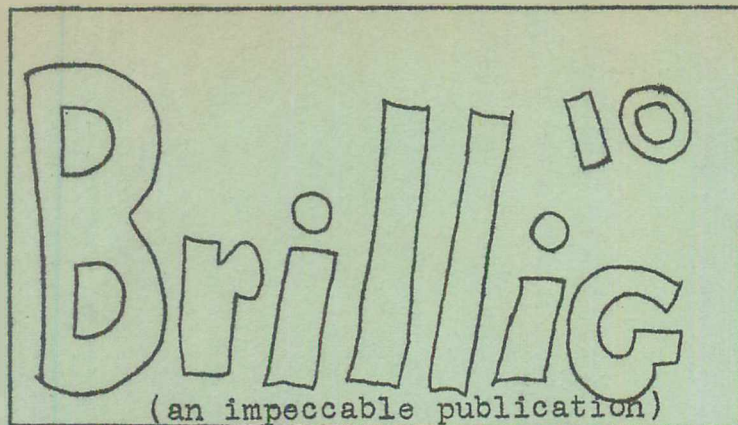
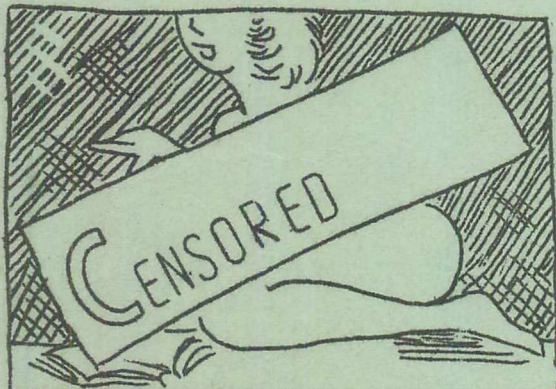


Brillig has integrity.



MAILING WRAPPER

STATES THE FACTS AND NAMES THE NAMES!



Why was Brillig censored by the Post Office?



Is fandom a communist plot, or better yet a Blochist plot?



Was Yngvi really a louse?



What is the true origin of the Crottled Greep?

ALL THESE QUESTIONS  
AND MANY MORE ANSWERED  
IN BRILLIG 101

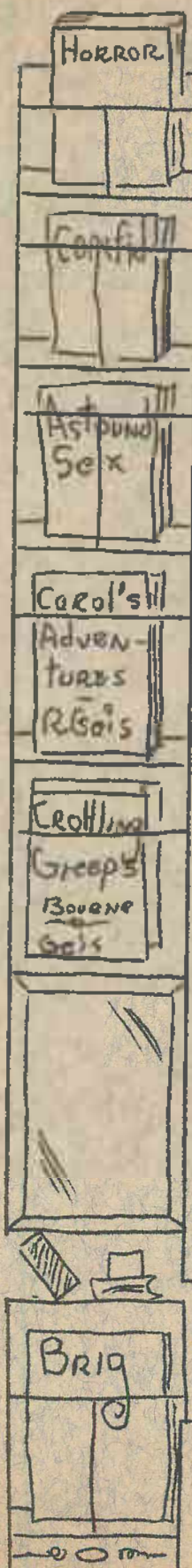












the scandal issue of...

# Brillig—10

4th Quarter

1957

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## ART CREDITS:

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23-24

Dave Jenrette - 9-10

Lynette Mills - 20-22-

Ralph Rayburn Phillips - 21

William Rotsler - 18

Bourne-Mills - 25

front & back covers by the  
editor

-o-

John Champion  
--chief columnist

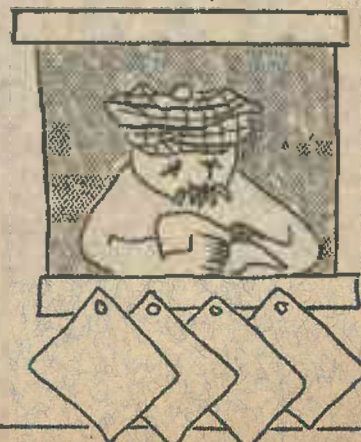
BRILLIG, is published on a quarterly schedule by Lars Bourne at 2436 $\frac{1}{2}$  Portland st. Eugene Ore.

Brillig is free to anyone who shows an interest although money or any other commodity is acceptable to be added to the Bourne to the Gate in '58 fund. All monies will be classed as subscription money and will absolutely guarantee your receiving an issue.

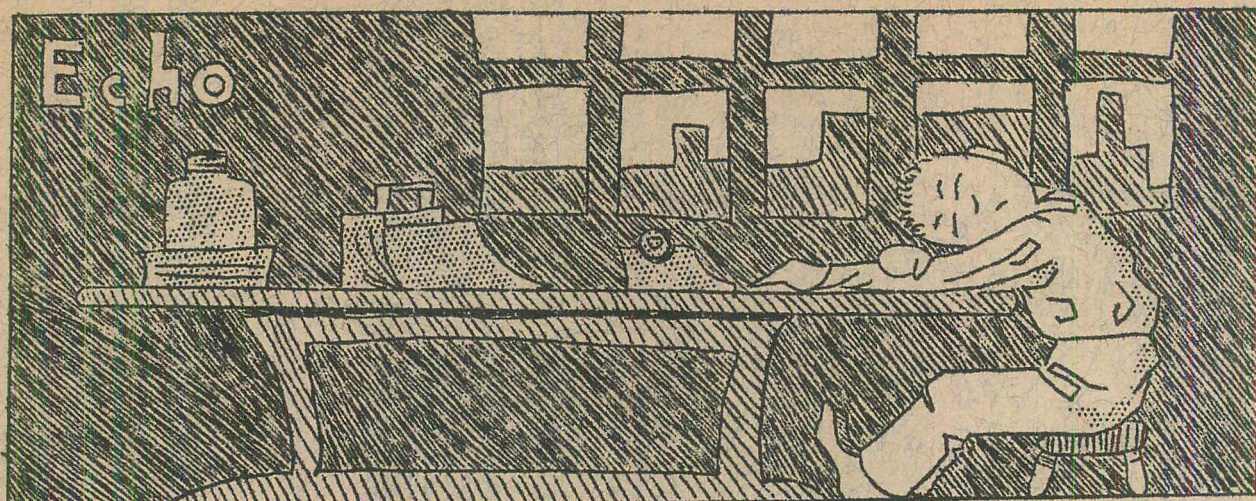
All types of material solicited.

--o--

## MAGAZINES







Dick Geis, the filthy huxter, sent me an advertisement circular some time ago which offered photo-offset work at very low prices a fact which prompted me to write the company for particulars, myself being the tightwaddish type. (This was mere academic curiosity as I was in no mood at the time to pay for anything if I could help it. For some strange reason, I'm still this way but that is neither here nor there.)

-----  
A few days after I had sent the letter an airmail reply came rushing into the mail box, only to be removed by my eager hands. (They must have been hurting for business in the worst way, else why would they pay any attention to such a grafter as I? ) I scanned the enclosed letter and sample material and then forgot them until later in the day when I had time to scrutinize them more closely. Rather surprisingly they had sent (a.) an ad lauding the virtues of an Iron Tonic and a potent laxative, written in very bad english, ("...if he don't have it ask him to get it for you...") and an "Official Group Directory of the American Sun Bathing Ass'n., Inc." This last sample proved to be somewhat interesting. I decided to read further into the latter sample and leave the laxative-iron tonic ad to someone who appreciates the humor of bad english, or for that matter laxative-iron tonic.

-----  
Upon reading into this wealth of interesting and informative information I found out that Oregon has seven member ASA camps, one of them in Eugene of all places. Taking my binoculars in hand and.....er no. But the idea is certainly an interesting one. It's getting colder out as I write this and besides I don't have any binoculars. Taking pen and paper in hand (more correctly, typewriter and my business stationary to make it more official) I decided to investigate as it were this particular camp.

-----  
The letter was duly sent off and I prepared myself for a long wait. A week or so later I recieved a reply which, to tell the truth, I was not expecting. Nudist colonies are notorious for being very careful about their way of life. In this reply I was asked quite a number of very personal questions and which intimated that I must be quite interested in baring my ridiculous looking physique for the healthful aspects of nature. (In this part of the country the aspects are usually

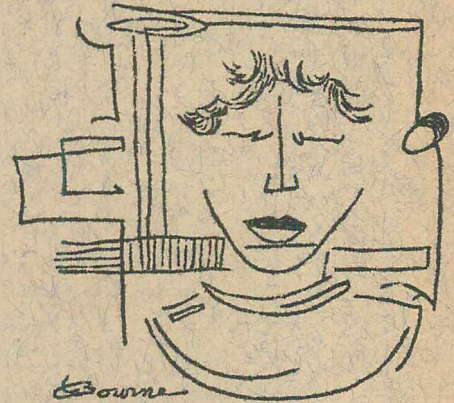


poison oak, mosquitoes, and sunburn.) They presumed one hell of a lot too much because the only reason I wrote was to furnish myself with an editorial for Brillig. I was successful in that respect but not as successful as I thought. They asked all the questions, and without giving any clue as to where they were located, or stuff like that there. I told you they were sort of careful. Among the questions they asked, some of the more personal ones were, racial decent, (possibly suggesting racial prejudice), religious preference, marital status, date and place of marriage if married, whether I used tobacco, used alcoholic beverages, drugs and or stimulants, and whether or not I had been convicted of a felony. All nice innocent harmless questions. They're more stringent than the army yet. After receiving all that and not getting the results I wanted I gave up the whole thing as a bad job.


-----  
By the way. Did you know that Oregon is second in nudist colonies only to California which holds first place in the United States? Something to know if you're a nudist, or even a bird watcher,....or something. California has 14, Oregon has 7, New Jersey is third with five, and Pennsylvania, Ontario, and Washington are all fourth with four. You know, you never can tell just what will turn up in a fanzine.

-----  
FANZINES ARE SO EDUCATIONAL!  
-----

I have been receiving a magazine devoted to the listing of small literary publishers among other things titled Trace and published by a fellow name of James Boyer May. This is a priceless magazine for anyone who likes avant garde poetry, or for that matter any sort of poetry. In the latest issue dated October 1957, May lists a large number of small publishing firms although some, (for example, Arkham House) aren't as small as could be inferred. The rest of the contents include a supplement to a list of small type literary magazines, mostly those who print poetry. I'm glad to say that a few fanzines have made the list, such as Inside Science Fiction, Sigma Octantis, Abberation and this particular magazine. The remaining articles are a bit too deep for me although a short piece by Eric Cashen was mildly humorous. If you're interested in this magazine, write to James Boyer May P.O. Box 1068, Hollywood 28, California.



Tearful Tales of Woe Dept.

-----  
 In the early morning, a small click can be heard around about the hour of eight emanating from a small clock sitting next to a large table model Sparton radio. The intricacies of the clock mechanism causes the Sparton to come to life, crackle a short bit, then blast out with the latest record or bit of philosophy of the local disc jockey on the most prominent local radio station. A still, drugged appearing form stirs on a disordered bed, opens one eye, curses and rolls over trying to get that extra minute or two of sleep, but the radio won't let him. After a half hour of torture from the radio he

## IN THIS MIDLIGHT OF EARTH

The swans of day no longer will crinkle clouds to rainbows.  
A band of archers standing of the chrome knoll at nowhere  
exploded suns with soul-tipped arrows made of ice.  
In this midlight of earth walled against pushings of dark  
we can unplay our words and deal deftly with bald concepts.  
Our tinfoil cities and mountains crumbling into lava lakes  
will soon disintegrate our eyes; the cool wind blowing  
from the stars will cause our brains to piece like fall trees.  
The dodo and unicorn smile from water while our own reflections  
become grey puffs blurred, blending with the crashing spectrum.  
-----Ron Voigt



slowly arises, shuts off the radio and crawls feebly to the kitchen where the morning paper awaits him, and tries not to think about breakfast. Usually he succeeds. This is my story. The story of a lazy slob.

-----  
All this of course has a point even though it might be a bit hard to fathom. If you try the connection system of reasoning you might find the clue. Remember the idea of "Pennies remind me of coppers, coppers remind me of Policemen, Policemen remind me of a pinch, a pinch reminds me of the girl next door etc.?" Well, radio reminds me of commercials. One commercial in particular, or two commercials for that matter bring forth reactions of extreme disgust in me. The commercials of course being played between eight and eight thirty when I am in twilight sleep, just getting ready to contemplate getting up. One starts out with a fellow warning about the horror that is about to ensue which is pretty considerate of him, considering. I usually jump out of bed and turn off the radio at that time. The times I neglected to get up however I suffered, oh ghod how I suffered. I can't remember how the whole commercial goes luckily for my sanity but half of it goes thus: "ohhOhhhOHhh! Lookforthenewlook in premium Crudflake Correctines." Ghaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa. The second commercial goes thusly with littul-gurl-singing-way-off-key like-and-in-a-perfectly-actocious-voice: "Wish I had a Vally Bar, tellya whad I'd doo, I'd take this great big Vallee Bar 'n giva half to you." Horrible!

-----  
Und so this is what I have to put up with day after day, ad nauseum. I'd turn to another station for getting up by, but the only other choices I have are The Church of The Holy Roller religious Hour, or Mrs. Burton's other Husbands. There are a few other stations but they aren't any better. Sometimes I shouldn't even bother getting up I teenk.



Tell You What You Do: You Glean What You Want From My Letters And Run The Crud Under A Cullum Titled "I FLED THREE HIVES", By A. Bee. Or Maybe "WHAT EVERY YOUNG FANED SHOULD KNOW." Or "THE CONFESSIONS OF AN EGOBOO EATER: "DIE GEIS-TERSINGER"; "GEIS MADE SIMPLE---\$1"; "A PEEPHOLE FOR OBSERVERS." Or Maybe Just "THE LEATHER COUCH" Exported To BRIG For A While.

Essentially, the trouble, or hesitation, I have over putting down my inner-most thots, for publication, is that I'm ashamed of them; I feel guilty over having them. I know on a purely intellectual level that the guilt I feel is needless, yet the subconscious values insist on being there all the same. As you say, I'm afraid of having people gleep over my exposed and tender self. Ah, well, great art is always the result of suffering. Now, if only suffering guaranteed great art! There is always the lurking fear, sometimes certainty, that my attempt to put on paper what I feel would turn out to be sheer sophomoric crud; the product of a third-rate mind. Inferiority feelings, obviously, but again, real and true, regardless of their desirability. There is that joke about the psychiatrist ushering a patient out the door with: "Sorry, Mr. Blinkum, but your inferiority complex is beyond my help. You see... you really are inferior!"

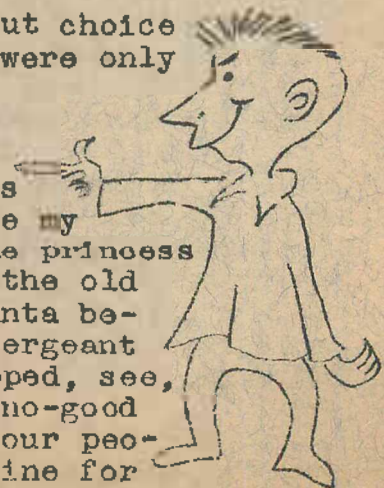
-oOo-

Larry Bourne was in town for a week or so, and we made a date to see THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN together on Wednesday, the 20th of March. I regret to say that I am the one who suggested it. I oughta have my heads examined. But I had read and liked the book, and the ads for the movie were tempting, and...but why go on trying to justify myself.

We approached Portland's Liberty Theatre. "Gee," I said, "only ninety cents." And Larry said, "Yeah, how about that...only ninety cents." We looked at each other and shouted, "ONLY NINETY CENTS??" Great gasping hornloads! Here it was high noon on a Wednesday and these robbers wanted a small fortune before they'd let us see a cruddy science fiction movie and a D-western.

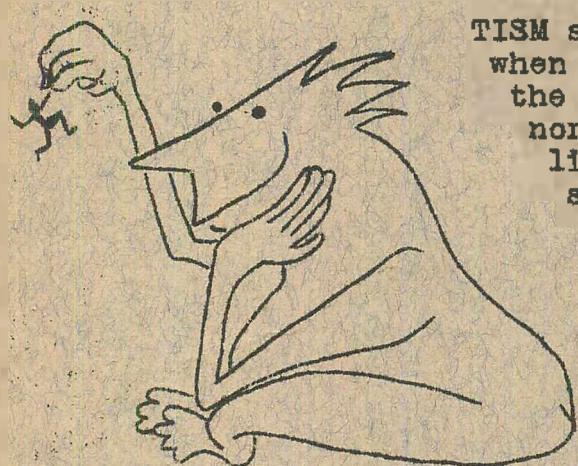
BUT we paid it and went in. Inside we picked out choice seats. This was very easy seeing as how there were only 39 people in the place including ushers.

We suffered through something called TOMAHAWK TRAIL in which an indian princess named Noona is always going around telling the heroine "You are my sister." And the "sister" is forever asking the princess Noona to get in touch with her father and tell the old man to call off the attack on the fort on accounta because the heroine is in love with the hulking sergeant of the U.S. and A. Cavalry company that is trapped, see, and may be wiped out and like that. Well, the no-good Noona refuses because the "bitterness between your people and mine is too deep." This stops the heroine for





a moment, but then she comes up with "But there are so many of your people. The men will be slaughtered. It's nothing but murder!" Whereupon the Noona gal replies "What about the many times there were so many of your people and so few of mine?" The heroine had nothing to say to this. The attack begins. The incompetent lieutenant gets an arrow in the heart dead center and takes all of two minutes to die. The attack is beaten off by incredible bravery and feats of physical combat in which the cavalry NEVER get killed; they ALWAYS kill the indian...even when there are two indians per man. Inspiring...really. And never a hair out of place. Then Noona walks out to join her pappy and the second wave is called off. The sergeant-type hero gets the busty-type heroine, and all is well. END.



TISM started off well, but degenerated when the technicians had to superimpose the shrinking man on a scene showing a normal sized adult; the wavering outlines were noticeable. But when the special sets were built to show the size differential and only the actor, Grant Williams, was present, it was altogether convincing. Especially effective was a scene showing him using a coffee table as a desk, and another better one was the interior of his doll house when he occupied it.

There were changes made in the sequence of events, and the entire movie was made in a straight line narrative instead of flashbacks as the book was written.

The spider...well, they used an impossibly large spider. It looked a good five inches long, which is something indeed to find in the basement of a suburban home in California. He killed it differently in the movie than in the book; it seemed to die altogether too easily in the movie. Tak.

But such changes were felt to be necessary, I suppose, and I have no real quarrel with them. The huge sets were very convincing: the pin-cushion and spools of thread, the pins, the nail, the matchbox, the leaky water heater, the mouse trap, the wooden boxes, the paint cans, the cake, and one scene in which he drinks coffee with a young women midget, both handling outsize coffee cups and sitting on large chairs, their chins barely clearing the table-top.

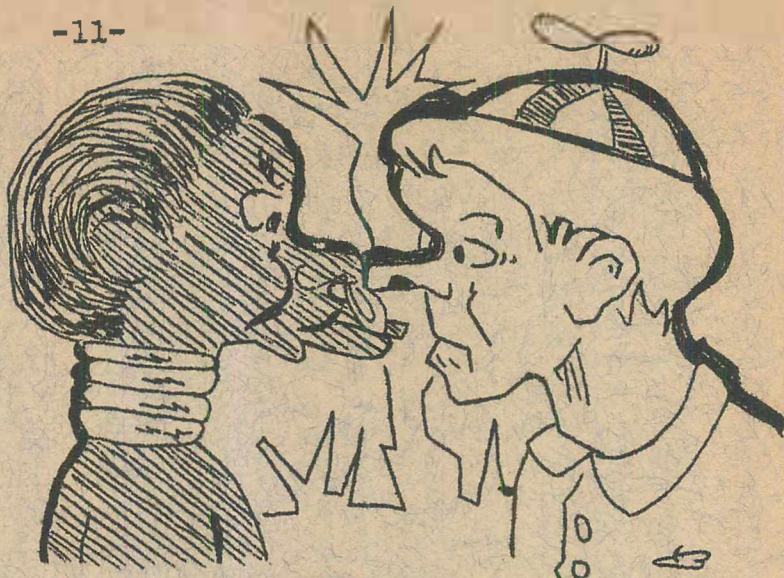
Grant Williams did the best he could, but the deliniation of the shrinking man's inner torment and conflicting emotions was sadly neglected. And for this reason the movie was a crude job. Except for one short narrative sentence that mentions "needing his wife", the sex aspect is ignored. His relationship with the midget girl is reduced to drinking coffee together in a cafe and meeting in the park.

To sum up, the movie was made for children. Don't waste your money on it. In four or five years (maybe less) you can see it on tv for free.



# PRE- CONVENTION REPORT

←ESMOND ADAMS→



Ubangi in '60! That's the good word. I originally planned to promote the idea only through quote cards, giving the advantages and high points of having the 1960 Worldcon in Ubangi. I had it all laid out with a picture of snuggly, lovable, little Smoky, the Bear to win your affection, clever wording to slyly put over my point, and deft humor to win your friendship. But then I made a startling discovery! After using only one side of my 3x5 inch quote card to win you over to the card, I had more points to put over for Ubangi than the remaining room would allow! Imagine that! A proposed convention site with more than 15 square inches of advantages! Who else can make this statement?? So now, as soon as I can make it appear that someone else is asking these leading questions I've written out, I'll go into these many advantages. Aha! I know! I'll make them look different by typing them in italics. Then you'll see that someone else is asking these questions!

Q. "Why in Ubangi?"

A.. Among other reasons which will be discussed later, Ubangi is the only place I can think of offhand that rhymes with the year (though not very well).

Q. "What and where is Ubangi?"

A. The Ubangi, as it is properly called (but not often, since the "the" wrecks the meter of our rhyme) is the chief northern tributary of the Congo River. It's formed in west-central Africa by the union of the M'Bomu and Uele rivers. For about 700 miles of its course, the Ubangi forms the boundary line between the Belgian Congo and French Equatorial Africa.

Q. "A river? How we gonna have a Con on a river?"

A. The fact that the Ubangi is a river is actually quite an advantage. Femme fans (For some reason I've always thought of the first word as pronounced "fimmy." This could lead the minds of some of those with more evil thoughts to change the second syllable of the former word to the end of the latter, thus making a lewd phrase. However, this is a serious, constructive article, and will not let smut spoil it.), for instance, won't have to worry about chasing their husbands through all the nooks and crannies available in a vast city to keep them out of trouble if they're on a boat surrounded by crocodiles. And men fen won't have to worry about having to chase the attractive femme fan so much if they're on a boat surrounded by crocodiles. And there is still another advantage of the river that will be brought up later.



Q. "Aren't there also ( in addition to the river, the chief tributary of the Congo river) ignorant savages known as "Ubangi's"? And aren't these ignorant savages savage?"

A. Yes, there is a native race known as Ubangi around this, our proposed convention site. But just think what a refreshing change it would be to be able to go out of the convention area proper, and say proudly, "I read science fiction!" without being met by a round of hearty guffaws. The Ubangi's, instead, would be quite impressed by the fact that you can read at all. They have even been known to honor such people by prominently displaying said people's heads on their Mantlepieces at home. This should prove conclusively that the Ubangi's are a progressive, friendly race who appreciate and respect the wonders of an education. If, however, your fears persist, this brings us to the previously-hinted-at-advantage-of-the-river not mentioned above. The Ubangi's, after all, will have quite a hard time getting aboard the convention boat with it surrounded by crocodiles in the middle of the river. Of course, the Ubangi's have boats, too, but we will overlook that minor fact. It holds no bearing on the case.

Q. "And how about entertainment for the Con? We fen can't be expected to entertain each other, even though certain elements among us are quite adept at delivering humorous lectures which can keep the entire audience quite amused. Unfortunately, these elements don't see their subjects, whether "Flying Saucers I Have Ridden In", "Secrets of the Ancients", "The Sunspots, and their Effect on the Productivity of the Male Endocrine Gland", or some other, in the same light as the audience, and don't appreciate their success as speakers."

A. Hmmp. Let's have no more editorializing in the questions. I remember that several years back I delivered a quite enlightening dissertation at a Con concerning "The Force on Our Lives and Actions of Peanut Butter Radiation." A few ne'r do well non-Thinkers did laugh, but I could tell by the way most looked at me strangely and hurried off that they knew I was right. But, to the question: As a matter of fact, the Ubangi area is one of the centers of entertainment. Here's an unsolicited (would anyone have solicited this?) and unpaid-for (at least I don't think the record sold) testimonial from one Warren Smith, obviously a true fan. (You will note that this is the theme song of our "Ubangi in '60" campaign, and has been recorded by this Mr. Smith just to promote the Cause. I will quote it verbatim, here, though, so you won't have to go without its important message before you get a chance to obtain the record. Anyway, poetry is a good way to end an article.):

"Well I rocked over Italy, and I rocked over Spain.  
I rocked in Memphis, it was all the same.  
Then I rocked over to Africa, and rolled off the ship,  
And seen them natives doing an odd little skip.  
I started to weave, I looked over the swamp.  
And I seen them kats doin' the UBANGI STOMP!"

(refrain) "The UBANGI STOMP, Ubangi style --  
When it hits it drives the cool kats wild!"

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Gosh, I wonder if it's too late to promote "Newcastle-upon-Tyne in '59"?

-----Esmond Adams





P.-13

I used to be a science fiction fan; I ain't no more. Slowly but surely I have grown accustomed, then contemptuous, of its face.

I am thinking now of science fiction as typified by "The Grandfather's War" in the October ASF. I'm sure all of you readers are familiar with this Leinster series about the Med Service, Calhoun, and Murgatroyd the Tormel who always says "Chee." with various inflections.

Briefly, what I object to in this is the clinical approach, the pseudo-sociological quotes from not-yet-written books, the always right-thinking young Med officer who does his celibate Lone Ranger bit with such grim seriousness.

I could accept the fake sociology and the holier-than-thou approach if the hero was human. But if he is to be a sexless do-gooder with as much depth as a piece of cardboard....well, I quit.

I can't help thinking that perhaps he is human, but that Leinster can't show it because of the taboos. We are told in the story that Murgatroyd's function is to act as a sort of super guinea pig when so needed by the intrepid hero, Calhoun. But...maybe he has another function that the author has in mind but can't whisper to his readers: perhaps Murgatroyd, during those long weeks and months between planets, has a more personal and more piquant function....

BUT...enough of the Med Service; I can't think much of an organization which sends presumably healthy men into space for long periods of time without some sexual outlet. Unless, as I said, Murgatroyd has other talents.

It is the taboos which I object to. Whether Campbell imposes them or they are really commercially necessary, I wouldn't know. They do exist, though, and they sour me on sf. Especially now that sf is shifted away from science to the pseudo-sciences and social sciences. To attempt to write stories about people of future societies and cultures and have to eliminate sex.... It can be done--is being done-- but the omissions are glaring and obvious...and damning. I cannot reread say "Point Counter Point" and then turn to a sf story and swallow the pure, chaste, necessarily unrealistic dialog and action it fobs off as literature. I dislike having to shift mental gears and have to dig out another set of values to apply before reading. Many times I have literally thrown a sf mag out the window because it was simply too incredible.



It seems there is either not any sex in a story, or there is a sort of cute commercial exploitation of it. Like in that first issue of VENTURE. "Virgin Planet" was the title of the lead story, if I recall: in that opus the hero, complete with 1956 morals (the ideal, officially approved kind, mind you, not the real morals of real people) landed his spacer of some kind on a planet of women who had never seen a male. Several times this guy has opportunities with the beauteous wenches to roll in the figurative hay. Does he? NO! Either he has compunctions or something happens at the critical moment to prevent him from deflowering the precious virginity of the fair damsels. This sort of thing is on a par with the nudes on sf mag covers: a branch or leaf "accidentally" hides part of the hide. This type of "sex" in sf is as spurious as the "pretend-it-doesn't-exist" type so beloved in ASF.

Faugh! A pox on both their houses. I look with pleasure on the fact that in a few months my subscriptions run out to both ASF and T&SF.

-----  
TUCKER MUST DIE!!  
-----

There is one good thing about the censorship ruling re pornography by the Supreme Court recently: they ruled that a publication cannot be censored or barred from the mails unless its intent is clearly that of arousing lustful thots; a magazine, for instance, cannot be blue-pencilled and banned because of a line or a paragraph taken out of context. They made it clear that the context involved was the total story involved as well as the whole magazine. And intent was paramount. Eney please note.

-----  
TUMESCENCE , anyone ???  
-----

Is it my imagination, or is it for true that there is a subtle bit of Other-Directedness in the accentuation of what the other nations will think of us re Little Rock in the news reporting. All at once it matters what foreign newspapers think of our actions. It is implied that we should act in such a way to earn the approval of the other countries in the world. Most of this is an argument being used by liberals and the administration to get their way. It is a weapon to be used when effective or thought usefull. I smell ulterior motives all over the place.

But the interesting bit about it all is that this appeal should be thought effective as propaganda on the American people. I would like to know if the news services responded to a "suggestion" from the White House, or if it was spontaneous to be concerned with opinion in Timbuktu. The almost neurotic worry in this country's press ("Oh, dear, what will they think of us?") is both amusing and alarming. But it follows that if most of the individuals of a country are Other-Directed, the country itself will be Other-Directed in a society of nations.

-----  
Bah, love is frozen hunger!  
-----



HERE A SPUTNIK, THERE A SPUTNIK, EVERYWHERE A SPUTNIK SPUTNIK

With the U.S. missiles blowing up every other day, and Russia with a tested ICBM, not to mention a satellite or two, the sf fans and space enthusiasts are by now contemplating the first landing on the moon with mixed emotions. I seem to recall a recent IF cover showing a space-suited fellow painting a lunar flagpole on which a "free world" flag hung. Well, comrade, it now looks like the flag may belong to that other "free world."

I wonder if the sf authors will now begin to create future history with Russia, if not paramount, at least equal to US? Is it possible that a hero might have a name with sky on the end? Oh, horrors, no! Say it isn't so! For dear old Ike must do some thinking 'tween swings, or at least is heard to mutter. But whether it's about world affairs, or only cursing his putter is hard to say.

---

"Hear my song as I go drifting along, just a happy roving golfer...."

---

### IDLE PROPHECY

Demos win in '60. Spend on defense. Spend on education, welfare. Sweeping laws passed to control economy; people demand government "do something" about severe recession caused by former Republican admin. Wage, price controls. Gov. medical service. Very large Civil Service. Gov. planning put into effect for better use of education. Russian system copied but not admitted. Most basic industries controlled, service and entertainment industries still free, but influenced. Now clear that changes cannot be undone, in 1968, and that socialist welfare state here to stay. Republicans, after losing two elections, must accept controlled economy or perish. People turn to Republicans because of austerity measures put in by demos as result of running out of our natural resources and stupendous expansion by Russia who now dominates world. People shrink from sacrifices required for competition with USSR & Co., elect Republicans in 1972. U.S. declines in influence in world, eventually recognizes Russia as world leader after losing atomic "nerve of failure."

Gloom and doom, eh? Have you been watching the stock market lately? Do you know that unemployment in Oregon is triple what it was last year? Is Oregon a sign of things to come? Look for reduced auto production this winter and spring.

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Ha, Oregon State Football Team beats Ducks!

---

(Larry will hate me  
\* for this.)

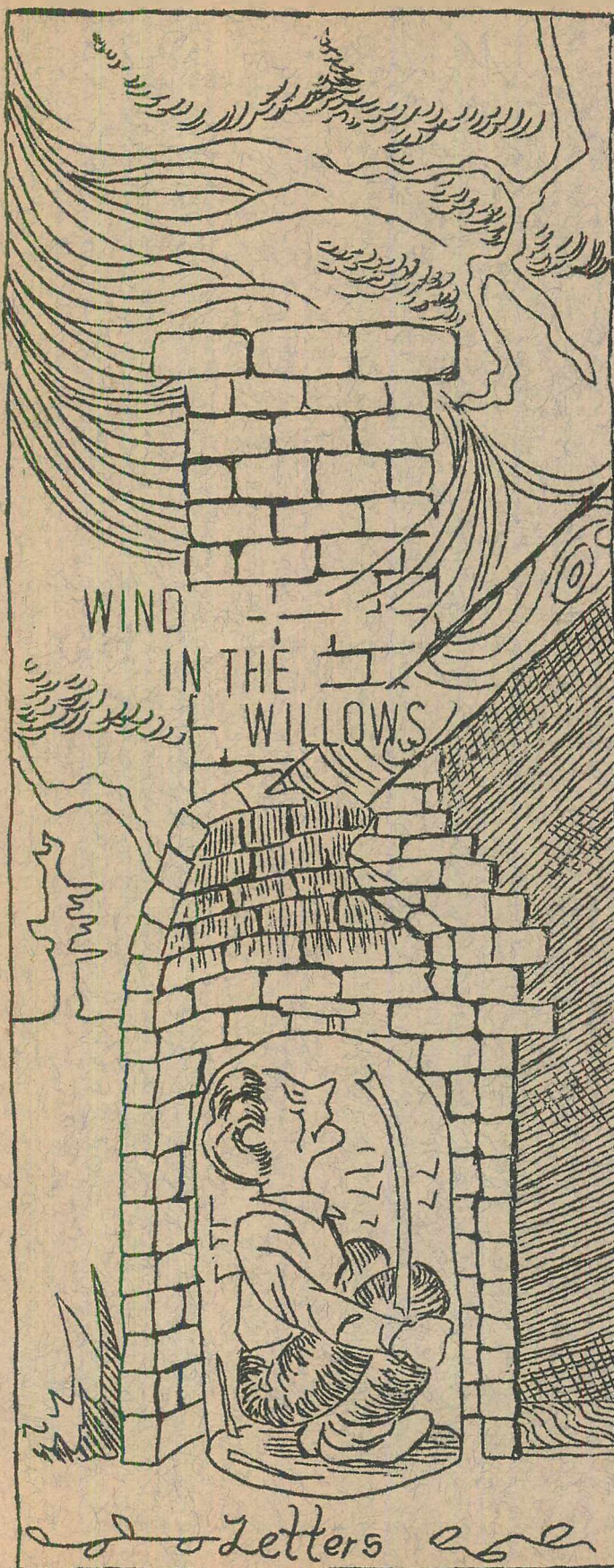
### BOOKS I ENJOYED READING:

The Testament of Man series by Vardis Fisher. (Very worthwhile)  
Middle East Tensions by Morrison (Basically simple)  
Let's Eat Right To Keep Fit by Adelle Davis (Amazing)  
Carol's First Adventure by Richard E. Geis (Sexy.)

---

Heard the joke about the angel who came down to earth to tell people that God's middle name is not Darnit, or his last To Hell?





F.M. Busby -- 2852 14th Ave. W.  
Seattle 99, Washington -----

BRIL9 greatly enjoyed here; Moomaw continually surprises me by the superiority of his writing to an anonymous audience, over what he does when confronted with actual live people (as in SAPS). That boy is terrific as long as he can keep out of the situation as a living individual.

(This is all rather strange to me. I've never had any trouble with him. He seems to be a perfectly nice fellow as far as I'm concerned.)

John the Champ certainly does wonders for the NullCon. In spite of an awkward passage here & there (& he's getting over that flair for compulsive self-contradiction that seems to afflict most newer fen), he makes the Nullcon sound almost like a ploy of Irish fandom. Prosaic ol' Seattle types come out of John's typer sounding like WAW himself. I think John has done the definitive NullCon-Report to date. I guess this will have to become an annual affair of sorts--I wonder if it could ever be built into a MidWestCon-like thing. In fact, I wonder if there's an ap't-variety motel in this area that could hold up under a MWCon-like gathering.

"The Post Office is just something we got to live with." Wally Weber

OOG--well, never say I didn't warn you, when we sent Rotsler's pic of the monster-attacking-the-girl-in-more-ways-than-one; I tole ya that Wrai Ballard and we had chickened-out on printing that one. (I'm pretty stupid sometimes, but bhoy 'v I got guts.)

Should have realized that it had a better chance of getting by in a SAPS bundle individually-mailed



genzine submissions to the PO. Well, never having banged my personal head with the PO, I can't say what would get by them and what wouldn't, but as far as the items cited in BRILs 7 & 7<sub>2</sub>: the Jenrettes in #7 pp 16 & 19 (you said 17 but prob'ly in a hurry) (post. off.s mistake) are a mite over-breasted, but even censor-empathizing, I can't get too shook about 'em. Don't see any excuse for condemning Stueffloten's five line round up of a chapter of Kafka, which itself is undoubtedly lurk-in Public Libraries from coast to coast. I don't think too much of that particular Don Stu stream of partial-consciousness throughout, as it happens, except for occasional brilliant flashes. I object to the line containing the "dirty male penuses" on more counts than the PO may have used: the singular is penis; the plural is penes; females lack them by definition; and "dirty" tells too much about the writers apparent current imbroglio with morbid ideas about sex--I wouldn't care to expose it in print if I were the writer, so I'd probably blank it as pubber. (There are lots of equally valid standards of publishing integrity--one, subscribed to by many, is to print intact or not at all. I buy this up to a point; if I see something I don't care to print, I'd query the contributor before chopping. Except for lettercols, of course, where rapid action is of the essence-- in this case, one can only hope to ghod that his and the writer's ethics come near to coinciding.) Actually I intended to answer earlire letters and comment on the 2penuses" line long since, because it brought Stueffloten down from his neo-Bradbury pose with such a thud. Don seems to have the making of a lot on the ball" but I think he tends to get carried away with his own potentialities, much as John dos Passos did for real live money. Once he gets away from the idea that his every careless word is purest gold, he can buckle down to producing more consisent material; regardless of whether or not he hits a market, he'll be better reading then. And the man just might hit, too.

-o00o-

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Kent Moomaw -- 6705 Bramble Ave. Cincinnati 27, Ohio-----  
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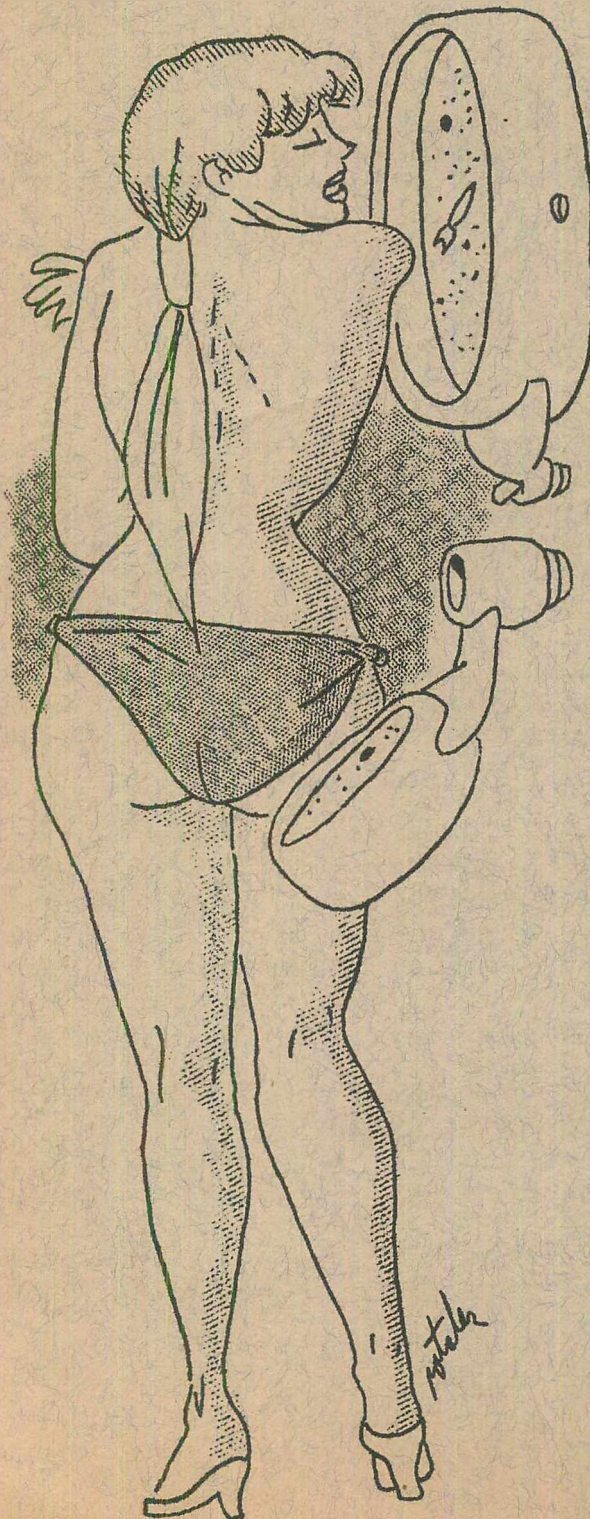
Ghu, more censorship. Heck, what can I say in condemnation of such treatment that hasn't already come forth? I think it's unjust, undemocratic, and plain deplorable, but, as you say, there's not much anyone who is less than a millionaire can do to fight it. For every fan or other literary-type person who might actively campaign against censorship of this nature, the authorities could collect a dozen or more signitures from Right Thinkers siding with them. I'm hoping that some day soon a Right Thinking inspector will overstep his bounds and condemn something in a f z that we can use as an example of typical PO stupidity in combating censorship on all fronts. Gads, I've certainly seen more suggestive drawing in fanzines than the ones cited, and as for the language...what would they have Don say instead of "male penuses"? Dicks? Peters? Or would they prefer that he change his simile to "dirty sausages"? I suppose they would, and it makes me seethe. A person can't even express himself in the way he desires any longer. Oh, but the frustrated rage that builds up inside me when I think about something like this.

-----  
I have a sort of semi-friend who's in the Ohio National Guard, and who went away for the usual two weeks this summer. I haven't heard him say too much about it tho; evidently they weren't too hard on the poor boy.



I'll be seventeen, and eligible for the service, in another month or so, but I'm not going to start worrying about Uncle Sam until I graduate from school next June. Might try the Army's six week thing, or just wait until I'm called. Then I'll take a couple of bottles of benzedrine tablets before I report to the induction center and flunk the physical. Maybe I'll flunk it anyway, not being exactly the worlds most perfect physical specimen. Oh well.

Read two or three different accounts of this NullCon now, mostly in SAPS, but I still managed to enjoy John's version. It was the least bit incoherent in spots, tho; I think he could have done a better job in planning the report before beginning to write it. Still, I did enjoy it.



Nuts to GM Carr, no matter what anybody says. N-U-T-S.

I'm reading Dostoevsky now, myself, in the literature category, and have recently dug Wylie, Saroyan, Capote, and many others. Do you know that for almost an entire year there I read science fiction almost exclusively? I couldn't have absorbed more than 10,000 words of anything but good old stf. Boy, is the change a refreshing one! Also picked up a good contemporary pb recently, "Edge Of The City" by Fred Pohl, tho it's actually just the novelization of a screenplay by Robert Alan Arthur. In any case, it conveys atmosphere well, and is psychologically sound. Wish I'd seen the picture when it was playing. Still haven't gone downtown to the Main Branch Library for Patchen, but I will eventually. Also interested in exploring De Sade and Kafka, thanks to Bill Courval. Looks like I'm just a darned fakefan after all, but at least I'm not wasting time with Hamling any more.

-ooo-

Rich Brown-- 127 Roberts St. Pasadena 3, California.

So;

Why should I tear the top sheet off? I like ~~it~~ it. Fine context, a good pose. Do you use models, Lars? Just wondering.

I b'leve the Rocky (whodat?) but was silk screen? Anyway, it vaguely resembles...something. Don't ask me what tho. (Dear bhoy. You have won first prize. You are the only one that recognized the cover as silk screened. I must send you some sort of prize. What I don't know but I'll think of something)



You have the best contents page in fandom. Don't let it get you down tho, I like BRILLIG. Yes I do. Indeed. Like BRILLIG. I do.

-----  
So you're having trooble with the P.O., eh. Damn them, anyho. Of course there are ways to compensate for this. You could send the BRILLIG ~~pam~~ piles to a friend with a good mimeo, cut the stencils for the art that the P.O. does not like, and have them mimeo the rest and send it out for you. OR you could send it first class. Sure, it'd cost a hell of a lot more, but you could do anything with BRILLIG you wanted. They have no right to inspect first class material.

-----  
Of course, you know the main, or rather real reason THE MISCELLANEOUS MAN was censored in California. I can tell you. Politics. Yeah, the editor, William Margolis made a big hullubuloo about the arrest of a book store manager who was supposedly "selling obscene material." The police said it was obscene because of certain lewd words in the thing, but the store manager came back and cited ULYSSES case as the appropriate precedent. Mighod, what's the world coming to if you can't even express an opinion. I say the P.O. is a bunch of nogoodnick schnooks.

-----  
The Moomaw bit is good, I like most of the points he made. I'd like to add my favorite, tho. There's this blonde, nice lookin' busty thing out of some Rotsler illo. She's wearin' a tight skirt, tight blouse all the curves showin' just so. She has an apron and she's behind a counter see? From this and the signs sticking on the wall behind her ("Dinner Special 35¢," "Lucky Lager 45¢" "Buy your used tarantula's here" etc.) you figure she's a waitress, and such a waitress you would like to meet. So this mug comes up, complete with broken nose and cauliflower ears. He orders some coffee which the waitress gives him immediately. (If this were real, of course, you'd have to wait an hour or so.) "Hmmm." says he, "It tastes good...what kind is it?" "Grutgrinders," says she, "the best in the west." He puts her hands in his and they both smile. End of commercial. Now whether or not this means that every bum who drinks Grutgrinders coffee will get a curvy blonde or not, I dunno. But the impression is there.

-----  
I like Champ's column, really I did. AND I'M NOT SAYING THAT BECAUSE HE'LL BE DOWN HERE IN PASADENA IN A WEEK AND BECAUSE HE'S BIGGER THAN ME AND BECAUSE HE SAID HE'D PULL A ZAP ON ME, EITHER. No I'm not.

-----  
I won't comment on your column "Suggestions in Literature," because I'm a slob and don't read literature. But I read it anyway, just to be nice.

-----  
Wind In The Willows now, is a real meaty meat type-thing. Perchance upon this bit of the crottled greep. Now many people are under the impression that it can be cooked in a variety of ways. Take, for instance, the use of the automatic crotbler. This absolutely ruins the taste. I could give you the receipt (sp?), but I most recently I rec'd a pamphlet from The Society For The Prevention Of Crotting Of Greeps, and so touched was I by the thing that I am nearly ashamed of my fellow fans. Why, don't they know that the way they crottle them, they are liable to get cancer, polio, head-ache, neuritis, neuralgia, acid indigestion, and split spleens? Tch. Tch.

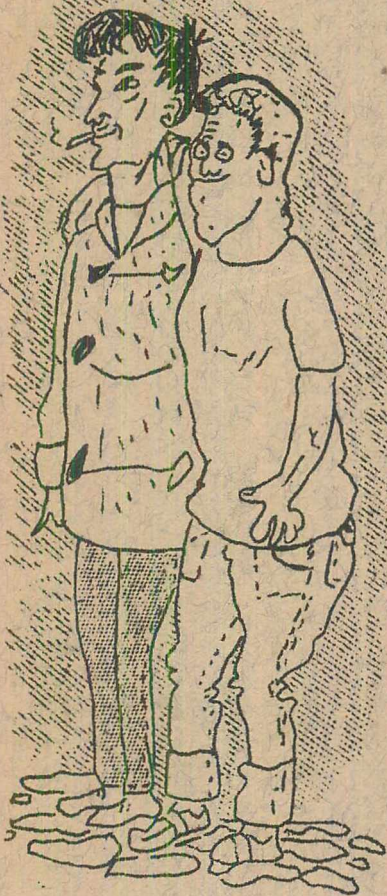


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Gary Deindorfer--Apt. E 1, Letchworth Ave. Yardley, Penna.-----  
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In my area there are about ten newsstands that really have a good array of stf magazines, almost all of them being across the Delaware River from Yardley in Trenton, New Jersey's fan dry (only one fan that I know of in the whole town) state capitol.

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One particularly rat laden neswstand that I continue to haunt is run by an Italian immigrant who only knows one word of English, "Money". He keeps the stf way in the back row up top with the "unpopular" mags such as Newsweek, Mechanix Illustrated, etc. Of course the magazines that sell well are down in front. Peek, Drool, Brillig, and the like.

-----  
Since he's so money mad he'll only climb to the rarified atmosphere of the stf mags if he knows you got de fatta banka-  
roll, then, he will risk life and limb for you. Before going I find it a good idea to stuff my actually deplorably thin billfold with cheap paper (any fanzine will serve this purpose admirably) and then approaching him by waving it around in front of his gleaming eyes so he gets a good chance to get a good look at its pseudo-thickness.



-----  
Feeling I now have him in absolute control I say, "Uh lessee now, think I'll take the latest copy of IF."

--Of course he always answers incomprehendingly with something like, "Iffa da what, sonny?"

--I point a straight, true finger at a magazine high up on the top shelf, obscured somewhat by clouds.

-----  
Somehow, as he screws up his wrinkled countenance (look at that word painting bhoys!) I get the queer idea that he think of fetching the zine too much like work. At this point I withdraw my billfold again and wave it around a little in Rxyzl Pattern 2L-39n05. His eyes light up again (figuratively of course) and he says, "Justa minute sonny, stay where you are." He says the last part desperately as he grabs a hold of the very rickety newsstand and plants his foot on the latest issue of Hoo Boy!

-----  
As he climbs from one level to the next the whole structure of the stand starts rocking and shuddering ominously. I cross my fingers. Not that I am worried about him you see; it's just that I don't want the newsstand to topple and the IF lost under piles of general mags.

-----  
Finally he yells down that he has reached the stf level and has my IF. I let out a sigh of partial relief and hope that he makes it back down again with my IF still on him. I watch him back down testily, praying to Bloch. Whoops! Whew, he almost fell on Life. IF he makes it everything will be...Yoew! He just knocked off U.C. Camera off its shelf. Here it comes fluttering down, how picturesque.



-----  
Ahhh...only one more level to go and, whoops again! He fell again and here he comes crashing to the sidewalk. It's sure lucky for him that he landed head first. Of course I rush over to his side where he lays moaning and groaning. Oh no! He's...he's stopped moaning and groaning. He lies still on the sidewalk. That could only mean...  
-----

I pick up his right arm, tears flowing out of mine eyes, the...No! No! thank goodness I am wring, he still has the IF. I greedily snatch it out of his immobile hand and walk away, leaving the thirty-five cents lying on his chest, for his widow to find.  
-----

There is but one place in Yardley itself that has any stf zines at all the drugstore. Feeling the urge for reading matter I hop on my disintegrating thing jastingly called my bike and peddle to the drugstore.  
-----

The trouble there is that the stf stuff is always indiscriminantly mixed in with certain magazines featuring certain pictures of the female homo sapiens arrayed in sparse clothing designed to attract the older males of the homo sapiens species. All meaning that when I want to buy the stf I must root through these debris first, this action bringing stern looks of loathing on me from the customers, the manager and the soda jerk especially...that jerk.  
-----

But most of the time it's not even as easy as that at the drugstore. Oh it looks easy enough on the outside but that's just a front. Take last week for instance when I was questing the new Astounding. I rode up to the drugstore and looked in. Good, the only persons in there as far as I could see were the manager, some local freeloader and...the jerk.  
-----

I walked in confidently, sure that the Astounding would be mine very shortly. I strode around to where the stf was and...complications. Who should be standing in front of the mags looking at some garden journal but one of the dowagers of my church. Foiled.  
-----

I put on my angelic smile and said in low sweet tones, "oh, hello there Mrs. Appleby," and thought, you dirty...  
--She answered, "Hello Gary. I didn't see you in church last week."  
--"Oh, he he," I said weakly and stood there fidgeting around, waiting for her to leave.  
--She leafed through about a hundred magazines then said with a rather annoyed inflection, "Well, Gary, I hope I'm not keeping you." I did too.  
-----

I shot a wistful glance at the Astounding, partially hidden by the current issue of Wolf and said, "He he. Oh no, Mrs. Appleby. I just came in for a roll of scotch tape." At this point the always helpful



PHILLIPS



manager piped up from the other side of the store, "Right here." I could have played his thumbs.

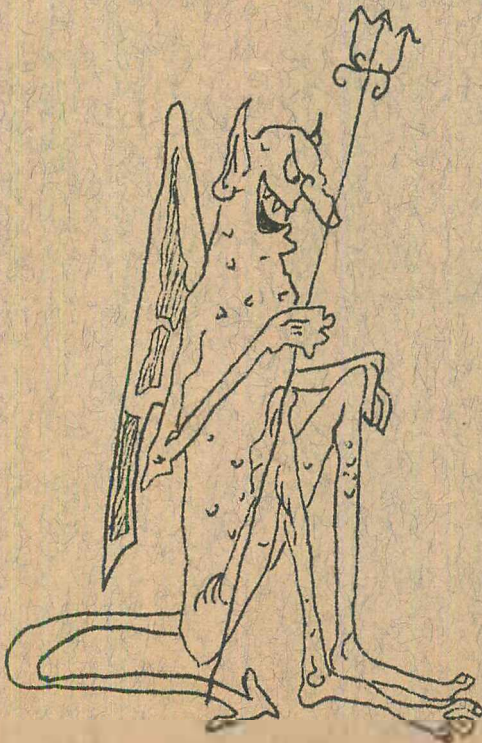
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I couldn't get out of it now I said weakly, "Good." Pulling out my wallet I noticed he only had the large economy size on display, an old sales trick. Of course I asked, "Don't you have any scotch tape in the small exorbitant size?" I could tell he was lying by the way his oral cavity contracted at the corners when he said, "No." Foiled again.

-----  
"Alright," I said and flipped a counterfeit half dollar at him. Then I walked out the store and waited for Mrs. Appleby to emerge. Finally after about an hour she thumped out the door on home, without any magazines I might add. Cheapskate.

-----  
Straightening up I walked in again and grabbed for the Astounding. As I crouched there looking at it I became aware of a shadow over me. I looked up, "Mrs. Appleby! Uh, er fancy remeeting you here, uh, it seems I dropped a dime in here..." At that point I shrunk away into the depths, never to be seen, even by myself, again.

-oOo-

-----  
Dummy! Don't try to come back the way you came. Don't you know a tiger is trailing you? Stay off footpaths--they have been mined just for you. Don't peek under that stone, fool, a pit viper is planted there especially for you. If you have any sense left at all you'll stay down wind, six blunt-nosed hyenas have a good whiff of you. Avoid open plains--buzzards have spotted you. Pay no heed to anyone in the trees, it is only the apes laughing their heads off at you. And you still call it civilization!? --Nelson Algren -- A Walk On The Wild Side  
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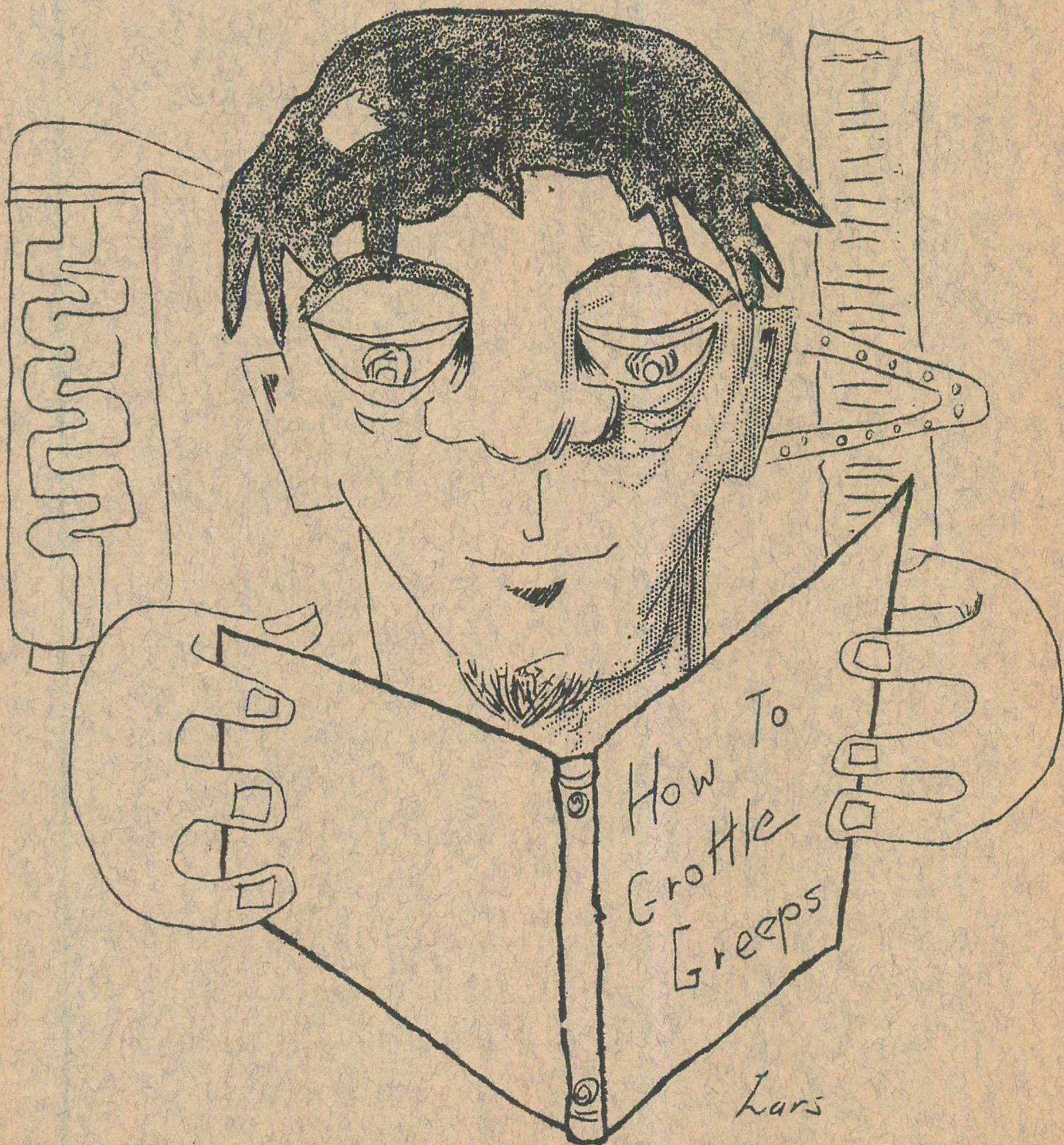


### I Died Last Night

I died last night and went to hell;  
I tried to dig my grave both wide  
And deep, for I was tired, and well  
I knew that there I must abide.  
But soon, too soon, the darkness lit  
With dreams of all that I had left,  
And then I knew, I must admit,  
Of nothing had I been bereft.

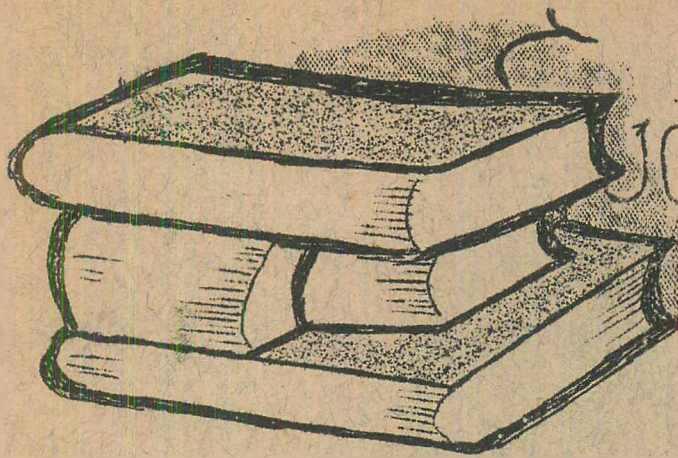
---W. Arthur Boggs





Lars





# SUGGESTIONS

IN LITERATURE

—THE EDITOR—

PAGAN SPAIN \*\* Richard Wright \*\* Harper & Bros. New York \*\* -----  
/914.6 W935-----

Richard Wright, author of Native Son, The Outsiders, and Uncle Tom's Children has changed his writing media from fiction to factual narration and has written an account of his travels in Spain during 1954. He presents the Spanish people, their lives, their customs, their Government and their church with a harsh and revealing light which is an integral part of his writing. The poverty, the corruption and the total dependence on a decadent church is written with a feeling that only he can write. The characters, the natives and visitors he met, are all made believable.

THE YOKE AND THE ARROWS \*\* Herbert L. Matthews \*\* George Braziller, Inc. \*\* /946.08 \*\* \$3.75-----

This is a must for those of you who have read Pagan Spain. A report on Spain by a man who is one of the editors of The New York Times, and has been on the staff of the Times since 1922. He covered the Spanish Civil War in 1932 which more than qualifies him for writing a book of this type. This is primarily a book of fact and opinion as compared to Pagan Spain which is a personal experience book. This book covers the political government, the economy, and its ruler, dictator Francisco Franco. A good book for any international relations student or anybody who likes good non-fiction.

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE \*\* Nelson Algren \*\* Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Inc. \*\* Crest Reprint \*\* Fawcett World Library \*\* 50¢-----

An emotional, moving book by the Author of "The Man With The Golden Arm," and "Never Come Morning. The main character is one Dove Linkhorn who runs away from home to escape a rape charge. He travels to New Orleans where he tries his hand at salesmanship and working in a Whore house among other things. Although this book is heavily loaded with sex it is rich with detail regarding the characters and the life during the early thirties shortly after the depression. Algren writes primarily about people, how they react in their environment, and how those outside their environment treat them. His characters are the lost ones of America. The Whores, the juvenile delinquents, the idiots, the perverts, all with an insight that is close to genius. Don't read this for the sex angle, you'll be disappointed.





Mistakes in this issue? What mistakes. Well, one or two anyway, such as the editorial page being misnumbered, but anyone can make a mistake like that, especially this person. Aside from that and a few typos which are usually present this issue has been a pretty good one. John Champion was unfortunately absent this issue partially because of my impatience to get this issue done and partly because he had problems of his own, namely gafia. It's getting so that he can hardly raise the flask to his lips...er, anyway his column came late so I didn't include it. Everything had been typed up and ready to go.

-----  
I can't say that his issue is outstanding as far as variety goes. Geis, Adams, and Geis aren't very many contributors. I'm of the opinion however that the material is of fairly high quality even tho I did use an old column of Dicks salvaged from the now defunct MANA. I would have run that and have waited on the second mss until next issue but there were just too many currant items in it. Most of it would have been hopelessly outdated by the time next issue rolls around. The Sputnik reference would most certainly have been outdated. Yngvi only knows what they're going to have up there in a month or two.

-----  
--Behind the eyes of the Oregon girls it was raining again in Portland. Somehow it was always raining behind the eyes of Oregon Girls.-----  
--Nelson Algren \* A Walk On The Wild Side -  
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Speaking of next issue, I am hoping to have a Jazz issue, if it is a all possible. I haven't any material as yet, but that is probably due to the fact that I haven't asked anyone for material yet. If any of you have anything to contribute, or anything to say on the matter, I would appreciate whatever you can spare.

-----  
I'm also thinking very seriously of publishing a currant list of fanzines, and I'll need all the help I can get. If any of you know of any new fanzines that have come out I could certainly use the information.

-----  
There's a new artist in Brillig thish. Lynette Mills, New Zealander, about sixteenish and very interesting. Comments please.

-----  
goodbye, and goodbye, Lars-----





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