

# ALGOL

APRIL 1964 / ANDREW PORTER / 24 EAST 82ND STREET / NEW YORK, N.Y. 10028

IN THIS ISSUE:

FICTION BY W. F. EVERS

CRITICISM BY VAN M. HENDRICKSON

ELRIC OF MELNIBONE



DALGARD  
2-26-64

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## THE EDITOR'S CORNER....

This is ALGOL #5, edited and published by Andrew Porter on Prepress. It is available by trade, letter of comment, 15¢, or submission. All submissions must be accompanied by return postage. ALGOL is an irregular fanzine, a member of Vanity Press. I publish anything I feel like pubbing, this being a non-profit mag. I am interested in short stories of 1½ - 2 pages single spaced, articles on SF, and fan aimed cartoons to fill up space with.

My address is: Andrew Porter  
24 E. 82nd ST.  
N.Y., N.Y. 10028



and, between April 10 and May 30,  
care/of The Milford School,  
Milford, Connecticut

and now turn to page four.

# ESFA 64

An eye witness report by Andrew Porter

The annual meeting of the Eastern SF Association this last March first was termed a success by whatever standards such meetings have. About 170 people showed up to hear L. Sprague de Camp, Lester del Rey, Fred Pohl, and Judith Merrill.

The formalities taken care of, Belle Dietz turned the forum over to Sam Moskowitz, who said that this meeting was "SF oriented". Or rather, "artwork oriented". He presented a memorial plaque to Frank R. Paul's daughter. After opening on the lives of Paul and Gernsback, who was Paul's first publisher, we saw several hundred slides illustrating Paul's early and later artwork for several magazines, among them Science Wonder, Quarterly, Amazing, and the other Gernsback mags. After the slides, there was a pause and then the panel began.

Science Fiction Since The A-Bomb with Hans Santesson moderating over L. Sprague de Camp, Fred Pohl, Judith Merrill, and Lester del Rey. Following are the basics of what each author said;

Lester del Rey: Atomic power is a basic part of sf but sf has regressed in style. We must stop writing historical dramas using atomic power, which now belongs to the past, and start writing about the future.

Biology will be the great battle ground for future science and science fiction. del Rey emphasized that "the impact of the atomic bomb must stop...the impact of the space age must stop", saying that these were now part of the past and thus should not concern science fiction.

L. Sprague de Camp: The people are always looking for new art forms, usually different and better. SF is a comparatively new form and there is a race waged between scientists and writers to change the sf into fact. Some writers, he said, are in a rut, turning out the same type of story over and over again. ((Heinlein?)) He ended on a promisingly vague note by saying that it will be interesting to see what will happen in the future of sf.

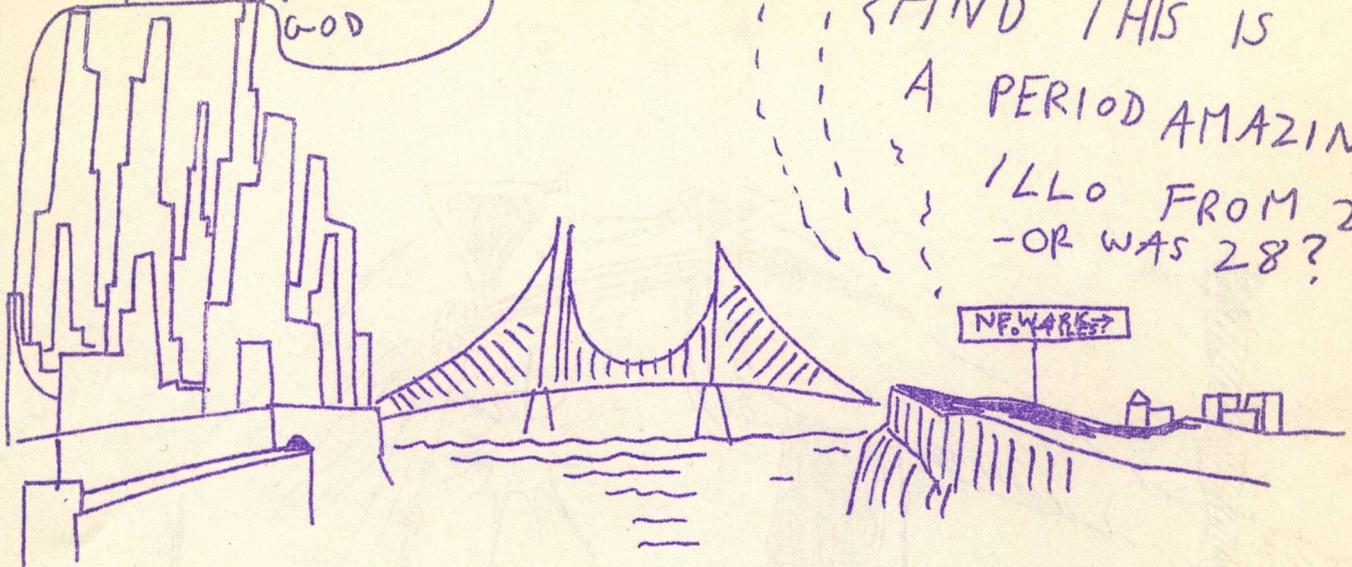
Fred Pohl: The older writers have ceased to write. Thus it seems that technological advances have outmoded a certain type of person. Therefore sf will always be limited to a small audience.

Judith Merrill: "speaking as an editor" said that oldtime sf is dead yet that extantolitive sf was still being written but that most of it was trask ((oh yeah?)) She also commented that the young people of today are more diversified in their interests than when she went to school ((X years ago)). SF has now reached a point where many of it's themes are being used by general fiction. ((7 Days In May, Fail-Safe, etc.)).

The round completed, del Rey commented on Pohl's statement, saying that the type of audience has remained the same, but has switched to the younger generation, the college age. Regarding the great number of such present, he said "people who know the humanities seldom know the sciences". Much applause at this point. Also, "the hard core of sf is a branch of philosophy", and thus sf is a philosophical romance.

(IT MUST BE THE VOICE OF GOD)

{AND THIS IS A PERIOD AMAZING / LLO FROM 26 -OR WAS 28?



de Camp went on a tangent and said that since all scientists were now organized and advocates of social security, there were no more lone inventors busily inventing and the world is being stifled in non productiveness.

Pohl declared that man has created his own environment. Judith Merrill said something unimportant at this point.

Lester del Rey stated that man and his environment are like a man and his wife- one and inseparable, but they still have quarrels.

Pohl ended the discussion by saying that man has created his own complex environment with it's own complex problems. Questions from the floor followed, none very perceptive, possibly because the discussion wasn't very.

Sam Moskowitz then gave a plaque to Virgil Finlay as sf's new Dean of artists, most likely because he's older than Ed Emshwiller. We saw 10 or 15 minutes of Finlay illos, and the meeting broke up at 5:40 PM.

Other than seeing several people I know and unloading 2 dozen copies of this fanzine, the meeting left me cold. It was saved in part by the appearance of Lester del Rey whose brilliant comments kept me from near boredom. Open ESFA 1964 wasn't as strong as I would have liked it to be. I hope next year will be different.

Editorial....

Or rather page 5.

There is a rather interesting literary mystery I'd like to get cleared up. In The Stars My Destination by Alfred Bester, THERE appears the lines "Gully Foyle is my name/Terra is my nation;/Deep space is my dwelling place/The stars my destination. This was published in the '50s.

In A Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man by James Joyce, there are the lines "Stephen Dedalus is my name/Ireland is my nation/Clongowes is my dwellingplace/And heaven my expectation." The book was published in 1916. Does Bester give any indication that his poem is a paraphrasing, and if not, why is there such a close resemblance? Answer, anyone? AP.



*pu*

"For ten thousand years did the Bright Empire of Melnibone flourish-ruling the World. Ten thousand years before history was recorded-or ten thousand years after history had ceased to be chronicled. For that span of time, reckon it how you will, the Bright Empire had thrived...

Ravaged, at last, by the formless terror called Time, Melnibone fell and newer nations succeeded her...but none lasted ten thousand years...

And none dwelt in the terrible mysteries, the secret sorceries of old Melnibone. Only Melnibone ruled the Earth for a hundred centuries- and then, even she, shaken by the casting of frightful runes, attacked by powers greater than men; powers that decided that Melnibone's span of ruling had been overlong- then she crumbled and her sons were scattered.

Such a one was the cynical, laughing Elric, a man of bitter brooding and gusty humour, proud Prince of ruins, Lord of a lost and humbled people; last son of Melnibone's sundered line of kings. -Michael Moorcock, The Dreaming City.

Fear and Death shall crown this man,

The last of an immortal clan

The rightful ruler and the judge

Of Hell's tribunal; that's the grudge

That warriors past and future hold

Against this man; the Elric bold,

Who calls the Devils at Hell's gate

Friends and comrades in his hate.

These warriors with their steel and potion

Warlock's brews, gen'ral's notion

Hate his power but scarce afford

Their death of numbers at his sword.

So slowly down to pits go they,

Held by magic Runes at bay.

Sooner be they in upper air

Than Devil's burning, sulph'ry lair

Elric, conquerer of souls and men

Beyond Man's mortal, mindly ken.

IF ALSO READ  
SCIENCE FICTION!

RATING SYSTEM:

A-Excellent D-Poor  
B-Very good E-Waste of  
C-Good Money

Book Reviews of the paperbacks

\*\*\*\*\*  
BEYOND THE STARS by Ray Cummings/Ace Books, 1963/40¢

This is a good adventure story in the grand manner of Cummings. Though not as polished as Burroughs would have made it. It is well worth the money if viewed only as a period piece.....(C)

THE GAME PLAYERS OF TITAN by Philip K. Dick/Ace Books, 1963/40¢

This is an exceptional book of subterfuge, the Vugs, and the Game (which strongly resembles Monopoly), a possible contender for the Hugo, as the cover blurb states.....(A)

LORD OF THUNDER by Andre Norton/Ace Books, 1963/40¢

There just isn't too much you can say about a Norton book. Beautifully developed alien civilization and lost Cave World; there's room here for another two or three top grade novels as follow-ups.....(A)

THE TOWERS OF TORON by Samuel R. Delany & THE LUNAR EYE by Robert

MOORE WILLIAMS/Ace Double Books, 1964/40¢

Why does Ace have to pair a good book and a bad one together? So that the bad one will sell, that's why. "TOWERS" is a very interesting, very complex novel by the fastest rising young author in sf today.....(B)

THE LUNAR EYE, however, is just average amateurish Williams, with incredibly stupid characters, a sluggish plot and a secret society of space-beings-who-have-evolved-from-the-rest-of-us. The book is like an adobe house in the rainy season of Brazil. It doesn't hold up very well.....(E)

TALES OF TEN WORLDS by Arthur C. Clarke/Dell Books, Feb!64/50¢

This is a good collection of Clarke, all previously published short stories. In this book are several of his minor classics, including Summertime On Icarus, Into The Comet, and Saturn Rising. I also found an extremely interesting story The Road To The Sea, A SORT OF The City And The Stars, a story of the far future and a dying Earth. Though there are several inferior pieces, on the whole this is an extremely well put together collection for the fantasy and starkly scientifically inclined.....(C)

LAMBDA I and other stories edited by John Carnell/Berkley Books/50¢

This is a collection of short stories, all of which have appeared in New Worlds SF over the past 2 or 3 years. The stories are well written and it seems a shame that the magazine will have died, along with SF Adventures and Science-Fantasy, by the time these words are reproduced.

The two top stories are Basis For Negotiation, BY Brian Aldiss, a story of a neutralized Britain and impending war, and Routine

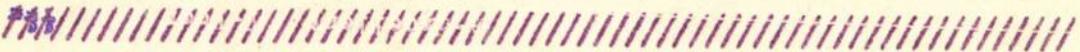
Exercise by Philip E. High, the strange battle of a nuclear submarine separated from the world we know. Beside these two authors are included Michael Moorcock of Elric fame, John Rackham, Lee Harding, George Whitley, and Colin E Kapp. This is the first and must regretably be the last collection from New Worlds, though such fine stories as these must eventually be antologized in the U.S. Buy the book.....(B)

DIMENSION 4 edited by Groff Conklin/Pyramid Books, 1964/40¢

Dimension 4 consists of 4 novelettes by Theodore Sturgeon, F.C. Tubb, John MacDonald, and Cleve Cartmill. All 4 are rather interesting, though the best for my money was Trojan Horse Laugh by John MacDonald. It is a beautifully developed story of foreign subversion through "Happiness, Inc.", and the blood strewn aftermath. The book is another feather-in-his-cap for Don Bensen, spirite editor of Pyramid Books.....(C)

THE DARK BEASTS, stories from THE HOUNDS OF TINDALOS by Frank Belknap Long/Belmont Books, 1964/50¢

Having read this book within the past hour, the impressions are still disapointingly bright. I expect more from Long than well written stories with worn out plots. I expect originality, and this is something I did not find. STEP INTO MY GARDEN and CENSUS TAKER are probably the two best stories in the book, having the power of identity with the character as well as the consistency of fine oral pastry. The other stories were far from the standards I hold for a story to be-original and holding of interest. I presume these were the leftovers from the first volume made from "Hounds", because the first book was all that anyone could want from an author. But I don't like leftovers, and neither will you.(D)



THE SILENCE Produced by Ingmar Bergman REVIEWED by VAN M. HENDRICKSON

"It is a waste of time to talk of loneliness".

This is Bergman's new technique in his film, The Silence. Instead, he has created a picture with only a few words and a suffocating atmosphere of silence. And yet there is a terrifying feeling of truth to the picture.

Externally the story is simple: it deals with a woman, her son, and her sister. On the way to an unknown destination they stop over in a nameless foreign city and later the boy and his mother leave the alcohol-ridden sister to die in the hotel.

Slowly we see the "plot" reveal itself. One of the sisters, Esther, (Ingrid Thulin) is a lesbian. This "horrible force" has made her incapable of love and communication and she is therefore doomed to the desperate silence. To escape from this tormenting silence she drinks excessively and symbolically works as a scholar and translator. "I am known for my logic", she raves but nothing can break the barrier within and around herself. Her last words are 'words in a foreign language'.

Anna, the mother, (Gunnel Lindblom) escapes into carnal passion. For Freudian reasons she flaunts her pickup in front of the tortured Esther, thus severing any hope of understanding.

# RANDOM FACTORS

LETTERS TO:  
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LETTERCOL...

////////////////////////////////////  
I'd like to quote you part of a letter from Missiles and Rockets magazine, 4 November 1963.

To the Editor:

When men climb mountains in preparation for that far-off dream of someday climbing Mount Everest, their ambition seems logical to me. The only reason I can see for climbing smaller mountains now is to prepare the novice mountain climber to be able to conquer the big ones someday...

The main compensation, then, of going to the Moon is not "because it's there"- but because the planets are there! The main purpose of going to the Moon is because the stars are there, the galaxies exist, and an expanding universe awaits it's master!...

Therefore, to conquer the Moon, a lifeless ball of rock whose composition could possibly be detected without man going into space, is particularly worthy in that it leads us out further on the road to finding out what is on the planets, where else man exists, what the stars are made of, how the stars evolve, and on and on until we can solve the problem of how man can understand and control all natural processes.

Howard M. Roseman/General Electric Co./Washington, D.C.

////////////////////////////////////  
Dear Andrew,

Thanks for ALGOL 4...everybody around here at IBM keeps thinking that it's a programming bulletin and I have to keep fighting people off. It would be too much to let them see it and then try to explain what fansines are.

But when you say that ALGOL is a computer term, although you are right, you are telling only the third chapter of the story. In the computer field ALGOL is an acronym formed from the term ALGORITHMIC Language. A dialect of ALGOL called JOVIAL is named by forming an acronym from the phrase Jules' Own Version of the International Algorithmic Language.

But the word Algol itself is the name of a star of fixed position but variable brightness.

And the word comes from the Arabic al-ghul, meaning the ghost or the ogre.

Altogether a dandy name for a fanzine. (By the way, I'm not so erudite as to know all about the star Algol and the derivation of it's name. Just look in the dictionary.)

Now, as for the fanzine itself, I must say that the most impressive part of it was your own drawing on the cover, which was very, very, good. Your drawing on page 4 was nearly as good, too.

The short story seems fairly typical fanzine quality fiction, or perhaps a little better; the review of LA DOLCE VITA seems to suffer from lack of timeliness. It's one thing to review a current item; quite another, but also of interest to discuss a really old work; but there seems little point in rehashing what everyone else

