

LIGHT

Leslie A.

Croutch

10¢

LIGHT

FLASHES

This issue of LIGHT is a sort of "I-snuck-up-on-you" issue. Nobody, not even my staff, are aware that it is under preparation, and nobody has been warned, outside of Sam McCoy, to get copy in for inclusion. But the truth of the matter is-- I am in a "publishing" mood, and the mimeo ink I have in my veins for blood, is slopping over. And I have a lot of material back-logged up that certain people are likely wondering what in hell Croutch is going to do with-- and when.

Friends who were at the Torcon will remember me aiming a movie camera here and there. Hence a report on my Torcon movies will nodoubt not be amiss.

The interior shots of the Convention hall, made with a coated lens at f2.7 and using Super-X film, came out vbetter than I had hoped for. The scene is of newsreel projection quality. More light would have made it crisper but you can see what was going on during the intermission, and what sort of a crowd was milling about, without any difficulty at all.

Exterior shots are perfect. Pam MacInnes affords the glamor and she will be interested to hear, I am sure, that not one inch of film exposed on her will have to be cropped for any reason. All other scenes, in which such sundry slans as Ackerman, Dave MacInnes, Ron Conium, Ned McKeown, appear, are also of equal quality. Now, to make up a convention film, I will have to titlo, perhaps photograph some stills to splice in, and all in all try to make up about a five minute film of the occasion for future

showings. I am only sorry now that I didn't shoot several times as much footage as I did. As it is, however, am I the only one to have ANY movies of the Torcon?

I think a statement of policy regarding subscriptions and so will fit in here all right.

I am not interested in building up a mailing list. Or rather-- circulation. Right now LIGHT is printing 120 copies each issue. 70 of these go to the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. The rest go to either certain publishing fcn, or to a number of correspondents who either support the magazine by sending in their "admission fees" to the frolic, or send in material now and then when I ask them for it. If you don't get LIGHT and want to, better ask me first if I have any to spare. I usually have as from time to time some drop out for some reason or other. Your surest bet of getting LIGHT is if you publish a magazine that I want to read and you will exchange me for it. A new correspondent is tried out with a copy and if he/she likes it wand wants it. then he/she goes on the circulation.

Don't for one minute think I am doing this because of any snobbishness. It just is that I am not interested in busting records on circulation figures. Others are welcome to figure of 150, 200, or what have you. I enjoy printing LIGHT and I want to keep it up. If I have to look after subs and do a lot of work on big runs it will soon get mighty boring and would go bust. Too many have went out after wild figures, and how long did they run? LIGHT is now in its 37th issue. I think that speaks for itself. 120 copies
((((((((page 8, please))))))))

BOOKLAND

FANTASY VIGNETTES

#5 of a series

by Norman V. Lamb

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MAJOR HELDERS-- "WAR IN THE AIR". Published by John Hamilton, London, 1932. Eight illustrations by Howard Leigh. Translated from the German by Claud W. Sykes.

Egypt is given its independence in 1922 and its nationalists look to France for leadership. France sends a small force to Alexandria in order to help keep order and England protests. The British High Commissioner is assassinated and France is found to be responsible. After fruitless discussions England and France begin hostilities. The R. A. F. raids Paris and many industrial towns of Northern France. For Paris they use 190 machines, with the Squadron Leaders flying in huge Diesel-driven planes. They drop 2500-pound bombs and one of these falls into a Tube tunnel and crushes hundreds of humans into jolly! The raiders do not escape entirely as the French interceptors down some and the anti-aircraft fire accounts for more. Quite large aerial battles ensue as all the French airforce is thrown into action, but the bulk of the British machines manage to return to their bases. Paris is demoralised by the raid and the Communists begin a rebellion against the government. A triumvirate is set up by the French government and it prepares to wage the war. The French attempt to bomb London the same night but the R.A.F. decisively defeat the large force and London escapes. Much damage is caused when the French shelling England across the Straits of Dover. The French foolt mines many English harbours and England loses some smaller warships. French Paratroops invade England and the French fleet obscures the balance of the invading forces. The paratroops capture some ports and the French fleet disembarks the soldiers, then lays to off shore. The R.A.F. bombs their main port and turns it into a shambles. The British fleet attacks the French fooltland with the aid of the R.A.F. utterly defeats it. Italy joins England and the same day their combined Mediterranean fleets attack and annihilate the French Mediterranean fleet. The French invaders attempt to expand its beach head but the RAF throws all its machines into the battle and blasts them until they are forced to surrender. The Air Marshall of the RAF is killed during the action and in revenge the RAF bombs all the French industrial cities, being aided by the Italian air force. France sues for peace and an armistice is signed. The peace terms strip much of its territories and possessions from France, and England and Italy expand their respective empires. The war lasted a total of four days.

(Although not intentional, this is a juvenile book of the first water.

The action takes place in the 1930s, but the airplanes illustrated are nearly all duplicates of those used in the First World War.-- NVL.)

- 30 -

"TRUTH"

BY BRANT MATHIEWSON.

What is "truth"? Is it something that IS "real", or merely a hypothesis which happens, at the time stated, happens to fit most of the facts? Is truth a factual something, or is it a theorem, never mathematically proven beyond the shadow of a doubt not to be false. For a statement to be true it would have to be hundred percent opposite to false. But do we know whether anything is 100 non-false? Is what we think is truth just a lie that happens to be less of a falsehood? "That is true", the statement is made. How do we KNOW it is true? How do we know, for certain, that there is not some fact unknown which, if known, would give the lie to our vaunted statement? Even if it were possible to demonstrate that a statement is 100% not false-- can we be 100% certain that there is not some fact unknown to us with our finite minds, that, if known, would brand the 100% truth as being true only because we cannot conceive the whole answer?

re: the **TORCON** vention
By SAM W. McCoy

Our dear, kind, lovable, benevolent Editor Croutch snarled via the Post Office. "Write something about the Torcon", he thundreed, "or else!" And if you, gentle reader, but knew the alternative--

My greatest happiness in retrospect was to be found in the fact that my Pontiac took me the 240 milc. round trip without once failing me.

My greatest disappointment was traceable directly to the most lamentable shortage of women. Having failed dismally in my attempt to bring my gal friend along to view the proceedings (and for other reasons), I naturally looked over the field upon arrival. All those men! I wasn't interested. Women are my meat, if you'll pardon the expression. And the few that were present were all booked up in advance. Refrettable. I trust the Sinvention (sic) committee will do better in this matter of feminine companionship. After all, we DO pay a dollar.

Unlike Croutch, I maintained a decorous sobriety during the entire weekend. The fact that I was unable to find a goddam liquor store has nothing to do with it. Also unlike Croutch, I didn't put my impressions down immediately upon my return home; hence, any such impressions will be hazy and patchy.

Will Chad Oliver ever be able to live down the fact that his mother thought he was too young to travel all the distance from Texas to Toronto alone? This, at least, was what Mrs. Keller reported, in a manner that should make Chad blush.

Joe Kennedy was present, I believe, but seemed a little miffed because he was introduced to the mob. I never got any closer than six rows from him, so can't report on his humor.

After looking over all the fan present, I can still unblushingly lay claim to being Canada's handsomest fan. This, of course, sets a very high criterion for the remainder of Canadian fandom (plug); so they need not feel at all insulted.

I did win a buck and a half in a poker game with Al Cameron, Al Betts, Paul Revey, and Greg Cranston; a poker game that, I venture to report, was unique at the Torcon. Not a drop of alcoholic liquid was present during the entire course of the evening! Run over that one, friends-- a group of five fans in a wee-hour card game entirely without alcoholic stimulation. We drank ginger ale-- aagh!

The \$1.50 Iwon almost covered the \$2. parking ticket I picked up that Monday.

Still looking for the answer to the question: Why does the little moron swim on his back? Was that article on art in LeZombie written by Croutch?

Still looking for justification for Singer's vile "United Fandom". He wanted a nickel for it. Cor!

My memories of the fan entertainment seem to consist of Josie Bendoravago re-
 (((((((((((((((((((yup-- ya gotta leaf along to page 9))))))))))))))))))

MAIL BOX

THE EDITOR

There were some errors made in the Torcon article in the last LIGHT. They were not intentional, but were due to faulty memory. I was going to correct them in a special article this time, but instead, will let the readers who wrote the following letters do that. In that way those kind people who came to my, and your aid, will reap their entire reward and credit.

MARTIN E. ALGER

Box 367, Maskinaw City, Michigan, USA.
August 11, 1948.

I was amused no end by your reaction to Singer, he sure is a character, and a hell of a post sometimes. I'll give him credit though for having a lot of ambition when it comes to getting fans going on some project for the club.

Singer sure seems to have made an impression on a lot of fans! Almost all the fanzine articles on the Torcon seem to give a lot of space to such items as:

Singer and the Rabbi

Singer and the Alum

Singer and the Birthday Suit

Singer and the Telescope

Singer and the Exploding Telephone

Singer and the Border Incident

Not to mention Singer and the

Frenzied Search for Homosexuals in Fandom!

Now sir; we come to your report on yours truly, M. Alger. You cad, sir! Wadda ya mean I had a Leica? Knowest not that I am a fanatic in my own right, when it comes to converting people to the belief that the Contax III is the finest piece of photo mechanism conceived by the mind of mortal man? In fact at the drop of a film spool I am ready to spring on a hapless Leica fan and tear his faith to shreds, like Singer on a Sunday School kid! Unlike him however I will admit that Leicas are nicely made and handy for some types of work.

. . . the other Michifen wasn't "Trapp", but Art Rapp, of Saginaw, editor of SPACEWARP.
/Seeing as how Rapp signs himself

A department of almost completely uncensored remarks and diatribe, supplied by the literate readers of LIGHT.

"r-t Trapp", I don't think I was too far out. -ED/

oOo

DAVID H. KELLER

August 18, 1948.

We liked your Torcon review very much, especially the part about the Kellers which was all rather true and no one can object to the truth..
/One man who doesn't mind having the truth told about him. -ED/

oOo

BILL GRANT

Toronto, Ontario.

August 11, 1948.

Your very informal notes about the Torcon strike a perfect chord. When I think of some of the b.s that will be written it makes me wish I had a long range thought killer.

That's great, the day you stay away I turn up at Rai Purdy's, then you turn up Monday and I'm not there.

Monday I had to be back at the show, the Boss took his holidays at a time like that. The old saying "so near and yet so far" was my theme song.

That article by John Newman is what I'd call a scoop, too bad it wasn't longer, but of course, you can't satisfy everybody.

Don't know whether I liked seeing those newspaper blurbs or not. At any rate, anytime I want to get steamed up I just have to think of these horrible efforts.

I would say as a sum-up that this issue was very solid and serious, the kind of issue I prefer.

/And yet others prefer LIGHT to be light and humorous-- no pun intended-- I try to hit something of a happy medium. Send me a letter for print each time, eh, Bill?

-ED/

oOo

PAUL REVEY

Hamilton, Ontario.

August 11, 1948.

May I say this before every god damn fan in Us, Can, or rest of the universe, that I have never seen a better written, or more well thought out issue in my short career as an active fan.

I venture to say that no more interesting report of the Torcon will be written. How many fanzines have you seen, Paul? Flattery is nice, but wait til you see some of my efforts on my off days. ED/

I would like to second your recommendation to MacInnes; Pam and Dave were two of the nicest people there, bar none. Their warmth and congeniality will be remembered by yours truly, long after I have forgotten whether it was Bloch or Cummings who was at the Torcon. There's real people, I see. You saw very few there who offered to send subs to Cancon as they did. If they came from Canada, then Canada has repaid all war loans. (Why do we lose most of the good ones, except Crutch, of course, to the yanks?) The average Canadian, Paul, is just as wise when it comes to turning what he has to offer into hard cash as is the average American. US business and industry pay more for services rendered, on the whole, than do Canadian business and industry. If you want to make dough, you have to go to where the dough is. At the present time that is south of the border and not north. -ED/

I just read the report of the STAR on the Torcon in LIGHT. Boy, they really had their wires crossed, didn't they? You would think that they would take the trouble to get the correct facts, wouldn't you? But I guess he had to rush off to a garden party or a rape or something. At least he tried, but I never saw a more beautiful job of mis-reporting in my life. Do you think we should sue?

At least the STAR treated the affair seriously. It didn't poke fun and look down its nose the way the GLOBE AND MAIL did. As for mis-reporting, you should see our local paper and it would send you to a psychopathic ward before you got past the first column--typographical errors-- spelling-- grammar-- composition-- and mixed up lines. It's even worse than LIGHT! - ED/

nmh

BOB BLOCH

Down in the Yownighted States.

August 1948.

Yours was the first report I've read on the convention, and a most unconventional one it was, too. I hasten to correct you, however, on one point; I be-

lieve it was Norm Stanley and not Milt Rothman who delivered that gem on semantics; a beautiful piece of work, too, and one of the highlights of the session in my opinion.

Correct. It WAS Norman F. Stanley who semanticized the whing-dings and the birdsod-sod and thing-things-- sorry. I got you and Rothman mixed up, Norm--ED/

Outside of that you seem to have x-rayed the gathering quite thoroughly, though, it was a pity you missed Tucker's report.

I've just returned from my vacation; part of the time I spent with Tuck in Bloomington, Illinois. Bloomington, as you may or may not know is only a few short miles from the town of Boone, scene of Tucker's detective novels. He was kind enough to drive me over there and we spent some time with Charles Horne, a private investigator, and his friend, a Miss Saari, who apparently is something or other in the medical profession.

But to return to the convention, there were a few episodes you missed. For example:

The linerick session in George O. Smith's bathroom. The twenty-odd persons gathered there (and some of them were very odd indeed) gave a very convincing demonstration of the average fan's love of the finer things, such as poetry. Although Sam Moskowitz (he was the one who recited THE RAVEN, by the way) was not present, I assure you that he was equalled in both memory work and forensic ability by many of those who contributed bits of verse. And there is something about the acoustical qualities of a bathroom which lends itself to poetry. As for me, I sat there entranced.

There were also memorable poker sessions broken up by the house detective; to be exact, he seems to have broken up all the poker sessions for lack of anything better (or worse) to break up. Every effort was made to keep the prowling detective from hearing any sound from the room where the game was going on; voices were hushed, drinks were soft, and even the bidding was kept low.

Then too there were all manner of cultured and philosophic discussions; unfortunately, I seem to have missed those myself.

But all in all, it was highly worth

While and I'm looking forward to Cincinnati.

oOo

JOHN NEWMAN

36 Bilstrode Avenue, Hounslow, Middx, Eng.
August 23, 1948.

Your comments on the Torcon are the first we have seen over here. You managed to put more personality in your article on it than I have seen in any report of any convention. You seemed to have enjoyed yourself and to have made a number of new friends, which is the basic function of any such gathering. I have seen the film "Atomic Energy" which was shown at the Torcon. It is quite a good film of that type. It was designed for the layman and, even if it only skims the surface of the facts, is quite accurate. Most of the people I know who saw it claimed that it was far too elementary and could have delved deeper without becoming difficult to interpret the facts to the public. Most of the people, however, had had some technical training.

Your character Ben Singer is duplicated over here. His name is Alan Gascaigne and his pet subject is Social Science. Once he starts talking it is impossible for him to be stopped unless one is rude about it. A type like that generally has a kink somewhere.

Ted Carnell has booked his passage for the 1949 "Cincon". It looks as if the Big Pond Fund will pay off at last. There is a possibility that Wally will be able to go with him. [Walter Gillings- ED]

The newspaper reports were rather amusing. We had a somewhat similar occurrence over here. A reporter came to the White Horse during one of our Thursday evening gatherings (we are about 200 yds from Fleet Street) and, after talking with Wally, printed a small piece in the SUNDAY CHRONICLE. That was completely inaccurate in practically every respect.

oOo

ARTHUR H. RAPP

2120 Bay St., Saginaw, Mich.
August 30, 1948.

'Tis a noble job-- your coverage of the Torcon. LIGHT arrived this A.M., together with Sykora's FANTASY TIMES and Dietz's SCIENCE, FANTASY & SCIENCE-FICTION (ghaaa, what a name!), all containing convention stuff. Interesting to see how the same event provokes such varied

reactions from different people.

Sykora has the best review of the original goings-on that I've seen yet, and will probably be matched only if the Toronto boys print the full text of all speeches-- but from his accounts one would conclude the Torcon didn't start until 1:30 Friday afternoon.

S...AND...N covers the whole thing in 1,000 words, which is a valiant effort, but not very informative.

Your account seems to be in the same spirit as mine in the WARP-- to give a personal reaction and sidelights, leaving the official proceedings to be covered by others. I think you did a better job of it than I did, incidentally.

Are the Toronto fan really burned up over that "Globe and Mail" article? From memories of my high-school paper reporting days, I'd say this guy Bain did a darn good job of covering a field about which he probably didn't know a thing before he entered the convention hall. As for the flippant tone, that probably led a lot more people to read the story all the way through than a serious coverage would have done.

I doubt if any reporter would cooperate in your suggestion that Convention officials "censor" their stories before publication. In the first place, the reporter probably has to meet a deadline which couldn't wait for delay. A better solution, in my opinion, would be for the Convention publicity committee to release to all local newspapers in the convention city a written release of background information, which the reporter assigned to cover the event could use in preparing his story. This would prevent such minor errors as the misspelling of names and confusion of organizations.

Anybody else got any ideas of how newspaper publicity could be handled, or released to prevent such mixups?-ED/

oOo

Mrs. DAVID H. KELLER

55 Broad St., Stroudsburg, Penna.
August 22, 1948.

All in all I think that the Convention issue of LIGHT is very good and to it goes thanks for enlightenment on one point that puzzled both Doctor Keller and myself just before one of the sessions three young fans rushed-- that is right-- rushed up to us and demanded breathlessly: "Who

do you think is the greatest atheist here?" Because we were so taken aback we did not reply at once and they asked if we knew what an atheist was. We said we did and they again made their demand for a statement saying they were "taking a poll to show who was loading." All we could say was that we had not discussed religion. Delighted we did not run into Singer. Each person is entitled to his or her own belief but we do not like too blatant a discussion, on that subject at least.

And "the lucky fellow" who rendered "The Raven" is our own most delightful Sam Moskowitz-- internationally known and both loved and honored for not only his fan work but his very important fan history "The Immortal Storm." (Bet you got that info from many sources). I did that it was Sam who recited "The Raven", but not the other. Thank you for it- ED/

When LIGHT arrived we were at breakfast-- we being late and the postman early. While Doctor was busy reading important and otherwise letters I annexed the booklet. At a certain passage I exclaimed, "David!" and setting my coffee cup down so hastily as to almost commit the sacrilege of spilling the amber ambrosia, and with hand to cheek in great dismay I again exclaimed: "David! This man is dangerous!" "What man?" "Croucher." "Why do you say that?" "Well, listen-- he says I can't even read some of your stories. He doesn't say what we were talking about or anything-- He has just got to get out a flash sheet with the proper explanation for before the next issue of his mag-- and it is put out when he feels in the humor, he says, anti-Kellers will be saying that his work is so bad I can't take it." "Oh, I wouldn't take it so hard, he probably didn't mean it as you read it," says the unruffled Doctor. But honestly I was a bit disturbed. Facts are, to the best of memory, as follows:

We were at table with Norman Stanley-- that delightful person from Maine who enlarged upon the theme of semantics-- and the talk was general as to the ability of authors to write glibly and interestingly all the time producing 100% good stuff at every click of the machine. Agreement was unanimous that that was an impossibility and then horror tales were

mentioned and I said I did not enjoy them as such although I recognized a good one when I read it; that even some of Doctor's horror tales left me cold and that some stories which he wrote for fun and for the entertainment of "The Inner Circle" were not, in my estimation the right things to see print. But I DO READ EVERYTHING HE WRITES. In the main I most thoroughly enjoy them, the Keller-yarns, and with all my heart I can say that most of his work is good; a tremendous amount is wonderful and some as good or better than anything Cabell, Dunsany, de Maupassant, etc. I most emphatically do LIKE KELLER.

This letter points out the vast abyss that separates thinking-- the thinking of different people. To me, to read a story is to sit down and become so absorbed in it as to become almost totally oblivious to your surroundings. If the tale does not hold your attention to the exclusion of all other things-- if your mind persists in wandering, so you continually have to reread to regain the thread of the written thought, then you are not enjoying-- you are not reading-- you are merely looking through a story, you are scanning. Therefore the thought I had in mind when I said you could not read some of Keller's output was that you did not thoroughly enjoy some of his stories to the point where you became one with the characters. They didn't please you 100%. Your mental conception of the very "to read" seems to be different to mine. This is likely the reason so many people disagree over some of the most trivial things. They don't sit down like intelligent folk and arrive at a common level of thought. Personally, I have read everything I have seen of Kellers. Some of it I couldn't "read"-- I just saw it, I scanned it, I never really absorbed it. But the great majority of his work I have read to the point where I became completely unconscious of my surroundings. To me-- THAT is READING.

I hope something in this issue of LIGHT inspires you to write as interestingly again. Letters such as this really adds that mature note to the mail box.

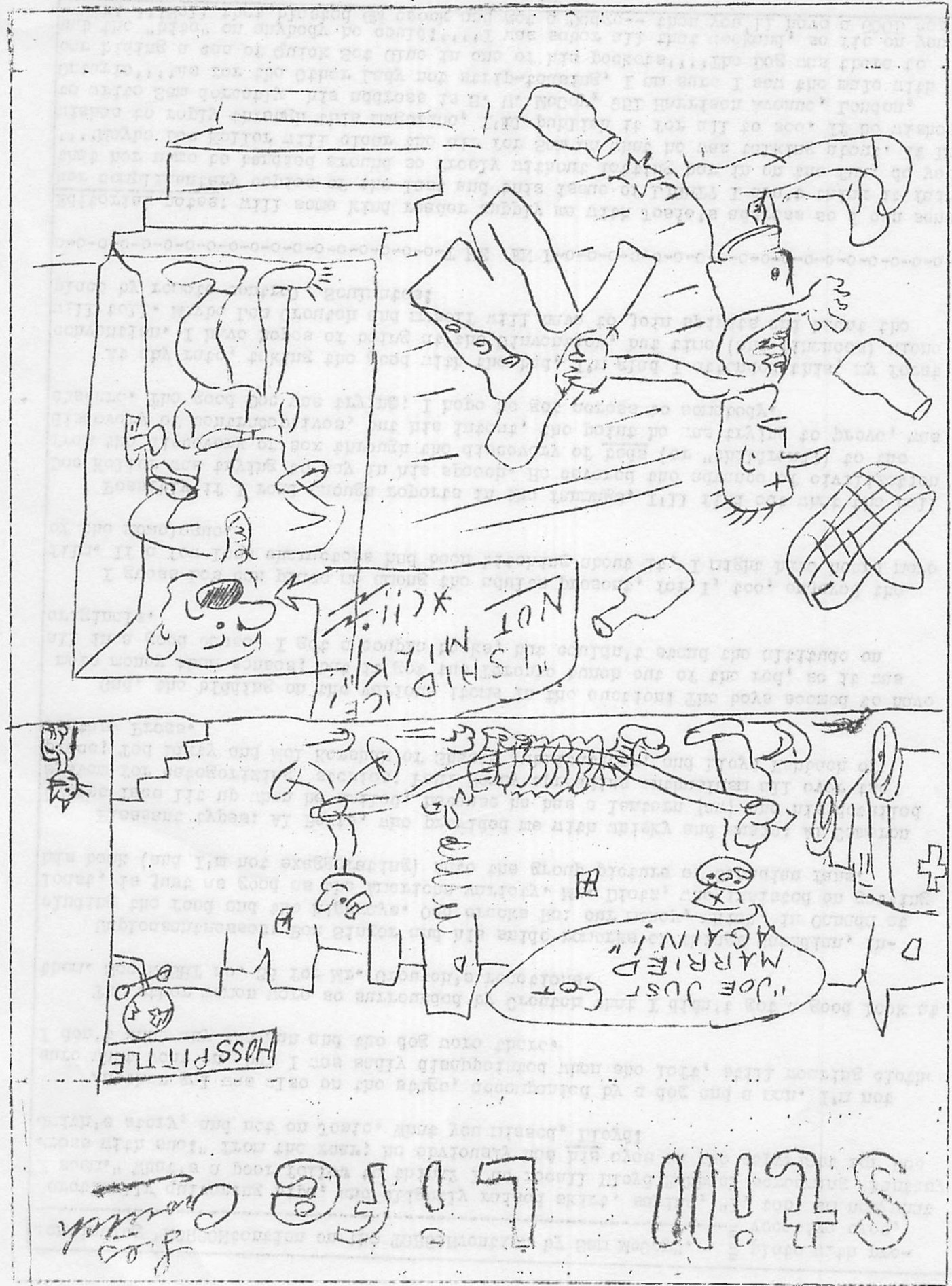
- ED/

3000
B O

Here is my bright idea-- how about us Canadians looking for and picking out an easily accessible spot-- say a tourist cabin site, or small tourist hotel, where each year we could gather, each man at his own expense, for a set number of days, for a get together? We could call it SCIENCE-FICTION WEEK, or some such thing. Fans from all over could get reservations or just turn up and take pot-luck. Each fan would pay his own bill. There would be no membership fees. It would be run on as inexpensive a scale as possible. There

IF AN "X" IS PRINTED TO THE
RIGHT, THIS IS YOUR FINAL
COPY UNLESS YOU REMIT 10¢;
WRITE A LETTER; OR SEND IN
AN ACCEPTABLE CONTRIBUTION
OF NOT MORE THAN 1,000 WORDS.





VIRGINIA

Oberon commissioned him to sketch with a silver wand

The Exotic and beautiful things of a half-forgotten land.

And his coming seemed to those "in the know" like a fairy king's
command

For someone to give to beauty it's full and bountiful worth;

A man who could walk in fairy-land and keep his feet on the Earth

From the very hour of his birth.

He drew the outer edges with a silver and ivory rule

And dipt his pen in the jet of a sorcerer's magic pool

Then filled it in with the delicate stroke of a sombre and lovely jewel.

For not all gems are rubies, and diamonds and emeralds and pearls;

Some fall from the pens of artists, or the eyes of innocent girls,

But all from the hand of him who is known as the "Lord of the Worlds".

F R O M

N A N E K

YOU ARE GETTING THIS ISSUE OF LIGHT BECAUSE ---

You are a contributor

It is charged to your swap
account

Exchange for your magazine

Sent to a club

If you do NOT fall in the
above category and your copy
has a nice big fat green X
in the box on page 8, and
you do not take heed and
send a dime, or a letter
which is published, or a
contribution, then you just
WON'T get a copy of #38. So
to be absolutely certain,
it might be wise to send in
a dime for this issue. Un-
used Canadian or American
stamps are as good as coin
with me. Okay, chum?

FOR SALE

1 clothbound copy of Guy
Endore's "Wreewolf of Paris"
in good condition. I'm ask-
ing a buck and a half for
this. If I owe you swap,
I'll charge it to your
account. Otherwise, I want
the cash.

1 clothbound copy of
"Upsidonia" by Arch-
ibald Marshall. All right
condish. Same terms as
in the foregoing ad. I'd
like to get back for this'n.

-Les Croutch.

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WANTED: issues of June 1948

Famous Fantastic Mystories.

( ) ( YOU KNOW WHY! ) ( )

# AIR

by  
LAURA MACDONALD

The soul's waiting  
Is music-making;  
Life's sorrow  
Is the soul's waking;  
Beauty that strikes  
Straight to the heart;  
All of life's longing.  
That is art.

## # Answering Coswal

Coswal, "Galactic Island",  
FAPA:  
#34 LIGHT: But did Cockcroft  
get the right mood? The  
match-light monster is  
truly a remarkable job. I  
wish Gibson would send  
something else like it in-  
ED/ Oddly enough, THE  
LAUGHING DOG seems to be  
practically nothing at all.  
CORPSEBOUND is about the  
most satisfying and enter-  
taining weird poem I've  
read. The variety of cap-  
ital letter demonstrations  
detracted considerably,  
though. I've had experience  
with both plain and die-cut  
stencils; but that's the  
first I'd heard of photo  
stencils. Baldwin's Memory  
Refresher Course isn't a  
bad idea; I wish the ar-  
ticle had been ten times as  
long. If Baldwin will do  
an article 10 times as  
long, I'll print it. And  
without the usual delay,  
too. How about it, Baldwin?  
- ED/ Liked HOLLYWOOD AND  
VINE but AFTERMATH was  
mighty poor-- until the last  
line. THE ANDALUSIAN DOG is  
certainly outstandingly un-  
usual-- especially the eye

scene! The order in which  
that appears would probably  
shock anyone into the proper  
attitude for the rest of the  
thing. THE FALL OF A NATION  
must have been written about  
1915. I was surprised to find  
the error: "fool" for "flood"  
twice in a row in the RED  
NAPOLEON review. EMPTY VICTORY  
doesn't sound so empty--the  
it's more than slightly ideal-  
istic. THE ATOM has the un-  
fortunate vagueness that  
much fantasy poetry has. The  
other Nanak poem just doesn't  
belong. Gibson's cartoons out-  
shine Croutch's, but the  
latter's humor is superior.  
Gibson now has some ideas  
of mine for turning into  
cartoons. I was hoping they  
would be here for this  
issue-- but alas-- they  
aren't. ED/ There were some  
good parts to OLD GODS.

# I MIGHT AS WELL FILL UP #  
# THE REST OF THIS PAGE. #  
Some statistics on LIGHT in  
case anyone is interested,  
and no one likely is. This  
issue will run 120 copies,  
as usual. 113 are already  
carmarked-- 70 for the FAPA;  
the rest for my own mailing  
list, which takes in Canada,  
U.S., England, Scotland, and  
Australia. R. D. Swisher  
was on for several issues as  
I thought he'd like it for  
his collection but as he  
didn't drop a line or once  
acknowledge receipt, I have  
dropped him. There are two  
more being warned this is  
their last copy unless they  
confirm themselves. Tho:  
they didn't do any work--  
Bob Gibson and Don Hutch-  
ison are still on the art  
staff. Cockcroft is waver-  
ing-- haven't heard from  
him since the Othuhu  
cover. ?????????? John?