

ALLOL.4

IN THIS ISSUE: RICHARD LUPOFF

DONALD WOLLHEIM

LARRY SHAW

MARCH 1964

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DHLGARD

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Editorial and other comments on fandom and the world.

My attempt at creating a vast political forum in this fanzine has tumbled down upon me. A chapter is closed.

We now turn our thoughts to other matters. Permit me to state a few facts. Of the U.S. population, there are approximately 21 million negroes, in which group there are 12 million of voting age. Of these mature persons, probably $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{2}{3}$ are in the middle class as regards income. These people are part of the middle class market, and generally buy the same books as other people do.

Then why are there so few negroes in sf fandom?

You tell me; I don't have the answer.

****The other day I came across a rather interesting condensation of part of a forth-coming book entitled The Evolution of Monsters, authored by one Marshall Fishwick. To me it is a high example of crass stupidity. The author discusses sf, citing non-existent statistics of it's rise, and Attacks Fahrenheit 451 as a horror story by a mediocre writer in a field of incompetants. He makes TIME and The New York Times rabid sf magazines in comparison to himself.

"It plainly smacks of the Demoniac...appeals to the same sort of personality that endorsed...witchcraft. Generally mediocre writing." As regards Bradbury, he "gives us sex spiced with a little sadism". The book is Faust Revisited (correction), issued by Seabury Press.

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Andrew Porter

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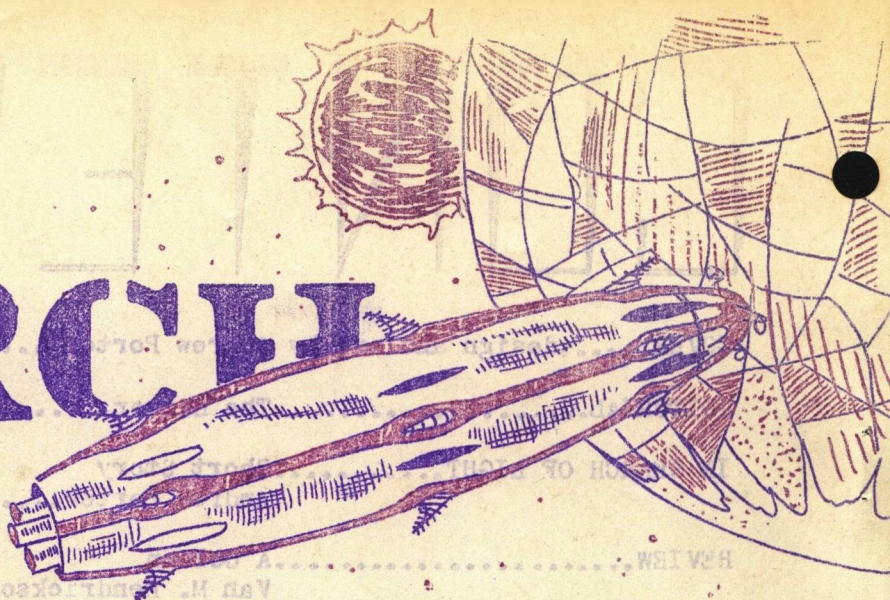
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%The Milford School

Milford, Conn.

IN SEARCH OF LIGHT



"I WAS AT 80,000 MILES
FROM THE
PLANET"

A STORY OF THE FAR FUTURE by ANDREW IAN PORTER

WITH A LAST GLANCE AT THE LITTERED CHAMBERED FLOOR, I shut the capsule door. Now there was only the silence about me, a dust laden silence undisturbed by the voices of man.

I pulled the masterswitch. Slowly, deep in the bowels of the machine filled building, built up an agonized, screeching whine as the circuits opened and closed, building patterns of force as they led electronic life to the vast earth covered vacuum pumps. The lights brightened slowly.

After five minutes the silence and then the screeching were replaced by the soothing bass throb of the power generators. I relaxed, content. At the moment, all was according to plan. Then, shifting in my instrument surrounded webbing, I turned to stare out the porthole past the thick, dusty, porthole casing. Nothing was changed save for a new pair of footprints in the room, those I had made on entering the ship. Taking a last breath of moist air, I swung the quartz into place and dogged it tight.

I pressed the Master Switch.

At once the throb built up, the whine grew, shaking the dust from the instrument panels and forming a glittering vortex in the vibrating air. I seemed to lose sight of the further corners of the cabin; my eyes ached, unfocused, leaving only a blur of light, and then my brain began to hurt. It grew, and after what seemed like a second or an eternity, I felt myself burst my physical confines, my mind crying in pain and ~~was~~ horror. My God, the agony I felt! I can recall little of it, save the single insane thought of boiling lava over moldy bread pervading my entire being.

Suffering agonies, I passed out.

When I awoke, I was weightless. I found myself drifting, half in, half out of the couch webbing. My head ached in throbbing waves of pain. I turned to the task of pinpointing my position. Looking through the port, I saw a great many colored glow as stars seemingly tumbled past the ship. I hit my head in my jubilation. I was out-out into space!

There was a bottle in my provisions locker. I hunted for it feverishly, and after a minute of free-fall wrestling I emerged triumphantly with an ancient dusty bottle of Coke, all that remained of civilization's mighty advances. After a minute, I cleverly opened it on the rim of the computer feed. Yet as soon as it was opened, the contents, liberated by excessive shaking and free fall, happily foamed all over me and the controls. My enthusiasm a bit dampened, I managed to squeeze most of it into my mouth as I soaked it up with a rag.

Refreshed but tired, I lay watching the carnival light effect as the stars spun in the port, and remembered.

I relived the shocking experience of coming out of my bomb shelter only to find a world of twisted ruin, worn down by centuries of wind and coarse ash. Hoping to project myself forward in time several years, to a period when the radio-activity had died down to a safe level, it seemed the machine had been more zealous than I would have cared for. The war had evidently continued for hundreds of years, the opponents living underground. After several centuries, one side must have won but left the Earth for a fertile planet. From records, this planet appeared to be Mars. The fourth planet had been Terraformed by them early in the war as an alternate base of operations.

I swore that I would attempt to follow them. Using the few tools untouched by time, I had uncovered a buried transportation center. Adapting one of the airships within to interplanetary travel had taken nearly four years. In a year more I had built a gravitunnel capable of projecting my ship beyond the atmosphere.

And thus, I found myself in this vastness, this thick dark silence, within a machine I had repaired with my own hands, projected from the Earth by a gravitunnel of my own manufacture, though with a little help from a repair manual and Providence. My destination, the planet Mars. I was on a search for civilization, a search for light.

My ship being amere ten feet in diameter, it was rather crowded because of the gravitunnel projectors about which I had to work my way to get to the rear compartment. The gleaming Duralume hull was marred by the squat projector nozzles extending in all directions, but my first concern was of utility, not beauty. From the heat shield depended other machines necessary for astrogation. This was rather simple within a sphere of several million miles, thankfully requiring no extensive fore knowlege of the skies.

Coming out of my reverie, I unstrapped myself and inspected the rear compartment. The algae tanks and projectors were all in good repair. I made a note to stay in the rear of the ship, where the bulk of machinery shielded me from the ever present solar radiation. For the first time in many months I felt no great anxiety for the future.

Eating and sleeping, I passed nearly three weeks shiptime in silence broken only by the crackle of static on the radio.

TWO

I awoke suddenly, with my long feeling of well being gone. I could ~~hear~~ hear the hum of the power units, the bubbling of the algae tanks, and the creak of the ship's frame. Yet underlying all these came a persistent, monotonous buzzing. I suddenly realized it was the sound of my radio! I pulled myself aft, pulling the microphone to me, I flipped the toggle and carefully, clearly enunciating, and repeated several times "Spaceship calling. Spaceship calling.", giving my position at the same time. Yet suddenly the buzzing stopped. It was replaced by a high whine. Seemingly the line was being kept open. I again repeated the call, but there was no answer. Yet I felt that some one was getting my signal, for how else to account for the change in pitch.

There was still no answer several hours later. Bitterly dissatisfied, I computed from where the signal, if it was one had come from. I was mystified when it proved to be coming from the direction of the planet Venus, many millions of miles distant. I carefully swung one of my antennae to cover the direction, should anything more happen.

Then I paused, thinking.

If the signal did come from the planet, then there must be life there. Yet I could hardly turn around and go there. If I did have the power to turn in mid Space, which I didn't, I would wreck the ship in the process anyway. If Mars was deserted, then I would attempt to reach Venus.

Many days passed. I left the receivers on, but there was no sound all the time I neared Mars.

In the 'morning', two months after I had left Earth, I was at 80,000 miles from the surface of the planet. I could see the many branchings of the piping system clearly.

Getting down posed somewhat of a problem. Turning the ship, I turned on the gravity beams, and at once great mountains of dust were stirred up as the beams pulled the ship to the surface.

There was no welcoming committee waiting.

I found not a sign of human life, though the planet was thoroughly abundant with earthly plant and animal life. After several weeks of exploration, I made up my mind to attempt a voyage to Venus. Refitting the craft with parts from abandoned pumping stations, I left Mars a month after I had arrived.

THREE

I was under a great deal of strain as I made ready for the voyage, and had been taking sleeping potions. At one point, I seriously thought of suicide. After all, should I find Venus as devoid of humanity as the other two planets had been, I felt that there would be nothing to exist for. I would be the last man alive.

After arguing with myself, I took an extra heavy dose of medicine, and passed into a drugged sleep.

The sand must have hit while I was in the state of drugged sleep. Traveling diagonally to my course, it sheared off two off the projectors in its furious flight.

The strain on the skin buckled it, though it did not break, and I curved about on a course into the sun.

For several days I lay in an agonized stupor. After many hours, I grew aware of my surroundings, and knew the deep despair that only the sure knowledge of Death brings.

And then I felt billions of tiny threads, tendrils in

my brain.

They were the missing citizens of Earth and Mars. It was they who had signaled to my spaceship, bouncing the signals off Venus just as the people of my day had bounced signals off the Moon and back to Earth. They learned of my journeys in search of people, and told of the accident that had prompted a great lemminglike stampede into the fires of the Sun.

A ship had fallen into the sun, and been vaporized. Yet the minds of its crew had lived on as radiations, intelligent radiations that fought and swore and loved. They were immortal. The crew had sent their minds ranging out, beyond the sun, and talked with the people on Mars through their radios. And the peoples, tired and worn by their labors, had once again boarded their spaceships and then plunged them into the Sun.

They had explored, these new beings. They had colonized many new suns, and found others already inhabited.

As the surface of my crumpled metal capsule slowly heated and started to melt, my people welcomed me home.

THE END OF AN ALGOL SCIENCE FICTION STORY by ANDREW PORTER

A new contributor to the magazine, with some interesting ideas...

REVIEW

BY VAN M. HENDRICKSON IN THIS ISSUE: LA DOLCE VITA

La Dolce Vita is one of the most famous of the new ~~at~~ films that have been imported from Europe. Produced by Federico Fellini, the movie seeks to convey "the corruption and decadence of our times."

"The Sweet Life is a parable of modern man's futile quest for meaning and identification in a life of nothingness. The movie opens with a statue of Christ being carried above Rome. Spiritual life has decayed. At this point, we meet Marcello, played by Marcello Mastroianni. Though aspiring to do some creative writing, he has fallen to the position of a gossip writer. He half realizes the meaninglessness of life but resolves to try and find something with which to identify and relieve him of his depression. Thus the film relates the story of an intelligent man who goes from hope to complete nihilism.

The external events of the movie deal with Marcello's travels about Rome in order to find a story. He goes to a nightclub where he picks up a prostitute; later his girl tries to commit suicide. When an American actress comes to Rome, it is Marcello's job to interview her. Parties, seeing his father and an old friend take up the rest of the time.

Marcello soon finds himself succumbing to a desperate despair. To save himself, he tries to find something meaningful in life, something in which he can believe. Naturally, his first hope rests with religion. He goes to a field where two children are supposed to have seen the Virgin Mary. As he and a crowd watch to test the validity of this "miracle", he

Well, I told you that we had Donald Wollheim and Larry Shaw in this issue. Nothing said about articles by them, was there?

But I see that I've set you to wondering. So, to pacify you, we now present Dick Lupoff and a statement he made recently at an interview at the offices of Canaveral Press.

AQUAMAN WONDROUS AN UNEXPECTED STRANGE ADVENTURES BLACK HAIR KATOM FLASH
WONDROUS AN UNEXPECTED STRANGE ADVENTURES BLACK HAIR KATOM FLASH AQUAMAN
UNEXPECTED STRANGE ADVENTURES BLACK HAIR KATOM FLASH AQUAMAN WONDROUS AN
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KATOM FLASH AQUAMAN WONDROUS AN UNEXPECTED STRANGE ADVENTURES BLACK HAIR
FLASH AQUAMAN WONDROUS AN UNEXPECTED STRANGE ADVENTURES BLACK HAIR KATOM

It is my contention that anyone can read the comics. For kids, that's fine. For adults, there may be many reasons for reading them: a professional interest in this peculiar kind of writing, art, and publishing; an interest in children's literature per se; a nostalgic "visit" to a fantasy world of one's own youth.

But when a mature person regards comic books as literature of mature values, fit to stand alongside books written for adult readers, then that's a lot of rot. Comics are written for pre-adolescents.

As for comic-book fandom, I'm afraid that it's a dead end. Forry Aokerman maintains that his little monster fans grow into "real" sf fans; that may well be. (I've yet to meet a "real" sf fan who says that^h started as a monster fan and grew into sf but that doesn't mean there are none around.) But from what I've seen of comic-book fans, they can be thirty or forty years old with college degrees and responsible jobs, and they still fail to grasp any essential difference between, say, A CASE OF CONSCIENCE and STREAKY THE SUPER-CAT MEETS HIS ROBOT MISTRESS.

This, to me, is a clear and emphatic indication of an intellectual malaise.

/I went into a candy store this afternoon, and happened upon a man, 20-25 years old, much in need of ashave. He bought 19 comics -AP.

I've decided to put into this magazine certain of the finer points of mankind. Therefore, to appease those of you who tire easily of such things as criticisms, essays, and editorials, we now present our first gala gee whiz oh boy

POETRY CORNER - The best of the unknowns
(mainly myself-AP.)

I have three pieces here; the first from my unlit days of pre-fandom, the second and third from the month just past.

DICTIONARY

Gathering Americans
From slums, towers, Brooklyn
Together for a goal of usefulness.
The patterned talk of New England stones
Blooming throughout California
Forest desert stone and sky
Linked by a language of eternity;
At least for a little while.

CASTLES

The deadly fearful hatred
Of men respectfully covetous
For other lands, other worlds
Building towers, weapons higher
Beyond the sky with frozen fires;
The tide comes in on firm foundations
'Round sand and mud the waters swirl.

WARRIORS

To the hills of foreign nations
March the sodden tired men
Beyond the sea another world,
Fresh and merry as the dew.
In this place the here and now is
Only death and sudden pain;
And the marching ever forward,
Never ceasing greuling slow.
To the hills beyond the next rise
March the Damned; the souls in Hell.

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ANNOUNCEMENT:

I regret to say that a profound lack of interest in the magazine may cause a cut-back in the number of pages in the next issue.

If you receive a copy of ALGOL, it would be much appreciated if a LoC, article, or other piece of trivia were sent in to myself.

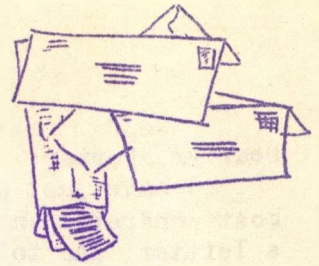
Of major interest are articles, reviews, cartoons of a fannish nature, and letters concerned with ideas, fannish thoughts, etc.

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and

FEB3-MARCH26
APRIL12-MAY30

%The Milford School
Milford, Conn.

R ANDOM FACTORS



LETTERS FROM PEOPLE AND PLACES

NEW YORK, TEXAS, OHIO - AND BEYOND

SETH A. JOHNSON
339 STILES ST.
VAUX HALL, N.J. 07088

Dear Andrew;

Just got ALGOL #1. I don't know whether I was just lucky in getting one of the first copies off the duplicator or that your publisher is so skillfull that all the copies came out perfect. But either way you did a fine job typographically.

By the way why did you pick a name like ALGOL? Sounds like one of those patent mineral oil laxatives like nujol or something.

No comment on the name change.

I wonder if you would be interested in doing illos for neofaneds of N'AFA or N3P. I could mention your name (new) and address to them if you wish in my correspondence.

Bradbury article was interesting. Suggest however that original articles and essays would be far more interesting and acceptable to your readers.

Last but not least I would like to suggest you expand ALGOL to 100 pages or more and have articles by Heinlein, Asimov, Clarke, and Bradbury. This would dress up the zine no end and presto. A new BNF is born.

All kidding aside though, I wish you luck with the fanzine and your fanac.

Fanatically yours,
Seth Johnson

/ Thanks Seth. As you will see, we're rapidly rising. I may make that 100 pages yet./

HARRIET KOLCHAK
2330 N. HANCOCK ST.
PHILA., PA. 19133

Dear Andy;

Jel #4 delayed by finances. Not pubbed yet but in print this week I hope. The weather is lousy but we are digging out slowly. Could you use a piece advertising the Neofund from me/YES.AP/ I don't have much time for anything these days. I have loads to do and more to catch up on.

We need some more art of the fantastic type, pertaining to the fantasia. All you can give us for inclusion in the Annish.

Harvey (Forman) wants to know, What is this?, pointing to the ALGOLS.

Got to run and type more mail. Harvey is here leaning on my ear too.

Love,
Harriet

P.S. ZAP!---HCF

/ Artwork sent and accepted, I hope. HCF: this is a funzine./

I might add for those of you interested that ALGOL is an abbreviation associated with computer terminology.

KENNETH KRASKA
12 VAN NESS CT.
CLIFTON, N.J.

Dear Mr. Porter:

I have just provoked the wrath of 2 Goldwaterites with your most wondrous and praiseworthy editorial. They believe you to be a leftist, and to clear up the matter, would you please state your own political views?/Kennedy liberal and New Frontiersman.AP/

Personally, I am an Independent (which is like walking in the middle of the road; you get hit by trucks going both ways). So much for politics.

I am very anxiously awaiting your article concerning "God".

On a separate sheet is a little poem humbly submitted by me. Hope to meet again someday at ESFA.

Kenneth Kraska

/ Oddly, there has been little response, other than this, to my political statement./Submission rejected.AP/

IDA IPE
1625 E. INDIANOLA AVE.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO 44602

Andy-

Couldn't agree more with you about Goldwater. TIME magazine ran an article about the candidates a few months ago in which the views of Goldwater were espoused. I sent a scathing letter to TIME which they did not publish. They did, however, send me a very polite mimeographed letter expressing their regret that they were unable to print all the letters they received. There was not one letter ever printed about the article, which seems very strange.

If Goldwater ever gets elected I'll get to the Moon somehow. I hate to say this, but I'd be afraid to live in the United States. It is not only the responsibility of every fan but of every American of voting age not to vote for a charlatan like Goldwater.

Ray Bradbury was interviewed on television some time ago discussing R Is For Rocket. The same goes for the great Ghod Campbell. When he was interviewed, as did Bradbury, they talked of science exclusively and nothing else. Campbell never mentioned Science Fiction at all. He always managed to turn the discussion from other topics to our space program. He stated that if Man ever hopes to reach the Moon, it will have to be by some other means than rocket power./The Dean Drive?AP/ Campbell did not, however, say how he proposed to do this but deliberately cut off just in time to leave a question mark in everyone's minds. This does seem very strange.

The Man In The High Castle is not in my library for one reason; it's subject matter of Nazis over Americans is very common writing material and rehashes everything ever written on it. William Shirer wrote an article for LOOK sometime ago on the very same thing. It far outdoes anything that Philip K. Dick seems to write upon from your review. He goes at it realistically and doesn't dwell on the Conquered people.

Keep up the good work
Ida

/Re: Man; It is a study of personality; the country consists of people, be they free or enslaved. Astory must be of people to be true, otherwise it's a Geography book, bare of imagination.AP/

The end of letters. Write something for next month.

PERSONAL COMMENTS HERE:

YOUR REASON FOR RECEIVING THIS:

ARTICLE WITHIN

LETTER OF COMMENT WITHIN

WE TRADE/I WANT TO TRADE

FREE LIST

TO RECEIVE NEXT ISSUE, SEND IN
LETTER OF COMMENT

ARTICLE
CARTOON

TRIVIA DEPT.

TED STURGEON WITH AN ARTICLE ON
THE BEATLES IN THE FEB. 11, 1964
N.Y. TIMES.

JERRY SOHL MAKING A SCREEN PLAY
FROM THE COLOUR OUT OF SPAC E.

RECEIVED NIEKAS #7, TIGHTBEAM,
LUNATIC BINIGHTLY # 8, GEMZINE,
BOUGHT 27 BOOKS IN 3 DAYS.

PUT OUT ALGOL #4 IN 11 DAYS FROM
CONCEPTION TO PRINTING.

ROOMMATE PUT UP WITH TYPING FOR
WEEK AND A HALF, WHEN HE SWORE
THAT HE'D THROW MACHINE OUT
WINDOW IF I STARTED TYPING WHILE
HE WAS IN ROOM.

TYPewriter STILL HERE.

LAST THOUGHTS DEPT.

I WISH PEOPLE WOULD NOT STARE
OVER SHOULDER AS I TYPE THIS
OUT. SOME PERSONS IN SCHOOL CALL
THIS MY PAGZINE. THEY ARE NOT
FANS.

THERE WILL BE ANOTHER ISSUE,
MOST LIKELY DATED APRIL.

GOODBY.

ANDREW PORTER

24 EAST 82nd STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10028

or

FEB. 3- MARCH 26

APRIL 14- MAY 30

c/o THE MILFORD SCHOOL
MILFORD, CONN.

ALGOL 4
ALGOL 4
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MATTER

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