

NORTWRIGHT

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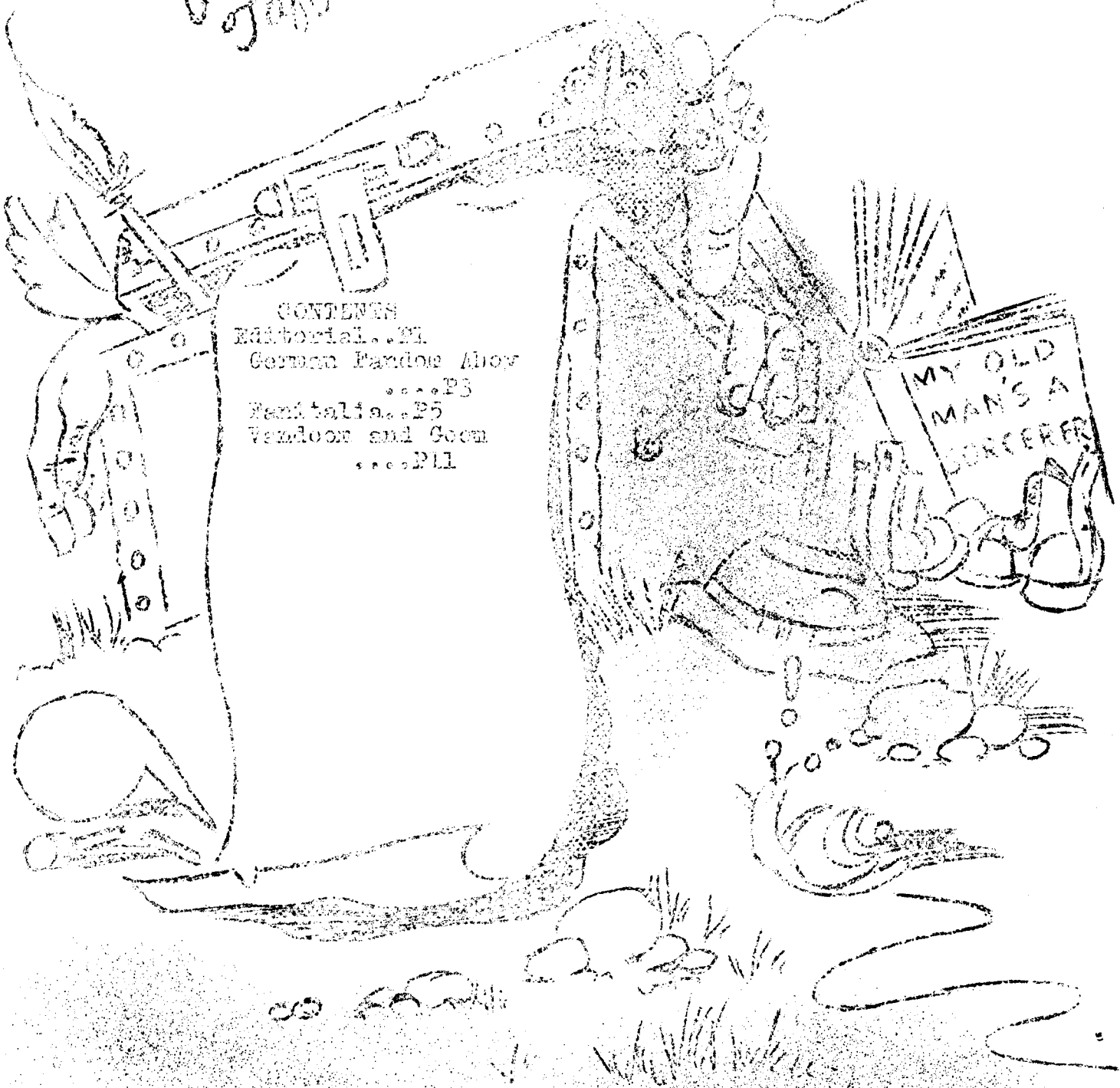
REINTYPE

Eddie Jones
for
Gaff!

Produced by Alex Burns
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ENGLAND

INTRO

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Editorial

I have been reading the works of Charles Fort, a dangerous practice in anyone studying science, for the limited horizon of Fort might just be infectious. I like Fort the same way that some people like old latin texts, for amusement and entertainment. Fortsmanism is calculated to convince anyone subscribing to it that he or she is a real dog, in actual fact Forteanism is dead and no-one cares anymore. This column was once called Northlight Notes, a change is as good as a rest, and restful is the word for the mammoth issue of

YANDRO 100 from The Coultsons, Route 3, Wabash Indiana. 100 issues is a lot for any zine, for Yandro it's a record mainly because of the fact that the intellectual quality of the zine has never fallen in all the issues I've read, and God knows there are a lot of unintellectual zine. Subs are 12 for \$2 or 12/- (to Alan Dodd) You will notice that I've said nothing of the contents, the reason being that by the time you read this copies will be exhausted. I don't believe in advertising fanzines, I mention them as a token of receipt and nothing more

• SHAGGY-L'Affaires from John Trimble 2790 W. 8th Street, Los Angeles 5, Calif. Is a zine with an intellectual style resembling Yandros but since there are more people connected with it, the field covered tends to be more variable and a little clubby. You get Shaggy for a letter of comment, an article, or money, which is 5 issues for \$1 or 7/- (to Archie Mercer)

Foreign zines come my way. In a rash moment I said I could read German, accordingly I get copies of

ALL from Horst Margelt, Hamburg 22, Osterbekstrasse 14, West Germany There's a tremendous amount of methodical German SF news and other material in this, well worth the reading, but don't expect the German you learn from All to carry you through non-SF Germany.

VIPER AND HABAKKUK from Bill Denaho 1441 8th Street, Berkeley 10 Calif These two massive zines contain reams of good reading, so much so that they are more for curling up with on the colder nights rather than for reading through in a hurry. That's what I do with mine anyway. cheap at 25p and English agent is Jim Linwood, 10 Meadow Cottages, Netherfield, Nottingham, England.

HUNGRY no 4 comes from Alan Rispin 35 Lyndhurst Ave. Higher Irlam Manchester England. Pubbed free, as is Northlight in exchange for other zines. This is a Goshwow fanzine which means that Rispin has not got the enthusiasm knocked out of him yet. But we can be hopeful. Anyway Hungry is a remarkably sensible zine for one so neofannish, Rispin has been around fandom and has got himself known, More than I can say for myself.

ORBITER 1 from Ken Nave 416 Robert Rd, Sutton Terrace, No. Brunswick, N.J., U.S.A. This first ish contains everything that a firstish should have, including a Prosser cover (immaculately duped), articles a story and some critting of this and that. It promises well, and don in the overling area get it for a letter or article. In all a good zine, the duping inside not being quite as good as the cover.

SCIENCEFICTION NEWS from Sweden is pubbed by Sam Lundwall, Box 409, Hagersten 4, Stockholm. A scholarly zine, but all in Swedish. If I could read it I'd tell you more.

DEMATION pubbed by Roy Tackett to whom goes material at this address.

MSGT L.H. TACKETT USMC

ECDS-1 (Comm) EWING-1

1st MAW FSH Inc.

c/o Fleet Post Office

San Francisco Calif.

Thrives and money to Crystal Tackett, 918 Greenvalley Rd, NW Albuquerque, New Mexico. This is a reasonably interesting zine, but is probably pubbed under extreme difficulty.

HEXAGON from Dave Locke, P.O. box 207, Indian Lake New York USA

I sincerely hope the rest of the zines were more legible than this one. I have weak eyes, therefore I don't comment. I would remind Dave that only Northlight is allowed to have bad duping.

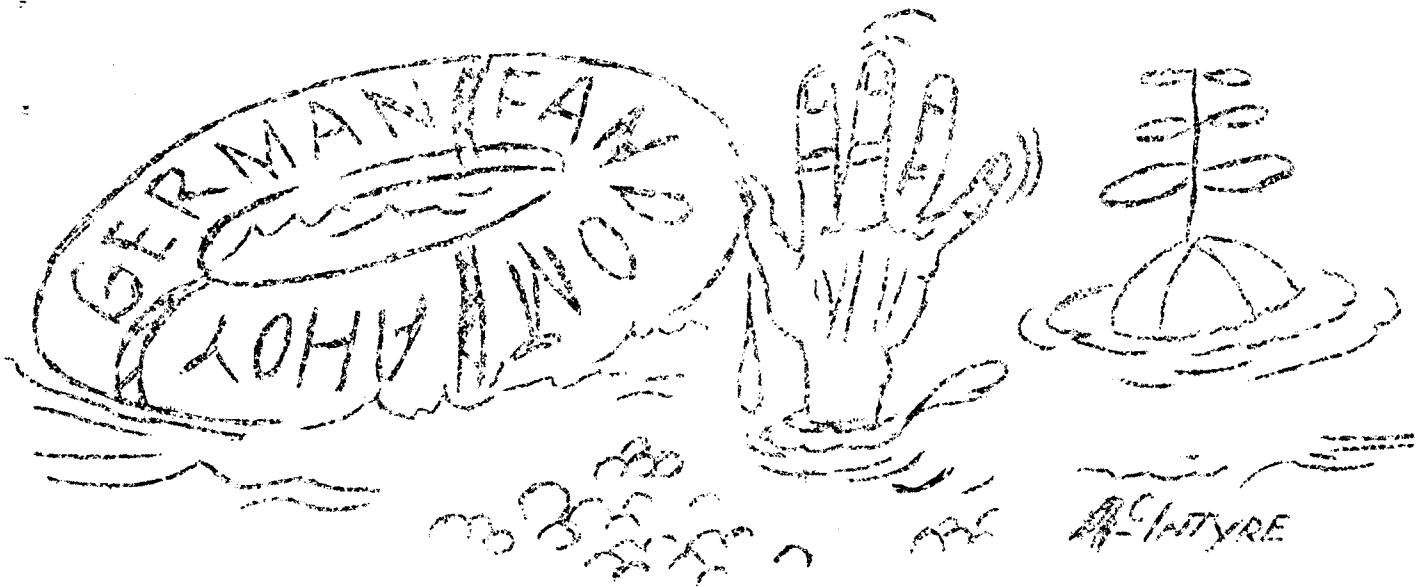
Operation Orizaba from Richard H. Enay, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd. Alexandria Va. USA

This is random's Reader's Digest, and deals expertly with the contents of the various prozines. The actual title of the zine is Speculative Review. Subs to Archie Mercer in England 3/2/- or in USA 3/25¢

SPR 2 (Satellite Issue) From Terry Jeeves 3) Thompson Rd. Eccleshall Sheffield II. This is not a zine, but a comprehensive listing of all rocket attempts up to the Virgin mission flight. Worth a place in the reference library.

RANS from Via Ryan 2800 Sylvan St. Springfield Ill. USA Vic as usual produces a controversial interesting fanzine. No subs, because like a lot of fan he is going to college.

Which ends the fanzine reviews. I have only had one loc of the last N, which was about all it was worth being a rushed issue to get out to show random I was once more available. Therefore I don't waste space printing it, even if I could find it--which I can't. Can't even recall who sent it. This issue contains a travel article on Italy, Genfandom Ahoy and a Doddering article. Taping is going well but slow. Eddie Jones is standing for Taff. If the fact that Terry Jeeves supports him isn't enough then obviously you are a fan hard to convince, aren't you! The next ish of Northlight is contingent upon my work at college by night and employment by day. However I did have thoughts of a sort of newsheet monthly, or rather (since Skyrack deals with the news) a sort of Thoughtsheet, just to remind everyone that I am still sentient.



- Horst Mergelt Speaking----- Well the main event of Gerfandom has passed: The "First European SF Convent Stellaris-Eurotopia" held in Bad Hamburg from June 22nd to 25th brought the long expected reconciliation of the two largest SF clubs, the EUROTOPIA and the STELLARIS. In a sense the EUROTOPIA is no SF club, it is a loose joining of larger or smaller SF clubs all over Germany and German speaking countries. The secretary of the EUROTOPIA believes firmly that common activities instead of too many different irons in the fire are only to the good of German Fandom. I guess he's got a point, at least one of many, there. It's becoming quieter at last after all those earsplitting insults and unproductive quarrels Gerfandom suffered in its early beginnings.

In the previous Minicon, held in Hamburg and preceding the big Con a rather interesting project took form: Hannover and Hamburg are working closely together to realise a worthy successor of the GALAXY and UTOPIA MAGAZINE kind; SF OMNIBUS as this longed-for fan-publication is called will feature only American and British authors, of course insofar only as permissions for publication a.s.c. will be granted. SFC will appear in the spring of 1962. The subscription list already holds enough names to make a photo-printing((((I guess Klaus and Horst mean litho-offset)))) possible. Price may vary between 3 and 5 Deutsche Marks. Perhaps interesting for you too if you like to improve your German.

Klaus Eylmann taking over-----Several fans from Hannover and Hamburg are prepared to go over to England next year to attend the English Easter-Convention. I hope to be able to join them so to make it my second visit to England. Some of you may remember a

blend youth who sipped the punch like lemonade and looked like that after this. Well having been in the army meanwhile I got a strong stomach to deal with all sorts of alcoholics and to deal with all sorts of English fens.

Messrs Horst Margolt and Klaus Nylmann.

JUST A RIDER TO THE ABOVE.

Sweden in the shape of Sam Lundwall came to England this summer. I don't know if Sam met any English Fen, tho' I do know he met Alan Doid, for I had his voice on a tape I had from Alan. Fen are moving about this summer.

MORE FANZINES IN.

HELICON from Ingvar Svensson, Skolgatan 31C, Uppsala, Sweden
Excellent first ish of a welcome new Swedish zine. Produced only for trades. Duping (Spirit) very good. An interesting (?) article on Martian language. Two passable stories by the author (editor) and some chit-chat, all in English. Worth trading for.
KARMA No. 2 from East Noe, 1104 E. Belknap, Fort Worth 11, Texas.
Top per copy, comment or trade. A beautifully produced second ish, and despite the new policy of just reviewing the zine and not the contents, it must be mentioned that Karma 2 has a very important article in on that little known electrical wizard Nikola Tesla. For this article alone the zine is worth getting, but apart from that there is a couple of stories, and an article by a new fan in South America Hector Pessina.

PARSECTION from George C. Willink 356 East Street, Madison Indiana

USA. English agent Terry Jeeves. This is a lithed zine carefully produced and reasonably interesting. Subs 3 for \$1.

VAGARY 14 from Roberta Gray, 14, Bonnington Street, Cheltenham, Glos. England. This is a very interesting and edgy zine. It deals with esoteric matters, witch-cults, poltergeists and so forth. I like it very much. Nicely produced, no mention of subs (OMFazine like)

OOPSIA from Gregg Carkins 1484 E. 17th South, Salt Lake City 5 Utah
This is reputed to be the last of a long line of zines. Nice. Anyway it's beautifully illed, interesting, and a worthy finale if so be it.

CAMPY F from Bo Stenfor, Rydgavagen 5, Dingsholm Sweden. Fandom's only gawlie zine, promises one more ish (by request only) and then a folding, but Bo promises more under another title. This comes for trades, letters, or because Bo knows you.

There have of course been repeat issues of zines already commented on, but I just can't keep up with them. oh well.



In Northlight one I said that in Venice you could buy anything from a collar button to a man's honour. I hadn't more than been a couple of days in Italy before and I kind of looked forward to a whole fortnight, even if it was by bus. Well by means more airborne than roadhogging I arrived in Lyons and we picked up our bus there. The first night we stayed at a cute little village in the French Alps, and it could have doubled (with the aid of the fearful thunderstorm raging when we arrived, as the scene for the making of Dracula, appropriately enough the village was called La Grave.

The next day we zoomed over some fairish mountains and down into Turin for lunch, then on to Genoa who venerates Christopher Columbus, whose real name was Cristobal Colon, the Colon is a part of the gut, and Chris must have had all of that when he crossed the Atlantic. Oddly tho', to the end of his life he believed that he had discovered China. Genoa is a noisy rowdy seaport. I lay awake till the wee small hours then dozed off fitfully. By the way I found my experience of hot countries applied to Italy, about four hours sleep is all I got each night but I never felt tired.

From Genoa we went on to Florence, and in Florence I met Dilya, or is it Dilys? Well never mind. Anyway it was the last of the two nights we'd had there. We'd done the Uffizi gallery, the Medici Chapel, and I stood where Dante admired Beatrice from a distance, and even that applied today, no man living could have crossed the riverside drive in Florence and lived, the traffic was too dense. Well I came out of dinner and looked at our crowd seated in the lounge, pointedly ignoring Dilya, and I felt pretty much ashamed. Dilya was what you call high brow, you could sense the colour bar. I ordered a drink at the bar and went over to her table and asked if she minded if I sat there. We got on talking, and here and now I say this of random, at least it teaches you to talk. Dilya had a mind like a razor, she'd majored in psychology and was in Europe to complete a thesis. Fresh from the researching I'd done in witchcraft for the article in N12 I started talking. It was a pretty good evening, and we wound up in a small bar. Then Dilya had to catch a train north. I went back to my room and felt pretty lost until I fell asleep.

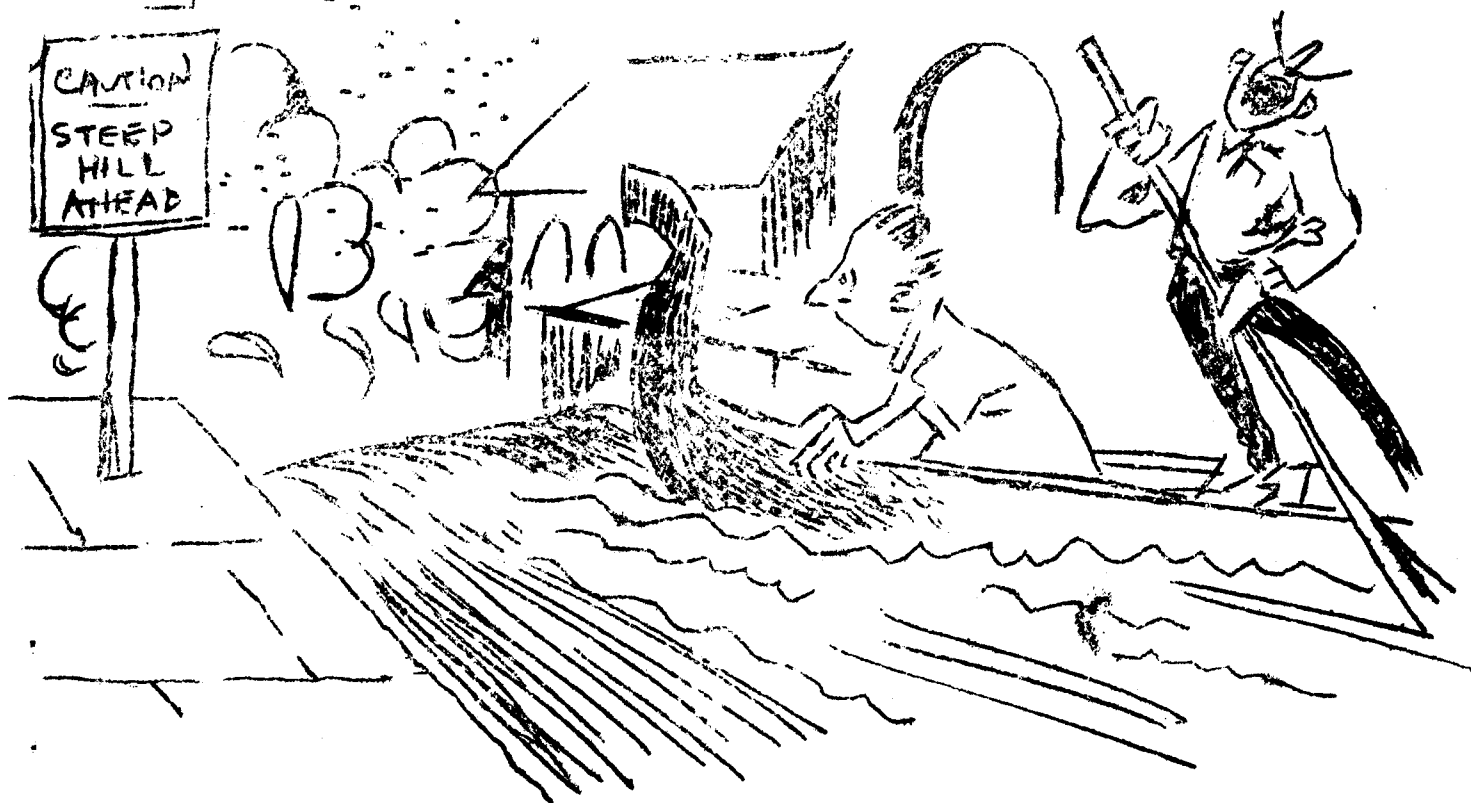
But the next day we were Rome bound. The road south zooms like an arrow down the leg of Italy and at last you're twenty miles outside of Rome, going through a landscape not unlike the Pastoral Symphony layout in Disney's Fantasia. Cute little groups of ruins here and there, a statue-maker's open-air workshop, funny little towns and villages, and a little toy railway that seemed to wind its way leisurely through the country and not going anywhere in particular. But at last we came into Rome and crossed the Tiber. The hotel had the dignified exterior and inside common to all Italian hotels, it also did laundry, I was in peril of running out of clean shirts, I handed my dirty duds in.

Rome is fascinating in a morbid way.

I'm not much for ruins, ancestor worship is strictly for the Chinese, me I like future worship, if anything's to be worshipped at all. I looked round the ruins and thought Caesar where are you, and Julius Caesar Callia our guide popped right up and said that he was at hand. We saw Rome by night, and I had my first taste of Lumiere et Son, the light and sound effect created by a Frenchman, it was pretty good, for those without an imagination, for me, I looked down into the ruins and peopled them without any trouble with slaves and centurions, Caesars and Christians, the latter slyly sneaking past to draw their little fish sign here and there while the witches and soothsayers walked boldly abroad, an honoured class in the community.

We went here and there in Rome. We went into the catacombs where the psychic smell of death was almost overpowering. Then later that day we went to the Tivoli Gardens. We just got into the bar when the heavens opened and it rained such rain as I wasn't to see again till Pompeii and Venice. If you can imagine a billion high pressure hoses all playing at once you can get some idea of what it was like. Still it didn't last long. I was wearing sandals so I took off my stocking and happily splashed barefoot around the gardens and their 1001 fountains, and watched the frogs and the lizards and the wasps like young jet fighters. There was water water everywhere, and unlike Spain, most of it you could drink. I had no thirst problems in Italy, tho' by preference I drank wine, good wine, mostly white, but occasionally red, wine that put strength in a man and beauty in a woman, wine that I, for one, didn't get drunk on. Foolish members of the party went for the whisky and gin, they paid next morning, while I felt fit as a flea.

From Rome we went south, roaring down the autostrada for Pompeii and then Scirento. Well Pompeii was a disappointment, even the lupanars (brothels to you) were locked up, and nary a guide in sight. Then I swear I thought Vesuvius was going to erupt, the sky went almost jet black. I ran, into the museum and wondered gloomily if two thousand years hence I would be as unappetising as the two corpses displayed. I noticed a curious thing about all the nude male statues, a certain organ common to man was exhibited on each statue in a state of erection. I knew that phallic worship was common in ancient Italy, but well I never knew that particular trait was practiced by the statue makers. I



remembered then that a nearly finished nude male statue that I saw in the Mestrovic Gallery in Split was treated the same way. "There be two things I do not understand, nor three. The way of a bird in the air, the way of a fish in the sea, and the way of a man with a maid." The heaven literally opened again and it rained, I had my mac with me. I trudged back into the naver part of Pompeii and joined the party in the bus, we made for Sorrento. As for the ruins? The people should come and see the Roman remains around Newcastle, for we have the Roman Wall not far away.

In Sorrento we stayed at the newest hotel, already well populated with insect life. Like the dead cockroach I found in my coffee for instance. From Sorrento we went a day trip to Capri. Now there is nothing at Capri, no good beaches, nothing, but all the spirit! life is rusty there. We dined and whizzed round the island in open buses, and then when we came back to the port hot and thirsty, I was looking at the sailing blue of the sea when a voice purred "Hey Johnny!" I thought it was one of the local ladies of pleasure, but no, it was Anna Maria something or other whose father owned a deliciously cool little bar, where the beer was laid and about one quarter the price anywhere else, and the doughnuts were large and succulent. Anna was small, plump and friendly, very friendly, she offered me a seat in the cool rear of the bar and her father and two brothers served our web outside. I somehow never got her name, but my name wasn't Johnny, but at last she got off my knee and said, "Maybe you miss your boat if you don't go. But you come back again yes!" Well I might. We chugged back to Sorrento in a small motorboat, the waves and the setting sun made everything romantic, I felt the need of someone to talk to.

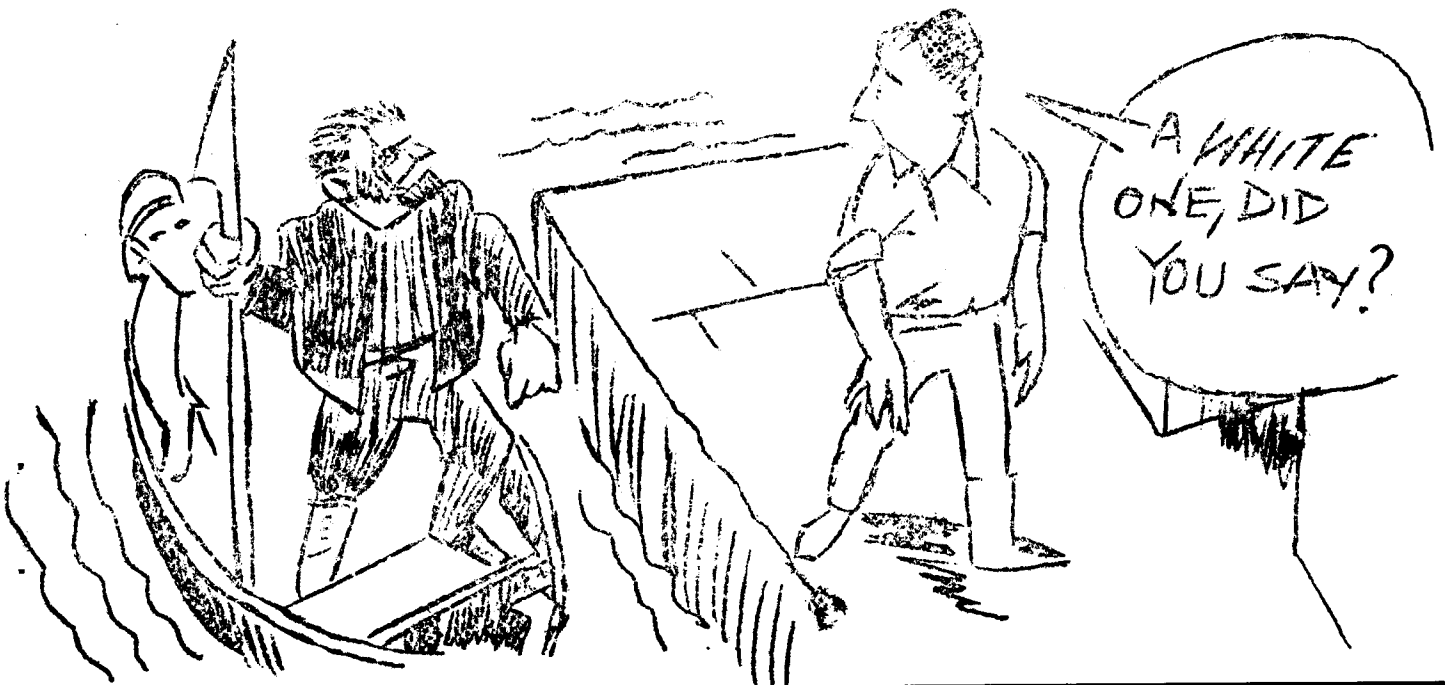
The next day we left Sorrento for the other side of Italy. We wound our way up through the Appennines and lunched in a small town, where there is the main national park in Italy, and there meant wild life. Last winter it was hard, and they had to shoot wolves on the streets, bears were also active, and I don't mean on the Stock Exchange. At last we came to the sea again and our rather monotonous road lay along the coast, until we struck a few miles inland to Fermo, which is a very respectable university town, built on a high hill. We were told that only ten miles away was the castle from which Otto Sierosny rescued Mussolini, odd thing, Musso's widow draws a state pension, since her hubby was Prime Minister when he died.

From Fermo the next day we struck north, and churned out mile after mile towards Venice. We lunched at Arrezzo, a great communist centre, where everyone looked as if they'd like a bloody revolution, but weren't at all keen that their blood should be shed. Well that's the way of things in this world. At last we came into Venice, zoomed over the magnificent causeway into the city. Left our bus, and made our way on foot to our hotel. We had dinner and then afterwards we went for a gondola ride to St. Mark's Square. There we strolled about, drank drinks and watched a first class electrical stern, which just as we came home by steamer turned into the third violent rainstorm of the trip. It really tanked down, and our landing stage was on the other side of the

canal from our hotel. Well we stood and watched the streets in flood and then the storm suddenly eased off to about the strength of a heavy English downpour. I made a mad dash, along the canal bank, over a bridge that was running a waterfall down each side, and then just as I was about to undertake a hundred yard sprint to the hotel there was a violent flash of lightning and all the lights went out. Now sprinting through black darkness on a canal bank is risky, but fortunately there were enough flashes of lightning to make it a reasonable risk, I sprinted, and arrived at the hotel dripping but safe. In the morning it was more or less fine, but dull, and the sun didn't come through until we'd left Venice behind.

We headed for Turin through Doa Canillo country. I like Giovanni Guareschi's priest, and just now I'm reading his adventures for the third time, Italy helped me know him better. We trampled through small villages and eventually arrived at Lake Garda for lunch. Lake Garda was very pleasant in the brilliant sunshine, and we dined out on a sunken patio, just high enough to give a view of the lake, but then it was on, on to Turin, the Italian Detroit. Yet tho' I don't know Detroit at all, I would say that Turin has an essential dignity and mellowness that its USA counterpart lacks. You could walk round a corner and equally well meet Benvenuto Cellini carrying a silver statue for a Cardinal as a motor mechanic carrying a replacement crankshaft for a tractor. Turin is preparing for a big International Fair and there is a general air of whooping it up in advance. There was a real German beer garden to which those with lira among our party made their way, I felt like an early night in bed, so I had a last drink and made good my escape.

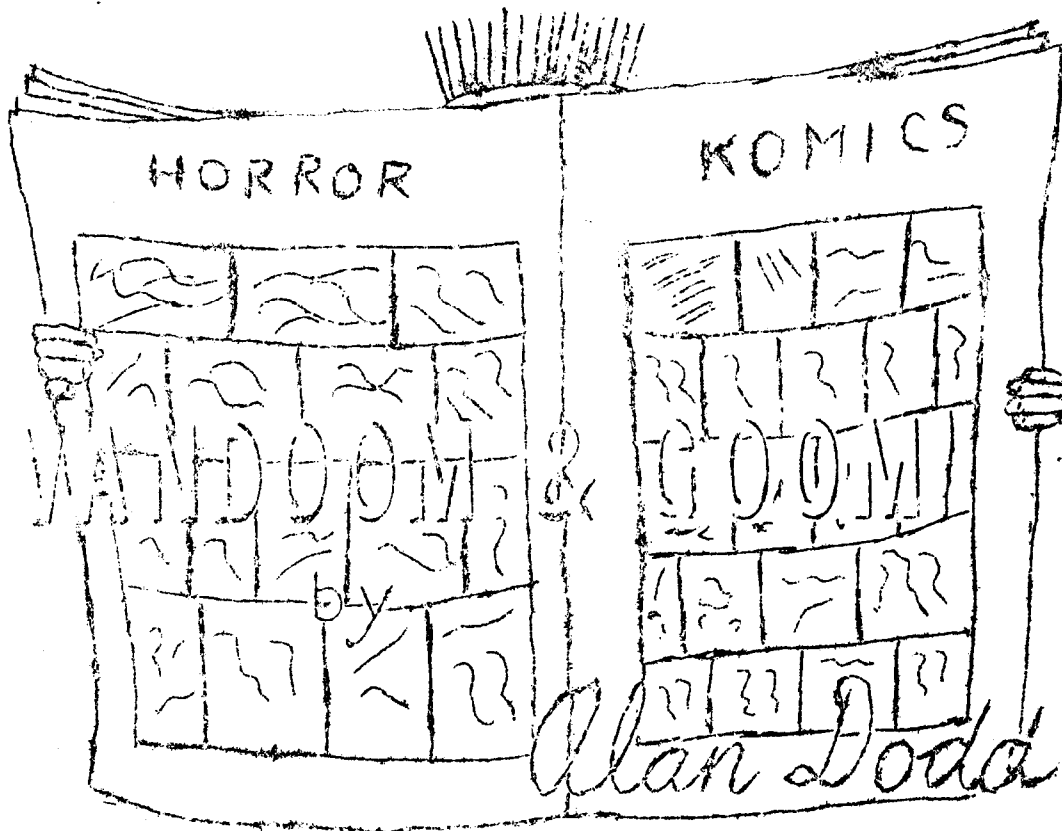
The next day we went mountain climbing, up and up, leaving the scorching plain (and its sunshine) behind. We crossed over into France and I felt more comfortable as I knew



the language, although it's surprising just how much Italian I had picked up. At last we arrived at our hotel in St Jean de Maurienne, a sort of townlet, famous for trout fishing. We had some remarkable cocktails before dinner, made by our courier, and one or two afterwards, where everyone got roaring drunk, it was our last night in France, so we made the most of it.

We drove through rain to the airport, seeing one or two disconcerting road-crashes, and then when we arrived at Lyon Airport the sun came out and I ate my lunch whilst watching air traffic to the four corners of France and its possessions. We got aboard the plane at last and came into England. I was lucky and caught "The Aberdonian" north, and enjoyed an excellent English meal aboard the train, and so I arrived home in the small hours of the morning, and that was my holiday over.

Reflections on Italy? Well of course it is a wonderful place for anyone with loads of cash, and it caters quite well for those with not so much. I myself think however that quite soon the outside world won't look at Italy so much for a holiday as for heavy industry, particularly chemicals. Russia has bought processes and there is a lot of research going on into the higher polymers. High Polymers, for the chemically ignorant, are stuff like polythene, but now there are polymers that are as far ahead of polythene as it is ahead of the first bakelite plastics, and some of these may well come from Italy. I also saw the 625 line Italian TV, and the only difference I could detect between it and English TV is the excellent lusciousness of the women on Italian programmes. The food we had was interesting, but somehow I feel that we didn't get true Italian food, it was too elaborate. The wines were not all that remarkable either, although the white wines were better than the red. The Italian beer was most horrible, and even the imported stuff (most expensive) was little better. Beer doesn't go south well it seems. Finally the people. Well mostly they were friendly and helpful and I got along well with them, though being on a tour I hadn't much chance to make acquaintance. I was not impressed by the grinding poverty that I saw, and seeing it I could understand why communism has such a hold in Italy, and having such a hold I feel that despite the fact that the Vatican is still influential Italy will go Socialist fairly soon, Socialism and heavy industry seem to go together, and in case American Fen tackle me, I would point out that since Socialism means labour bosses and not a few intimidatory tactics--well there is Jimmy Hoffa in the States, getting away with next to murder it is alleged. But on the whole I'm glad I went. I am now booked up for --guess--a trip to Moscow next year. I want another peep behind the Iron Curtain, because what I saw in Yugoslavia only whetted my appetite for more. I won't be writing anymore about Italy in the next Northlight, but I have a lot of slides to warm me up in the winter.



Since the Comics Code Authority came into being with the stamp "Approved by the Comics Code Authority" approving the contents of comics produced in the U.S., the standard of material has gone steadily downhill. To those who remember the enthralling tales so gruesomely illustrated by masters of the comic art in E.C. Publications and others of that ilk, today's Science-Fiction and Fantasy Comics seem a pale translucent image of the full-blooded originals, devoid as they are of any real "Meat" to a story or to an illustration. The creator of the comic strip Science-Fiction and Fantasy and horror has been engaged behind a barrier where his heroes must all be white, his villains grey but not black, bad but seldom evil, hardly ever vicious, and always vanquished in the end by the forces of good dominated by the presence of the hero whose deeds are often paralleled in magnitude only by the improbability of his coloured costume.

It takes then a special combination to make a comic that can present an intelligent, well-drawn, and imaginative story within these confining barriers. Such a combination has been found I think with the two publications TALES TO ASTONISH and TALES OF SUSPENSE both from Vista Publications Inc. 655 Madison Avenue New York (10¢ a copy or \$1.45 for 12 issues) and available in England at 9d a copy via the oldest distributors of British Reprints of American material Thorpe and Porter Ltd. of Oadby Leicester. The two issues chosen are No.17 of the former and No.15 of the latter.

Kirby and Ayers are the leading artists of both publications and the creators of the creatures whose names appear as the title of this piece and as the lead stories in both the comics as well as the cover illustrations. Both Kirby and Ayers are competent and talented artists, and with VANDOOM have created a story along the classic lines of FRANKENSTEIN. In fact as in years afterwards Frankenstein came to be known as the name of the monster rather than its creator, so does Vandoom in his story.

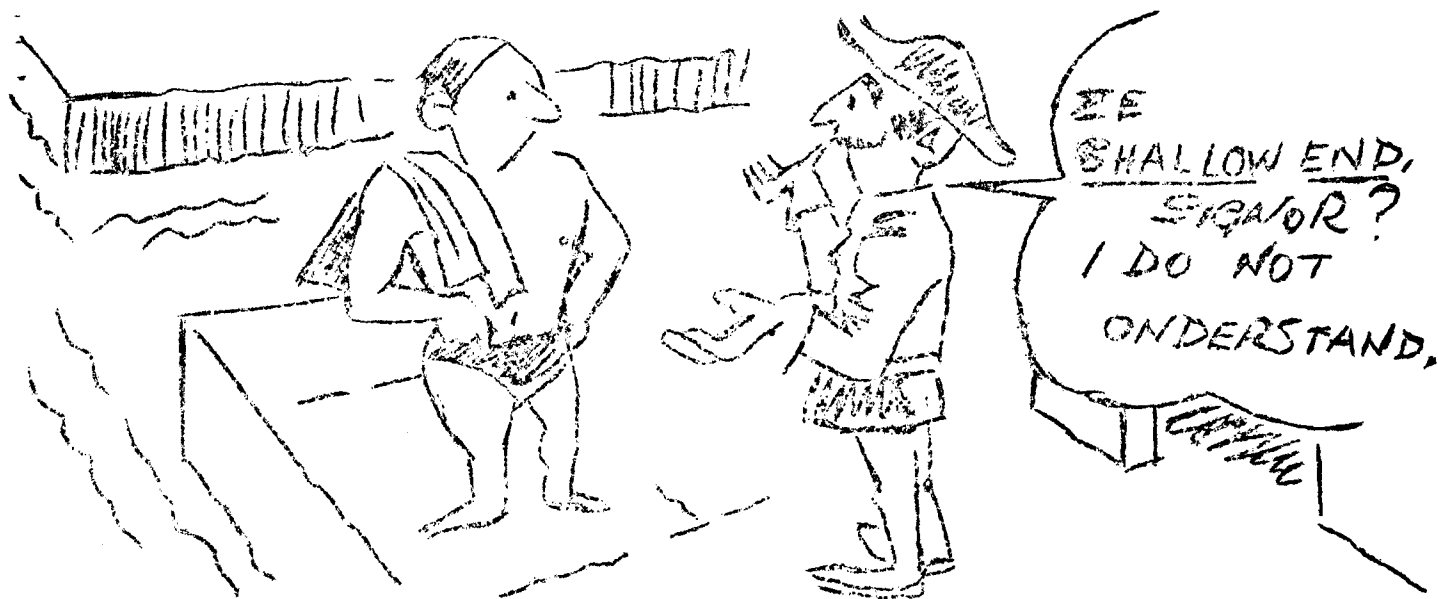
Vandoom is the proprietor of an unsuccessful wax museum in Transylvania where the tourists no longer flock to see his wax creations of the Frankenstein Monster, Count Dracula, the Wolfman and the Mummy, though personally I consider such a museum to-day in any tourist city would attract crowds to see the legendary figures of horror literature and films.

However Vandoom is in a small town and trade is so bad that the wax museum which brought wealth and fame to his father Heinrich has brought him only poverty. He realizes that without a special attraction his museum is doomed. He decides that as there are no new great monsters from literature he must create his own. For months he works upon drawings and diagrams planning the wax figure down to the smallest detail, designing the creature to be more ugly, more frightening, than any other monster and above all---the largest waxwork figure in the world. Each particle of wax is added to the giant framework until the creature is so large a hole in the roof must be made to allow the head to protrude. Each day crowds grow as they see the giant figure take form. They create committees to stop Vandoom's work but by now he is obsessed with creating a name for himself to surpass even that of his father.

The day before Vandoom plans to unveil the wax gargantua however, a mighty storm breaks out necessitating the creature's head to be covered with a canvas lest it be disfigured. The wind howls, the thunder roars and lightning strikes the creature and by some inexplicable trick of fate the fiery elements of nature itself give life to the creature of Vandoom.

A moment later the wax creature is free. Vast, Kong-like, with the mighty head of a whale and the mouth of a giant excavator grab. The creature is free--but to do what? Like his ancestor Frankenstein's monster it is the people who are afraid of it and their fear brings hatred to try to destroy the confused and frightened being that has suddenly been given life. The pursuit of the creature and its attempted destruction are pitifully typical of the attitude that creatures from outer space might expect to receive on a visit here.

As the inhabitants of the village pursue the leviathan who has refused to harm them in return, so an even grimmer collection of hunters arrive from Mars intent upon using Transylvania as their stepping stone for conquest of the Earth itself. The Martian soldiers bent on conquest assume the only defenders of Earth are the weakly villagers until they encounter fleeing from his enemies the creature of Vandoom. Although hideously hunted by the people of Earth, the creature seems to realize that the Martians are not only enemies of it but also of Earth. Despite gamma ray guns and other scientific weapons of destruction the Martians are no match for the full wrath



of the wax colossus who destroys all in its path much to the astonishment of the villagers. "It is unbelievable--if the monster had fought us with only half that fury he would have slain us all! He deliberately did not fight to spare our lives.

But the creature can barely stand up, his battle with the Martians whose survivors have now been routed has used up all its remaining strength, wounded, the giant staggers back to the place where he had been given life, the wax museum, but he is too weak to make it and dies on the village road. "We attacked him without mercy," says one villager, "and never once did he retaliate, he spared us all."

It remains only for the creature to be buried on their sacred mountain and a monument erected to him and for Vandoom to build another of his like, whose head also looks out to the stars hoping perhaps one day another bolt of lightning may bring him to life too---but what might the result be this time? Under the skilled hand of Kirby Ayers this does become I think one of the minor classics of comic fantasy fiction.

Steve Ditko's BEWARE OF THE CHASTLY GLASS gives grim warning to the greedy man with his thug bodyguard who spends his time terrorising the curio dealers of the world. He is looking for a strange glass crystal which has the power to grant anyone whatever he wishes, and for an old man like himself it would give youth, wealth--everything a man desires. He tracks the glass finally down to a Chinese curio dealer who warns him the wishing crystal is accursed and although it grants the wishes they turn against whoever makes them. Having shot the dealer for his advice the old man makes his wishes:-(1) to be 20 years old(2) a long and healthy life(3) freedom from arrest jails and institutions and finally (4) to be the richest man in the World. He is suddenly surrounded by an acre of gold bullion hills.

In a whirls he becomes rapidly younger. He has the youth--and the wealth.

There is only one point.

HE IS ON THE MOON!

He said he wished to be the richest man in the world, but he didn't say which world.....

In the final story in this issue I DARED TO ENTER THE HAUNTED ROOM there is no name visible on the credits but is of an equally high standard. The chief participant is an amateur scientist who stumbles upon the secret of a bomb which can destroy the world---a bismuth nuclear bomb. He intends to conceal the finished bomb with a selection of materials in some lonely old house while he issues his ultimatum to the world that after seeing his proof and tests of the material of the bomb they must name him ruler of the world. Unfortunately the place where he chooses to plant the bomb is a forbidden haunted room unopened for a hundred years. When he tries to deliver his ultimatum no one is able to understand or even notice him, because like the unsubstantial inhabitant of the room he too has become a ghost.....

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In the second comic TALES OF SUSPENSE, Kirby and Ayers present another monster with the same shovel face but with a different winged body and hulking head as the monster of GOOM in "THE TIDING FROM PLANET X", in which a scientist to prove his theories contacts another unknown planet by radio. But as luck would have it of all the people on this strange planet the one he should contact is a renegade giant --Goom. A monstrous batwinged creature, a tusked caterpillary Kong whose cavernous head resembles for all the world a giant hollowed out pumpkin with drooping menacing jaws. Goom demonstrates his powers by reducing one man in time to a baby, levitating a whole city by mental concentration and inviting the Earthmen to attack the protective force shield which surrounds him. It is only when the scientist who originally started the trouble realises that the creature may not be typical of all the inhabitants of their planet does he signal it again and the leaders come and take their offending member away.

Steve Ditko once again gives sterling support with his I AM THE LIVING GHOST in which an unwary human finds himself in an old castle where the ghosts turn out not to be the ethereal creatures of legend, but ghosts embedded in suits of armour and stone gargoyles. "But why do humans not suspect that OTHER life may exist on Earth--life which is NOT made of flesh and blood! Life which is composed of stone--and STEEL. We have lived here in their midst for AGES--but they never suspect! They never suspect."

Finally in MOOMBOO the same anonymous artist gives us the tribal witch doctor who is god of his tribe until a mysterious golden idol appears. He tries to show the people that the idol is a fake by commanding it to do things which are impossible, like growing a golden tree, and the idol grows a golden tree, and grants every wish the frustrated witch doctor commands regardless of how impossible the request. Intent on destroying this competitor that has usurped his



power he attacks it frenziedly with a warclub and the idol demonstrates the last feat of magic he will ever see. IT DISAPPEARS!

On another planet, in another dimension of time and space the idol is questioned and replies. "I tried to contact the people of the Earth dimension..but they are naught but primitive savages. We'll just have to wait another million years and try contacting them again. By then they may be civilised. But for MOOMBOO's being attacked by the witch doctor it might have contacted other more civilised people and another golden age for mankind might have begun.

There is I think, to both of these comics a degree of high quality both in plot content and illustration not present in so many companion publications. Vista Publications seem to have the right team and what's more someone who can create good stories for this medium. The gore of earlier productions may be missing but as they show, it is still possible to create something worthwhile providing you have a decent writer which so many other comics don't have.

For the best in Science Fiction and fantasy in this particular field then, at present you couldn't do better than make a note of Vista. They have a view of the future--not a lament for the past.

NORTHLIGHT is a fanzine produced by Alan Burns at
Goldspink House,
Goldspink Lane,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.2.
ENGLAND.

It appears whenever inclination strikes the editor but once or twice
at least each years

Articles and artwork are treated as acts of God and are dealt
with accordingly.

Implicated in this issue are:-

Klaus Eykman

Horst Margait

Alan Dodd,

Ken McIntyre (who cut all the artwork)

Jim Gawthorne (who drew some of the Italian style illoes)

And finally Messrs Ellams Ltd. who supplied the duper, the stencils
and the paper and ink.

The ghostly heading to Alan Dodd's article and the curious things
at the side or by me, the curious things were to try out Ellams'
patent brush stencil outfit.

Northlight is sent to anyone I think deserves it, either for
zines sent, letters sent or just because I happen to know a name.

CERTAIN OTHER NOTES

As an experiment this is going out in envelopes,
mainly because I don't like the idea of mutilating Northlight with a
lot of holes and sticking strengtheners and so forth on it%

Just as this was actually in the duper I had a phone call
from the original owners of the duper to the effect that they may
want it back, in which case this may be the last issue of Northlight.
If it is, I thank everyone in advance for the fun I've had putting it
out .

So I'll end up by saying good-bye, perhaps until the next ish,
but maybe forever as a fanzine editor.

Regards,

Alan.