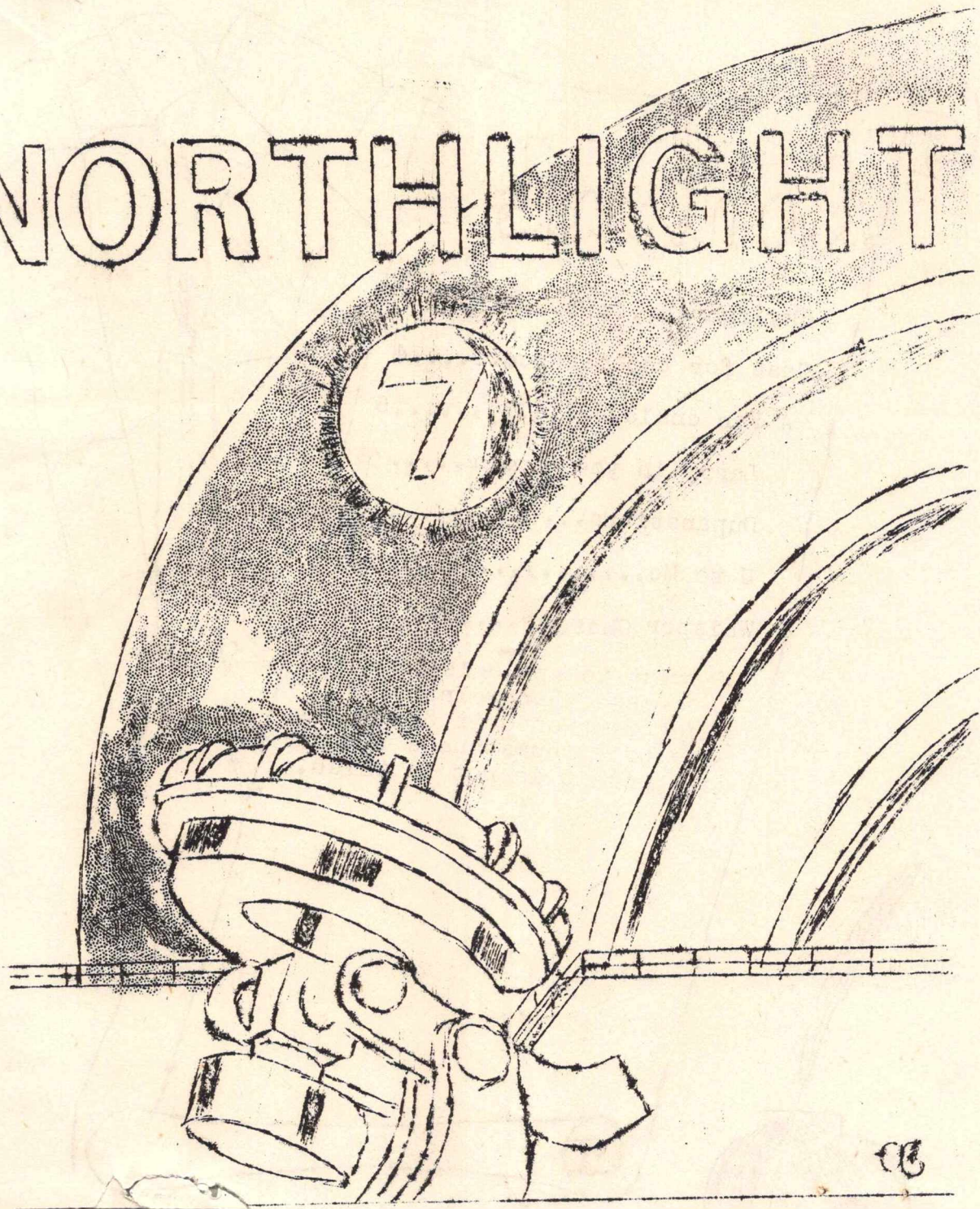
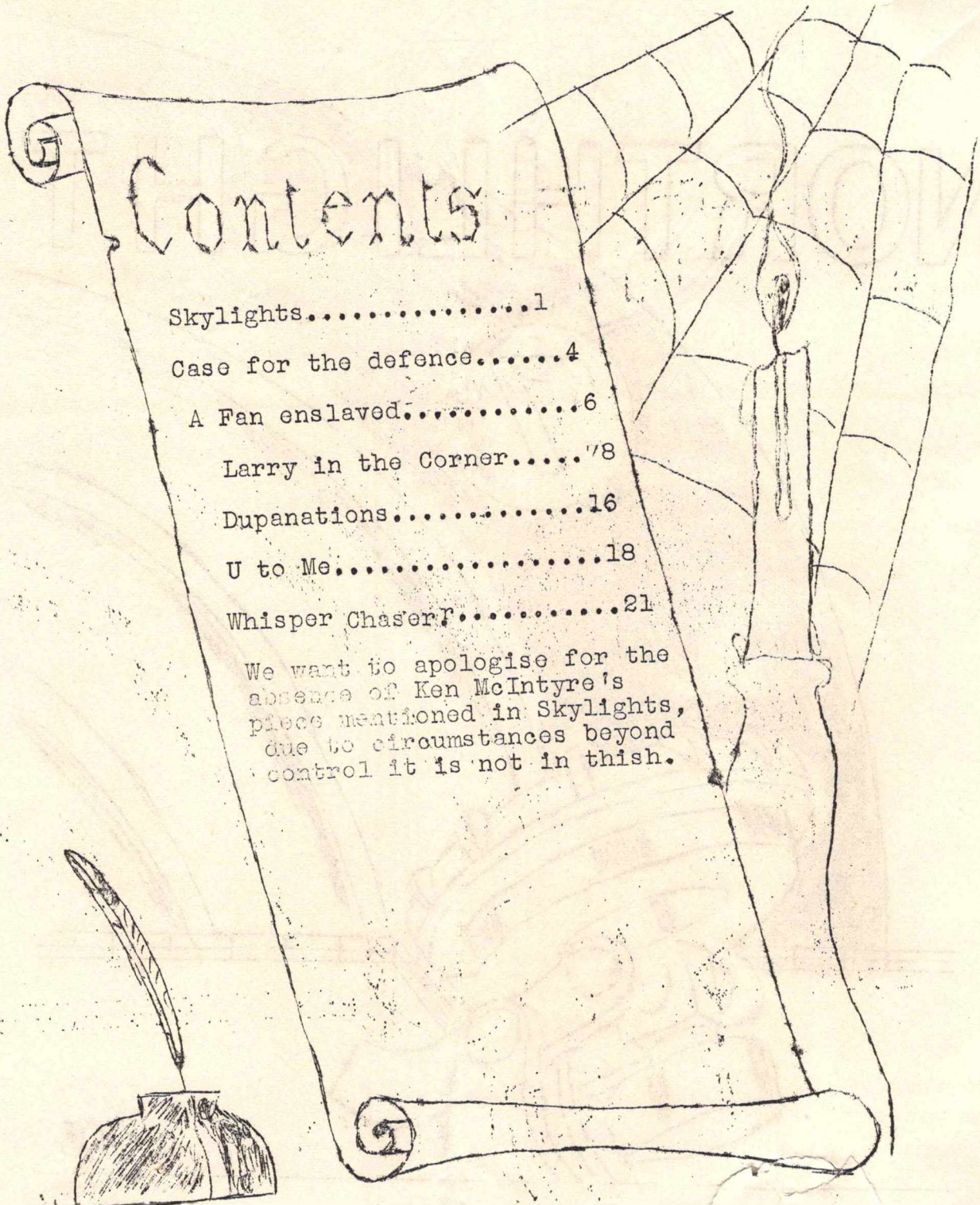


# NORTHLIGHT



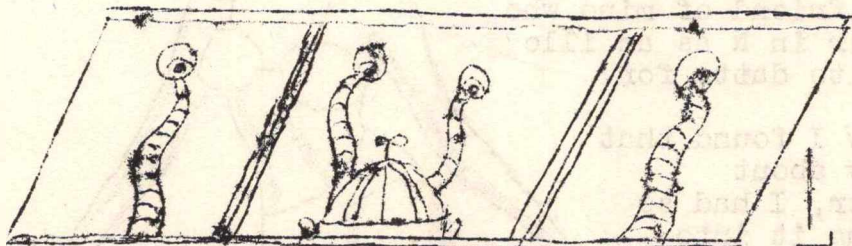
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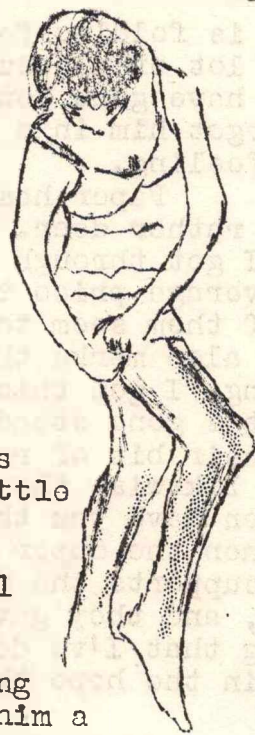
We want to apologise for the absence of Ken McIntyre's piece mentioned in Skylights, due to circumstances beyond control it is not in this.



# SKY LIGHTS

First announcement thish is the fact that Northlight now has a tape recorder, with the standard speeds of 1 and a bit, three and a bit and 7 and a bit. I am willing, when time permits, to taperespond with anyone who cares and is willing to natter about things I can get interested in. The range is very wide, and coming to think of it there isn't very much that I am not interested in, excepting disbursing money, altho N's position is financially stable, and I can't see any reason for charging subs--came across a nice line that tickled us all up in Newcastle in a poem by G?K? Chesterton, the Ballad of the White Horse, the line being "Greed is an Ape" and we thought that the shaft had struck the target for sure that time. Also in thish is a full account of the fanwar in London. Now while I think Laurence is being very impartial about the whole thing if there is anywne who feels that injustice is being done to anyone, don't hesitate to write and the whole thing will be aired in N. Incidentally, I never thought that my remark about important things in letters being put in as articles would so soon be taken up. Terry Jeeves dropped me a long letter. Part of it is in the lettercol, but the majority appears in "Case for the Defence". This let me in a little bit behind the scenes of the BSFA but does not cause me to retract a word that I have written, although the unfortunate con organisers have all my sympathy for allowing such a thankless task to be dropped on their shoulders.

Most of the illos, barring the McIntyre article (which is one Ken's had by him a while) are by myself including the cover. The reason



being that Ken has worked very hard for me during the summer, and it's high time that I gave him a rest, also, it may make the readers appreciate what a good illo man they have in McIntyre, despite Terry Jeeves crack about Ken using knitting needles, a friend of mine who may eventually appear in N as an illo man uses his favourite datts for stencil cutting.

Somehow I found that I hadn't much to say about Yugoslavia, or rather, I had so much that compressing it into a zine article was pretty hard. It is my intention to return to it in a later ish if any interest is shown. I found that Yugoslavia is

a very attractive sort of country, and if they use a bit more publicity they could get a lot more people of the right sort, the people who go on a holiday because they want to get away from everything commercial and have a real change.

I was very distressed to learn that Sexy-Venus is folding for some untranslatable reason. Bo's given us fen a lot of pleasure and if SV had gone English, its circulation might have gone towards prozine levels. As it is, I for one, will not forget him in a hurry, and I hope a lot more of us share the same feeling.

Paper has always been a sore point with me, because it comes rather dear. Thish I'm using a cheaper grade experimentally that I got through an ad in "Exchange and Mart". I don't know what the average price that fen pay is, but I have a feeling that a lot of them seem to wangle it through their firms and so forth. Thish also marks the first use of my standard typer for stencil cutting. I got this during the war, but since the last year or two it's gone steadily worse, so I took it along to the makers and their bit of rebuilding seems to have done it the world of good. Likewise the duper. I was just running off the last few of "Fen have you thought" which was strictly an emergency fill-in, when the duper gave a musical twang and some queer spring that supports the paper feed parted. I asked the makers to put it right, and they gave it an overhaul as well, and the bits of duping that I've done on it so far show a great improvement, I live in the hope that even Ron Bennett will be able to read this!



3.

Finally , people may recall that on the back page of the last ish I made some mention of the group that Don Allen was trying to form up in Newcastle here. Well sad to say Don has evaporated right out of the picture, mainly because he's busy house-decorating so I understand, and even his buddy Jim Cawthorn has not seen anything of him. Our group now consists of four, one femme-fan and three fen. There's a fairly representative section of fandom in us. Mary Munro is strictly the sericon type and during the day swings an analogue computer for our local atomic power plant works. There's Tom Porter, who is the cartoonist's idea of a neofan but who works in an office by day. Jim Cawthorn needs no introduction from me and lastly there's yours truly, the coold faaan and tired of the group. We meet alternate Thursdays in a small pub in town, and the other Thursdays we meet at our place. Don has promised to return eventually. I think we can boast being a pretty well equipped group, with two tape recorders and two dupers between us. Incidentally for the books Don Allen's taper is a Grundig, whilst mine is a Brenell 3\*\*\* portable, at least it's called portable, but I wouldn't like to lug it any further than the nearest bus stop, it weighs about 26 lbs. The economy of tape has to be seen to be believed. I like pop songs, but would never pay for records. Now, on a tape costing £2-10-0 I can get forty pops which computing at 5/- a pop (and most of them are more) is £10, some saving, and as I sicken rapidly of a particular pop I don't have a dead investment on my hands, but can clean and re-use the tape. Reading in the American letter in "The Gramophone" I see that RCA are bringing in cartridge tape, where you just drop a cartridge into your taper and it does the rest. Myself I can't see how threading a tape is anything that is to be complained at, my biggest gripe is that I have trouble getting the rev counter to give me just the part of the tape I want, but I guess that will come with practice, certainly no one I know with a taper has any trouble.

Well, I think this is where I'll sign off. But before I do so, since it's highly unlikely that I'll be bringing out another N before Christmas I'll just take this chance of wishing all the long suffering readers a merry Christmas and a highly fannish New Year.

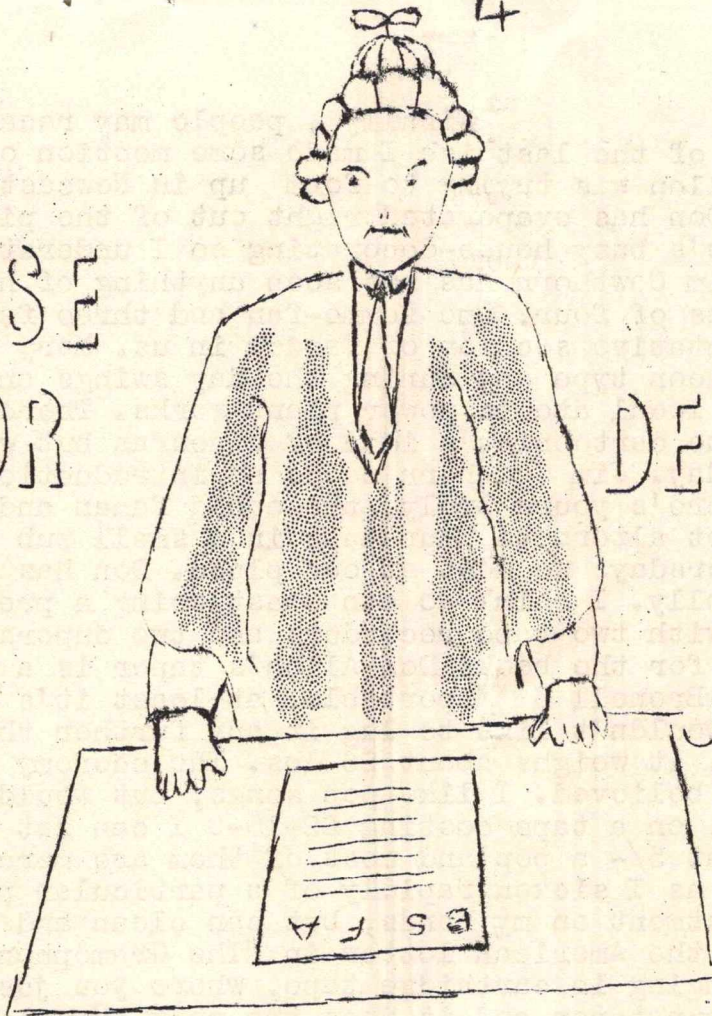
'bye now.

Alan

CASE  
FOR

THE  
DEFENCE

by  
TERRY  
JEEVES



I must take up the BSFA cudgels over one or two points in your editorial. Honest criticism is fair enough, and in your case, I think it is honest, BUT not fully informed. Your objections to sundry items in the editorial were as follows:-

1. Bar only open eight hours a day. Just NOT true. The lounge bars downstairs were open for normal licencing hours... normally 11 to 3 p.m. and 5.30 to 10p.m. (Don't bring Sunday hours into this)...Right, that is 8½ hours and on top of that, I had drinks at the upstairs bar until 2 a.m. on two occasions...that gives an extra four hours on at least TWO days, or 12½ hours of bar service time. NOW Alan, you and many others have been rather spoilt by Boris, and the Kettering affairs, but the George is a rare hotel...and the ONLY one where we were allowed to have such rare fannish times...and they didn't have a bar open at night..you relied on Boris, and good though he was, he was awfully slow. The Worldcon had a bar open, BUT

you had to use the waiters AND tipe them, and the service was poor in that line.

Right then, 12½ hours bar service + the use of the Con Hall at a greatly reduced price, and we had it all night, in case you didn't know about the orgies down there.

2. "The BSFA with usual fannish disunity left the con until the last minute." This is downright unfair to a hard-working group. First the BSFA was thrown together by about thirty fen, at the George at Easter. All we got from that was a committee, and many promises. During that first three months, not only had we got to circularise all fandom, but also advertise, produce an O-O from scratch, but also we had to cope with the withdrawal of Ted Tubb from the O-O (and a frantic circular round possible members for help draw, a complete blank) sooo, I landed that job, plus preparing the Galaxy index (which I handed over to Bobbie Wild complete on stencil) plus secretarial jobs. Next, Chairman Dave Newman went gafia, and so that left the whole works to be done by Archie Mercer, Eric Bentcliffe and myself.

The picture four months after deciding to have a BSFA was rather poor. THREE of us had to get a society on the road, produce O-O's, the NW index, the Galaxy listing, and we'd also been saddled with the job of a convention as well. and all those offers of help were not so forthcoming. we even had to settle with adverse criticism aimed at us while trying to get started. PLUS an attempt by two non-members to oust our treasurer and take his place. Oh yes, we had fun. However we did find two people willing to help and their names should be written in letters of fire. Norman Sherrock offered to handle a convention programme and we left this right on his shoulders. Bob Richardson came through with an offer to organise the con, and he got that thankless job.

Bob's job was complicated by the members themselves, we included circulars in Vector asking how many would be coming to a con. response was very poor. ...poor old Bob didn't know whether to expect thirty or 150. How do you book a hotel in such circumstances?

The George??? Wonderful, but it only has forty-eight rooms, and we hoped to attract more than that (it turns out eventually we did) Therefore it had to be some other hotel, one that our unknown con income (How many bods coming?) could afford. A hotel that could cope with up to 100 or so, a hotel that wouldn't quibble at 50, a hotel that would allow all night cavorting.

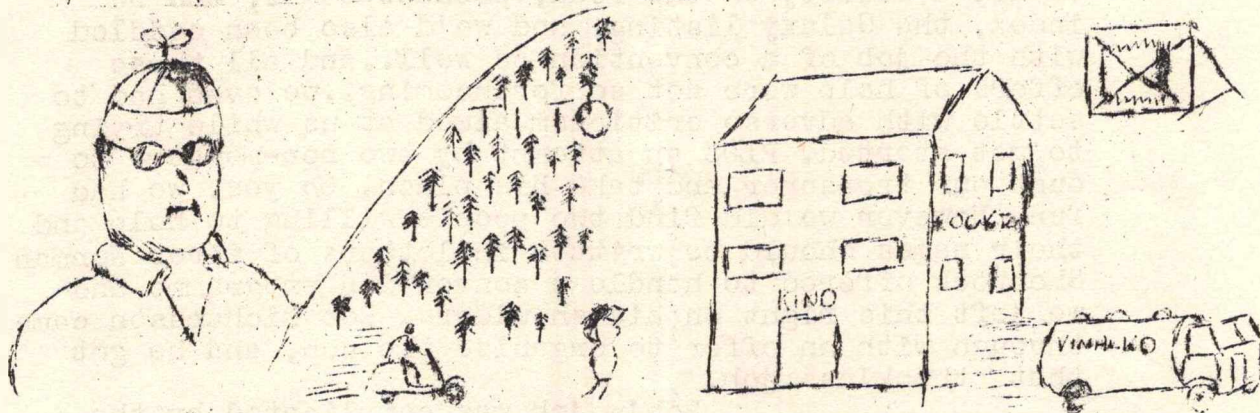
6.

I won't detail the bother Bob Richardson went to to find one, nor the difficulty entailed in arranging a programme. Volunteers were few and far between, otherwise, why do you think I took the job of chairman?? Why did Bob handle the auction?? The plain answer is this, we did the best we could, with what we knew we could get.

As for the con being on the sericon side..wasn't this one of the aims of the BSFA, to get back towards the Sf angle??

Sorry to go on for so long over a few sentences Alan, but if you felt that way about the con, then others probably do, and I'd like them to know just what we were up against. If that's all the gratitude we get for what we went through, then I for one say NEVER AGAIN!!!!

А ФАН ЕН СЛАВЕЪ



Anyone who regards the writing of the title of this piece in Cyrillic script as a piece of pure swank is probably quite correct. I regard the learning of this sort of lettering as a minor accomplishment and felt that I just had to put it in--atmosphere probably. Well anyway I find that Yugoslavia is the ideal place for a con, more so than Ireland even. The main reason being that there is everything for cons there--women, booze, food, and lots of sunlight and fresh air. I had a wonderful time, and returned vastly invigorated.

The nicest thing about the Yugoslavs is that they don't give a damn for travellers. That is, you come into the country and take your chance. There are a fair number



of hotels, but usually they are full, however all you do is to nip along to the local "Putnik" who have a list of rooms on their books and in no time you are accommodated, and the standards are pretty high. This last I speak from what I was told by a couple of English people I met. "Putnik" comes from the Slav verb putniki-to travel, and has nothing whatever to do with orbital satellites, for those interested put or pot means a path, and Slavs are apt to look curiously at the indecent giggles of English and American visitors who see a sign "Pes Pot 5 kms" which means that there is a public footpath running for a certain distance to nowhere in particular. The Slavs love these little paths, which enabled guerrillas to vanish swiftly into the countryside during the war, and which serve to keep goats and such from straying--beasts are no fools, and follow paths like us.

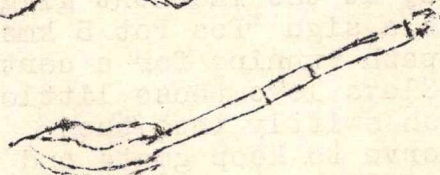
Of the war, there is no sign, except a detestation of Germans. I won't say that the German traveller is liable to end up an alley with his throat cut, but I saw two Germans, the same as myself, put to endless trouble on Zagreb airport while I was whizzed swiftly through customs, and other formalities, then sent out to watch the ducks and geese busily keeping the runways free of grass, along with two cows and some goats. every bit of land is used in Yugoslavia.

My holiday was spent in Split and the district around, so I can only speak as I find. The coast was nice, but inland, random cutting of wood in days gone by has reduced the countryside to a similar scene to those depicted as after the bomb. However Marshal Tito has ordered extensive tree planting, so in a few years things ought to be much better. If anyone tells you that the Slavs are secretly planning revolt against Tito, don't believe it, they love him just like an elder brother who can be generous with either money or belts over the chops depending how you behave. While holding no brief for commies or dictators, I found the Slavs well fed, moderately well-dressed and with a few of life's luxuries, so they can't grumble more than normally. Odd note--bags of polythene articles, dead cheap in Split, one of the biggest polythene works in Europe is nearby.

Slav women, either beautiful or downright ugly, and will do almost anything for foreigners except let their pictures be taken. I got on very nicely with them, and wondered why more film talent scouts don't look around in Yugoslavia.

Finally--police. Mostly busy controlling the traffic and walking about much as our bobbies do. No bother with passports as I went about. Lastly drinks. All made by the local nationalised industry, called Vinalko. It also dealt in industrial alcohol, and its huge tankers carried both, without being washed out between I'm convinced. Even the liqueurs were pure firewater. There was also rather a shortage of water while I was there, but when it did run it was pure and cool. So to sum up, it's me for Yugoslavia in the future again.

8.



Larry in the  
Corner

by  
Lawrence  
Sandfield

#### UNEXPECTED SF SECTION

The Ealing public libraries are full of the fantastic genre, but when I picked up Frank Crisp's *Ape of London* together with *The Uncertain Midnight* by Edmund Cooper, SF was the last thing I expected. The first is an attempt at SF by a mainstream writer and contains the inevitable faults of such. The second is SF as we know it. The story of *Ape* gives us a series of mysterious deaths all apparently due to electric shock, and all under such circumstances as to rule it out. Commander Delabo, deputy chief of the Metropolitan CID, is the first to notice that the spread of death resembles a contagious disease and also that it is effecting ever higher echelons of human authority. By this time the regular SF reader has tumbled that here we have a case of aliens taking over human bodies. How it is done, and where they are from I leave you to find out. Humanity is victorious of course, altho' rather unexpectedly thru the use of purely human weapons, like guns, guts, and brains. The story is poorly written, and the author commits the cardinal sin of drawing attention to himself, mainly through exclamation points in the text rather in the dialogue, where they belong. Don't buy it, but don't fail to borrow it.

*The Uncertain Midnight* is sociological SF of a familiar type. John Markham, contractor to the British Government is putting in deep freeze units beneath the New Forest in case of nuclear war when he is trapped in one and frozen into suspended animation. 146 years later he awakens to find that the thing that trapped him was indeed the war that he was preparing for. The people of the future call it the *Nine Days Tranquilliser*.

The world he finds is apparently a carefree hedonistic one run by androids for the benefit of humans. Of course Markham

finds that the culture is not being run by androids for humans but by androids, for, ultimately, androids. The climax comes when he leads men to victory with m/c guns, rifles, and doubtful slogans like "The dignity of labour" and the "right to work."

This book is not convincing, for Cooper's androids are not the artificial protoplasmic humanoids which we are used to identifying by this term, but merely humanoid robots which imitate humans in superficial characteristics and behaviour. After Asimov, any author has trouble in creating robotic character. The book is well, and smoothly written, but again if you can't borrow it, think twice about buying it.

I discovered a book called "Tussles with Time" By Jules Romain, translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. Knowing the tendency of mainstream writers to entitle their works strangely I picked this rather on the off-chance. It is two short novels, "A struggle with Time and Death" and "Breaching the frontiers". Neither are SF as we know it, yet it is difficult to classify them otherwise. The first gives the riddle of a man appearing several times after his quite definite death. There is no plot or action, but instead a number of interesting discussions and the account of investigations by his friends. One particularly interesting incident is where the dead man actually makes a date with the man who accosts him. He does not keep it.

Breaching the Frontiers concerns a Dutchman with an intense agoraphobia, who, while deliberately living in one of those large New York buildings where one need never see daylight, runs into a superficially religious group which is trying to contact extra-terrestrial life by telepathy. In the end they do so--once, mainly owing to his mental power. The incident cures his strange agoraphobia, which was caused by German air-raids on Amsterdam. It seems to me that this is the way SF may have evolved if it had been left to mainstream writers to evolve it. The whole style is ruminative and leans on Poe's rather discursive method. Read it, it may fill a mental need you are not wholly aware of, as it did with me.

Try the "Fig Leaf" by Aubrey Menon. Here is anti-SF altho' it does not appear so at first. A young Englishman whose first desire is to create an efficient oral contraceptive (shades of Childhood's End) changes his tune, and tries to find a way to nourish Earth's starving millions. He succeeds, only to find that the resultant artificially mutated figs are not only nourishing but aphrodisiac. Not only does it render man very able indeed, but irresistable to women. Now surely this would be seventh heaven, but oh no. Because of the warped characters of himself and his friend, coupled with a sudden upsurge of ridiculous religious feeling (makes you shudder doesn't it) his miraculous fig tree is destroyed and he helps to do it. The amorous scenes are good and the writing convincing. The revulsion of the two

men to what is only a slightly heightened sexual ability you and I would find difficult to understand. The conclusion of this book is ridiculous, because if this had been real life, by hook or by crook, things would have been opposite.

DEPT OF CINEMATOGRAPHIC EYESTRAIN.

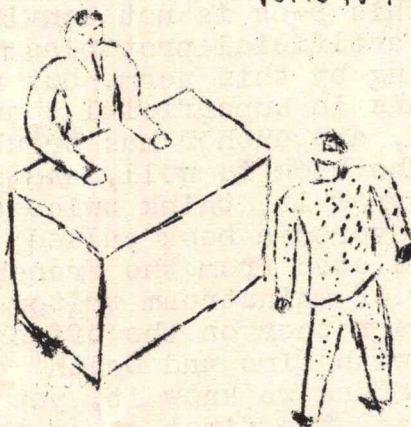
"Some like it hot" with MM, Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon. One of the funniest I've seen, tho' not on the lavish scale of "Roman Scandals". George Raft and Joe E. Brown, both scene stealers, help to liven up a film that does not need a shot in the arm, or elsewhere. It is partly a parody on Scarface, which a lot of you won't remember. It was the greatest of all gangster movies. "Some like it Hot" opens in a 1929 speakeasy, with a lot of lovely genuine Chicago-style jazz being played. It's raided. Two of the Jazzmen get away, only to observe George Raft (later) bumping off the killer who shopped his speak, along with a few others. This scene parodies the St. Valentine's Day massacre in Scarface. The jazzmen are noticed, but manage to get clear. To keep that way they join a girls band in disguise. This is it. Curtis falls for the vocalist (Monroe, Joe E. falls for Lemmon and becomes engaged to him, and a diminutive pageboy wishes to seduce Curtis. "That's how I like 'em, big and sassy," he says.

This occurs at the hotel in Florida where the band is working. Raft & Co. turn up to a "Lovers of Italian Opera" con and recognise the two. In Scarface Raft had the part of a gangster who repeatedly tossed a dime, up, down, up down. After stashing his rod Raft turns to see a young crook doing this. He grabs the dime out of the air and grates "Wheredja pick up that cheap trick?"

This sort of drives it home. Apart from all this and the incomparable Monroe bust, nearly all of it, we have Curtis faking to be an oil millionaire with an accent I'm gladd I lived to hear.

On Holiday, dropped in to See Disney's Sleeping Beauty and Grand Canyon Suite. These are two very lovely films, and I advise any fan in London for however short a time, to go to the Astoria, Tottenham Court Road and see them. The real meat of Beauty is shared between the witch and the three good fairies, but there is plenty over for the two kings who are very like those in Gulliver's Travels. The witch's evil servants are a feast of the horrific for fan, and her costume is very symbolic for those who

ST VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE NOTHING,  
SOMEONE SPLASHED ME WITH NEVILLE  
BROWN TALK!



11.  
understand such things. Especially the head-dress.

The film and music of the Grand Canyon Suite fit very well, being at once romantic and awe inspiring.

### LONDO DOINGS SECTION.

Editor's note Since I had this section from Laurence there would seem to have developed what can only be described as a fanwar. This is borne out by the two despatched at the end, which might be described as being hot from the front line. The section headings are pinched, with apologies, from a certain set of memoirs which everyone knows of.

### THE GATHERING STORM

The business meeting on Friday 19th June was a pretty stormy one. It started off well, with a summary of the Cheltenham do by Ken, which was very well received. Also we took the final decision about the 1960 con, which was simply that, as the BSFA had accepted our offer to run it, we would hold it in London, and that financial arrangements regarding expenses and profits (if any) would be made with the BSFA.

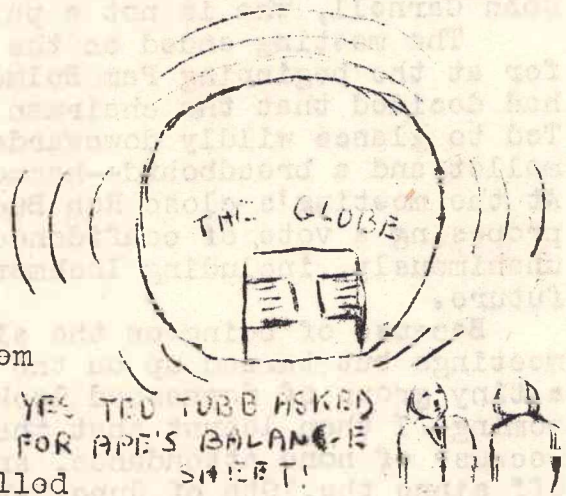
During his speech Ken said that Cheltenham had, during the last year or so, become rather fed up with fandom, the cause apparently being ill-natured criticism levelled against them. Our visit had, he said, given them the necessary urge to carry on. This was very nice to hear, but what I can't understand is just why any criticism should be levelled

at a damn nice group of people like the Cheltenham lot. I don't know if there really was any such criticism, because I haven't seen any, but Ken doesn't usually spin yarns (saving for prozines and such) So I'd be glad if someone could enlighten me further.

### THEIR FINEST HOUR.

After the interval things grew darker. I already had a piece prepared to say, but Ted set a tone which rendered it impossible for me to say it. Not criticism or complaint, just fact, this. Ted first took Sandy Sanderson to task for sheer downright inaccurate reporting in Ape. I don't have Ape any more, so can't quote verbatim, but the report Ted read out was not only inaccurate but smears. If I couldn't do better than that I'd stick to making a general picture which I usually do.

The second point on which Sandy and the r... Inchmery were called up over was the fact that they,



Without authority from the elected committee, or informing Alexandra Hall, the hon. sec., circularised the membership with a pamphlet that purported to be concerned with "What is being done with your money." This sentence was the only time that money was mentioned in the screed. The body of it was concerned with a series of examples which "tend to show that a 'dictatorship' seems to be attempting to rule the London Circle".

With this was appended "Proposed Constitution of the London Circle." compiled in ignorance that such a thing was already under discussion, altho' Vinz was a committee member.

Now all this was a few months ago and feelings have cooled--mine at all events--and my first reaction to all this may have been over hasty. This reaction was to regard the incident as a naked drive for power on the part of Inchmery Fandom. Now I must admit that I may be very wrong here, however one must recall that Inchmery have for long been the biggest fan names in the Lond O and have run various cons and such, and that they may have felt that their collective nose was rather being pushed out of joint. If Ted hadn't set the moderate course he did, I'd have said all this, I'm rather glad I didn't, for it may have been a conscientious attempt to set us right. Nonetheless, the attitude of Inchmery from Christmas 1958 until this meeting has been rather unsympathetic to the new regime. And they sent their circular to John Carnell, who is not a paid up member of the Lond O.

The meeting ended on the same sort of happy note that it began, for at the beginning Pam Bulmer stood up and said that the ladies had decided that the chairman was improperly dressed, which caused Ted to glance wildly downwards. She then gave him a carpenter's mallet and a breadboard--hammer and gavel--much to his relief. At the meeting's close Ron Buckmaster beat me by a head in proposing a vote of confidence in the committee which went unanimously, including Inchmery. Things look well for the future.

Because of being on the sick list I missed two business meetings but turned up on the third Friday of September to find a tiny group of depressed looking fen, wondering if any one was coming. I then learnt that the August meeting had been void because of none attendance, and that attendance had been falling off since the 19th of June. Apparently the bickering of that unfortunate meeting had produced a deeper disgust among fen than one would expect, and instead of coming along and trying to improve things, these people had rather short-sightedly stayed away. It's a fact that the social meetings have not been so dense too.

#### THE GRAND ALLIANCE

This meeting was very unsatisfactory. Alteration of the con date was discussed, but nothing fixed. When the Symposium was discussed there was some confusion. Vinz asked Ted what had

HIM? OH YES JUST ONE OF  
 APES' GORILLA FIGHTERS!



happened to the programme list which had been sent to him and Ted had no answer. Ted then asked Vinç if a certain message had been relayed to him by Sandy Sanderson and Vinç said no. As a result of these two instances of procrastination and carelessness, the programme of the symposium had been delayed. The date of the AGM was fixed for the first business meeting after the symposium.

A sub-committee for the Symposium was elected with Frank Arnold in the chair and a lot of solid work was put in. I sat in because Pete Taylor, having accepted election, had not realised that Frank would call the meeting so soon, and he had arranged to visit his sick lady-friend. The committee started as soon as the business meeting was closed at nine o'clock.

Things went fast, volunteers for items being chosen on a you, you, and you basis, including Archie Mercer's record player. Archie was down on holiday and attending everything fannish he could. The following Thursday the Symposium sub-committee met at the Globe with sundry other fen, and the programme brought to the semi-final stage. I had been fortunate enough to secure Walter Gillings as guest of honour and carried copies of his letter of acceptance to the meeting. Ella was collecting things for the auction. We decided on the item for the mystery auction, which as this won't go to dupe until after it's all over, I can say that this was one of Ted's own books.

Vinç who was with us on the committee brought out several good ideas, notably in the programme procedure. He asked me later why I kept speaking (at various times other than that night) of "Inchmery Obstruction." I told him that it was because that is what I considered had been happening. He had no reply to this.

#### THE HINGE OF FATE

The business meeting of Friday 14th October will remain in the memories of those who were there for quite a long while. First we were few in number, that was bad enough. Then after opening the meeting and asking for the reading of the minutes, Ted Tubb asked Charles Duncombe to tell us the financial position, which revealed that there had been a net loss on the Symposium, but not a bad one. During this, Charlie, being under the impression that £2 spent by Vinç Clarke had been spent on drink, said so, and his statement was refuted with far too much indignation by Joy. Charlie was under a misapprehension here and was corrected by Sandy Sanderson, who said that Vinç had spent the money on food, Hot Dogs, in fact. I wonder how

this will be reported in Ape? After some more discussion Ted announced that Ving and Ella had resigned from the committee and soon after, he resigned himself. Ken Bulmer, vice chairman took over. Here Joy Clarke attempted to read a letter from Ving in the first paragraph of which he stated that he had been "insulted by the Chairman while in a drunken condition" and this was rightly shouted down by Ted as hearsay evidence. Ken then made a speech against a running fire of interference from Charlie until I raised my voice and shut Charlie up.

TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY.

We decided to disband the present organisation and revert to first Thursdays. We have done it unconstitutionally, but as the constitution has been used by Inchmery to smash the Lond O constitution, we just couldn't care less. If Ted did, in fact, insult Ving --as is alleged--then I haven't the faintest doubt that Ving deserved it, Ted doesn't insult people and mean it unless they do.

Inchmery Fandom has now left the Lond O following the disbanding of the committee, and those of us left have breathed a sigh of relief. They have formed a new SF club called the Science Fiction Club of London. According to reports received membership is by invitation only, which for those people who like sycophantic yes-men is a good way to run a club.

The London O continue to meet at the Globe Hatton Garden on the first Thursday of every month, and are a group of friendly fen with no central committee, but with two officers, Alexandra Hall secretary and Charles Duncombe treasurer. These two are responsible for the disbursement of any moneys belonging to the London Circle and the raising of money to finance any Lond O projects, subject to the ascertained wishes of the Lond O. The BSFA have finally decided that the 1960 con is to be held in London and Sandra Hall has chargin' of the organisation.

DEPT OF SOCIAL NEWS

Now some social news, as a change from the tumult and the shouting. Bobbie Wild has got married to Bill Gray of the Cheltenham Circle and is to live there. Bill is a chiroprapist who likes Shakespeare and SF. This 'zine wishes them every happiness.

A visitor from up North was Ron Bennett. On the first night of his visit (during August) I went over to Inchmery. Now Inchmery at home is one of the things fen shouldn't miss. There one meets Inchmery at its collective best. Bennett was as usual late, so we had plenty of time to think up ploys for him. The ones that Inchmery had already organised were the best. When Ron was sighted by Atom, far too far out of the window, we non-residents faded. We all had cards on which were the words we were to say when entering one by one and ignoring



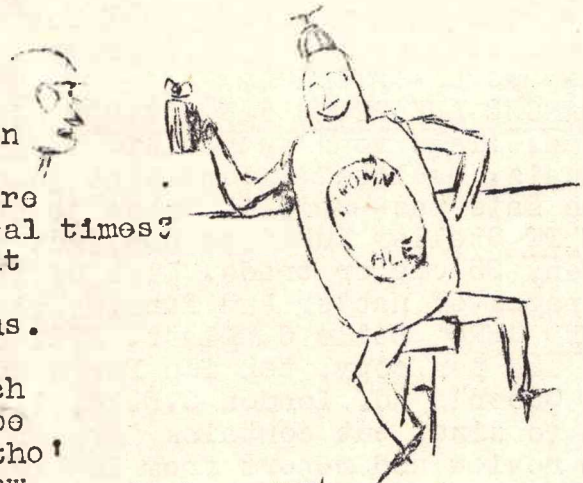
Bennett. Arthur Thompson found a lot of egg containers, which enabled me to go in with my hands full of them and say "Mum says thanks for the eggs Joy." I was supposed to say "Have you any old Easter eggs Joy?" but the strain of seeing Ron busting with suppressed mirth was too much for me, and I had to leave hurriedly, which was a pity, for Joy had an old Easter egg for me. I had to leave far too early as it took me two hours to get to Inchmery from Ealing, thirty minutes longer than to get to Portsmouth.

Ron has been to the Globe every Thursday during August, and left for home with ringing shouts of "Don't come again Ron!!" and the resident BEM's plastering the walls with "Bennett go home!" notices. Thanks for coming Ron, you were a welcome addition to the group.

Australian writer Wynne Whiteford has been around again. Nice chap Wynne. Ron Buckmaster and I had a very illuminating conversation with him, anent--of all things--polishing, car and cabinet particularly.

#### MEETING STRANGE FEN SECTION

On the 21st August I met the editor of this magazine. In both fear and trembling I lost the card on which the arrangements were made, and arrived at Bailey's hotel, where Alan was staying preparatory to flying for Yugoslavia the next day, in the early evening, with the result that I enjoyed more hours of his pleasant company than I expected. Not only this but he stood me a first-class dinner. Now Alan is a person of whom I had heard much and didn't know what to expect. I found a mountain of a man, with a pleasant colour on the blonde side (but only by reflected light Laurence!) and wearing a very thick pair of glasses. He has great charm, which I think is brought out more in a small group than in a large and hilarious crowd. As usual over dinner and in the Bailey bar afterwards, all sorts of literature were discussed, even Sf for a few minutes. Alan was a very widely read person and we were able to touch common ground several times? A love of poetry is one thing that we have. At eight in the evening, to the dot, Ken McIntyre joined us. By this time I'd got comfortably ensconced in the bar corner, which is the sort of corner I like to be in. Now I was quite sure that altho' I had met Ken I didn't really know him. So in he walked and I've known him for years. I just hadn't connected



AND WHAT'S YOUR  
FAVOURITE DRINK?

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the name with the, er, thing. Ken called for guinness like a starving man for food and the evening became hilarious. Alan had a copy of Don Marquis' Archy and Mehitabel, all in lower case, which was a beautiful piece of work. Wish I had a cockroach like that, might get some stories accepted sometime.

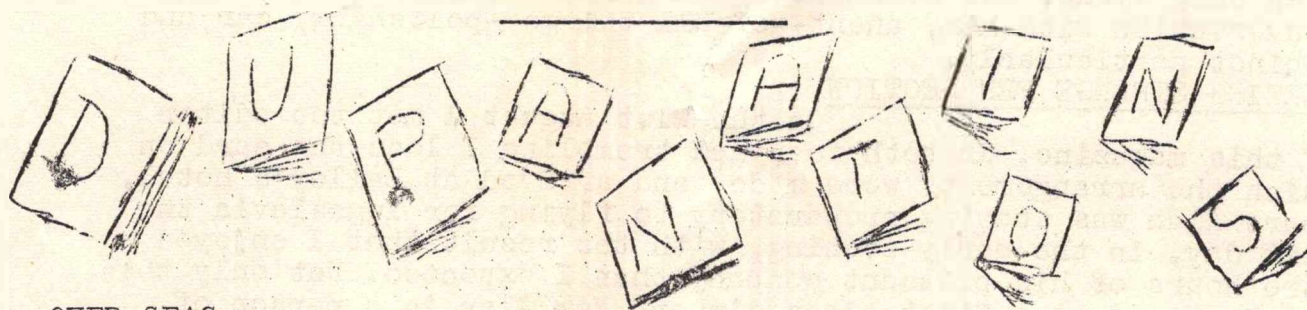
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The best quotes are those you dont---Unknown Fan

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### CONCLUSION

The end of this col finds me as the beginning did, on the sick list. Ghod, what a year. Nervous exhaustion at the beginning, bronchial influenza and fibrositis in the middle, now ruddy flu again--twice in three months. And to cap it all the bloody Tories have got in again--Alan's turned out to be a violent Tory and pro H-Bomb, but as Mehitabel the cat says, Wotthehell!



### OVER SEAS.

QUID.1. from Vic Ryan 2100 Sylvan Rd., Springfield Illinois. USA. Quite a good first issue with two useful articles, how to travel cheaply in Europe and how to brew one's own beer, plus a story and a Dodd film review--usual letter and fanzine depts. Subs, 15¢ per copy or 4 for 50¢. Irregular. Duping not good but will be better so eds promise.

LE MARCHE AUX PUCES FANTASTIQUE Jean Linard, 24 Rue petit, Vesoul France. Lisez vous Francais? Ce zine ci est ecrit totalement en Francais. Qualite? interessant je crois pour le fan Francais. Subs Je ne sais pas--mais il trade je crois.

SF NYTT Stellar Publications, Box 409, Hägersten 74. Stockholm Sweden, 25 ore or trade. Most of it in Swedish, but there are a few pages of natter and fanzine reviews in English by Alan Dodd.

GROUND ZERO Belle C. Dietz. 1721 Grand Ave. Bronx 55, N.Y. USA subs 15¢ per copy, ten ish for a dollar. English agents Inchmery 236, Queen's Rd. London S.E.14, 1/- per copy, ten for 7/6d. Demy 1/2 size, but contains interesting material, con reports, film review and report from Inchmery.

YANDRO 7,8,9, R. & J. Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indian, USA. Subs 1 15¢ per copy, 12 for a dollar fifty, England 1/- each ex Alan Dodd 77, Stanstead Rd. Hoddesdon Herts. This excellent zine is well worth getting on any grounds, there's everything fannish in it and a deal of excellent sericon stuff, No.9. has a con report, everyone should get this zine.

SEXY-VENUS Bo Stenfors, Bylgiavagen 3, Djursholm, Sweden. Boo-hoo, last ish of my occasional dose of fan-spice. Reason given in Swedish, why fold Bo?

00PSLA 28-29 Gregg Calkins 1484 East 17th South, Salt Lake City, 5, Utah, USA. Another slickly produced zine of the same type as Yandro, only comes in two parts 15¢ per copy, long term subs not desired, but 7 ish for a dollar. English agent this year is Ron Bennett, 7, Southway, Arthur's Ave Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. Contents varied and interesting including a posthumous article by Vernon McCain. Good zine for everyone.

PHANTASIA 2. David N. McCarroll, 644 Avenue C, Boulder City, Nevada USA. Quite an interesting, though rather slim zine. Subs are not given, but is a good second to Yandro and Oopsla.

REVOLUTION John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown, 9, Ohio. USA. A one-shot zine, produced beautifully, and devoted to the praises of John Berry, if you like Berryana get this ish. 25¢ and cheap at the price.

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#### HOMEWORK

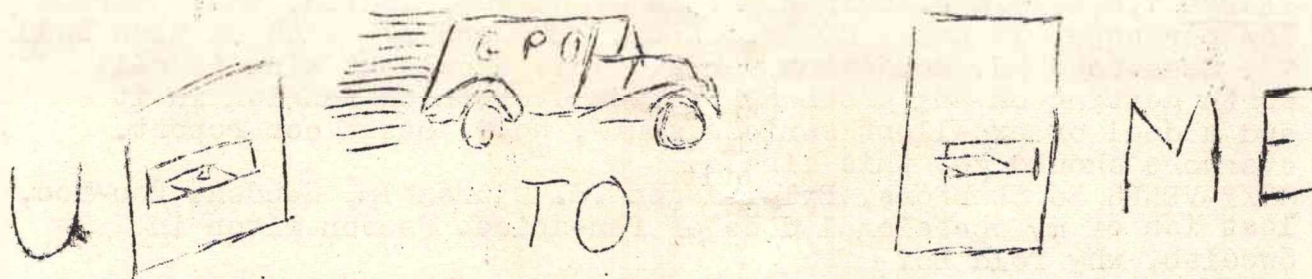
EAST & WEST NEWSCAST Peter Campbell, Birkdale Cottage, Brantfell, Windernere, Westmorland, England. 2/- copy. This is an extremely serious zine devoted to esoteric and psionic material. For those interested it is a most worthwhile zine.

ERG 2. By Terry Jeeves, 58, Sharrard Grove, Sheffield, 12 England. Ompazine, but contains very interesting article on taking up tape-recording and gives a list of tapefen. This, with the crossword, takes up the bulk of the ish. Well produced and worth getting.

HUNGRY.1. Alan Rispin, 35, Lyndhurst Ave, Higher Irlam, Manchester England. Two sides of quarto containing a short conreport makes up this zine, Rispin wants fanzines.

Have just received a copy of Songs from Space, put out by Eric Bentcliffe and Laurence Sandfield. Sorry that I don't think much of it, what do other fen think, I'd like to know.

18.



Pete Campbell, Birkdale Cottage, Brantfell, Windermere Westmorland

Many Thanks for Northlight--a real good issue--East and West Newcast, is temporarily suspended due to financial crisis, but the F.E.W. is still continuing. Next mailing should be out in a few weeks.

Laurence Sandfield, 25 Leighton Rd. London W.13. Herewith crit for N6 and right away there's a great improvement in the duping. The cover was corny, type 1936 SF stuff. A tiger(?) lioness(?) would not be able to walk or even stand. Too bad that according to your editorial you didn't enjoy the con--sure it wasn't partly your own fault? One of the cons that I enjoyed most was the one at Kettering where there was no programme at all, Really went, that. The heading of German Fandom ahoy was so much McIntyre that the author's name was hard to find. It would appear from this that Gerfandom is very much like Anglo-US fandom in suffering from unnecessary feuds. Are you temporarily displaced by Alan Burns with a Lilienthal Glider was quite a piece of fannishness, the illo for this gave me a smile too. Alan Dodd's thing was quite good though I must disagree with him about Bryan Welham. Having been as near to Tommy Steele as I am to this typer I can vouch for it that he's nothing like Eryan Welham. Sorry to take away Bryan's one claim to fame. Gobbledegook was lousy. A Fan in Eire. You know Alan you do this sort of Sericon effort very well. Let's have more, Ken's Genghis Khan was very much overdone. A little of this sort of thing goes a long way. If Ken wants to satirise the bloodier parts of Earth's past it would be better if he did it in English as his mastery of American argot is low, in his own language he can do it more convincingly.

Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield Ill. USA Many thanx for N6.. McIntyre has developed into a pretty fair cartoonist, a couple of good examples of this appear in thish. Dodd is a fine writer and his style comes through here, but with a strained ending. The lettercol was spotty, it ranged from nothingness like Tom Porter's to good letters like Bob Coulsons. And your duping seems a bit better.

Sid Birchby, 1, Gloucester Ave. Lemenshulme, Manchester .19. Many thanks for sending me Northlight.6. The cover was dramatic, tho' I miss the familiar lighthouse symbol. Have you given it up. I liked Klaus Eylmann's article too. Dodd on Clacton and you on temporal displacement were quite good. Laurence Sandfield on jazz very good. The gem of the issue was your piece on Eire which I greatly enjoyed. Generally the issue was nicely set out and had a deal of good material in it. One or two faint patches still, especially on the reader's letter page in the ish I had, however it was far less noticeable than in the ish before.

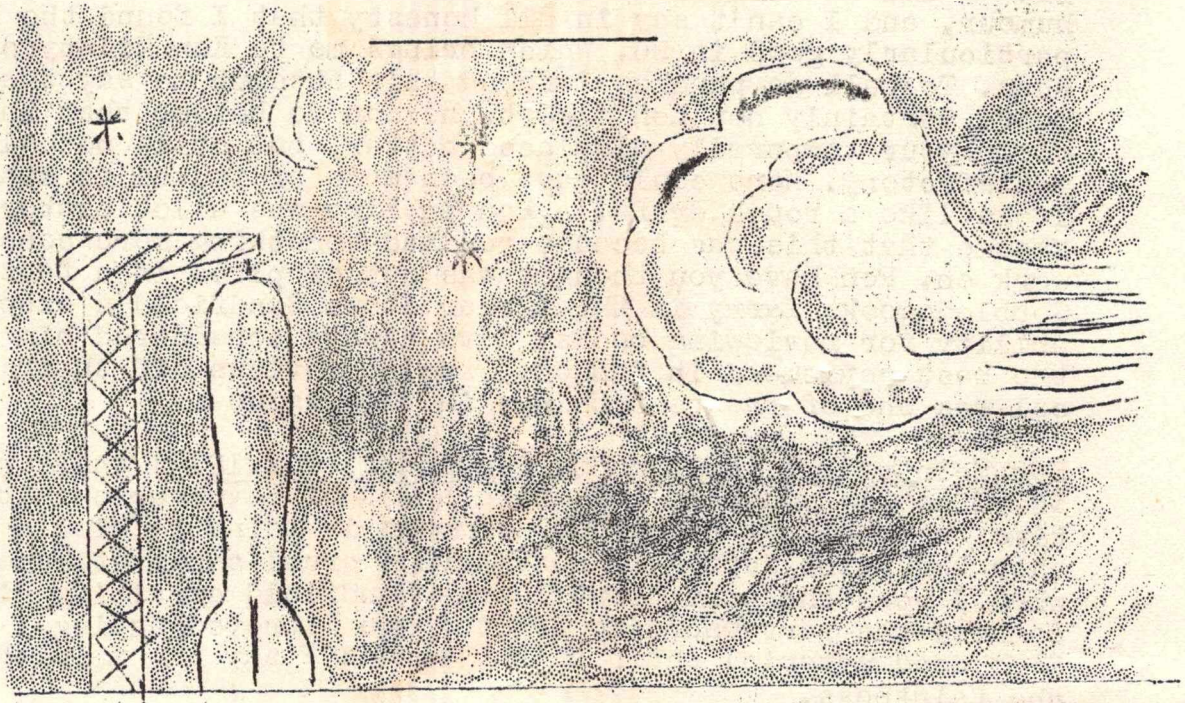
Archie Mercer 434/4 Newark Rd. North Hykeham Lincs. Am I temporarily displaced by Alan Burns, I wouldn't know, but Northlight is still improving, and Ken's getting really into the swing of decorating it attractively.

Mike Moorcock, 30 Benhill Wood Rd. Sutton Surrey. Northlight 6 received and read, thanks. Frankly I can't say that I enjoyed the whole ish from cover to cover, like the duping, it was good in places Alan Dodd's column was quite interesting and a departure from his norm. Your comments in the editorial were unappreciated I wasn't there, and I don't know what the Brummacon was actually like. Eylmann's piece I liked, the information helped me get a better insight into what is actually going on in Gerfandom. I like a fmz to contain at least one serious piece to balance the humour, and I can't say in all honesty that I found the humour particularly good in N6. Which brings me to Ken McIntyre's Genghis Khan. To pull no punches I found this attempt to say the least poor. Certainly not Ken's best, he can do better than this. I found your temporarily displaced better, but still not altogether satisfactory. More could have been made of it, as it stands, it looks like a rough draft. A Fan in Eire was a lot better and I assume that this was because you had something more concrete to work on. Fen have you thought was out of place in a fanzine. Liked Gobbledegook. Larry in the Corner shows Sandfield's excellent ability for reviewing books. I've always considered him one of the best reviewers in fandom. Fanzine reviews did their job. Letter col was one of the best things in this issue.

Ken McIntyre, 1, Hylton St. Plumstead, S.E.18. I thank you for N6. I notice you have got quite a lot of favourable crits this time, but believe me buster, someone is going to blow a gasket over the faint duping. I must have a cruel sense of humour when I read the part about Laurie Sandfield straining his eyes to read the part where he praised you improved duping I laughed. Some good material again this, but as I say the main thing was the faintness.

Peter Singleton, 10 Emily Street, Burnley Lancs. The first thing that struck me about N6, not surprisingly, was the cover. It's well drawn by I don't like the theme. It reminds me too much of the muck that Hollywood's dishing out. Next outstanding item this was the Genghis Khan bit by McIntyre--a really competent checkle producer, with Alan Dodd's I Dodd like to be beside the seaside running a very close second--Full Marks. Your duping is still thin in parts, but it seems to be a slight improvement on N5.

Terry Jeeves 58 Sharrard Grove, Sheffield, 12. Many thanks for N5 and I think this is a great improvement on earlier issues as regards material. On the other hand I don't know what Ken McIntyre uses to cut stencils, but can't you talk him into buying a backing sheet and a proper stylus, knitting needles are so blunt. I liked Alan Dodd's column, and preen myself as being the "only true British gentleman in Yorkshire. I couldn't make out why quite, but it's nice to hear it. Sandfield's jazz column left me cold, I have absolutely no interest in jazz, so this section was wasted on me. The flashback to Roman Scandals was interesting and a bit nostalgic. Also enjoyed the brief mention of the Cheltenham affair. Didn't overlike Genghis Khan. Much as I like Ken himself, his writing is a bit too strained, he tries too hard to be funny, and produces an instinctive reaction in me that refuses to be amused. The duping seems a lot better, but you still have quite a way to go.



# "WHISPER CHASER"

They call me a "whisper chaser," But this I'd have you know,  
That a "whisper's" just a space-strain call, that went out  
long ago.

We chase the whispers round the clock, and often-times

we find  
Calls so strange that they almost unseat the thinking  
mind.

Calls that carry long-forgotten joys and hopes and fears,  
Of people who have been at rest the past ten thousand  
years.

These calls go creeping on and out across the endless  
dark.

It's said a whisper chaser once, picked up Marconi's  
spark.

But I've heard stranger things than that of which I  
dared not tell--

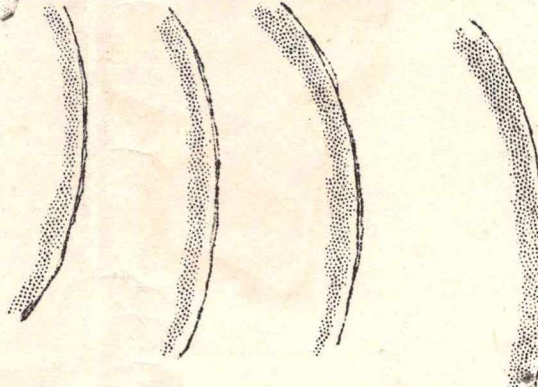
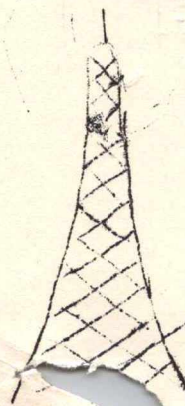
The oath of secrecy you know--but I'm retired, Well  
Late on one night, and half asleep, I heard the proper  
ping,

It makes a noise to let us know when it gets anything,  
I upped the gain, and upped it more, the call was very  
weak,

And suddenly I heard a mighty voice begin to speak,  
"Rot this damn job," the unknown said, and followed with  
a curse.

"Blast them for giving me the job to make the universe."  
Silence then, no sound but for the whisper of the tape,  
Was it, I wondered, some poor sort, of departmental jape?  
No, it couldn't be, I blanked the tape and walked away,  
Back to my desk, and I have said, no word until this day.  
And I have wondered, was it God who thundered out that  
curse,

Or did some grouching low-rank tech create our universe?





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by  
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1, Hylton St.  
Plumstead,  
London S.E.18

and

Laurence Sandfield,  
25, Leighton Rd.,  
London W.13.

There are no subs for this  
zine. People whose conscience  
tickles should send moneys to  
TAFF. But a letter of comment  
or a zine for swap is just as  
acceptable. Articles, stories,  
poems etc. are welcomed, but  
are not begged for. Us'in have  
always plenty to say!

DUPLICATED MATTER.

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