal, Quebec.

THE LAST SACRIFICE

fiction by Sgt. Ted White, somewhere in
England.

THE BOOKWORM

fiction by Leslie A. Croutch, Parry Sound,
Ontario.

A MATTER OF MATTER

fiction by Harry Warner, Hagerstown, Md.

THE DAMNDEST STORY

fiction by Fred Hurter, Town of Mount
Royal, Quebec.

NANEK

autobiography by Virginia Anderson,
Minneapolis, USA.

FLIGHT TO ETERNITY

humor by Deacon Tamination, Vancouver,
B. C.

ELN VISITS

article by E. Everett Evans, Th' '01
Foc, Los Angeles, California.

and many, many more.

LIGHT FLASHES

ooooo I T H T H I S I S S U E , L I G H T C H A N G E S I T S

o W o policy. With this number LIGHT drops another of the customs that seem so o o peculiarly usual to the average fanzine. With this number LIGHT drops ooooo all pretense of poddling fan news. No longer will you open those pages and look over this column and find news of this fan visiting that fan or that fan marrying this fan. For some time, now, LIGHT has been sadly aware of the dated effect caused by such news publishing. Things were told about months after the y had occurred. Such, LIGHT believed, was detrimental to the magazine as a whole. News should be left to the weekly news magazines such as FANEWS and FANEWSCARD, so ably handled by Walter Dunkelborger. Therefor, from now on no news that can be dated will appear in these pages. LIGHT will accept articles on fan trips and fan conventions, provided they are written and treated in such manner as to be timely and entertaining a month from publication date, or even a year.

"But what is left, then, for 'Light Flashes'?" enquires a seat in the penny men- pardon, a man in the penny seats. There is plenty. Notes and comment on the stories, the verse, the articles in the issue being presented. Stories about the writers who make up LIGHT. Anecdotes that comes your editor's way about people the readers know, the people to appear in these pages. In other words, LIGHT is going to make an attempt to make itself a better knit-together publication, more enjoyable, more interesting, and not just a get-together of things about people half of the readers don't even know the names of, let alone personally. For instance, Harold Wakefield may not know Joe Jarque from Chicago, and what is more, cares less. Joe doesn't know Wakefield and doesn't give a tinker's you-know-what if Hal went to Yonge street and bought a new book or went south with the crows. Buut if Joe writes a delightful little saga about "Willie the Wampire" Harold will get some enjoyment finding out what led up to the story, and why. And if Wakefield writes an article on a certain book, then Joe will be interested in learning about Harold's collection, of the fant he has been a fantasy lover for years and years.

Now as what dope LIGHT could dig up about what is presented in this issue, which, incidentally, is an all-girl one, dedicated to the women, God Bless 'Em!

LIGHT thought it was on the trail of something interesting re Mary G. Byers' "Stroke of 12", for when it was announced in a preceding number, Harry Warner, a reader, mentioned in his sheet HORIZONS, which appears in the FAPA, that he had an interesting little tale to tell about it. LIGHT wrote Warner and asked for the dope intending to print it in this column but Warner renigged and said he couldn't tell as it was nothing really important and would only make certain people seem silly. This story came to LIGHT some time ago. A long time ago, in fact. It came from Warner who had accepted it from someone else, LIGHT forgot's just who, who sent it to Warner for his SPACEWAYS, then being published. LIGHT gathers this yarn went through a awful lot of hands, but for some reason no other amateur publisher would use it.

Miss Barbara E. Bovard is in California again after returning from Alaska whence she went from Washington whence she went from where she is now. Like a vicious circle. For some time Miss Bovard was a member of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, but became utterly bored with the average quality of the fare presented therein. She allowed her membership to lapse and dropped from sight. You will find a letter from her in the Mail Box of this issue. She is working in a research laboratory on the West Coast and promises some interesting articles based on the work she is doing. LIGHT has the first of these in its files already and will be presenting it at an early date.

Mrs. Carl Anderson, nee Virginia Combs, or Nonk, as the amateur press knows her, is not new to the readers of this magazine. She has promised more material

(Continued on page 15)

STROKE of 12

(A STUDY IN MADNESS) written by

MARY G. BYERS

JAMES
library and
smoke from it
gauze through
paintings.
much as ob-
father had
revelers in
the slightly
angements to
punctuated by
in the corner,
over the tr-
Lane's money-
there had been
bridge, a diff-
sonalities, a
brother oven
of a relief
those burning
in them) fix
writhing in-
again would
could not under
world from that
in black mag-
it himself
was done with
to be rid of

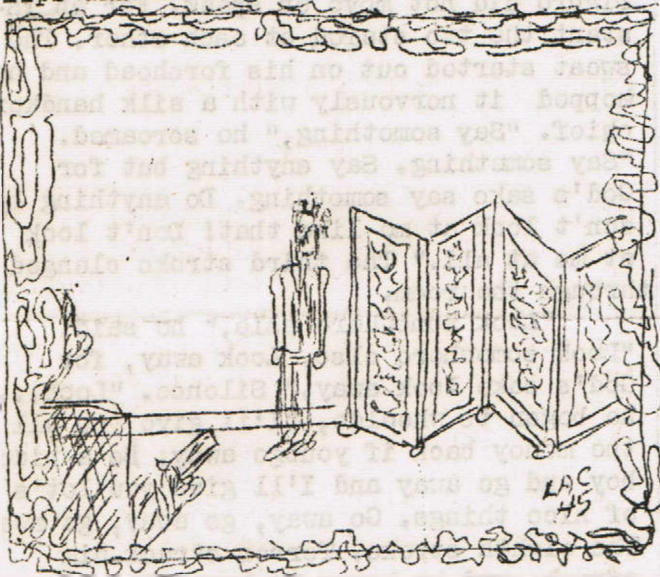
There
Chinese screen
smuggled out
been purchased
Now, James
searching the

STANNARD SURVEYED THE CROWDED LUXURY OF HIS
complacently lighted a fat, black cigar. The
drifted up lightly like a veil of intangible
which the expensive furniture, the rare
and the velvet-curtained window could be seen
jects in a fog are seen. One year ago his
died and even while the noises of the
the streets below had drifted faintly through
raised window then, he had been making arr-
have his brother killed. The same noises,
the low whispering of the grandfather clock
drifted faintly up to him now, as he gloated
asures he had purchased with the money-
but he felt no compunction. Even as children
a difference between them that nothing could
erence that went beyond their tastes and per-
difference that had made him hate his younger
while he feared him. It had been something
last year to know that never again would
eyes (there had been something of madness
him in their stoad-fast glare just as a
sect is fixed on the point of a pin; never
that-low voice mutter cryptic things that he
stand, things that seemed to speak of another
in which he lived. Magic....Lane had believed
ic. James had almost been able to believe in
when Lane had talked of it. Oh, well, that
now, James reflected, and he was quite glad
the boy.

was, in the corner of that room, a great
of gilt and jade, a screen that had been
of China during the Boxer rebellion and had
at a price that had made even James wincc.
found his eyes turning to that screen,
shadows behind it as if he expected to see

something come out of them. Silly, he was just being irrational, letting his imagination run away with him, he thought savagely. Just because at this time, a year ago, his brother has stopped from behind the screen and he had.... it would do no good to live over the details again. He looked up again, and gasped with horror.

Apparently from nowhere, a tall thin figure had appeared, and walked out from behind the screen, a figure with a thatch of tousled black hair and burning, piercing eyes that somehow were all one could remember of his afterwards, so that the high, arched brows, the thin lips and the high cheek-bones were un-



noticed and un-remembered. James felt the cold sweat start out on his forehead and felt icy fingers running up and down his spine. He pawed frantically at the desk drawer in which he kept an automatic.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said the cold, expressionless voice he knew so well, and when he looked up he saw that Lane held a revolver in one thin hand.

"What- what do you want?" Demanded James who was trembling slightly. "Where did you come from? I thought you were dead-" he stopped short.

"Yes, you thought I was dead," the cold, emotionless voice said and the thin lips curved in a mirthless smile. "You thought I was dead because you killed me- well, I am dead, my dear brother, but I've come back to settle a score with you. You thought you could get rid of me, and I couldn't do anything about it, didn't you? But it didn't work, did it?"

Silence. James was working his right hand slowly towards his pocket where a gun was reposing, a gun that could do away with this dreadful thing that stood before him. His fingers curled about the stock, the cold steel of the barrel and the trigger. Sudden confidence swept over him.

"See? It's almost twelve-" his brother was saying. "Any minute now-"

"But it will never happen," James shrieked madly and brought the hand with the gun in it up, just as the first stroke boomed through the room. Six shots. Six shots un-noticed in the uproar that hailed the New Year. Lane reeled slightly but his eyes were fixed on James in a horrible stare that made him turn white and made his very heart stop beating for a moment. Then the thin figure slipped slowly to the floor. "It won't happen now-" James said and laughed a little wildly. The sound of that laugh startled him. At first he thought there was another person in the room with him and glanced about craftily. Then came the realization that it had been himself. "Must be careful, careful, very careful," he muttered to himself, pocketing the gun. "Careful-" The grandfather clock took up the refrain and with every swing of its polished pendulum, it said, "Care-ful-care-ful-- care-ful--"

There was a knock at the door. James never quite knew how he had done it- he was never to know where reality began and illusion left off again- but he had pulled the body back behind the Chinese screen and opened the door before he was conscious of anything. It was only his house-keeper, very round and very scared,

"I beg your pardon," she said. "But I thought I heard something in here and I was afraid something had happened to you."

"Nonsense, Mira," snapped James. "What could give you an idea like that?" The old clock kept its refrain of "care-ful- care-ful- care-ful--" up in the background, as they talked.

"Well, sir, ever since those robbers beat poor old Mr. Crandall up that night when there was no one there and he was such a nice gentleman...."

"No, it was hardly anything as dramatic as that, Mira," James said kindly. "I merely stumbled on a small bench and it was that that you heard. That will be all for tonight, Mira. Just go to bed if you like. I won't need you any more this

----- (6) -----
evening."

"Oh, then, maybe I could go to the movies," the little round woman cried. "There's one on at the Strand with Robert Taylor in it and I was just wishing I could get off to see it."

"Certainly, go right ahead," James said.

After he had watched the little woman enter the elevator, he turned back to the screen and stopped short with a cry of dismay. The body was no longer there! No there! It was gone! Who had taken it? He began to silently search the room for the marauder. That laughter he had heard- it had been some one else and not himself then. There had been some-one else there all the time....

II

A YEAR PASSED SLOWLY, EACH HOUR AN eternity, each day a path of torment during which the silent ghost of his brother walked at his side, staring at him with accusing eyes; each night an endless interval of tossing wakefulness, of looking at the bed beside him and seeing his brother lying there, staring at him, always staring. He would reach out his hands to grasp the spectre and pull it away but when he touched it, it dissolved tenuously like fog, and he found himself gripping the sheets and blankets instead. Every time he looked in the mirror he was first confronted with his dead brother's face. There was no way out of it. Once he found himself running madly through the tenement district in a wild endeavor to run away from it, and again he emptied a gun into it- but it took no effect. The wraith followed him as his own shadow did. He could not rest; he could not remain alone because of the fear he accorded the thing; and he could not go among people for fear they would see it too and know him to be a murderer. When he was with people the sardonic smile on his brother's face mocked him, and when alone, in the velvet luxury of his pent-house, the whisper of the grandfather clock repeating over and over "Care-ful- care-ful- care-ful---" maddened him. He heaved the clock out of the window one black night in desperation, but when it was gone, the thin, hoarse voice kept on.

A year had passed. One year since since the night he had been listening to the noise of the crowd. One year since he had looked up to behold his brother. The noise of the crowds drifted up to him again and he was suddenly free... free... gloriously free. His brother was no longer there and the voice of the clock had ceased to pound in his ears. There was a soft, sibilant rustle. He looked up and turned white. His brother stood before the desk, thin and gaunt, with a bitter triumph in his eyes. The clock struck the first note of twelve.

"What are you doing cher?" demanded James wildly. "Why do you follow me? Why won't you let me rest?" But the tall figure did not move or speak. For an instant the two stared at each other. The sweat started out on his forehead and he mopped it nervously with a silk handkerchief. "Say something," he screamed. "Say something. Say anything but for God's sake say something. Do anything but don't look at me like that! Don't look at me at all." The third stroke clanged through the room.

"Look somewhere else," he said. "Look somewhere else. Look away, for God's sake look away." Silence. "Look..." he began to wheedle, "I'll give you all the money back if you go away. Be a nice boy and go away and I'll give you lot's of nice things. Go away, go away, go away." The eighth stroke. Terror struck him afresh, and he began to laugh in a high, shrill tone that held something of idiocy in it. "I'm going mad. I'm-going- mad," he cried. "Go away. No, come here and I'll take the bullets out of you. Then you'll be alright and you can go away and leave me alone. See how easy it will be? But you must go away, you will go away, won't you, Lane?" The tenth stroke. "I've lived with a ghost long enough. Go away- go away." He paused thoughtfully. "Going? Let me see, who was going where? It must have been me. Wonder where I was going?" A breeze from the half-open window struck him and he walked over to it. "Down there- that's where I'm going," he said and climbed to the sill. "That's where I'll go." He was aware of a pounding at the door- but he made no move to go and open it.

As the housekeeper and the policeman she had called broke in, there was only the last stroke of the twelfth hour

to mock them. The window was open and the
curtains floated in the midnight breeze

THE END

C O N F E S S I O N : by Miss Barbara E. Bovard .

The mists are rising from the River
Who walks the Dark?
The verdago on the shores doth shiver,
Who walks the Dark?
My lover's body gleams dull white -
A ghost walks the Dark,
As the River's embrace holds her tight,
A Ghost Walks the Dark.
With slavoring fangs her blood was drank,
Who walks the Dark?
As we lay together on the river's bank,
I WALK THE DARK.

S U A R R A : by Virginia "Nanok" Anderson .

Winged serpents guard this maid,
Sweet Yu-Atlanchan unafraid.....
Adana smiles
For Nimir's wiles,
Are such as well befit a shade.

And yet....and yet, the shadow lives
And to its evil substance gives
A firmer mould,
And stronger hold.
Ah, yes, the Lord of Evil lives.

Stalwart Graydon broadcasts the rage
Of Nimir's Yu-Atlanchan page,
Lantlu the Noble,
At this ignoble,
Graydon Flings his taunting gage.

Adana wins, as justice must,
And Nimir's scheming, and his lust
For eye destroyed
In that dark void,
Decay and smoulder into rust.



W A N T E D

F.F.Ms containing first and fourth parts
Austin Hall's "Into the Infinite". Please
write before sending, giving condition
and price. Viola L. Kenally, 142 Welland
Avenue, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada.

(advertisement)

ROCKETS FOR ATLANTIS?

BY JESSIE E. WALKER.

AUTHORESS' NOTE: "Will some of you mechanically-minded artists come to my aid and help me visualize the Original Flying Carpet? The more the better so as to get a composite viewpoint.

I found the description in "The Story of Atlantis" by W. Scott-Elliot. The book was printed in 1896, or about ten years before the Wright Brothers managed to get off the ground. He claims to have been permitted to view the Ancient Records, but having no knowledge of air-ships, his descriptions are none to clear.

The following is quoted from the book: "The slaves, servants and the masses, who labored with their hands, had to trudge along the country tracks, or travel in rude carts with solid wheels drawn by uncouth animals. The air-boats may be considered the private carriages of those days, or rather private yachts, if we regard the relative number who possessed them, for they must have been at all times difficult and costly to produce. They were not as a rule built to accommodate many persons. Numbers were constructed for only two, some allowed for six or eight passengers. In the later days when war and strife brought the Golden Age to an end, battleships that could navigate the air had to a great extent replaced the battleships of the sea- having naturally proved far more powerful engines of destruction. These were constructed to carry as many as fifty, or in some cases, even a hundred fighting men.

"The material of which the air boats were constructed was either wood or metal. The earlier ones were built of wood, the boards used being exceedingly thin, but the injection of some substance which did not add materially to the weight while it gave leather-like toughness, provided the necessary combination of lightness and strength. When metal was used it was generally an alloy- two white-colored metals and one red one entering into its composition. The resultant was white-colored like aluminum, and even lighter in weight. Over the rough framework of the air boat was extended a large sheet of this metal which was beaten into shape and electrically welded where necessary. (How uncannily similar to our present methods and materials, though I can't place the red metal- Author). But whether built of metal or wood, their outside surface was apparently seamless, and they shone in the dark as if coated with luminous paint.

"In shape they were boat-like, but they were variably decked over, for when at full speed it could not have been convenient, even if safe, for any on board to remain on the upper deck.

"Their propelling and steering gear could be brought into use at either end. (I find this idea, and the means of raising and lowering the ships, as interesting as any part of the description- Author).

"The all interesting question is that relating to the power with which they were propelled. In the earlier times it seems to have been personal will that supplied the motive power, (Read Lytton's "The Coming Race"- author)., whether used in conjunction with any mechanical contrivance matters not much- but in later days this was replaced with a force which though generated in what is to us an unknown manner, operated never-the-less through definite mechanical arrangements. This

[2]

force, though not yet rediscovered by science, more nearly approached that which Kolly in America was learning to handle than the electric power used by Maxim. It was in fact of an etheric nature, but though were no nearer the solution of the problem, its method can be described.

The mechanical arrangements, no doubt, differed somewhat in different vessels. The following is the description of an air boat in which on one occasion the King who ruled over the Northern part of Poseidonis made a journey to the court of the Southern Kingdom.

A strong, heavy, metal chest, which lay in the centre of the boat, was the generator. Thence the force flowed through two large flexible tubes to either end of the vessel, as well as through eight subsidiary tubes fixed fore and aft to the bulwarks. These had double openings pointing vertically both up and down. (This would give eight openings on the top and bottom, as well as the main tube at each end- Author). When the journey was to begin, the valves of the eight bulwark tubes pointing downward were opened, all other valves being closed. The current rushing through these impinged on the earth with such force as to drive the boat upwards, while the air itself continued to supply the necessary fulcrum. When a sufficient elevation was reached, the flexible tube at the end of the vessel which pointed away from the desired destination was brought into action, while by the partial closing of the valves the current rushing through the eight vertical tubes was reduced to the smallest amount necessary to maintain the elevation reached. The great volume of the current, being now directed through the large tube pointing downwards from the stern at an angle of forty-five degrees, while helping to maintain the elevation, also provided the great motive power to propel the vessel through the air. The steering was accomplished by the discharge of the current through this tube, for the slightest change in its direction at once caused an alteration in the ship's course. But constant supervision was not required. When a long journey had to be taken, the tube could be fixed so as to need no handling until the destination was almost reached. The maximum speed attained was about one hundred miles an hour. The course of the flight never being a straight line, but always in the form of long waves, now approaching, now receding from the earth. The elevation at which the vessels travelled was only a few hundred feet- indeed when high mountains lay in the line of their track it was necessary to change course and go around them- the more rarified air no longer supplying the necessary fulcrum. Hills of about one thousand feet were the highest they could cross.

The means by which the vessel was brought to a stop on reaching its destination- and this could be done equally well in mid-air- was to give escape to some of the current through the tube at the end of the boat which pointed towards its destination, and the current impinging on the land or air in front, acted as a drag, while the propelling force behind was gradually reduced by closing the valve.

The reason for the eight upward pointing tubes has still to be explained. This had more to do with aerial warfare. Having so powerful a force at their command, the warships naturally directed the current against each other. Now this was apt to destroy the equilibrium of the ship so struck- a situation sure to be taken advantage of by the enemy's vessel to make an attack with her ram. There was also the further danger of being precipitated to the ground (the word is the authors- Editor) unless the shutting and opening of the necessary valves was quickly attended to. In whatever position the vessel might be, the tubes pointing toward the earth were naturally those through which the current should be rushing, and the upward tubes those which should be closed. To right an upturned vessel and replace it on an even keel, the four tubes pointing downward on one side only were used, the other four remaining closed.

The Atlanteans also had sea-going vessels, which were propelled by some power analogous to the above-mentioned, but the current which was eventually found to be most effective in this case had a denser appearance than that used in the air-boats". End of quote.

I found this book very interesting. Some of his ideas seem rather odd in view of present day circumstances. He thinks some of the races quite depraved because

(Continued on page 15)



[Consistent with LIGHT'S policy of each issue trying to add at least one new reader to its mailing list, a copy of the Spring number was sent to weirdman Bob Bloch. The letter in reply follows.]
BOB BLOCH, Milwaukee, March 27, 1945.

Croutch; You damned well betcha I want to get lit with LIGHT! I am dazzled by its rays...and highly faltered to know that you shed its radiance upon me. [Which, frankly, I think is a lot of malarkey, but it's nice to hear it, just the same-ED/ This doesn't mean I've read it yet, because I haven't. It arrived just 2 days before moving. We are taking larger quarters, suitable for raising a young gorilla like my daughter...and I am busy packing all the thumbscrews, strappados, whips and bastadinos (THAT DOESN'T MEAN WHAT YOU HOPE IT DOES) preparatory to departing for: [here Bob gives his new address but LIGHT does not print addresses indiscriminately. -ED/ An address where you will always be welcome in the future...unless the Draft Board or the Burial Permit authorities decide to change it for me. But I am rushed, and await leisure to sit down and actually read your periodical. At which time I shall doubtless make comments. Definitely I'm for the project. I manage to keep abreast of VOM (and I use the term "abreast" advisedly) and also peruse several other of the better nubs. such as CHANNY, ACC-

LYTE, etc. To my mind, the unhibited approach is always the best. At least, that's what I tell all the girls. Meanwhile, glad to know you and your mag. are back in circulation. Shall be lending my ear to any Parry Sounds emanating from the great northern wilderness. [Which means we have another punster in the crowd to lend competition to Lamb and Gibson and myself, especially Lamb and me. -ED/

-o-

[Naturally I answered this letter, and in a few days thorough comes another which is printed in its unedited entirety below.]

My Dear Sir:

As President of the Anti-Amusement League, I want to register a violent protest against your publication, LIGHT.

To begin with, I am taking the matter up with the Edison people to see about revoking your mailing privileges, insofar as your title is a direct and bald-faced steal from the Electric Company.

But that is not my chief objection...no, not by a long shot! We here at the Anti-Amusement League are interested in clean living, clean thinking, and anti-septic mouth-washes. [There, Lamb, is a swell opening for you! Yuk yuk yuk! -ED/

We are the same group who fostered that big campaign to put bloomers on the crotches of trocs. It was our organization that raised \$50,000. to buy laxatives to flush out the bowels of the earth.

And if you think we are going to stand for the dissemination of a publication like LIGHT, you are sadly mistaken.

I have read your dirty, filthy, vile, obscene, scurrilous, pornographic, low, lascivious, scatological magazine with raised eyebrows (my eyes were in on the deal, too). As a matter of fact, I carefully reread it three times, and on each reading I discovered something new and libidinous.

[I hope Scarlos doesn't take exception to all these lovely words-ED/

Your prurient references to s-x and f-r-n-c-t-n, your shameless pandering to the lusts of bestial morons... how can you face your fellow men...or fellow woman?

(Let's not answer that last one, shall we?)

My organization is prepared to keep you off the newsstands...to bar you from

the mails...to revoke your express frank...and to burn you at the stake if you ever show up on this side of the border (where meat is scarce.)

It is all part of our effort to purify Science Fiction and Fantasy. We have written letters to all the editors urging them to remove heroes and heroines from their stories and substitute robots. We urge the elimination (pardon the word!) of references to such suggestive things as asteroids.

/Know what the little boy robot said to the little girl robot? "You are nothing but a box full of nuts!"-ED/

Here is hoping you see the error of your ways and repent. If not...please keep sending the magazine.

Yours for sterility,
Robert Bloch

VICE-president,
Anti-Amusement League.

/Now we need only one thing to crown this, and that is for some dope to write in, taking all this as gospel truth!-ED/

-o-

Walter Duhkelberger, Fargo, N. Dak. Mar. 30, 1945. LIGHT was supc- but I missed those drawings. Love, Dunk, now FAPA.

-o-

A. E. VanVogt, April 6, Los Angeles.

I notice the reference you made in the issue of LIGHT which you were kind enough to send me, to the stories of E. Mayne Hull. The details are very simple. Most of these stories are from ideas of Edna's. All the Blord stories, and the Wish stories in UNKNOWN, definitely are. We always talk them over, and so I am kept abreast of developments, and know the story. As a matter of fact I am also a stern critic. For instance, in THE ULTIMATE WISH, the title came first. I insisted that the story must actually have such a wish, and no fake; so for three weeks Edna wracked her brain about wishes until finally she had it. She wrote altogether three scenes of this story, of which I shortened the first by deletions at the beginning. At that point, it became necessary for us to have some money fast. I finished off the story in two days.

I found that I am able to do that with the other ideas for which she wrote the beginning scenes in her slow fashion. Housework is very damnding, and Edna learned long ago that being married to

me entailed considerable sacrifice so far as her career is concerned. If she was one of these strong as a horse women, it would be different, but she isn't, as you know. As a matter of fact, having observed how much she has given up for me, I have come to the conclusion that I am the last person I would care to be married to....No, by Golly, I forgot. Because of me, she has come to Los Angeles. What more could a woman possibly want?

/!!!!- ED/

THE WINGED MAN was my idea; I wrote the first couple of paragraphs, but Edna wrote the dialogue that follows. The story didn't come off as I expected it would, so I cut it down to two installments, which was pretty drastic. Edna wrote altogether about 7 scenes in it.

...LIGHT would be very welcome, if you are still putting it out. I can't think of a single issue of it, which I didn't enjoy.

/Thank you very much, Alfred. Though I suspect there might be a wee touch of the old blarney stone hidden there somewhere, I still appreciate it. LIGHT will go to you from now on without delay-ED/

/VanVogt, in the same letter, tells me he was rejected by the army because of his eyes. I am not a bit surprised, and doubt that any others who know him are either-ED/

-o-

April 20, 1945

if you have anything more about that set-up /Shaver's Lemurian series in AMAZING- ED/please let me know. Fanewscard 113 said Fantasy Commentator 6 was to contain an expose of R.A.P.'s Lemurian "hoax". One thing is sure, if that signature of Shaver's supposed letter in the last AMAZING is an exact facsimile, you can swallow his story with several grains of salt. But if there was really intention to deceive, you would need other indications as well as that fining away of the last letter. Letters growing smaller to the end of the word indicate tact, but when illegible and backed up by other signs, gives the ability to deceive whether used or not. /Now if some enterprising reader of LIGHT can only supply a signature of Palmer's.....ED/

-o-

Barbara E. Bovard, Los Angeles, Calif.,

June, 1945. Remember me? Thought you might, since you so kindly sent me a copy of LIGHT. I was really quite flattered; certainly since my disgraceful ignoring of both your magazine and your letters, I have no right to it. However, I'm glad, nevertheless. I keep hoping LIGHT will keep turning out better and better. The possibilities in your mag are limitless and it is fervently hoped you don't abuse the privilege of printing it.

Re this issue, the one with No. 134 (you realize that "134" is a record in itself?) on it: Frankly speaking, I don't care a particular lot for your cover, but maybe that was because CANADIAN FANDOM was lying just beside it and the contrast was strutting. /CAN-FAN, Beak Taylor's mag., and the only other Canadian amateur magazine now going, sports lithographed covers- ED/ The days of your complicated stenciling and intricate detail seemed to me to be the better, /They were, Beb., but right now I haven't the time. I promise they will return, though, when time does merit the extra expenditure thereof- ED/ but no one realizes better than I the lack of time for doing things.

The maple leaf is a nice touch. I like that. It gives a bit of elegance but not too much for a mag in your class. Its very simplicity suggests sterner strength.

"Poker Game" left me feeling a bit bewildered, but I got the general idea. It made me chuckle, and in these days when I haven't even time to smile that's something. Lord knows Fandom needs a few honest chuckles in its midst. I was afraid that actifans had lost the ability to laugh at themselves but it takes old cynical Les to topple their house of cards. Keep plugging, chum.

/I just received a letter from Peto the Vampire to inform me he paid a visit to Michigan and dropped in on the Slanshackers. He says no doubt they will do their dangedest to hush the affair up but he promises me a "confession" on the subject very soon.- ED/

Someday I'm going to write a story about Yngvi that will blast all those who say he is louse right out of publication. He isn't a louse and I intend to prove it. He's simply misunderstood, like so many fanmag publishers.

"Eefazers, Dorothy, the Flit!"

out of me. I liked that. It was funny, with enough of a spicy taste to make it keen, but not pornographic. That would have spoiled it. There was even a certain amount of whimsicality about it. This Watson-Holmes female combine is a new twist on me, but it sounds good. Your tongue was in your cheek so hard I bet your cheek is still puffed out. Nice going, mister.

/I am thinking over presenting some of the cases of that famous detective, Mary Pason, also. - ED/

More and more now things. I'm beginning to like this new LIGHT better and better. IN THE PEN is a definitely different slant and a nice bit of trimming. I'll bet you an illustrated story that "Scripto" is Arthur Louis Joquel II and his hand-writing analyzer of a mother combined. That "amateur astrologist" was a dead give-away. If I'm wrong, I'll send you a story, all illustrated and everything. Be honest, now.

/Well, Scripto, is Miss Bovard right or isn't she? Now you are wrong, Barbara, very, very, wrong- ED/

All in all, Les, I'm very impressed with this new, shining LIGHT. I thought I was pretty well fed up with the constant drivel coming out of actifandom and was perfectly willing to step out of the stagnant, evil-smelling stream of publications in order to forget all about them, but either LIGHT has a special place in my interests or this recent issue has revived my interest. In any case, I like this last one very, very much. And the lack of nudes had nothing to do with it. I like a good nude as well as anyone, and spicy stories of the right type can add to any magazine's entertainment value. But those out-of-proportion, really rottenly vicious females leave a bad taste in the mouth. If you must draw them in, for Peto's sake get a good artist and watch your poses.

/The new LIGHT again appears without a nude in an issue- This issue- ED/

Just take it nice and easy and keep LIGHT on its present level. You've a nice little thing there. Let me know what it costs and I'll send you a subscription.

/There is no subscription. LIGHT cannot be bought. I would rather produce free for a small, select circle of appreciative people than sell to a great

number of readers who never seem to give a damn what pains you put into a publication- ED/

-o-

Pete the Vampire, Hells Acre, July 14, 1945. I am writing this lying at my ease on the back of a turtle, slowly waving my way westward towards Chicago. This slow pace, which would otherwise madden me, is surely a delightful eden of repose and mental restfulness.

For, you see, I just escaped from the Michicon at Battle Creek! After that little misadventure in Julie's backroom in New York with some of the Futurians, I decided to spend my ill-bogotten gains by seeing how the other half live. As the fans in New York seem to consider themselves as half of the fan world and the elite of fandom, I thought the "Other Half" of would be a decided novelty.

Now I have seen the other half and I am frankly bewildered, I thought Don and Doc were nuts but the Slan Shakers struck me as being even further progressed along the road to insanity. But enough of that- if you are interested, I'll tell you what REALLY happened there. No doubt some stories have come out by now, and you may be sure they tried to hush the affair up. But if you want the real dope as to what happened there I'll be only too happy to tell you.

Pardon me while I laugh- I can still see in my minds eye the look on that fan's face when he raided the Ashloy refrigerator and got his mitts on a bottle of my blood I had put in there to chill. Regardless of popular opinion, vampires find blood more tasty when thoroughly chilled rather than when hot or lukewarm.

So it is up to you, dear readers. Do you want the tale of the real goings on at Battle Creek at the recent Michicon? Real, that is, from Pete's viewpoint. If you do, write in and I'll get in touch with Pete and see what he has to say- ED/

-o-

Gr. Bob Gibson, Overseas, May 2, 1945.now, I've got around to LIGHT, and light is what is needed, this dark, rainy, Dutch twilight. So to work. That old poet who claimed that-

He who would read his lesson right
Must read with back against the

Light

was wrong. You get your back to the wall and face it.

I have often wondered whether some of LIGHT's popularity was due to the ease with which puns could be made of its name, or witticisms made about it - ED/

The cover suggests that someone is being looked down on. Do I detect the symptoms of a polomic? Bob, that is what that word looked like, but I could be wrong. If it is right, what does it mean? God, I wish the readers of LIGHT wouldn't make its poor old editor look so silly by showing they know more than he does!- ED/

Just what and why the NFFF?

I still don't see how the the S & S shrinkage of AST. The smaller the page the higher the percentage of margin, is my guess. Campbell is the first editor I have seen claim that reduction of size meant paper saving. In Canada many of the trade magazines went to large format to save paper- ED/ Rostrum? or roster? One isn't quite the same as the other.. ..and shhhhhh, it might annoy some one on the rostrum. Getting the notice after the polls close sounds like a way of packing the ballot box- if intentional.Fantastic, science-fictional music? I've heard (never) Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigove" but gathered somewhere that it plays with the vampire idea, and might contain one or two blood-curdling tunes.

If I ever send "Scripto" a sample, he'll have to do without the astrological trimmings.

"Poker Game" makes two and a half Pete the Vampire stories I have read. The half is part I in CAN-FAN which Boak sent along. Enjoyed it, although not a card addict. But one thing puzzled me. Doc had four aces and a deuce. Pete tapped him with a royal flush-ace high. If that means he had an ace too, how come? You seem to be the first to notice this. What do you think, Bob?- ED/

Uncle Benny would's a pointed allusion.

"Bejazers, Dorothy, the Elit". Funny. So Holmes and Watson have been reincarnated as members of the deadlier sex? Well, well. They will be welcome again, if the story is as good as this one.

So Betts didn't like our title? A misquote, indeed....it's the first

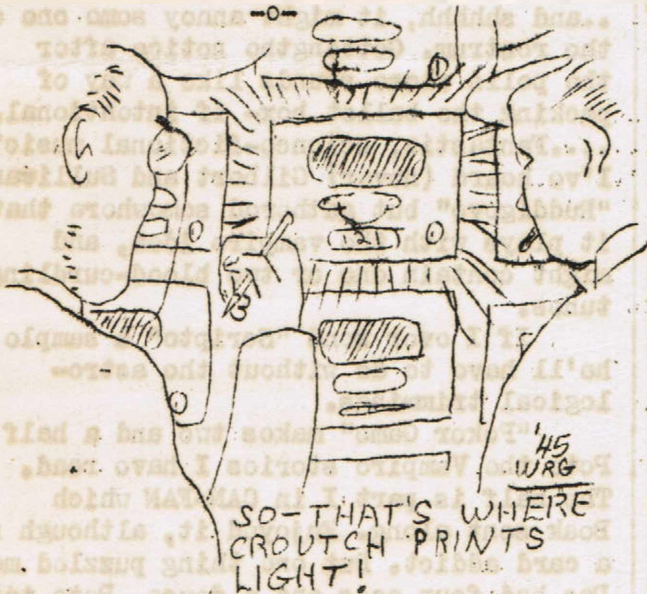
to write it just got it wrong. See Naples and Die, if you like, but if you don't smell Naples you're dead. As to his directions- no go. Books were all I went there for, and the place is too far from Holland for any more of that.

Viola Kenally might enjoy ACOLYTE. /Laney will be sent a bill for this advertising plug, pronto- ED/

That new type-machine of yours does fit more words into the space, doesn't it?

This weather- Hollandaise, is distinctly depressing- a cilly wind, clouds and persistent showerings. Ice water rain that slants into, under or through all available shelter. And standing out in it at night gets dull and monotonous.

There are points of brighter aspect, as when a signaller pops out of the exchange and says "Bidja here- Todesk's (!) & Co."!! well thrown in his hand in Italy. Total surrender of all his xxxxxx forces there." (Todesk= Todeschi= Italian for Germans.)



Sgt. Norm Lamb. Now in England, August 29, 1945. Cover- no thanks! Too feud-y. Contents: Light Flashes- as usual very interesting! Glad to hear the NFFF is going to go ahead like it was going. Too bad about the Ackerman scoop on E. Mayne Hull. That's the worst of keeping your word. /As LIGHT with this issue drops any pretense of being a new journal, this no longer means anything to the Editorial Staff- Ed/ Not having seen (or wishing to (heresy!)) the FAPA mailing, I can't comment on it. I fear Les, that when I return I won't be interested in

PICS ON THIS PAGE DONE
BY
BOB GIBSON 000

Fan stuff generally. I will try (no promises) to send you any stuff I dash off, such as book reviews, etc., and biblio-lists, but I fear I won't be interested in the average fan-drooling. After all, Les, the infantile mumblings of a bunch of pre-adolescents don't interest me in the least. Science fiction has always been a "must" with me- but I am just interested in reading it and maybe helping folks to find out titles they may never have heard about. I can't break into a sweat over the "He did! I didn't" type of goo that a large % of the fanmags slosh out. I believe I am too much of an individualist at heart to give a damn about the average fan activity. Although, as I said before, if I can help any fan out as far as my limited knowledge of fantasy books is concerned, I am more than pleased to do it. Apropos of nothing- my score of books sent home from here since VE day now stands at 421. Not bad eh?

Poker Game- Good poker game- too feudy. Blah!

Yngvi Was a Louse- ? (Maybe I'm nuts.

Bejazers etc- very subtly (?) sexy. Amused me no end! Don't think I'll need any extract after being over here so long. Wow! I like the description of the Caveman antics- they're a scream.

In The Pen- same comment as before.

Light Flashes- as ever- viddy viddy good. I don't know whether to not to be huffy with one H. Wakofield at his suggestion that I resemble Jules de Grandin. Name of a little green frog and voulez vous coucher avec moi? (This is all the French I know and I don't know what it means- when addressed to the feminine section it has produced a lot of face-slapping- also a lot of fun.



(Tune to
page 16)

The question about "who won the war" will be argued out until the next war. (1970? Optimist! 1960? Possimist!) Then there will be a new grouping of powers and new arguments as to who won that war! Personally, what with Atombombs and all those things, we are going to be bloody fortunate if anybody wins. No? Botts' letter was quite humorous and interesting.

Thank you, Viola Kenally, for suggesting that a fan-mag could be bettered by the inclusion of sensible matter re fantasy and fantasy writers. I have mentioned previously that my deepest interest lies along those lines, so I won't amplify them here.

God take the lousey bitches,
That put foreigners over white men
To make them dig in ditches.
Just because they work
For less than white-man pay,
They put us in the dirty ditches,
And let them have the say.

-Anonymous.

Ode To A Lusty Appetite

Crackle bang snizzle pop,
Peanut brittle have you got:
Cherry gooey sticky kind,
Mellow as a lemon rind.

-Rheta Bigbust.

Ode To A Hairy Bridegroom

Lotty wed a hairy man,
She did it for a spree;
Now she yodels all day long:
"Married Life sure tickles me!"

-Susie Cue.

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dition, for \$3.00.

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