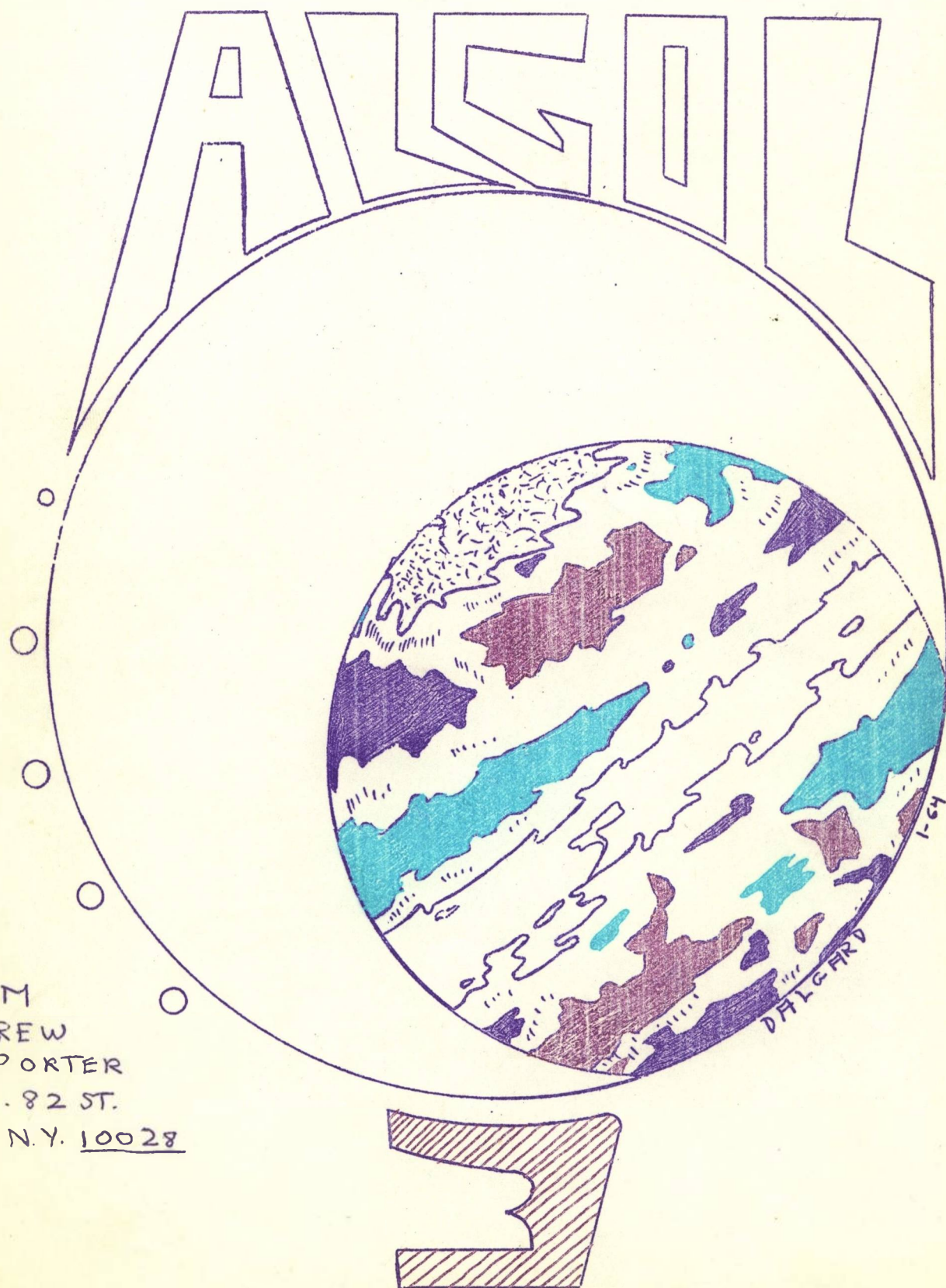


SOMETIME, 1964.



FROM
ANDREW
PORTER
24 E. 82 ST.
N.Y., N.Y. 10028

EDITORIAL

and other
comments
of a fanzine
nature

BARRY GOLDWATER AND THE CONSERVATIVE STAND:

By Andrew
Porter.

The fact has entered my mind that a certain fool named Barry Goldwater wants to be President of the United States. I believe it to be my duty to say something educational at the same time I fill up space in the editorial corner. If Goldwater is nominated by the Republican Party for the Presidential post, he promises, upon election, to 1.) withdraw recognition of Soviet Russia, 2.) withdraw the United States from the United Nations, 3.) force the United Nations to vacate it's New York City site, and 4.) renounce the Test Ban Treaty. As an American, his foreign policy is disastrous to America.

Goldwater, as a conservative, in effect promises, by drawing support from the South, relaxation of the drive for civil rights legislation, thus alienating the twenty-odd million Negroes in the United States. This appears to me a totally insane and illogical act. Furthermore, it is Goldwater's intention to eliminate the income tax, the sole support of this country's military defense program - and the programs for the conquering of the moon and the solar system.

If Goldwater were elected resident, I believe we would have a disastrous situation quite similar to that of the novel, Seven Days In May - an ideal time for a Soviet nuclear attack. At the very least, attempts at the removal of Chief Justice Earl Warren from the Supreme Court would likely end in the impeachment of President Goldwater. I feel it is the responsibility of every fan of voting age not to vote for Barry Goldwater in his state's primary, be he Democrat, - or Republican.

PLEASE

DISREGARD

I am indebted to Mr. Raymond Kallstrom, Headmaster of the ~~St. Louis~~ St. Louis School, for his kind permission in letting me use the School Ditto machine to reproduce this fanzine.

This is a ProPress Publication. Date: Sometime, 1964.

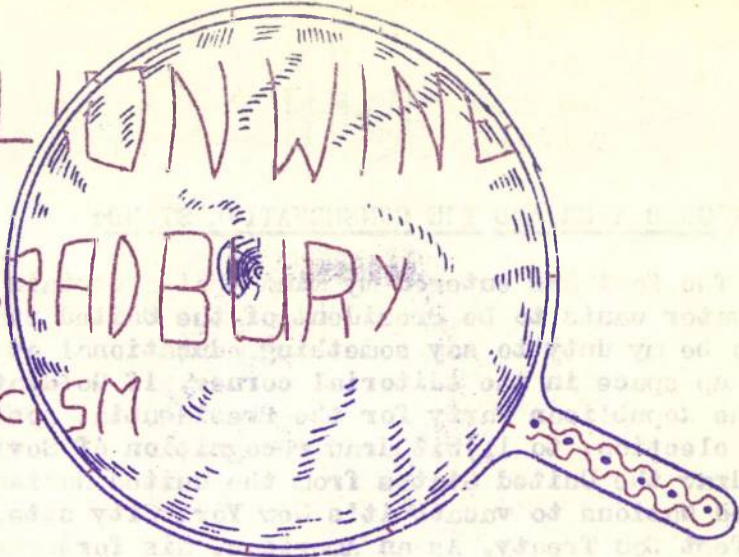
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This issue is dedicated to The Fanoclats and Ted White of the NYCon 1967 Committee.

Nominate The Fury From Earth for the Hugo, Best SF novel 1963

DANDELION WINE

BY RAY BRADBURY

A CRITICISM



BY A. PORTER

In *Dandelion Wine*, Ray Bradbury says he "captures the living essence of boyhood and summer". But essences are not here for long. They come and leave beyond the will of an author to hold them. As a result, the book appears more a collection of vignettes than a single work built around a central character. This I consider the major fault of the book.

Aside from this, the glowing words are the same as ever, pure descriptive delight. The book opens on dawn, first day of summer, 1928. The first vision is about shoes. Shoes are common things that most people simply wear on their feet. Not Bradbury! When Douglas Spaulding (the young hero of our book) gets the town shoe salesman to wear one of his own products, we see a typical Bradbury reaction to the ordinary.

"He began to sink deep in the shoes...He rocked softly, secretly...The tennis shoes silently hushed themselves. 'Stop!' cried the old man. 'How do they feel? Antelopes? Gazelles?'" And then, taking them off, "he headed back toward civilization". Even from this brief paraphrasing of emotion, the words catch you, twisting, shoving, stretching, and you suddenly realize that summer is indeed a long long way off. This is the purely magical part of Bradbury's writing, the worn old man who, for seconds, has again tasted of summer.

Bradbury seems to move by roundabout cycles; he will write slowly, building up the scene, the intensity, laying the groundwork for his towers, and then explode! up and out of the course he has set, to wander unconscious and alone down some bypath that has the faintest of connections with the title. I will introduce you to such, a Leo Auffman, jeweler, dreamer of dreams. The Dreamer builds a happiness machine, which causes his wife to leave him, and his garage to burn down with the machine in it. Moral: Do not look for happiness. Live it as it comes. It seems to me, after a bit of thought, that Bradbury is a great moralizer; I wonder how much he abides by his own attempts at truth.

There is much more here, the death of the trolley cars, a colonel who was a time machine, two women and their electric run-

about, the electric waxen fortune telling dummy, all short seemingly morality tales. Bradbury seems to take the attitude that if great shining examples of a good life are constantly projected as morality tales, they can convert the readers into sweet examples of The Good Life.

And then there was the colonel who was a time machine. Really. If a man sees the world around him, really seeing it, and travels extensively, and lives to be very old, why then you've got a time machine or, as Bradbury puts it, A Far-traveller. Doug Spaulding discovers him that summer.

" 'Antietam'

'I was there'

'Bull Run, ask him Bull Run'

'I was there' softly

'Fort Sumter?'

'I saw the first puffs of powder smoke'".

The old man relates—all the dreams, all the fighting, all the crying and dying. And even here is a moral.

"I don't remember anyone winning anywhere anytime...You lose all the time and the one who loses last asks for terms...I remember...losing and sadness...nothing good but the end".

This is the Far-traveler: a man who has seen and acted out the dreams and goles of an age.

These then are all the wonders of a Bradbury novel; the flowing prose, joys and sorrows, separate fables, and overriding morals. Lastly, there's the notebook that Doug Spaulding keeps—a summary of all the dreaded and wondrous things that people forget or never dare dream of. In this book, he writes a summer's worth of truth. Here is some of it:

"You can't depend on things ~~because~~ because...

...they fall apart or rust

...you can only run so far, so fast...

You can't depend on people because...

...they go away...

...friends die...

...your own folks can die...

So!—

If trolleys...and friends...go away forever, or rust, or fall apart or die, and if people can be murdered, and if someone like great-grandma, who is going to live forever, can die, if all this is true, then I, Douglas Spaulding...some day...must...DIE."

This is, to the author, and supposedly to everyone else, reality. Douglas Spaulding, one day soon, lies down on a hot afternoon and begins, for some reason, to die. And the junkman saves him. (No, not with A Medicine For Melancholy). He is saved by:

"GREEN DUSK FOR DREAMING BRAND PURE NORTHERN AIR" and "A wind from the Aran Isles".

The junkman was a businessman who turned in his Chicagoan briefcase and reclaimed his ideals to be a junkman in a small Midwestern town. Need more be said?

This then, is a collection of prose poetry sold to millions and quite worth it. But it is not the best that Bradbury has to offer, his writing lacks continuity; this book is itself based on a bunch of short stories. Given time, we can expect truly marvelous prose from Bradbury. We can only wait and see.

—Andrew Ian Porter

It has come to my attention that certain conservative elements in my school may eventually read this. They have already differed with my editorial opinions.

This column is open to anyone who can express themselves reasonably well in the written word, preferably the amateur John Boardmans and others of similar ilk. Somewhere in the following pages a fellow student of mine will be spelling out the reasons why I am wrong in my views. More power to him. I hope to create a genuinely interesting forum, a junior Pointing Vector. You are welcome to this space. Send your amateurish and polished articles to:

Andrew Ian Porter
24 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10020

=====

This fanzine will not bow to the pressures of the ruling class. It will not be silenced!

=====

Following, another article. Comments?

THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE

BY PHILIP K. DICK

The Man In The High Castle by Philip K. Dick postulates a future based on "what if..." a time when the United States is in the hands of the Nazis and the Japanese after the defeat of the Allied Powers in World War II. The novel uses the I Ching, an ancient book of fortunes and wisdom as it's mainstay. Each of the characters uses this book to foretell the wisdom of his moves and actions, and this in effect plots the novel's course.

The principal character, Tagomi, of the Foreign Trade Mission, San Francisco, is one of the Old Guard. His kind are being superseded by the younger, postwar breed. He too lives by the I Ching.

The classic irony of the book is that the conquered Americans have, in the Pacific States of America, the area Japan dominates, developed a sort of inferiority as a class to their overlords, and as a result

seek to attain the highness, the purity of thought, the eternal patience that the Japanese display. The Japanese, being a race of cultural kleptomaniacs, taking the highpoints of other civilizations, notably the Chinese (the I Ching, the religions, the philosophies), have, as the author so insidiously shows, attained a high, pure, and false society.

The Americans thus attempt to create a false society based on a false society. One of the characters even thinks in short stilted sentences exactly like the Orientals.

Tagomi, then, representing the superior Japanese, is in reality a symbol of the falseness, the baseness of the Oriental's culture, a society that has stabilized to the point where they do not even attempt to adapt ideas of the Germans to their own situations, a culture that thinks of Jean Harlow as photographs and Mickey Mouse watches as American art, and true art falls by the wayside.

Tagomi lives by rules as set forth in his culture, and when he breaks these rules he breaks the unbreakable standards that have been set up. It seems as though death were the penalty for falling during an earthquake. When Tagomi kills, he falls to the level of crudity he has always felt of the Americans, and for a time becomes deranged.

In summary, this ~~is~~ is a novel based on a religion, a wisdom, a duty. The great novel authored by the man of the title is itself a falsity, as is the title of Mr. Dick's book itself. This, then, is a powerful novel of the discovery, the exposure of those most foolish of dreams that all men attempt to live by, be they segments of reality or all the worlds of it.

- Andrew Ian Porter

Well, that article by a pro-Goldwaterite is here. Personally, I find it very interesting. There seem to be several large holes in it, but you can be the judges. It's written by one William Musco, aged 17, a student at The Milford School, and a strong conservative. Here it is:

A CONSERVATIVE'S VIEWPOINT

There are many important problems facing the American public today. The decision they make in November will be a vital one. As Americans we should be totally convinced that if these "free thinking" liberals are given their way America will become a second or third rate country. We must go back and resume the principles and traditions which made America great. And the Honorable

Some people think Goldwater is incapable of becoming President. They even go so far as calling him a fool. This sort of thinking stems from ignorance of Goldwater's political philosophy. These same people say it would be suicide to withdraw from the United Nations, as Barry Goldwater advocates. Yet they, as a whole, know nothing of Communistic philosophy. These same people are not aware that the Reds believe 1.) it is of the utmost importance to spread communism as a religion to the entire world, and 2.) an innate hostility exists between them and Capitalistic countries. With these things in mind and the facts that 1.) During the 14 years of the U.N. communism has spread from 200 million to over 900 million people, and 2.) the U.N. lost us the war and the peace in Korea, and did not even stop or even lift a hand against the murder and enslavement of the people of Hungary, is it so ludicrous to advocate withdrawal? I do not think so.

- William Musco

And thus we come to the end of ALGOL 3. Issue number 4 will be out as soon as I find time for it, which should be around the third week in February. In about a week I have my midterm exams, so I have to cut out all fanac for the next 10 or so days.

I'd appreciate it if you would send me funny cartoons, or good articles, or short fiction that you happen to have lying around your houses. You wouldn't want me to get disgusted with this fanzine and ditch it, would you?

Letters of Comment would be very kindly received
Then I could have 3 or 4 more pages to each issue,
and you would get your names and opinions in print,
and we would both be very happy.

By the way, that crossed out section on page 3 was a little in-school subterfuge. Thank you again, Mr. Hallstrom.

This has been a Prepress Publication dated February, 1964.

[illegible]

ALGOL 3
ANDREW PORTER
24 E. 82nd ST.
N.Y., N.Y. 10023

and
Feb 3 - March 23
April 15 - May 30
care of
The Hilford School
Hilford, Conn.

TO:

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

COMING SOON:

An article on God and the
witnessing of Visions.
A Lettercol-maybe with letters.
Assorted trivia from me- and
hopefully from you.

HNZNHN ZNZNHNZNHNZNHNZN HNZN

This has been typed on a variety of machines. Best repro was using (like right now) a Smith-Corona Sterling Portable. It was Dittoed on the Ditto 5, a fully automatic model.

I apologize for that lousy repro on 2 pages. It was a typewriter's fault, not mine.