

LIGHT

NUMBER 52-- LESLIE A. CROUTCH, BOX 121, PARRY SOUND, ONTARIO, CANADA-- OCTOBER 1952.

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LIGHT FLASHES

all unsigned material is by Ye Editors.

I am somewhat disappointed: I expected the reader who gave me fire and brimstone for printing that Salvation Army joke to write in and roast me again over a slow fire for waxing so anti-religious last issue. But either this reader has decided I am beyond redemption or else Dear Reader hasn't even read LIGHT 51, but so far I haven't heard even a peep out of The Neuter.

Silverberg, in a recent letter, said he might not get an issue of his magazine out due to the heat. I won't accept that excuse. It has been almost as hot up here this summer, and here LIGHT is out just two months after the last number. If I can do it so can Bob. If this flurry of energy keeps up first thing Warner will know will be that I have passed him. But that isn't the reason for all this vim and verve. LIGHT 52 just seemed to jell so much easier than usual, this time.

Recently, I discussed the Bible from the viewpoint that it might possibly be a supper sort of propaganda journal. Now here is another supposition: Let us suppose, for the sake of this discussion, that The Book is NOT propaganda, but that it still isn't the Truth, the whole Truth and nothing but the Truth. But let us suggest that it is NOT a book of lies.

Now in case this sounds like a contradiction, here is what I am suggesting. Since the books of the prophets, and all the other holy men, were written, a lot of water has passed under the bridge.

Books have been lost. Parts of books have been destroyed, mislaid, or hidden away. Man is a greedy fellow. He is also prone to slip out of sight those things that do not agree with him, that might throw a light not sympathetic to his course of action. Translators are always disagreeing what this archaic word or that shadowy phrase might actually mean. Words themselves change their meanings through usage and time.

Is it therefore wrong to suggest that possibly the Bible of today is only half what it originally was-- that its meanings have been twisted and changed until verses may now read exactly the opposite to what they did when they were first written. If this were true it could explain all the different types of beliefs; the difficulty students have of understanding the Bible. It could also mean that Christianity might be on the wrong road to salvation because the signs have been changed; the mileages are all wrong and too many detours are being made.

Elsewhere I mentioned Pogo. Since that was typed I have seen a Pogo strip. One strip isn't enough to change my mind or on which to judge Pogo. But I must be fair and admit that I chuckled over this little critter with a mien right out of a Walt Disney. But sense to the strip? There just wasn't any-- but as I said, one isolated strip is not enough on which to judge. I'll try and see some more.

We are taxed to support our schools, sanitation, the police force, and so on. Then what is wrong with 10% to the church to carry on the work to save our souls? After all, unless you are a Catholic, and maybe I am wrong there, we are not FORCED to pay 10%. But if we don't our school et al taxes, the bailiff will soon come a-calling. After all, wouldn't you rather have a land in with ministers do what you don't approve of, rather than a country like Russia?

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A MATTER OF MATTER

BY HARRY WARNER, JR.

((This story was written as an ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION "Probability Zero" story in 1942.))

"Among my many experiences," E. Throttletwitch Gankbottom was saying, "none was as terrifying as many adventure with the Wilkins gang.

"As you probably know, the soil of Uranus is very rich in that rarest of all gases, oop-iknan. Oop-iknan is one of our most horrible drugs, when properly refined and brewedm terribly habit-forming, and so scarce that a selected few criminals can corner the trade. Until I stopped in, the Wilkins gang were the big shots in the racket."

"Earth police were certain that the Wilkinsees were to blame for the smuggling of oop-iknan, but could not understand how they were getting it to earth. The entire Space Patrol was on the look-out for tramp freighters that might be bringing it from Uranus. Every ship landing on earth was searched thoroughly. All in vain. Oop-iknan was still available to the wretches who had to have it, at tremendous prices.

"I was that time a free agent, solving criminal cases where the police had failed. The puzzle intrigued me, and I decided to investigate.

"I shall not bore you with the false starts I made, and the wrong ways I turned. In all modesty, I admit they were not many, anyway. It was only a short while before I found my first clue. It came from a candy dealer near New York Space Port. A man was buying out his entire stock of chocolate drops, regularly, just before the departure of each space liner for Uranus.

"That was all I needed to know. Uranians are very fond of chocolate drops; obviously, the Wilkins gang was bribing them to extract the oop-iknan with the candy. Just as obviously, the stuff was being smuggled back to Earth right under the police' noses-- in the entirely leg-

itimate space liners!

"I reserved a passage to Uranus, and on the way discovered which of the passengers was a Wilkins. It was Wilbur Wilkins, most ruthless of them all, cleverly disguised. He spent most of his time in the ship's gymnasium; and I discovered that one of the apparently harmless medicine balls there was actually a container for oop-iknan, equipped with an interior heating unit to keep the substance at a gaseous stage.

"Since I was working alone, and did not make this discovery until we were about to dock at New York, there was no time to be lost. I wanted to round up the whole gang, if possible, without the aid of the police. I feared a mere accusation of Wilbur Wilkins would be fruitless: he would be bound to have some explanation, and escape the grip of the law.

"Then the greatest of all ideas hit me. I noticed that he kept the pseudo-medicine ball always inflated (with oop-iknan!) in a stout leather carrying case. I persuaded the ship janitor to let me have a case of electric light bulbs, and managed to get hold of the ball and case for a few minutes just before the ship docked.

"A day later, the entire Wilkins gang was found, unconscious from the oop-iknan's highly concentrated vapors, in a penthouse on Broadway. Publicity-shy as I am, I let the police take credit for the capture.

"It had been very simple, you see. I know that the vapors make men unconscious. It was only necessary to make it possible for the medicine ball to explode, releasing the gas, when the entire gang would be together.

"To effect this, I merely took several dozen light bulbs, broke them, and placed their contents into the leather

carrying case. Then I strapped up the case tightly, and put it back where it belonged. Wilkins took it to his gang's headquarters, and opened it. The fumes rushed out, and they were all rendered helpless.

"It needed only a slight knowledge of physics. By packing the case with vacuums from the bulbs, internal pressure caused the medicine ball to explode."

The End

"UGLY DOG FACE, SLIMY BODY", FISHERMEN
REPORT MONSTER

(from Toronto Daily Star, August 9, 1952)

Conway's Marsh, near Palmer Rapids, Ont., Aug. 9.-- Residents of this district are alarmed about the nocturnal appearance of a strange sea monster with the face of an ugly dog and a slimy black body about 10 feet long, that rose from the surface of Conway's Marsh, swished its dripping tail wriggled vigorously for a short distance and dived into deeper water. The spot of the appearance is 20 miles northeast of Bancroft.

Fred Maschy and two sons, who live two miles from Maynooth Station, were fishing for catfish about 4 a.m., when disturbed by a strange hissing a short distance from their boat. Turning their flashlight on the spot, they were horrified to see the monster cavorting on the surface of the water.

It circled their boat after they first spotted it in the bushes near shore, gave several menacing gestures and disappeared under the surface of the water.

The trio beat a hasty retreat without bothering to reel in their lines. They told their story to Mr. Kelusky, a Bancroft storekeeper, and armed police have been asked to keep a lookout for the monster.

The monster's body was about a foot thick, but no legs could be seen.

Word of the monster was delayed several days because telephone lines to Maynooth have been disabled for some months.

(Palmer Rapids is located in a general south westerly direction from Pembroke, on the Ottawa River. -- ED.)

continuing LIGHT FLASHES

Is political bribery legal only for the party in power? I thought the day of the candidate standing beside the polling booth bribing the voters was past. Yet consider: Next year Canada has a federal election coming up. Rumors from Ottawa are already whispering that the radio license fee will be dropped next year-- that personal income tax may have a 5 to 10% cut. Already our Prime Minister is travelling about, endearing himself to all the suck-- voters, patting all the little girls on the head, probably looking into the future when Indian Tribes will crown him Big Chief Shoot the Bull or some such idiotic title. And to what end? You guessed it-- it's actually an outright and shameless bribe-- "Look boys, you vote for my party, and in return I'll slip you some money in the form of reduced taxes, and other little handouts!" And then the following sitting of the house, the re-elected party will immediately reimpose all the tax cuts, the handouts will either be taken back or pared to the bone.

Indian givers!

N.B.C and C.B.S demanded from C. B. C. 70% of the latter's take in return for piping up tv programs to be rebroadcast to Canadian viewers. The CBC give NBC and CBS 15% for regular radio programs, CBC offered 50% for tv programs. But the two big networks demanded 70%, no compromise at all. Come come, boys! I'm sure the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. didn't mind being handed a shoveful of dung that-a-way, but you might at least have wiped the handle off!

September's Big Five according to Crouch: in order of entertainment and enjoyability: Startling, TWS, Fantasy & Science Fiction, Asfn., Galaxy! A lot of Gold's material is turning out to be "fool's gold".

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ZZZ

NOT NEW

So you're fed-up on politios? So are we. If it's any consolation, here is somebody else that was, too. Read what he says:

Politicians have strained their ingenuity to discover new sources of public revenue. They have continued the extraordinary taxes of war time into peace time. A man now has to defend himself against being rich as if it were the worst of crimes. Athletics have become professionalized. Philosophy has struggled to find some

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THE MAIL BOX

BY
THE
READERS

SAM MCCOY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

I've no quarrel with LIGHT, not even the close-spaced lines-- surprise, surprise! As a matter of fact, I think I approve of them since it does give that much more reading material in a ten-page issue. You even found yourself with space left over, and had to fill it with some extraneous matter regarding GM pm loudspeakers-- which GE would be happy to supply free to any interested person.

One thing about LIGHT's policy is the fact that its policy is never the same twice. About three issues ago, you were going to be the fan's esquire, printing the unprintable as much as possible, working a little sex into your fiction here and there-- and accepting even the improper limericks. Now, no dirty ones-- just saucy. Since when did you worry about postal regulations? Has the recent hassle in FAPA concerning censorship had its effect after all? I'm just asking! (I didn't run the speaker data as a filler as I had been intending to get it in sooner or later. I thought there were enough readers interested in audio to find some value in the audio response of the moderately priced speakers. There is a difference between that 6 x 9 oval and a tru-hi-fi of about \$40. in Canada! -- a personal letter has given me reasons for another policy change. But to the whole gang: I'll run limericks, articles and fiction that are sexy if well done-- but not sex for sex' sake and sex that is just nauseating.-- KE.)

REDD HOGGS? MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

To boil Redd's card down-- Redd feels the close spacing makes the magazine harder to read; on the request for material, Redd suggests that I start reprinting some of my material from LIGHT of 8 to more years ago. He said that much of it is probably not topical now,

but that he would be interested in reading some of the stuff that was being printed then.

(I have never seriously considered reprinting from earlier issues of LIGHT, Redd, for various reasons. I did not think what LIGHT printed was THAT important. I always sort of figured that reprints in a magazine was a sign of old age, or dearth of good material. However, you have expressed your desire. Suppose we leave it up to the rest of the readers? If a sufficient percentage are favorable I'll dig into back numbers, with the following restrictions: nothing reprinted less than 10 years old, and nothing reprinted that looks too dated. Those of you who wish reprints, could help by stating the type of material you'd like to see reprinted-- fiction-- verse-- articles. In order not to make the older material too obnoxious to those who are sure not to want it, one reprint at most to an issue, and no promise made that there WILL be a reprint every issue. Now, it's up to you to decide. --ED)

BILL GRANT, FOREST HILL VILLAGE, ONTARIO.

Have not read all of LIGHT, but it has you in one of your thinking moods, which is a good thing these days. As always, you pack it with interest, which is something you don't see in any fanzines these days. CANFAN slowly died trying to be serious, but I know as long as you have "printer's ink in your veins" that LIGHT has a long life ahead.

(LIGHT is a hobby amo as model railroad-ing, collecting records, racing hot rods, Bill. I see no reason why it shouldn't last awhile yet. It isn't really expensive as hobbies go.-- ED)

NORMAN V. LAMB, SIMCOE, ONTARIO.

By the way, do give me your impressions of the cover of the current ASF-- which is on its way to you along with this screed. Isn't it a masterpiece of art at its finest-- where else could you see such verve, such coloring, such line work-- apart from a poorly printed comic book? Where? It is my honest impression that ASF is getting by far the worst looking covers in the whole fantasy field. Look over this year's covers-- Jan: a boarded Jod with a scowl on (phew); Feb: a hobo waltzing around somewhere with a

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SPICE IN SCIENCE FICTION--WHY NOT?

BY ERIK PAULSON

SPICY SCIENCE STORIES.

If you saw this title on a newsstand, would you relinquish 25¢ or 35¢ for a copy? Further, do you believe that a magazine with this logo and the appropriate story content, would be successful in the competitive science-fiction field of today? Present trends would indicate that such success is more than probable.

Consider the array that greets the eye at the magazine stand of your corner drug store. Seven or eight major pocket novel series, each trying to outdo the others in sexiness of covers and material. Another dozen or so lesser digest-sized editions, usually labelled "romantic novels", but frankly sexy. "Men's" magazines, featuring some salacious expose in each issue. Model and girlie mags, with apparently a new title appearing weekly.

Delve deeper. Read the ads in these and many other of the more staid publications. "Cartoon booklets-- the kind men like". Pin-up pictures. Lingerie models. High-heeled cuties. Unusual books. Party films.

Mickey Spillane's "detective" stories alone sell in the millions. Are they good literature? Are they good detective stories? Are they read only by detective story fans? One word answers all three questions.

"Spillane's novels are good pornography", you say (if pornography can be "good", and there are many who believe that possible). Sure. Pornography sells well today. It always did sell well, but today it sells more openly. Where is the pornographic science fiction magazine to satisfy this market?

Even in the somewhat limited field of fandom, which magazines are the rarest? Unknown? Early ASF? These are available at a price. Read the plaintive little ads in Fantasy Advertiser and Kay-Mar Trader:

"Will swap three Galaxy, ASF, OW, or TWS, your choice, for issues of Terror Tales, Horror Stories, etc." Or scan Amazing Stories and Weird Tales: "Want to buy-- Terror Tales, Horror Stories, etc. Highest prices paid." But try to obtain copies of such items as these, and Mystery Tales (Red Circle), the U. S. Uncanny Tales, early Dime Mystery, and certain issues of Marvel Stories/Tales.

Within the past three years, British reprint editions of Horror Stories and Terror Tales (four issues of each) have appeared, gone out of print, and already command premium prices. These were not strictly horror-sexy magazines, having originally been issued prior to the advent of this kind of fiction. The horror was there, but the sex angle was soft-pedaled.

However, single reprint issues of two genuine horror-sexy magazines, Sinister Stories and Startling Mystories, saw print in 1949. They are currently unavailable, and have been for the past year.

Some older fans may be able to recall the Farnsworth Wright edited Weird Tales of the 1930's. These magazines are also scarce, and are now considered to be examples of the best of this particular magazine. For those who have not seen them, most issues featured a cover by Margaret Brundage, of a nude or very lightly clad maiden in peril, and a lead story which favored the cover.

What sold so many Shaver issues of Amazing Stories? Was it Richard's message to the world; his excellent writing style? The 50,000 increase in Amazing's circulation cannot be credited to a sudden awakening of public interest in science fiction, or even fantasy fiction! But the Shaver Mystery stories were of a decidedly spicy flavor.

SPLICE IN SCIENCE FICTION-- continued

Everyone, it seems, decries this variety of entertainment. But nearly everyone reads it! And what is more, the vast majority of these readers keep those stories for their libraries.

This brings us back to our original ~~main~~ premise. Why not a sexy (pornographic, if you will, and I'd prefer it) science fiction or fantasy magazine? The demand is there, and since few of these publications ever reach the used book stores, the number of newsstand purchases would be increased thorobly.

In the intorim, until some publisher decides to tap this lucrative market, fandom can fill the gap with a fan mag dedicated to this type of material. "Spicy Science Stories" is not copyrighted, fan editors are urged to make use of this and similar titles-- try it, and watch your circulation climb!

A second fan project could be a "Checklist of Horror-Sexy- and Science-Sexy- Pulp Magazines". It would be too much to anticipate ever completing a collection of this branch of fantasy, but it would be pleasant to know what to seek, and which magazine to purchase, should the opportunity present itself.

Actually, there is little hope that either of the foregoing schemas will be undertaken; we must each glean what we can from presently available material. Meanwhile, the author, and a great many other fans, hopefully scan each new issue of each magazine, waiting. . . waiting...

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In the movie "When In Rome", Van Johnson, Paul Douglas-- one scene shows the Italian detective phoning headquarters. The cord can be seen coming from the top of the pay phone, and terminating neatly at the hook. The hand set is held to the detective's ear, and the cord is shown dangling straight down from it. Damned smart people, these Italians, completing calls under such a circumstance!

LOOKING OVER THE 60TH F. A. P. A. MAILING

THIS IS BEING COMMENTED ON IN THE USUAL MANNER: I AM GOING THROUGH THE ENTIRE MAILING PIECE BY PIECE, AND MY COMMENTS ARE BEING COMPOSED DIRECTLY ON THE STENCIL. SO PLEASE BEAR WITH ME MY SLOPPY GRAMMAR, COMPOSITION, SPELLING, AND TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

LAKE

If the time ever arrives when I purchase another duplicator, I think I shall get a Gestetner. Judging by the results obtained with the one a friend of mine has, the machine is head and shoulders over the usual rotary set-up. The only drawback to the Gestetner from my point of view is the fact that apparently you'd have to use their stencils, whereas with this Speed-O-Print I use absolutely anything-- I've even used Gestetner, which is specially punched-- with success. . .Up here we haven't been plagued as yet with commercials over the phone. But a type of call I do get and which always makes me get hot under the collar, is the person who calls up and tries to pin me down to an exact price for fixing a radio that "only has a tube gone, I know", or "I am sure it must be just a little wire broken off as sometimes it plays so well"!. . . In a recent ad in a Canadian radio mag., Canadian G. E. advertises one of their sets as having "3 t.r.f stages"! Shades of Aunt Maggie's Remedy, what a super job THAT must be!. . .But maybe G. E. is right and their set DOES have a "full 5 1/2" speaker-- not 5 1/4", or even 5 7/16" but a FULL 5 1/2"! Give the boys some credit for honesty! At least they tried!. . .What I meant were full symphonies on lps or new recordings. I know Victor did it for years on 75 rpms. . .Latest rumors from Detroit have it that the major companies are going to swing to 12 v. electrical systems; that all aluminum blocks are on the way; that aluminum will come into increasing use for trim; and son on. . .Bread here varies from 16¢ to 18¢ a loaf, depending on whether it is chain store or not, sliced or unsliced; that is for a standard 24-oz loaf. . .The reason my place is

always a mess, is because I hate like the devil to throw anything away for fear sometime later on I'll find I could either have sold it, or used it in some way or other. That has happened enough times, too. . . How about "ZYLPHA" for a queer name for a girl? That's not a figment of my imagination, either. . . Dodd's Kidney Pills might aid that "pithy" state! . . . I find nothing wrong with the stencil work done by either typewriter. I'd say use the one that pleases you the most.

TRUSABEN

I liked this issue mainly for the lyrics--correct tetrim?-- for the G & S "The Sorcerer", which I have here on 78. . . Regardless of what you say and what some others say, I intend to have a TV set eventually. . . I never was extremely fond of "Showboat" and never could see why the movie people insist on foisting it on an unsuspecting public time and time again. Personally, I like "Oklahoma" much better.

HORIZONS

There is so much comment going the rounds about this Mickey Spillane person, I am going to have to read one of the books to see for myself what all the hullabaloo is about. . . Wipe your typewriter platen with a cloth dampened with carbontet to clean it. Do this in a well-ventilated room, however, as the fumes are poisonous. Removing the platen and washing in warm soap and water will also prove beneficial. Don't use benzine or gasoline because that will rot the rubber. . .

DJINN

No! No! Not THAT way! To play a record in reverse you have to have the platter revolving in reverse-- the turntable going backwards, see? This requires either a special motor drive setup or else one of the older induction motors that could be made to run in reverse by diddling about with the coil leads. Then the stylus is started at the centre of the record, on the opposite side of the turntable centre post-- opposite side to what you normally set the needle down on. Is it all clear now? Or try playing your 33 1/3 at 78. THIS WON'T HARM ANYTHING IN ANY WAY! Or try a 78 at 33 1/3. Screwy aren't we? . . . No, I didn't compose that joke, it was passed on to me (naturally, how else?). . . Well, Van, you Americans just are any more undiplomatic, trite, money-

mad, and so forth, than most people. Up here we do at times gets awfully mad at some of your countrymen who come up here as tourists. But these are such a very small percentage of the whole it would be like saying the whole barrel was rotten because we found one apple with a spot! No doubt Canadians go down to your country and make just as big asses of themselves on occasion. We love the buck just as much and we are rapidly learning new ways to latch onto them in great big wonderful loads, too! . . .

ELFIN

I'd prefer to have covers, myself, but when you are no artist yourself and it is hard to get art work, what can you do?

ASTRA'S TOWER

The heads are well executed, though, judging from the girls' eyes and lips, I suspect the one lovely lady was model for all three.

UNASKED OPINION

Once I saw a Pogo strip. I don't remember just how long ago it was. It must have been during the early days of the war, I am sure. But I do know memory tells me that at the time I thought it a very unfunny, asinine strip. I may think differently now. I'll have to try and see a Pogo to decide for myself. . . I think if the Hoffwoman should marry, it should be within the clan, that is, a radio technician, then all their kids can also be radio technicians, and then the trade secrets can't become too public knowledge!

ORLAST

Lee Hoffman's girls all look so purty I am wondering if she draws from mind, pictures, or model-- through the medium of a mirror? . . . Me? I like Croutch! . . . At \$4. a quire, stencils from Eaton's are still cheaper than your offer of \$3.55: with yours by the time Customs got finished with them, there would be sales tax, excise tax, and customs duty. Nope, don't think I'll purchase any at \$3.55, thanks just the same. . . But I have been told that the harder the platen the cleaner out the stencil! . . .

CHOOOG ETC

I can't help you: I think tape has it all over wire for magnetic recording. To my way of thinking, wire compared to tape is like a car with mechanical brakes to one

with hydraulic. . . I once had, on paper, a magazine assembler, but the danged thing was so complicated that I just plumb forgot all about it. . . I think I read somewhere once that the average height of the North American male is 5'10 and woman is 5'6 or 8". I am 5'9". . . I for one will vote for an article on the adventures of an all-American girl in the radio repair business. If you will lash out at the "home made" repairs I'll back you up with some gruesome examples of my own. I had one in recently where the trouble was an antenna coil burned out. Somebody soldered a wire to the top of the 6K7 I.F. tube, and the other end was connected beneath the antenna terminal! Now you tell me what the sam hill was expected of such a circuit? Especially when, to top it all off, the genius of the woodshed had cleaned the edge of the tube shield where it held the insulating disc around the control grid cap, and then filled in the space between cap and shield with liquid solder! . . . Well, here is what I DO look like: HAIR: brown, grayed at the temples (started going that way when I was 17); EYES: brown; height: 5'9"; weight: 232 lbs; CHEST: 46"; WAIST: 42"; I wear glasses, smoke cigarettes mostly, a pipe now and then as a change, and the occasional cigar; you are completely right on clothes: dislike suits, would rather wear casual clothes such as gabardine jackets, and so on. So you see you hit me pretty close there. Oh yes, blading on top! . . . I hold a membership in Philco Factory Supervised Service, which means my charges are guided by Philco's service rate chart. Like you, I vary for the same reasons. So our charges are probably very close all down the line, except on material, prices on that being higher up here. Incidentally, I use a fair amount of British-made parts. Not because I think they are better (they actually have proven to be just as good as Mallory, Acrovox, et al, to mention capacitors as an example), but because I can purchase British made parts cheaper than I can U.S.-made or Canadian-made. On jobs that the flat rate just won't cover, I charge on an hourly basis at the rate of \$2.00 an hour. . . Our closest TV station will be Toronto, when

it goes on the air September 8. It will be roughly 125 crew miles from Parry Sound so we may not expect much. As a result we have no TV yet here and I haven't had any chance to work on it. . . Not many movie projectors around, but I have serviced 16MM sound. Have done some emergency work for the local theatre, which, naturally, is 35MM. . . I handle electrical appliances as a filler for those slack days that show up now and then, though this year there hasn't been many of those. . . If you are interested in comparing notes on servicing in the two countries, fire away, in the FAPA or in a personal letter. I always am ready to talk shop. . . Have you built any equipment? x. . . I still wish I could draw.

FAPANONESUCH

Burbee never came to me with the "Wingless Rooster". I'd have reprinted it, and he wouldn't have had to supply the stencils, either. . . I liked the sketch. We should have a chance to read more Burbiana.

STEFANTASY

All I can say about Danner is I dote on his stuff. Everything he prints seems to be funny as hell-- at least, it always leaves me laughing.

AS FAPA GOES?

Not being a Citizen of God's Country, I didn't send the postcard in. But if you are curious, I sort of think, from where I am sitting, that maybe Adlai Stevenson might be the better man.

SNULBUG

Personally, I have nothing against being on a "sucker list". Look at the interesting mail I get. And just because I do get scads of screwy offers doesn't mean I have to get sucked in, does it? I'm still not forced to buy, or even to read the stuff. But look what laughs I might get from reading it! In fact, I think it might be fun to be on a "sucker list"! . . . No, I thought up that Pinkham ad one evening when I had nothing better to do. I have heard Hadacol ads on the radio but I have yet to read one.

SKY HOOK

I didn't have that trouble dropping out of the NEFF. When my membership ran out I just didn't pay any dues. It was as simple as that. . . There is ONE value

about being a heroic seducer of fair maidens and a general all-round helion: you are more likely to be talked about and written about after you are dead. The insipid hero or heroine is much less likely to have books written around if he or she was a quiet gospol-like sort of person. There is the chance that those heroes and heroines who, today, are held up as paragons of virtue became that only through a liberal use of the "blue pencils". If a bold knight of old, on his way to rescue some saintly person from the toils of the infidel, dallied on the way to sleep with a few wenches, how easy it is for the historian through time to conveniently forget about his adventures, and paint the colorful rascal a virginal whitewash?

THE FANTASY AMATEUR

I voted for the following not because I thought them paragons of virtue or honesty but for less noticeable virtues: "Lee Hoffman" because for once I felt to hell with it and let us see what a female will do in the presidential chair; also because I figured Lee might bring in a refreshing bit of spring air to the smoke-ridden hallowed quarters of the bachelor den! There was also the fact that with some of us poor radio folk being jumped on with great big dirty hob-nailed boots, I figured us of the electronic clan should stick together! "Bob Silverberg" for the simple reason that I know the guy, have found him honest in dealings, and because he seems to be a sincere fan and active in the pursuit of his hobby. "Lee Jacobs" I wrote in as secretary-treasurer as Winne isn't known to me, and because I figured I'd vote as electronic a ticket as possible! That's a hell of a reason I suppose, but likely just as good as some of the reasons others will use. "Redd Boggs" for editor again beyond the shadow of a doubt. Redd is doing too dangd good a job to let go when he is willing to serve another term.

LIGHT

To follow up my thoughts on the Bible: I have sometimes wondered if the reason we have so many different beliefs and churches is because we have never had the opportunity to read the complete scriptures. No matter what we read in history,

politics, the newspapers and the news-magazines, the text is always colored to suit the author's point of view, the political party that is being supported, or the country for which the history book is being printed for use in, or for sale in. I have never read a Catholic edition of the Bible so all I have to go on there is hearsay, but that has it that the Catholic version of what took place is different to the Protestant version of what took place. I can well believe

this, for a practical religion run by sensible and practical men, ~~man~~ is not going to translate and print a version that is not sympathetic to their own point of view. It therefor suggests that if we were able to read an edition prepared by men who placed truth and accuracy above all else, who had no religionistic axe to grind, perhaps we'd end up disbelieving either of the major churches and branch off into something that was much closer to the truth.

A correspondent who also follows LIGHT, religiously, I trust, has this to say: "To date I have been the only one to condemn the Bible as biased, unproven and contradictory. I have also made no bones about my contention that Communism, Facism, and any other ism you can mention, has its place and purpose and that black-balling them completely is narrow-minded and entirely without justification. One of my pet peeves is that the war in Korea speaks of more evil deeds than we are allowed to know, for no one, either person or nation, is going to start any war involving several other nations who have loudly committed themselves to all-out war in event of such an aggression. I see no signs of such a follow-up if such a war-mongering atrocity has been committed in Korea, and the propaganda tossed our way is almost always contradicted both by published UN actions and the stories of the fellows returning from that theatre. It is also very difficult to understand why certain people are found guilty of treason for communist activities and imprisoned for long terms, and then someone like Dr. Edicott is allowed to make statements re germ warfare that are over-all very damagings to the war effort in Korea, without any

action whatsoever. What is the truth? Is there germ warfare and they don't dare take him to trial and have the truth come out, or is it another stupid method of proving we live in a free world? And so on, ad infinitum.

"As I said, I was alone in making such a beef, and now you print a rub in the same vein. I wouldn't dare say what I think you've seen the light for I'm damned if I know which is which, right or wrong, good or bad. And, unfortunately, without money, industrial power and some sort of far-reaching control, you never will know the real truth."

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continuing THE MAIL BOX

flying gollywogs (phow); Mar: Buck Rogers with his raygun (oh hum); April: a boy and a bike (how utterly science fictional); May: Walrus Joe with what looks a picture frame (egad, what a thriller); June: cowboys and indians (goody, goody-- when does the redskin bite the dust!); July: a confined sceptre (at least fantastic); Aug: Captain Joe Blow and the hooded man (what terror); and then the current masterpiece. Incidentally, the idea is damn good but the execution is terrible-- looks as if Alejandro dashed it off about 2.5 minutes before deadline.

Light Flasher-- Boy you were cynical when you wrote that column. My dear boy, you know you are not mentally able to digest the truth as it happens and you KNOW that the government just HAS to censor the news so that your meagre mentality can assimilate the facts. Tsk. I'm surprised that you question the rightfulness of their actions-- better watch out or "Big Brother" will see to you.

I'm surprised at your diatribe about religion-- speaking for the odd 500 million Buddhists, I insist that you take a calm, dispassionate view of the whole matter and have faith that Buddha is the only true god. Then, of course, we must note the Mohammedans-- the whole 400 millions of them-- and learn from them that Allah is the only possible true god and Mohammed is his true prophet. What's the matter with you-- don't you want to go to paradise and enjoy all those whores-- oops-- houris? S'matter-- you a eunuch or sumpin? Then of course we must not neglect the Christians-- the religion that is practised one day per week-- and forgotten the other six. Don't you know that

the Jehovah-- Javoh, Jahveh-- of the Old Testament is the only god-- of course you must have faith and disregard the fact that the ancient flood god of the Midianites has had his worship somewhat contaminated by about four other separate and different Near Eastern deities until an original believer would never recognize him. Then of course you must add the former pagan customs that have been added by the Christians, such as Easter, Christmas, and so on-- their adoption by the Christians has, necessarily made them lose their former origins. Now the Shintoists have about a hundred million adherents who are sure that ancestor worship is by far the only proper way. Are you sure they are wrong?

(Let's hear from some more of you readers on this subject. To me religion in all its phases has always been a very interesting question. I'll print all sides of this question, heretical or not. You just let'er blast and I'll print it.--ED.)

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continuing NOT NEW

There was a student from Mars
Who wanted to study the stars.

He jumped in his ship,
And away he did zip,
But alas! He went too farze.

-Neal Clark Reynolds.

continuing NOT NEW

substitute for divine commandments and the surveillance of God.

Who said it? Nobody but our old friend Socrates, describing the political and economic life of Athens in the year 353 B.C.

If you have read this little magazine very long, you will know that we are generally on the side of believing the world is slowly getting better. Actually, we do believe it is, and Socrates was often on that side of the fence, too. Now and then, though, like all of us, he had his doubts.

Sometimes it pays us to read a little history. Then we learn that others have gone this way before., whether it be a way of joy or of sadness, of hope or of despair. And then, we conclude, with Solomon, that "there is nothing new under the sun."

--Aug '52 KVP Philosopher, Kalamazoo Vog. Parchment Co., Parchment, Mich.