

This is the fourth issue  
of Brillig which contains among other things

Echo--- by the editor -----P. 8  
which is an editorial...

The Gifted Spirit --- also by the editor ----- P. 5  
which is a study of the featured gentleman  
this issue...

The Bloodshot Eye --- by Georgina Ellis ----- P. 6  
which is an article concerning movies...

Torture Garden -----by the editor again ----- P. 11  
which is a fanzine recommendation...

Aspidochelone -----P. 12  
which is poetry...

## *The Phillips issue of*

# Brillig

No. 4 --- Summer 1956

an impeccable publication

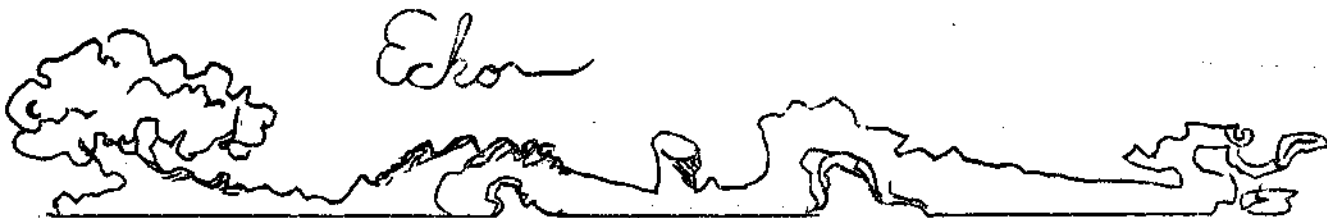
How to Crack Galaxy --- by Kent Moomaw -----P. 15  
a fine article indeed...

Torture Garden --- by Richard E. Geis -----P. 20  
a review of Umbra 14. (Explanations of this  
will be in re-Echo)...

and Re-Echo -----P. 23  
explanations and excuses..

BRILLIG...is published quarterly at 2436½ Portland St. by Larry S. Bourne who is also the editor by an odd coincidence. The subscription rates are 10¢ per issue and 35¢ per year. Letters of comment are solicited in place of money. Trades are also accepted as is all art-work and mss's.

Twas Brillig.....

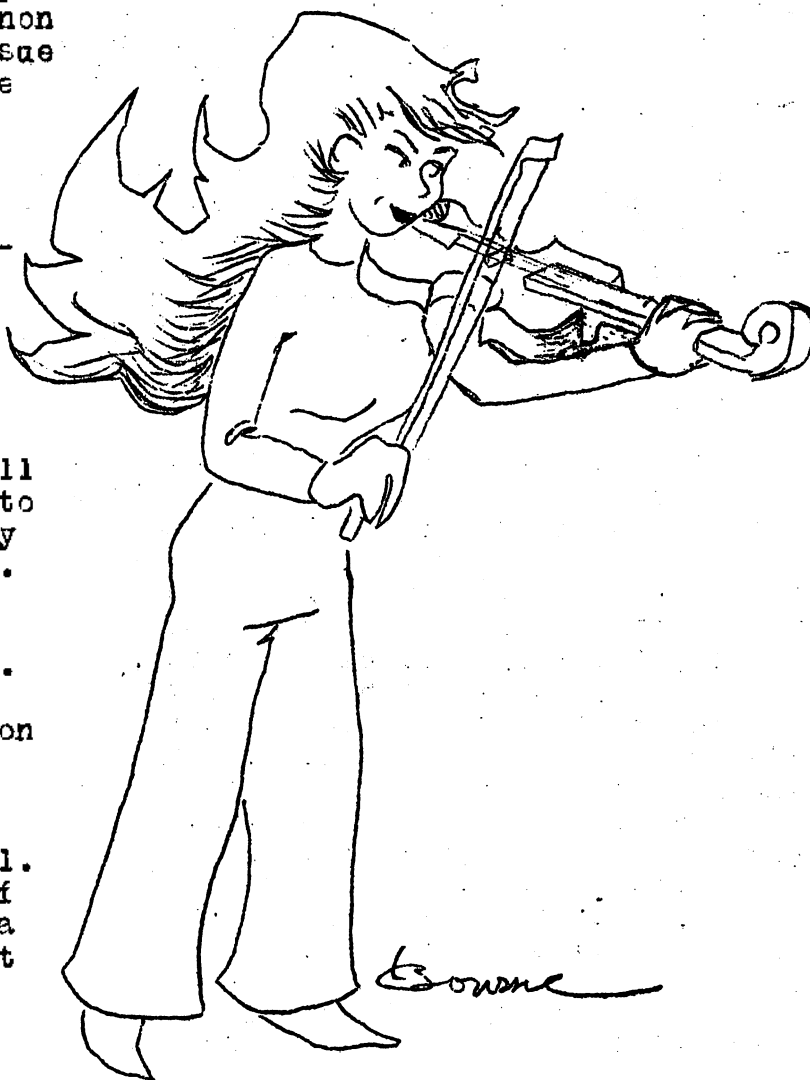


Suprise! Suprise! What do we have here? Yes it's another issue of Brillig. Finally after many months I have been able to accomplish what was the impossible a short time ago. Many of you I know, never expected to see another issue. I was sort of uneasy myself as to how my father was going to take my being a fan when I moved down to the placid town of Eugene. Well, it seems he took it very well because here I am with Brillig which is all chock full of good material.

Quite a few changes are being made this issue. I have decided to become regular, which I hope will be a welcome change from the constipated frequency with which I have been coming out before. You will I hope also notice that from now on a price will be charged for Brillig. Now you who don't contribute or trade needn't despair. I am only charging for those who won't write or in anyother way let me know that they appreciate the zine. Anyone who writes contributes, or trades will be favoured with an impecable issue. I urge all you non fan who are recieving an issue to write it. I'd like to see how the other side regards Brillig. I believe you will find among other things poetry. I have decided that I like poetry and will feature a poetry column which will be called Aspidistra which came from the book by Aldous Huxley, 'Keep the Aspidistra flying'.

I believe I'd better tell you about my new policy as to material. I will publish any thing which I consider good. I care little whether it is sci-fi, fannish, or not. Whatever it is I welcome it. This is your chance to get rid of that stuff that is non fannish.

I must remind you that I am again short of material. I would like it very much if someone would send me just a little something. I am short of art too all you artists. (hint, hint, hint,)



## THE LIVES AND LOVES OF LARRY BOURNE.....

This is more or less.

I was released from National Guard summer camp where I was serving my country as I have to do each summer for seven more years. As soon as I arrived in Portland I started in on the gargantuan task of moving. It was a bit early to move down to Eugene to go to college I suppose but I wanted to get away so I could fan in peace and also to have one up on the pesants who would be going to college in the fall. One can really get to know a town in two months. I had quite a time at it too. In one trip, one mimeograph, two boxes of fanzines, two boxes of books, one box of odds and ends, one bicycle two boxes of clothes, and numerous other boxes, of which I can't remember at the moment. All this in one car too. I made it tho with everything intact.

When I arrived at the apartment which was sort of a temporary place to live until dad found a house, I immediately set about working on Brillig and answering my mail which piled up something terrible since I had been away. A week later a two bedroom house was found, so I again migrated a bit. I have a room to my own now and I am finally able to put stf books in my library, not to mention fanzines. My room is a veritable fannish slant shack. I have pictures on the wall by, Orban, Bok, Phillips, Fawcette, the first cover of Brillig by Bill Spicer, and of course some of my own works. Papers are littered all over the place, and the room is impossible to clean up at the moment. I'll have it in better order as soon as I am done with Brillig tho.

This is a poor town for the stf fan. It would be simply unbearable if it wasn't for a couple of old fans who live here. Roscoe E. Wright an artist who is famous for his printed fanzine Eusifanso, lives just about four miles from the city limits, and Ed Zimmerman who lives in the main part of town. Beyond those two, there is no-one to my knowledge who is symphathetic with my hobby. I notice that people don't give me that "Oh ghod not one of thos fellows" looks tho. Some of them are even interested.

I've just remembered that next month will be the second anniversary of my entrance into fandom. I thot it was such a long time but I guess that it isn't long at all. As to the progress I've made in two years it isn't long at all in fact it didn't take long to become an artist, a fairly proficient pubber, and writer, (Still rather sketchy in the writing part I suppose but I've made much improvement over the incoherent person that I was two years ago.) and all around fan. During those two years I've learned about sex, Dick Geis, Fem fans and the NSF. Not to mention Papa and Ompa and all those things. I've found out that fans are people too and even nicer than the people I know outside what is called fandom.



PHILLIPS

# \*The Gifted Spirit

A STUDY OF

RALPH

RAYBURN

PHILLIPS

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Ralph Rayburn Phillips to those of you who do not know him or know of him is a Weird, Impressionistic, Fantasy artist. He lives in Portland Oregon, in an old apartment house which bears the number 1414 and faces 14th street. The numbers are supposed to be very lucky as not many street numbers are like that. Sort of a good luck house you might say.

Mr. Phillips is a Buddhist by religion and has done Buddhist art. He has also done Mystic, Weird, Egyptian, as well as conventional work. His style as you can see by the art in this magazine, is very original and unique. He has no rival in his field and no one has ever attempted to try and imitate his difficult methods of drawing.

Mr. Phillips started illustrating for the various fan magazines during the period of fifth fandom. He contributed to such magazines at that time as, The Necromontican, Orb, Destiny Skylark, Tlma, Fantasy Advertiser, Scientifantasy, and The Fanscient. He has also contributed to more recent magazines such as Lyric, Psychotic, Inside, Tellus, Science Fiction Review and this magazine.

He has had his work in such professional magazines as Weird Tales, North West Background, and New Age Interpreter. He has been featured in Sir, under the title "The man who paints Ghosts". He has also been featured in the Portland Oregon Journal, a number of times.

Dr. Raymond F. Piper, Professor of Philosophy emeritus at Syracuse University, has a copy of one of Mr. Phillips' paintings for his book "Cosmic Art", which he has been working on for over eight years. From 2000 pieces of art collected from all over the world he has kept only three hundred and Mr. Phillips' painting is among the three hundred.

Mr. Phillips was born in Vermont. At the age of eighteen he left the East Coast and went to Portland where he has lived off and on for the past 30 years or so. Although he is noted for his Weird, and Mystic art he has done some very beautiful Northwest Scenes.

P. 5





the  
Bloodshot  
EYES  
Dutch Ellis

"The Bloodshot Eye", because that's just what I get after sitting through a movie. I make it a point to arrive at the theatre before the mobs so that I can choose a seat quite close to the back and directly before the centre of the screen. Furthermore I close my eyes during titles, credits, advertising, those abominable cartoons (with the exception of the rare UFA cartoons), parts of the newsreels, etc., and, when I remember, I close my eyes for a few seconds during the feature. Yet when I get home parts of my tender eyeballs are, if not downright bloodshot, at least faintly pink.

This is nothing compared to what television does to me, of course. We have no set, but when I watch a friends for an hour or so my head feels as if it had swollen and become filled with lead. It takes a day to disperse all the effects.

That may sound as if I have poor eyes, but that is not the case. My vision is good, and nothing else ever bothers my eyes, not even my dozens of hours of reading every week. I think they're just a bit sensitive since bright summer sun causes me discomfort (I go around with half-closed eyes and a vacant expression--concentrated focus on an object on a bright day brings tears) as does bright winter sun on a fresh snow fall. Many (most?) people experience this.

So it is that I am not much of a movie-fan. I go to see only those pictures which I gather from reviews (and from the title, subject, etc.) will be very enjoyable.

A Poor movie can be an enervating experience; an outstanding movie can be a memorable experience. As examples of the latter I would name such pictures as GRAPES OF WRATH and TOBACCO ROAD (these two appeared as a re-release double-feature several years ago. TB was an



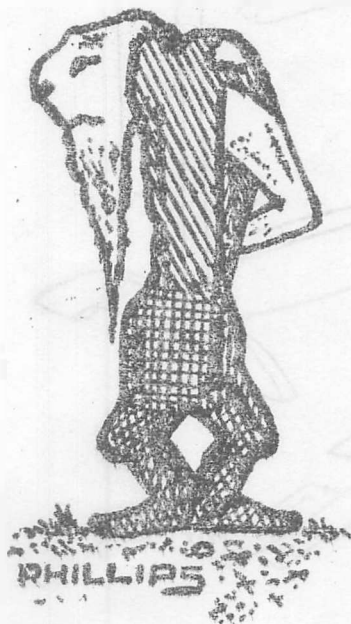
excellent movie in its own right, but the book was even better. Have not yet read Steinbeck's book but I presume I will feel the same way about it) the Japanese GATE OF HELL, the English-Italian Collaboration on ROMEO & JULIET, and WATERFRONT. Perhaps several others, such as CARMEN JONES. GONE WITH THE WIND was interesting if not what I would term "great". That applies also to the book.

But there are always a number of interesting movies going the rounds. Most of the best are on one or the other of two local neighbourhood theatres. The uptown first-run houses concentrate on sensationals and the big money makers, and the majority of the neighborhood theatres take the same pictures on their second and successive trips. But these two (tho they do feature quantities of crap) have their bids in for good English pictures, which are seldom featured in the Big theatres, and unusual items with limited appeal, such as the Shakespeare, ballet, opera, etc., movies and selected foreign films, and some of the best main-stream movies on their second run.

Some of the most interesting recent reviews I've attended include NIGHT OF THE HUNTER, directed by Charles Laughton. Many of the camera angles were irritatingly "arty", but Mitchem's portrayal of a psychotic minister was chilling. He played both the moments of

controlled menace and screaming loss of control with conviction. The rest of the performers were also good.

THE LOVES OF VERDI was an Italian picture based on the life of Verdi from his hungry, cold struggle at the beginning of his career to his success in later years, and through his first marriage to his love affair with a singer to his final marriage with her. I suppose that if the movie pretty well followed Verdi's life it would be irrelevant to say that the plot was hammy. But something could have been done with the handling of the story and with the acting. There isn't much to say about it beyond mentioning the fact that there were buckets of tears shed by both the male and female participants, and somewhat fewer by the spectators.



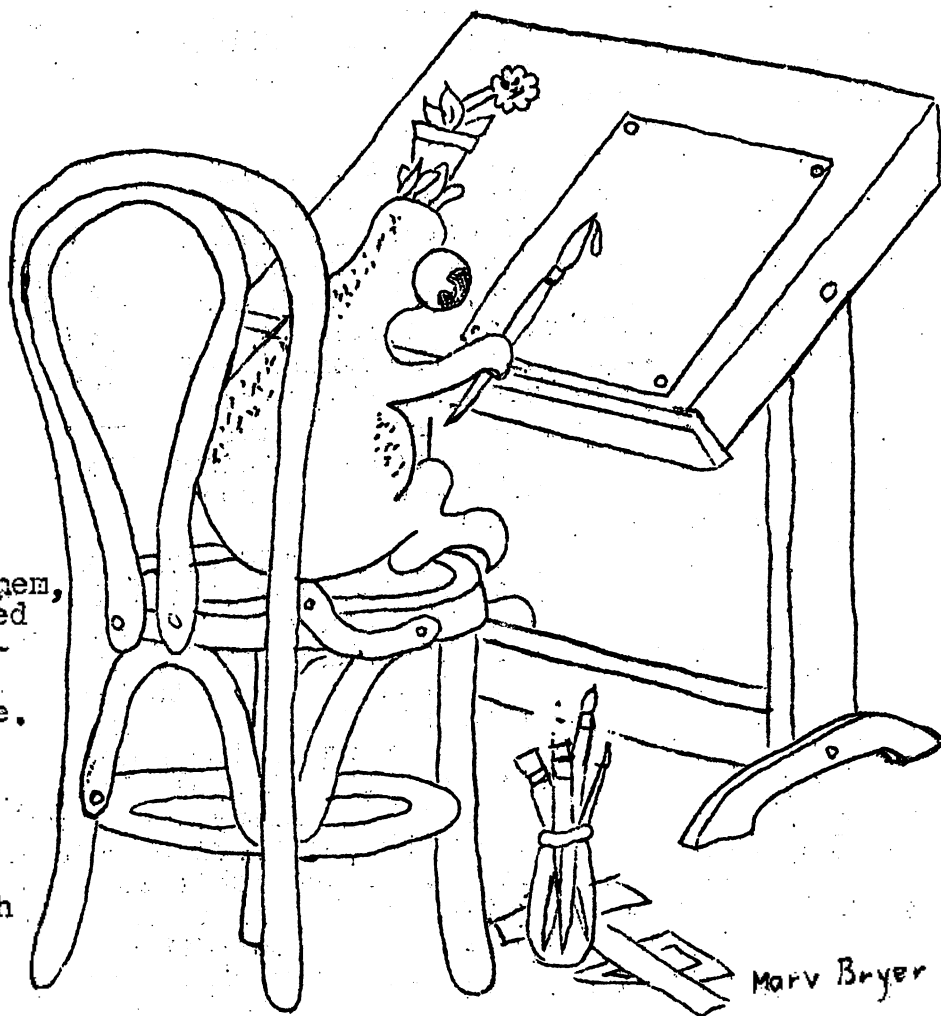
Two incidents stick in my head--the picture opens with Otello on stage singing about his poor dead "Des-DEM-munnah". He embraces her then stands up and whips out his dagger and slits his throat-----and continues singing (with no crimson gurgles) for five more minutes before finally expiring. And then there was the shot of Italian patriots fighting the Austrians. We have a street baracade, and behind it are grim-faced men trying to take aim over it but being hampered by an hysterical female companion flapping a flag in their faces and screaming "Viva Italia".

But although the dramatic parts of the picture were rather awful, it is worth seeing for the music. Excellent bits, wonderfully sung, are presented from many of Verdi's operas, and I enjoyed them thoroughly. I may complain about the corn in spoken movie-drama, but the quantities of emoting done in such opera as I have seen do not seem corny to me but magnificent. Even Otello's remarkable throat.

Accompanying Verdi's Love Life was a 20-minute production of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in the Gay Parisian. Very humorous--the visiting peruvian leaping around with his suitcase and wiggling his hips--and a monacled baron with long blond hair and a wolfish (in the original and slang senses, both) grin--and a bunch of can-can girls doing their ugly but impressive dance.

Extraordinary what ballet dancers can do with their bodies. They seem scarcely human. That peruvian, for instance, leaping into the air and clicking his heels and grimacing and laughing and rolling his eyes all at once.

Getting back to opera, Verdi must have been a success because the same theatre shortly thereafter featured two "Opera Cameos" of LA TRAVIATA and CAVALLERIA (sp?) RUSTICANA. There were not, of course, the complete operas but the highlights from them, with the scenes divided by a narrator explaining the sense of the next bit we are to see. I enjoyed LA TRAVIATA more than the other, because I was already familiar with the music and the story, and because it is such a melodious work, but the whole evening was tremendous.







PHILLIPS

CR was slightly (only slightly) hampered by the fact that one of the fair young maidens was approaching forty and a weight that gave her something less than a nymph-like figure. Which reminds me that I heard during the talk-periods of the Metropolitan a short while ago that on the first-performance of LA T, the leading lady was a hefty 250 lbs which, on spoiling the visual appeal of the production, probably explained why that first performance was a failure. In spite of these little (?) things however, opera should be seen to be totally enjoyed. Very often the Saturday Afternoon broadcasts reach my ears merely as singing, unless I make a special effort to follow the plot and pick out what is happening when who is singing. Even so, I wish I could see more opera, even if Salome' has trouble with her dance and Violetta should be overweight. The Opera Cameos series is excellent--but even better would be full length productions. Not profitable I suppose. Sigh.

THE LADYKILLERS was a pleasant little farce. I had expected much more--here we have a bunch of tough hoodlums headed by the Great Guinness bearing down on an innocent old lady. Perhaps I am expecting too much to ask for belly-laughs when offered opportunity only for chuckles.

However, the sweet old lady was well done, and Guinness, with a horrendous face arrived at with yellow wrinkles under the eyes, cracked red lips, buck teeth, a crooked smile, thin but long orange-gray hair, was very funny as a criminal mastermind escaped from the booby hatch. His cohorts include a mild version of a Teddy-boy, a sharp American dressed tough who persisted in reminding me (was this deliberate?) of Marlon Brando's role in GUYS and DOLLS, a dithering colonel-type, and a huge stupid muscle-man.

One small but perhaps significant item from the movie: In one scene taking place on the city street a sign at a movie house is briefly visible advertising the movie THE DESPERATE HOURS. That was a serious movie about a family kept prisoner by a group of escaped criminals. THE LADYKILLERS had the same basic idea turned into fun, tho rather gruesome fun, at times.

But the recent movie I enjoyed the most was a French picture called THE WAGES OF FEAR. I always feel I'm missing something a lot when English dialogue is dubbed into a foreign picture--I keep wondering what the original voices sounded like and how the expression in the English substitute compares with the original. But the dubbed in dialogue is preferable to sub titles, certainly.

The picture starts out slowly, showing the character of the main participants and show-



PAGE

ing the development of strain among them before they are precipitated into the hair-raising crisis of the picture. The scene is someplace in South America, and we encounter a number of Europeans stagnating there in the mud and heat. I forget the damn names, but there is a Frenchman with a wild girl friend and his Italian friend who is working with cement and is told by a doctor that he must do something else or he will die in several months as his lungs are full of cement dust. Along comes a middle-aged Frenchman who cozens up to the young Frenchman and makes him forget his girl friend and his Italian friend.

A fire breaks out at an American-operated oil well nearby. To put it out the American company requires fast action--preferably an explosion at the mouth of the well. So they arrange to ship by truck over a rough road a large quantity of nitroglycerine--a powerful explosive that requires very little jarring to set it off. Four drivers are chosen for the two trucks, and the drivers are the two Frenchmen in one truck and the Italian and a German in the other. From there the tension builds up almost unbearably, through the trials of getting the trucks past some very tricky spots, the early and shocking breakdown of the bravado of the older Frenchman and the determination of his companion to keep him going because one man could not take a truck through, the friction between the former friends--the younger Frenchman and the Italian--and their final reconciliation, the explosion of the truck driven by the Italian and the German and so on. The climax of the picture occurs when the Frenchmen reach the spot where the other truck had exploded. Nothing is left except the blasted circle and a crater which is filling up with oil from the pipeline following the road which had been ripped open by the explosion. There is no way around this crater in the road, this second truck must go through it. The young Frenchman forces his quivering companion to wade out into the pool of oil and direct the truck through. The truck cannot stop during its transit through the oil or it will be hopelessly stuck. Therefore the younger Frenchman cannot let himself stop the truck when the older man slips and falls under the truck. The scene where the latter's leg is being crushed by the inexorable progress of the truck and during which he is drowning in oil is the most horrible single scene I have ever witnessed in a movie or elsewhere (with the possible exception of some horrible newsreel shots of what the allied armies found at Buchenwald or somewhere--piled up corpses, emaciated and rotting, and here and there a living person, hardly recognizable as human or distinguishable from the dead bodies.) The only thing to compare with it was a scene I saw in a movie (otherwise forgotten) when I was young. By a coincidence it too was a scene of a man drowning in oil. I think the picture was a mystery or some third-rate melodrama of that sort, but one of the characters had been flung into a refinery tank and was trapped as the gas or oil started pouring in. It got up to the point where he had his head back with the level of oil at his jaws before the Cavalry galloped in and saved him.

THE WAGES OF FEAR was a tremendous movie in many ways. Firstly it presented a number of genuine and unusual people against unusual backgrounds and in unusual situations. All this was done convincingly and fascinatingly. And lastly, and not of the least importance, the horrifying trip with the nitroglycerine. But I think the most interesting feature of the picture was the opportunity to watch a number of people changing their behaviour and attitudes while remaining consistent to their characters, and the opportunity of contrasting these behaviours and attitudes of the different characters in the

same circumstances. THE WAGES OF FEAR (no matter how it compares with the novel from which it was taken) was as good as an excellent novel, and few movies of any calibre are that good.

And by way of conclusion, there is currently playing in Calgary a science-fiction picture entitled ON THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE, or something, which looks rather good and features competent performers. It appears from comments available to be one of the better sf films.

I don't think I'll bother going to see it.

\*\*\* (I must add a little note here. The picture, ON THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE is not a sci-fi movie. Instead it is mostly concerned with Air Force research having to do with high altitudes. It is a good movie and quite exciting in places, especially with all the gadgets in appearance, but not too terrible exceptional. lsb)\*\*\*

## TORTURE GARDEN

This is more a recommendation of fanzines than anything else. I don't feel that I want long reviews in this issue. In further issues I might change my mind but for now this will have to do. The Opinions I give here are mine and may the spirit of Foo be and abide with you if you don't like them.

Sigma Octantis -- John Mussels, 4 Curve Street, Wakefield Mass.  
\*\*\* Sig Oct has lots of good material and is quite an interesting magazine. The art is not so good but I'm sure it will improve. Sig Oct is worth getting. -- sample on request, and sub rates on request.

Yandro -- Buck & Juanita Coulsen. 407 1/2 E. 6th St. N. Manchester Ind.  
\*\*\* Yandro is a nice friendly zine. Nothing is ever outstanding in it but it has a nice personality and good art. -- 5¢ or 12 for 50¢.

## ATTENTION FANS!

Buy your Opium and pipes  
from

*Dr Foo L. Man You  
Bong Gook Pow Temple*

*SAN FRANCISCO*

Good, fresh, delicious Opium  
grows on our thousand acre,

El Rancho Del Bem

Camber -- Allan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd. Hoddesdon, Herts, England.

\*\*\* Camber is one of the better english zines. Very good writers and good illos. This also is worth getting. -- 15¢ per or 9d.

Fantasy Sampler -- John W. Mardock, c/o Henry Moore studio. 214 E. 11th St., Kansas City 6, Mo.

\*\*\* Fan Sam is a very nicely mimeoed zine complete with stenofax illos. Fan Sam is a bit serious constructive but doesn't suffer one bit for it. 1/2¢ per page.

Femizine -- Pamela Balmer, 204 Wellmeadow Rd., Catford S.E. 6, England.

\*\*\* Very good zine supposedly having only fem contributors, but I sort of have my doubts. 15¢ or one schilling.

Aspidistra



"Four Fragments"

1. ---Burton K. Beerman---

Extended  
metallic fingers  
wanting  
the fiery stars---  
grasping  
and returning;  
needing  
and not having;  
fingers cold,  
pointed upward.

2.

A man of destiny sits  
in the shadow of a sword  
and from the depths of his decay  
begins to curse the Lord.

3.

The hissing sound,  
that is,  
the whispering of death  
in space...  
an ending  
to the human race.

4.

Flowers intermingled with blood:  
a death-a hope-a destiny;  
blending-fusion-eternal good;  
The flowers burst with atrophy.

---Samuel Johnson---

THAT'S ODD....

Wierd music,                   haunting,  
Without equal,  
Comes drifting,                   wafting,  
Through the night.

The shattering,                   cloying,  
Soft, insidious  
And terrible,                   Sighing

Music thrills me  
To my core -  
And much more...

Because  
I  
have been dead  
For quite some  
time !

Decidedly odd....

UPPER HALL STREET

Rectangulation: rows of rosy neon light  
reaching far into the night  
To destination: beacon beckoning to lose tonight  
raised on Rocky Butte jail's sight  
A flash-it fades. Again! occulting light.

Can it on Rocky Butte seek out  
My inner attribute?  
Or can its electric peircing glint carve out  
(that which I seem to see upon my slate)-delete?  
I see the cities' ~~senseless~~ sensuality from Upper Hall Street.

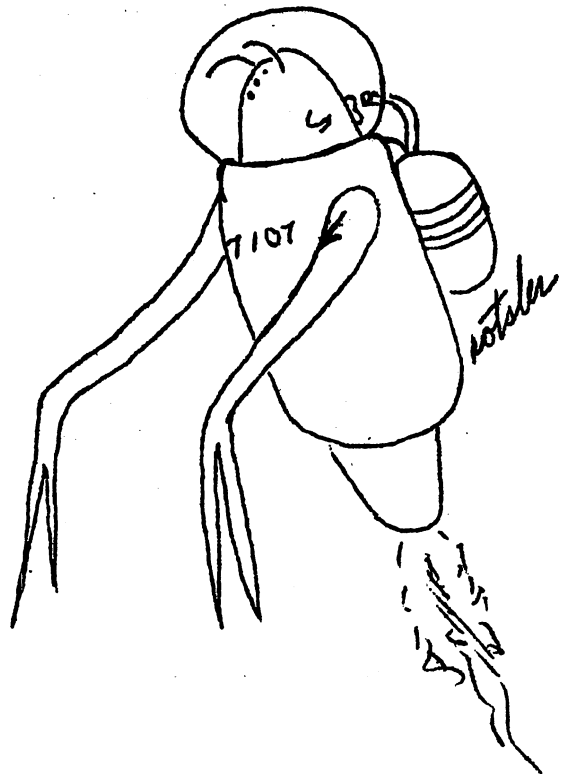
---Karl Leopold Metzenberg---

UNTITLED

Under a Gothic moon I write  
Circular rings of bronze  
A round and lonely. Night-  
winds are now still and  
Below sleeps Grass Valley.  
Th grasses are not waving  
But the trees sing. And  
Is it the same upon the North Plain?

The shepherd is content; But  
Are the lovers still wrapt up  
In their only arms? Or  
Are they, too, satisfied and  
Full of dreams and hopes  
Which may or not be real,  
Distant and good. But  
They are dreams, and they  
Are theirs alone. And maybe all-  
But they make a perfect time,  
And that, perhaps, is enough.

---e.i. roe---



## INVASION AT SIX-PM

Arm growing white under faucet water  
my pact with mud concerning flesh holds firm;  
strange seeing flesh grow out of mud, out of water  
onto shoulders, arms swinging like long white fish in the sun.

Gravel must be crossed under protest; down on the road  
where leaves swing their knives toward the sand  
deer stand like dunes under green sky  
dying, their skeletons under boulders to one side.

Clouds plan indifferent water. Earth  
growing beneath my feet, growing to my heart  
expects small distractions toward the road  
and i fancy, somewhere ahead, a voice singing.

--- Ron Voigt ---

### PHANTOM INFLUENCE

Soft footfalls broke the Titan silence, then were hushed;  
I listened, awed, then heard a shuffling sound.  
Could there be like amid the ruins here?

I saw no movement. No breezes ruffled.  
A ghostly echo led me to an ancient shrine.

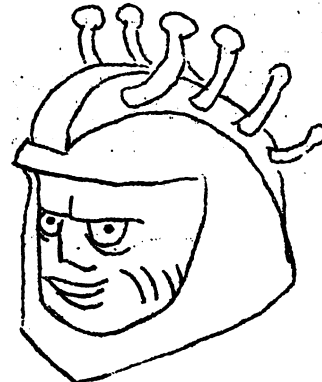
As my earth-born feet crossed the desolate threshold,  
The long-dead silence reigned; the only stirring thing  
Was the dust that slightly swirled about my halting feet.

With emotions wierdly thrilled, I paused;  
Strange worship overwhelmed me...  
A vision of the altar, as it had stood aeons ago,  
Rose before my dusty eyes, a beauteous thing,  
Carved symbols of forgotten artistry.

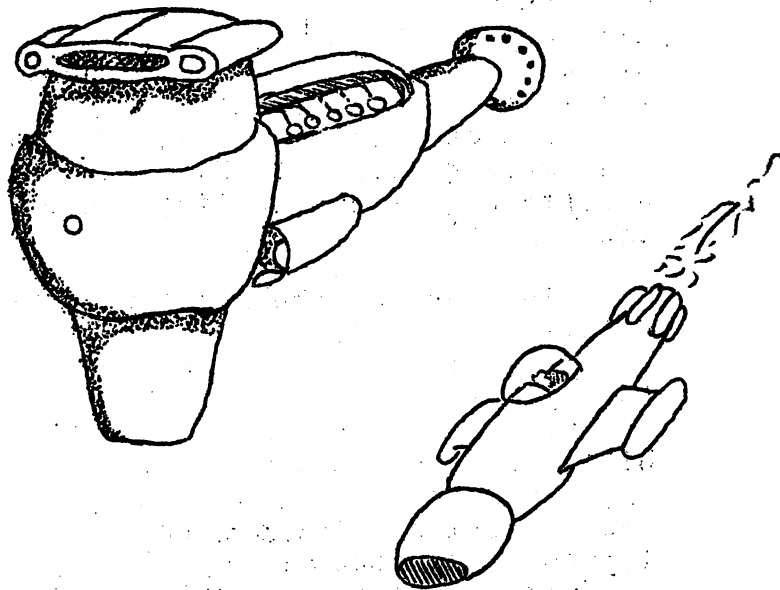
My brain was seized in a whirl of alien thought,-  
I knew I trespassed, yet was held magnetically.

The dream passed as suddenly as it began;  
Routine excavation resumed.....  
But I remember,-  
I will always remember.

--- Orma McCormick ---







Since it is a well-established fact that many fans have gone on to become professional writers, it is therefore logical to assume that there are a number of young neos reading this fanzine (they are reading it aren't they Larry?) who are vitally interested in science fiction as a profession. So, to aid these aspiring literary greats in their pursuits, this writer is taking it upon himself to give these readers a helping hand and to make such that they are not obstructed by the pitfalls which have blocked the paths of others.

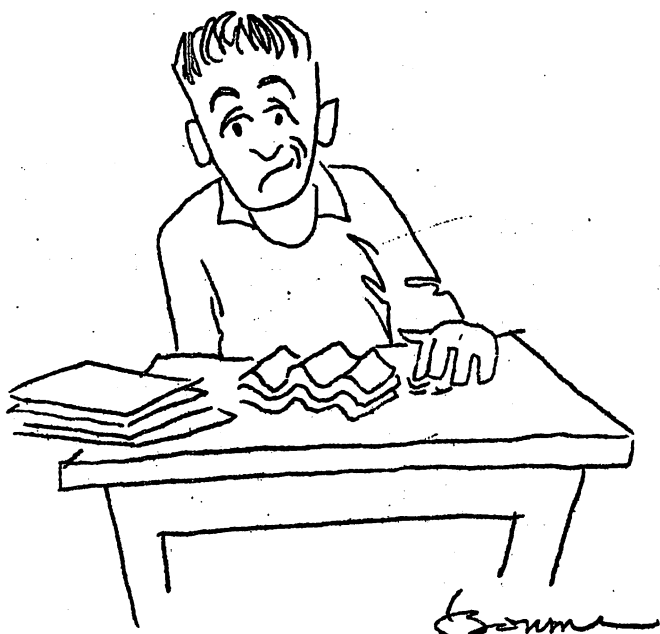
Horace Gold is one of the most beloved editors in all of science fiction; his kindly and benevolent mannerisms, his complete and utter modesty, and his quiet, unpretentious editorial policy have endeared him to fandom's collective heart from the very beginning, and...well, let's face it, he pays upward of three cents a word! Ergo, for the young writers who might spend years floundering around in ragged pulps and second-rate opera magazines, I offer a short-cut to success; follow my directions, and you...that's right, you...can sell your very first effort to a superior magazine such as GALAXY.

First off, let's see what you need to start writing for GALAXY. Unlike those who write for other magazines, there will be no need for you to purchase a typewriter, as Horace Gold is such a loveable old boy that he will read manuscripts written with anything from crayons to non smear lipstick, submitted on old lunch bags, Kleenex, or restaurant menus. (This also eliminates the problem of buying expensive onion-skin stationary.)

Horace prides himself on his uncanny ability to spot and correct all errors before sending copy to the printers, and would therefore prefer that you refrain from using erasers or eradicators of any kind. If you should happen to make a typographical mistake, don't bother to correct it. Tireless Horace has always felt that he doesn't have

HOW TO...

CRACK Galaxy  
by Kent Moomaw



Good old Horace Gold at his editorial desk.

enough to do in his editorial capacity, and any mistakes you commit will be appreciated by him as a challenge to his ability. Many writers spend hundreds of dollars yearly for erasers, but this expense can be completely disregarded when writing for GALAXY. (See how easy this game can be if you know the ropes?)

So much for the necessary materials and implements. With pen and paper in hand, you no sit down to begin your career. What's that you say? You haven't any ideas? Silly boy, who needs ideas? My oh my, I can see that you youngsters are harboring a lot of erroneous impressions. Look here, pick up any current science fiction magazine, glance casually through the stories, and then ask yourself these questions: do you see anything even faintly resembling ideas: Anything new, anything diff-

erent? No, of course not, and the same situation holds true in the pages of GALAXY. Why, if there's anything that good-natured Horace can't stand it's that nasty word, Originality. Brrrrr...sends shivers up and down my spine just to think about it.

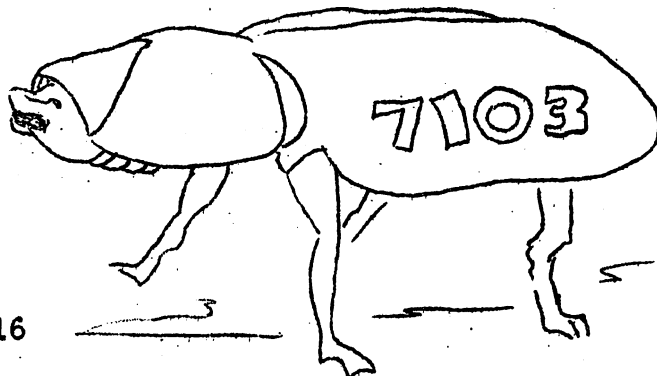
What then shall you write? Why, the same thing that everyone else who appears in GALAXY writes! But you're not acquainted with the inner workings of professional writers are you? Therefore, I think it will be necessary to show you just exactly how its done; at the risk of making writing even easier for you than it really is, I will set out below a handy outline to the kind of story which is sure-fire GALAXY stuff. With this outline, plus only a few assorted inserts of your own, you will be fully prepared to assault the professional world.

Remember, please, that although a few deviations with regard to details, any radical alterations of this norm will be considered gross Originality on the part of the writer, and will automatically make the manuscript prone to rejection. After all, even good-humored Horace has certain principles to uphold.

.....

(Title: yes, you'll have to think up a title for yourself, as difficult as it may be.)

(Name of hero) sat alone in his dingy little (office, shop,



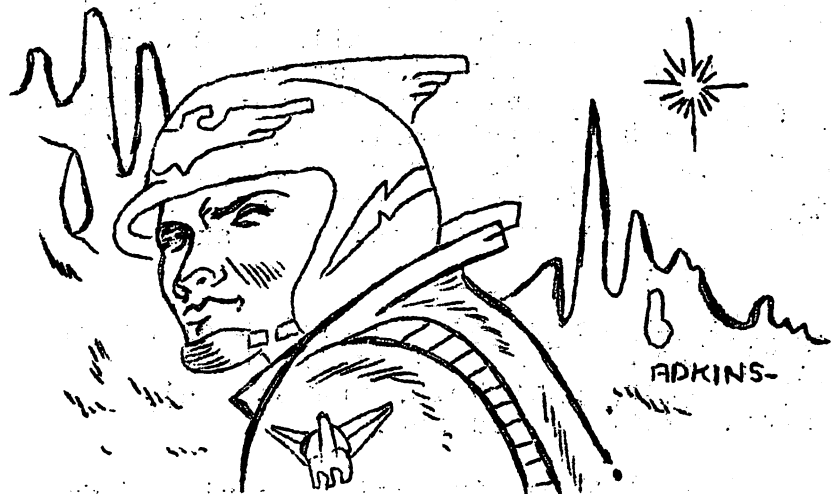


hole-in-the-wall) looking out over the sprawling city. It was hot, unbearably hot, in the streets outside, and the (secret police, storm troopers, John Law) had their hands ~~more~~ than full herding the second shift along to their respective stations throughout the metropolis. The tired work-weary excuses for human beings longed to stop and rest in the cooler shadows of the towering buildings, but the (secret police again) kept them moving with occasional jabs of their (startling new kind of weapon, the mere name of which puts one in a blue funk). And, as the second shift wandered towards their respective stations, the first, equally weary after (number of hours, depending upon how villanous you wish the oppres-

sors to be depicted) hours of tedious work, meandered to their quarters in the various dormitory blocks on the other side of town. After a sleep, a meal of tasteless (food concentrate, plankton, steak, ham and swiss) and the required number of hours of television viewing, they would return to their jobs.

(Hero) searched the empty faces from his (Number of floor, depending upon desired effect) floor window, and pitied them in their terrible existence. At times like this, he thanked (diety, political figure, pin-up girl) that his intelligence during childhood had given him the opportunity to become a member of the (privileged class, such as Lawyer, Insurance Man, or Free-Lance Janitor), thus excluding him from the shift and its normal requirements. Though he knew his (efficiency rating, credit risk value, I.Q.) was slipping slightly because of lack of accomplishment, he was at least maintaining a small measure of freedom.

This, however, was not enough for (hero). He often wondered whether or not his mental attitude was a throwback to (1956, 1776, 1492), for he actually felt remorse over the bondage of the world. His father, when (hero) was a boy, had told him of how things were before the Earth's (bank tellers, bartenders, street cleaners) had seized control



over the government; how there had been no (secret police, or whatever you chose) with their (startling new weapons, or the like) to order you around, how there had been no shift, and how people had been able to (get drunk, go to science fiction conventions, play poker) without fear.

(Hero, and you'd better have picked a catchy name, seeing how often it's mentioned; something like Schwartz or Koznowski would ruin the entire story!) deserted his vigil at the window, moved quickly and silently to the door in order to (see that he was not being watched, see if the girl next door was home yet, check on the crap game in the hall), and then opened the bottom-most drawer in his battered desk. There, hidden below piles of (propaganda booklets, gum tickets with famous dictator on them, Monroe calanders) were the Books.

With the utmost care, (hero) took the ancient volumes in his hands and leafed through their yellowed pages. The Books had taught (hero) all he knew of life before the government changed hands, besides his father's observations, and through them, he had gained the inner loathing for the government and its binding chains of stagnation. The information and knowledge of the past which he held was of no use to him at present, but someday when the people finally threw off the yoke of tyranny that the (dog-catchers, race touts, belly dancers) had brought with them in their climb to power, someday when...

Suddenly (hero; I'd advise a name like Ric or Flash but whatever you do don't use Schwartz or Koznowski!)'s door boomed with a cursory knock, and before he could return The Books to their hiding place, a short dumpy (revenue, steeplejack, government official) came lumbering in with two burly (mad poets, secret policemen, sixth grade teachers) in tow. "You're reading books, which have been strictly forbidden," he (screamed, gasped, telegraphed). "Seize him, men!"

(Hero) was trapped, and could only lash out feebly at the giant who leaped at him before a (punch in the mouth, kick in the shin, finger in the eye) brought darkness about his head with a thunder-clap.

(Hero) awoke later to find himself seated in the rear of a (ground car, shuttle jet, Model T) which was speeding through the outskirts of the city, heading toward the far-away hills. One of the men who had put him out was driving, and the short, pudgy leader sat opposite (hero) with a faint smile playing about his lips. The absence of a weapon in sight caused (hero) to stop and wonder. "Where are you taking me?" he asked uncertainly.

The other countered with a question of his own. "Take a look in the rear view mirror, port hole, viewscreen), first. What do you see?"

Behind them, in rapid pursuit along the unending transcontinental highway was a (government vehicle, Sherman tank,



PHILLIPS

Radio Flyer wagon) filled with uniformed (secret policeman, Army nurses, Shriners). (Hero) turned back to his companion and muttered, "Then you must be..."

"that's right we're members of the (underground resistance movement, Boy Scouts, musicians' union). Sorry we had to be so rough with you back there but there was a chance that you, wouldn't have believed our story. You see, (hero), we've planted scanners in the offices of all those in the privileged class, in hopes that we'd find a few more who longed for the freedom of the days before the (delivery boys, tax drivers, Italian movie starlets) gained control. When we saw you with those books, we knew you were one of us."

(Hero) was puzzled. "But what can you hope to accomplish?"

"Quite simply. By pooling our resources and efforts, we've been able to (build a space ship, buy a house, win the Irish Sweepstakes). We're going to (voyage to Mars and set up our own colony, set up light housekeeping, upset the world's financial situation). It'll be a whole new start, with only the fittest in on the operation. Will you join us?"

(Hero) did not have to think very long before accepting the other's outstretched palm and nodding vigorously, "but what about the (good-humor men, jazz fanatics, wire-haired terriers) following us? Where is your base, and how can we shake them before we get there?"

The shorter man smiled again. "No need to worry, By accident, we stumbled onto ( the doorway to a parallel universe, a Hilton hotel, and old piano box) which serves as our base until we make our move. Since (the exact spot of entry to the alternate universe is known only to us, the hotel is full, the piano in the box was a Wurlitzer), we'll have no trouble shaking them." He called to the driver. "Ready (Clyde, Samuel, Adolphus)?"

"Right" came the reply, and before hero could comprehend fully what was taking place (the vehicle had turned off the road and entered the alternate universe through an invisible time slip in a deserted field, the attendant at the hotel was asking for their luggage, the piano was attempting to move back into the box.) And strangely enough, as (the alternate universe engulfed them, the bellboy sneered at the quarter tip, the piano box exploded), (hero) did not look back, but ahead to what lay beyond.

. . . . .

There, see how easy it is? Write a short story along this line each week, pad it well twice a year for a book-length novel, and you'll never be short of money. You'll live comfortably until GALAXY folds or until you do. Professional writing is simplicity itself once you catch onto the tricks of the trade.

Pardon me while I knock out my version of the outline for this week, but the rent is due again and I want to make sure that smiling, congenial Horace gets my manuscript in time to send me the check by the end of this month.

-----



# Torture Garden

...or at least a corner of it

Richard E. Geis

Being a review in depth of UMBRA #14

John Hitchcock, editor, publisher, and chief bottle-washer of UMBRA, has succeeded in weathering many fannish storms and tribulations, any one of which would have knocked out a less determined or stable fan editor. Off-hand I can remember the association with Raleigh E. Maltog which prejudiced many against him, the association with Wetzel which had the same effect on many fans, the unfortunate "Daily Toilet" issue which brought some indignant letters and reviews from high-toned fans, and the fights with Steward of Canada, which all seem to give an erroneous impression of the true character and worth of Hitchcock.

He's a nice guy and he keeps sending me copies of UMBRA when I do little or nothing to earn them.

But as I said, there have been these unfortunate occurrences which have tended to paint him with the brush of fuggheadism.

But lightly, you understand. My tendrils receive the fannish impression that fandom regards John as sort of a fringe-fugghead. There is time for him to prove himself. Fandom is reserving judgement. Nice of fandom, isn't it?

Umbra as it stands is a good fanzine. It contains a good deal of food for thought. It provokes comment, or at least the urge to comment, among those few fans who like to think a little. Not much, you understand, but a little. UMBRA isn't a real fannish type thing, so it won't ever be as popular as QUANDARY. Certainly fans like to read about themselves and talk about themselves more than about Basic Questions and issues. John Hitchcock







likes to flirt with such things, and even gets his toe wet once in a while, and so UMBRA does not qualify as the pure egoboozine that fans LOVE. It is more of the semi-intellectual type.

Now to wander through this latest issue. The cover is a scene showing the creature from the black lagoon (peculiarly stiff-legged) about to fight with a ten-tentacled phallic symbol. Both the creatures and the symbol are clutching fishes with long sharp noses like daggers. This is a clever touch. But I am suprised the artist, Fred von Bernewitz, didn't trust to the bait and provide the combatants with push-button warfare, using mechanical guided fishes.

However, aside from all that, what guarantee do the readers have that this creature depicted

on the cover is not Shelby vron? Eh? I'd like to hear from Hitchcock on this.

In his editorial "En Thi Apzhi", which freely translated means "Burying the Hatchet", John concerns himself with the Vital question: "What is quality?" He concludes that while many fans want quality in science fiction, few know what they mean by the word. He then goes on to define it. But it seemed to me he instead defined perfection. Quality might better be thought of as highly skilled workmanship.

Noah McLeod, back to the fanzine reviewing wars after an absence due, I believe, to ill health, is in fine fettle with his appraisal of the Galaxy novel version of LEST DARKNESS FALL by L. Sprague De Camp. I'm not qualified to comment on his review of the story because, alas, I've never read it; but there is one point which deserves comment because it is so curiously warped. I refer to McLeod's linking McArthur and Count Belisarius together in comparing the Justinian attempt to conquer Italy and the Campaign waged by McArthur in Korea. Noah assumes that the situations were the same, and says "Belsarius was a military, but like McArthur in the Korean war was not adequately supported." genius'

Now it seems obvious to me that the situations are NOT the same. Justinian's aim was to conquer Italy, period. Was it our aim to conquer Korea: Did Jistinian have to reckon with possible intervention by another power of immense strength, and still another power of titanic strength allied to the first? Did Belsarius have the same personality as McArthur? Was McArthur first sent to Korea, relieved of duty, and then sent back again as was his counterpart to Italy? Was Justinian acting in the interests of a World organization? Did the war in Korea last twenty years? Even a superficial examination shows that the situations were not similar. It is also open to serious question whether McLeod can legitimately compare our Far East policy of a few

context is different, the social context is different, the military context is different. All that is apparent is that McLeod has an axe to grind and is not too particular how he does it. McLeod says: "In particular, the yarn was written before people noticed the resemblance between McArthur and Belisarius, the great Byzantine general." Which people? Who? Can any fan other than McLeod remember anyone noticing the resemblance he claims? And is McArthur really a great general and a genius as Noah would have us believe by associating the two men?

"Critique on the Hot Seat" by Larry Stark, is a good analysis of the writing of Charles Beaumont. Larry has some pertinent and perceptive things to say. This is an article which should be given attention by more fans than are likely to read it. If there is a reprint zine published in a few years, this and other Stark material deserves a more permanent printing, as well as a better layout.

Hitchcock follows with More Reviews. A review of Forbidden Planet and a short short review of Gray Barker's THEY KNOW TOO MUCH. John has devised, for the confusion of his readers, an alphabetical plot-puzzle which only succeeds in obscuring and undermining what he has to say about stories. I wish he would abandon it, for it is as hard to follow as a government directive in an income tax form. I further question its value and validity.

Ed Cox is next with "I travelled to the Moon", a description of his visit to the Moon trip part of Disneyland. After reading it I only wish I had lived in Southern California. Sounds wonderful.

The letter section was esoteric and foreign. I am not much interested in the Hitchcock argument with Ken Bulmer nor am I much interested in European science fiction. So sue me. I don't think many other fans are interested either. But if these were the only letters on hand to print....it would seem that the editor had little choice.

Chicken Scratches, the fanzine review section by Hitchcock, is unusual in that 10 out of 17 of the reviews were of fanzines from other countries. What has happened to the American Fanzines? Is good question. I would say that the interest has died: in producing fanzines because the clones have died. The controversies are dead. Consider: Magnus is gone, Ellison is gone, Riddle is off doing sea duty and cannot publish, Grennell is absent this summer and has cut GRUE to a shadow of its former self, and...ahem...I am gone. A few good zines are left, but there is no one zine which appears often or which possesses that quality which makes it imitable. Quandary set off a chain reaction of publishing and so have other #1 magazines. Where is a fanzine today that fills the bill? The greats have either retired or quit or temporary left the field, and leave us not forget the non-appearance of Ghod's zine Hyphen. Woe is us, sack cloth an ashes and beat the head against the wall. It looks like FAPA will be American Fandom for a long while.

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Your Hit Parade-----compiled by-ROD ELLIK

#1 on pro music poll: GHOST WRITERS IN THE SKY

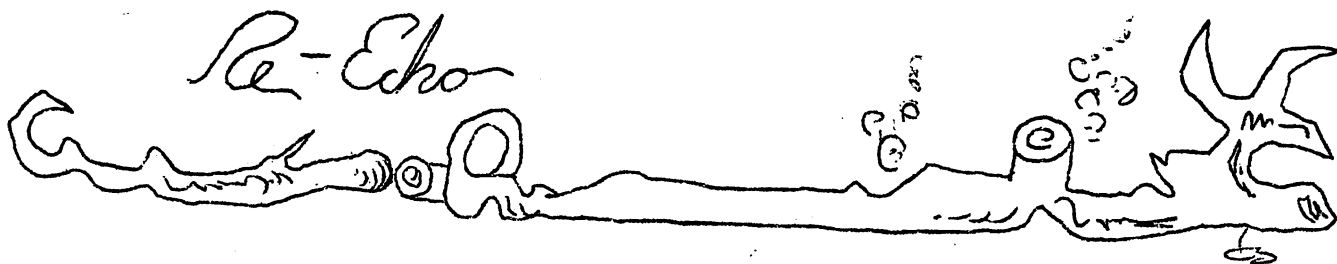
#1 on agricultural music poll: WHO DOES NOT ANSWER TO THE UDDER  
SHALL UNDER MILK HIS STOCK

#1 on Fan Hit Parade by taste test: IVORY TOWER

#2 on fan hit parade: LARS BOURNE ANTIGUA

P.22

#3 on fan hit parade: HAPPIEST GUY IN THE WHOLE FAPA VALLEY



Now we arrive at the tail end of Brillig where the Editor looks vainly for someone to blame his mistakes on. Finding no-one he turns and looks into a mirror and sees the person who is responsible for this mess. He takes a large brick which had been laying handy and heaves it at the hateful image, then turns and bends over his worn typewriter and types out an explanation of what went wring.

-----  
Art Credits for thish.....Front Cover Ralph Rayburn Phillips

Dan Adkins - 17-20  
Page Brownton - 9  
Marvin Bryer - 2-8  
Juanita Coulsen - 7

Dave Jenrette - 21  
Ralph Rayburn Phillips - 4-5-7-9-18  
William Rotsler - 13-14-15-16  
the editor - 3-6-12-16

Back Cover.....Juanita Coulsen

-----  
Well you see it's this way. I was rather hurried. I did the impossible and did this thing in less than a month. More like three weeks it was. It shows it too. Next time I'll take longer and do a better job.

I have noticed three major mistakes so I will try to explain them to you to the best of my ability. On the contents page is one. The word summer should be August. I changed it once and forgot and changed it back again. On page four the page number says page three. Don't pay any attention to this as it was put there to mislead you. You'll find two Torture Gardens this issue. That is due to the fact that I did my reviewing bit and had it all run off when Dick finally sent me his column installment and had retitled it. I guess he forgot I was using it. I'm not going to argue with him. If he wants it I won't gripe. Torture Garden fits him more than it does me anyway.

The repro this issue is bad also as you can see. The reason for this is that I have had typewriters. None of em will cut a stencil worth anything.

You'll find no letters thish. I was too poor to go over 24 pages and I had such good material that I hated to let it wait in place of letters. Maybe there'll be letters next time. It all depends.

By the way. I need the addresses of, William Rotsler, Burton K. Beerman, Sam Johnson E.I. Roe, and Dave Jenrette. They have issues of Brillig coming to them. I would appreciate it if any of you would let me know where these fen are.

Well I guess that's all for now. I hope to see you in three months if college doesn't take too much time and if I don't tire of the whole mess in the meantime. Till then.

-----  
Crottle your own greeps.  
-----

*Larry*  
(23)

# BRILLIC

editor---

Larry S. Bourne

2436 $\frac{1}{4}$  Portland St.

Eugene Oregon



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( ) Review

( ) Subscription

( ) Complimentary

( ) Contrubuter

☒ Bribe

( ) This is the last one  
you will recieve unless you  
write or something..

☒ you are chosen

( ) to be a contributor  
(hint, hint)

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