

But ere he dipt the  
surface rose an arm,  
Clothed in white samite,  
mystic wonderful,  
and caught him by the hilt and  
brandished him  
Three times and drew him under.

ME INTVRE

Northlight is produced by  
Alan Burns,  
Goldspink House,  
Goldspink Lane,  
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.2.  
ENGLAND.

THOSE TAKING PART  
IN TODAY'S HOLIDAY

VICTIM - - - ITEM

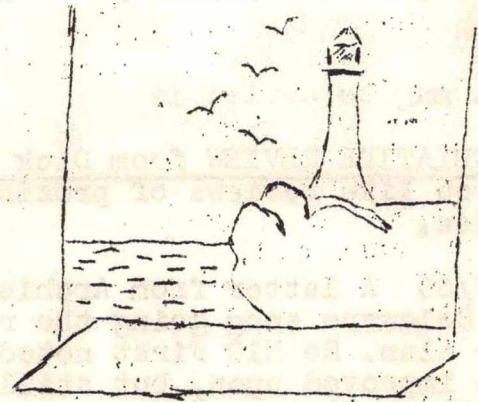
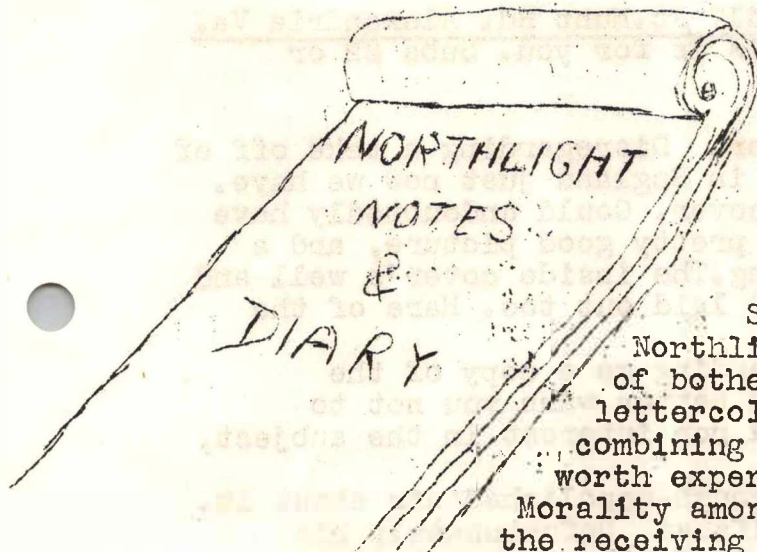
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Caesar Burns



WHEN IN ROME - - -

McINTYRE



Since my aim is to produce Northlight with the minimum amount of bother, the idea of running the lettercol as a sort of diary, and combining it with Northlight Notes is worth experimenting with, so here goes. Morality among fen is the query raised by the receiving

8/7/60 Candy-Fantasy from Bo Stenfors who lives yet at Bylgjävägen 3, Djursholm Sweden. This artizine is produced by Bo strictly for trade. He has changed the title from SEXY-VENUS he says, because fen have been getting the wrong idea. It's a lovely mag, worth trading for yes sir!

12/7/60 A right crop of zines through my letterbox to-day.

EX-CONN (or Insurrection) pubbed by Bob Lambeck 868 Helston Rd. Birmingham Michigan This zine comes out for trades or 10¢ per copy, and consists of a page of editorial a poem and the rest is zine reviews and lettercol. Naughty Dick Schultz copies Atom for the front cover.

DAFOE pubbed by John Koning 318 So Belle Vista Youngstown 9, Ohio Dafoe, which supports a policy of Down With Everything is the sort of zine you expect to contain a lot, but actually the lot is mainly readers letters and some nice illoing, particularly the Prosser Cover. Marion Zimmer Bradley writes therein (PLUG-get Northlight, the only mag not containing a Marion Zimmer Bradley Article) and there is an editorial. Subs 20¢ per copy or trades on a basis so complicated that it's a nightmare.

SF-NYTT The Swedish Fanzine with an English insert pubbed by Sam Lundwall Box 409 Hägersten 4 Stockholm Sweden This mag kind of grows on one. I'm trying to learn Swedish but my textbook covers not fanslang--I give up, and read the English part which is interesting enough. English agent Alan Dodd, 77, Stanstead Rd. Hoddesdon Herts.

Last mag to arrive is

SPECULATIVE REVIEW from Dick Eney 417 Ft. Hunt Rd. Alexandria Va.  
If you like reviews of prozines this is for you. Subs \$2 or  
trades.

13/7/60 A letter from Archie Mercer. Disregarding a take off of the Delaware song going the rounds in England just now we have. Dear Alan. Re N10 First noted-the cover. Could undoubtedly have been improved upon, but still is a pretty good picture, and a pretty good piece of stencil cutting. The inside cover's well and fetchingly (or do I mean retchingly) laid out too. Hare of the Dog or something.

In case you're thinking of sending me a copy of the projected photographic oneshot, I'd better warn you not to waste a copy--I have neither camera nor interest in the subject, sorry and all that.

Terry's column has a sort of rough-unpolished air about it. Unplanned I mean, rather than unpolished. Unfortunately his choices I've either never read, or if I have I wasn't at all impressed by them. His general thesis though, THAT STORIES ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE (Except the ones that were then of course) is an oft heard one. As for good stories less than five years old--the things age so quickly that I'd hate to try and place any given story one definite side of the five years line. Also there are probably a fair number of excellent stories written within the past five years that I won't get to read until they ARE five years old.

Looking at my shelves I find that "The Death of Grass" bears a first pubbing date of 1956--that's only four years ago. "We who Survived" by one Sterling Noel, another catastrophe novel that I only read a month or two ago is copyrighted 1959. Both of these are considerably above the average, even in a field that I particularly like. Zenna Hendersons "People" series started over five years ago, but only finished (provisionally) in the last year or so. I could probably find/remember more if I looked/thought hard enough.

And Yngvi was first featured in "The Roaring Trumpet" by de Camp and Pratt, not (as Terry seems to imply) in the Gray Mouser series by Leiber.

The Eurofandom write-up was less confusing than the previous one--at least it SEEMED less confusing, only I still don't know what Eurofandom is at--particularly the German speaking complex.

Dick Schultz article's the high-spot of the issue, presenting an aspect of the problem that is new to me. Ken's illo doesn't seem particularly well matched to the subject matter though, Pity. It's a pity about P11. but the hilarious explanation on P25 is original enough to almost excuse your carelessness. The lettercol shows distinct signs of improvement in interest too. In fact every issue better could be your watchword still.

14/7/60 The post brought in to-day GOSHOHBOYOHBOY which is Klaus Eylmann's all-German fanzine. If you don't read German it isn't for you, but for those who do Klaus' new army address is Klaus Eylmann, 3/Versbtl 176, Boehn-Kaserne, Block 5, Hamburg-Rahlstedt West Germany. The zine has the usual contents, but only runs to six sides of duping, plus some of the Rotsler illos running around just now.

Also in to-day was a letter from Pete Singleton, 10 Emily St. Burnley Lancs.

Dear Alan, thanks for N10. T.J.'s SKYLIGHTS attracted my particular attention--but only because my views on SF are almost totally opposed to Terry's. A Fact which surprises me. For a kick-off I lap up most of Bradbury's works. His unique style fascinates me and I know I'm not alone in this by a long chalk. I can certainly see no reason for Terry calling his works 'terribly low standard' just because he doesn't like them. I hardly feel that anyone can fairly criticise any works by an author he is automatically dead set against. Be objective Terry! It's too easy to condemn out of hand as 'Lack of quality' when it should be 'lack of appreciation.' Herbert's UNDER PRESSURE didn't appeal to me at all. Not the type of yarn I enjoy, although undoubtedly good of its kind. I would certainly rate AVV's SLAN in my top 20 let alone top 50--a real classic. I rate ACC's Childhood's END as my No.1 novel. About the only thing we agree upon is the fact that we both haven't read Tolkien's The Hobbit((((Then read it both of you NOW!!!))))

I'm deeply shocked to learn that Mike Deckinger hates Germans. In my opinion that state of mind is akin to hating all redheads who ate tomatoes on Independence Day. Totally irrational in other words. There is an equal proportion of good and bad in any country in my opinion. Incidentally Alan I've just checked my photographic and recording equipment and everything is German down to the last bolt! That speaks for itself. I wonder why Mike declined to comment when I mentioned German fans to him in a letter a while ago. I'll be more diplomatic in future!

I tore my hair out over page 11. I did manage to get the gist of it though. Anyway you did explain what had happened so I suppose that lets you off the hook. I'm feeling magnanimous. But next time be more careful, or you may find yourself on the receiving end of a large ticking parcel and where would you be then?

Glad to see I'm not alone in being confused by Klaus' initials. It would appear things have straightened out considerably. Hope it stays that way Klaus 'Turmoil bears no fruits' Too many clubs confuse the issue.

Would you send a copy of N10 to a boy called Dennis Troop. I've just converted him to SF and I'd like him to sample a few good fanzines and NORTHLIGHT is not steeped in esoterica. His address is 7, Mitella St., Burnley Lancs. I feel sure you'll get a favourable response. Best Wishes Pete.

Also received the June 1956 Ish of SIDEREAL. Ye gods, was I in Fandom then? Not a bad zine tho' from Eric Jones, 44 Barbridge Rd., Hester's way Cheltenham. You are old Father Eric.

18/7/60 Two zines in by post to-day. First is

HOCUS from Mike Deckinger 85 Locust Avenue, Millbank, New Jersey United States. This is a good ish, barring one or two religious digs to which I take exception. The articles in clud hints on letter writing, a Berry Book Review, and a delightful bit of fan fiction "The Lonely Gafiate." Leslie Nirenberg. Oh yes. Comes for cash last, trades and contribs first.

Next is

RETROGRADE from Red Boggs 2209 Highland Place ~~03~~ NEMinneapolis 21, Minnesota. This highly individual and very good fanzine has interesting things in, such as a crit of "Visit to a small planet" by Redd, and some book reviews, plus correspondence etc.. It comes for trades or letters.

Last thing for the moment is

23/7/60 a PC from Sid Birchby. 1 Gloucester Ave. Levenshulme, Manchester 19.

Dear Alan. Northlight is received with thanks. Pity that the best article (Schultz on negroes) was spoilt by bad dupering. What happened?(((Told ya on the loose ends section))) The rest of the issue (which didn't matter so much) was completely legible.

So you're off to Sweden this year. I hope you have a good time, and write up the trip for the next Northlight.

Excuse Brevity of card. Fairly busy with fannish matters and have to keep it short. Regards Sid.

And there the notes and diary close until I come back from Sweden

Driving back from Sweden to find that on the day of my flight 25/7/60 there came in

SKYRACK from Ron Bennett, 7 Southway Harrogate, Yorkshire This institution of British Fandom gives with the latest news, and expresses thanks that N has stopped cribbing at Inchmery Fandom, well you can't crib at what isn't there. This could be called the Eric Bentoliffe TAFF victory number.

26/7/60 Me still in Sweden but comes a letter from

Ken McIntyre N's art editor at 1 Hylton St. Plumstead London SE18. Dear Alan. N10 surprised me with its speed-speed of delivery I mean. THIS IS THE BATTLEFIELD by Dick Schultz was a fine article, pity P 11 was so difficult to read owing to poor duping. I liked Terry's SKYLIGHTS except for one point; Every man to his taste of course but Terry finds Ray Bradbury repulsive. This alone amazed me(((and ten thousand others incl. me))) So much so,

that I just had to look for a reason and I think that I found it. Earlier he states that his favourites "could easily be dismissed as so much 'space opera' by anyone with an argumentative mind. Perhaps then I have an argumentative mind, but I think I've found the reason. Then again Terry thinks that Bradbury consistently maintains a low standard. Well perhaps he slides over the pure science quite frequently, but he has such fire, such imagination and sheer downright gripping ability, that he can be forgiven. He's no more guilty of this fault than many other top-notchers, and much easier to take.

It's pleasant to get an insight into EUROFANDOM. These boys are keen. One small crit Alan before I forget; I'd prefer to have the lettercol separate from the fanzine reviews. Tidy mind I suppose, although Ethel((((Ken's Missus)))) says "Whynell dontcha clean up this place occasionally? It looks like somebody lobbed a bomb in" Of course I'm referring to the place where I work, not my mind. It goes without saying that a vacuum is tidy. Anyhow whilst on the subject of Ethel, and her remarks, the other day she told me she was going to send for the TV repairman. So I said "What for?" and she replied "To clean the dead Indians out of course!" (((I save the National Health Service money, when I need Penicillin I scrape it off the mouldy old jokes that I get as a faned)))) Well I Guess that's all for now Alan. Good Luck and all the best, Sincerely, Ken.

It's worth making a comment at this point about the Northlight system of running zine reviews and letters together. As a faned I have next to no time for departmentalising Northlight, so I type steadily through, one page after another, inserting articles as they come. It isn't the best system, but it suits me. Long suffering readers might have a nicely sectioned zine someday, wishes can come true I'm told. This brings me to a long awaited reply from Mike Deckinger regarding the readers and my thoughts on his German-hating.

Mike Deckinger 85 Locust Ave., Millburn N.J. USA Dear Alan, once again Northlights shine on me, so once again I seat myself to compose a missive for this sterling fanzine. If you wanted to make it a bit more sterling for me I wish you'd remember my address is 85 and not 86 as you habitually put on the wrapper. Wouldn't want the Post-Office to deliver it to some non-fan now, would you?

The cover was different from the others I've seen you use, but it's just the kind I'd expect to see some sea monster rising out of, bellowing in fury. SF films always use these settings when they want some sea monster to appear. That bridge itself must be rather high, judging from the way those boats are going through.

McIntyre's drawing on the contents page struck me as being very apt. This BEM, either perhaps a rabbit or a bunyip, is staring in fascination at the large bottle out of his reach. Tell me, what does he think it contains?((((Synthetic BLOG?))))

Schultz' article I'll mention later, but what really cut me was your views on my thoughts against the Germans. If there is one thing that I cannot stand it is appealing to one's own sense of fannishness to be good. My God does this automatically mean that fans, and only fans, have a higher set of ethics than non-fans? That non-fans can get away with crimes but fans should not try them because it's unethical. And just why should a fan purge himself of his normal human failings, such as hate towards something that deserves hatred. I hope you don't think that this is a fine honest world, with absolutely no strife or conflicts, and anyone that does not act to the norm should be suppressed. Well this idea is prevalent in the communist countries, but in 'free' countries, like England and the U.S. most people are aware of the true situation. As for thinking of all the things that the Germans gave to the world; oh yes, there are many; Nazi-ism, concentration camps, Hitler, buzz-bombs, V2 rockets, etc. etc. The list is quite long you see(((Yes, and there's quite a long list of what America gave to the world, such as organised crime, the hideous business manipulation written of in "The Grapes of Wrath" peonage and slavery in the deep South, and a few others. Let's not fool ourselves, no country's hands are clean, but "except ye love one another ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven" Sure it's hard to love one another, it's a ten times harder task than hating someone, and there's Ravensbruck and Belsen and Auchwitz, sure, and in England there's the Tolpuddle Martyrdom, and in the States there's the KKK and lots more. But without one exception all these things came about because someone hated. So isn't it logical then to think that something better could come by someone loving? The kindly deed, the good action, the friendly word, these things are what the world needs. So Mike I suggest that you take out your bible and read the life of Christ, and there you'll find love. Hate is permissible in anyone, as long as it's hatred of injustice, of intolerance, and of wrong, and that sort of hate is called righteousness. Of course a fan is human, but a fellow fan, whatever his race is his brother, and only in that way can fandom survive)))) ---Now to continue with Mike's letter.

SKYLIGHTS by Jeeves I found interesting, more so than the last issue too in fact. I'm glad he mentions Russell with such high regard. EFR has always been one of my favourites too, but I should have noted that Russell is as skilled in short stories as he is in novels and novelettes. Very few other writers are, you know. And how could he have omitted Russell's WASP from the list. That is one that surely deserves mention.

I found Clarke's SAND OF MARS to be terribly dull and boring, the first time I read it about 4 or 5 years ago, and to tell the truth I haven't bothered to pick it up for re-reading since. I think the main fault with it was that he tried to combine too much science into it, so that he was writing more of a textbook and less of a science fiction novel.

If anyone deserves to have their memory jogged Jeeves does for saying, or implying at least, that Yngvi originated in Leiber's



"Gray Mouser" yarns in Unknown. While it's true that Yngvi's birthplace was Unknown, it was not in the Gray Mouser Series, but in De Camp and Pratt's "The Roaring Trumpet" where the two heroes are imprisoned in a cell, and every hour someone runs up yelling "Yngvi is a louse". As of now no-one has been able to verify this statement or deny it either.

I completely disagree with his statement in regards to Bradbury. I've found, that in Bradbury's case, either you like him tremendously or you deplore him greatly, there just doesn't seem to be any of the middle-of-the-road attitude. In my case I'm a great Bradbury fan. I don't see why those who don't care for him are unable to realise he is one of the few "literary" science-fiction writers, and the vast majority of his stories, even those he did for thud-and-blunder pulps like PLANET are heads higher than other writers. I wonder if Terry has ever read "The Martian Chronicles" or "Fahrenheit 451" or "The Playground" or "The rock cried out" or "Pillars of Flame" and about 2 dozen other masterpieces. Perhaps if he did he might change his mind. (((For my money I take "Dandelion Wind". I guess because it's so homely))))

The report on Eurofandom didn't interest me much. Perhaps it would have been more suitable to title this section Euronalysis.

Schultz' article was extremely well done, and tho' I was a bit surprised to find a mundane piece like this in a fanzine (((You find all sorts in N--mainly because it trustfully believes that occasionally fen think)))) I'm glad that it was pubbed. Unfortunately what he says is all too true. The prejudice against negroes exists in the most tolerant of us (((speak for yourself brother))) Why not? it's been bred in us through a few hundred years of strife and dissension in regard to the Negro's status. These ghettos without walls exist everywhere, in every big city and in every small city, wherever a few negro families move in, the white families are gradually driven out by their own prejudices and feelings, so that the neighbourhood gets less white and more coloured, until you get something like another Harlem set up.

I wonder though if the true reason for the teen gangs is to strike back at society as Dick points out. Perhaps this is what they hope to gain in the long run, but generally a teen-age gang is established because of the old axiom saying the more help you've got the tougher you are, so if you want to be the real boss of this neighbourhood you've got to get a big gang started up. Luckily I don't live in an area where these gangs are prevalent, but down in Newark they have quite a few, and of course in New York the most dangerous ones exist, the half-pint degenerates out for kicks without caring about the other fellow. Slums are bound to breed violence and crime and gangs, and the only way to stifle this is to clean up the slums. There are a few such plans like this existing in New York, but unfortunately New York is so scandal-ridden, with just about every big official taking bribes and graft, that the Title 1 Slum Clearance program has never amounted to anything? It could, if these people showed a little more interest in what's to be done but most of them don't.

I've often wondered if the middle-class negro does exist and is receiving a higher regard from his fellow whites. For every negro is a high office you have thousands cleaning up the sewers. And when occasionally a negro official does reach an office of high authority certain unfortunate incidents happen which tend to give him a bad name and jeopardise his position, such as the case of Hulan Jack in New York, the highest paid negro official who's trial is on now, the charge being conflict of interests.

The government has been helping it along by its desegregation orders, designed to end segregation in the schools. Young children, especially school age children can be very impressionable. Seeing segregated schools and classes will give them an untrue outlook on the true negro problem, which may be dangerous in years to come--besides the fact that segregating schools is wrong anyway. But I wonder if you're aware how the Southern-ers manage to evade the court order forbidding them to operate segregated schools and demanding that integration be established. They simply shut down all the schools, thus depriving both white and negro children of an education. This was done in quite a few states, though Little Rock probably received the most publicity. There was a plan there to set up a special private school just for white children, but it collapsed due to lack of funds. Then there was also a school in Alabama that had a grade a year integration system, but this was knocked down in the Supreme Court, and the school was told to fully integrate.

So I'm the trouble spot of IN-TRAY am I? I wonder why. But still I guess it's quite an honour to be a trouble spot of anything these days. So you think they don't have those places in Yugoslavia do you? Well evidently Alan you didn't see enough of Yugoslavia. I admit they're hard to find but by all means they do exist.

I have nothing new to report on the ISPS situation at the moment. The only thing I've heard from Scudla, in charge, is what I mentioned to you in my last letter, where he stated that ISPS was most emphatically not a communist front group, and I'm inclined to agree with him.

After reading how the Ferdinand Fugghead piece affected most of the letter writers, I guess they'll be happy to learn that I've ceased, perhaps permanently, from writing them. Joye everyone.

I don't think I follow Ken Hedberg's view of irritation about Dr. Barbara Moore, who completed her cross country hike only last week when she marched into New York. She was out to prove that on the proper diet (she's a strict vegetarian you know) the body is treated much better and can act better. Of course all that she actually did prove was that with a little effort and trouble a vegetarian could march across the US. It would have been more of a contest if she and a non-vegetarian had started off at the same time in California and then we determined who reached New York first.

I'm afraid I can think of nothing further to say on N10, lets have N11 soon now. Sincerely Mike Deckinger.

27/7/60 still in Sweden but another ish of GOSHONBOYOHBOY is with me, same applies to my previous crit of last ish.

3/8/60 On my way home to-day, and a letter comes from Tony Walsh for us to get stuff together for the Con. His address is c/o 29 Salter St. Berkeley Glcs. So he presumably is running things. For me, I'll be doing wonders if I get myself to the Con.

4/8/60 And now I'm back home and there is a letter from

Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd. Springfield Ill. USA Alan Thankee kindly for N10. The cover was rather sloppily cut(((Puleeze, sloppily duped))) so much dark area that the ink still hasn't properly dried, at least on my copy, to say nothing of the fact that the perspective was not up to snuff.

I take exception to your statement that "small thinking" is unfannish; rather it is exceptionally fannish. If this is not so then why are there so many feuds, which have as their basis a misunderstanding, and as their fuel petty thinking and conceit. And isn't the British feeling that von Braun is a monster rather small thinking? The opinion has been expressed in enough fanzines certainly. And this idea is roughly equivalent to the Germans hating Eisenhower for masterminding the invasion that led to the destruction of their national pride (((well why should I waste time challenging this last completely untrue statement--everyone knows that Montgomery etc.....)))

Terry Jeeves installment of Skylights was interesting chitterchatter, but I'm afraid he might have chosen better examples to illustrate his points. For instance he mentions that Heinlein may have plotted better---I've always considered, Heinlein's lack of plot his greatest fault, at least in his novels, and why was Arthur C. Clarke chosen as one who includes more solid science when Hal Clement has always done a better job. (This is a rather petty matter of degree of course) (((Thank Heaven, the man hasn't mentioned Bradbury)))

I don't know why but the line from page 21 struck me as a very funny addition to a song "Es ist ein Deutsches chatterzine" Ich auch Vic, so haben wir zu musik von "Wandersmann"

Es ist ein Deutsches chatterzine

Heisst GOSHONBOYOHBOY,

Es Kemmt zu uns beim posten

Und gibt all Fandom Freu!

Jualleri, juvalleri Juvalleri Juvallerahahaha

Jualleri, juvalleri

Und gibt all Fandom freu!

Entschuldigen sie mir lieber Klaus! Hilarious, whatever it means. I appreciate your comments on BANE thank you.

I would feel that I am doing myself an injustice by skipping over your remarks on Editing. I disagree with you 104.7% To me as a fanzine editor, you are merely a fanzine publisher, by adopting this attitude of non-editing. As one who publishes (and perhaps edits a fanzine you find that material is submitted to you. This runs to three types usually: that which you recognise as good and will immediately accept; that which has potential but is a little weak in places, and that which is not acceptable for any reason, whether for reasons of quality or the requirements of your fanzine.

The first type of material isn't to be tampered with too much--perhaps you can cut a few superfluous sentences to make it fit into a page or two or three evenly, or perhaps eliminate redundancies that the editor has failed to catch, but you should pretty much assume that material of this quality has been carefully prepared by the author.

The second type is the most ticklish, personally I either practically rewrite the thing myself (usually judicious cutting of garbage suffices) or send it back for a rewrite, with suggestions as to how it might be made acceptable.

The third you don't bother with, period  
Comments? Bes Vic.

((((Well personally what I get in for Northlight is good enough to go in without editing, and heck, if you rewrite the whole thing yourself why trouble to get contributors? If you have something that you think is doubtful (as I had with the Feghoot yarn) say it's doubtful but I'm putting it in because etc... It could be that BANE is troubled with bad contributors tho'))))

Also comes to-day a letter from

Dave Hall, 45 Lyndhurst Ave, Hr. Irlam, Nr. Manchester Dear Alan  
A late thanks for N. The cover illo showing Newcastle's High Level bridge seemed very well drawn, altho' I have never seen the bridge near to; and the duplicating of the cover was really well done. Editorial intersting, definitely a wise move by making it quite clear to your readership that views of Mike Deckinger are not included with your own when he states his anti-German attitude.

Dick Schultz in his "This is the Battlefield" brought to the front the plight of the negroes in the big cities. The squalor and misery of people living in the slum tenements is always a terrible situation, but for the negro this is perhaps worse taken all round.

The discussion on German fandom interesting, with an ending of the feuds perhaps better times are coming, and with the large memberships these clubs seem to have they should at least be able to begin some kind of projects.

Poor lettercol this, but all round duplicating fairly good.  
Yours sincerely David Hall.

Another letter came to-day from Dick Schultz about N9 which he got somewhat late. It's a long letter and his main gripe is the shortness of the articles in N9 and the poor duping. Well for the first I put out N all on my own, and my time is short. I entirely agree that N could be longer but since it comes free the matter of length is up to me, and if Dick wants something to get his teeth into I suggest that he goes down to the local meat market and buys a juicy bone. As for the duping--well I've a crummy machine and more things to spend my money on than a new duper, but again, N comes free so I suggest that people don't look gift horses too closely in the teeth. Mind I don't want to use N's freeness as an excuse for poor repro, I do my best and that's all. Dick also sends me a long article which I might cut into a series for N.

By me now is

YANDRO from The Coulsons Rural Route 3 Wabash Ind USA The zine starts with an apology by Juanita for the bad duping of her page in the last ish--old stenosis it would seem. Articles all Yandro standard, on sex in history, comic article about the discovery of gravity and Ted White on Magazine SP. Yandro comes for 15¢ per ish or 1/- to Alan Dodd, 77, Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts, and cheap at the price.

11/8/60 Came in to-day was an interim ish (due to removal of GUMBIE from S & V Schultheis of c/o Roycroft 5407 Del Loma San Gabriel Calif This interim ish is mostly to assure all that the Schultheises aren't dead, and will pub again when time permits.

15/8/60 The post brings in this morning the long awaited

JD Argassy from Lyn Hickman, 224 Doment Ave, Dixon Ill, USA This excellent variably duplicated zine has a lot to interest everyone including some absolutely magnificent covers. Main item is "A Fake Fan in London" by Bob Madle, and a serial by John Berry, zine reviews, lettercol etc. Barring Yandro the best zine I've had this so far.

16/8/60 To-day's mail brings in an ish of GOSHOBBOYOHBOY from Klaus Eylmann, a note from Buck Coulson explaining why he hasn't time to write and a letter from

Craig Cochran, 467 W 1st. Street, Scottsdale Ariz, USA  
Dear Alan, I forgive you for mislaying my letter and not putting it in Inray.

Something I could never see was why some person could be so stupid as to hate a whole race or persons from one certain nation. There are in this world some people I don't particularly care for, but because of them I don't hate everyone in their country.

For example I can't stand Kruschev and many other Russians but I don't hate every Russian. I feel sympathy towards the Russian people as a whole. There are a few negroes I don't like too, but then there are many I don't like. We in Arizona haven't had a racial trouble thank God.

"Skylights" was very interesting (mainly because it was concerned with stf) But I suppose that it will be the last for quite a while or even forever. How dreadful! Terry seems to have a very varied taste when it comes to stf. I am much the same way. He thinks the "Lensman" series was great and then he thinks SINISTER BARRIER and DRAGON IN THE SEA were great. How far apart can one get? I haven't read the "Lensman" series but I have four of the volumes and know what they are like. Russell's writing has always fascinated me as has Tucker's. But then I like Anderson who writes just old space opera. Silverberg is an excellent writer too. Arthur C Clarke has many good stories but I can't figure why Terry picked "Sands of Mars" as his favourite. This was to me one of his worst novels. It was not because it was space opera that I dislike it, because I like space opera, but it is because it is so juvenillish and I do dislike juvenillish space opera.

Am I to understand that there are other people beside me who are interested in Eurofandom? Must be or why else would you keep printing articles on it. I think it would have been better if you had asked each of the three people reporting on it to write a full-sized article and then you could have printed one in each of three issues. They would have been covered better that way. I don't suppose Klaus could have made his much longer since he told everything last time. I was glad to see that Klaus didn't use too many abbreviations this time. After reading that last article I didn't learn a thing.

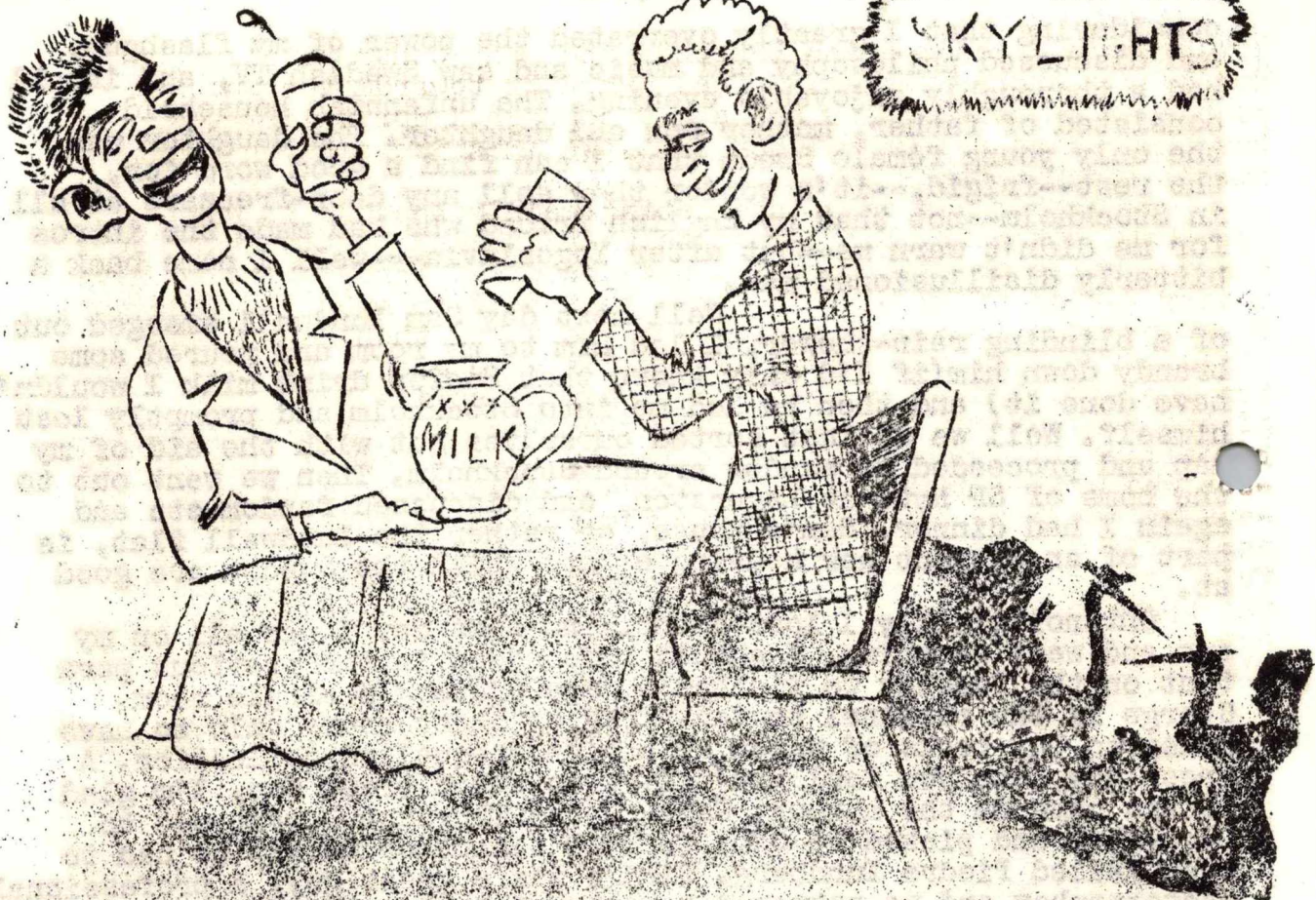
It is quite obvious that Michel Ehrwein did the best report in here this time. He covered France quite well considering there isn't much to French Fandom.

Damn it! I started "This is the Battlefield" and had gotten terrifically interest in it before I had finished the first page, but then I cam to Page 2 and it was completely unreadable. I knew it would be entirely hopeless to pick up again on page 3 so I quit right there quite disappointed. You should have cut the whole story out if every page came out that way. You wouldn't happen to have an extra page that is readable would you?

I liked your combined letter review and fanzine col a lot. Sometimes I get bored if I read letters one after the other and sticking a few fanzine reviews in the middle can break the monotony. Why don't you sitke the editorial in there too and have a letter fanzine review and editorial column all in one. Sounds interesting no? And then you could stick the articles and stories in there and then you could poke in the book reviews and artwork and have just one huge mess! Best Craig.

Exactly what I've done chum!!!

SKYLIGHTS



MCINTYRE

*Swefanda*

I guess you could call it symbolic or something, anyway to drop out of the blue sky of the stratos into a blinding rainstorm is not exactly the best way of getting a good impression of anywhere, especially when a voice is chanting that Mr. Burns will report at once to the info-desk. So I did, and a smiling blonde conducted me to a taxi that sped me along the Drottningholmavagen (Queen-Street to unSwedes) and dropped me off at my hotel. One was, one change and the phone. I got Sam Lundwall and my other call to a Swedish friend of a friend. I got in on Monday, Sam was to meet me the next day and that night I was for dinner with my unfannish friends who incidentally were to weigh in the balance in favour of Sweden whereas quite a few fen were not.

OK so I dined with my unfannish friends, took flash colour photos which came out quite well

considering that I greatly overrated the power of my flashgun, and discussed philosophy and music and saw Swedish TV, and in all had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The unfannish household consisted of father, mother son and daughter. The daughter was the only young female Swede that I can find a good word for, the rest--frigid,--it's wonder they sell any deep-freezers at all in Stockholm--not that my English friend who had made the intros for me didn't warn me--but after Yugoslavia---well I came back a bitterly disillusioned man.

Well next day Sam Lundwall emerged out of a blinding rain-shower, I led him to my room and poured some brandy down him (if I'd only known that Swedes drink milk I wouldn't have done it) and then he led me into Stockholm and promptly lost himself. Well we at last sorted ourselves out with the aid of my map and proceeded to wander around Stockholm. Then we went out to the home of SF Nytt at Hagersten, and discussed fandom etc and again I had dinner. Sam's house, or rather the Lundwall flat, is part of an elegant new housing estate which the Swedes are good at.

Chronologically I lost count. The next day I was all on my own and went shopping. I should have added in the previous para that on the Tuesday we visited George Sjöberg's single room. George is the original trufan, working short hours only to have money to buy books of which he has an unequalled collection. A great guy, one you feel you'd like to stand treat for. I'm glad George gave me the honour. Well on the Thursday I went out to Hagersten and picked up Sam. There was another Swefan he had to meet called Pierre Lundberg. Pierre was a great guy, a professional photographer and we nattered happily while Sam lost himself in crummy bookstalls hunting for SF. At last Pierre decided it was time for lunch so we went to an openair caff in the Kungsgarten, and there feasted upon smorgasbord and icecold beer. Sam dipped his nose in a cup of coffee and peered at SF while I examined Pierre's Edifaxflex with telefoto lens.

The next day I was again on my own but in the afternoon went out and endeavoured to locate the Sedolin residence, with success, alas Sture Wasn't in. The Saturday found me out again with Sam and he left me about teatime and I got through to Sture Sedolin and went out to Hasselby, which is a suburb of Vällingby which is a suburb of Stockholm. Yip, well I met Sture as he was taking his hound Picket or ticket or packet for its evening constitutional. Sture led me to his room and though he didn't exactly set up arc-lights and bring out the hot irons and novocaine he began brain-washing me of any liking I might have had for Sam Lundwall, Sture's deadly enemy. Now I don't brainwash (nasty people say it's either because I've none to wash, or such a dirty mind that it won't come clean) because I just agree with all the brainwasher says 100% and then go away and slam him in Northlight. So I will say of Sture that by the time I had been with him two hours I'd tired of him, and by the time that I'd had a day in his company I was firmly resolved to most thoroughly crucify him in Northlight. Types like Sture are a menace



to fandom. They work up ridiculous and acrimonious feuds over the most trivial things. They get under your feet and into your hair, and when they are with you they wander off on their own with no reason at all. Fortunately on the Sunday when I was out with Sture George Sjoberg came along and so when Sture wandered away we missed him not at all, but had good converse and in George's room I had the opportunity of reading "Two seek Adventure" and a few other books that I had on my reading list. Well at last Sture consented to rejoin us and we had a sort of evening together, that was a mixture of good talk and brainwashing.

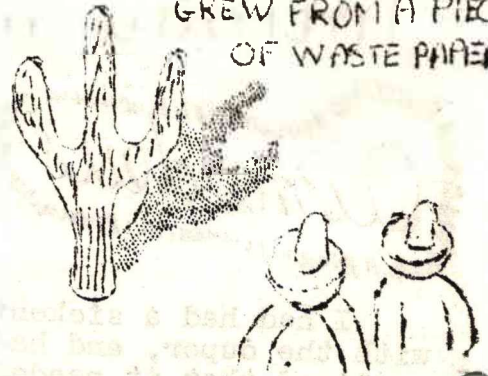
I am afraid that I finally became downright nasty to Sture, I don't lose my temper easily but I'm afraid I lost it then. But alas Sture hasn't even the sense to realise when someone's being nasty to him.

Monday was a delicious day. I called on George at twelve and we had a pleasant afternoon wandering about the outskirts of Stockholm, visiting the local mortuary, the fever hospital and a few other places of like interest. George is a great guy to be with, a true fannish gentleman, and he and Piedre Lundberg and proauthor Gabriel Setterborg and his brother are the bright spots of my fanning in Sweden. These last I met on Tuesday night when we had a gathering of ten, with the exception of Sam Lundwall whom Sture had conveniently forgotten to invite.

So on Wednesday I flew away back to England with certain impressions. First of all I shall religiously keep away from Stockholm if I ever go back to Sweden. Secondly Sam Lundwall was not the guy I thought he would be. The trouble with Sam is that he has all the makings of a truly great fan, once he grows up, just as he has the makings of a good author once he's seen the world a little. He goes into the army in about a year, I think it will do him no harm. Of Sture I can only say that he's all the part of fandom I hate crystallised into one, the lunatic fringe, the feuding, the brainwashers the trouble-makers the rude, and the greatest crime of all in my eyes the despiser of SF who collects it only for purposes of aggrandisement. Sture will perhaps say that I don't know anyone in fandom, if anyone counts people like him then I say thank God that I don't know anyone.

I should, I suppose, end by saying something about Stockholm and its people. I say that the Swedes I met had no soul, they were the horrors of SF, the mindless, the undead. How I longed for the warmth and life of Split, and the happy people of Yugoslavia. Stockholm is of course beautifully sanitary, with hideous structures of glass and steel replacing the charming semi-Russian styled older buildings. It's progress I suppose, but if a man should gain the whole world and lose his soul I think he would most certainly take up residence in Stockholm, the Venice of the North, without the saving grace of Venice that one day it will disappear beneath the waves forever.

YES AMIGO IT ALL  
GREW FROM A PIECE  
OF WASTE PAPER!



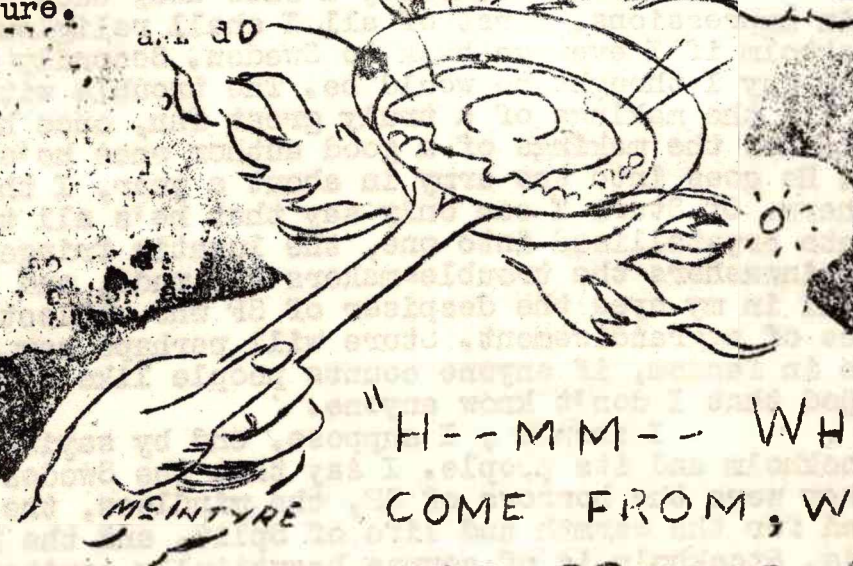
Introducing

# Asmodeus

I had had a sickening bout with the duper, and had at last realised that it needed an overhaul. I thought of all the things I could do with the money it would cost, and I thought that being a faned is a much overrated hobby. I could sub. to Yandro, and to all other worthwhile fanzines----

"Ah-hem!" I looked down at the feed tray. Standing there was a queer little figure.

and 30



"H--MM-- WHERE I  
COME FROM, WE DON'T  
USE FRYING PANS."

"Well, what do you want?" I asked crossly.

"Puleeze," it said, "I ask you, is that any way to speak to your attendant demon?"

"I shall speak a few other words," I said.

"I know what you're thinking," it said hastily, "not that just now--at least until you've heard my case."

"Well," I admitted, "it might make something to put in Northlight Notes. Go on."

"Now that's better," it remarked. "I came mainly because your anti-fanecding index shot up a hundred points. I'm the one that gives Northlight its distinctive flavour. Page 11 in Northlight 10 was my work----"it ducked as I shied a bible at it."My name is Asmodeus," it went on, "and every fanzine has one attendant demon. We come from Demonica, and all faneds wonder about where Remonia is don't they?" I shuddered at the ghastly pun.

"Well I suppose I've got to put up with you," I said, "Er there wouldn't be an attendant angel now would there?"

"Ssh," it said, "Oh damn," for on the reception tray had appeared a brightly shining figure.

"Asmodeus," it said, "what have I told you----"

"All right, all right," Asmodeus answered, "be seeing you," and the pair of them disappeared somewhere under the pressure roller.

Asmodeus found me a day or two later in a more conciliatory mood. I was working at the typewriter.

"Hallo Boss," he said, "I'm back."

"So I see," I said reaching for the correcting fluid, "what now?"

"Well you wouldn't want to explain me would you and fold Northlight?"

"I might."

"But look at the feuds I got you in. There was Inchmery--"

"Was is the operative word," I agreed.

"And there might be a first-class one with Sture Sedolin," Asmodeus hinted slyly.

"So?"

"And now and then I could get in touch with the attendants of some of the better class zines and just show them up when their eds crit Northlight."

"Hmm" I said, "sounds attractive. Well all right, just for a trial period. But mind if you make too much trouble I'll fold N."

"But just think," he said, "you have now someone to blame for any errors or faults."

"But I don't want to produce a faulty zine," I said, "I want it as good as possible."

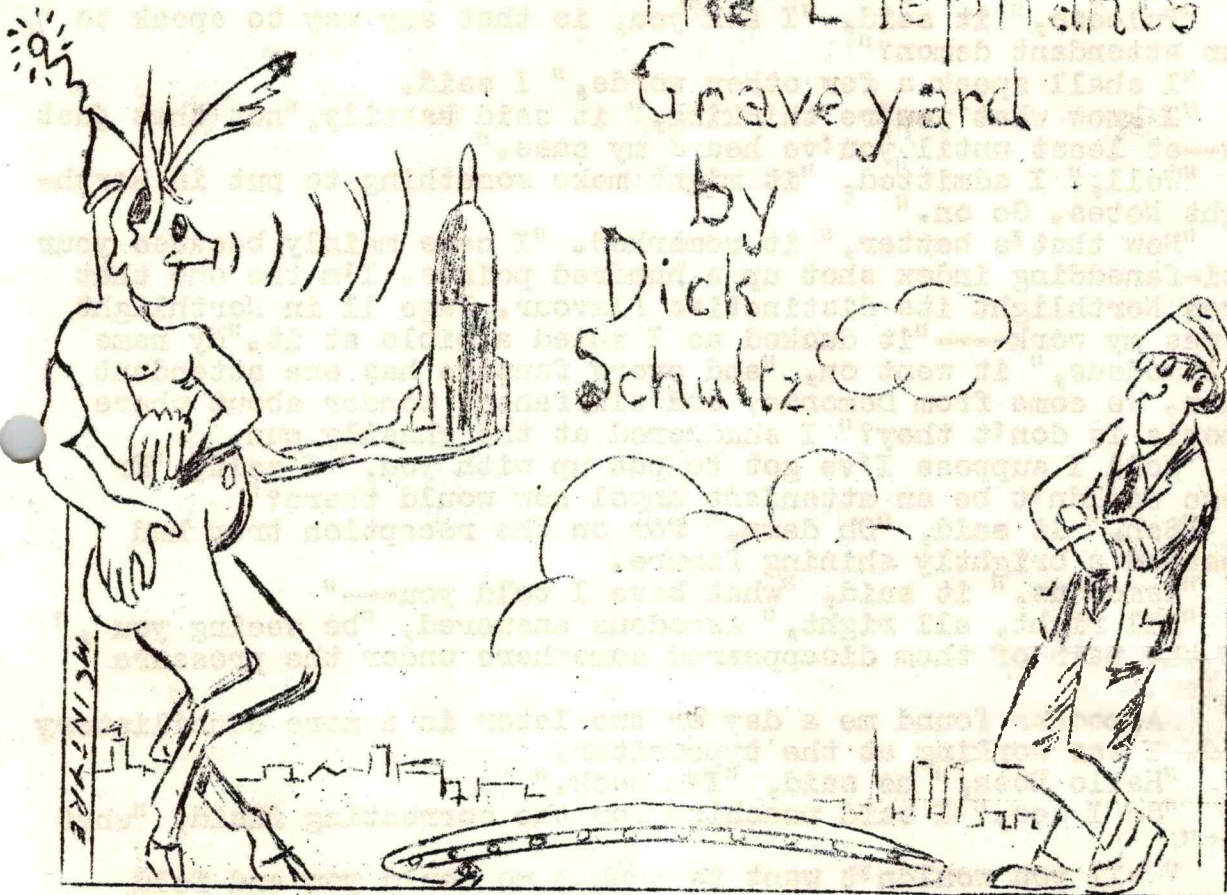
"Nonsense," he said, "you might as well pub a prozine."

.....

Well, I ask you-----

18. The Elephants' Graveyard

by  
Dick  
Schultz



As this is actually the first of my columns on the Michigan Mob, it would be most fair to give you all a little background information on Michigan fandom in general, and Detroit in particular, a formation of which I am a member.

As most of you already know, Michigan fandom has long existed, and has had an eventful, if not always happy background. The first glimmerings of light in the fannish world to emanate from within the border of Michigan must have started around the time of the First Worldcon, back in '39, but no info on these antidiluvian beginnings as reached me.

At any rate in '40 there was a full grown group meeting regularly in Detroit, and in Battle Creek to the west. They were centred around, respectively, what was to become the Fictioneers in '43, and the Battle Creek Lensmen. Around the latter's area there was the group that was later to form the first Slan Shack. But they were totally local groups, and the statewide organization was not to exist until the late '40's. But the two groups were well-knit and quite strong.

They were a lively bunch back in those days. They didn't do much fan'pubbing, not when compared with the Berkeley Giants or Fan Hill, but compared to present production they were hyperactive. Come to think of it, only the elite had the loot to

publish fanzines in those days, so I guess they were hyper-active for the period in which they pubbed too.

Anyway there was usually a pair of zines emanating from either locale practically all the time. For the ancients amongst our readership I can give you little you don't already know. But for the neos I can mention ECLIPSE and SCIENTIFICTIONIST put out by Detroiters Elsner and Kuhn, and were well-regarded at the time, tho' I understand that SCI was unbelievably fanwingly sercon by to-day's standards.

Kuhn, Calewaert, Elsner and others kept the fannish spark alive in Detroit for many years, but eventually Gaffa got them all. George Young tells me that quite a few of the characters from this primeval fandom showed up at the Debatation, but not finding anyone they knew went back home. After all, Detroit must have enough old fans in the area to rival California. At a Worldcon in their own town they would be bound to Room vom der woodwork out, just like gnurrs. I wonder how these few felt, coming back after all these years, coming back to a fandom that neither remembers them nor has the same viewpoint as they? Probably pretty lonely and pretty old.

Out in Battle Creek, Al Ashley, Walt Leibschiefer, Weidenbeck, and later, E.E. Evans were all living in the same small town. For a little while, from about '40 to '43 Battle Creek was a sturdy little Fan metropolis, full of gab sessions and great plans. The N3F for one thing, had one of its fine periods under supervision of Evans and the other Battle Creek Ehoys, when they halted the interregnum and put the N3F back on its feet. I think, that later, when Al Ashley was in California, F.F. Laney used to ride Al about letting the N3F lie in peace, instead of reviving it to become that bastion of fuggheadedness that it became. If you think the N3F is bad now, you should have been around when Burbee and Laney were trying to criticise it to death!

If Ashley had had his way tho (see Battle Creek plan in FANCY 11) the NFFF would have become a federal organisation, drawing its power from a council of states organisations, instead of the nation-wide mis-set-up they have now. Maybe the N3F would either have disintegrated, or become the leader of all fandom, either eventuality being more desirable than what it has become. Nothing much, catering to a rather serious group.

Back in '41, Al Ashley and Leibschiefer started living together (Down Laney Down!) in a single residence, and eventually included Weidenbeck and EE Evans. They soon termed it their little Slan Shack, and ever since then, the term has been pinned on every residence where two or more fans lived together. They were not the first Slan Shack, but they were the first to call it thus. River-side Dive, Donaho's Nunnery, Weber's and Pfeiffer's Fenden, Inohmery (I cry for its sade demise), all are recent examples of such. Tho@ these days the fen have other names for the old Slan Shack, it still remains the followers of that first real Slan Shack and bears the same generic title.

Back in '40 a fringe-fan sort committed real suicide and was barely mourned. Not like Moomaw, who was well-known in Fandom, Detroitier too.

'In '41 the first of a short series of Michiconferences started, but before it actually started, A creep known as Claude

Degler tried to mooch some sleeping space and food from the residents of Slan Shack, but Al Ashley nearly literally tossed the Cosmic Clod out on his ear. The Cosmic Circle never got a decent foothold in Michigan thanks to that.

The first Michiconference was a success, but the war gradually killed off the fans' ability to travel, and when the Slan Shack residents pulled up stakes and moved out to California, the whole Battle Creek Lensmen bunch collapsed, and never more was seen to the eyes of mortal men etc. As for the foursome that moved west, well, they became part of the resurgent LA group that made the area deserve the title of Shangri-LA for fen and have been irreparably tied up in the lore of California.

But the Detroit group survived, natch, and became the Hyperboreans at approx. the same time that the Slan Shackers left for ~~sunny~~ sunny Calif. Organised by Kuhn, and taken over by Henry Elsner in '45 or so, when Kuhn gafiated. Even this moribund group disappeared, for all practical purposes when new member Ben Singer left some atheistic literature scattered about at the public library which was its meeting-place. But even before that, the Detroit group had ceased to be a formal organisation, even under anarchistic lines. They ceased to be a unit, but became a series of friendships, beer sessions, poker games and fanac under individual auspices.

But late in '47, after California fandom had definitely hit the skids, (could there be a connection?) Ben Singer got Fred Reich, Erwin Stirnweis, and George Young to start a new group. Art Rapp and Bill Grover were active in Saginaw about then, and soon got in touch with the resurgent Detroit group of that era. Soon Ray Nelson and his friends around Cadillac, Martin Alger of Royal Oak, Kuss of Hamtramck and the previous two groups were flying hither and yon, most of the time in Alger's huge Packard. Before you could say Peter Francis Skerberdis a state-wide group was formed. And I do mean State-wide! The meetings alternated between Saginaw and Detroit, with side trips to pick up Nelson and the other fringe groups, sometimes with meetings twice a week. A sort of heaven on earth for fans existed for a few years in Michigan. This was the time when Joe Kennedy was bringing out the superb first issues of his fanzines, keynoting the beginning of Fifth Fandom. In '48 practically the whole of MISFiTS (Michigan Science-Fiction Society dig? George Young coined the term by the way) travelled over to Toronto for the Torcon, and fandom has never forgotten the day that they did. Rapp brought his false beard, Young brought wa weird thing which he called a propellor beanie, and the rest brought their smiles.

During that Labour Day weekend Young brought forth the propellor beanie. Alger and Singer coined the word "Zap!" while in the presence of a reporter, and the Toronto Star emblazoned the line, "Zap! Zap! Atomic Ray passe with fiends!" and the whole term caught on from there. The Torcon may be said to have started Fifth Fandom.

Michigan entered its golden period. It was to end the next year in '49. For a while



of the MSFS, Ray Nelson's Beanie Brigade Cartoons made the propellor Beanie a fannish institution. George Young became responsible for Real Soon now (George was always saying that Detroit would have a decent clubroom, a reliable clubzine, a properly run meeting an active membership and a Convention all Real Soon Now. It means now of course, probably never) and the Hurt Look. That's what you get from George whenever you foul him up. Fanspeak became the term for our slang, thanks to SPACEWARP. SEXOCRACY also came out of the MSFS presses then along with dozens of other zines, MUTANT amongst them. R\*O\*S\*C\*O\*E (bow you fool! don't you recognise your master when you hear his name?) became the leader of all Trufen. Ah those were the Ghood years. He of the sharp white teeth and the Broad Mighr Tail ruled the land in happiness and all the fen were happy. Then came the first Phillycon. There were two new fen around then. Seger and BHHoward Devore (Big Hearted Howard, dig?)

The date was November 13th 1949. SAPS had just been born, out in the wilds of New Jersey. There was a meeting going on in Saginaw, at Art Rapp's house. Reich (Bugs the Bomber) had made a bomb, and Devore, Young, and most of the Detroit bhoys egged on Seger to explode it. The result was violent and still lingers in the memory of many fen.

The bomb blew in many of the windows of the neighbourhood, and brought every cop, fireman, sheriff, deputy, councilman, reservist, Boy Scout Troop Leader and busybody in half the county down on Rapp's neck. He became slightly peeved at this as can be imagined.

Rapp and Nelson then began a campaign against the Detroit Bhoys, and were guilt of a little fuggheadedness themselves, in their blastings at Young and Crew. The Detroit bunch stood mute under the blast of rebukes from the insurgents of Michigan, but they finally spoke out, and revealed themselves as awfully adept at making fools of themselves in print.

Those were the bad days when civil war raged. But Rapp joined the Army and moved away. Nelson gradually called a truce. The Korean War broke out and George Young, Bhoys party giver, landed in Uncle Samuel's armed forces. Many of the perpetrators of the bomb plot went gafia as time went by, and new fans came in to swell the ranks, most of them non-fanzine types. Roger Sims, Jim and Elliott Broderick, Fred Prophet, Hal Shapiro, Riva the Bat Smiley, Winston Dawson and many many others.

The old days saw many many parties at the Young's, Alger's place, and others, when the state-wide MSFS broke up. But not even the wave of fanac and fun could change the fact that the Mighty had Fallen.

After the Korean War tho, and Young came back, the new members, unaffected by the past started a new organisation, tho it never came near the prominence of SPACEWARP and Rapp. But they never intended to. Young put out sporadic fanzines, and the whole group became voracious goers to all the Cons and Claves and Conferences they could reach. Portland, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Cleveland, NYConll, Phillycon 11, Loncon, Solacon, all the Midwescons, many Wescons, the Sputnikcon at Cleveland, the Lunacons at New York, except one (and I must tell you sometime about what happened to Wee Willy Rickharts Messerschmidt on the Expressway to New York) many Philly Conferences, a number of Disclaves and even put on the Border (Cities) Conference in '54 but

the pride, of course, was when September '59 came around, and everybody descended upon Detroit to watch Detroit Fandom ~~take an ass of itself~~ put on a Worldcon. They didn't do badly considering their handicaps. I mean who else would put a Teddy Bear on the Con Committee, and team it up with Real Soon now George Young to boot?

By the way, around '57, there was a young fan about town named Bill Rickhardt. He was originally a sporadic fanzine fan, and got on the Con committee when it was first formed up, and was on the Bring Berry over Committee, but went semi-gafia as soon as he got on the committees. Later he put out a one-shot, distributed with the White VOID, which started a string of accusations against Detroit Fandom for being Peyote users, when they are no such thing.

What sort of characters does fandom think Detroit is composed of anyway? We don't use that cheap stuff. We're elite.

We use Xeno.

See your latest fanzine for the latest scrape that Rickhardt has gotten himself in. Detroit remains steadfast behind Bill. Pushing.

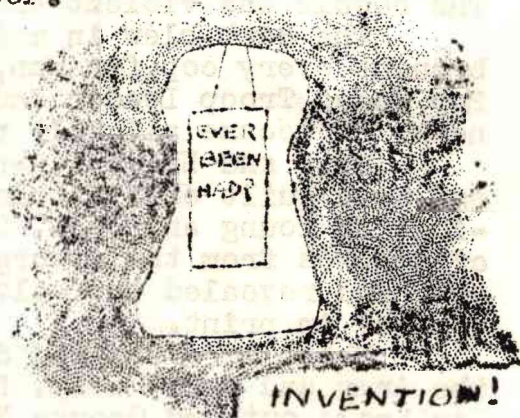
Oh say, around '52 the Morgan Betts Foundation was founded, it's just a little bheer and chatter group in Detroit, and survives after a fashion even yet. At least we still drink Bheer.

Now would be a fine time to mention Hal Shapiro. He came in back in '51 or so, after he got off the Army. He's rather noted for his cut and thrust tactics in dealing with protagonists, tho he's rather apt to leave himself open to attack in the process.

He founded the BSAW (Bachelor's Stf Association of the World). The Invention (a totally fictitious con, in which you were invited to attend only. The ones who were supposed to attend kept the secret amazingly well, and those who hadn't been invited raised an almighty stink about it. Namely why hadn't they been invited? Naturally the roof fell in when Hal revealed the hoax. But I think some fen never did believe it was a Hoax.) and the Naked Girl in My Room incident at Beastleys on the Bayou, at the '52 Midwes Con. It seemed that one Fringe-Fanne came down to the Con and got quite inebriated. One of the girls volunteered to take care of her if someone would land her a room. Hal did, or else it was volunteered for him, and the drunk was put to bed in Hal's room for the afternoon. Well she got up, supposedly nude (like...bare man dig?) and leaned out of the window. Well someone saw her, and Hal soon learned of it. He then went around explaining rather proudly that there was a Nude Girul in his room. Those old Midwescons must have been a living ball Daddy-O.

Now that you've got the past how about the present?

Well, after living out of town for quite some time, Hal Shapiro has returned to Detroit, and activity, after quite a long hiatus. He's a short stocky bespectacled character (and I use the word literally,, Hi! Hal!) with a very pretty wife, an ex-fanne. Some say he's still his old slice and cut personality, but he doesn't have the back- to use it effectively yet. Fandom Beware!





Bill Rickhardt is a fat character, looks something like me except that he has hair and I have glasses. He's out in the Sacramento Area at last count, I wonder if he still has that airplane propeller with him?

Alger is a tired old fan but someday he may return to us. He's been in since the first MichiConference, so allow him to be a bit disenchanted eh?

Singer is another fan dating back from '46, and was notable in the first Tucker Death Hoax. About 29 years old.

Rapp alas is no longer with us, tho he's still around here and there.

Sims is now married to George Young's fan-hating sister Mabel, But do not despair. This short stocky chap is valiently trying to wrestle free from the ranks of the gaffates.

Young is irrepressable. Also married to Mary Young a fanne dating back to '52 or thereabouts. Not bad looking either, and she plays a mean hand of pinochle. George plays bridge, bowling and being a father. Not bad at any of them either. Young blonde washed out looking. Maybe he ought to drop bowling.

Fred Prophet. He and Jim Broderick are the only bachelors amongst Detroit's ~~old~~ mature fans. A startling character and a very big man. And I didn't mean character that time either. What with Rickhardt, Jim Broderick, BHHoward and all, it used to be said that Detroit Fandom was one of the biggest groups in fandom. Now if Donaho and Eney would settle down here, we could terrorise the whole fannish world. Don Ford could be our quarterback. We could probably force every Con Committee to pay protection money to us, get a percentage on all fmz subs, and all sorts of these such typical American pursuits. Heh-heh!

Fred is dark haired and alas getting a receding hairline. Welcome to the club Fred.

BHHoward Devore, on the other hand is almost already there. Now there is a receding hairline that is a receding hairline. He's a vile huckster and all that, but the reason that he rarely shows up at our little gatherings, is because West Dearborn is an ungodly distance out from Detroit; and he's a very busy man these days. Mundania you know. Light-haired, a lovely wife, a daughter who must look like an angel but I always get blinded by the wings whenever she goes by. No really, if his eldest daughter ever became a fanne, Bjo, Djinn Paine, Sylvia White, all of youse had better look to your laurels. She's a livin' D\*O\*L\*L Daddy-O!. He also has two other daughters, but I think they're little too young for me ever to get serious about. Hell Bruse Henstall is too old for them and he's just 14! Where was I?

Oh; yes, The Broderick Bhoys. Jim (the one built like a guerilla) (No typo, I'll tell you the story sometime) and Elliott (built like an undernourished Eric Bentcliffe with all his hair and a crew cut). Elliott is now married and has spats of wanting to get into SAPS, but he's always getting another thing to do, and never seems to get around to rejoining. Whatever happened to that joint fanzine of ours Elliott?

Jim is another blonde (can we be the beginnings of the N\*E\*W\* Super Aryan race? I mean after all, all these blondes... ) and is built quite solidly. Been to most of the cons and never married. Maybe he will tho, after all there's Kyle and Moskowitz.

These are the old guard that is still active, but there is a new group springing up, even yet. Not to mention old fen, like Hal Shapiro, who occasionally show up again.

First, there is I. I am Richard Schultz. A fattish (I should say plumpish, but every word I've said has been the honest-to-Ghods truth so far and why louse up the record?) 22, balding, glasses, a bum hand that forces me to type with my left only. Like... Ken Cheslin welcomed me to the club. Entered fandom back in late '58 and haven't been the same since. About 5'8" and with a ferocious pack-rat instinct. Collect all sorts of things except money. For obvious reasons. Have yet to pub a fmz but am still the undisputed letterhack of 8th fandom. Mainly because... the rest of the Gang have silenced all opposition. Letterhacks beware!

Gregg Trend is another of the new bunch, if such these few may be called. Lean, the most fantastic long hair (half the giruls on the sheet must have less hair on their heads) entered in '58, recently got bumped out of the cult, and considers himself a follower of Beatdom. He's also ten times the artist that I will ever be, untrained as he is. Has a younger brother named Khan ((who really looks quite like a Slan, with a full set of tentacles, covered in pentacles, and an horrific pale-greenish tan--Sorry as Hell Dick--carry on!!)) And WE all know about kid brothers don't we? This one is a fringe fan sort of.

Lambeck is a nervous thin chap that lives out in the higher income bracket suburbs. Splendid character, I think, even tho he does like the NFFF, watch for my truthful factual a/c of my visit to his shack!

Alan J. Lewis also lives in Birmingham, tho on the other side of town, is going into the Coast Guard this summer, so you can count on receiving few fanzines from him in the near future. Looks something like me tho without the fangs naturally.

And there are loads of old fen, like George Furscik, who occasionally come out of the woodwork, but they neither stick around, nor try to wallow in information on to-day's fandom. But someday...

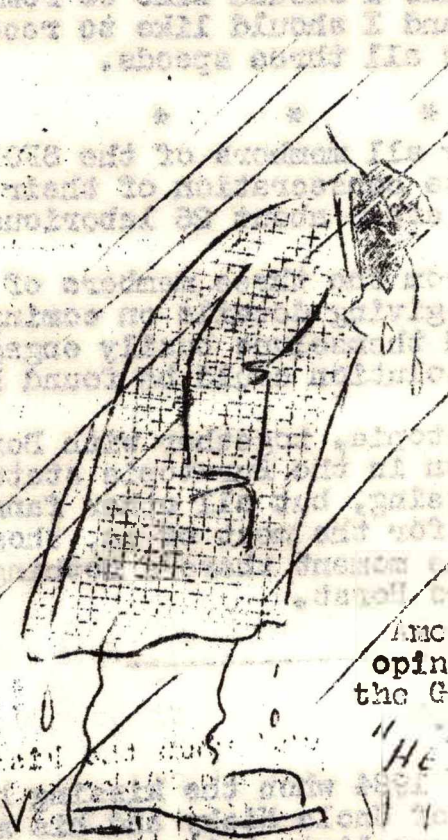
Nowadays Detroit is reacting quietly to the post-Detention spasms. There is a bowling league composed of Misfits members around, and whenever there is a league game most fans try to make it down there, and join in the bridge game and booze after the games at George Young's place. This summer we had a picnic, or will have had one by the time that this gets to print. There are occasional parties and celebrations. Occasional visits by one fan upon another. But no organized group. Just a very loose bunch of mutual friends. A jolly enough group, even tho we exchange enough gossip to make material for a thousand libel suits, if we ever put it into print. And generally keep in touch like a hundred other local groups all over the states. Now it may change. For as one local fan once said, "Just as many funny and Fannish things occur here at our local clubs and groups but we have nobody to put them down in print for us".

Which is Fandom's loss. As time goes by I intend to tell you of what goes on in this weird little club of ours. Some of it may be sad, some of it boring. Some of it funny and some of it may make you mad. But I hope to entertain you always, with more stories and events from

THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD.

\*\*\*\*\*

# GERMAN FANDOM AH OY!



get clued in with  
Klaus Eylmann  
and  
Horst Margeit

After reading like Deckinger's letter in Northlight 10 I have been surprised that a member of the matured American Fandom could have such unfanish opinions. Even if this like Deckinger hates the Germans he should have been clever

"HE'S A DETECTIVE FER SURE!"

enough to keep it by himself. In this age of falling borders and uniting of the nations, such old fashioned resentments should not be discussed, especially not in fanzines, and I hope that this is the last word you'll hear about this(((Almost all has been said on this subject by everyone, any further reference in letters will be deleted)))

The most attractive event which took place in Continental fandom recently has been the first EUROTOPIA-CON in Vienna, on the 13th and 14th of August.

This con which had been organised by the Eurotopia, the roof organisation of almost all German speaking fanclubs in Germany Austria and Switzerland, had been attended by about 80 to 90 people ranging from fans to publishers, collectors; and the fan with the longest travel-way has been Paul Turner, with his wife and child from Los Angeles.

At this con the first APA in German-speaking fandom has been founded. It is called FUTURIAN AMATEUR NACHRICHTEN(FAN) and will have 40 members. Actually there are up to now only 21 members, but I am certain the number of members will increase very fast, when the whole German-speaking fandom knows all about

this foundation. I had not been able to attend this con and I cannot tell you about it from my own point of view, but as Winfried Scholz, secretary of the Eurotopia points out the con has been a smashing success.

And now I shall ask my friend Horst Margeit to give you some news about local fandom, about our club, the Science-Fiction Gemeinschaft Hamburg, but before he begins I should like to remind you that I have now two tape recorders and I should like to receive tapes from all of you. My recorders have all three speeds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fan-fans happily swirling, nearly all members of the SFGH came together on August 13th to celebrate consecration of their new clubroom called "hyperspace", now ready after about 26 laborious Saturdays.

Well after con-ventional talks from the three members of the executive committee honouring the work, giving details on coming events and so on, the Hamburg fans found themselves busily engaged on a discussion about "what is SF?" No solution could be found but one: SF is fun!.....

At last we got a vote in our Eurotopia, together with Berlin, though not having 50 members as laid down in the Eurotopia statutes.

TERRA NOVA work is slowly progressing, but all other fannish intentions are delayed because of exams for the most of us, those still attending faculty-school. So at the moment there's nothing more to report till next time then. Yours Horst.

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#### NORTHLIGHT NOTES AND DIARY CONTINUED.....

Not this August, but certainly by 1984 when the kissing had to stop we shall be under the dominance of Uncle Nicky and his merry men. At least so our prevalently popular novelists tell us. Now me, I'm just enough of a whack to firmly believe that the idea of having a crack at invading England sends cold shudders down the worthy Nicky's spine. Not because of the technical difficulty of it, but because of the absorptive power of activated English. We don't repel invaders, we absorb them. In the old days when the Vikings came roaring up the Tyne to burn and pillage, many a Viking returning bloody-handed to his ship heard the Anglo-Saxon equivalent of "Hello darling" coming from a suitably lissom bit of Tyneside womanhood, and as with a snarl he reached out to crush her struggling in his fierce embrace, he generally found that she was there first. When he woke up he was very much married and the longship was away, so his activity from then on was to work in the fields with a crowd of brothers and uncles under the tongues of his mother-in-law and his wife, and no escape. Some lucky Americans got their wives over to the states after the war, but even then they weren't entirely safe, for transport improvements have shrunk all distances save that between one end of a mother-in-law's tongue and the other. It is a very sobering thought. Novel writers bethink ye anent this!

18/8/60 Comes through the post

BASTION from Eric Bentcliffe at 47 Alldis St, Stockport, Cheshire, England This new fanzine, put out by Norman Shorrocks and Eric Bentcliffe has a very promising first issue, all, in fact that first class duplicating and artwork can do. There are some introductory works, , and an article on student songs, and Doc Weir makes a few points about lessons known SF by H. Rider Haggard. In all a first class issue. Subs 1/4 per copy or four for 1. US agent, Dale R. Smith, 3001 Igla Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minn. USA,

also in is the first issue of

SI-FAN from Jerry Page, 195 Patten Place, NE, Atlanta 7, Georgia USA Subs 1 for 15¢ or trades. This fanzine deserves honour for the quite fantastic quality of its duping. I thought that Northlight was bad, but SI-FAN is equally bad, worse in some parts. The quality of contributions is not bad, and the whole is a quite respectable production.

20/8/60 Comes in to-day

YANDRO from the Coulsons, Rural Route 3, Wabash, Indiana USA English Agent Alan Dodd, 77, Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts. 1/- per copy. 15¢ in USA. You got fed up with continually praising Yandro but what can you do? This issue contains the Yandro Egoboo poll results. Fiction by James Adams, a column on strange happenings from Alan Dodd, and believe it or not an article of Maurice Renard, an Edwardian SF writer by a Turkish Fan with an almost unpronounceable name. In general an ish worth getting. This by the way is ish 90

Comes also

RETROGRADE from Red Boggs of 2206 Maryland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. USA. Comes for letters of members or by trade. This is a small but high quality fanzine. This contains some remarks on the ed's factual reporting of a sitdown strike of negros at a luncheon counter--or was it picketing of a five and ten---oh well. There is some nostalgia by the ditor for Wild West Magazines, and for the death of the radio programme series by Jim Harmon. Letter col.

And yet again cometh

GOSHOBBOYOHBOY from Klaus Eylmann. Since it's all in German I won't comment, save to say that how anyone can be in the army and still keep up a rate of pubbing like this is a mystery to me.

First ish received of

BHISMILLAH from Andy Main 5662 Gale Ave, Goleta Calif. USA Comes for trade, or 15¢ per copy. This excellent multicoloured zine deserves more comment than there is room on this stencil. Articles on the London Con by Doc Weir and Dot Hartwell. Fanzine reviews and letter col all in sparkling colour such as was never seen before.

22/8/60 Comes to-day a monstrous letter from

Dick Schultz lil59 Helen, Detroit 34 Michigan USA Dear Alan, once more I am bombarding you with a letter. This one is going to be dreadfully short tho. Just don't have the time necessary to write the lots I'd like to write, or have written.

First off, a screeching complaint about the fouled up P.11. But as you disclaim any bombs sent over that piece of horror I guess I'll have to skip over it. But if my next article is given the same slovenly treatment I shall start threatening you with complete files of Vargo Statton or some other such dreadful weapon(((who is Vargo Statton--I wonder--rings a bell somewhere--no, can't remember at all)))

Alas and alack, Northlight remains a poorly reprod and poorly laid out fanzine. Frankly it still looks like a neo-erud-zine(((earthly disguise--but the beauty of the Galactic Edition would blind poor Terrans--so rest content)))

One of these days you're bound to (1) buy a good second hand mimeo(((not on your nelly))) or a ditto anyways, and (2) get an artist on a good strong hook(((Ken Mc is already hooked))) one that'll handle your arranging and layout for you. Once you do that N will start improving daily. But until that day all ye can do is to try and coax an occasional stencil out of Jim Cawthorne, and an occasional good page out of that beast of a Lion of yours.

Tell me if I'm wrong, but isn't N sort of thin this time around?

Oh and read my comments in the last letter about short articles. It no longer quite holds, judging by the comparative lengths of the articles in this issue of Northlight, which is one thing that bugs me about CRY anymore. They never seem to run any really long pieces, excluding the GCW that has lately been running there. Maybe now that TGGW is over they will revert to their policy of having a few four and six page articles.

The cover is pretty badly out of proportion. But it conveys the idea of what the ugly thing looks like all right. In fact I wish it wasn't quite so successful. The bloody thing looks worse than the abomination over Sydney(((Yes, and M McIntyre had drawn as he was ordered you'd have seen the new bridge, which was the experimental model so to speak for Sydney Harbour Bridge)))

Ken McIntyre's heading illo is quite fine, tho not especially fannish or even humourous. Wonder if I was subconsciously thinking of him when I name my imaginary lead in that article? Can Freud be right? Am I bats?

Speaking of bats that fits me to a tee for not putting into my article the fact that the background of slavery, and consequent inferiority is what started the negro out on his long road of poverty in the first place. Even in England, the fact that most negroes(not all, so don't start climbing down my throat for that) there came from the West Indies, and are usually not quite as well educated as their white bretheren, and are then thought of, as a class, as being stupid or illiterate. Our own background has certainly fostered such a belief, which is why there is such a

violent counter-reaction nowadays. The white don't see these "inferiors" stepping up in the world with him.

All this background of inferiority has had its effect on the negro here too. The negro, through the NAACP is proving constantly that they want more to see the negro on top, rather than see the white and black come out equal.

Given 1500 years with relative peace between our two races, and we may see our equivalent types merge, gradually and get rid of that point of contention. If we survive we'll probably be looking down on the Sirians or E Eridanians or something anyway, give me 1500 years...(((would love to for writing such a damn long letter)))

And being half kraut as I am, this jazz about ye Anglos being buzzy about the Deutschers irks me all to hell. For one reason if fate plays into some "Strong Man's" hands, we over here may be lucky enough to join in our own brand of fascist dictatorship. Are we for buying up Storm Trooper badges before demand makes the price go up?

I wonder if our glorious dictator will go after the negroes or the Jews?

I see that that old S\*BX fiend Terry Jeeves dares to discuss Science-Fiction in a fanzine. But he brings up a good point that I should think about one of these days. Real Soon Now. But I do know that two of my favourite stories will always be METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN and SKYLARK OF VALERON. And two of my favourite stories in the short genus will always remain THE STAR by ACColade himself, and THE COLD EQUATIONS. And who can ever forget that blend of Stf and fantasy that went by the name of LEST DARKNESS FALL? And for all its obvious propaganda who can ever forget, or help from smiling wryly at THE CAVERNS BELOW? NIGHTFALL? THE INDIGESTIBLE TRITON? COMPLIMENTS OF THE AUTHOR? CONJURE WIFE? ASYLUM? THE WEAPON SHOPS? THE FOUNDATION SERIES? I could go on all night...

Now that bit about Gerfandom is confusing, but probably better than nothing. Klaus, and Michel, and Horst can probably do better, but they are hampered by the language barrier. Maybe they should type out their column first and then translate into English. It might remove some of the stiffness.

McIntyre went a little overboard depicting the squalor that the negro lives in. Only a percentage of the most very poor live quite that bad. And you'll see hundreds of brand new expensive autos outside the most decrepit hovels. Because they spend their money on a status-keeping car rather than on the house or themselves. And any look around Negro Town will ruin all your illusions of negroes running round in rags. They are extremely style conscious, and even the poorest manage to dress neatly if not well. Again Status.

But He certainly depicted the negro accurately in the second picture(((that was Burns drawing, not McIntyre Dick))) Dispirited when he is not in a crowd of his buddies. Many turning to prostitution, or hanging around bars or pool halls. Now to happier things. The letters...

Terry Jeeves, as I, seems to feel that a captive tame artist to layout and illo your zine would make things look a hundred percent better. Now to snare a real live artist...

Deckinger's Ferdinand Fugghead seems to have drawn quite a few sling and arrows and four point sevens with eight second fuses. Chortle.

Forever more puns will be verbal Belches, thank you Sid.

If Alan Dodd thinks it's hilarious to find a gal in the men's room in Spain with her hand outstretched for a tip he ought to go to Germany. There is nothing more unnerving than to find a dear old sweet grandmotherly type rocking back and forth in the gents there. It would not be quite so bad except for the fact that in Germany you just satisfy the urgings of your spleen against a wall with a little trench at the bottom, and the fact that these kindly sweet looking old grandmotherly types are almost always the one that you buy your local pornography from. The first time that I was in Kaiserslautern, this old lady tried to sell me a series of filthy postcards, and always had something new for me each time I wandered by. I think my sales resistance must have impressed her quite a bit for she never stopped trying. At the last of my stay over there I relented and bought a big pack of illustrated booklets and cards, just to let her know I really thot she had that old get up and go and sticktoitivity etc. I wonder if she ever finished knitting that sweater?

Ken Hedberg is wrong. The only type of marching he should practice should be that with a pack and rifle on his back, readying his muscles to live off the land after the Atomogeddon, a la THE LONG LOUD SILENCE. Well that seems to be it. Let me reiterate that I totally approve of seeing more Gerifandom columns. Even poor ones, as long as they tell us something we haven't heard before. But also it would please me plus three (and what old time fen remember the source of that classical saying?) to see those columns more coherently and warmly written. But beggars...Luv Dick.

26/8/60 All that arrived to-day was

SHANGRIL'AFFAIRES from John Grubbe, 280<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> White Knoll Drive Los Ang Calif USA This is notable for too much about cons in it. The rest is varied and entertaining. I'm not soured on Cons, but it would seem that whenever a fan editor (with the exception of myself) runs short of stuff then recollections of a con are dragged in. It's too easy, and there is always the tempter there. Shaggy comes for 25¢ per copy and despite above remarks is worth it.

30/8/60 A letter from a Swedan to whom I sent N.

Hans Eklund, Snättringsvagen 1 Alvsjö Sweden. Dear Alan, thanks for Northlight. I did like your fanzine, but there were things in it which weren't SF. The cover was pretty good, but SF? Dick Schultz article was very interesting and I really liked it, but I'm not quite sure such an article ought to be placed in a fanzine. Or what do you mean? Particularly interesting was Eurofandom. We shall not forget that there are many fans in Germany. More than in Sweden I think. I think I did like IN-TRAY very much too. But why such a page as no 11. You ought to have done a new one, I could hardly read a word of the text. The other pages had a good printing. My Best Regards Hans



5/9/60 A very nice letter from

Pierre Lundberg, Kyrkvagen 4, Lidings Sweden. Dear Alan, thanks a lot for the MIXTURE although I haven't had time to read it thoroughly yet. It was nice meeting a foreign fan that gave me back the faith of fandom. That proved that fandom could be something else than violence and whiskey, that is only beer. I have now finished my work and begun my studies in psychology. The weather in Stockholm has been raining almost since you left. I am not of to long letters when I write them myself. So to prove that I herewith end. Yours sincerely Pierre.

Letters like that give the receiver an enormous amount of egoboo. They show that my trip to Sweden wasn't all in vain. But that anyone should need faith in fandom restored is disconcerting and shows that however much the physical side of fandom is nothing more than a goddammed hobby the psychic side is a way of life. Myself I think that maybe a fan is the person who, standing with a lot of other people at the many unopened gateways that face us in this life is interested enough to try if the gate can be opened, or if there is a crack in the door through which to see. It may be argued that the scientific researcher does the same, but it can be argued that he only tries one doorway, whilst the fan tries any door that is locked to him. In that way I think that the sense of wonder has gone, but only to be replaced by an acceptance of wonder. Like the old proverb which says "When one is young a tree is a tree, a mountain is a mountain and a lake is a lake. When one has learnt a little a tree is no longer a tree, a mountain is no longer a mountain, and a lake no longer a lake. But when one has learnt greatly a tree is once more a tree, a mountain a mountain, and a lake a lake." Think about it.....

#### NOTICE OF WINTER CLOSING.

No doubt by now you, dear reader, have realised that this ish is just about the worst duped you've ever had, and this despite the fact that the duper has just been overhauled--which brings me to the inescapable fact that something will have to be done to get a new duper. To that end I am not pubbing anything more until next summer by which time I hope to have a new machine. Therefore those zines subbable in English money will be subbed to, those which aren't I shall try to wangle copies by any method that is fannishly honourable--puleeze don't forget me. Incidentally don't waste precious letter space telling me the zine is badly duped--I am not blind. So goodbye until next summer. Last pubbing job for the winter is FLASHLIGHT, then I'm shutting up shop.

Northlight is a fanzine put out by

Alan Burns,  
Goldspink House,  
Goldspink Lane,  
Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2,  
Northumberland,  
ENGLAND.

There are no subs, the mag being sent free for trades and letters and articles.

Almost everything except parcels that tick is accepted for the zine.

Involved thish were

Ken McIntyre,  
Dick Schultz,  
Horst Mergel  
Klaus Fylmann

all those who wrote letters and you know who else.....



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