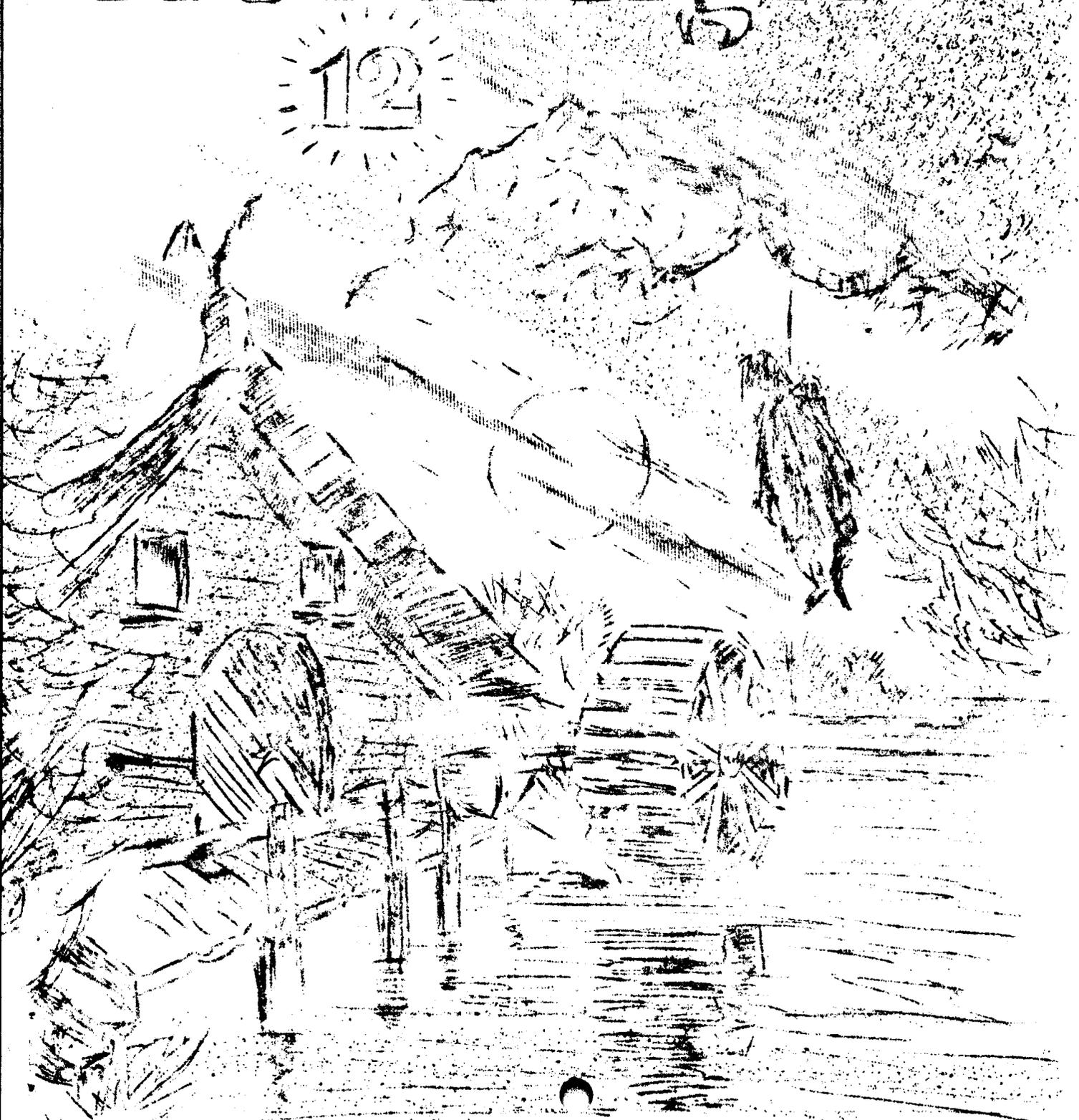
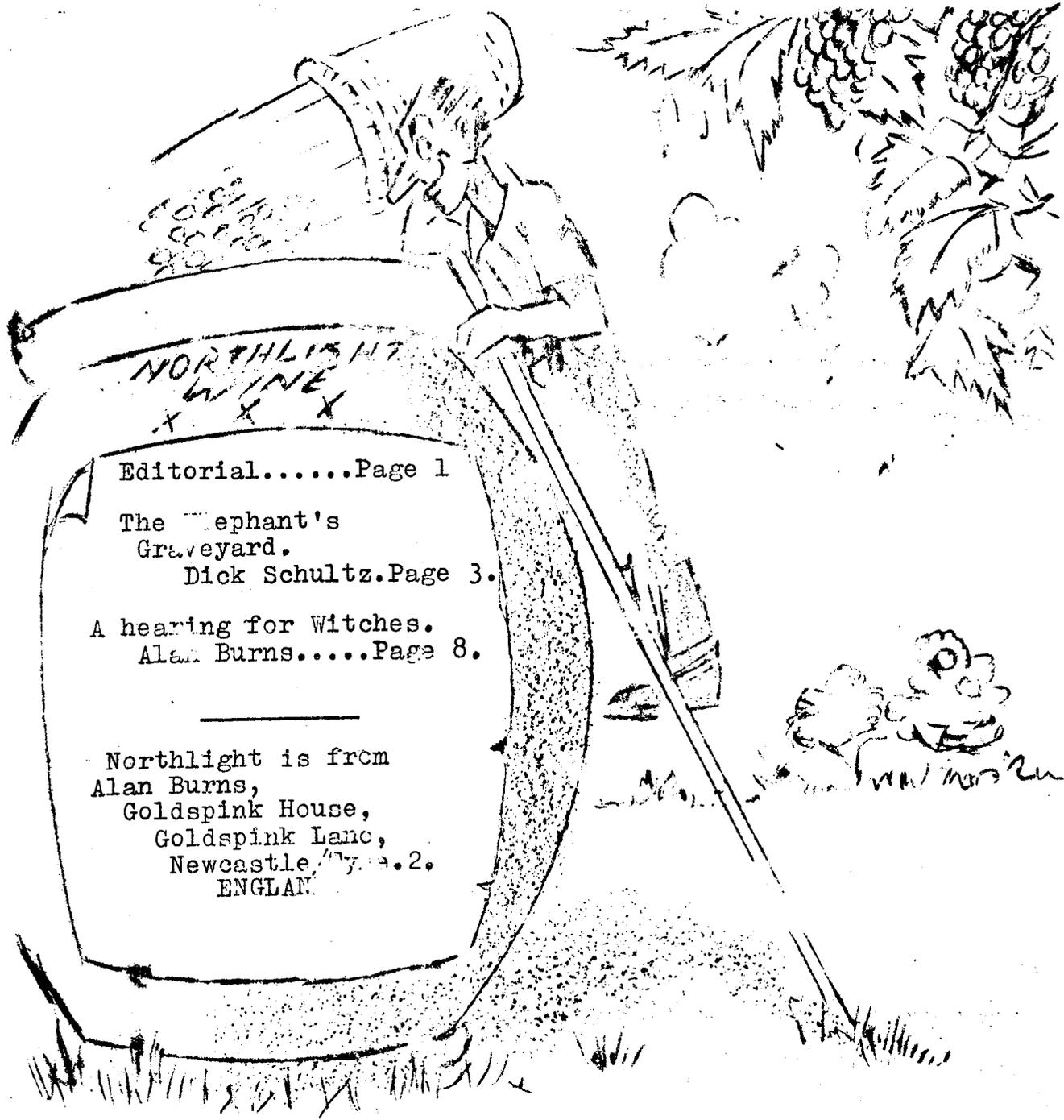


Northlight

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W. S. T. R.



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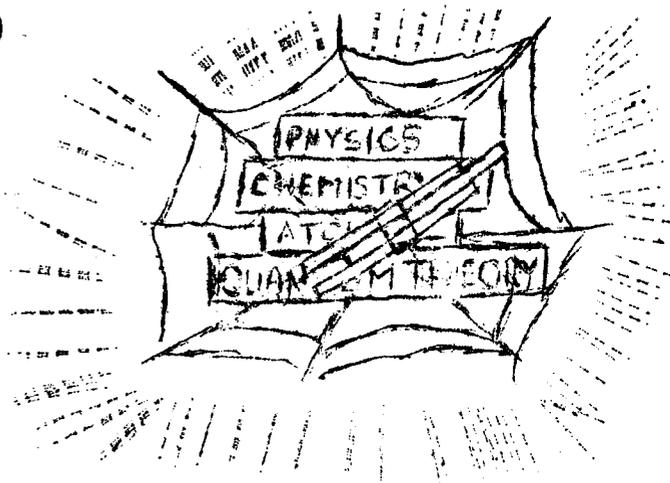
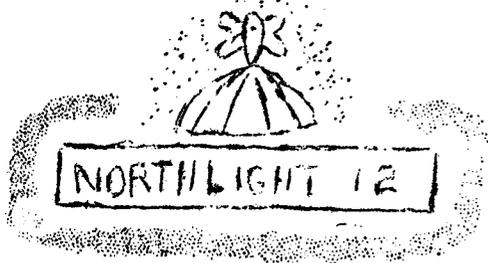
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ENGLAND

McINTYRE

Editorial



This editorial begins with a large thankyou to all the fer who didn't interpret my announcement in Keeping Posted as a statement of gaffiation. Fanzines have rained on me, I answered as many as I could, for those I didn't the usual apologies. But the retirement from fandom for six months has been worth it, not because of the exams I have taken (and I don't know the results yet) but because of what I have learnt and what I have started. Fandom and chemistry go uniquely well together, we have Doc Weir as evidence of that, and even more than this, physical chemistry and atomics go supremely well with witchcraft. Now it is about witchcraft that I want to talk.

The witches are coming out of their secrecy and retirement, they have been on television, they have been interviewed and have had articles written about them. The churches thoughtfully remove the Devil from their catechism and thus lose their last toehold upon the mind of the ordinary man. I'm not ashamed to confess that I've witchblood in me, it's as good as ordinary blood, maybe better in some ways, the advantage of witchblood is that the owner feels things that ordinary people don't. Lie in long grass on a fine day, or walk through a wood or forest in a storm, in five minutes you'll know if you've witchblood, because you'll get a feeling like pure electricity; not the man-made copper-wired ozone smelling static, but the wild and free electricity that flashes across the sky in a thunder-storm, they call it static--but it's the most dynamic thing there is. That's what you feel when you're a witch, or a were or a vampire or any of the things that the normals are frightened of---there is the strength and the freedom. Mad talk? Of course its mad, but the shivering sane ones slink past and tremble.

Fandom just now seems to be in a resting phase, which pretty soon means that all Hell's going to pop. I had a letter from Sture Sedolin a few weeks back, saying that he doesn't hold a grudge against me for the things I said of him in Northlight 11, I accept it in the best spirit, that is that I take back not a word, but Sture's a bigger guy than I thought him to be, and it's big guys that become BNF's... hope that goes for Sture.

This is very much a dish of Olde Englishe Hot Hasty Pudding, that is a mixture of anything at hand, plus something special in the centre, namely the Hearing for Witches, put out in haste. I want this in the post before leaving for Italy for my holidays. Dick Schultz' article came out of the blue for which I thank him. Ken McIntyre turned up trumps as usual. It's possible Howard Devore will produce an article tearing Dick's first Elephant's Graveyard to shreds, but that will go in the next ish(number 13) if Howard doesn't send it elsewhere, or if he doesn't write it. The Northlight Diary is now officially opened for the summer and letters fanfines etc will be entered therein.

Two of my most treasures, Gannish possessions have been away for overhaul lately, my tape and my portable typer. Both have come back slightly improved and all the better for it. So it's been a kind of expensive year taken all round, and this Italian holiday won't be for free either, though Alan the Dodd is probably back from the same trip already so I'll have to be careful what I say when I write about it nextish. So from now onwards, the first six months of the year will be dead for me as far as fandom's concerned, but one day--if I live that long, I'll have all the qualifications I need and then I can get back into fandom all-the-year-round.

Good-bye for now.

Alan.

BOOKSHELF.

Just lately there has been quite an influx of good grade Pb's in England. Most of the classics of SF have now come within the reach of the poorest fan and since the actual making is good quality they're worthy of any library. For those who are interested in witchcraft and allied sciences there are also some Pb's out on these. They don't tell you anything at all that will help you on the road, but they are amusing reading for anyone who is mildly interested. Like most of fandom I am still puzzling over Venus Plus X. It impresses me as a story that should have come off, and it doesn't measure up to anything Sturgeon's usual standard. My feeling is that the author was trying to be pontifical from which may we be spared, an author who starts to preach should give up writing. Penguins, hot on the trail of Lady Chatterley's Lover have launched into a publishing spree that ought to earn them a great deal of gratitude from the thinking public. Two excellent buys in that line are Yoga by Ernest Wood 3/6d, Roget's Thesaurus of English words and phrases price 6/- and The Nude in Art price 10/6d, a long way from the old ninepenny editions of prewar days, these have slick covers and really give value for money, beside being pocket size, they are recommended. Also a final warning for tapefen. If you see what looks like a useful book on taping, check the inside before buying, I've been stung once or twice lately.



THE ELEPHANT'S GRAVEYARD

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•• DICK SCHULTZ ••

"And who are you supposed to be?" queried George Young.

Firmly clutching my pipe I replied, "Art Rapp in disguise."

The scene of this dialogue was not at any Worldcon or at any of the regular Tuesday night meetings-cum-Bowling League meets. Resplendent in khaki uniform wildly adorned with numerous Army patches and various medals, and with cockily tilted fatigue cap on head, I was once more enmeshing myself in the activities of Michigan Fandom. George looked for a moment at the propellor slowly spinning on top of the fatigue cap and chuckled to himself.

"George", I said, "Why are you always chuckling to yourself?"

"Because I'm too tired to laugh out loud, that's why," George returned. With four kids and a wife, I didn't need to ask him why he was tired. George is the only fan I know of who perpetually goes around with bags under the bags under his eyes, he looks a mite tired.

On the other hand Mary Young looked sparkling and springy. In contrast to the red white and blue eyes George continually seems to sport, hers were bright and clear. It goes to show you. Bridge players lead a hard life.

Since it was the last Friday before Hallow-een, or All Hallows Eve, as the rest of the Brethren like to term it, a number of local fan and one furriner were dressed in costume. Riva Smiley, the famous bat of the Nolacon and Bob Tucker's poker Game were the host, and her room-mate Anita Cortese, was helping. Dean McLaughlin was telling Riva she should have put a long coffin-like box tightly nailed in one corner and sprinkle a little dirt near it, so we could have fun guessing who was in it.

Riva just laughed her short explosive laugh and gave Dean another drink. Which was what most everyone but I had in their

paws. Quietly gnawing on some potato chips, H.B. Brous, a new recruit from St. Clair Shores, a north-east Suburb was talking earnestly with Dean when he turned back. His false beard got in the way so he adjusted it downwards. Brous was in a beard sloppy pants and sweater because he was disguised as Bob Silverberg. Dressed in Leopards patterned Leotards his wife was, naturally, Virginia Silverberg. They were originally going to be Beatniks, but Brous remembered dear old Bob as he came down to Riva's apartment.

With Hal Shapiro dressed in ginger beard and vest (Randy Garrett) I was the only non-pro character that costumed that night. Hal quickly appropriated my propellered fatigue cap (I think I'll wear it to Cuba. Wonder if they'd shoot me?) and chatted with George and Dean with it perched jauntily on his head.

BHHoward Devore proclaimed this National "Bombs to Cuba" Week. And started passing out little cards perfectly printed with such Yankee esotericisms (it was just before the Election) as "Vote Republican, and we'll all enjoy the Depression together." Another read "Vote Democratic (and with a little NRA eagle on the side) and we'll all enjoy the Third World War together." Or "Religion is not an issue--Says Pope John XXIII". There were many many more. BHH had printed them up weeks ago and had been distributing them ever since to the glee of all the voters around. He's a bit sarcastic you see, happily so tho.

When I showed him a few proofs of some pages of my first issue which I had printed up to see how Bob Lanbeck's mimeo would run, he commented. "Pretty good grade of toilet paper ye have there isn't it?" He then told me a joke about the upcoming president. Two Cardinals were talking in Rome about the chances of the various Cardinals becoming Pope after John 23rd. The one was asking, "and what do you think of the chances of Cardinal Spellman (of the USA) becoming the next Pope?" The other was horrified, "What? And let the Vatican be controlled from the White House?"

Thanks to Norm Metcalf I was able to respond with, "Why do we need a president? Roosevelt proved that you didn't need any brains to be president, Truman proved anybody could be president and Eisenhower proved that we didn't need a president, so what's the issue?" Misquoted, but that's how I remembered it.

With a goskwowohboyohboygeewhiz attitude on his face, an unmistakable sign that he is going to tell a joke, came in then with this little gem. "One voter, back a piece, was talking about the candidates this way. "The Republican candidate should be sent to jail, the Democratic Candidate will be sent to jail, and Eugene Debbs is already in jail so I might as well vote for him/////////But of course the best political joke of them all is attributed to John Wilkes when George James Fox said that he (Wilkes) would either die of hanging or of the pox. Wilkes replied "That would depend, sir, upon whether I embraced your politics or your mistress"--Alan////////

Jean Bogert, with one of BHHoward's cards in her hair, was lolling around in a red devil's suit complete with tail. She was the one outsider of those invited, who was able to make it to our Halloween party. Usually someone from out of state arrives at the MaSPITS Halloween party, like Nick Palasca or some of the Chicago

or Indianapolis crowd, but this time it was almost exclusively Michifen. Jim Broderick had picked me up and brought me to the party, and his brother and wife soon showed up afterwards. Both in civvies they promptly proceeded to grab a handful of potato chips and a drink and ask where's the card tables. Usually it is George Young who asks the question but this time Elliott beat him to it.

Fred Prophet resurrected a few tables and chairs and two different Bridge games soon came up. Bridge is rapidly becoming the National Sport of Michigan Fanom, overtaking such sports as women bowling, science-fiction and gossiping. With a fast riffle of cards Brown quickly started the game.

While many other groups just stand and sit around and gab, Michifen like to keep their feet happy and their hands busy playing bridge. And then talk. A conventional game I played with all the spirit of a Boring Ghodminton game, all the verve of fanzine publishing and all the skill of a taxpayer trying to find holes in the Income Tax Report to save some money. Once a fan makes a wrong bid, or makes a wrong initial play, his partner usually responds with a series of tragicomical scenes as would rend the heart of a pro-Editor. It's really a study of emotions and theatrical skill to watch your partner (or any other player for that matter) expressly demonstrate his feelings for his dog of a hand (no Bridge player ever has a good hand, ye know) or what he thinks of leading clubs when he had bid hearts. All the emotions of the human race show on his face eventually. It's really amazing watching George Young when his partner bids high and George hasn't a high card in his hand. His face is a study in pain and agony. Enough of that.

Teddy Bear Sims and Mabel soon showed up, the Young's kinder with them of course. Anita Cortese shoved a chocolate covered donut into his mouth, a drink in the other and gave him over to Fred Prophet, who was looking for a partner in the other game of Bridge. Teddy Bear was a little surprised I think.

Hal Shapiro's mundane girl-friends soon came into the group around George Young, Hal, Teddy Bear and Fred Prophet. And this group, with Jim Broderick and Mary Young, gabbings on occasion,



remained through the night. And if I wasn't afraid of a libel suit I'd report some of the gossip.

Around this time a new face suddenly bloomed upon the horizon, one never before seen by this reporter, it was old time fan Martin Liger, out from the wilds of Suburban Detroit to meet with the peasants.

Martin soon admitted to not only having a hearse, but that he still has the old Buick

touring car he used to drive Art Rapp, Ray Nelson, Ben Singer, George Young and the rest of Michigan's sixth Fandom around. Martin didn't agree that things have really changed much, tho' there's a lot of new faces around. Practically all his fanac these days is just little parties like this, occasional meetings with local fan like Alan J. Lewis and FAPA. Fanzines as such just don't interest him much. He'd like to get back in touch with modern fandom, but he doesn't publish anywhere but in FAPA, is very slow on correspondence ("I have one letter to answer from some chap called Lincoln in Illinois...") years in fact so he doesn't even try to write for them. So he continues along as he is.

We quickly got into travel, army life and the personalities of the past fannish greats. He told me of this one cave outside Naples where the Eyeties had been storing their ammo. It was an immense thing with dozens of caverns and corridors, and the Yanks just moved in their ammo alongside the Italian stuff. Well one day a fire started in one of the piles of Italian artillery shells. They tried to put it out but it was going too good, so they evacuated the whole cave and let the shells blow. Martin described one explosion thusly. "And so here was all that smoke coming out of the holes in the cliff, and flames sprouting out of the ventilation holes on top, when there was this "Whomp!" and a whole section of the top came sailing off, burst up and fell back alongside the crater. A mushroom-like cloud came out, and flames belched higher than the dirt flew, then calmed down and only a trickle of smoke came out of the crater. It was quite a sight, burned for a few days, then the engineers transferred me away." Fred Prophet soon came over and we talked about Europe, each giving bits of European experiences. Me with gliding, Fred with the magnificent food in Germany, Martin with the urchin thieves in Naples ("Where it was downright dangerous to tape your maney to the underside of your leg.")

Martin was going to have a little something in the February mailing of FAPA, and duly invited me to contribute a little something to go along. Of course I then let go of his arm. Unfortunately, due to IPSO and other matters I never did make the February mailing. Might make the Next February Mailing tho'.

At any rate Martin impressed me as a nice quiet fellow, lots of sense and an odd habit of collecting large cars. He admitted that he had proposed to Alan J. Lewis that if he'd make himself up to have the complexion of a corpse, he could ride to the Pittson with him in the hears he's recently acquired. It didn't pan out tho' and another fannish legend remained not a legend. BHHoward came over, and said, "As Ben Singer isn't here, how about us three starting a Tucker Death Hoax? Martin can write the notice, Dick can print it, and I can swear that it's true". Fortunately nothing of the sort came off. Uh...did you know Tucker has been deathly ill lately? Don't be surprised to find a copy of fanac with news of his death in it any time.

Everyone in Detroit fandom is accusing the other of being "Agent X" in the Detroit area for fanac. Right now I'm prime suspect, but I think BHHoward is the culprit (Must always lead

the chase away whenever possible. Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of fen. The Shadow knows!

Eventually a giant meal got served, all the kids and guests got served including about six mundane types invited by Riva. Anita brought in a giant tray of donuts of all types, none of them plain old ordinary donuts, delicious tho'. I can still recall Anita's look of surprise and horror as she saw me spread a little mustard on a chocolate and cream covered donut. She ought to see me spread peanut butter and toast and put bacon and fried egg on the whole melange, it tastes strange but good/////Villain! Assassin! As wine and food correspondent of The Bug Eye I shall meet you at your convenience, the weapons to be toilet rolls at thirty pieces--ALAN/////

To beat me out Fred ate a donut with a piece of ham and bread wrapped round it. Fred is the new champion, yes indeedy. The evening then became a regulation type party, with Dean talking airplanes and airports and calculus and insurance and Ghu-knows-what with Brous, and George finding out that this just wasn't his night for bridge. Martin Alger had to go home, BHH, family man had to follow him. Jean Bogert went to sleep on a couch, the young Youngs did likewise. Mabel drug Teddy Bear home and Mrs. Brous did likewise. Dean said good-bye, Elliott did likewise. The mundane friends of Riva's got drunk and George Young failed to make four no-trumps.

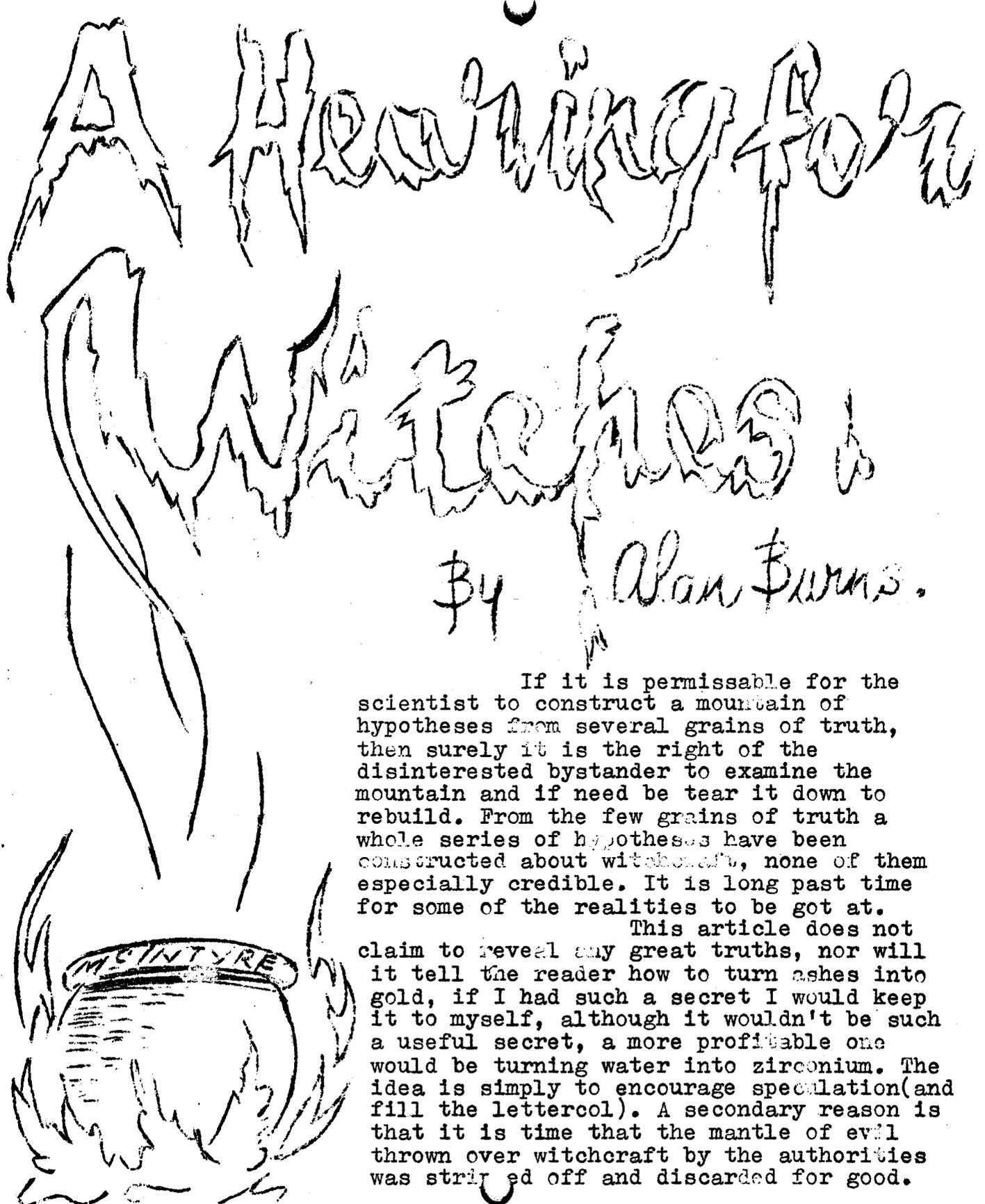
Between dancing with his date Hall played bridge until even his ~~old~~ iron constitution gave way. Mary suggested George go home and George bid three spades. And so it finally ended. We helped Riva and Anita clean up, carted off one of her mundane guests, and went home ourselves, replete with liverwurst and ham sandwiches and chocolate covered donuts. George had a new set of bags under his eyes and I had met Martin Alger at last.

It wasn't a bad party at all, notatall. I can hardly wait for next year's. Care to come?

----Dick(RIP) Schultz----

INSERT.

Something I didn't mention in Bookshelf was that recently, in paperback, has come out Jack Kerouac's "On the Road". I recall an article on beatdom in Reader's Digest, where it talked about the mishmash of Kerouac's prose. I read the book with some trepidation because I have a horror of bad English and to my pleasure found it eminently readable. Kerouac is a writer of direct and forceful style, his attitude being that he has something to say and say it he will, rather like the Duke of Wellington's "Publish and be damned". The story is really not any different from any account of fannish journeyings, excepting that the central character Dean Moriarty is an offense to anyone but a fan. Only a fan could see that under the neglect of soul, body and all he loved, Dean was really all alive. It is a book to speculate over and ponder on. It points a moral, what is precious is the now, the past is lost, the future to come, neither the one nor the other can be evaluated, only the moment must be grasped and hung on to, only the moment.....



A Hearing for

Witchcraft

By Alan Burns.

If it is permissible for the scientist to construct a mountain of hypotheses from several grains of truth, then surely it is the right of the disinterested bystander to examine the mountain and if need be tear it down to rebuild. From the few grains of truth a whole series of hypotheses have been constructed about witchcraft, none of them especially credible. It is long past time for some of the realities to be got at.

This article does not claim to reveal any great truths, nor will it tell the reader how to turn ashes into gold, if I had such a secret I would keep it to myself, although it wouldn't be such a useful secret, a more profitable one would be turning water into zirconium. The idea is simply to encourage speculation (and fill the lettercol). A secondary reason is that it is time that the mantle of evil thrown over witchcraft by the authorities was stripped off and discarded for good.

No-one knows at what time in history the honourable and respectable art of witchcraft became smeared with filth, but probably it coincided with the advent of Christianity. If Jesus the Christ was to come back to-day and look at what He began it is almost certain that He would regret ever leaving His Father's trade. Christ was a reformer, His work has become the last refuge of conservatism. Now witchcraft was a deadly rival to the early Christians, for instead of probable blessings it offered tangible results, and tales of miracles are not to be set against hard facts: a child raised from the dead by an unknown prophet in a far country weighs nothing against a hated rival effectively wished to death. But the Christians gained power and began a persecution of rivals, witches are no fools, they went underground. Of course they also infiltrated into the church itself, a logical enough step, and some very strange things were done in monasteries and nunneries, it is a not generally known fact to-day that the Vatican (and catholic means universal in interests) has a very secret research laboratory where occult investigation is pursued, and not a few popes were practicing witches. Despite all obstacles witchcraft went on making converts and offering the rewards of this world.

If witchcraft offers rewards what are they? One word only, happiness. Happiness implies a great deal, wealth or poverty, sickness or health, joy or sorrow, each of these things could mean happiness to a certain slant of mind (not a few people revel in misery) and witchcraft caters for it. But basically happiness is adjustment to environment, and it was to facilitate this that witchcraft was originated.

The idea of a vast impersonal diety all-pervading, weighing up the good and the bad, was a long time in winning favour. Primitive man reads devils in everything, ready to do a man harm if they were not propitiated in the right way. Early man, being just as lazy as his modern counterparts, was soon quite content to leave devil propitiation to a professional, who dealt with the gifts and warned of dangers. But every force has a higher force, and by logic this should apply to demons. Sex was also a very necessary attribute, and so arose Baal and Astarte. Baal was man, virile powerful and uncomparable, Astarte was woman, sensually anxious, wife and mother. No-one knows when priestesses became virgins, certainly not in the great temples of Babylon, and after all, what is so wrong with the way of a man with a maid? A wise old friar once said "A man and a maid, a summer's morning and a quiet place. If God would not forgive them then I would." Sex played a great part in the early religions, it is very much part of witchcraft to-day.

Witchcraft is strongly sexual, for after self-preservation, the procreation of the race is the next most important drive, and because it is a religion giving happiness, the parental witches look after and cherish their children, carefully bringing them up in the way, educating them in ritual and practice.

Of the ritual of witchcraft we are not too certain. Jurisprudence automatically discounts evidence given under duress, and if we do likewise, then most of what we know of the

methodology of the art must be discounted. Under the agonies of the torture chamber, the falsely accused innocents (witches being much too clever to let themselves be caught) screamed out anything that would bring a cessation of pain, mostly what they had been told by the church as the habits of witches. But from little things here and there, a sort of codex (with many gaps) can be put together. Witches met at night (for secrecy), each coven had a captain chosen for his wisdom, once a year there was a great festival and lesser festivals held on certain occasions, after each meeting there was wine and food and dancing, and if couples should stray into the woods none wondered where they had gone, and of course new members were always sought out, and introduced after careful examination. In all, everyone had a thoroughly good time of it, and went home with contented mind, all desire worked off and nervous tensions discharged.

It is in its ability to relieve the tensed nerves that witchcraft, if properly applied, has a very deep therapeutic value. The timid are supported by the strong members of the coven, the poor are helped by the rich. Although when thoroughly adjusted with witchcraft the increased personal efficiency usually results in a more comfortable estate being achieved. Witchcraft methods are readily applicable (in their elementary stages) by anyone with enough patience to concentrate. The equipment is very simple, a comfortable chair (but not an easy chair) a mirror that is supported at face level, and some free time where one is sure of not being disturbed. Sit quietly in the chair and try to relax. If this is not possible breathe slowly in and out and when a regular rhythm is established, as the breath is exhaled say the word OM, prolonging the sound until the lungs are emptied, humming the word rather than saying it. OM is the word of power, being part of that great phrase of beatitude OM MANE PADME HUM "Hail to thou, beloved of the lotus" and which we babble in a debased form as Amen. OM said half a dozen or so times puts the body in tune with the universe. Then the mirror is placed in front (the back should be facing a partially curtained window so that the face is in shadow) and look quietly at the reflection and let the mind wonder upon the mystery of identity. Who are you? You are a given name by someone else, but who are you? What is your personality? The mind wanders along the channels until finally it gives up, because the question cannot be answered. The session is then over and you can return to your own world, but it is a world with a difference, as a few sessions can soon show.

The why of witchcraft is seldom answered, indeed it is very rarely asked. No-one seems anxious to suggest how it is that witchcraft and its associated phenomena actually function. Upon what power does it draw? I only venture to suggest a theory here that I have thought up after some certain studies in atomics and the more esoteric parts of molecular reactions. To outline the theory I would like to briefly introduce the work of perhaps the greatest of American chemists Linus Pauling, whose book "The nature of the chemical bond" is a classic among chemical literature. In this book, and in other papers Pauling has proposed a theory to account for the quadrivalency of the carbon atom. By the molecular structure

of its compounds we know that carbon has a valency of four. For non-chemical folk I would explain that valency is simply a sort of qualification of the numbers of units of other elements that a given element can form compounds with (For example we've all heard of H_2O which is water--well oxygen is 2-valent so that makes hydrogen 1-valent--O.K.?). Now Carbon, being a respectable atom, consists of a nucleus surrounded by electron shells wherein were once supposed to revolve electrons (Certain gents like Schrödinger have proved that the electrons are only probably there and are not even particulate in nature--but we being ignorant shall forget this for the moment and say that the electron is a particle) Now like the kits kats sacks and wives of the nursery rhyme--what, you don't know that even? Oh well--

"As I was going to St. Ives (a Cornish village)

I met a man with seven wives,

Each wife had seven sacks

Each sack had seven cats

Each cat had seven kits

Kits kats sacks and wives

How many were going to St. Ives?"

(The answer to this ancient chestnut is none--they were all coming from St. Ives) Now as I was saying, like the kits kats etc. each electron shell has subshells. The inmost shell No.1. has only one subshell with room for two electrons, the next shell No.2. has room for eight electrons and is divided into two subshells, the "s" subshell having only room for two electrons, and the outer subshell the "p" subshell having room for six electrons. In the carbon atom the no.1. subshell has two electrons, the no.2. "s" subshell has two also, and the 2'p' subshell is incomplete with only two. Now Valency determination depends on the outermost electrons of an atom and carbon only has two. Yet in every compound it forms carbon has a valency of four. Then Pauling suggested that the reason for this was that in the carbon atom, when it was in an excited state, the two "s" electrons could also be used as connecting points for other atoms, so carbon was normally quadrivalent. This is a highly dubious theory, but in the lack of a better, chemists accept it.

So after this little... trip we can go back to the mechanism of witchcraft, fortified by an extra knowledge. Like anything else atoms have to obey the law of conservation of energy, and therefore since we know atoms seem to exist indefinitely then presumably they must get energy to do so from somewhere. So far we haven't found its source or detected its existence, and to be excited, carbons must have extra energy. Now if witchcraft could control this energy then the carbons would become unexcited and the delicate balance in all carbon compounds would be upset---and life is a system based on quadrivalent carbon. So when you have an 'off' day could it be that some of your carbon atoms are becoming unexcited and dropping into divalency? And when anyone is wished to death or hexed could that be the way? And when you feel fit and exalted are more of your carbon atoms quadrivalent than before? It is a promising speculation.

No. of course the interested but

anti-witchcraft reader is already jumping up and down with eagerness to ask about black magic and so forth. Well all right, there are criminals in the ordinary life, why not among the ranks of witches, and does it matter whether you die by being hit over the head with a bicycle chain or by having your carbon atoms made divalent? But however you go, it may be reasonably supposed that whatever motivated you does not die, anymore than electricity dies when it has travelled through a motor.

I'm not interested much in the existence of an immortal soul for myself, I'd rather that after I have had a long and interesting life that whatever is me goes back for a rest. Oh I believe that the power that motivated me will obey the First law of Thermodynamics and not be destroyed, but I won't argue about it, because it's an unprovable belief and I'll find out eventually anyway. But if you do evil then you are putting a black charge on your life force. Not believing in original sin I say that all life force is originally white, and doing wrong means putting a black charge on your life force, and black and white cancel out, do too much evil and your life force is neutralised and goes altogether, and you really cease to exist, spiritually as well as physically.

Looking back over this article it doesn't seem as if I've done what I hoped to do, that is, to make out a case for the acceptance of witches as normal members of the community and witchcraft as just another religion. I've tried as much as possible to avoid quoting from the many many books on witchcraft, mainly because it is an art that is passed down only by word of mouth. You could write a thousand books on the art of hitting a nail on the head, or the way of swinging a hammer to ring the bell in the fairground strength testing machine, but you couldn't learn from a book, the only way is to become a joiner or a blacksmith's striker. So it is with witchcraft, you learn by instruction and not by books.

I'd like to see a coven started in fandom. Not being a very advanced person in the psychic arts myself I'm not competent to start it, but I'm fairly sure that somewhere in fandom there's an adept who would make a good coven captain. If he sees this I'd like to be contacted, because I've the names of two other fen who are likewise interested, and there are certainly others.

I'm quite confident that this article will bring a fair number of letters from various people, by the next ish I hope, which will be Northlight 13 by a curious coincidence, and if anyone feels that they would like to write an article in reply to this, well of course it will be considered.

Hope to hear from you.

ENVOI

Last page, appropriately enough numbered thirteen. As always an apology for duplicating. This time I blame it on dry spots on the ink pad thru' long standing without doing any work. It's good to get back to the sweet smell of the stencils and the odour of the ink as a change from the stink of chemicals. They smell horrible do chemicals, because they are the products of fire, not clean good fire but roaring dirty fire that soars heavenwards spreading a dust and smoke over all the works. It is pitiful that we have to use force like that to split tar apart, which is the distillate of millions of years of sunshine, --- what did Sturgeon say "A billion dollars for energy but not a cent for entropy. I was rather bemused when my text-book carefully talked its way round a definition of entropy when it would seem on the face value to be nothing more than an expression of the general inefficiency of any machine. I was pleasantly suprised to discover that thermodynamics was applicable to more things than heat engines (the subject also develops the talents for calculus) in fact it is applicable to every form of energy transfer, and in some of my speculations on witchcraft it would seem to me that the laws of thermodynamics can be applied to it, especially the first and second laws.

One of the things that bugged me something cruel when I have had occasion to look up books on witchcraft in our local library is that none of them have been written by anyone from the scientific angle, except as a sort of anthropological study or as a research into primitive religion. Of course it may be validly argued that witchcraft is not amenable to scientific study, which amounts to saying that it is unreasonable, but when does the unreasonable become reasonable? The answer is when it is thoroughly investigated, for every science achieves unreasonable effects in the eyes of someone without knowledge of its inner workings.

Finally congratulations to YANDRO on its hundredth issue. Juanita and Buck have been stalwarts of fandom for a long time now. Northlight cordially wishes them lots of success and may we see Yandro 1000 gracing our letter boxes one day.

I think that's about all for the moment. There will be Northlight 13 out sometime in August or September and maybe a "Keeping Posted" towards Christmas providing there are enough things to clear up to make it worthwhile, then of course a shut-down until summer '62.

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