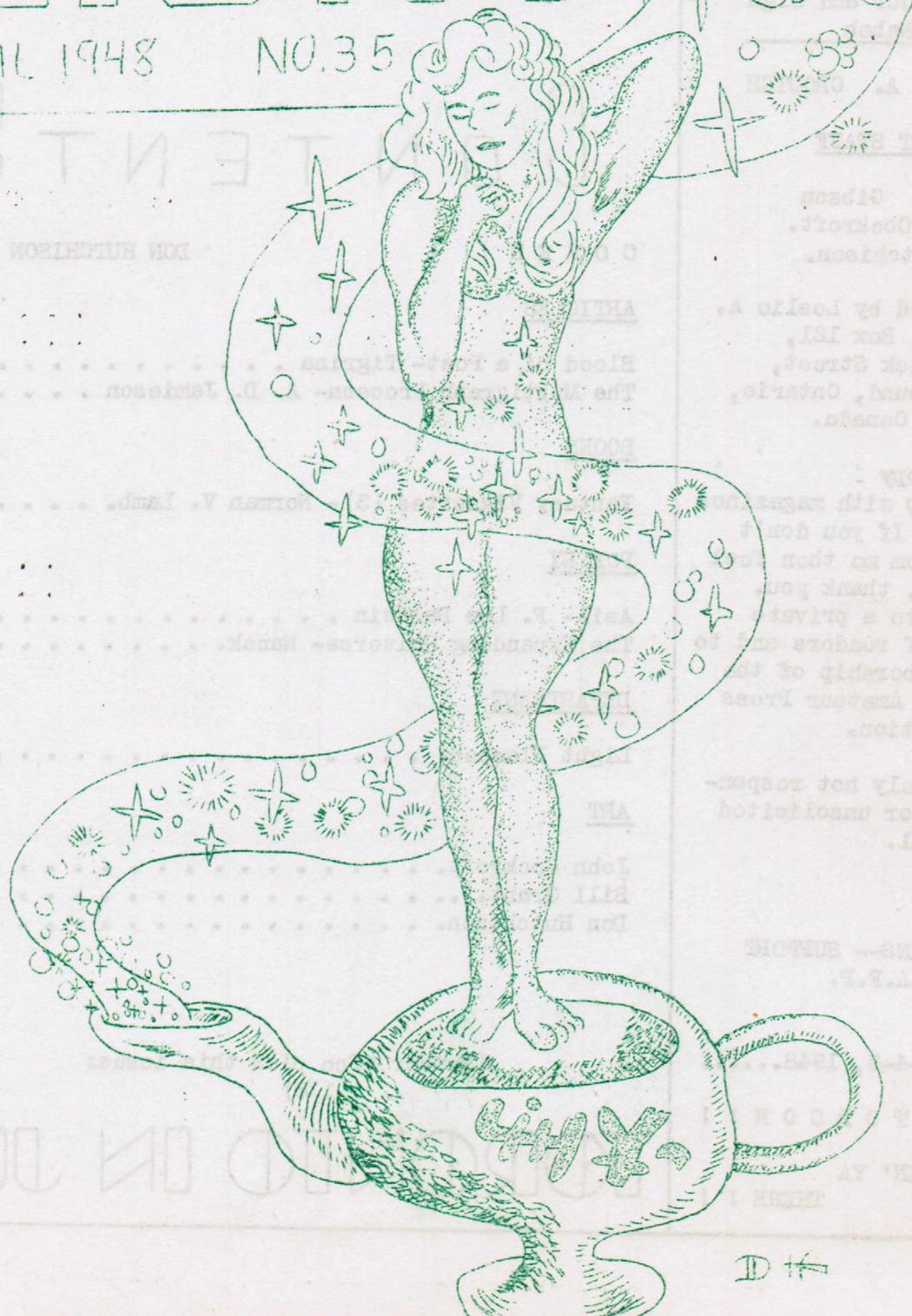


LIGHT

APRIL 1948 NO. 35



D H



10¢ a copy.
No subscriptions.

Publisher and High
Nabob

LESLIE A. CROUTCH

ART STAFF

Bob Gibson
John Cockcroft
Don Hutchison.

Published by Leslie A.
Crouch, Box 121,
41 Waubooch Street,
Parry Sound, Ontario,
Canada.

10¢ a copy:
Swap with magazines
I want. If you don't
hear from me then feel
snubbed, thank you.
Issued to a private
bunch of readers and to
the Membership of the
Fantasy Amateur Press
Association.

Absolutely not responsible
for unsolicited
material.

CANADIANS-- SUPPORT
YOUR C.A.P.

JULY 3-4-5, 1948.....

TORCON!!

BE SEEIN' YA
THERE!!

APRIL 1948

N O. 35

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(Number of copies this issue:
120)

TORONTO IN JULY

MARCH 29, 1948

"LIGHT FLASHES", the editor's own forum, is back after a long absence. Those of you who kept saying they missed it, will likely be tickled pink. There will be as little rhyme of reason here as there ever was. It'll be used for announcements, and general palaver.

/XX/
 YOU are getting this copy of LIGHT because you fall in the following category.....
 CONTRIBUTOR CHARGED TO YOUR SWAP ACCOUNT YOU'VE ALREADY PAID YOUR DIME BETTER SEND YOUR DIME or else YOU'RE ON THE ART STAFF SWAP 'ZINES YOU'RE ON RELIEF!
 /XX/ /XX/ /XX/ /XX/ /XX/ /XX/ /XX/ /XX/

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS

We need no fiction. We can use some poetry. We like articles, what can you do? Book reviews always in demand. WE WANT LOTS OF ART WORK. ART MUST BE SUBMITTED ALREADY STENCILLED. WE'LL SEND STENCIL IF YOU HAVEN'T ANY! Important for stencilers-- we can now accomodate any brand or size of stencil, as long as it will reproduce on this size page. Any brand can be handled, and any size from standard letter-size on down. Now let's see your work-- there is no longer any excuse that your stencils aren't standard mimeograph, or you use a sub-size.

Next issue THE MAIL BOX will be resumed, so you letter-writers can start writing in again. No attempt will be made to run as many as in the past, or to run letters in their complete form. LIGHT will be a smaller size from now on and there just won't be the room. BUT THERE WILL BE LETTER DEPARTMENT AND ANYONE even Joe Stalin, though we won't guarantee immunity CAN HAVE A CHANCE TO APPEAL.

William D. Grant, whose initial work in LIGHT, appears on page 13, is assistant manager of the Prince of Wales Theatre, in Toronto, and is one of Toronto's newer active fans. He will appear from time to time in these pages. Your opinion of his work would be appreciated.

JOE SNERK MAY HAVE A COLD, HIS NOSE MAY BE RUNNING, BUT JOE'LL STILL BE AT THE TORCON

SIXTH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION. JULY 3-4-5, 1948, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.

JOIN THE CONVENTION SOCIETY.

HELP PUT IT OVER.

SEND YOUR BUCK TODAY

TO: NED MCKEOWN, 1398 MOUNT PLEASANT ROAD, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

All editors do a little noodling from time to time. It appears to be the God-given right of all editors. On page 14 of the Torcon magazine, TORQUE, dated January 1948, Number 1, in a nice neat little frame, can be found the following "pica" (?) "Fanzino Editors. SUPPORT TORCON. ask us for ADVERTISING copy". The capitalized letters are theirs, not mine. All right then-- I approached Taylor, listed as "Publicity and Official Editor" long ago suggesting either a full page illustrated stencil of advertising matter for LIGHT or something else. Beak said CANIAN covered almost the same territory as LIGHT and he didn't think anything would be gained. Not his exact words, but to that effect. Ok, Beak's right there. But then about two weeks or so ago I dropped him another line and said I'd give a pago for Torcon advertising in this issue of LIGHT and the

(continued on page 6)

Book Reviews
by topic.

AD

Fantasy

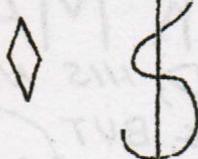
By

Norman

V.

Lamb.

PART



Vignettes. 44

8

GEORGE GRIFFITH- "THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION", or "A Tale Of The Coming Terror". Published by Tower Publishing Co. Ltd., London, 1894. 393 pages, $8\frac{1}{4}'' \times 6\frac{1}{4}''$. 16 illustrations by Fred T. Jane and a Frontispiece by Edwin S. Hope.

Aerial navigation becomes a reality in 1903 due to the discoveries of Richard Arnold. He is contacted by a member of the 'Brotherhood of Terrorists'. They persuade him to join in order to help them rid the world of tyrants. He falls in love with Natasha, the daughter of the leader. She falls into the hands of the Russians. His air-machine (a semi-helicopter) is used for the first time in an attack on Kronstadt. Terrific damage is caused by its shells. He rescues Natasha from Siberia. The Russians attack India while he is there. The air-machine hovers over the battle front and they observe the conflict. Then they go to their base in Central Africa called 'Aeria'. A fleet of 12 machines is built. While Arnold trains the future aviators Franco and Italy declare war on England. Germany sides with England. Naval encounters are the first hostilities. While on its way to England to pick up some of the Terrorist hoodmen, one of the machines sinks two French warships which had attacked the yacht that the men were on. Europe divides into two camps-- the Anglo-German Alliance, aided by Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey; and the Franco-Slavonian League, helped by Spain, Portugal and Serbia. Battles rage all over Europe. France and Russia use War-balloons which cause tremendous damage. The allies have nothing to match them. One of the 'Terrorist' machines is stolen; it is traced to Russia. One of the machines is sent to Russia; it destroys some War-balloons and captures nine of them. The Russians agree to give them their machine in exchange for the balloons. They agree and fly over to the Russian fleet to which it had been sent. They meet with a refusal so they shadow the fleet when it sails to England. It bombards Aberdeen and during the conflict they manage to retrieve their machine. The Russians sink the British ships and loot Aberdeen. Germany has to surrender to Russia because of the great damage caused by the War-balloons. France and Russia Conquer all of Western and Southern Europe. The British Mediterranean Fleet decisively defeats the Franco-Italian Fleets; but the Franco-Russian ships succeed in blockading England. The 'Terrorists' remain out of the fighting, merely observing the actions of every nation. Many of them are in 'Aeria' building homes, workshops and all the necessary appendages to modern civilization. Arnold flies to America where he executes the head of the 'Terrorists' for his treachery. Europe is entirely under the domination of the Franco-Slavonian League. The 'Terrorists' send their fleet to America where they lead their American members in a revolution. America had signed a secret pact agreeing to fight the British in return for which they would get Canada. The revolution is

successful-- America and Canada are subdued in one day. The Franco-Russian forces under the leadership of the Tsar invade England and nearly have it conquered when the 'Terrorists' step in. England agrees to join the Anglo-Saxon Federation that the 'Terrorists' have organized. The Air Fleet is sent and it wipes the Franco-Russian War-balloons from the skies. It destroys their artillery and bombs their troop concentrations until they are helpless. The English Army, aided by the English 'Terrorists', fights gallantly until the enemy surrenders. The 'Terrorists' take charge and the Tsar of Russia is sentenced to Siberia for life. They call a conference where the rulers of Europe attend. Under threat of utter destruction the 'Terrorists' bid them disarm completely. War is outlawed from the earth. An International Board of Control is set up and they give the world a Super-Democratic Constitution. The Moslems revolt but one taste of the Air-machine's power makes them stop. They join the Federation. Arnold marries Natasha and they live in 'Aeria', which is the 'Terrorists' Headquarters. The 'Terrorists' appoint themselves as the guardians of the world's liberty.

(Thirteen airplanes to run the world!)

9

GEORGE GRIFFITH- "OLGA ROMANOFF", Published by Simpkin Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co. Ltd., London, 1897. 377 pages, $8\frac{1}{2}$ " x $6\frac{1}{4}$ ". Illustrated cover plus 16 interior illustrations by Fred T. Jane. Sequel to 'The Angel of the Revolution'.

A hundred and twenty-five years has passed since the Anglo-Saxon Federation began to rule. Now in 2030 A.D. the nations are given their independence again. No airships have been allowed and mankind has stayed peaceful. Olga Romanoff, a descendant of the Russian Royal Family plots to retrieve the throne. She leaves London for Peterburg. The Monorail train takes her directly across the continent without changing. It goes across the 22-mile wide English channel in 7 minutes on the new Channel bridge. She strikes up a friendship with an Arian. When they arrive in Russia he invites her to ride on one of the air-machines. She poisons the crew and steals the machine. A fruitless search is made for it but she keeps it well hidden. A year later she begins a career of piracy using it. She sinks many ships after looting them of valuables. She is undetected and causes so much furor that the world is in the same tension that it used to be prior to the world government. She attacks the Arian fleet and decoys some of them to her base in Antarctica. The Arian, though greatly outnumbered, destroy some of the Russian ships and escape. The Arians who had been kidnapped with their air-machine six years previously escape from their captors in a Russian submarine. They vow to destroy the Russian fleet in retaliation. War is once more imminent-- a state of affairs strange to the world. Its century or so of peace had allowed mankind to progress greatly. Communication had been established with Mars and science had benefitted by the exchange of ideas. The Russian attack the Arian southern base and are repelled with heavy losses. An Arian attacks the Russian's Antarctic base and inflicts great damage on it, using the submarine he had captured when he had escaped from them. Russia attempts to get the Moslem Empire to join them but their plans are defeated by the Arians. The Moslem leader had decided to attack the Christians but a demonstration of Arian power forces him to change his mind. He agrees not to start a war within a year. Olga Romanoff visits him and persuades him to join her revolt. The Arians, after being rebuffed by England, take over the country and prepare for war. A year of hurried preparation passes then Aria strikes at the Moslem air and sea fleets. His forces are obliterated in one tremendous battle. The Russians are starting to invade the European countries when the Arians bombard them. Millions are killed and many airships destroyed. However some escape and bomb Paris. The Arian fleet flies there and are just starting to attack when they are recalled to their base. A momentous occurrence had happened; a message had been received from Mars announcing the impending

collision of the Earth and a cometary body. The Aorians inform the rest of the world of the coming disaster which was due in four months. They commence preparing a refuge for their people while the rest of the world is embroiled in war. They send envoys out to warn the unbelieving world. The envoys visit the Moslem leader on the day that he marries Olga Romanoff. They are co-rulers of all the world except Aeria. They spurn the warning. But, as time passes, the comet grows larger until it is apparent to all that a catastrophe is imminent. Mankind goes mad and reverts to savagery. The Russian and Moslem fleets attack Aeria but are destroyed. The attack happens on the day that the comet is due to hit the earth. The Aorians shelter in their deep caverns-- the comet strikes. The temperature rises to fantastic heights. Mankind is doomed for none could survive on the surface of the earth. When the Aorians emerge they discover that there are the sole occupants of a boat-destroyed world. On an exploratory trip in Antarctica they discover Olga Romanoff. She had escaped the cataclysm by sheltering in an ice cave. The horror had driven her insane. Upon seeing the scorched body of her husband she drops dead.

THE
EXPANDING
UNIVERSE

The shining atoms of a million galaxies,
Show in our sight their glistening mysteries.
Aro we the image of the cyclotron's release,
And other worlds, increase upon increase?
by NANEK

by NANEK : And other worlds, increase upon increase.

6514

Asia is a continent that is most inscrutable,
And for Asiatics I deem it very suitable.
From Bombay to Wranglo Island
It is richly enigmatic--
I can prove all this by maps
I found hidden in my attic.

— F. Lee Baldwin.

"IN FIGHT IN SHIPS" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

"LIGHT FLASHES" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

deadline would be March 31st. I further said that if no advertising copy was forthcoming I'd fix up an ad of my own of some kind. I realize that this, being only Mar. 28, is NOT the deadline. That is still three days off. But if Taylor wanted advertising space couldn't he have got in some copy before this? I'm not goofing. The boys are probably busy as a tom cat in an alloy full of females in mating season, but he advertised "ask us for ADVERTISING copy". I asked. So far none has been forthcoming. Three days yet and I bet none comes in those three days. WHAT GIVES, MR. JOE TAYLOR? WHAT GIVES? *** I haven't received a copy of TORQUE since that first issue, dated January 1948. July is only 4 months off. Shouldn't TORQUE be out more often than that with dope on what is doing? Magazine publishers could then use this official book as a source of material for little articles and items on the Torcon to hammer away at those fan who haven't, so far, subscribed to the Torcon Society. WHAT GIVES? MR. TAYLOR, YOU ARE EDITOR OF TORQUE. WHAT GIVES? *** But, albeit, if you haven't send in YOUR dollar for membership, do so today. The time isn't as far off as you think. It costs a lot of dough to put over an affair such as this. Help with your bit. You'll be remembered in Heaven when you die-- if you go there, that is! -30-

SWEDISH FILM

THE SWEDISH FILM

By

Tigris

a review of a surrealistic
film



The populace of Los Angeles was shown in the late fall of 1946 a surrealistic motion picture film which is of such fantastic nature that I feel it merits publicity throughout fandom. The film: "Blood of a Poet", produced in France under the direction of Jean Cocteau.

"Blood of a Poet", while surrealistic in concept, was not exceedingly so in picturization, except in certain scenes. The film has very little dialogue. Surrealistic music accompanies most of the action, which is in episodes. Each episode is indicated by the voice of the narrator, Jean Cocteau, who also directed the film. English titles supplement the French narration.

The picture commences with a scene of a tall tower, in the process of crashing to the earth. The scene abruptly changes to a plainly furnished room. An artist, clad only in a pair of trousers, sketches a face. He draws the mouth in such a realistic manner that it seems to move. Bewildered, he erases the mouth by rubbing it with the palm of his hand. The mouth is then transferred to his hand. Thoroughly frightened, he immerses his hand in a basin of water. The mouth gasps for air, and bubbles rise to the surface. The artist withdraws his hand and the mouth asks for air. He plunges his hand through a window glass and tries in vain to rid himself of the mouth by vigorous shaking. The artist, morbidly fascinated by the inexplicable monstrosity, passes his hand over his body, permitting the lips to kiss him here and there. Overcome, he finally falls into an exhausted sleep.

Upon awakening, the artist is suddenly seized with an inspiration, and, turning to a life-sized statue of a woman with arms amputated at the elbows, he frantically claps his hand over her mouth. He rids himself of the lips-- at the risk of bringing the statue to life!

Thus ends the first episode. The second, entitled "Do Walls Have Ears?", follows:

Horrified, the artist regards the living statue, who commands him to enter through a full-length looking glass in his room. "No one can go through a mirror!" he cries, "Try!" insists the living stone. After several attempts, the artist presses his body against the mirror, which suddenly turns to water, whereupon he falls through. Instantly, it resolidifies, leaving him trapped in the world beyond the mirror!

The artist looks about him. He is in a corridor with several closed doors facing him. With cautious, furtive movements, clinging to the walls, the man makes his way to the first door and peeps through the keyhole. He sees a fellow in Mexican garb being executed by a firing squad. There is the sound of shots, and the man crumples to the ground. He then rises and the identical scene occurs over and over again.

The artist advances to the next door and spies through the keyhole. The interior is oriental in motif. He sees in shadowplay an opium pellet being expertly rolled and

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inserted into an opium pipe.

The next door bears the legend "Lessons in Flight". A peek through the keyhole reveals a woman terrorizing with a whip a little girl, making her try to climb the wall. Finally, the little girl succeeds, whereupon the woman frantically runs to and from endeavoring to coax the child down, while the little girl, up on the ceiling, crawls around, laughing defiantly and thumbing her nose.

A glance at the next keyhole shows an empty couch. The narrator informs us that this is Room 23, a desperate rendezvous. Just why this is a "desperate rendezvous" is not made clear, as all that occurs is the appearance, piece by piece, of a human figure upon the empty couch. A staccato sound accompanies the appearance of a leg, arm, or other portion of the human anatomy.

Next, a hand gives the artist a gun, and a voice gives him complete instructions on how to kill himself. Our hero unquestioningly complies, and as a result finds himself sagged against a wall, with pieces of cloth draped upon him. Disgusted, he casts them aside and slithers along the corridor, away from the rooms.

The artist emerges through the looking glass into his own room and defiantly smashes the statue, whereupon he himself becomes a statue. This marks the beginning of the third episode, entitled "The Battle of Snowballs".

The artist, now a statue, is seated on a pedestal outside a public building. A group of boys throw snowballs at the statue and discover that the figure itself is made of snow and throw the missiles at each other. The statue is finally destroyed. One urchin is killed in the scuffle, and his playmates run away, leaving him alone, bleeding in the snow.

In the fourth episode, entitled "The Stolen Card", the street scenes becomes a stage set. Richly attired observers occupy boxes to watch the action below. Two card players, a man and a woman, sit at a table, seemingly unaware that beneath their feet is the body of the small boy, a loft-over from the third episode. Our artist, human once more and attired in a cap and mask, stands by the pedestal on which his statue sat in the previous episode. The artist is an unobserved onlooker of this scene.

"If you have not the ace of spades you are a lost man," declares the woman, who, incidentally, is the living version of the feminine statue in Episode I. While she gazes into her vanity case, the man surreptitiously reaches underneath the table and takes an ace of spades from beneath the dead boy's coat.

At this point, a negro attired in trunks and fantastic wire wings emerges from an empty house and bonds over the prostrate boy. He is unseen by the card players. The narrator tells us that he is the boy's guardian. There follows a brief transition where the negro appears photographed on negative film, his new white skin and bizarre wire wings contrasting oddly with the dark snow. The drone of an aeroplane accompanies this sequence. The boy and guardian disappear, the negro in passing taking from the man's hand the stolen ace of spades.

An audible and furious beating of the card player's heart is distinguishable, and the actual pulsation of his heart is visible beneath the lapel of his tuxedo. The man knows that he has lost the game. He raises a gun to his head, fires, and slumps to the table.

This evidently denotes the conclusion of the play, for the audience applauds. The woman card player again becomes a statue.

In the following scene, she enters through gigantic portals flanked on each side by carven heads which closely resemble Johann Sebastian Bach. She blows a whistle, which summons a cow. The animal appears to be covered with spots of news-papier, or perhaps maps. "The way is long", is the narrator's cryptic remark.

The final picture shows the same industrial scene as in the beginning, with the tall tower collapsing and falling to the ground.

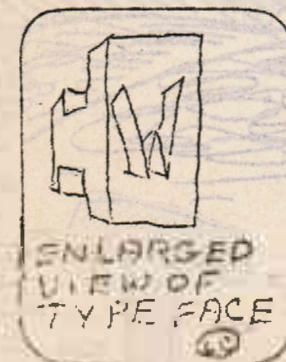
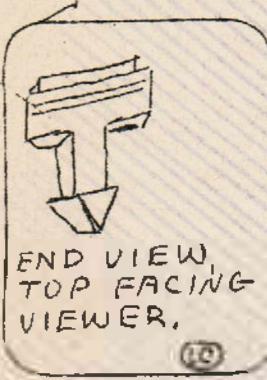
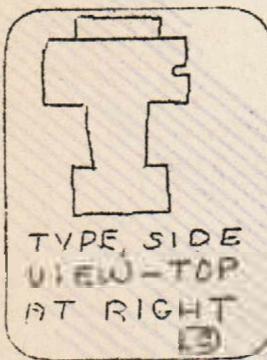
Maybe you can grasp the significance of such a conclusion. I did not, but enjoyed "Blood of a Poet" purely from the fantastic viewpoint. This is a rare film.

(continued on page 12)



THE MULTIGRAPH PROCESS

by A. D. Jamieson



The Multigraph was invented about 1904 or 1905 by a young typewriter salesman named Harry Gammeter of Cleveland. During the course of his travels from office to office, Gammeter frequently noticed that where typewriters were being used to make up form letters, it was quite a laborious and time-consuming process, since each letter had to be typed individually. He found himself wondering if somehow a simpler process could be devised. The few machines which were on the market at the time for the reproduction of form letters (probably the gelatin duplicator and an early form of the mimeograph) were far from satisfactory, and produced work which was obviously duplicated. (So was the one I got in the morning mail.)

ABOVE ARE
IMPRESSIONS
OF TWO PIECES
OF TYPE I
HAPPENED TO
HAVE ON
HAND-LES.
CROUCH

Early in 1901 Gammeter began to spend his spare time trying to devise some sort of machine which would produce in quantity a letter which would look as closely as possible to a standard typewriter letter. Several crude ideas were tried, but none seemed satisfactory, and Gammeter finally decided to spend his full time in the development of what he knew to be a good idea. (Probably lived on beans the while.) His first machine which showed any signs of promise was a flat bed affair which consisted of two parallel frames joined by four rocker arms and held in position by a spring. Sort of one frame above the other. The upper section held the type, which was standard printers type locked in a form. The lower frame was the platen or printing bed. A letterhead was laid on the printing bed, a piece of carbon thereupon superimposed, and the upper frame brought down sharply against it, thus printing through the carbon paper upon the letterhead. However, it was obvious that the work had not been done on a typewriter because of the carbon impression.

Gammeter was not satisfied with this machine, and with the help of associate engineers (I still don't know where he got the dough), finally decided to adopt the rotary printing principle. Their first model consisted of two revolving drums mounted end to end in a horizontal position. Both drums had a surface made up of T-shaped channels. In the channels of one drum were specially made type also T-shaped to slide into the channels. When it was desired to set up

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type, the appropriate letters were slid from the composing drum, turning it from letter-channel to letter-channel for each different letter, into the printing drum. When the desired type had been set up in the printing drum, a ribbon the width of the drum was drawn over the type, much as the present mimeo stencil is applied over the ink pad. Then a sheet of paper was fed between the printing drum and the rotary platen, the crank was turned and out came the copy. The type printed onto the paper through the wide ribbon, printing the whole width of the paper at once. By using the cloth ribbon, work could be produced which very closely resembled typewritten matter. When the letters were individually addressed, a closely matching ribbon was used, and with care, the net result was hard to tell from an individually typed letter.

However, the machine as it stood had one serious drawback. If while one letter was being run, it became necessary to run a rush letter or bulletin for some reason, all of the type had to be distributed back to the type drum, and the new letter set up. Then, after the rush job was done, it was necessary to re-set the original letter. Also it was at times desired to later run the same letter, which necessitated setting up the type again.

Eventually sectors or segments were developed which could be removed from the printing drum and left set up for future use, and a separate typesetting machine was designed. It was also realized that the machine could lend itself not only to typed matter but also to the production of printed advertising matter, price lists, and so on, and an inking arrangement was brought out. The original inking device consisted of a felt roller which was impregnated with aniline ink and which contacted the type at each revolution of the drum, thus doing away with the ribbon and its poor quality of work. Finally an inking attachment was designed which used regular printer's ink, this inking attachment or a form thereof being in use at the present time. With the advent of this inking attachment, the Multigraph became a small rotary printing press, (which in reality it had been from the beginning) and was able to do a very good job of almost any kind of printing within its size range.

An accessory machine, which is no longer made, was the Compotype. This resembled the original machine, but instead of the printing drum, the right hand drum was to hold sectors which could be attached to the Multigraph when the type had been set. Later, a gravity feed typesetter replaced the revolving drum Compotype. The new Compotype (not the gravity feed machine which was simply a typesetter) was a machine which embossed the letters into an aluminum strip, being operated from a typewriter-style keyboard. These strips were so shaped as to be readily inserted into a flexible metal plate or blanket which was corrugated to receive them. This "Flex-o-type" blanket was then attached around the printing drum for printing. This was quite an improvement as the blankets with the strips thereon could be saved and re-run or the strips removed and discarded as there was little expense involved in their production. This latter Compotype is also no longer made having been discontinued when the company became the Addressograph-Multigraph Corp. Some machines, however, are still in use at the present time. Still later another keyboard typesetting machine was evolved which set the standard Multigraph type into segments which could be inserted into the machine. One model was built which used a standard typewriter as its keyboard, thus giving a proof copy of what was being set up.

Some typesetting or typographical companies today can furnish multigraph users with linotype slugs cast with the special T-channel to fit the machine, and many users avail themselves of this service. It is also possible to purchase rubber printing plates which can be attached to the printing drum. This latter method is perhaps the most convenient, as pictures, drawings, as well as various sizes of type can be made into rubber plates, thus enabling one to print a well made-up advertising sheet (or magazine cover). Curved electrotype plates somewhat similar to the ones you may have seen used on the local newspaper rotary press can be made up for use on the multigraph, and particularly adapted for long runs of 100,000 copies or more. The rubber-type plates are used for the shorter runs.

THE MULTIGRAPH

PROCESS

It is possible, of course, to run color work on the Multigraph, though, as with most processes, a separate run for each color is necessary. There is no trouble with registration, provided a usual amount of care is taken. Some users connect several machines in line, one feeding its output to the next, each with a different color ink, so that the job may be color printed in what might be called one run.

So you can see from what we have said in the foregoing, that the present day multigraph is really a small, convenient, easily operated rotary printing press, and is capable of almost any kind of work any other kind of press can do, being limited only by its size.

Here are a few of the jobs that the Multigraph can do readily which might be somewhat more difficult or costly by other methods. It can duplicate on cellophane, glassine paper, metal foil, cloth, wood veneer (bar mixing stix), and rubber, by using suitable inks for the imprinted substance. Linoleum cuts can be run with no difficulty. By using a stool platen and curved cutting dies, advertising cut-out hangars for door knobs, bottle caps, car door handles, and so on, can be die-cut. Oddly-shaped pieces such as discs, stars, triangles, may be run. Docalcomaniacs also may be made using suitable paper and ink. There is available a specially prepared set of electotype plates by means of which calendars of various sizes can be printed. Plates can be had to produce postal permits for the printing of envelopes and postcards.

The scope of the machine, and the types of work that can be done, the styles and sizes of type (from 6 to 96 point) are certainly too much for the space available. [see editorial note at end of article]. If you are interested further, we suggest you write the Addressograph-Multigraph Corp. of Cleveland, Ohio, or contact one of their sales offices which may be near you. For additional information on type, plates, etc., available, write to the International Composition Service, Caxton Building, Cleveland, Ohio. They have a most complete line of slugs, type, and so on.

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Editorial note: Author Jamieson assumes too much in suggesting space is not available. If the readers ask for it, and Jamieson wishes to comply, LIGHT will have space available.

THE END

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

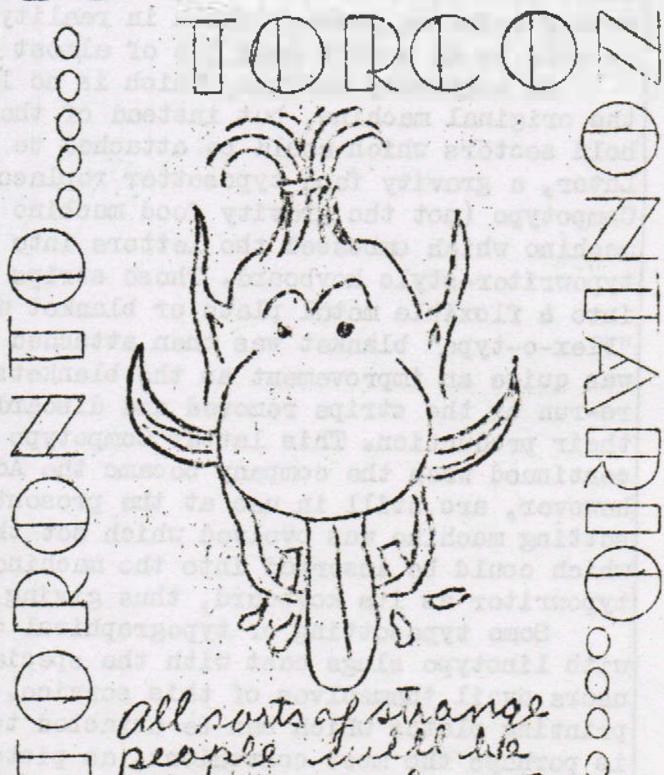
BLOOD OF
A POET

(continued from
page 8)

but if it should ever be shown in your vicinity, don't miss it. Chances are that if you enjoyed "Alice in Wonderland" in your childhood, you will enjoy these more adult adventures in the looking glass now.

The End.

DON'T MISS
THE



All sorts of strange
people will be
there - will you?

JULY 3-4-5

BUD AND CHARLIE

by
WG

HEY CHARLIE!
WHAT IN HELL
IS THE NAME OF
THIS ONE?

SHUT UP
I'M WATCH-
ING THE
PICTURE





DON
HUTCHISON