

A BOB GIBSON COVER

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# LIGHT

NUMBER 46  
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## ADVERTISING RATES

This used to be half column, 25; full column, 45¢, with no more than 1 col. per advertiser per issue, but this is being changed. New rates will be published in a forthcoming number. You can advertise anything that's fit to print.

## YOUR STATUS

This isn't necessary this time. If you get this then you are safe. The rest of you can go suck a rotten egg, I'm finished with you!

LIGHT  
FLASHES

So this time it happens! I've been considering doing this number for a long time. Which is the reason all you non-Fapans are getting this for free. It will possibly be a total loss to them. To you Fapans, finally I'm going to ruin a number of sheets of stencil paper commenting on a mailing in detail.

So to your horses men, and let us

away to the joustings for a titl or two at the latest Mailing, the 52nd., dated Summer 1950.

Offerings are not dealt with in alphabetical order, but exactly as they were in the envelope, which brings me to the first one, SPACESHIP-- pardon me, SPACESHIP NUMBER 9.

## SPACESHIP

I don't like these shitty little half-sized magazines. But then no doubt Sire Silverberg and Diskin won't like LIGHT either after using that uncouth adjective. The duplicating is Gawd-double-offal, but Silver assures me he is buying a Speed-O-Print so we'll see cleaner work from him in the future. I know I have no license to quibble for I've done as badly myself in the past. What, to my notion, is more important than the mechanics of a fanzine, is what is printed therein. So I'll quickly open SPACESHIP and look within. (I'm ad-libbing this entire issue, composing on stencil, so bear with me, as the blonde in the ndust colony said to her shy chum as she slid out of her stepins). "Craig Melton was the first to man a ship to the moon". I have wondered, if a ship was crewed entirely by women, would it be all right to say, "It was womaned by females"? Ok, for that terrible pun I'll duck, without making promises not to commit others even more vile before I wind up this issue. The stories strike me as being typical fan stuff: not well-written, not atrociously written. Certainly no worse than appearing in some of the prozines sold today. Nothing startling in the imagination department, but don't go by me. I've read so much of the stuff it takes something mighty new and/or novel to get me even slightly excited anymore. Your mag would rate higher if the duplication was better, Bob. Thin ink? Thick ink? Bum stencils? Or a bad typewriter?

## SKYLARK

Jesus Murphy, this cover looks like Aunt Hortense's Little Angel has been making mud pies again and was called in to dinner, and used some paper to wipe its grimy little paws on! By close examination I believe I discern some ghoulish countenances peeking forth from the goo. The most legible



THING was the gravestone in the lower right corner. That and the name of the palatial palace depicted therein. (The pic not the grave!) Hrm. Nothing much here.

#### HORIZONS

Now here is a sheet that I usually get a big bang out of. Well-illustrated, well-printed-- oops, what am I saying? It is NEVER well-illustrated unless I am way off the beam. But it is always full of meaty topics. I should find somewhere here to sink my teeth into. Personally I think there should be no such thing as a post-mailing. Apparently the only way to handle them would be to state that a post-mailing had no value when it came to renewal requirements. I know this sounds drastic, but the way things are getting we have more in the post mailings than we have in the regular mailings. If a member gets his magazine out too late to make the regular mailing then what harm that it must wait until the following mailing? It would make for a slightly larger mailing. If a member has to issue a post mailing to make sure he can renew his membership then he stands convicted of dilly-dallying and not taking a great enough interest in the Association to be worthy of membership renewal! As far as I am concerned the Association has meant to me not Warner's "huge psychological wallop" when I received "an envelope bulging with fanzines every three months". Instead it has meant to me so many open letters discussing any subject under the sun. No longer do I get fanzines with only certain types of material. Every mailing is a distinct surprise-- I never know what will be said or done-- therefor it is never tiring, never routine. I get no "psychologic wallop" but instead a sense of pure enjoyment that I am sort of in with a bunch of people who like the same thing(s) I do. Warner mentions members who hang on year after year by squeezing out their 8 pages minimum (ouch!), and sticking it in as a post mailing at the last minute. Well, let's change that. Keep the 8 pages minimum, but make it mandatory that that at least four pages of it must appear every other mailing. This would mean these guys would have to print every other mailing or they'd get scotched. OR we could say that to be eligible for membership renewal a member must publish 8 pages in the regular mailings or at least 32 pages in post mailings. For every page missing from the regular mailings make him publish four for a post mailing or post mailings. I think the lazy guys will print 8 before they print 32, don't you?

Yak yak! Reprinted from RADIO-VIDEO-ELECTRICAL TRADE-BUILDER for August 1950. (A Canadian magazine) "If you think you've got troubles with three speeds of records, wait until the fourth one comes along. A prediction that it will soon be here was made by E. F. McDonald, Jr., president of Zenith Radio Corp., recently, when he stated that there would be another type record, probably between 10 and 33 rpm. Mr. McDonald did not state the name of the record manufacturer, but said he had every reason to believe that another type would soon be on the market. (P) Zenith already have a changer in production which will take care of this situation, it is claimed. This unit will play automatically any size phonograph record from 7 to 12 inches at any speed from 10 to 85 rpm".

Also in the same issue of the magazine under the department head "News of the Industry" I find the following: "The Wagner-Nichols Co., 150 W. 56th St., New York, has announced that it is producing for release in September a new speed popular record turning at 14 R.P.M. The company is planning to have a series of 14 rpm players produced by another manufacturer, it is stated. (P) Robert Wagner, president, claims that at this new speed the records have a very high fidelity. Manufactured in Vinylite, the discs will be 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ " in size. There is a complete half-hour of recording on each side."

Shades of Thomas Alva Edison. Now all we need is a disc with no hole for people with no record player! Also a disc with a square hole for squares, and then a disc that doesn't turn at all so we can have all the music for all eternity on each side! Harry Warner and Fran Laney will be having nervous breakdowns, if they are not careful.

#### LIGHT

WELL, YOU DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO IGNORE MYSELF, DID YOU? HOWEVER THE



SPACEWARP

At last, a cover worth looking at. I like nudes and these aren't too badly drawn. A repeat might be in order. I AM A BIGGER MAN THAN LANEY IS, I WARRANT. I SHALL PROCEED TO LIST MY ATTAINMENTS AND THEN LANEY CAN JUDGE FOR HIMSELF WHETHER I AM A BIGGER MAN THAN HE IS OR NOT: I weigh 239 pounds, I have a 48" chest and a 42" waist, and I stand 5' 9" in my socks. NOW AM I A BIGGER MAN THAN YOU, FRAN LANEY, OR AM I NOT?

THE TALISMAN

This is a nicely laid out, nicely printed magazine. Very neat, very clean. All in all mighty easy on the old optics. I see no reason for Loan to apologize for his mimeo work. I found it clean cut and second to none. Seabury Quinn's article was very enjoyable and interesting. I must disagree with him, though, about WEIRD TALES. To my mind WT no longer is even a shadow of a shadow of its former self. I have become so disgusted with the class of junk it prints that I have ceased to purchase or read it. The present editor has degenerated WT into a slobbering mush magazine contributed to mostly by second rate females who write as though they were munching on candy and cakes at the same time.

SHAKE IT

Well, now, I dunno. Maybe I am up too late to appreciate what I read. Or maybe this publication IS that flat. Sorry, old kid, the fizz water just didn't fizz.

HELLO

Good think I was told elsewhere what the title of this was; I would never have guessed it from the combination of circles and oblongs on the cover. Or isn't that supposed to be the title? Wouldn't prologue have sounded better misspelled "prolog" instead of "prologe"? "No necking in the pro loges"! Talking of BOOKIE BOOKIE reminds me of the time I found an unused condom in a library book! Whether the misspelling was deliberate or not, when I got to the final page I was glad to say GOODBYE.

CELEPHAIS

Welcome back Bill. Have you forgotten that I owe you some swap? I'm not like some ginks I know-- I pay what I owe!

MOONSHINE

This is the only publication I find difficult to have something to say about. Not that it displeased me. It just didn't spur my thoughts any. Sorry, boys. Better luck next time.

FUTUSYN

Now for Coswal's "purple passion" of a magazine. I always enjoy reading Coswal's stuff, even when I don't agree with some of his remarks. Though his purple passages makes for a colorful array, it is easy on the eyes. At least I find it so. I have no favorite numbers. Those who declare that 7 or 13 or some other number is their favorite usually impress me with being somewhat on the superstitious side. A number is a number and that is that. If I have any leanings towards some in favor of others, they are those higher ones found in the bank balance of my bank book. Colors? I have one I dislike intensely and that is a particular shade of yellow, a very brilliant hue that nauseates me. I think I may have a decided liking in favor of any hue with a reddish tinge-- red, scarlet, purple, violet; though tans, browns, and other warm earthy hues are restful and please me. Blues, being a cold color aren't approved of quite so highly. Greens I like except a certain pale washed-out green. Does ANYONE really know good or bad artwork? I would set myself up as being a judge on the merits of artwork. I know whether I like a picture or whether I don't like it. To me that evaluates art. Whether it is good or bad I don't particularly care. Whether I LIKE a piece or DISLIKE a piece is what, to me, is important. And I don't usually try to figure out WHY I like or don't like something. If it pleases me in some way or other that is usually sufficient. To hang with trying to tear it apart and find a reason for my reaction to it. Same with music.

Now for Coswal's remarks regarding LIGHT. I have been buying the FANTASTIC



STORY QUARTERLY because they have given me a chance to read some old stuff I had either never read before, or wished to reread. Some of the old reprints are still better entertainment than some of the new junkzines, such as OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES, FUTURE, and yes, even some of the stories sprung on us from time to time in ASTOUNDING STFF! Lately I have been weary enough of the current crop of stf to turn to historical fiction that is at least well written and says something. Now for the trade deal which Coslet had elaborated. Perhaps I was remiss in not enclosing an invoice, but this I seldom do and you are the first to be confused by its absence. I didn't send more stuff because I didn't have more. And when I received no acknowledgement of receipt of the parcel I didn't know whether you had received it, or had and didn't want any more stuff. If memory serves me right, you ordered from a swap list which had prices, so all you had to do was check the titles against that and you'd know what I was expecting for them. All the fanzines I read anymore are the FAPA publications and the very odd other one that comes through the mails; I am definitely NOT up on fan advertising and so am thoroughly in the dark as to what you have wanted that I could supply or might have been able to supply from time to time. As for getting this parcel of OTHER WORLDS; I do not keep a record of when I mail LIGHT to the OE, but I do know that this time I did NOT receive the books until approximately two weeks AFTER the bundle had been mailed. I do know that it was just long enough afterwards as to make me think, y little mention in LIGHT HAD bestirred Coswal. If he mailed the magazines when he says he did then they were delayed IN THE MAILS, and if so, in the U.S Mails, for parcels coming to me from the States are stamped either by the Parry Sound or the London (Ont) Customs Office and there has never been a time yet when I did not receive a parcel in longer than two days after being stamped in London, and either the same day or the day after being stamped here. So his books and LIGHT crossed somewhere in the mails. The letter acknowledging receipt of the magazines was mailed the day after I received them. As for Coswal being sore when he is durned, how he must be sore a lot of times, for I bet he gets bills every now and then for something or other. When you sell something, or trade something, and payment is not forthcoming, or even acknowledgement or explanation, then it is business to drop a bill in the mails. It is taken as routine business and nobody with any degree of reasonableness becomes peeved over it. Neither does emotion, or anything else, make a balance owing cancel out. So Coswal still owes me 30¢ regardless of how sore he is. I don't think I attacked him any more than he "attacked" some other fan by his remark in the FAPA. I don't think any damage has been done him in any way. I'll still swap with him and I bet anybody else will. If Coswal still believes himself the injured party then I am sure he is the only one that does. There have been plenty of other magazines that have appeared in regular mailings that were very very late, according to their dates. Your reasons for sticking LIGHT into the postmailing would be reasonable if they were as logical as those for putting DEADLINE in. But LIGHT was definitely NOT intended for a postmailing. Too many and too large postmallings weaken the regular mailings, and that is what we do not want. Personally I think your reasons for postmailing LIGHT are weak, and that you stuck the magazine in just to fill up a postmailing and make it look bulkier. I don't want LIGHT held over just to give it a #1 place. It is to be included in the mailing following receipt. I was NOT referring to the professional field when I suggested each editor should publish his own magazine. FAPA is NOT circulating professional magazines, so why bring them in? I think the idea is good for us. You appear to have a persecution complex, you are always trying to suggest somebody is out sniping at you for some reason or other. I did not have your publishing business in mind, and I assure you Warner and I are not in collusion on this, nor are we sniping at you. My reason is just that members should pull their own cars and not drift along with the side, remaining members in the easiest way possible.



## FANTASY AMATEUR

So I come to the final magazine in the 52nd mailing. I hope my ballot gets in in time to be counted. Due to the railway strike which tied up all mail except first class, the mailing didn't arrive until the middle of the week of September 4th. I got it out immediately so maybe I'll be in time. Incidentally, to show Cowwal there are no hard feelings at this end, I voted for him. He's been an efficient editor and it won't hurt us at all to keep him another term at least. After all, he does get things done when they are supposed to be done. If you get after Moe Diner and perhaps Fred Hurter in Montreal, I think we might get them back in. Moe is showing a rekindling of interest. I am going to work on him from this end. Claude Degler is an indefinite article. Some of the current stories I have been hearing of him don't look too good. One that came to my notice a little while back was to the effect that Degler was blaming fandom for putting him where he was, and where he is now. If that is true, then his attitude is not congenial enough to accept him into the FAPA. Yet this is supposed to be a democratic organization. But if he comes in and kicks up more shenanigans it might give the association a bad name. Mightn't it be best to take a Gallup poll of the members and find out which way the wind blows? Correction: index for the 52nd mailing gives LIGHT as #5-- correct that to #45. 5 is the price of the magazine to non-members. Where was Secy-Treas. Warner's Financial Report this issue?

POSTAGE ON THE BUNDLE TO PARRY SOUND WAS  
12¢.

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regular

## L I G H T

## F L A S H E S

I don't go in for new reporting in these pages, but this, I think, should be passed on.

On August 10, 1950, at 10:45 AM, over CBL (Toronto, 740 KC), on the Jane Weston program, (15 min.) Canadian fan Ned McKeown was interviewed on the "new" "fad" in literature, science-fiction. Ned gave, I think, a very creditable picture of science-fiction and what it is and what it means to its devotees. His talk was restrained, free from the lush adjectives many might have larded it with. Ned, with some pardonable pride, I think, patted himself on the back by suggesting he is now Canada's Number 1 Fan. The note of the entire interview was serious, dignified, and free from suggestion that fantasy is the escape literature of goofy people racing to escape white-coated me liberally armed with butterfly nets. Ned did us all a service, and I take off my hat to him.

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Regardless of what you may hear or may read or may be told by other fan, or by people who have seen it and sneer at it,

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I agree it is full of the usual Hollywood biology, inconsistencies, fake and ill-placed maudlin philosophy, scientific error that even a mongoloid idiot should be able to recognize without exercising his brain to any notable degree. But I also say it is valuable from the viewpoint that for once Hollywood exercised a modicum of imagination-- it had no swimming pools with glistening mermaids-- no triangle-- no murder-- there was no American saving the world for democracy and God and the Stars and Stripes forever-- it did, perhaps, pioneer a new cycle in films, feeble though the pioneering may have been.

But it was no worse than the worst of fantasy we read today. It was no more inconsistent to what Ziff-Davis and some of the others have published, and continue to publish. It was no more feeble than what the book publishers are dis-respectfully disinterring to reprint for the Nth time.

The plot was simple, but so is any movie plot that is shot in something like 30 days on a small budget. It was designed to be a quickie and a quickie it was.



The acting was no worse and no better than thousands of other Hollywood films we see every year, or thousands of stories we read in the same year.

Its scientific errors were numerous and no doubt I missed some of the more subtle ones. But some were really so glaring than any high school Buck Rogers' fan would have spotted them. Meteorites passing the rocketship in the vacuum of space making sounds like transports whooshing through the Holland Tunnel, or some such traffic through some such confined space. Objects that obeyed the lack of gravity and other objects that stayed rooted in their normal positions. The inconsistencies in the relative sizes of the earth and moon as viewed from the portholes of the ship. The Easter Island polished black statue-face found barely covered in the sands of Mars. The ruins, the small artifacts of the Martians lying almost completely exposed after being subjected to the drifting sands of something like a thousand years, according to the dialog. The Martians that were more like the cavemen from 1,000,000 BC! The slab of stone the Martian hurled onto the back of one of the eartmen, only to have it literally bounce off!

The violent thunderstorm encountered when they landed on the Red Planet. Now, an electric storm MIGHT be possible, but is it feasible on a planet reputed to have the poverty of air that Mars is supposed to have? And all those clouds? At least the producers did make all the Martian scenes in red to add a touch of alienism. But the rugged hills, the apparant lack of thousands of years of erosion, the very familiar earthy look to everything. . .

And yet I enjoyed the picture. It was escape from the usual Hollywood balderdash dished up in almost every reel. Feeble and error-laden though it was, I do feel it was worth the seeing. Science-fiction began with less fanfare and look at what it has grown to today.

Or maybe we better not. . . . .

30

I like

Stella, Stella,  
Dressed in yella,  
Went down town

To meet her fella,  
On the way  
Her panties busted,  
Was all the people disgusted?  
-Time Magazine-

(rope skipping game)

30

One of the most thoroughly enjoyable films seen in a long long time-- enjoyable for its warm human story and the fine acting of Margaret Sullavan. NO SAD SONGS FOR ME.

30  
to all members of the f.a.p.a.  
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS ,  
and  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR .

REGARDING THAT GIBSON AD

ON PAGE ELEVEN

While on my vacation in September, I spent a week at Lamb's in Simcoe. Norm had one of the items Bob is making and selling. I was most impressed by both the strength of the finished product, its fidelity, and the care that had gone into its genesis.

It was remarkably life-like, stood solidly on its four feet, felt-padded, and had a fired finish that was akin to glass. The coloring looked very natural to one who had never lived in prehistoric times. The only opening in the entire body was at the "armpit" of one foreleg where Bob had left a tiny hole perhaps 1/8th inch in diameter.

What I am trying to get over is that this item was not a cheap mass-produced affair. It was a solid sample of good craftsmanship and art. I really believe every fan should have a little Prehistoric,

1234567890111213141516171819202122232425



# a review of the surrealistic film DREAMS THAT MONEY CAN BUY by Sam W. McCoy

This is a sort of sequel to the illustration by Wm. D. Grant in a recent issue.

"DREAMS THAT MONEY CAN BUY" WAS SHOWN BY THE LONDON (ONTARIO) FILM SOCIETY ON FEBRUARY 14, 1950. It was produced and directed by Hans Richter, and is an "Art of this Century" film. So unusual was this picture, even to such a group as the Film Society, that each viewer was handed a little card that gave the title, and underneath three blocks marked "Enjoyed-- Indifferent-- Did not enjoy" (mark one). The audience supposedly marked their reaction to the film and left the card at the exit on the way out. I suspect that the great majority did not enjoy the film, although I have been unable to obtain figures.

The film consists of 6 episodes, each episode written by a different leading modern artist. The episodes are tied together by the ability of one Joe to see, through peoples' eyes, their secret dreams. He sets up a business bringing these dreams out into the open, where the dreamer thereof may enjoy them. At least that is the impression I got; the film seems somewhat ambiguous on this point.

Episode One concerns a middle-aged, meek, hen-packed bookkeeper, who is accompanied by his wife-- a large, dominating female. After getting rid of the wife, Joe proceeds to uncover the bookkeeper's secret dream. He is dressed in evening clothes, stumbling through subterranean tunnels, up ladders, squeezing through narrow openings. Suddenly, in the distance, he sees a beautiful brunette sleeping in a curtained bed in a richly furnished room; just as he is about to step into the room, an iron-barred gate drops in front of him. He tries vainly to open it, and when the scene shifts to the bed, a white telephone is sitting on the table beside it (the phone wasn't there before); once more back to the man: who now has a phone in his hand. The phone beside the bed starts to ring, but the girl does not arouse; gradually, the phone edges its way to the edge of the table, and falls off, to break on the floor. The man continues futilely talking into the phone, but only hears many yapping voices; finally in disgust, he drops it. At this point, smoke begins pouring out of the broken phone beside the bed, starting to fill the room. The man graps the bars before him, and tears them apart-- they break like dandelion stems-- and he strides to the bed, to lift the girl out. Suddenly, a half-dressed man appears from under the bed, dragging another man, similarly clad, both surrounded by the smoke. They disappear out the door. The hero has now awakened the girl, in his arms, and turns away from the bed, to see an aristocratic, middle-aged looking man sitting in the corner on a chair. He is dressed in formal attire, with the red diagonal stripe of some European order running across his chest; he says nothing, does not even look disapproving. The girl is now on her feet, in her nightgown; the camera drops to show her feet, and the red velvet curtain at the side of the bed drops over her; the camera rises once more, and she is fully clad in a red velvet gown, made, apparantly, from the curtain material. The hero picks her up and carries her from the smokey room. They go back the way he came, through subterranean passages, with the aristocratic gentleman following at a distance. Finally, the hero, exhausted, falls to the ground; the girl merely arises and walks away. End of the episode.

The second "dream" is that of what I designate the "sign-up" type of girl-- mannishly attired in a suit and wearing thick-rimmed glasses. She comes into the office, intending to sign Joe up in some organization or other-- the background voice kept stringing off names: "The Society for the Abolition of Abolitions" was one mentioned. Joe at first refuses, but then changes his mind and signs some kind of form. Apparantly the girl had made some kind of bargain with herself, for



P. C. E. 9

SHE starts out, then turns back, sits down, stirs herself, and opens her eyes wide.

Her dream involved the romance of a couple of store-window dummies; they meet, they apparently fall in love, they are married, but afterwards when the groom wishes to kiss (or something) the bride, she becomes scared, and calls on all her feminine friends, who drive the groom off. The episode ends with the girl, still in her bridal costume, bicycling away.

The dummies don't really move in this sequence, but an impression of movement is given by rapid "panning" to a different position, and showing them in different costumes. On occasion, the dummies are revolved, and in the last scene-- the bride on the bicycle-- her knees are moving; apparently the driving force is the pedals, which are never seen. Conversation is included on the sound track.

In the third episode, the bookkeeper's wife returns, somewhat huffy because she was excluded from her husband's dream, and demands one of her own. This one is entitled "Ruth, Roses, and Revolvers"; the scene opens on a couple reading a large book, with that title on the cover. The man is apparently reading poems out of it. They wander off, meet a group of people, and go into a house where chairs and a screen have been arranged for a home movie. A young lady appears on the "stage", receives polite applause, and tells the audience of 15 or so people that in order to get the best feeling from the film, they must do exactly as the person in the film (who is well known to them) does; for inspiration, they are to look at her.

The film begins; a man with a moustache enters a door and sits down in a chair, adoptings the pose of "The Thinker", chin on clenched fist, elbow on knee. The audience all adopts this pose, with the young couple looking at each other somewhat surprisedly, but complying with the mass. The man on the screen adopts another attitude, kneeling to look over the back of his chair, eyes shaded by his hand like "Lo, the poor Indian". Audience, including the girl on the stage, complies. The actor goes thru 2 or 3 more of these attitudes, with the audience following the leader, until finally he is shown getting up out of the chair and leaving the room. The audience gets up and leaves the "theatre"; picture ends with the original couple having thrown the book entitled "Ruth, Roses, and Revolvers" into a fire, walking off laughing.

The "blurb" that accompanied the film claims that this reel is intended to satirize the psychological principle of audience participation. I can believe it.

The bookkeeper's wife having left, the door is burst open by a tough looking character carrying an automatic. He sits down in the chair across from Joe's desk, with the gun pointed at him; a voice is heard to say "What's going on here?", and a policeman arrives. He takes in the scene, walks over to the gunman, and says "Have you a license for this gun?" The gunman says "Sure" and, still keeping the gun aimed at Joe, fumbles out his wallet with his left hand, and extracts the license. The cop studies it a moment, says "It's all right, sorry to have troubled you sir" and leaves the room.

Joe and the gangster starts to talk, and Joe gets close enough to look into the man's eyes. This dream consists almost entirely of circles, superimposed one over the other, in varying sizes, that revolve around and around, occasionally changing color abruptly. Once in awhile glimpses can be seen of a "nude" (she wasn't, so relax) descending a staircase, in multiple exposure, so that four of five can be seen together. The "seeing" isn't clear; the discs are still revolving, and cutting in and out, something the same as if a half-open venetian blind were moving past the scene.

When this ends, the gangster seemingly comes out of his "trance", and waves



Joe into an adjoining room. He follows Joe into the room, and a thud is heard, then silence.

Enter a middle-aged man, wearing a cobbler's apron and dark glasses, being led by a small girl, who calls him "grandpa". She leads him to a chair, where he sits down and draws a coil of fine wire from the pocket of his apron.

The girl sits on the floor, playing with a small rubber ball, and what looks like colored plastic poker chips or king-sized tiddley-winks. She tosses the ball up, scoops up a chip, catches the ball. She does this several times, until, on one throw, the ball does not come down. The camera raises to the ceiling, where a number of balls are revolving on the ends of pieces of wire, and rods. They are driven by a shaft in the centre, hanging downward, with the wires branching out horizontally and vertically, and the balls on the end. Next, the balls are gone, and in their places are small triangular pieces of colored metal. In addition, they are upward rather than downward, that, like little pennants atop flagpoles. The metallic triangles disappear, and instead something resembling three octopus tentacles are turning, hanging downward. This enlightening episode ends when we return to the little girl, who eventually catches the ball she threw. She plays some more until a groan is heard from the room Joe was last seen to enter. She runs to the door, opens it, and assists Joe to enter, rubbing his head.

After Joe has somewhat recovered, he speaks to the blind man, who, it seems, has dreams for sale. He demonstrates with the coil of wire he has been twisting about. The scene shifts to a plain background, and a number of circus scenes are shown, with all the figures being little mannikins of wire. A couple of trapeze artists swing back and forth changing from one trapeze to the other. (A wire can be seen running off screen, pulling the trapezes). In another spot, a kooch dancer is shown, with a few tufts of cloth in adequate places, making some most remarkable motions with her posterior. A knife-thrower is seen about to throw a battle-axe at a girl against the wall; he throws the axe, then we see it stuck in the wall where the "girl" was, and she is lying on the ground. A couple of stretcher bearers come running out (the only ones who actually are peripatetic) to get her. They have four feet on the end of each leg, something like a four-bladed propellor, which revolve like a wheel, but still giving the impression of walking. They cart the wounded girl out. Some other circus activities are shown, including trick horses, and this episode ends. Joe agrees to buy the dreams from the blind man.

The sixth and last episode is called "Narcissus". Joe walks around the desk, and spots one of the girl's poker chips lying on the floor. He picks it up, and in looking closely at it, he gazes into his own eye, and sees his own dream.

This starts off as a number of shots of poker chips arranged in different designs and color arrangements. Then we see Joe, seated at a poker table, with four friends, playing with oversized cards-- they looked to be about 6" x 4". Just as Joe is about to shove some chips into the pot, he turns blue; he notices his hands and raises them before his face. His friends immediately notice him, and at first laugh at him. They shortly realize his strangeness, and leave, one by one, just disappearing from their chairs. Joe, left alone, finds a blue string beside his chair, leading off into the dark. He decides to follow it.

He squeezes through several narrow hallways, until he comes to an opening, where he steps outside. He sees a wall, with a ladder leaning against it, and with a burly workman between him and it. He walks toward the ladder, but the workman gets directly in front of him, demanding to know where he thinks he's going. Joe does not answer, but turns to go around the man, only to have another appear directly before him. He does this a couple of times more, until there are four of them, although no move has been made against him. He then shoves right through them, and



to climb the ladder.

A rushing sound is heard, as of a train passing by, but he continues to climb. As he ascends, step by step, the rungs he has just stepped off immediately disappear, until about twelve rungs are gone. His is apparently unaware of this, for he pauses once, and decides to go back; but his feet can feel no rungs below the one he stands on, so he continues upward, with the rungs continuing to disappear behind him.

He enters a door or window, into a room of pendulum-like things, all different colors; they are swaying back and forth, tinkling together, and look much like automobile brake drums. Through these things, he sees a blonde in a blue dress, lying in a hammock. Dodging his way through the obstacles, he sits on a chair beside her; she smiles at him, reaches to a little table beside him, and pours them each a drink of some red-orange liquid. They both drink some of it, but say nothing; all that is heard is the rushing sound, and the tinkling of the pendulums.

Suddenly he sees smoke; saying something to himself about a fire and saving something valuable, he rushes past the blonde to a pedestal, on which sits a plaster-of-paris bust of some bearded fellow (Aristotle?); he seizes this, and produces a rope, which he throws out of a window. With the bust under one arm, he proceeds, his skin still blue, to descend to the road below; but the blonde appears at the window, armed with a knife, with which she begins to cut the rope. Joe looks up, and on seeing her starts to descend more rapidly; the blonde continues to saw at the rope until it parts. The next thing that is seen, is the bust, lying shattered on the wet roadway, with rain falling into the puddles around it. End of movie.

THE END

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