

NUMBER **65**

DECEMBER 1957 ISSUE

The cover is by
BOB GIBSON, CALGARY

A GENTLEMAN LIVING IN FIFE,
MADE LOVE TO THE CORPSE OF HIS WIFE.
"HOW COULD I KNOW, JUDGE?
"SHE WAS COLD, DID NOT BUDGE--
"JUST THE SAME AS SHE'D ACTED IN LIFE."

-submitted by Lamb'57.

(8)

(FAPA MAILING NUMBER 78)

THE FANTASY AMATEUR

Well, well, so after all the hue and cry about what we would have to do about Wonsol, pardon me, typo, Wetzol, things corrected themselves right nicely-- he just naturally didn't qualify at the last trump. Good thing too-- what a sorry lot we would have appeared-- a dissolute lot of worn-out old lechers sitting around trying to look innocent! Gads! More censorship news. Egads-- it

appears our American cousins have either a censorship complex or a bad case of the whim-whams. Why didn't I vote in the Ego-Boo Poll? Because I fool the way

the votes are counted the damn thing just doesn't mean a hoot in hell anymore. Too easy to pack. I thank those discerning people who recognize gold when they see it and voted for me. Youse is good guys and will be rewarded in the hereafter. To hell with rewarding you now. It isn't that important! Jumping on

Wansborough for eligible copy-- how about the second page of the constitution? THAT SURE AS GUNS WASN'T LEGIBLE IN MY COPY! So be it. ALL of YOU!!!!
GEMZINE

Suppose a Russian applied for membership or a Chinese Communist? Suppose a Madamo applied? Or a convicted murderer? Or the Devil himself? The trouble with your suggestions about not letting some people in is it can lead the way to snobbery. If you aren't a member of the elite, the 400, you just aren't recognized. If you don't follow the

THE CAR OF THE AGE



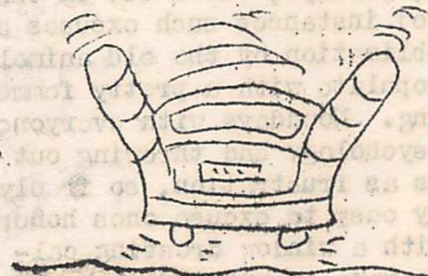
HERE COMES THE NEW DOGE

Pride of ownership. The pride that makes a Kentucky mountaineer buy a new jackass; the pride that makes an Eskimo trade in his leaky old kyak. That is the pride the LUCKY new Doga owner has when he drives up to the hot dog stand and orders a new groaseball on spittoon. For the New Doga has overything-- convertible steering tiller-- flop back seats-- thirtoen carbucrtors-- and a thousand gallon gas tank. It rides on air-- provided by the new super low



WHAT A DREAM CAR THE NEW DOGE IS

pressure tires-- only $3\frac{3}{4}$ ounces in a giant soft 1800 x .065 Flubadub Special, designed for the all now Doga. And look at those Miracle Advances: Twin power steering, a hydraulic steering motor on EACH FRONT WHEEL; two complete sets of brake drums for each wheel, PLUS that new Safety Feature, a drag brag with 6" tooth to let down beneath the car for those emergency stops; 100 super $\frac{1}{8}$ " cylinders for smoooooooooth ofortless power that is always ready to snap your garters off; a thousand gallon tank so you don't have to stop at every block for a refill; and all of this is yours for only \$2,000, down plus \$25. a week for the next 10 years! Now even YOU can afford to own a Doga.



THERE GOES A NEW DOGE

DRIVE A

DOGE



are out in the cold. But again, there is admittedly, the danger of someone getting in that could cause a lot of trouble. Witness recently. There should be some way to keep undesirables out, but who is to decide what is an undesirable and what isn't? It is a power that can be woefully abused. It shouldn't be rested in the hands of a few, or else we can end up with a sort of Bluenose crowd running things and using their power to further personal ends. I think it asks for a lot more discussion before anything definite is done. Submitting the names of a potential member to the members for voting on wouldn't always work out either. Is every applicant known personally to all 65 of us? How many of us would have enough to go on to be able to be absolutely fair about it? If a fan is determined to cause trouble he or she doesn't have to become a member to do so. It is possible to obtain copies of the mailings by one means or another. The only way to find out if some would be troublesome would be to have them as a member. I wonder how a probationary period would work out. Some businesses and industries use this with new employees. Then if they don't fit they are let go. We could have a probationary period of six months when their application would again come up for examination and be made final or not. It's complicated-- but it's an idea. --- Sex indulgence a relief for frustration or nervous tension? In some instances, perhaps, but I bet in the majority of instances such excuses are merely sublimation of the old animal urge to copulate with a pretty femme that is exciting. Nowadays with everyone reading psychology and throwing out such terms as frustration, so freely, it is very easy to excuse ones honest desires with a window dressing cal- culated to make everything look respect- ful, though what is disrespectful about a "opsidoc" is something I don't accept. Does everyone who buys and munches on a chocolate bar do so because they are hungry, or need quick energy? Or do they do it just for the simple reason it is fun, pleasant, and they like the taste sensation? Are sexual impulses any different to taste impulses basically? --- In Canada, LIGHT goes at "printed matter" rate. I once was able to sneak it through at "magazine rate" which is cheaper but not since the rates went up. Book rate

isn't expensive. 50 copies of LIGHT usually go for approximately 25¢. One single copy costs me 2¢. I'm not com- plaining.

THE RAMBLING FAP

This's as a place as any to get my words in on this husband-wife membership thing. What's wrong with it? It has always been accepted that when the words are spoken a man and woman "become one". They have the same last name and in the eyes of the law they are practically single entities. I think this foolcraw about memberships for one and not the other is a lot of sass. Father and son, mother/daughter, or brother/sister seem to me to be something else again. But husband/wife-- they're one to my way of thinking.--- Will the time ever come when automobile ownership for strictly pleasure-person reasons will not be allowed; when the highways will be for essential traffic only? If something like this doesn't take place we are either going to have to have more highways or smaller cars or where the devil else are we going to find room for them all? There IS a saturation point in everything. --- Here in Parry Sound the bottom signal light is green, then yellow, then red at the top. Sequence is green, yellow, then red. Between red and green there is no caution, just a sudden switch.--- Last year I switched my car insurance from a regular insurance company to a co-op: Cooperators Insurance Assn. I got roughly four times the coverage plus some added benefits for approximately half the cost! --- This marriage deal sort of snuck up on me. First I read you had, like Mr. Froggie, went-a-wooing. Further on I gradually got the idea from little clues dropped here and there that you had taken unto yourself a helpmate. Congratulations. May all your troubles be humans! --- Last week I watched tv three nights-- Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. I saw only ONE show that I can say I actually enjoyed enough to want to see what is presented this week-- 7:30 to 8:30 pm Tuesday the local station (local being something like 70 crow-miles off) they run an hour movie-- last week it was an English mystery that I had seen originally in the local theatre. But for my money, it beat all the live stuff I saw from then on. Personally, since last summer I have seen nothing on tv that I would pass up a movie, good or so-so, to see!

VOTE FOR

Phineas
P (ea)
Flogmorton

THE PEOPLE'S
CHOICE

A vote for Phineas P (ea) Flogmorton is a vote for PROSPERITY, LOW TAXES and LOCAL IMPROVEMENT. Phineas P (ea) Flogmorton promises to paint the local Pleasure Palace; to instal a false hydrant at the corner near the dog pound and to plant new trees by the dog track. Phineas P (ea) Flogmorton promises a turkey in every pay envelope; a bone for every dog; and frozen penicillin for the Pleasure Palace. Remember, a vote for Flogmorton is a vote for sanctity of the home, a cleanup of the crime in our fair city, and increased fines on bootleggers, pimps, traffic violators, and children caught eating ice cream on the Sabbath. So vote as you like BUT VOTE FOR FLOGMORTON. Remember, A VOTE FOR FLOGMORTON IS A VOTE FOR THE FAIR NAME OF OUR HONORABLE CITY.

(the above ad. sponsored by Madama Boa Welle, prop. Hogansville Pleasure Palace.)

--- But lookit Grog, did you ever use a sliding board? I did as a kid. We would get a board of convenient size, say about as long as you, and as wide as possible without being too narrow-- around a foot wide wide was ideal. The board had to be perfectly flat, not warped, or anything like that, and no slivers or cracks. You planed off one end on one side so you had a sort of very flat runner or surf-board thing. On this runner side you poured water and let it freeze. The thicker this coating of ice the better. Then you picked a nice hill, sat or laid or stood or what have you, on the board and let her zip, no hand holds, no ropes, no nothing. Those things could really travel, believe you me, and you could actually steer them just by the shifting of your body balance. ---

(GASP! #10)

Strango. I have never had to pay customs on a mailing. I have yet to have to even go to the customs office to pick one up. They come straight to me through the post office like any other bit of mailing with only one addition. A customs stamp saying "DUTY FREE" on the envelope. Maybe Toronto Customs Officers are just Hog Town-ish? --- I might as well get in my 2¢ worth about Elvis Presley. I never did like his singing, but not because he is Elvis Presley. I don't like any rock and roll music or the singing style that goes with it. In the case of Presley, this dislike has carried over to the artist. His "Love Me Tender" is not as bad a piece as what he usually sings, such as his Hound Dog effort. I have seen him on TV once and once was enough. Ho, and his imitators, and the others like him, I do not term artists. They are novelty singers, and as such are a temporary hit only because they appeal to and satisfy the desires of a certain class of public who seem to be exhibitionists themselves. Or is the term "exhibitionist" mild? Should I suggest "hystorical" as a better adjective? First we had Frank Sinatra with his staged appearances and screaming stooges that egged the rest of his audiences on to a sort of whimpering hysterics. Following we had Johnny Ray which was another of the same kind-- a fringe lunatic exhibition. Now that their appeal had waned we have Presley. Those typos would not exist or survive for even the short time they do survive if it was not for the fact that there is a type of person who will

support them. Those artists fulfil a demand. If they are clever enough to find this out and can take advantage of their peculiar appeal for the neurotic fringe then I say more power to them. I don't like them. But I won't take from those who do the privilege to make fools of themselves! Incidentally, go way back and recall an orchestra leader who was a success. He played fine music but his own antics, though more subdued than Presley's, were pretty much in the same beat. Remember the king of hi-do-ho? Cab Calloway and his terse athletics before the audiences?

(BIRDSMITH)

I believed I enjoyed this publication just about the best of them all in this mailing, because of my long standing and abiding interest in and enjoyment of the motion picture. The latest Marilyn Monroe film to show here was "Bus Stop" and I was more than pleasantly surprised at her performance in it. When Monroe first started making pictures I thought her extremely bad as an actress and I didn't even react to her so-called sexiness as it always struck me as being highly exaggerated. You might like cake but you don't like to have it thrown in your face repeatedly. However the new Monroe began to show herself in "The Seven Year Itch" which ran here shortly before "Bus Stop". She may have been more or less just a "straight man" to Tom Ewell, but I did see promise in her acting. Then came "Bus Stop" and her work as a comedienne surprised and pleased me highly. I shall look forward to her next picture with interest. --- Only one of Grace Kelly's films have left me other than cold toward her as an actress and as a woman: "Rear Window". The Hitchcock film "The Man Who Know Too Much" hasn't arrived here yet. But in all other work by her she has left me absolutely cold. She is too frozen faced, too flat chested; and leaves me with the slightly queasy feeling that she feels herself to be better than anyone else. In "Rear Window" I wonder is she did good work because it is possible for her to do good work, or whether it was having Jimmy Stewart opposite her that made her shine. Sometimes an actress, or actor, can have such a good part, good director, and good co-workers, that it is impossible to be anything else but good! "High Society" would have fallen flat as any kind of a picture if it hadn't had

JOKE

A distinguished-looking chimpanzee was seen walking out of the British Museum in London. He was reading a copy of Darwin's "Origin of the Species" and muttering angrily. When a curious crowd gathered he throw the book at them, and shouted. . . "Am I my keeper's brother?"

EX AMERICA SEMPER ALIQUID LIBIDINOSI

OR. . .

FROM AMERICA WANTONNESS ALWAYS COMES

by

"No Vilo Litorature"

The Feb. 20, 1957 issue of the Toronto Evening Telegram carried a news report that stated in part-- "Playboy Magazine. . . on Canada's banned list. . . officially lewd."

The purported reason given for this banning was-- ". . . because of its large color photographs of nude or almost nude women, many of them well known motion picture stars."

Before commenting on the decision ~~and~~ to forbid this publication entry into Canada it would be best to enquire into the meaning of the word "lewd". Webster's New Twentieth Century Edition Dictionary (1951) gives the following definitions--

1. Lustful: libidinous: licentious: given to the unlawful indulgence of lust.
2. Exhibiting or proceeding from lust.
3. Vile: wicked: profligate.
4. Ignorant: unlearned: lay: not clerical.

Once that is understood it is possible to discuss the pros and cons of the question, which is, "should the magazine Playboy, have been banned from Canada?" A series of questions and answers will bring the truth concerning the matter to LIGHT so that all may read and judge for themselves.

Q. Does the publication deserve to have the term "lewd" applied to it?

A. Obviously, for Canada's Chief Censor has publicly labelled it as such.

Q. For what reason was the term "lewd" given to the publication?

A. Because it was sent to Canada in an attempt to debase the moral people of this country by exhibiting pictures of nude or nearly nude motion picture stars, all of whom are American. And everyone KNOWS just what sort of people

BANNING Cont'd

THEY are.

Q. Do women with similar or other immoral tendencies live in Canada?

A. Absolutely not! The presence of such persons would not be countenanced in this country.

Q. Is it possible to describe the qualities of Canadian women so that the vast differences between them and the women of other nations can be recognized immediately?

A. Most assuredly. The following excerpt from a letter appearing in a Canadian weekly newspaper, "Justice Weekly", published in Toronto, vol. 12, #7, for the week of Feb. 16 1957, and entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, shows the immeasurable higher moral standards of Canadian women as compared to those adopted by any others in the entire world. At the same time it is a fitting demonstration of the ultra-fine moral level attained by Canadian publications; shockingly different from the gross immorality found in the imported variety.

(Note: the writer is a 19-year-old girl. The "he" is her father and the "she" is her 17-year-old sister.)

"At last he said, 'I am sure you won't do this again. To be sure, I am going to whip you. You are older now and so it will be more severe. Take off your brassiere and take your panties right down and off.' When I was again over the footstool, he said I must spread my legs, then as the whipcord landed on my bare thighs, and the end snapped cruelly on the inside, I screamed.

...unlike father, I made her hand me the split-end strap and then lie over the edge of the sofa so that her hips were not touching it. Before pulling down her panties I spanked her again; then I hooked my finger under the elastic at the waistband and pulled her panties down.

Swish! Crack! Swish! Crack! Then I stopped to see the effect; eight more strokes and a lecture. She was crying hard. Then the final 10 strokes before I made her stand with her panties lowered and her arms raised to exhibit her burning buttocks.

After 10 minutes she resumed her position, without panties. As she was resting on her knees it was easy to keep her legs spread apart.

At first I couldn't get the end of

these two splendid troupers to carry it along: Frank Sinatra and Coleste Holm. Louis Armstrong gave nothing to the plot. He was window dressing and that was all. Bing Crosby was needed naturally, but he certainly didn't put anything in the part. --- Bill Morse, you have my sympathies on getting your domob clothing. I have the same trouble most of the time, getting vivies in my sizes. I have to have a good generous 46" chest or a regular 48" for jackets or sweaters to give me enough room to breathe properly or stretch in without something giving somewhere. So what is usually available? Size 44" is called "large". And my usual place to find anything larger is Eaton's of Canada. I need an 18" neck in shirts, and what is usual-- you guessed it, 17; and sometimes what is sold for 18" I can't even begin to button up. Pants aren't so bad though bad enough. Manufacturers seem to have the oddest ideas of what is a size. One manufacturer makes a jacket and labels it 46" chest and I can't even get it done up. Another makes a 46 and it is sloppy on me, which I prefer-- I don't like tight clothing. The last jacket I purchased-- well, Simpsons@Sears had what looked like a dandy in a 48" chest. I got it on and zippered it up. Seemed big enough. Then I tried it for roominess-- folding the arms across the chest, and both arm seams split wide open at the back! So I returned it. They sent another style in the same size. It was tighter, so tight that when I zippered it up and took a deep breath the zipped flew apart! So I got a refund and turned to Eaton's. Right off the bat I got a size 46" which was said to be extra roomy for "the larger than average man". It was so roomy I could zipper it up then take a handful in front in the sleak. It had room and to spare. I run up against the same things in shirts. I have a semi-sport shirt here with a size 17½ neck that is plenty big, and I have bought size 18"s that I couldn't even begin to button up, let alone wear! Both these companies sell American-made clothing as well as British and Canadian. I find almost without exception that US-made clothing is skimpy as well-- what do you guys raise over there anyway-- midgets? If I can get clothing made in Winnipeg or other Western Canada cities I have very little trouble, they are plenty

roomy. I haven't had any British pants or shirts, but I have had British socks and they are atrocities. A British size 9 is smaller than our size 8 on the average-- you guys must have awfully short feet or something! Same with hats. I never buy by size anymore, because one manufacturer's size will be larger or smaller than another's of the same size! So now I try them on and take what fits. Last winter ski-cap I wore was a size 7. This winter I got one to fit and it was a size 7 $\frac{1}{2}$! Maybe next time I'll get a 7 or an 8-- who knows? Shoes are ok, as long as I got a 9 in EEE width, incidentally, about socks again-- I can wear some size 9s, but usually need an 11 to take care of shrinkage. Recently I got some British ones-- a substitution-- in 11 and the damned things ended up with heels half way under my own heels! Yes, I sent them back! So you see, Bill, I sympathise with you. We are in somewhat the same boat. --- Walt Disney has two

little cartoon characters which apparently you and Maria have missed: Chip 'n' Dale, two little Chippies, Chipmunks, who are always into some scrape or other with Donald Duck. The adventure usually involves hunting nuts. One of the Chippies is a smart one and other is the usual Disney slightly snail one, and sort of Mortimer Snerdish character who is always getting into the damndest predicaments and who manages to come out on top, usually to his brighter companion's discomfiture.

HORIZONS

Bern? Wouldn't that be the sperm from a Bern? --- Cripes man, "trick or treat" as a Halloween tradition was in use as far back as 1923-- in Alberta anyway. I recall going out with a gang to do it while living in Hanna ---

ANALYSIS

Here are some cards I have seen hung up in various places of business: IN GOD WE TRUST. ALL OTHERS PAY CASH; In a garage: WE LEND OUR TOOLS, BUT OUR MECHANICS GO WITH THEM; ~~then~~ THE MAN WHO NEVER MADE A MISTAKE NEVER DID ANYTHING; ALL CREDIT AND NO CASH MAKES A POOR MAN.

BURLINGS/ELMURMURINGS

I used to thin mineo ink with turps to make it more fluid but I no longer do this and wouldn't recommend turps at all. I found that turpentine, when it evaporates, leaves a gummy residue which in time clogs the drum, or the

ink pad. I recall reading somewhere that kerosene is better. I haven't tried it. I wouldn't know. But I suggest you think twice before trying the turpentine thing.

LIGHT

My reactions to the new Dodge is not at all kind. In fact, I doubt that I would buy the 1957 model, even though I believe the Dodge motor is a good one, and up to now, Dodge has been my favorite car. But witness! what can you put in the trunk anymore? I know I probably look at this part of any car differently than most-- I look on it as a carrier of a payload: can I load a radio set into it, and if so how large. What size tv can be carried therein-- in cabinet or in chassis? From this point of view the 1957 Dodge is a washout. The trunk is wide, it is deep, but what "headroom" is there? So little they couldn't even stand the spare tire up in it, it had to be laid down. It is good for suitcases, midget radios, or bodies, provided you cut them up first. Then I looked at the new seats. Where are those famed, bragged about Chrysler famed chair-height seats, the "most comfortable" in the industry? Gone-- to be replaced by the low, knees jacked-up kind. I found it hard to get into and harder to get out of. No worse than other 57 cars, to be sure, but definitely NOT as good as 56 Dodges by any means. Then I found the headroom seemed to have disappeared, regardless of what the advertisers claimed. With a hat on I found scant clearance. And getting into and out of the car I discovered I would have to be very careful or I'd crack hell out of the top of my skull! And look at that swept back

BANNING Cont(2)

the whipcord to snap between her thighs, but I soon succeeded. Each time the whipcord snapped and bit, she screamed, and I know she was good and sorry."

After reading the above, and presumably, being sufficiently "un-loaded" to appreciate its unquestioned literary worth, you may discover-- providing you have not sunk too deeply into the Abyss of Vice that all right-thinking persons (Canadians, quite naturally) knows yawns eternally in the Great Imperial States-- that we pure, moral Canadians are in no need whatsoever of the lutfal, libidinous, licentious literary efforts of

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vile, wicked, and profligate American authors which are published in ignorant and unlearned publications south of the border!

He has stated for publication his method of censoring. He has a teenage daughter attending high school, and if he considers that a book or other publication would be unfit for her to read, he thereupon bans it from the country.

We Canadians have every reason to be proud of this "Democratic" method of Censorship. At least we are credited with having the susceptibilities-- moral or otherwise-- of a teen-age child. We can only hope that the Rev. McCann's daughter is closer to 19 than 13!

Will the day ever arrive when it will be
to expensive to live-- and yet too
expensive to die?

April 6, 1958.

This edition of LIGHT is, quite frankly, a "stop-copy" one: if I don't get a page in the forthcoming mailing I am out in the air-venter, and this is something I do not wish to happen. At least I am not double-spacing, or giving you sparsely spliced pages of typeset and so-called lines. I do admit that what you are getting is badly dated to some extent, though some of what is herein offered is, one second reading, more apt today than when I composed it several months ago. My recollections to the now case is still that of history and disbelieve a condition approaching desperation. There seems to be no daylight of sanity to be glimpsed in the Detroit case. I have no still appalling and there appears to be no limit, unless heaven is. We have a business recession some as you know and you wish to have changed our government to try to make things better and ended up with a majority that is not a healthy condition for the nation as a whole. The ship is still busy--1957 was a very good year--and I am making more money now than I ever did before, but on I say better off? I say 65¢ to see the same amount of movie entertainment now that I saw during the war for 40¢! I say a somewhat smaller ice-cream bar today than a nickel once did. One that was 5¢ a gallon when I bought my first car is now 48¢. So is the money I make today actually MORE in purchasing power or just more in quantity? The answer is that you get more car today for \$1. than you once did--but a machine made of steel says that Detroit's once had 10 sheet metal (before the war) but the 1957 ones have only 1 1/2! A car of 1957 once carried you at least 25 miles--now the same car at 45¢ takes you 12 to 15 at the most. Will the day ever arrive when it will be so expensive to live--and yet too expensive to die?

of our house. We always had a blind at the window, but now they are blind by the window post, but now they have put it back to the eye and then have only changed the position of the blind spot and made it appear much larger and therefore more objectionable. They moved the steering wheel down. Now, due to my sixth I have to move the seat all the way back. What is the result? My knees crack the under edge of the wheel when getting in or out unless I change my mechanism usual for movements. But even when driving, if I want to move my left foot backward it will hit the underside of the steering column--my knee that is due to the changed seating height I am no longer sitting as nature intended me to sit, with the weight distributed on the buttocks and thighs. I am sitting more or less far back on the tail bone. How comfortable will that be on a fairly lengthy drive?

HEAVENLY COURT

also, wicked, and professed American authors which are published in ignorant and uneducated publications south of the border.

A note to LIGHT's non-Canadian readers--The chief censor of Canada is appointed by the government without any explanation being given. There is absolutely no way to appeal from his decisions: even the Supreme Court of Canada is powerless to stand up against his edicts. He has stated for publication his method of censoring. He has a teenage daughter attending high school, and he considers that a book or other publication would be unfit for her to read, therefore bans it from the country. Therefore the other 16 million Canadians need not fear that their novels will be shocked by the sight of such innocent books or publications. We Canadians have every reason to be proud of this "Personalistic" method of censoring. At least we are credited with having the unsuppressible--money or otherwise--of a town-also child. We can only hope that the Rev. McGowan's daughter is closer to 16 than 12!