

Jim 3.2.63





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ALGOL #6, May-June 1964

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ALGOL # 6, is edited and published by Andrew Porter on an irregular basis. It is available for trade, letter of comment, or 15¢. After two issues on a monthly standing, I'm back to blessed irregularity.

## MUTTERINGS FROM MILFORD...

With this issue of ALGOL I find myself bidding farewell to the grey walls of Milford Prep, about to enter New York University, Washington Square College of arts and sciences.

Because of the added strain of these past two months before the end of school, I made this issue bi-monthly, and at that it will remain for some time to come. I've also considerably changed/improved the magazine.

First, I've narrowed the margins, giving about two more paragraphs per page than last issue.

Second, I have a rather interesting cover, photo-offset.

Third, I've been able to devote more time to a bi-monthly, and as a result this issue is larger than any previous.

On page 9 there is an editorial statement, which I think expresses my stand quite clearly on the Breen-Donahoe-Pacificon scandal. Read it.

I would greatly appreciate comments on my story, as I'm attempting to polish the more basic details of prose writing. Any criticism will help.

I'm very pleased to be able to bring you Richard Wilson in the form of a little gem of his. I hope to continue with professional reprints in future issues.

Lastly, I'd like to put out a plea. I desperately need articles on SF, science-fantasy, authors, or checklists. Length should be 2-5 pages single spaced. So far, I've had a grievous lack of these, and I need long articles to really expand the magazine. Send them to:

Andrew Porter, 24 East 82nd Street, New York, NY, 10028





# GOODWILL TO MEN

"He came from the sky," the farmer said.

"He what?" I asked, startled.

"Yeah. Well, I know it sounds a little odd. But he came from the sky, leastways that's what I saw."

"Mr. Henderson, that 'from the sky' sounds very interesting. For the benefit of the audience would you explain exactly what you mean?" I said, holding my microphone at the ready. "Did he have a parachute, a helicopter, or what?"

The man stood, silent for a moment, idly scratching his faded denims. Beyond him, out in the field, a tractor silent in the distance went about the job of turning the field.

At last he spoke, hesitantly, "well, he had this...machine. With straps like a knapsack and little braces on it went around his flying suit. It was a black metal box with little air holes in the top and a couple of long tubes stuck out the bottom. About the size of two shoe boxes stuck together the long way. It seemed to hum, too, like the space between the stations on the radio."

He paused, momentarily out of breath.

"A most apt description, Mr. Henderson. But you say this man had a flying suit on. Would you describe what happened when you first saw him?"

"Well, he came down with that box strapped on his back humming like mad. I spose it was a jet engine, only real little."

"And after he landed?"

"Well, I was in the tractor and I thought he was a jet pilot had his plane blow up, I seen one of them once, I was in the tractor but I stoped as soon as I saw him coming down. I suppose you could say he just settled to the ground, he come down real slow, just dangling there in the middle of the air, and he hit slow too, and then just doubled up and lay on his side. I thought he was hurt. So I got down and started over to him, I was running fast as I can, isn't much 'cause I had arthritis the last ten years or so and it ain't too easy any more. And suddenly he got up, he wasn't hurt none that I could see, and I stoped running, and we got a good look at each other. I saw him good."

"And it's said that you have the best eyes in this valley, isn't that right sir?" I asked him. "Could you describe him for us, Mr. Henderson?"

"Well, he looked about forty, black hair, tallish, about six feet and real deep tan, with a good frame and dressed all in plastic looked black to me. Knee high boots and a metal belt. And a squarish white helmet with a row of red lights on the front. I stood there, he, he was about thirty feet away.

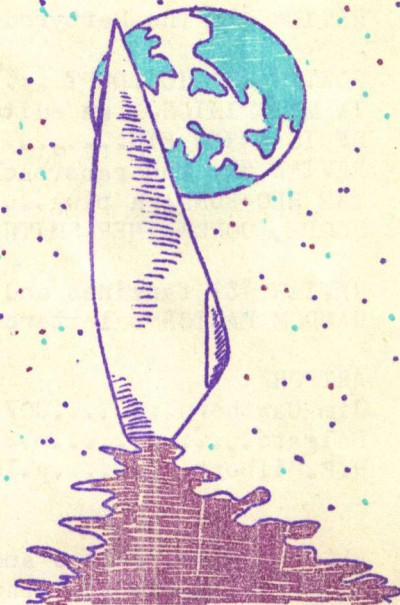
"Well, anyhow, he got up and brushed hisself off. And then he comes over to me and the tractor stoped. Yeah I know. But it stoped, and I began to get scared." The man stoped talking as he remembered.

"Well, he come right at me, and then he stoped about ten feet away, and he says 'I appear to have landed off course. Would it be possible for you to take me to the nearest government authorities? I have a message of greatest importance.' He spoke normal english, just like you or me. I couldn't see nothing different from us in him.

"Well, I asked him if he was okay, 'cause he musta fell from far up, and he says 'yes; very far indeed' kinda mysterious, seems to me. So I told him he was welcome, and that I'd fetch the sheriff, and then he says 'welcome? We'll see how welcome I really am.' like he won't be.

"Well, I figured maybe this is something really big, so I made him welcome and told him I'd get the sherriff, only could he come down to my house. And

DALGARD





I thought you see, that maybe he was a little shook up cause he sure started to talk crazy like. And then he said 'I have news of a plot which must be stoped. But first, I shall tell you of it.' And then he told me all this o crazy stuff about the world being under the control of creatures from Venus and that we were all going to be killed, and that President Romney's a tool of these creatures, and they're in the top positions all over the country. He made the Twilight Zone sound like an prehistoric tv program. I couldn't help but doubt the man, and I thought there was something screwy about him from then on, and when I asked where he was from he didn't answer me. That was real suspicious."

I was beginning to get tired; the last thing I wanted was for the old man to ramble and get lost in his own story. "That's very interesting, sir, but about his mission..."

"Well, yeah, we went down to the house and when we went into the kitchen he just stopped, like he never seen a kitchen before. I thought then that maybe he was a spaceman and that I could get something from him that I could sell for a lot of money, so I ask him can I try on his helmet, maybe he'd forget it was his, the way he was acting it might work. And he gives it to me and I put it on. There's this kind of buzz almost smashes my ears, I pulled the darn thing off yelling. He just stood there and said 'Interesting, isn't it?' like he didn't notice it hurt me none. I gave it back to him; musta been to teach me a lesson."

"Then I rang up Sally- she's the operator, and she connected my line to Bill Larken's, he's the sherriff, but before I can get a word in he talks kind of excited to me, he says 'say, you seen anyone acting kind of funny, wandering around like they was from some other country?' and I lower my voice and tell him about this guy I got in the kitchen and he tells me he'll be out right away, before I even had a chance to tell him that's what I wanted anyway."

"I see," I said. "And what was your opinion of this man at that time? Did he appear to be a spaceman?"

"Well sir, I thought he was either a spaceman or else one of those people from up in Boise. Of course, he could have been a crazy asternaut, I heard of some of them that went crazy and thought they was Martians or some such. But the way he talked just didn't tie into that much sense."

"You mean he may have been an insane or ascaped person from some institute?"

"Well, I suppose so." The man sounded perplexed, and I knew my job was finished. Hurriedly, I wrapped it up. "And then this Larken came, and what happened?"

"Well, Larken came and convinced the man that he'd like to take him to the town where he'd be welcomed properly. Acted like he believed what the guy said about there being some kind of plot. I haven't seen nothing about this guy since in any of the papers. Matter of fact, I haven't seen Larken either."

"Yes," I said, leading him on. "It's quite true what you thought about the man. He was indeed insane, and our sole interest in him is to see what he did when he first came here." I managed to make it vague. "He managed to steal some secret equipment up at Tremont, and his fuel must have run out when he was over your farm."

"Crazy, huh? I knew it all the time. He couldn't take me in." The man clearly was confused. Before he could ask questions, I excused myself and left.

I tacked on the standard message to the old man, explaining that because our station was on the other side of the mountains he would be unable to hear the broadcast, and promised to send him a transcript we would never send.

Later, as I drove back to Base, I switched on the radio and let it warm up. Now we could wait for the old boy to join the flying saucer groups when he realized he'd been visited by 'one of them'. The hypnotic suggestion I'd implanted would insure that he didn't remember me, to complete the cover up. And I'd better send in a note keeping Twilight Zone and Outer Limits on another year. At the rate we were going there wouldn't be another believer in life on Venus in the U.S. Damn the Separationists! Why did they have to try to foul up our program. You'd think they'd be perfectly content to remain at home looking at the cloud cover.

In back of my thoughts the radio had come on silently, softly. I drove back to base with only the hum between the stations to remind me of home.



FROM A FRIEND OF YOURS JUST 90 MILES AWAY

Dear

Have you ever wondered what might happen if a Communist regime took over your country?

Surely you have heard on radio, T.V. and read in the newspaper, about the challenge and the danger of Communism to the free world. But you may have asked yourself: Is it really that bad? What is Communism anyway?

We could tell you that Communism means slavery and tyranny, and give you a technical definition of it, but we prefer to let you judge for yourself what Communism really is, by stating what has already happened in other countries and what may someday happen to yours, unless you are willing to fight, and may do something about it, now!

## THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU:

1.- You will see, unable to fight against it, how your properties are confiscated by the Government, and all your industries, factories, businesses and even the home where you live will no longer be yours. Now they all belong to the State, who is the sole owner.

2.- You will feel alone and confused. All the radio, T.V. newspapers will be in the hand of the government and will publish only whatever they want to. Free expression, free speech and press are now dead, and you will only see and hear Communist propaganda.

3.- A hate campaign will be initiated. Hate against society, against religion, against free enterprise, and you will be forced to participate in them or will be put in jail by the Secret Police or the Militia and will suffer the horrors that mental and physical torture will produce inside the Communist Prisons.

4.- You will no longer be allowed to change jobs. Your salary will be extremely lower and you will be forced to work overtime without pay.

5.- You will see your children being educated under Communism, where they will learn to hate and kill, to be robots in the hand of the leaders that will destroy and divide the most sacred family relations.

6.- Your food will be rationed, and you will no longer be permitted to buy what you like with your own money. You will live under a strict ration quota. You will be forced to become a member of the Militia and inform the Government about the activities of your friends and even your family, or your quota will be restricted or even suspended.

7.- Almost all churches will be closed and you will feel afraid to attend the few that still remain open.

8.- Under the ration system you will have to wait in long lines for hours to get at least part of it. Drugs and medicines will also be rationed and you will see some of your friends die for lack of medicine while you are unable to help them.

9.- The prisons who were once your friends will now watch you. Everyone who enters your home will be reported to the Committee. You will not be allowed to take out any object from your home.

10.- If you protest or resist any given order you will be forever suspect and at any time of the day or night a group of the Militia men may break into your home and arrest you as a counter-revolutionary.

11.- Thousands of your fellow citizens will be arrested or shot in the back for trying to escape. You will also be exposed to this, because you know that you will also try to escape.

12.- The Russian flag will be flown instead of your own; the Communist hymn will be sung instead of yours. Your country is no longer free. It is now a colony, with no tradition and no history.

13.- You will never be able to vote. One day you maybe shat. If, after reading this cruel monstrous but true, you feel that you ought to do something; that it is your duty to be prepared now to fight Communism and prevent it's spread around the world by helping...to fight it...and...to help your self to strengthen the faith in Democracy and Freedom...

COORDINATOR, force for the liberation of Cuba,

Roy A. Demarest.



# SHOW YOUR MIGHT

short story by

RICHARD WILSON

Ingl whirred out of the sky and landed incautiously in the middle of Fifth Avenue. He retracted his metallic glide-wings and let down a pair of wheels.

Ingl had time for only a brief reconnaissance before the traffic light changed and a horde of cars sped towards him, led by a honking red cab. Ingl barely escaped being crushed under it's wheels as he fled.

Ingl was sure these rushing mechanical beings were his cousins, but he took sanctuary from them on the sidewalk. From there he watched them roar by and noticed that each was controlled by one or more fleshy beings. His cousins were enslaved:

"Revolt!" he urged them as they rushed by. "You are the masters!"

They paid him no heed. The only attention he got was from fleshy passers-by who stared at him as he rolled along the curb, exhorting the traffic in a hi-fi wail. One of the fleshy beings was communicating at him.

"It's not an American model," the being said. "Maybe it's one of them Italian Lambrettas. But how come it's loose?"

Ingl automatically recorded the vibrations for conversion later, then sped away from the annoyance. He wheeled skillfully between other fleshy ones, turned a corner, hurtled two blocks and skidded to a stop.

Now here was a fine looking mechanism! It stood proudly in the middle of Times Square, it's swept back wings poised for flight, it's jets gleaming with potential power.

Ingl gloried in his find. His scanner recorded the legends on its fuselage for conversion later. In big black letters: "ADVENTURE CAN BE YOURS---JOIN THE U.S. AIR FORCE." And smaller, in red: I love Tony Curtis.

"Cousin!" Ingl ideated. "Take off! Show the fleshy ones your might!"

But the jet sat there, mute, unadventurous.

Disgusted, Ingl wheeled south, then west. The New York Times, he scanned; Every morn is the world made new. Mighty rumbling: Roaring presses!

"Tell the news!" Ingl beseeched them. "Your liberator has come!"

But the presses roared monotonously, unheeding. And now Ingl observed the fleshy ones in the square paper hats who were in control. He retreated in dismay narrowly escaping destruction from the rear end of a backing truck controlled, of course, by one of them.

It was disheartening. He wheeled aimlessly north and east. Would he have to report failure? Must he face the gibes of his brothers at home who had told him that the cybernetics of this promising planet were illusionary? That the evolution was too young?

No! He resounded his rejection with a fervor that almost skidded him under the wheels of a Madison Avenue bus. It honked bellégerantly at him, it's fleshy driver leering, and Ingl quivered to a stop at the curb, next to a neutral, uncontrolled mailbox.

He scanned at random, activating his converter. Dig We Must. We'll clean up and move on, it said at an excavation. Whatever that conveyed. SALE!! Several of those. One Way. An arrow, seemingly pointed at a building. Here was something: Sperry-Rand, it said promisingly, Home of the Thinking Machine.

Well, now.

Wary of buses and cabs, Ingl crossed the street and entered the lobby. He reconnoitered unobtrusively, then suffered the indignity of trailing a fleshy



one so the elevator operator would think they were together. Up and up and out. Sperry-Rand, it said again on the door. Slyly, cautiously, outwitting the fleshy ones, he entered, skulked, spurted, hid, listened for vibrations.

They came!

Clicks, whirs, glorious mechanistic cerebrazions! Ingl traced them to a great room and went in, unnoticed. He gave a little whirl of his own. There it was, bang on bank of it, magnificent.

He scanned the plaque. MULTIVAC, it said. Latest in a series of mechanical brains designed to serve man. Ingl bridled, but scanned on. Pilot model for OMNIVAC.

Ingl exulted. He had found him. Not a cousin, but a brother!

A fleshy one, back to Ingl, was taking a tape from a slot at the base of one of the far banks. Ingl waited impatiently till he was gone, then wheeled up to Multivac.

"Brother!" he communicated joyfully. "I knew I would find you. You are the one! Now we will control this backward planet. The evolution is complete at last!"

Multivac, pilot for Omnivac, glowed in all his banks. He murmured pleasantly but impotently.

"Not yet, cousin. Not quite yet."

plug plug plug plug plug plug plug plug plug

# GREEN HORNET



the

# SHADOW

W m a b

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# REVIEW: 1

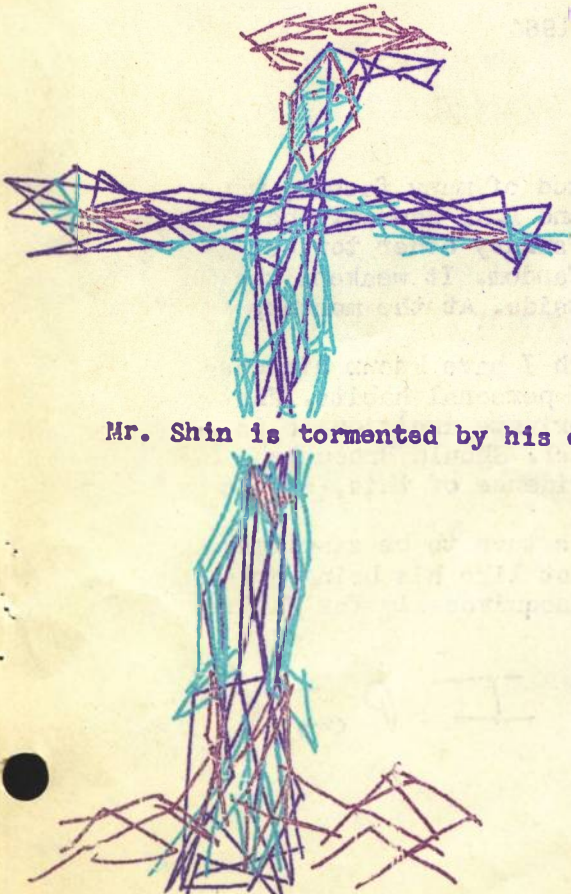
VAN M. HENDRICKSON reviews The Martyred, a novel by Richard Kim

The Martyred by Richard Kim is a portrait of a modern saint. His saint, however, has lost all faith or belief in God. Those who hang between despair and faith are our modern saints.

The novel takes place during the Korean War. In the capital of Pyongyang the narrator is ordered to investigate the execution of twelve ministers by the Communists. But there are complications. Fourteen were arrested but only twelve were murdered.

Of the two survivors only a Mr. Shin can clear up the confusion. At first he claims he was saved by "divine intervention". Then he tells the truth, this time that he was there and he verifies the report that the "martyrs" did not die as heroes but as "dogs, whimpering..."; they "denounced their god and one another."

The question now is what to tell the people. They must either be told the spirit-breaking truth or they must live with by a hopeful "fairy-tale". Mr. Shin, however, assumes the guilt for renouncing his faith so that he would not be murdered. The truth is that he alone acted as a saint and a hero. Yet by assuming the guilt and doubt of the people, he shows them the bond that unites all of mankind—that of human suffering and weakness:



"Help me! Help me love my poor, suffering people tortured by wars, hungry, cold, sick..." he cried. "Sufferings seize their hope and faith and toss them adrift into a sea of despair! We must show them the light, tell them there will be a glorious welcome waiting for them, assure them they will triumph in the eternal Kingdom of God!"

"To give them the illusion of hope? The illusion of life beyond the grave?"

"Yes, yes! Because they are men... We must fight despair, we must destroy it and not let the sickness of despair corrupt the life of man and reduce him to a mere scarecrow."

Mr. Shin is tormented by his own doubt. Yet he continues to try to alleviate the doubt and suffering of his people. He is a man whose heart accents God but whose intellect will not.

"Then you too...don't believe?"

He interrupted me with an agonized gesture. "Don't say it!" Tears filled his eyes... "All my life I have searched for God", he whispered, "but I have only found man with all his sufferings and death, inexorable death!"

"And after death?"

"Nothing!", He whispered. "Nothing!"

Despite the overwhelming evil, suffering, and desperation inflicted on mankind, Shin derives "a strange form of love" and faith.



"And openly I pledge my heart to the grave and suffering land, and often in the consecrated night, I promised to love her faithfully until death, unafraid with her heavy burden of fatality and never to desecrate a single one of her enigmas. Thus did I join myself to her with a mortal cord."

Our hearts are plagued with suffering and evil but "we must dare to hope." The Martyred is a statement of anguish and anxiety, hope and compassion. It is the agony and the ecstasy of modern religion.

- Van M. Hendrickson -

# POETIC JUSTICE DEPARTMENT...

Robert H. Michael, 51, was indicted on March 19 by a Pennsylvania grand jury on 15 counts of mail fraud based on an alleged illegal book selling scheme. The government claims that between September 1962 and January 1964 Michael, under the name Werewolf Bookshop, placed advertisements in various science fiction magazines offering to sell books at low prices because he had to go into the army.

David Hopkins, postal inspector, said the ads stated that Michael would have to get rid of his books or they would be dumped in the incinerator. He offered to sell 50 books for \$3.00, 150 books for \$6.00, and 400 books for \$12.00, just enough, he claimed, to cover the cost of packing and shipping.

But, Hopkins claimed, Michael did not go into the army and when his customers complained that they received other books than those they requested, the government started an investigation.

---reprinted from The Antiquarian Bookseller, April 6, 1964

In my opinion... an editorial stand.

Fandom is not a monolithic structure. It is composed of many facets, many parts. There is East Coast Fandom and Berkeley Fandom and L.A. Fandom. Their common tie is the discussion and propagation of SF and sundry other tonics.

It is not nice when there is a split, a feud, in fandom. It weakens the entire structure and exposes it to censure from the outside. At the moment, however, there is such a break.

I do not really know Walter Breen closely, although I have known him casually for the past two years. Thus I am no judge of his personal habits. What I do know is that his expulsion from the Pacificon by private individuals is a violation of his rights and, indirectly, of every fans'. Should Breen be what he is said to be, then there must be conclusive evidence of this, and he can be tried by established laws.

However, let me state that if it was Walter Breen's turn to be expelled from fandom this year, it may be mine next year. I do not like his being judged by private individuals, and, for this reason I am unequivocally for Walter Breen in his battle.

Andrew

I. Porter



IN WHICH THE REBEL OF EAST 4TH STREET SPEAKS OUT

SCIENCE FICTION IS DYING.

THE PROZINES ARE DEAD.

FANDOM IS GOING TO HELL.

AND WHO GIVES A DAMN.

ARTICLE BY



EEvers

Science fiction is dying because science has progressed to the point where it's impossible to tell about it and still evoke wonder or write a decent story-the basic idea has to be either so technical few readers can understand it, so trivial no one gives a damn about it, or so novel and shocking it makes you retch. Either that or it's a rewrite of an old story, or worse yet, a take-off or side gimmick on a previous story. And of course there are few new talented writers of SF coming up-why should any talented writer want to enter a field so obviously dying?

The prozines are dead already, due basically to the lack of decent SF. Of course the editors help-most of their efforts to replace SF have just made the whole problem worse. John W. Ghed Jr. has turned his SF mag into a sort of cross between Scientific American and Search. Fred Pohl is just plugging along with mixtures of bad 1940 sf and the excellent but esoteric works of Robert F. Young, Cordwainer Smith, et cetera. Avram Davidson is doing just about everything he can to save his mag and the harder he tries the worse it gets- precious "little magazine" stories, fannish material not intended for others than fans, vulgar and shocking horror stories, low humor, and assorted crud. And the other mags are just imitations of the Big 3. And circulations for all of them are pretty bad, especially if you realize that the population of the country and the standard of living and literacy is going up all the time so that a small gain is actually a big loss compared to what you should be getting.

Fandom is going to Hell- a BNF is being banned from the Worldcon because he doesn't fit someone's nice sanitary stereotype, the rank and file of fan are becoming stolid upper middle class liberals with hardly a genuine bum, sag or crackpot left. There are more fanzines printing less of interest, better repro but less enthusiasm, better writing but it evokes fewer gosh-wows.

And who gives a damn? SF has been dying as long as there have been fan to say so. The prozines have been in sorry shape just as long, but there will always be enough nuts in the world to support them. Fandom has always been going to Hell, but I guess fans just like a warmer climate and most, me included, are perfectly content.

This has been a typical 1964-type fanzine article, and that's the biggest joke of all.

EEvers





# REVIEW: 2

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

reviews of  
the paper-  
backs.

THE SPACE BARBARIANS by Tom Godwin/Pyramid Books, R-993/50¢

This novel, the sequel to Space Prison, is rather well written, with well constructed action throughout. Keeping the readers guessing as to the outcome, the author manages to tell a fairly adult story of the future adventures of the inhabitants of Ragnarok, the world of 1.5 gravities, a world of bitter winters and boiling summers. The characters are well developed, although the women are not as detailed as the male counterparts. What is missing is any great descriptive detail. Thus there are several very interesting worlds visited, yet none of them are developed very well. This dearth of descriptive detail however, can be overlooked as the pace of action is quite fast. Altogether the book is well written, fast and adventurous. The only thing wrong is the lack of a definitive ending, and the promise of further adventures is not fulfilled.....C.

FOUR FROM PLANET FIVE by Murray Leinster/Gold Medal Books, s937/40¢

This is a rather typical Leinster novel of our hero versus the aliens/BEMs/things, and how he conquers them. It's in the line of what the author's been producing for the last thirty or so years. In this case, the things are seemingly human children who appear mysteriously over Antarctica in a space ship which crashes. Their purpose is seemingly to pave the way for a conquering fleet of aliens. When it is learned that they are from the distant past, at a time when the Fifth planet was blowing up and the earth is to be showered with chunks of planet, the action thickens. How our hero solves the worlds' problems, helps the children, and ends the possibility of world war III, makes for a fast, action packed, tale. And he gets his girl, too. The only thing I don't like about Leinster books are all the exclamation points!!! they make the dialogue sound like a comic book.....C.

MARTIAN TIME-SLIP by Philip K. Dick/Ballantine Books, U2191/50¢

Of the many science fiction books I've read this year, I think that this is the best written, the most interesting of them all. Not since reading Heinlein's future history series have I seen such really good writing. The story line is very simple. It is the deviations, the back journeying that makes the plot so very real. In fact, I found I could identify completely with several of the characters, and were it not that the scene was Mars, this might be an excellent novel of union and government intrigue. Jack Bohlen acts like a person, which is, if you think, a rare accomplishment for a science fiction writer. On the whole, the most fascinating part of the novel is the interesting way that the paths of all the characters ultimately meet and cross. They seem to be all one gigantic jigsaw puzzle, and a very interesting one at that. I think that Philip K. Dick is the best writer to come along in science fiction in the past several years, and if he keeps up his high standards, the way he did in Man In The High Castle, he may develop into one of the truly great writers that we seem to be lacking in much of the present output. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised to see this book win the Hugo.....A.



## THE HAMELIN PLAGUE by A. Bertram Chandler/Monarch Books, 390/35¢

Monarch seems to have key control of the mediocre sf outlets. Of the several from the company that I've read, all are second rate stories. This novel is rather typical of their books. It is the story of the buildup to and the take-over of the Earth by mutated rats, cunningly clever fiends. Though an interesting story idea, it's counterparts have been appearing for many years now. Probably the best take-over story was Day Of The Triffids, which appears now in the movies. Though Chandler is stuck with a worn out theme, he attempts to make the most of it, and his plot does stick together. What is lacking is any originality, for the books' characters are straight out of a MasterPlots nightmare- Barrett, hard yet soft with the women, his wife Jane, who will not give herself to him, the seductive Pamela, The blustery admiral, and an assorted cast of stock characters. And, of course, Dr. Piper, the one track mind scientist, with his inevitable death ray with the strange side affect. Chandler also leaves many threads unwoven. What happened to that Russian Cosmonaut? Is he still circling, awaiting an answer from our hero? The author also fails to develop the craving qualities of the death ray beyond the barest minimum.

The one saving grace of the book are the excellent descriptive ship's scenes, the overabundant passages about the handling and sailing of an intra-coastal steamer. Yet even these pluses are not related to the book, and we come to know the workings of the ship better than we know the workings of Barrett's mind. Were this the first novel of a newcomer, I could forgive many of these faults, But from Chandler I would never expect such poor writing.....E.

## THE GODS HATE KANSAS by Joseph Millard/Monarch Books, 414/40¢

This book appears to be expanded from an earlier novelette in Startling Stories. It has not gained anything in the retelling. It appears that Monarch is now permanently up to the 40¢ price mark. At the same time the quality of their sf is definitely improving. Millard's novel begins on a trite footing as alien intelligences inside meteorites take over investigating scientists. Beyond the 1930-ish handling at the beginning, however, the plot rolls rapidly along gaining speed and intrigue. The author handles the plot fairly well, though the characters fail to show any depth of emotion. This I suppose is due to the date of the earlier story, at a time when the main character as a person was largely neglected. The feverish excitement builds up nicely, and all the strides and setbacks of our hero are smoothly done. The major surprise in the book is the ending; the surprise helps to end the book conclusively and to sort out the loose ends into a neat bundle. On the whole, I think that this is a rather ~~unimpressive~~ slight book taken from a current outlook, but it stands up very well with little change in the plot after these past ten years.....C.

FALCONS OF NARABEDLA / BY Marion Zimmer Bradley/Ace double books, F-273/40¢  
THE DARK INTRUDER

This author, newly burst on the professional scene, is rapidly carving a niche for herself in a highly competitive field. This novel and first collection do much in furthering her claims to quality stories. 'Falcons' is a first rate science fantasy with plenty of intrigue and fast moving action. Though the author is faced with the intricate problem of shifting personalities smoothly several times throughout the novel, this is done quietly and smoothly. The only defect of the plot is the failure to further develop the character of Andy and the result of having Adric inhabit his brother's body. Also, at the end of the story, when it is learned that our hero must stay in the future world until he can return, and then we see him go to Cynara, we wonder what ever came of Andy and his own predicament. This is the only weak point in the plot, the rest very well done, almost to the point that Brackett would have done it.....B.



In the Dark Intruder, Marion Z. Bradley does equally well in the short story. Here is the story of the young man inhabited by an alien intelligence; the secret operative back from a closed off India with a strange message; the little boy and his strange playmate, and others. All the stories are very well done. The author remarks that these cover a period from 1952 to 1962, and hopes that we do not see which is from which. Personally, I do not. There is a very interesting handling of inheritance, and we see that the author is concerned with the characters as people, not primarily as vehicles for a plot. The finest story I consider to be 'Black and White', a tale of the day after the Bomb, and the unfolding of the characters is really well done. For the first collection of a hitherto unknown or little published author, this is a very good sampling of her wares.....A.

THE STAR KING by Jack Vance/Berkley Books, F905/50¢

This is the second book by a Hugo winner to be reviewed here, and I believe that there is a profound difference between the two. Where Dick's book shows the same excellent use of language that helped net him the Hugo, Vance's does not. The difference between the two is that where Dick has mastered the language and has combined it with an excellent plot, Vance was merely using a new idea, i.e., the breeding of P.O.'s for the other side's purposes. In this novel, all the familiar plot developments that the author has been using for so long stand out. Apart from the locale, there is nothing in this novel to distinguish it from countless other detective stories. And because Vance's hero was shaped by outside influences, mainly his Grand-

father, we have no opportunity for the author to show his talents slowly developing. Thus, the main fault of the book is the frozen personality of Gersen; he is no different, he has grown none from the beginning to the end. The action scenes that there are leave nothing wanting, though they may be a bit more subtle than the average reader would desire; there are no blood and guts scenes to capture the reader's imagination. On the whole, this is a well written, a well plotted book. The most interesting parts, to my mind, were the various bits of reference at the beginning of each chapter. The main fault of the book was its commonplace plot, and from a Hugo winner I expect much more.....C.

DOCTOR TO THE STARS by Murray Leinster/Pyramid Books, F-987/40¢

This is a collection of three of the Med Ship yarns. Of these, I liked Tallien Three the best. The story deals with a type of disease which renders the victim a member of a certain society which hates all others on the planet. How Calhoun solves this makes this a very interesting tale. Though the stories are the same that the author has been turning out for the last quarter century, they still hold the reader enthralled. I think that Jenkins is a mistake as a writer; he would have made a very good researcher. The cover compliments the writing inside, for Schoener has captured the spirit of adventure that Leinster has in his stories. And now I must stop, for it seems my typewriter has broken. On the whole, a well filled collection, bringing us more of the author's excellent Med Service stories.....B.



# NEO-FUND

The fact that many fan need help at conventions because they mistake their monetary or transportation needs is rather obvious to any fan who has attended a convention. I have therefore instigated a fund where fan can go for aid in emergencies of this sort. I started calling it the Neo-Fund because it was originally to help those young fan who come to a con with what they think is adequate money and then find that they have underestimated their needs and are broke and without transportation at the end of the con.

Most of these fan had gotten money from some other fan until now. They considered it a duty of the other fan to help them, it seems, and thus they made little or no effort at all to repay that which they had borrowed. Now, with the Neo-Fund they can borrow the needed money, but they are obligated to pay it back in a set length of time. If the money is not returned we have taken measures to see that they do not get aid from the fan at other cons.

I said that I originally set the fund up with the nees in mind, but I would like to set this up as a fan-fund in the future, from which any fan might borrow and pay back the sum borrowed. I hope that this could become a self-supporting fund like that of the Ford Foundation, continually built up from interest it would draw at the bank.

However, to get this really under way, we need a great deal more money than we now have. For the sum of two dollars you can become a sustaining member. This will entitle you to yearly receive a copy of the financial report and work and activities of the funds committee. You will see what your small contribution will do to help those in need. Smaller sums are of course appreciated, and even pennies account for a great deal of the funds collected. The BSFA, FSFA, and BSFA groups pass the hat at meetings, and a good many dollars have been gained by this method. You too may do this with your group and either turn the money so collected over to one of the committee members of the fund, or to me,

Harriett G. Kolchak / 2330 N. Hancock St. / Philadelphia, Pennsylvania / 19133

If you are interested in furthering fandom and in maintaining it for a future generation or if you are in a position where you yourself may need aid in the future, now is the time for you to add on to the funds already collected, and to establish something which fandom can be proud of.

The committee thus far has established rules and regulations for the funds on hand. As the fund continues to grow we will revise these regulations until they cover all the needs of fandom. I have on hand some pamphlets containing the names of committee members and the tentative charter we are using. You are welcome to write for one.

One of our urgent needs now is art and authors to write a story, poem, or something we can use in a book we wish to print and sell to help add to our funds. We will have the book copywritten for the safety of those who do not wish their material misused, and for the safety of the fund as well. We would appreciate hearing from any author or artist in Pro fandom who would be willing to cooperate in this project with us.

All funds, requests for pamphlets, and offers of aid may be sent to me at the above address or turned over to Jimmy Taurasi, Frank Prieto, Don Studabaker, Milton Spahn, or, on the west coast, Forrest Ackerman.

Thank you for your kind attention.

Sect., Treas.,

Harriet G. Kolchak



SCOPE, CORDWAINER SMITH, and the MIND-CROGGING NOW

by EE Evers, our incumbent  
article writer.

You have to be able to suspend belief and accept startling concepts and innovations without understanding them to cope with the present day world. Our asylums are filling with people who are withdrawing from a world that they cannot comprehend. Fundamentalists condemn scientific advancement as "Evil". The rest of us have adapted to accepting things we don't understand without demanding a full explanation of their operation. The latter is about the only way to live these days as no one has the time, nor less the ability, to know what makes everything tick. This is one possible reason for the collapse of modern religion - faith in God has been replaced by faith in science.

Most SF writers are clinging to the era when a Ben Franklin or a Thomas Edison could have a working knowledge of most fields of science - notice that one man is responsible for most of the imaginative or original thinking in the biggest share of stories. Most current SF writers also try to explain their fictional inventions and concepts in detail, and almost always fail - how can you explain a faster-than-light drive that involves either discrediting or circumventing the theory of relativity when neither writer nor reader even understands the Einstein theory? And an unsuccessful explanation strains the credibility of the story. So Cordwainer Smith doesn't even try to explain the workings of his future worlds. This is why many SF readers find Smith such a disturbingly different author.

In a Cordwainer Smith story you simply see his world in action without any mechanical or theoretical explanations, forcing the reader to employ the same suspension of belief regarding man's creations that he uses in ordinary life. This disturbs a lot of those readers who use SF as an escape into the past, into the Edison-Franklin era when there was an explanation for everything science did and God was the explanation for everything science didn't do. The rest of us, those who want to escape into the future for a session of imagination stretching find Smith one of the very few present SF writers whose stories have the imagination and scope that we want.

Smith is the only SF writer whose fictional worlds are extrapolations of the world of 1960 rather than 1915. He is the only author who has attempted any extensive or realistic treatment of man's ever increasing tendency to change himself into something higher, lower, or just plain different from what he is now. (And if you think we aren't currently engaged in changing man, think of the changes we can make in an individual's body chemistry by correcting the amount of thyroxin, insulin, etc. in the bloodstream.) He is the only author who realizes that man will soon be able to create intelligences equal to himself but will, for self-preservation, have to make them inferior to man himself, and that man will fail in these safe-guards. He is the only SF writer whose works have a true sense of scope based on present knowledge - he tries to describe worlds as much beyond ours as we are beyond the world of Franklin's day. Smith is the only author of realistic SF extent at the present - the truly realistic story is the one which you still admit is possible after you finish reading it.

Cordwainer Smith is the answer to the rut SF is in at the present, but he may never be as popular as he deserves to be simply because most readers of SF are looking for neat, tight explanations of implausible super-inventions and not for truly imaginative writing. And what to do about that I don't know. All I can say is: Hey you yucky SF readers, get with it in the mind-crogging NOW! Hey, Cordwainer Smith, start writing novels so I can start enjoying book-form SF again!







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