

NORTHLIGHT



Jeeves

BENTCLIFFE FOR TAFF!

FTL "NORTHLIGHT" NO. 3

CARGO MANIFEST

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NORTHLIGHT NOTES

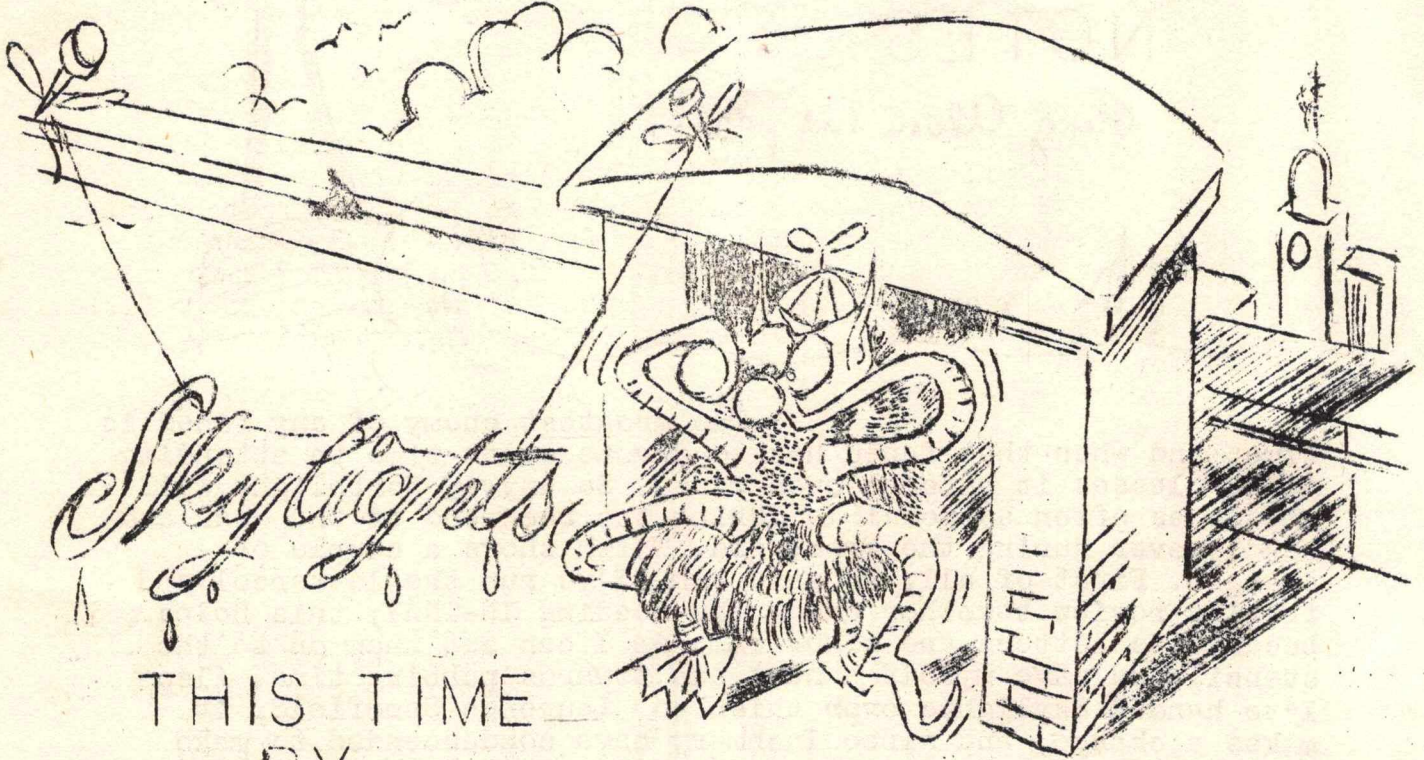
being Alan his page!



The greatest enemy of any faned is time, and when that faned has to devote spare time to attending night-classes it becomes even worse. So anyway Northlight will appear as often as possible during the back-end of the year and hardly ever during the front end. This shows a couple of changes. First of all, to save time I've run the lettercol and fanzine review together under the heading IN-TRAY, this helps because as letters and zines come in I can cut them on to the stencil and save myself a hunt out towards pubbing time. Also I've handed Skylights over this to Laurence Sandfield, it makes a change, and since Inchmery have condescended to make something of the Lond O affair and drag N in, Laurence, being on the spot (in more ways than one) is best qualified to write the necessary scathing replies to scurrilous innuendoes, as our humour up here might possibly turn Inchmery irritation to open wounds, and I've too much respect for the solid work that Inchmery have done in the past to allow this to happen.

Taping is going on nicely, with tape-respondence opened up with Terry Jeeves in addition to Alan Dodd. Terry has asked me to support Eric Bentcliffe for TAFF, and this I gladly do. Eric the Bent is too well known to need much said about him, and for my money he's for Taff, tho' I'll say that if Terry wanted me to support Joe Soap I'd do it, Terry's a sound man, and his recommendations carry weight with me.

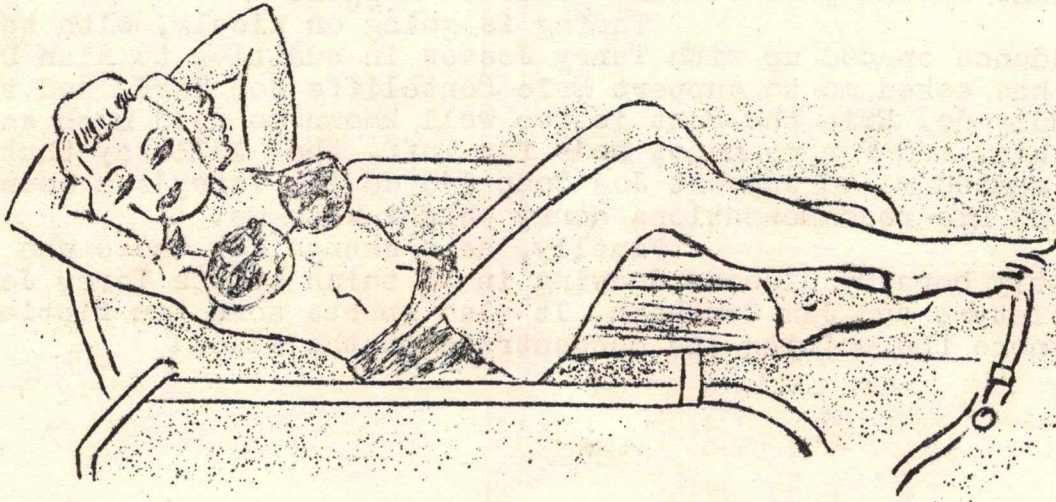
Finally, as a change for those who patiently bore my hideous drawing in N7 this sports Terry Jeeves Ken McIntyre and Jim Cawthorn. It also sports some fan fiction by me, ignore the writing and concentrate on the illos!



Spotlights

THIS TIME
BY

"SATYR"



McINTYRE

As you see, Alan has handed me Skylights for this. The real reason for this is that he wants to swank about Yugoslavian holidays and so forth. (That's what I say anyway. What has happened is that he's had hundreds of requests to say more about it--well at least I asked him!)

My report of the Lond O debates and committee dissolution has had several results. On the first Thursday in December Ted Tubb said to me, "A good article Larry, a nice bit of factual reporting." Ever so ta Ted. On the other hand Alan and I have each received communications from Inchmery which are truly astonishing. They come from Joy and Vinz independently of each other and reveal an attitude of mind of which I have not until now had any conception whatsoever. Let us put the Lady first. All fen please note that there is no sarcasm intended in the use of the word lady.

Joy, after saying that she has received N this morning and is sending a copy of her note to both Alan and Ron Bennett (Why Ron? What's he got to do with it?) she goes on to tell me that I once wrote a "wildly accusative" letter to Inchmery (I never sent such a letter to anyone) to which she replied asking for an explanation (I received no such letter which does not mean that Joy didn't send one) and speaks of an agreement on each side never to mention the matter again, which agreement I don't remember. Maybe I was in the Loo. In any case, I would not have been party to such an agreement as it would have been a gag on the fannish press. She speaks of my "accusations of obstruction" and tells me to answer in an enclosed SAE. She says that she is "so certain we can disprove these accusations that we want you to let us know what they are. (I bet they do. Then a bowdlerised edition in Ape with comments in the usual Inchmery style. As Billy Cotton says I should cocoa.)

My first reaction to this effusion was indignation. Then I related it to world affairs and got the mental image of one of those tiny Chinese ceremonial teacups, full of what Chesterton called "a bland and smiling oriental" with a tiny ripple chasing now and then across the surface. I dissolved into laughter (you try dissolving when you weigh 10 st. 7 lbs) and answered Joy's letter in the amused tone that I felt it merited. Nevertheless I returned her SAE and said that I was not in the habit of obeying peremptory commands.

Joy's effort however is a piece of sweet reason compared with the postcard Vinz sent to Alan. Vinz says:- Ref this nonsense in Northlight 11 (That's pretty good going for a start. Time Travel yet.) Laurence Sandfield has a couple of grudges against me. (Have I Vinz? This is indeed news to me) If you had checked with me before pubbing his silly mixture of untruths and meant-to-be damaging inferences (Inferences? Don't you mean fair comment Vinz? I never draw inferences, I'm just not subtle enough) I could have told you

the position. The fact that you did not shows your motives quite clearly (Ving does not suggest what the motives might be) Crawl back under that stone before someone treads on you (Is anyone BIG enough?) If any of your readers unacquainted with us doubts our good intentions--or Inchmery's--they are invited to write direct to us.

Now what emerges from all this hot air is one salient fact. Inchmery have taken as an attack something that just never was one. The Lond O doings in N7 were nothing more or less than an objective history of what had happened over the four or five months previously, with a few rather moderate opinions thrown in. Yet Inchmery immediately shouts "Up with the stockades! We're being attacked!" Why?

Would it be, I wonder, that Inchmery have a feeling of guilt that leads them to expect an attack, and thus see one where none is intended? When one thinks of the fen who have been smeared thru' the pages of Ape over the last 14 ishes it would seem that they have. In Ape 1, Inchmery Diary para.1: I, myself, was attacked. Then there followed Dave Kyle, Eric Bentcliffe, James Rattigan, and me again. Eric B. admittedly was first smeared in The Goddamned Hobbyist. Not so much in Ape. But by a member of Inchmery nevertheless. With a record like this is it surprising that the least little thing is liable to upset them. Then of course we must be charitable and remember that Joy, but a little time ago went thru' the traumatic and engram activating process of childbirth, even the easiest of which is hard on anyone. It may be that she still feels the strain. Coupled with this, I know from experience that the first year of parenthood is the most difficult, even with a bonny baby like Nikki, or a strong child like Michelle was, as an infant I mean. She's still strong, thank heavens. It may just be that the responsibilities of parenthood are rendering them just a little short-tempered and soon they'll be back on form again.

Regarding Ving's good intentions, I fail completely to see how good intentions can be equated at all with remarks about stepping on people. This is the remark of someone who considers himself at least a minor deity, and will go to any lengths to prove it. Until now I have respected Ving's intelligence and mental integrity, but after this childish display, left open so that all the P.O. workers might taste his spleen, he has fallen a good deal in my estimation. Pity, because I really did like Ving at one time, and have no particular feeling against him even now. Why should I have? He can't hurt me.

I see no reason why Alan should have checked with Ving before pubbing my truthful and objective reports. Indeed it would be interesting to know if Dave Kyle or Eric Bentcliffe were checked with before those articles were pubbed about them. The answer's

obvious. Obstruction? Without going into detail, here are two instances out of many. When the Lond O asked, as was its right, for the Lond O funds being "cared" for by Inchmery, Inchmery tried to refuse those funds to us. This is a fact. Sandy Sanderson said at the meeting "No, the money was for the circle as then constituted" Meaning as constituted when the gift was made. Joy told us we wanted to fritter it away. As it was our money, given to the Lond O by the good wishes and kindness of New York fandom, and I believe other fen, what did it matter to her what we wanted it for? Then they told us that the meeting was illegal as the whole membership had not been circularised (perhaps this was the case, but who would have cared?) and then asked if Ethel Lindsay had been circularised. They knew in advance that she hadn't. This was reported in Ape "as pulling an ace out" or some such tripe. Then at the White Horse some time later Vinç turned up at five to nine at night for a meeting timed for eight o'clock, told us that he was under the impression that it was a committee, not a business meeting (he was the only one under that impression) and then pulled the same gag as above. It was obvious from his expression when he entered that he was primed for trouble. We were therefore compelled to waste a further hour on recovering the business that we had already decided on and passing a decision that in future circularisation would be unnecessary.

This was all apart from the debate on their impudent and unnecessary circular which contained a proposed constitution that we didn't want and an accusation of "Dictatorship" on the part of the DEMOCRATICALLY ELECTED COMMITTEE. These were all devices calculated to slow up our procedure and cause exasperation. It was the mounting exasperation that caused the ultimate break-up, this being the way that Inchmery used the constitution to smash the reconstituted Lond O.

Let me make it perfectly clear that this is what I saw happen. I lived thru' about nine months of it. Quite a number of Lond O fen will tell you substantially the same thing..

There's quite a smile in Ape thish (Dec) A para on unnumbered P 51 tells us that "Had this been in any other fanzine, or written by any other than Sandfield we might have bothered about it---" The same dreary tripe as ever, followed by a statement that if Alan thinks he is going to get any padding from an article by Inchmery in defence of itself he is mistaken. So Sandy Sanderson regards Inchmerian articles as mere padding---Ah well.

What ever he says the sum mentioned at the meeting was £2, the name was Vinç and the food hot dogs, as if it mattered. That it was actually Atom 30/- and hamburgers I'm fully prepared to believe. I can only report what I've heard. For the truth of the matter, I'd advise everyone to avoid writing to Inchmery, or they might receive the same sort of postcard that Alan did, when he took a certain notice of all that was going on, which

wrote a conciliatory letter, inviting Inchmery to put their case in Northlight. It would be far better to ask Roberta Gray, who took shorthand notes of everything except the last business meeting which was after her marriage. That Sandy Sanderson doesn't intend to pub anything about the Lond O in the future will come as a great comfort to us after the misrepresentation of the election report with its insulting references.

I must thank Inchmery for the page of publicity on P.28. This afforded me a mirthful few moments. I think that someone should tell Sandy that to obtain the editorship of Vector one has to attend the AGM of the BSFA and stand for election. If you are apart from it by the distance between London and Manchester the operation is rather difficult. Seriously I'm not surprised to know that the Clacton Group is defunct now that it's two brightest lights are working away from Clacton--or were when I last heard about them. The Inchmery spokesman's remarks were the most coherent in the issue.

As far as talent and ability are concerned, I'll admit to the lack of the talent and ability to twist half-truths into strange shapes the way Sandy Sanderson can, but then I don't possess an esoterically tortuous mind. Pity.

Well that about wraps things up as far as I'm concerned. To say that I'm surprised at the reaction is putting it mildly, in fact as the immortal George Robey put it--I'm more than surprised, I'm amazed.

FINAL NOTE FROM ALAN.

This initial editorial from Laurence opens up a new service in Northlight. to couple with the principle put forward in the last ish of making articles out of worthwhile letters whose subject matter is worthy of more importance than a place in the lettercol. Briefly the idea is this. There are quite a lot of fen who have something to say but must remain silent because they don't have access to a fanzine. Northlight then extends a welcome to these people, and if they'd care to write a Skylights, providing its of sufficient interest then it will have its turn. Best idea is to mail an idea and I'll write by return saying if it's worth pursuing. Fan I'd like to have a Skylights from particularly is Alan Rispin who hit fandom with his Hungry. Alan's just young but has got around some. How about it Alan?



by
 ALAN
 BURNS

Necujam

(Editor's Note ; -One of the specialities of Slavic cookery is a dish called Zakushke, and the nearest Western dish to it is hors d'oeuvres. My article in N7 was more or less in the way of an introduction to Jugoslavia, written in a hurry and it could have been extended into a truly sickening dose of Zakushke, so I kept it short to give a general picture. So having looked over the Zakushke as it were, we now go on to sample a specific dish)

Necujam is an island off the Slavian Coast not far from Split and its speciality is swimming, skin-diving and the rest of the aquatic arts. As an island it is a rock-covered, hornet-breeding, scrub-covered lump of dolomite not worth a dinar, but it has beaches and a modest hotel, and seas that make the clarity of Silver Springs Florida look like the river flowing through an English industrial town, and no-one

gives a cuss what you do there or how you dress, as long as you don't bother anyone else, so like the island of Silt, Necujam has a deal of nude bathing and sunning there.

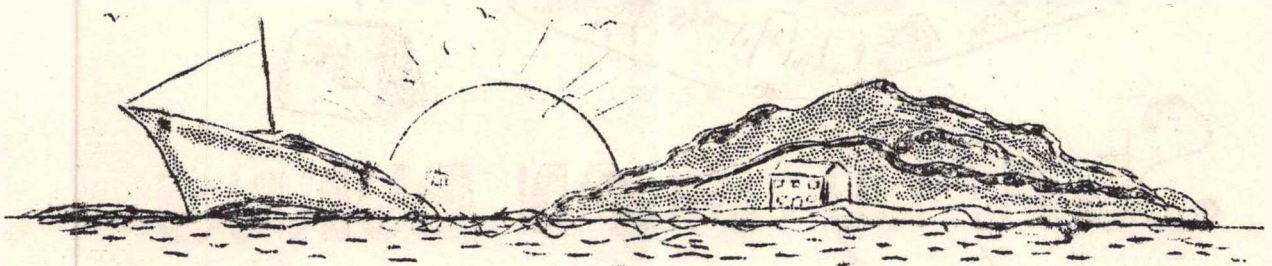
I got to Necujam with an excursion trip. Now the Yugoslav sea-going excursion is a deal different from its English counterpart in that there is nothing official about it. I saw the ad in the office windows of Putnik, the travel agency and went in for info. The man behind the counter said that perhaps there was an excursion on the day stated and that the price was 150 dinars, I could have a ticket, but if there wasn't I could return the ticket and claim my money back. So with nothing to lose I paid for the ticket and duly presenting myself at the motorvessel "Zenta" on a glorious morning I found that there was indeed going to be an excursion when some other people had arrived. So I slung my duffle bag in the cabin and sat on the deck watching the comings and goings in Split Harbour. About thirty others duly arrived and so Milan who owned the boat looked hopefully along the quay and seeing no-one else hopped into the little driver's cabin and started the engine. Accustomed to the gentle chugging of the English excursion boat the shattering roar of the Zenta's motor was a surprise. We went screaming out of the harbour and when Milan had put the boat on auto I asked him about facts and figures for the Zenta in a mixture of English, German and Slav. Well the Zenta wasn't really fast but it was slightly quicker than an E-boat which was why it had survived the war. It could do long journeys and now and then--well even now a man had to get what trade he could--and he liked Necujam. It was roughly a fifteen kilometre run to our destination and we did it in a comfortable twenty minutes. The oddest part of the trip out was the way that everyone on board started shedding clothes once they were out of sight of the shore and by the time we got to Necujam the women were all in bikinis (textiles are short in Jugoslavia) and the men wore seated around in bathing trunks. I sunburn easily so I kept on shirt and slacks, at least until I could find some shade, the pitying look of my fellow-travellers was easier to stand than the glare of the sun that chased my camera down to f.22 at 1/1000th and me back into the ship's cabin hot though it was.

Necujam is covered with a lot of plants that grow a fierce crop of spikes but are very useful for hanging clothes on. I hiked along a fairish road parallel with the beach until I found a stretch of sand shaded enough for me so I went down to it and was soon in bathing trunks and drenched with that new Nivea sun oil (advt.) that combines an insect repellent with it, although the only insects on Necujam are the hornets, they've eaten everything else. I had previously soaked a small towel in sea water and wrapped it round a bottle of the local white wine.

so that after a few minutes swimming I was ready to deal with the bottle of white wine, some grapes, and some tough local bread and even tougher salami, that I had brought from Split as an emergency food supply in case the hotel wasn't. But I didn't get a start because Milan and two or three of the girls who had been in the party came along and said that this was their usual bathing place and did I mind sharing. Well I didn't so they brought their gear down on to the beach. They had a bottle of sun-oil which looked and smelt like crank-case oil out of the Zenta and having applied that where it did the most good we all settled down to enjoy the shade, after I had passed the wine around. But Milan was the restless type and went after one of the girls who was wearing a red bikini. They disappeared round a promontory and Milan returned with a bikini after a while and the girl returned swimming with the leisurely but exceedingly fast crawl that most of the Slavs favour, and walked up out of the sea, politely I took off my sun-glasses to polish them and then reached for my camera. "Some take pictures," remarked Milan, "others are gentlemen," so I took the hint and put the camera away. Well after that we were friendly enough to go swimming bare scud as the poet put it. There's a definite difference even to wearing trunks, and after all there was no-one to bother us.

I had lunch at the hotel, sharing it with seven hornets of distinctly communist tendencies, and then felt like sleeping, and what better place than a big motor-boat rocking gently at anchor? Of course I was just in time to share in the dessert of figs and wine shared by Milan and his friends and so while they went off somewhere to swim I slept. I was wakened by shrieks and splashes. Milan had set up the powerful hose used to wash boats down and was employing it to hose the salt off his girl friends and anyone else foolish enough to come within range. I felt as if I was covered in sand and so I went and got well hosed down in my turn, and then we settled comfortably for the afternoon while I discussed Morality with Milan until it was time for the football game over the radio. The Slavs are mad keen on football, every village has its pitch which is responsible for football being as good as it is.

The game over it was time to head back to Split. "You come next Sunday?" asked Milan. But the next Sunday I was in England.



REHANSI
FORBIDDEN

REHANSI FORBIDDEN



Story by : ALAN BURNS

Jim

REHANSI



Lorimer of Wolf looked into the liquid that passed for wine in his glass, sipped it with distaste and wondered how Lady Girda of Aldebaran could tolerate the low tavern that they were in, low, even though it was the best that the miserable apology for a capital city on Jinx Landing could boast.

----Lorrie, you're pouting--came the amused thought---if you go hunting you go into the forest---

"Look Girda," he said, "the "Royal Sceptre" can't be fixed in less than three months, so rest content, you don't know that he's in danger."

----no, I've not range enough, but I've just a feeling. Here's the man we want---Lorimer looked across the smoky room at the little man that had just come in, a rumpot if ever he had seen one, thirsty and with not a mil in his dirty coveralls. The barkeep looked at him and then at the Lady Girda, she nodded almost imperceptibly. The barkeep set bottle and glass in front of the little man and said something to him. The rummy clutched the bottle and glass and came across to their table.

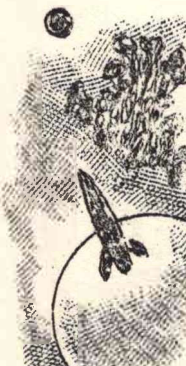
"You wished to have words with me noble Lord and Lady?"

----How much do you love your ship?--came the electric crackle of Girda's telepathy. The little man sat down slowly, filled his glass and gulped the contents.

"Noble Lady I never guessed--but then you know that my ship is second only to Squirrel."

"Look Girda," pleaded Lorimer, "put me in the picture won't you?"

----You tell him Farnsworth--thought Girda.



"My ship noble lady? My lovely Rehansi ship that no-one else wants. Oh it flies so well, all it needs is a little repairing to make it spacerworthy---" He gave a squeak of terror as Lorimer's hand flashed across the table and seized him by the shirt front.

"You drunken spacerat," growled Lorimer, "You can risk your own filthy neck in a Rehansi, but you'd risk the neck of the wife of Kirby of Aldebaran, now get out, before I break you in half."

----It was my idea---came the cool thought ---and it happens to be the only ship on Jinx landing that might just possibly get down on Scorplan without having to fight its way through. Lorimer remember, there but for picking the right parents go you. Shall we go to the "Royal Sceptre"?----

Though the big battleship was a hive of activity, as all the crew toiled to put right the damage done by a chance meteor in the single screenless second when the ship had come out of the "twist", the captain's suite was quiet.

----It seems practical---thought Girda---in a day we can get the "Spacefay" ready. You can follow with the Sceptre as soon as repairs are done---


"And if Kirby's safe he'll give you the spanking you so richly deserve for taking such a risk," said Lorimer. "I wish it was any ship but a Rehansi you were going on."

"Begging your pardon noble Lord," said Farnsworth, "but the Rehansi ships were only unsafe because the crews were too used to Resonator tools to go back to the ordinary type. Weight for weight a Rehansi is only one tenth of the mass of a conventional ship of the same cubic capacity."

"I know," said Lorimer, "flying forcefields that's what they are and just about as stable. All right, I'll turn my engineers loose on your craft, just think how delighted they'll be."

----And remember---thought Girda sweetly
----Resonator Electronic Handling and
Autotools, Navigational and Scientific
Instruments Forbidden on board----

Girda stood on the bridge of the "Spacefay" and tried hard not to think that between herself and the cold hard emptiness of space was only a forcefield. She thought that she had been unjust to Lorimer. He was a good friend, a fine space admiral with a host of medals earned for gallantry and daring, and he knew ships. He had brought the Rehansis from the labs into space, but had stopped when two crews



had died because they ignored the warning that no electronic apparatus of any sort was allowed in the ship, barring a few very heavily shielded units that were essential such as the twist computer and the spacecall installation. The Rehansi ships had been relegated to the scrap yards where only spacemen like Farnsworth would buy them. Girda thought wryly that she was only doing what countless women had done before her, going to the side of a lover in danger. Kirby was her lover because her superb telepathic mind saw past his seemingly idiotic outward appearance to the high intelligence and courage that had caused his father the Emperor to make him Chief of the Order Corps. He looked and acted like a clown in public, with his red hair and big nose, but up and down the Galaxy he was called "Devil" Kirby, and like Girda he was also a mutant, a strange lonely mutant until she had met him, with an odd sense, telestactility, over the lightyears he could feel solids, much in the way that a blind person can sense an obstruction without touching it, and that power gave him an enormous advantage. There were pirates using the Scorplan system as a base, Kirby had been out spacefaring in his private flier. They had received a call from him about the pirates and he had asked for a battleship, but said that he thought he could hold them, so the Royal Sceptre had been sent...

"Last twist Lady Girda," said the whispery voice of the only non-humanoid aboard. She smiled down at Scurrel. He was a lovable Scorplannan, rather like an octopus with an ape's head, and he too shared the same stigma as the Spacefay, Scorplannans were considered by humanoid and other spacers as the worst sort of jinx that a ship could have aboard.

----any coffee left---she thought.

"Yes milady, after twist, I get." She heard the shrilling of Farnsworth's whistle and took a grip of a stanchion, there was a slight jerk and they were looking at a star.

"Here's the reception committee," said Farnsworth coming on to the bridge out of the engine room. "Right Lady, on with the act." A sleek black ship with guns showing cruised up. As soon as they saw who it was they sheered off and Farnsworth took the ship down.

They landed beside a little town on the shore of one of the planet's several seas and with a surge of fierce joy Girda made contact at once with her husband. Of all places he was in the pirate base, which was made in an abandoned Imperial undersea fort. They had been unable to catch him, but also he had been unable to do any major damage, it was a stalemate with neither side able to withdraw.

"I don't see that we can do much Milady," said Farnsworth. "and Scurrel's people have no technical knowledge to speak of." ----but Scurrel has---thought Girda excitedly---and he could mix with the party taking the pirates the supplies they demand. Once in the base he knows enough to wreck the generator.-----

Girda explained the plan to her husband rapidly. He was silent for a moment or two then he agreed to use his tactile powers to guide Squirrel once he was on the base. With the help of the bridge scanner they looked at the undersea fort while in thoughts which Girda picked up Kirby outlined the exact layout of the huge old domed building, built centuries before in the days when the conqueror Emperor Lawson was laying the foundations of the Empire that was the first real unification that the Galaxy had ever known. The unifying of the Galaxy under one power had enabled the sudden invasion of Imperial territory by the Mikellars to be held at bay by successive Emperors and finally smashed by Kirby's father, who reinforced the Imperial Navy with human mutants from various parts of the Galaxy, mutants whose parents had accidentally been exposed during spaceflight to certain cosmic wavelengths which caused changes in the genes, wavelengths which were no respecters of persons as the Emperor Norman had found when his strange son was born.

When Squirrel was sure of what he had to do he hurried away to join his own people, Farnsworth retired to his cheerless little cabin with a bottle of the liquor that was his friend, and Girda relaxed luxuriously in one of the chairs on the bridge, her thoughts lovingly invading her husband's mind, an art that the formalities of court life had made her skilled in.

It was twenty-four Terran hours, or two of the short Scorplan days before the long canoe carrying the supplies that the pirates ruthlessly demanded from the simple inhabitants set out for the base. Nervously Girda and Farnsworth waited on the "Spacefay", for in the crowd of Scorplannans Girda could not make out the thoughts of Squirrel, anymore than a person in a room full of talking people could distinguish a single voice. From her husband she had a report of Squirrel's progress. The Scorplanan was allowed to wander about the base, because to them it was nothing less than miraculous the powers of the pirates' equipment. So Squirrel went on down towards the great generator room where the base pile supplied power for all the complicated screens and weapons, and apart from occasional kicks from odd pirates he was not stopped, and so at last he came to the control room where a single man was on duty. A single blow from one of Squirrel's tentacles was enough to knock him out and the Scorplannan went purposefully towards the panel when another man came on. There was a flash from a paragon and Squirrel collapsed helplessly.

-----You should have warned me--thought Girda furiously at her husband--I could have told Squirrel to hide-----

-----Better this way---thought Kirby---you'll see.----- As the pirate was calling up the base commander on the intercom there was a sudden crackling arc between two switches on the board and all power in the base ceased.

-----It's Squirrel---came Kirby's thought---once a Scorplannan

gets excited or frightened he gives out a powerful interfering electronic field. Scurrel's done this and seems to have shorted out some of the control transistors. So the base detectors are now dead. Can that Rehansi of yours go undersea? If so why not join me down here?----- Girda rapidly asked Farnsworth if the Spacefay could go undersea, as could most spacecraft, and his answer was to take it up and plunge it in a long dive into the ocean. The fort was not equipped for visual observation other than from the part of it projecting above the sea level and so the Spacefay was able to approach unobserved, and in spacesuits Girda and Farnsworth left the vessel and went to join Kirby in his private flier, which had escaped detection when it had originally approached the base because of the mass of special equipment that it carried, and also it was too strongly protected for the pirates to destroy it without destroying their base, so they had contented themselves by sealing off the part of the base where the little craft was.

The first that the three knew of the restoration of power was the explosion of an undersea torpedo.

"I'm sorry Farnsworth," said Kirby, "it's your ship---when we get out of here you'll have the finest trading vessel money can buy, Rehansi if you wish---" He was silent for a minute. "The pirates are leaving" he said.

-----They know we're here---thought Girda---so they're willing to sacrifice their base to get us---The call note sounded on the little ship's spacecall apparatus and Kirby cut it in. Bart Maltby the pirate chief appeared.

"We've got you now," he said, "and we've some big bombs that say you can't get away even with the help of all your fancy gear. So do you surrender?"

"No Order Corpsman surrenders to a proscribed criminal," said Kirby evenly, "And perhaps you don't know all the secrets of this fort, For instance the material of which it is made isn't ordinary stone; it's concrete mixed with collapsed steel. You can try your bombs, but I warn you you'll have to use a planet cracker to do any damage." He shut off the spacecall and using the ship's disintegrator apparatus made a way deeper into the protection of the fort, carefully collapsing the walls behind his ship.

"It's a good thing that the pirates don't have the latest type of disintegrators that work under water," he remarked. "We're safe enough now, we'll go and get Scurrel shall we?"

For a week the fort shuddered under the crash and thunder of bombs and torpedoes. The walls withstood the punishment well, with the exception of one or two minor leaks. Then suddenly the bombardment stopped and Bart Maltby called them again.

"It seems you were right Kirby," he said, "so we'll have to

use a different method. If I don't have your immediate unconditional surrender I'm going to order one Scorplannan to be killed for every half-hour from now that you refuse to surrender." Then suddenly an immensely powerful signal cut into the call.

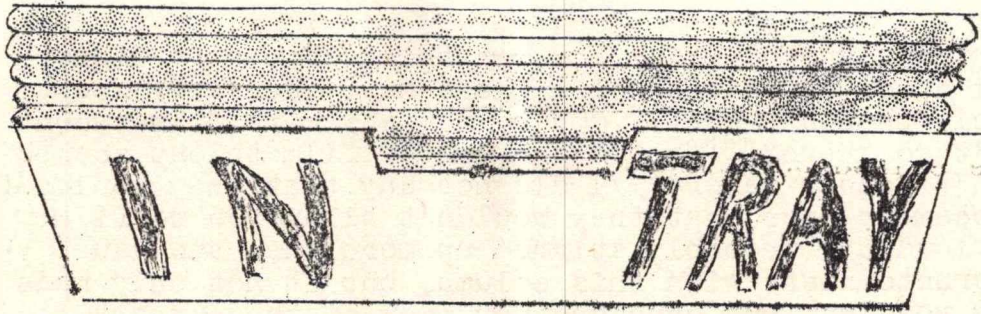
"This is the Royal Sceptre. Maltby some alongside or we'll blow you out of space." Rapidly Kirby switched on screens. It was the Royal Sceptre, but gone was the sleek torpedo shape. There were rents and gashes in the hull, strange apparatus and odd aerials protruded from the most unlikely parts, though arranged to allow unrestricted fire from the rows of disintegrator units, and in fact the whole ship looked a mess.

"It's really Farnsworth we have to thank," said Lorimer of Wolf when they were aboard. "while our electronics people were putting the Spacefay into order he suggested that they turn the Royal Sceptre Rehansi which would be quicker than doing the major repairs needed. They did and so we came--" He was interrupted by the howl of the emergency alarm.

"Oh I forgot," said Kirby with his clown's grin, "my ship's alongside and she's just crawling with null-Rehansi stuff. I'd better go and turn it all off."

-----You won't---thought Girda-----I'm going back to Imperial Centre with you now----and she followed him out.





First in this is from the States
YANDRO, pubbed by the Coulsons, Rural Route 3, Wabash, Ind. USA.
 Price 15 ¢ copy or \$1.50 for 12, England (c/o Alan Dodd, 77,
 Stanstead Rd. Hoddesdon, Herts) 1/- copy or 12/- for 12.
 Hallowe'en ish with litho'd cover, though not drawn with talent
 worthy of the process. Inside--good as always, story, columns,
 poem, illos, and sad news of death of Yandro's cat. A must for
 any fan.

Terry Jeeves OMPazine follows next, a short zine but
 worth getting for the first class production (tho' how--if you
 haven't a zine to swop or something--you'll get it I don't
 know.) And the name is ERG, and the address is T. Jeeves 58
 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield. 12. Has editorial, review of
 OMPA mailing, and article on space-travel--humourous. Two colour
 ish. With it comes a crit letter. "Very many thanks for the latest
 copy of Northlight. I'm afraid that the duping a stencil cutting
 still have a way to go to perfection, but apart from this, this
 is the best copy of Northlight to date. You seem to be hitting
 your editorial stride with a nicely balanced set up. In finer
 detail:- Enjoyed "Skylights with its varied rambling style. The
 paper used for Triode, Erg, and Waldo (EB's ompazine to be) is
 all purchased from Messrs Chapman at 10/- a ream, how does that
 stack against your source//Pretty much the same, mine is 9/4
 plus 5d per ream carriage, from Maclean Bros Bletchley, NB, min
 order from these people is 10 reams// Also see that you are
 another person sold on tape recording. I'd like to believe that
 my ERG article had a hand in that//Yep, you were the person that
 prized my fingers off the root I was holding to prevent me going
 over the cliff//but I expose there is really no connection. I
 like the Brenell deck but have no knowledge of their complete
 tapers. As a matter of fact the next project in the tape line is
 the acquisition of a Mk.V. Brenell deck for dubbing purposes.
 Thanks for the spread on the BSFA, no doubt this will provoke
 the usual spate of argument...suitably tempered by the fact that
 seven months have gone by and NOT a Word about the next con...
 and nobody is busily organising a BSFA this year. OOJACHCAWATSIT
 on page six, was puzzled by parts of this...quote..."The (women)

will do anything (anything??) // Yes, anything // for a foreigner (now you'll have Bentcliffe going there next year)... except to have their photos taken... don't know why more film talent scouts don't go there? "" "What's the use of film talent scouts if they won't face a camera? // I did not say that they wouldn't face a cinecamera--nor that they wouldn't allow you to film them // Sandfield has probably stirred up more than the usual quota of hornets nests with this column, but it not only made interesting reading, but gave another view of the current centre of fannish feudom, very good. Poetry(???) on the back page is just not my cup of tea, and thusly the only thing I didn't relish in this issue. Let's have more of this bigger and better N and if you can rake in a side-kick, more often too."

Now a clip from a longish letter from Alan Rispin of 35 Lyndhurst Ave. Higher Irlam, Manchester. "Glad you have a taper now. I guess you'll get into taperesponding now and become a HI-FI fan like Vinç. I'm not saying much about the con argument except that I enjoyed myself, and though I think it might have been better, it could have been a heck of a lot worse. Recording 'pops' on tape is illegal, in fact recording any record is a breach of copyright. // Couldn't agree more Alan, but only if it's replayed for any gainful purpose, and only if it is played without its origin not being acknowledged--how about the BBC? // Yugoslavia seems a nice place, but I don't think you could extract fannishness from a mundane holiday--even if in Cannes! I liked Larry's column, apart from the fact that he is obviously a Tubb disciple. Though I am not Inchmery brain-washed I can see some of their point of view and I think that the fault of the break up can be shared because both factions displayed absolute bad manners and obstructiveness The Symposium "business meeting" was absolutely sickening. I didn't dig the poem at the back. Letters were interesting and the duping is steadily improving."

Next letter is from Archie Mercer who is (as far as I know) the first fan to do what I have urged (As if anyone needed to know the address it is 434/4 Newark Rd. North Hykeham Lincs), namely to express tangible appreciation of N by sending something to TAFF. "Dear Alan, and another Northlight appears over the horizon. On this occasion I've decided to make a gesture towards salving my conscience by sending 2/6 TAFFwards in your name // good for you // The McIntyre touch being absent is a pity, because you yourself will readily agree that your own artistic capacity is considerably short of Ken's. The two ladies on pages 1/2 seem to be Jeeves inspired, but certainly not Jeeves executed. The remainder of the artistry--barring the contents page which is simple but effective--is almost as bad as I could do myself. The Yugoslav article--good title according to the table of contents page, but otherwise not precisely decodable--is of interest. Do Dalmatians have schizophrenia // Nc Archie, Dalmatians do not even have the spotted dogs called Delmatians--these have to be imported //

L. Sandfield's column starts off interestingly, continues VERY interestingly, and finished interestingly. The middle part-- tho' interesting in the extreme, is also most disturbing--not the fact that it's been written up (for from now on it will be one of fandom's main talking points) but the fact that it had to happen at all. As to how fair the author's being, that depends largely on whose side one looks at the thing from, I rather think. Certainly I think he washes Ted Tubb rather whiter than comes natural to Ted. Remains the lettercol (which is too much straight comment on the issue and not enough side tracks) // interesting side tracks are explored as articles Archie // Terry's article (I'm prejudiced) and the poem at the end which looks far too original to be original--if you see what I mean // I swear it's original // Mercatorially as ever.

Next a Swedish mag Cactus, pubbed by Sture Sedolin P.O. box 403 Vällingby 4 Sweden. Subs \$1 for 10 issues in USA from Seth A Johnson 339 Stiles Street, Vauxhall Jersey USA . 7/- for 10 issues in England from Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd. Hoddesdon Herts. Lives up to the promise of the first issue--does this 'zine, photo cover of some femme-fen. Contents interesting and filled by a galaxy of artistic talent, how does Sture do it? In short a mag comparable with anything, keep it up Sture.

Ted Tubb writes next, but I will only remark that he likes N7 and likes Laurie Sandfield's col--the rest of his letter is well worth making into an article, which shall be done. His address, for those interested is 67 Houston Rd. London S.E.23. Next comes Hyphen 23 from Walt Willis, 170 upper Newtownwards Rd. Belfast 4. N. Ireland. This magazine is principally devoted to the worthy cause of Bob Shaw appreciation. Hyphen is serious, extremely scholarly and most eminently readable, in short the sort of zine wise fen will read and neofen will worship.

A letter from Sid Birchby follows, address 1 Gloucester Ave, Levenshulme, Manchester 19. Dear Alan, thanks for Northlight 7. You're dead right, having your duper overhauled has made a difference. No faint spots at all except for a few minor ones on pp 15/16. I don't like the cross-eyed girl on P.25. Terry on the BSFA I agree with. Far too many members are not willing to do any work for the Association (to be quite honest that should include me) But it's a normal situation in a lot of amateur societies nowadays // whaddya mean amateur societies! The Bussfar is a fannish society! // and there's nothing to be done about it. One can't compel enthusiasm. I don't understand your Cyrillic script. Presumably the first word is Alan, which makes the first part of the second word 'on' which I guess to be in and so from the context the whole title is something like "Alan in Slavia" or perhaps "Alan enslaved" or maybe "Alan Slaving" // Yeah, with rage at dumb fen who don't read contents pages // So you tell me. Like Laurence Sandfield I too thought "Some like it hot one of the funnier films. Yours Sid.

Mail from Laurence Sandfield, 25 Leighton Rd. London W.13. The astronomical dome on the cover reproduced well didn't it? Right at the start the duping showed 100% improvement altho there are still patches of lightness they don't mean a thing. Terry's Case for the Defence (Your title no doubt) Put up a good case. The troubles of running a con are quite unknown, I'm sure, except to those who have done it. What a pity you could find no more to say about Yugoslavia//it's in this// O that is called Cyrillic Script is it? I've often wondered at its name. Invented by someone called Cyrill most improbably//You aren't far wrong, it was actually introduced by a chap called Cyrus, Persian King-- or ruler--more's the pity it's giving way to our own script in Eastern Europe.//Did the heading read "A fan in Yugoslavia"? Before turning to the letters I'd like to say that your thought that we'd appreciate Ken's illoes all the better for a short rest seems to be born out. Look dont let's have any more of those crude looking women, they only spoil the look of the zine. Liked the humour of the cartoons on pages 10 and 11. Ah mistake in the third line of my letter. The words "that large" missed out. Never mind, quite good critting on the whole. One or two letters missing from words here and there gave a strange effect, but wotthehell, wotthehells I think that on the whole Mike Moorcock's and Terry Jeeves' letters were the best. No really controversial matter in any of the letters which is a pity. Nothing like a good slanging match to brighten things up//and look who's talking--Sandfield, --slangmaster par excellence//Or an interesting discussion, coming to that. And I think I'd better cut off Ken's Guinness supply, that'll teach him to laugh at my eyestrain. Oddly the thing I enjoyed most was the verse at the end. Rhythm limped a bit in places//sometime you'll have to hear me read it, it didn't limp to me// but the sardonic quality of the basic philosophy! I don't know about the universe, but I sometimes think that the people on this planet must have been made by a very low-rank tech. Then I see things like Miss Holland (Miss World) and, well, thanks for a nice ish Alan.

Reverently received is Amra from George Scithers, Box 682 Stanford California. To pay proper appreciation of this mag would take up a page, so I'll just say that it is a fanzine that should not be missed by anyone worthy of the name of a fan. P.S. even those who don't like Robert E. Howard!

Gingerly handled is the last issue of Archive by Archie Mercer of 434/4 Newark Rd. North Hykeham Lincs. Archie, having got mathematically into deep water with the numbering of his OMPA zine has decided to fold it, and put out a new thing. This last ish of Archive is nonetheless a good one, has various articles and illoes and of the quality we have learnt to expect from him.

21.
Camber 11 from Alan Dodd, 77, Stanstead Rd. Hoddesdon Herts
who charges 1/- or 15¢ per ish and it is well worth it. The most notable part of the ish is a severe critting of Werner von Braun, Alan really goes to town, and unfortunately most of what he says is only too true. if for nothing else you should get Camber to read this. But the able support of Cawthron illoes and articles by people such as Mike Deckinger make this a noteworthy ish.

Retribution 14, pubbed by John Berry at 31, Campbell Park Ave Belmont Belfast.4. Northorn Ireland. at 1/- or 15¢ per ish.

Notable for an account of the Berry expedition to the States and the right royal reception received thereat. Also contains Poul Anderson's speech at the Worldcon. Well worth the getting.

Aporrheta 14. Put out by Inchmery Fandom at 236 Queen's Rd. New Cross London S.E.14 at 1/6d or 20¢ per ish. All fen sub smartish and no messing or Inchmery'll crit you cruel. Usual immaculate high quality(Well they're BNF's aren't they?). Nicest part of the ish is Nicola Belle's Christmas card which shows the usual Inchmery standard of work.

Next a letter from Peter Singleton, 10 Emily St. Burnley Lancs
A very pleasing cover thish tho' the interior illos are very crudely drawn. I'd rather you did away with interiors altogether if you can't do better than that!----By all means tell us more of your Yugoslavian adventures. Not particularly SF or fannishly oriented--but who cares so long as it's interesting. If any further revelations are as good as the ones in N7 I'm all for Yugoslavia! Repro? Well it can be said that it hasn't gotten any worse, if you see what I mean, but N is not a subzine so I'm quite happy with such minor inconsistencies as hard-to-read dupering. After all it's the material that counts in the long run isn't it? Finally another copy of Yandro in time for review. Slim ish, for which the producers apologise. Notable features, a delicious poem and a conventional speculation on the Future of SF from Bem Gordon--Oh and cover, new Yankee style fighter--when will the Americans switch to null-grav!

And that MT's the In-tray till N9

Bye now,

THE

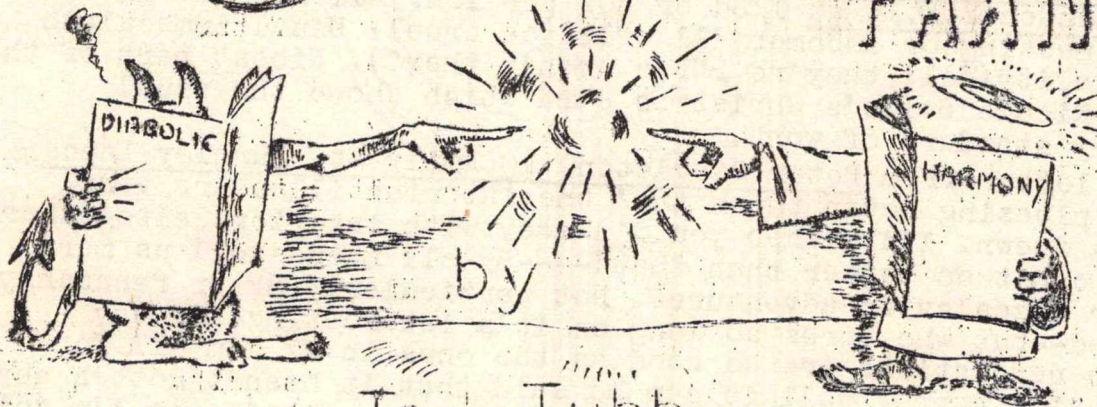


Ethical

jim



FANN



Ted Tubb

Northlight 7-I like it. Especially

did I like the back page where it says there are no subs for this zine etc. It is one of those eternal fannish dreams that a fannag might, one day, become self-supporting but I have never known it happen yet. Fanzines are a labour of love--a hobby--and whoever heard of a hobby making money? An axiom there, if a hobby makes money then it can't be a hobby, it's a business.

Anyway, when you give a thing away for free you have a right to do exactly as you want to with it. When you start charging then you automatically take on a duty to your subbers. You have to give them value for cash received--at least you do if you have ethics--and so you become a professional and no argument about it. Fanzines being what they are it is impossible to please all of the people all of the time so, to be professional (which you are when you charge) you must publish in a professional form. That means an eternally smiling face, advertising, regular schedules all the rest of it. Subzines soon stop being a hobby.

On the other hand people who receive zines have a choice. They can ignore it or they can express their appreciation. The editor has no right to demand appreciation he can only hope that

his efforts won't be ignored. If they are good they won't be-- if bad they deserve to be. And naturally there's nothing to stop anyone sending along a little concrete expression of appreciation is there?

I've led on about fanzines because, more and more, it has dawned on me that there is a distinct split, schism, dividing line, call-it-what-you-will, in present day fandom. This is perhaps more noticeable in London than elsewhere. Down in these parts fanzine type fans are a closely knit group while the rest, interested perhaps in fanzines, but not to the extent of wanting to publish or contribute to same, mill around these invisible walls.

Now it isn't a Bad Thing that some people should be interested in the production side of fanzines and by production I mean the publishing and writing for same, but it is a Bad Thing when people who do this look down somewhat on the people who don't. Look down may not be the correct expression, tend to ignore? discount? feel a lack of affinity with? take your choice but please pick one without hidden barbs--as far as I know there aren't any.

As I say this isn't a Bad Thing because some folk--a minority in London, want to plunge in and fanpub it would be a Better Thing if there wasn't this difference of opinion as to what is the more important facet of fanish activity because something Not Quite Nice seems to be rearing its head.

Take a fanzine editor. Insult him, ignore him, tread on his toe or just present a target for him to shoot at. So, he shoots. Now what?

Does the inoffensive target have to immediately produce a fanzine of his own just to counter the blast, correct false statements, wash the dirty linen in his own particular brand of detergent? Does he have to rush forward and write articles etc. to present his point of view? Or can he just stay mum?

Well if he does, you know what? This is what happens. (Quote from an imaginary letter)

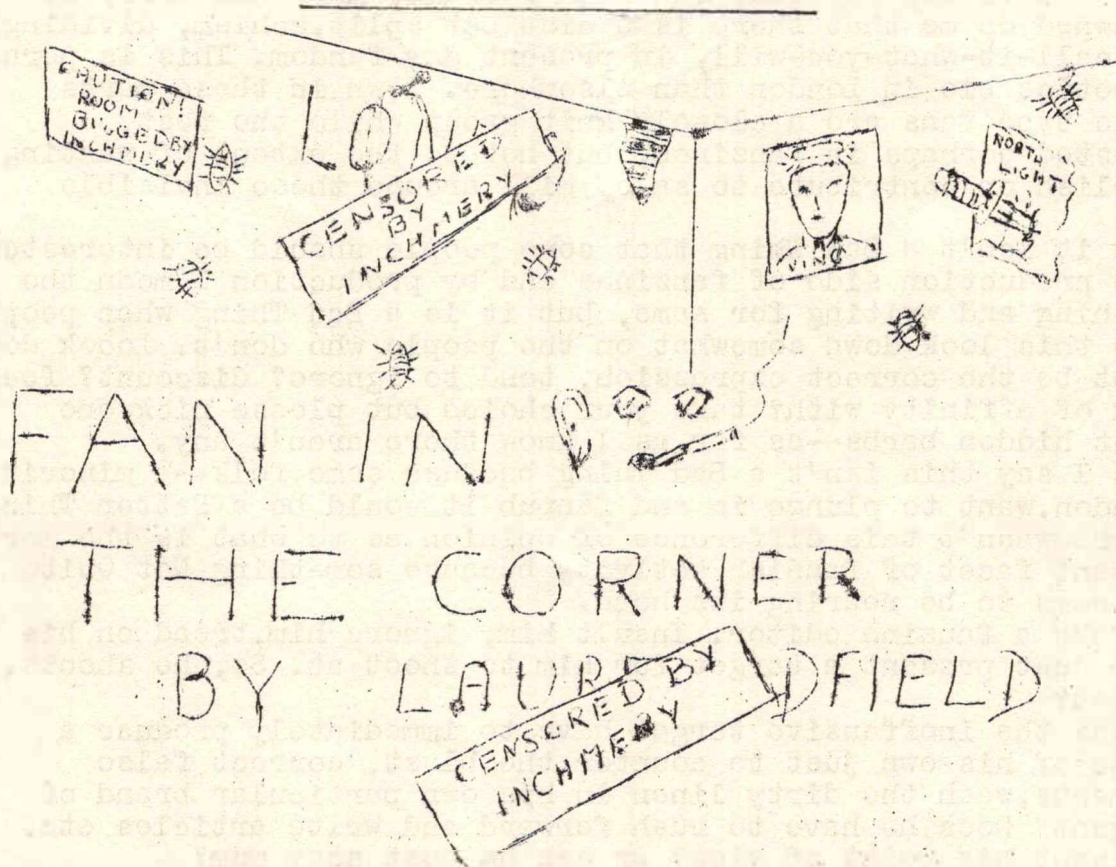
"From reports I have read--reports not denied by you (my italics) I can only assume that...etc. etc."

So it's quite all right for a faned to say that so and so beats his wife, steals the drink money, fiddles the books and cracks the whip and, if old so-and-so, fed up to the back teeth with this nastiness anyway, doesn't immediately make public denial, he is considered to be guilty. Trial by negation, i.e. he didn't say it was a lie did he? Therefore it must be true--has never been considered in decent society as worth a damn.

Fanzines have a very strong place in fandom, easily the strongest and I, personally, like to see them and read them and feel a touch of the old nostalgia for the days when I too used to be a hectic fanzine fan. But they are not all fandom and I wish that those engrossed in them would be tolerant enough to admit

that because others aren't as interested as themselves in this particular facet they aren't worth a damn.

At least they provide an audience.



APOLOGIES TO READERS SECTION.

In the last Corner I stated that Inchmery Fandom had left the Lond O. On Thursday 5th November 1959 Sandy Sanderson attendd the monthly Social Meeting. so therefore my statement was inaccurate. A desperate attempt to inform Alan of this was unsuccessful in reaching him in time, so that inadvertently I misled my readers. Hence the headline.

 Northlight--the biggest crudzine in fandom---Ella Parker

I BIN READIN' AGIN SECTION

This takes the place of the unexpected Sf section because the USF thish is only a short story. Its source however was about as unexpected as could be. Good Housekeeping presented Daniel and the Heavenly Bodies, which had as background an interstellar beauty competition. This has been done before but not like this. To ensure impartiality the comp. promoters choose

for a judge a humanoid whose people have used artificial ectogen-
-isis for so long that there are no longer any females on their
planet. The one Tellurian competitor murders the alien she con-
-siders to be her only rival of any consequence--female gaseous
entity by Ghod--and elopes with the judge. The results on the
judge's planet are disastrous.

Detective Stories, from Sayers to Sexton Blake are
my favourite reading after Sf with poetry nearly tying. Coincide-
-ntally I found in one week "The murder of Roger Ackroyd, by
Agatha Christie, and Crime in Good Company, a compendium of essays
on the art of the Detective story compiled by Michael Gilbert.
Cyril Hare in his section calls detective stories "mealy mouthed"
in comparison with the more outspoken mainstream fiction of the
day. He draws a beautiful picture of the shock that awaits the
reader of the Murder of Roger Ackroyd. He shows us a room where
everything, sofa, TV pictures seem to be fakes until someone
sits on one, switches on the other and the pictures are paintings
after all. When entering you have seen that the ceiling is
painted dark blue with stars. Who looks twice at a ceiling, one
takes it for granted. Then the guide who is with us points out
that there is no ceiling really. The sky and the stars shine down
upon us. Believe me, the solution of this book is as astonishing
as that. And Poirot's "little gray cells" are in their old form.

Crime in Good Company is quite an illuminating book. The
first part gives us the Criminal seen by the Doctor and the psycho-
-pathology of crime, by Doctor Josephine Bell. The Criminal seen
by the Lawyer by Michael Underwood, and the Criminal seen by the
Policeman by Maurice Proctor. The last named was a uniformed
constable before turning to writing and knows what he is talking
about.

The second part is called The General Practitioners and here
various authors such as Cyril Hare (The Classic Form) and Raymond
Chandler (The Simple Art of Murder) give their ideas of how a
detective story should be written and who has done it best.
Inevitably a good deal is said of Sherlock Holmes and most of it
in praise. Ray Chandler debunks practically everything except
Dashiell Hammett, and when one reads his article one is almost
convinced--but not quite

Needle Pie Ella?

Part 3 covers the Specialists in Crime Fiction. In which
six writers have concentrated on five different fields and tell
their methods and experiences. The American and British views of
the subject are given by Stanley Ellin and L.A.G. Strong and the
stage, films, radio and TV are covered by specialists in those
crafts, whom, except for Eric Ambler, I must admit I have never

26.

heard of. However they do seem to know their job, which of course is the important thing.

A rather disturbing novel which came my way at the same time was *Flowers of Hiroshima*, by a writer whose name has slipped me, and upon whom, because my wife has returned the book to the library I can't check. However the story has stayed with me. The *Flowers* are not the main concern of the story but rather the symbol of its contents. They are the memorial wreaths thrown on the waters of a river where a girl-child's mother threw herself in, a flaming torch on the night when Western Technology's grimmest flower blossomed mightily in Japan. It is told through the eyes of a Japanese housewife of Hiroshima whose husband is dying of radiation sickness. She takes as lodger a young and sensitive American. All through the book she tries to hide the grim truths which she knows will hurt him immeasurably if he sees them. There comes a time when she can no longer do so. Her younger sister, the girl whose mother chose drowning rather than burning to death loves the scion of a Samurai family who will not allow him to wed her because SHE MAY BE GENETICALLY DEFORMED. He wants to marry her out of hand and to hell with tradition, but she runs away to Tokio. The description of the angle character's husband's death are harrowing, and the carefully drawn word picture of an irradiated fish horrifying. This book cannot fail to interest any Sf fan. The background images of a landlord looking always for a chance to throw the woman and her children out on the street, and of two bent old radiation-poisoned women trudging to work in the fields are a true picture of the complete and utterly callous neglect that a purely capitalistic society affords those injured in its unnecessary wars. This is the sort of "free enterprise" (haha) society the Tories would have us inhabit.

The *Brink* is quite a short novel written by our own John Brunner. It is well worth reading. It shows John as a rapidly maturing writer and has a burning conviction reminiscent of Wells at about the same age. The complex pattern of the angle character is well-drawn, and there is a high yellow girl who is represented masterfully. O, she is exquisite. The sympathetic picture of angry young men of the beatnik type shows understanding.

The opening is the crashing of a Soviet projectile near a Midwestern small town. When the rocket passes American radar bases atomic bombers are immediately set off to bomb Russian objectives. Acting on his own, an American officer with a social conscience calls them back. The projectile turns out to be a man-carrying spaceship and not an ICBM. His subsequent arraignment on a charge of treachery and the way it alters the life of the angle character are the subject of the story. I won't give away the ending. The story is a warning to all those who think that a conservative regime is the answer to the evils of communism when really they are cyclic extremes. All those who think of

hard radiation and deterrents in the same breath read both these books.

This seems a good time to mention the current App^o insofar as its antinuclear and anti-mescal campaign. George Locke writes a sound article on the subject of mescal and drug addiction and I am 100% in agreement with App^o's views on the subject. Bill Temple and Paul Hammet both have pertinent and angry and truthful things to say about hard radiation and fall-out and should be taken to heart thoroughly by everyone. Briefly it emerges that Michelle Louise Sandfield and Nicola Belle Clarke and the baby that is quick in Pamela Bulmer's womb if it be a girl, are many time more likely to bear into the world a monster than their mothers were. Why? Because lunatic politicians can think of nothing better to do than fill the atmosphere with fall-out that shouldn't be there. The residue from industrial reactors is bad enough, but these totally unnecessary bombs bring needless tragedy to coming generations.

I've deliberately used those names above because this is JUST THAT PERSONAL TO YOU AND YOU AND YOU. I think everyone will realise that. If any of these fen are offended by it here is my apology in advance.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne uses

Of very different calibre is Brian Alldis' "Non-stop" which is fiction not too pure and not the least simple. It is quite a grim picture in its way, with its wild and tangled hydroponic growth and its stunted fast-living men. The plot is familiar, almost conventional, where a man brought to accept a set of mores as basic truths gets them slowly and painfully pushed out of his system until he discovers that he is far more mature than those he has respected for so long. The deouement is quite surprising, though smacking too much of the deus ex machina. Nevertheless good (Editorial note--this was the lead novel in Science Fantasy quite some time ago--why bother the library or pay more?)

The phrase "Almost conventional" brings to mind the recommended reading dept of F & SF Sept 1955. Here Tony Boucher is talking of Andre Norton's "Crossroads of Time" and says "It's a conventional tale of paratime police in quest of a criminal paranoid who is exploring the pasts of a number of alternate universes in order to change their futures"--here Tony parenthesises with what appears to be shocked amazement-- "What sort of business are we in that one can call a concept like that conventional?" (As indeed it is) Is this what's the matter, that there is nothing left that's remarkable? But the answer to this is--as Sturgeon knows so well--is that the one thing inexhaustibly remarkable, in this universe and all others, is man.

Thus Boucher in parenthesis. This, I think, is answer to that

much discussed question about the sense of wonder...if it has gone, if it has done so it is because we have ceased to wonder about the right things, or because we have forgotten about man in relation to the universe---man among the stars, man a micro-universe in himself--man as man. Step back and look around huh? The sense of wonder came into Sf because it was written and read by people who wondered at the plenum, and if it has been lost then it is because we have glued ourselves between the pages of books and magazines too exclusively, and too little time spent gazing at the wonders of the things they speak of "We have no time to stand and stare" let's make some:

more gallons

Jazz fan might be interested in Just Jazz Three. A four-square book (remember the tobacco? Haven't seen any for years) edited-- the blurb says written--by Sinclair Traill and the Hon Gerald Lascelles. There has been JJ 1&2, both in hard covers, this being the first to appear in paperback. The cover shows Louis Armstrong posed with horn to chops and the foreword is by Edward Kennedy Ellington--Duke to you. It is the Duke's first appearance in print and is written in his well-known humorous way of speaking. After a few hundred cultured words, Duke closes his comments satirically with "They communicate Dad, do you get the message?" Then: Villesville is the place, trelos anthropos !

Dan Morgenstern surveys This Year of Jazz with great capability and Max Harris contributes a good summary of the talent and work of Thelonius Monk. Charles Fox gives a survey of the 1958 Jazz Scene in Great Britain. Humphrey Lyttleton, one of the most literate and articulate of jazzmen, writes a controversial essay on the subject of critic v. musician. This is a favourite subject of mine for I believe that no-one has the right to criticise any SORT OF MUSIC unless he has played some sort of instrument in some sort of band, no matter how poorly. If you haven't you just can't dig it Jack. And the musicians, especially jazzmen, just don't want to know.

of lily-of-the-valley

Sinclair Traill's interview with Billy Strayhorn is very illuminating, especially the closing phrases--"You know Duke has done a lot of things that you probably never heard--a lot of things like what Charlie (Parker) did after. No doubt Duke influenced Charlie quite a bit" Hm That'll jar some people.

Man with a hat is an evaluation of the work of Lester Young, written by Benny Green. This presents Les as a revolutionary to an extent that I cannot agree with altho it is undeniable that he brought a new conception to the craft of soloing on the tenor Sax. This is followed by "Playing like a man" by Marion McPartland. Marion is British by birth, in fact our own Bill (William F.) Temple's wife went to school with her. She visits them whenever she is over

here. She is a pianist of the modern school, married to Chicago-style trumpet Jimmy McPartland when he was a GI. This is one GI marriage that stuck. She made the grade musically over there, playing such places as The Hickory House. Than any other town in Britain.

Graham Boatfield contributes a penetrant essay on Jazz Criticism and Hugues Panassie gives "The Unreal Jazz" which is mainly a diatribe against bop. After this comes Ernest Borneman's "The Blues. A study in ambiguity." a scholarly and convincing work which gives us not only the anthropological background of the blues--Ernest is an anthropologist--but a penetrating analysis of its social and psychological background too. There are a number of blues lyrics--and here one must know when to repeat the first line, for many of them are not written as they should be sung. Also an acquaintance with the eight-bar form is essential to full understanding. This monograph is for the knowledgeable follower of the blues, but even an ignoramus should be able to find sense and understanding.

Phew!

The rest of the book is taken up with an arbitrary summary of the events of 1958 and a good discography. There is also a well-reproduced photo-section.

Believe it or not the Times for Nov 21 ran a review of a Billie Holliday disc alongside a number of reviews of Jazz records, all reviewed with great understanding. Not only this but a lovely picture of Lady Day graced the col. Gad sir, it's all this fellow Lyttleton's fault!

LONDO DOINGS SECTION

Thursday Oct 29th saw a new face at the Globe in the shape of a Terry Something-or-other who came along, ye Ghods, to talk about sf! He turned out to be a dance band guitarist I'm happy to say. We told him about the first Thursday meetings but haven't seen him since. On the 5th of November (significant date) I was introduced to Ken and Irene Potter. I got the impression they intended to live in London in the future. Welcome.

The next Thursday saw a small attendance, not unusual in the meetings outside the official ones. First it was a triangle with Alan Bale, Ivor and I, then Brian Burgess and Ted Armitage, followed by Barry Bailey and Harry Clements came in to make the number up. We had four hobby horses riding at once. Jazz (Ivor Barry and I, firearms (Ted and Alan) with politics and er subject usual all at the same time and every line clear. This was a totally male gathering and one of the most amusing evenings I've spent in a long time. Harry was quite amusing on his experiences with firearms during the war. Somehow, I think Harry was quite a hero, but we never hear anything about it.

)---x is interesting. Fill in your own choice.

The first Thursday in December brought quite a bright company including Ted Tubb, Atom, Ella, Mike Moorcock, Sandra, John Brunner old uncle Brian Burgess and all, avec the Potters. Tony Kline with lady came later. At about nine o'clock there was a general move to the back of the lounge (You should see the new decorations. Chandeliers yet! Looks like Lyons said Daphne.) and the official meeting commenced. Mike made a long speech which started "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," which was greeted with micky-taking and shouts of "Liar!" which was a libel. What it was he said I don't know, because I couldn't hear it. After this Ted said something about salvaging from the wreck and everyone hear-heard quite enthusiastically. About thirty of us. Tony Kline suggested that a car be hired and an outing to Brighton planned but no-one took him up on it, mainly, I thought, because he didn't offer to take the lead himself. There was a lot of odd talking, then came the idea that someone should keep us in order (some hope!) and Ted thought that Laurence should have a go. (How he must HATE me!) Frank Arnold agreed and said that the officer should be called a Beadle. Everyone went mumble mumble mumble in agreement and so now we have three officers, an hon sec. an hon. treasurer and a Bloody Beadle. Yes, you guessed right. Just because I've got the loudest voice in London, even counting Charlie Duncombe.

As to the function of this august office it combines that of town crier and chairman, without any administrative responsibilities (Hurrah). The procedure now is that anyone with a project comes to me on the first Thursdays or writes to me at home about it, and I call the shower to order and run it up the flagpole to see if anyone salutes. Having done this, discussion can begin. The originator of the idea had better be willing to bring it about. Once I've announced it my responsibility ends.

Search for the consite is going on and Sandra promises date early in Jan.

On the 17th Dec we had the final official meeting of the year which was purely social. It was a bright gathering with the Buckmasters, Bobbie Gray, Sandy and Tony Kline and YL, Charlie Duncombe once more trying to persuade me to sell him my tie. Things were enlivened by Ken trying to stop Irene drinking his beer, which only led to both of them losing it. There was an arrangement among several of us to meet at the Globe on Christmas Evem which I spent at home.

So that's 1959. With those words a new era crashes upon us. As this will come about in Jan, I want to wish every fan, with no exceptions, a 1960 worth remembering.

Good luck.

LOOSE ENDS A-TYING.

First a clip from a comment letter from Buck Coulson "You think your tape recorder is heavy? Hah! Gene Deweese weighed his "Portable" and it tipped the scales at fifty pounds almost exactly. Of course it's a big fancy (tho' not too good a quality) Webcor with a built in radio and so on. Our Webcor is an older model and only weighs about 40 pounds. It isn't too large physically, about a foot and a half square by a foot high--but when you pick it up you think it's solid lead. "Meeting Strange Fen section" You know when I stop to think of it I've never met a fan who wasn't a bit strange. I can't report for other fen but we pay \$1.60 to \$1.70 a ream for our paper. In a big city we could find some that would be cheaper probably but not out here in the sticks. But if Yugoslav women refuse to have their photographs taken what good would it be to a film talent scout to look around there? No matter how beautiful a woman is, she's no good for movies unless she lets people take her picture//See replies to other letters//Does Sandfield hate his readers? First he says try "The Fig Leaf" and then he goes on to explain how ridiculous it is.

Sandfield disclaiming section

I dislike arguing politics and when Laurie trotted out Socialism in his last col I rapped him in a letter. This time I do it publicly. The best of friend, we nonetheless violently disagree upon politics, I'm violently right wing, and upon nuclear disarmament, I'm for bigger bombs, and the research to make them. But first politics--and Laurie can answer in his next col and the matter closes. I was educated as a really intellectual socialist, and it only took one Socialist Government to convince my people and I that we'd been backing a dud horse. In a world populated by Sandfield--well his types, Socialism would be all right, but in the world as we find it, it becomes a very improbable myth, as the British People found to their cost and promptly bundled the socialists out as soon as possible. As for "free enterprise" well it's doing very well now and everyone but a handful of grouchers is very happy, England is back on its feet again and you can only go by results. Nuclear disarmament. Well I fancy that my chances of dying from lung cancer caused by the foul air of our cities or by being run down by some idiot in a fast car are a billion times greater than dying of radiation poisoning. As for monsters--how many viable monsters were born of women caught in the blast at H. and N., few if any. And the fall-out danger, while there, is of the same order of magnitude as the probability of dying of starvation in the next hundred years as prophesied by Boyd-Orr. The same things was probably said when the bow and arrow was invented, and there are a lot of people in hospitals who have cause to bless radioactive synthetics. O.K. Sandfield--your turn!

Damn Rick Sneary for writing a letter that simply has to be put in, just as I thought that I'd done with stencil cutting for this, well here goes.

Rick Sneary 2962 Santa Ana St. South Gate Calif. USA Dear Alan, I'm sorry that this is so late but things keep coming up I had N6 here and was about to write when N7 came. Then I had moved both copies to the top of my answering stack and the holiday push got in. So this has run on until I imagine you are thinking of the next ish//you're telling me// Part of my regrets are caused because of the interest I showed in Laurence Sandfield's report of the split in the Lond O, I've heard of it from Ella Parker but knowing how I feel, spent most of the time pardoning the Inchmery -Queens stand, and I didn't get all the details. I'm sorry as hell to hear about it. I've always looked at English fandom as sort of being immune from the sort of inner strife that is always breaking out in this country. New York has never been at peace and Los Angeles has a history of at least three great splits. But London, at least in the histories I have read has sailed happily on. Now there are two groups. Personally I rather like a meeting with programme and some form, so I might be in agreement with the Sanderson clique//I might myself at that//but I find it hard to justify splitting the club//me too//. As Sanderson has a fine record for making statements that belittle and damn other people, it is not hard to imagine some of the things that went on., and I hear he might be standing for TAFF. Well if Atom is the only one he runs against he won't stand much of a chance//Bentcliffe for TAFF//. Everyone knows Atom and even if we don't know what he is like, we will be glad to show how much we admire him. These airsheets hardly give space for detailed comment, but I want to say something about your fan travel articles in general. I enjoy them, almost any kind by anyone. Some can do them better than others, but I like them all. They don't inspire me to much comment though, like your trip to Yugoslavia. Hope McIntyre will be back to his post in the next issue. It is a great advantage to have someone to illustrate the material, rather than use filler illos as most eds have to do. I'm afraid that you don't draw any better than I do//You're telling me--I'm the world's worst, but yes!// but I've seen a number of editors who did worse//I haven't!// Despite what Ken says your reproduction looks good enough in my copy. There are a couple of light spots but all very readable. Going back to=/6 I want to admire Eylmann's article/report. If you can I would like to hear more reports of what is going on on the continent//Klaus, warum schreiben Sie nicht?//I think I am a member of the ISFS but one can never get any answers to mail or questions, so I don't know what is going on. Everytime I get the chance I ask people what is going on in the Non-English-speaking fan world. Everything points to it being large, but not as active

as our side. But excepting for a half dozen biligual fen we never seem to hear what they are doing. I'm a believer in One World and would like to see it start with fandom. But we have to know about each other first. Yes, and a general comment on Sandfield--if he is real--//Very much so I'm pleased to say// he is probably your best feature writer (For the past two year whenever a new fan appears who shows talent he is suspected of being someone else. It is all Carl Brandon's fault) But in both fishes he has a good show of words, be it on reviews or on reports of happenings. The glasses and cigarette-holder drawing though look like a little something from ORION. One of the reasons I doubted him being real at first, but printing a letter from him makes him more believable, I don't know if it is the BSFA or not, but there have been quite a number of new names in Anglo-fandom the last year. A larger number of zines have been coming in too--or maybe I'm just getting more of them. There are really too many fanzines in America. One can't keep up with them, but even the poorest may use a top flight article--Would make a really good review-zine worth-while, but the only person I've seen do a really good job is Harry Warner in OOPSLA. They are long enough so that you can learn something about the zine. Your reviews and most fanzine reviews are just too brief to say anything. Yet you get them and the editors would be hurt if you didn't say anything. Ted White tried devoting a whole three pages to the review of one zine, but not many fen could find that much to say. I couldn't, to anyone but the editor. I'll back someone up and say that Dodd is a good writer. Someone I haven't seen much of lately. He seems to be the British Agent for all sorts of fanzines, but doesn't write for them. Maybe he has been writing for you all along, but because I haven't been getting copies not seeing what he is doing. Another chap that hasn't written for you, but is doing more and more is Archie Mercer (I know you printed letter from him but I mean a feature piece) Archie always seemed like Porky in POGO and not given to mixing with people much. But he seems to be getting around quite a bit these days in person and in print, just received a photo of him and Ella Parker and he looks like he was enjoying himself a lot.//There is more to this letter, but I've not room to print it which is a pity. The comment that I'd like to make is the Rick writes with the damndest spelling that I've ever seen. Meihem in ceKlasrum hasn't a look in, and yet it's consistent, so maybe if he isn't insulted he might write back to explain. and so this brings Northlight to an end. See you next ish!

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Northlight is produced and edited by
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Northlight does not have any subs. Those with pricking conscience who get it should send their money to the Transatlantic Fan Fund who can use it to benefit fandom as a whole.

Contributions of articles, poems, artwork, stories etc. will be considered on their merits. The editor reserves the right to turn any letter into an article, and any article into a letter.

Publication is irregular but in general about four times a year.

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