

February, 1953

Ten Cents

BRAVANE

A
FANTASY
POCKETBOOKS
PUBLICATION



Complete in This Issue:

"KAYLMO"

By Robert G. Warner

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February

Ten Cents

--- B R E V I Z I N E

Edited By
WARREN A. FREIBERG

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FANTASY POCKETBOOKS

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Editorial

WARREN A. FREIBERG

ERWIN HUGHMONT

About a week after the new issue of *Brev* goes out we get down to work. Material is edited, condensed, and rejection slips are handed, with acceptances here and there. Departments, however (with the exception of Spatial Relations), are done as far ahead in advance, as possible. The Letter Section always adds a few gray hairs, though. It seems the readers letters, all don't come in for about three weeks.

Last issue it was different! This Editorial is being written late in January, last issue has just been out a week. We are swamped with letters! All commenting on the NEW format!

The majority are in favor of large size it seems. This has pleased your editors to no extent. Thus in all fairness you

you, as a reader, should be given a run-down of the features of such a magazine.

We will continue the policy of both front and back covers. William Reins has turned out a beauty for the first March issue, giving you a feeling of depth in it. Ted White turned in the back cover. The title is: "Death: A Portrait", a masterful piece of illustration you'll want to frame, I feel sure.

Featured story in this coming issue is "First Flight" by Robert Warner. Can we give you more insurance than to say the name "Warner"? "First Flight" is different unusual, and with only the touch Bob can give a piece of fiction.

Next, will be the returning of Alex Rothlands, that writer who you've received so well. We think this even surpasses his: "The Dead Be Damned". If possible, that is . . .

Henry Moskowitz's "Spatial Relations" is greatly lengthened starting in March, due to the constant demand of readers.

Well, that's the tentative lineup. Like it? We think it's great, but of course we're prejudiced, but when you see the

March issue, we think you'll be just as prejudiced. We're not kidding, it's that good.

Now, let's get back to this issue:

Bob Warner turns in "Kaylmo", an unusual fiction piece. One that captivates you and holds you in it's spell to the smashing climax. Worthy of Bob....

George Wetzel, after a long absence in these pages, returns with "Spirits Of The Bottle." We're at a loss to describe this, as Wetzel's style just can't be explained on paper. It's terrific fiction, though. Loaded with both barrels.

Department Of Congratulations:

To Howard Browne for the niftiest magazine we've ever seen. AMAZING STORIES, is terrific, as is the editor. With FANTASTIC, the Ziff-Davis magazines lead over all. Watch out, however, for you never know how good BREVIZINE will be when it's large size. Yuk.

Wonderment From The Editor:

What's happened at Standard Magazines? With Jerome Bixby and his column gone the magazines aren't going to be the same. C'mon Sam, stop slicking up the magazines and watch the staff, before

they all slip away from your hot little hands. STARTLING STORIES isn't as terrific as you make out it to be. Let's stop kidding ourselves Ned Pines would never let you make the magazines digest-size. You're lucky you have trimmed edges out of the deal. . . .

By the way, March 15th is the day Brevizine should be in your mail box, however we can't be sure. So watch for it, because we promise you it will be different unusual and with a flavor different from any other magazine.

We'd like to thank all of you personally for making this large-size magazine possible; and for your continued show of loyalty. This Is Your Periodical....

- Waf.

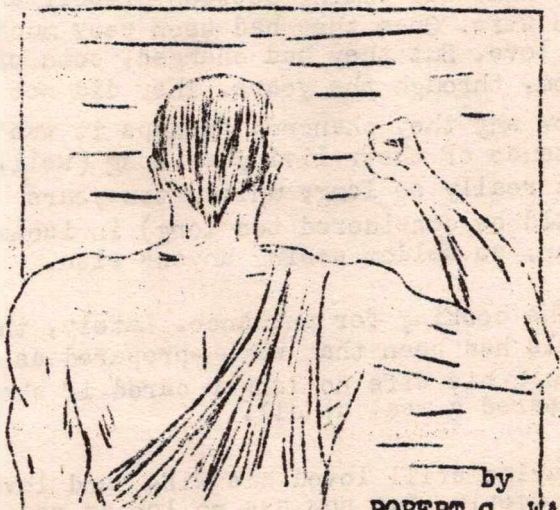
STF JOKES WANTED . . .

Do you have any old Scientifiction jokes lying around the house? Do you have any new ones? Would you like to see the regular cartoon feature in Brevizine Adventure continue? If so you had better do something about it. Just send your jokes to: Ted E. White at 1014 North Tuckahoe Street, Falls Church, Virginia.

Love to an Earthman! Emotions
of A Martian! These weave a
pattern in

" KAYLMO :

MARTIAN ! "



by

ROBERT G. WARNER

Emotions are a strange thing. We have
them, therefore it is natural to assume
a man from another planet also has them.
Emotions, are bothersome things - EJH.

Kaylmo could not eat what his wife had

9

prepared for the afternoon meal, so he pushed back his plate and said, "I'm not hungry this afternoon. I think I shall go for a walk."

He left the flower yard, where he had his meals in the warmness of the sunshine, and walked beside the canal, watching the wine-water flow gently by, going in the same direction as he, and wondering what was coming between himself and his wife. Once they had been very much in love. But they had changed, both of them, through the years. They did not know why they changed; perhaps it was because of their living so long (well, not really so long; unless ten years could be considered too long) in isolation, so seldom seeing anyone else.

The cooking for instance. Lately, the meals had been that way---prepared as though his wife no longer cared if she prepared a meal at all.

Kaylmo still loved his wife, and loved her deeply. But now she no longer responded to his attempts of love-making. He wondered if she felt that he no longer loved her.

Kaylmo walked for some time, until the

blaze of the afternoon sun gave away to the mauve of evening and the first chill breath of the Martian night blew abruptly upon his face. It was then that he turned and started back toward the crystal-house; he had been gone for hours. After a moment of the chill-breath upon his back, Kaylmo hastened his steps.

When Kaylmo got back to the crystal-house, the great tube-thing of metal was laying quietly and motionless, there in the dark, red sand, not fifty feet away.

Kaylmo did not know, for a certainty what the object was; but he guessed that it, in all likelihood, was not of his world. Was there any danger? He quickened his steps again. Then he remembered his wife. Alone.

Kaylmo ran the remaining yards to the crystal-house, glancing once more at the supine monster of metal. He ran through the flower garden, pausing only when he came to the closed, transparent door to the outer set of rooms.

He found the door locked. He peered inside, but saw nothing excepte the lighted room beyond. They—and why should

he think there was anyone else there other than his wife? The metal-thing behind him was answer enough--they were in a part of the house. If he could....

He backed off a few yards, ran forward. He hit the door with his shoulder, but it held. Very firmly.

He cursed, but there was nothing else he could do about the situation. He cursed more. And worried. And looked again at the huge-monster-thing laying in the night-sand.

Kaylmo stood in the night and listened. He heard nothing. The night wind's breath touched him. And he shivered. Not entirely because of the night-chill.

After a few minutes Kaylmo tried again to force his way into the crystal-house. And, as before, the attempt was futile.

Kaylmo walked around the crystal-house three times, peering through the semi-transparent walls into the outer rooms. And seeing nothing. If his wife--and they?--were in the house at all, she was in the inner rooms. He cursed again. And now he prayed, also.

Then he asked of himself--should he go for help? Should he leave his wife here alone--with whom? With WHAT? Vannrn lived several miles down the canal. It would require almost an hour to reach his house, if he ran all the way. And the return trip in Vannrn's sand-car, would require another fifteen or twenty minutes' time. Should he go? Oh, God, should he go!?

He went to the transparent front door again and put his ear to it. He listened carefully for a long moment. There was not a sound. Just the silence. The thick and oppressing silence. Oh, damn the silence! he thought.

He could do nothing here, locked out, to help his wife. If she were inside. Yet he could not leave, either, to go for help.

He cursed again, realizing he did not even have a weapon. Oh, God, but he was helpless!

Then there was, from the crystal-house, a sound.

Kaylmo stood status-still in the night and waited. From one of the inner rooms

came his wife, followed by two men who were not quite men. They were tall, heavy, and clothed in bulky raiment wholly unrecognizable, in style, to him.

For many minutes Kaylmo remained, unmoving in the night, watching the strange beings--he had ceased thinking of them as men--as they conversed with his wife. He could not hear what they were saying; he wished that he could.

Kaylmo watched the two beings closely, contemplating their strangeness. They were obviously not of his world, fantastic as that seemed. Their faces were lean, their eyes too small--compared with his large coin-eyes. And their noses were entirely too long and thin. And their skin coloring--it was so light!! It was almost white, in contrast with his near-scarlet skin-color.

Who were they? WHAT were they? They seemed almost human, yet - - The only word he could find to describe them was: ALIEN. . . .

And the metal monster lay in the sand? Their craft? More than likely. He looked at them talking to his wife--and wondering if they spoke a similiar language--they did not seem at all hostile. In fact,

they were both smiling.

Why was the door locked? Had they, or his wife, locked it?

He walked across the sand and knocked softly on the door. All three of them turned, startled, and looked at him. He felt a little foolish standing there, locked out; and blushed in humiliated anger.

Then his wife crossed the room and unlocked the door, almost, it seemed, reluctantly. She was not smiling. But he had not really expected her to do so.

He stepped inside and looked at the two strangers and asked of his wife, "Why did you lock the door?" Then he added, "What has been happening?"

His wife said, "They are from the third planet, which they call Earth, and they ---"

Kaylmo said, "Yes?" He half dreaded her answer.

"And they want me to return with them, to their world. They love me greatly, I love them. I am going."

Kaylmo said nothing, did nothing. What was there to say or do in a case like this? It was impossible, in the first place. Yet--in the second place--it was happening.

"Well," said his wife, "aren't you going to say anything?"

He didn't.

One of the Earthmen stepped forward, smiling. He said something which Kaylmo did not understand. A jumble of nothingness.

"What did he say? Did you understand him?" Kaylmo spoke up.

"Not the words he spoke," Kaylmo's wife replied, "but the thoughts making up the words were clear in his mind, and my own. I do not understand how this is so, but it is." She did not tell him what the Earthman had said.

"You are sure you want to go back with them? To their world? It won't be the same, you know."

His wife smiled, placed her hands on his shoulders. "I will like it very much.

They are kind"--she nodded at the men--
"and they will take good care of me. They
have promised. We have been drifting a-
part for years. I am sorry, but I think
it is for the best. You will find someone
else. Someone with whom you will find the
happiness I have not been able to give
you."

Kaylmo said, "I--I think I understand.
In a way."

"I am glad."

Again the Earthman spoke. And again his
speech was meaningless and strangely un-
pleasant in Kaylmo's ears. Emotions were
beginning to well up within Kaylmo now;
angry emotions he did not fully under-
stand. Tiny little fingers of irritation.

"He has asked me how you feel, Kaylmo."

"I don't know," said Kaylmo, his voice
barely above a whisper. "I just don't know
at all."

"You're not angry?"

Kaylmo clenched his fists. "I think I
shall be."

"No. Please----"

But Kaylmo turned and ran from the room.

In one of the inner bedrooms he found his knife-gun, loaded it, then ran back to his wife and the two Earthmen. His mind became muddled with thoughts. He shot one of the Earthmen before any of the others knew what was happening, including himself. God, but the scream was terrible. Blood oozed from a coin-shaped hole in this partial-human's side. Then he turned on the other. The other Earthman now drew his hap - weapon.

An angry roar filled the room and a smoke-belch erupted from the Earthman's weapon. Kaylmo pressed the trigger of his knife-gun, simultaneously with the thunder-roar.

Kaylmo was knocked back across the room to land in a motionless heap. A pool of life-blood quickly formed underneath him to stain the deep carpet. Then the Earthman fell too, the slender knife from Kaylmo's weapon protruding from his chest. He coughed once; died.

Kaylmo's wife stood for a long while

in the center of the still and silent room, not thinking anything at all. Then she let her gaze go from one to the other of the three men, until she had looked once more upon all of them, laying motionless in their forever-sleeps. Finally, in a daze, she turned and walked from the house of crystal, out into the chill of the night and quietly threw herself into the wine-water of the canal. After a moment or two the ripples vanished and the water flowed gently along again, undisturbed; but this time with an uninvited passenger upon its breast.

- Robert G. Warner.

DON'T MISS THE MARCH ISSUE!!

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A Jug Of Whiskey; With A Little
Sip is Not Dangerous...but it does
sometimes Bring - - -

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FROM
THE
BOTTLE!!!



BY GEORGE T. WETZEL
In the vein of H.P. Lovecraft we intro-
duce another unusual piece of fiction
by that spinner of tales Mr. G. T. Wetzel.
Description? Clever...Witty....- E.H.

PRINTED BY PERMISSION OF MR. GEO. WETZEL.

"Spirits From The Bottle"

The innkeeper set two tankards of ale before the three men. One of them, quite drunk, made to grab one foaming container.

"Carrick," growled the innkeeper, pulling the tankard out of the man's reach, "you owe me enough. No more until you settle up!"

"Bigwig!" Carrick spat out when the inn keeper had retired out of hearing to his chair by the warm fireside.

Ennalls winked at the third man at the table, a man in worn sailors garb; and taking up his tankard sang:

"A spirit above, a spirit below, a spirit of weal, a spirit of woe; the spirit above us is the spirit Devine; the spirit below, is the spirit of wine."

"But that's not right," spoke the sailor, "it was supposed to be whiskey, not wine."

"What are you two talking about?" Carrick was puzzled.

"Why don't you know?" answered Ennalls,

"Some wag wrote that on a placard and placed it on old Pyke's grave some years ago. You see," and Emalis directed a mischievous glance momentarily towards the sailor, "contrary to usual custom of providing strong drink for the mourners, a hundred years ago old Pyke provided for the mourned --- himself."

"I still don't understand."

"He was the miller here -- Josh works the same ancient windmill," and he nodded toward the sailor, "and when he died he made a droll will. He asked that a jug of the best Maryland drink be buried with him as he worshipped the stuff; and 'desired', so he said, 'to have it in the next world, just in case.' Besides that he also directed that a pouch of the best tobacco be buried with it, as he required it for smoking and chewing."

"And this is all in the old, abandoned churchyard nearby?" queried Garrick.

"Yes. Haven't you saw there the grave marked with two millstones, one at the head, the other at the foot? Our innkeeper, Tugwell, field of corn and rye grows nearby. And old Pyke must doubly be in his glory, as the last time I passed there

I saw wild corn and rye stalk sprouting atop his grave; the fermented juices of which he was fond of in his life."

Garrick stared reflectively into space. "I wonder," he mused, "what age has done by way of improving the jug's contents? Well, I must need to take a sobering walk before bedtime friends. Good night all." And he left through the front door.

Emalls exploded into a roar of mirth. "I think," he said between guffaws, "he has taken the bait and will dig up the dead vintage -- if it has not since gone down some other topper's throat."

"Better he did not, but drank instead from the well there," opined the sailor.

"Drink from that well!," Emalls was horrified and looked closer at the speaker of the suggestion. "Why the surface of its waters flow deeper than the dust of the dead buried there. Only a terrible thirst would make me quaff it."

"I have found no wrong with its flavor," answered the sailor, "I oft imbibe of it."

As Ennalls stared, he drained his tankard, then spoke to the innkeeper, "I think I'll leave early this night, Master Tugwell. It would never go for an old salt like myself to forget to reef the windmill sails; a squall's brewing before morning, I wager."

"Aye," the innkeeper broke his long silence, "Why before you took over the job of miller, the man preceeding you was a total ignoramous. He got caught in weather while stewing canvas and went around with the sails. He fell off at last. But would you believe it, the very element that was its life's breath blew the miller down dead."

After the ex-sailor had said good night and left, Ennalls spoke, "Tugwell, haven't you found Josh strange at times?"

The innkeeper waited for him to go on.

"Why would an old topper like him drink water?"

Tugwell replied quarrelsomey, "What is wrong with water; most of the world drinks it."

"But not from a well in a burial ground

....Haven't you ever seen the life that is nourished by decay? Spring grasses growing from the rot of last year's dead leaves . . . the fungi ~~stop~~ dead logs?"

The innkeeper shook his head; the symbolism was beyond his understanding.

A bent man entered then, tottering, and gibbering to himself like an ancient despite his seemingly youthful appearance. His clothes were the out of a fashion long since gone out, and well worn and patched.

"Tell me, innkeeper," this stranger squeaked out, "why have you for your outside board the sign of the Spider and the Fly?"

"Why sir? Because it shows economic lodging is to be had within," the innkeeper replied innocently.

The stranger chuckled and cackled at the joke; added, swallowing it, coughed and choked as if he were overwhelmed by its strength.

"Are you not afraid, stranger, to be on the road at night?" questioned the innkeeper, refilling the man's tankard.

"I fear no one, save the great Destroyer; and even him a man might fool. If a man grow old, he might hide his baldness from age with a wig, pad his garment to suggest robustness." And with a chuckle of mirth, the stranger retired towards the fireplace to drink in seclusion.

"There's some humbug about him, mark me," whispered Ennalls.

"Perhaps," said Tugwell, "Now what about a game of nine pins behind the inn? The moon is bright enough."

At that moment a dog howled from far off.

"What's that?", the stranger seemed disturbed.

"Some one coming up the Dorchester road," answered Tugwell.

"Some," added Ennalls, "believe dogs howl thusly only when they see Death walking about. Perhaps he is; seeking someone who cheated him."

There came an awkward fumbling at the front door. With that the stranger gave a

start; and jumping up, belted through the door on the opposite side of the inn. The two men watched, not knowing who or what might enter.

Then Carrick stepped in with something bulky beneath his coat.

"Stay friend," shouted Ennalls through the back door to the vanished stranger, "you have dropped your wig."

Carrick sat by the glowing fireplace.

"Sober now, I see," the innkeeper addressed Carrick.

"Let us," said Ennalls, "have that game of pins now."

As they went out, the innkeeper stopped and fixing Carrick with a dark look, rumbled, "Mind Carrick; keep awa from the ale barrel else I thump ye."

The room deserted, Carrick brought from beneath his coat a dirt encrusted jug. With much difficulty he pulled out its black plug; and using the tankard of the departed stranger, poured out a quantity of liquid. He drank it down. Filled the tankard again and was raising it to his lips when a sepulchral voice echoed hol-

lowly within the room:

"Lackurt! Drinketh not my whiskey!"

Carrick spit out the half swallowed drink and began to shake violently. Then fearfully he peered under the table glanced up the chimney, cautiously opened the Grandfather clock case, and searched.

The innkeeper poked his head in the rear door and then commented, "I see you are in your proper place." Seeing Carrick's nervous agitation, he added, "And I thought ye was sobered," withdrawing with a snort of utter disgust.

A kind of anger at himself showed upon the drunkard's face and he laid his hand upon the jug. Again came the awful voice; this time clearly from the jug, "Avaunt laggard! I come from my jug."

The fire died down until the room was nearly pitch black. The front door rattled open and some unknown stumbled in, accompanied by curious sloughing sounds; stopping for a second. Then went out the door.

Bright embers flamed up in the fire,

and Carrick saw the jug was gone. He yelled.

"It came and got Pyke's jug," Carrick sputtered out to Ennals who watched him for some explanation.

"So you did dig it up after all," exclaimed Ennals.

"Yes. And when I brought the jug here and drank from it, a spirit spoke within the jug's mouth."

"A spirit indeed!" Tugwell was angered. "Carrick," he began pompously, "there was a king of Jews in the Bible who imprisoned a spirit in a bottle. And there is a story of the heathenish arabs of a fisherman who found the same jug and let free the mischeivous spirit within. But not belief in demons, rather temperance is what these tales teach."

A small sigh escaped from Carrick. For who was he to say about spirits. He knew he took the bottle from Pyke's grave. And Pyke knew, too.

But then, Pyke was dead. In a grave....

- Geo. T. Wetzel.

BREVIZINE'S STAR FEATURE:

SPATIAL
RELATIONS

by
Paul Mittelbuscher

substituting for:

HENRY MOSKOWITZ.

CORRESPONDENT.

(Editorial Note: Because of a change in printing schedule Mr. Moskowitz's column arrived to late for publication, to which we add our deepest apologies. Instead we substitute Mr. Mittelbuscher's article on The New Amazing Stories. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the editorial staff. . . . - E.J.H.)

At this writing the "new" Amazing has not yet made its initial appearance, before it does I think an evaluation would be in order. Amazing since its beginning in 1926 has had a long and eventful run,

marked by three editorship changes. We won't go into great detail concerning Amazing's history as the subject has been covered many times before, suffice it to say that Hugo Gernsback, the original founder, left his brain child behind in 1929 to start the Wonder group ("Science" and "Air", which later became "WONDER" and still later enveloped into "Thrilling") this left T. O'Conner Sloane Ph.D. in charge, he handed the reins over to Raymond A. Palmer in 1938, and Palmer held sway until 1950 when the present editor, Howard Browne took over.

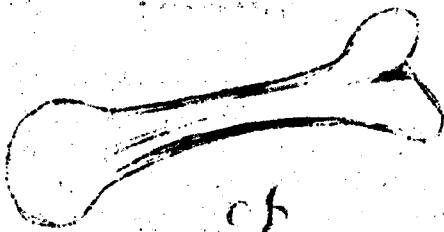
AMAZING has consistently occupied a low position in the "fannish" opinion, though selling very well to the general public. In 1952 "The Old Aristocrat" really began to show signs of deteriorating, the material became more and more juvenile. Browne, immediately after taking over in '50 had planned to make Amazing "Slick", however the outbreak of the Korean war and the resulting uncertainty caused these plans to be brought to a halt, now three years later Amazing is at least to take the fatal step. Frankly, I fear the worse. "Fantastic" is a good example, it features too much material from "mystery" writers and authors well known in the slicks, who sell inferior "crud" to Browne.

They do this solely on the basis of their names; Browné seems to feel that the appearance of writers familiar to women through out the Cosmopolitan or Ladies Home Journal will insure a huge sale to his market; also the "dragging in" of "Detective" story writers is merely an attempt to snare prospective customers among the mystery fans. Then to, Amazing will probably have no departments as it has in the past, such as the "Club House", Readers Column, etc.

I'm aware many won't agree with me but I say this in all sincerity No Stf Mag That Doesn't Have A Readers Column Will Never Be My Favorite, Regardless Of The Fictional Contents. Most fans would tell you that GALAXY is the "bestest of the best", tops in the field, etc., but until their features include a readers column it won't occupy top spot with me.

Getting back to Amazing... Furthermore I believe that regardless of the quality of the New Amazing the "fan" will not support it, simply because its been a scapegoat on which to vent his wrath in the past, while the attitude can hardly be commended it nevertheless is a fact.

Paul Mittelbuscher for - Henry Moskowitz.



CONTRADICTION

" WHERE READERS AND EDITOR MEET "

An Open Letter To Mr. Science Fiction Fans; from The Editorial Staff:

In the past few months BREVIZINE has been criticized for using a "slant" towards the pulp reader. We freely admit that.

No sf or fantasy fan is really important to a sf magazine, has the greater portion of readership comes from our general pulp readership. True, most other fan magazines are created for fans (so is Brevizine) but with so many magazines going we HAVE TO slant toward Mr. Pulp Reader.

However, in every way we try to please you, as fans are the greatest people we know.

Waf, who spends all of his free time

toward any possible betterment of fandom is in their with YOU all the way, if at sometimes he appears a little distant from you as the stf reader it is only because he wants a better magazine for you; AND MORE RESPECT for fandom as a whole.

To often to suit these editors fandom is refered to as carefree and a "manifestation of the jazz era". Which WE certainly are NOT. BREVIZINE ADVENTURE is DEVOTED to being more respect to our tightly-knitted group, we do want the best for all our readers. C'mon gang let's keep in there pitchin'.
- The Editors.

&
(L E T T E R S)

LEW A. GAFF - Dear Waf, Pardon my script. I'd type this—only a buddy has borrowed my Royal (for four years—I'm joining the Air Force soon). Since I don't expect you to print this, it doesn't matter. (Except maybe for the strain on your eyes.)

I should explain: the name is Gaff, and I'm responsible for VOID that fanzine you recieved—and which you nobly sent an exchange copy of BREVIZINE for. That was a hell of a sentence.

The mailman stumbled to my door with BREVIZINE this morning, and I waded through it at breakfast (9:00 A.M.). Reaction: Good, better than good.

The theme of THE DEAD BE DAMNED is hardly new, but Rothlands seemed to think so. He made it, I admit, a memorable tale, but still not exceptional.

VOID, like BREVIZINE, is basically a fiction zine, but I'm trying to get a balance. Before I stray completely from BREVIZINE, I'd better rate the material: #1: Viewpoint. #2: DEAD BE DAMNED. #3: SPATIAL RELATIONS. -- Fort Wayne, Indiana

(Editorial Note: Although we had to cut your letter a lot, thanks for one of the most enjoyable missives we've had in some months of editing.....)

DONALD CANTEN - Dear Waf, Wish to hell you'd stop making a big deal out of everything...Large Size! The majority of other mimeoed mags are 8 1/2 x 11, and that fact doesn't make them lose their heads over it.

I'm glad you think all the writers you feature are comparable to Bradbury. What are they waiting for to hit the promags? Or have they some hidden talent

that promag editors can't find??

Everything from the cover to the Bone of Contention was good...or fair...I agree with Pat E. Lewis...Give Hughmont his walking papers or does he own the mimeo?

When you print some fan's letter, print his address too...please?

I, also am publishing a zine; First ish out in February (Name & MICRO)...costs a dime, comes in an envelope...color mimeoing...cardboard covers...right hand margins...bound in tape. - New Hampshire.

(Editorial Note: Don, baby, take the chip off your shoulder, and read the January BREV' again...you'll like it more. 'Bout this mag your publishing...You sure it's not the SatEvePost in disguise?)

CHARLES DYNZOF - Dear Waf, Rec. "Brevi" a few days ago and I Like It! I like IT! Agree with you re: Rothlands is a boy that is going places. What places I'm not saying. Pleasantly grisly - and then some! Enjoyed the whole zine from cover to cover - almost; Who is that guy on p. 30 and where does he get off trying to write?? Better he should be digging ditches. Name

sounds familiar.

I like your ambition toward becoming the most widely read mimeod zine in the country. More power and I hope you make it.

Before you toss this haphazardly constructed missive into your gaping wastebasket, be sure to take out the .25 enclosed herein. Best of everything with Brevi'. . . - Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

(Editor's Note - Enjoyed your letter to the fullest Charlie, even the part where you kid yourself. The Charles "Should Be Digging Ditches" Dynzof you spoke of, was well-recieved and we'd like to see more fiction from him, if possible. Hint)

PAT E. LEWIS - Dear Waf, Just recieved and read the Jan. Brevi'.

Boy, I've got so many beefs you'll be mooring before you get through this!

No. 1 - While I don't actually disapprove, I am not screaming for joy that BZA is getting bigger.

No. 2 - Who says you can't argue with the circulation dept.? I can argue with

anyone! (Ed.'s Note: Pity MR. Lewis!)
Supposedly Brevizine means brief, etc.
So what do you do but make it inconsis-
tant by lengthening its name! Think of
the extra type, too!

No. 3 - Why the females on the cover.
The printed magazines are being convin-
ced of the poor policy. Besides Ted draws
better spaceships.

Ask Ted what connection Ancient Egypt
has with SF. And who mentioned Ancient
Egypt? I read Brevizine from cover to
cover and I don't see any mention of it.
- So. Windham, Maine.

(Editor's Note - The questions a female
can think of asking! Oh, well to work:

Wait till you see the large-size be-
fore we go and "beef."

We don't doubt that "you can argue
with anyone." See editorial comment in
letter. After all, aren't fantasies and
pieces of stf adventure, too. So, why
should we lose prospective pulp buyers.

Females are good attention-getters. Say,
you aren't with Marian Cox's Fanettes
who want semi-nude men on the cover are

you! Guess not.

Ted White DIDN'T do the January covers, Bill Reins did. Bill is a detective and adventure story fan, who reads stf occasionally, and does some of our covers. The fact that he doesn't care to much for stf is the reason his covers often stray from the original subject matter we wanted. The caption you speak of was done by Gerry Kamen, he thought it fit well, so did we.

For you fans that like Ted's style, see the bacover of next issue.....)

RAY THOMPSON - Dear Waf, Ach! Mein Dear Friend! I zee you are now going full-size...Gongrachulashuns!!!!

I vill now tage der gurrent issuhue bage by bage. Are you lisdening? Gover---
 Py ton't you but a vrame aroundt der bicture? It would looch zo nize dot vay!
 (Ed.'s Note - A frame on a 4x6 mag? Come now Ray, maybe when wh're large size though..)

Gaf! I s'y old fellow, that is a foul accent, isn't it? Anyway, the front cover was very-good. Bill Reins is an artist to hang onto. Bacover: Good, but

must you have that abominable caption each time?

Stories: Both good, but with THE DEAD BE DAMNED way out in front. I always was a sucker for fantasy.

Spatial Relations good as usual. Informative, spicy. - Norfolk, Nebraska.

(Editor's Note: We kind of thought the caption explained the picture to a certain extent. We've planned to continue these captions, but it's up to YOU the reader)

PAUL MITTELBUSOHER - Seems to me you're going overboard for fiction. Didn't care for the covers on the January ish. Moskowitz's column was by far your best feature. Although I guessed the ending of THE DEAD BE DAMNED early, I still thought it well written, definitely worth publishing.

As long as Ray Thompson was allowed to plug his zine ECLIPSE perhaps I might be granted room in which to mention FAN-TO-SEE. It seems that everybody and his brother has heard about FTS (Now don't say you haven't, Warren.)

- Sweet Springs, Miss.

That's all the space for letters this issue, assorted ones still floating around.

Tom Piper didn't think DEAD BE DAMNED belonged in BREVI', but liked the writing style. Wants to know if Al Rothlands can do a story (stf) for his mag. We'll turn your letter over to Al, Tom. OK?

Speaking of Rothlands, I gratefully release the duties of Feature Editor to my worth colleague, Mr. Rothlands, who will handle all letter answering in the column; only. This is being done because with the large size your editor is going to be very busy with contributions, editorials, and other chores. Therefore, until we get on a smooth schedule, in a few issues; Al will handle feature editing.

More letters. Names. Fans. Still coming in for "Bone." Here's one from Fred Christoff, who isn't forming opinions on BREVI' yet. He liked THE DEAD BE DAMNED above the other stories.

That's an interesting fact to note. Rothlands' DEAD BE DAMNED was either liked - - or not. With NO in-betweens. The readers were either with Al all the way or they disliked the story completely.

Voting was thick and wild with THE DEAD BE DAMNED a three to one favorite. Here's how last issue came out, therefore:

- (1) THE DEAD BE DAMNED. (2) VIEWPOINT. (3) SPATIAL RELATIONS. (4) THAT YOU MIGHT LIVE. (5) EDITORIAL. (6) LETTER SECTION. (7) THE HERE DITCHED.

That's really it...and now that I think of it, this will be the last of a small size issues. Improvements and modernization must come, and your editors firmly believe we are taking a step in the right direction. But with our modernization comes a reluctance, a sadness to discard a format that has become so close to the hearts of many fans and professionals. We'd like to thank our entire staff from publisher, to staff typist for giving up so much of their time in putting out BREVIZINE. And we'd like to welcome in the many NEW members of The FPC Distribution Corporation, that are coming in with the March issue. To those members of the staff that are leaving us may we say just one word: "Thanks" from the very bottom of our heart.

And too, thank YOU; loyal reader for staying with us. See you in March....

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A succesful combination of any kind of fiction is an unusually hard thing to accomplish.

Mr. Anthony Boucher, familiar author of mystery and science-fiction, however succeeds in combining the two above mentioned categories in an unusually high good reading novel.

In the mystery field we find that Mr. Boucher has the distinguished honor of being past national president of the Mystery Writers of America (MWA), and certainly all stf fans know him as the editor of The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction.

Therefore, with those qualifications "ROCKET TO THE MORGUE" (DellBooks: 25¢) is highly entertaining and well-worth reading.

We must comment however on the light

of "wackiness" he lends to his characters that are supposedly science-fantasy writers. We must point out to Boucher that sf writers (like mystery ones) are sensible men, and don't go around cracking wise jokes all the time.

Other than this we heartily approve you get a copy of "Rocket To The Margue" and enjoy it to the fullest.

* * * * *

Although Ned L. Pines (publisher of Standard Magazines and the Popular Library Books) tries to persuade us John Wyndham's REVOLT OF THE TRIFFIDS is a POPULAR book with countless blurbs and quoted reviews; we can't help but wonder. If Pines gave a way TRIFFIDS, FREE, at the Chicon Science Fiction Convention, just HOW POPULAR IS IT??

* * * * *

On the inside front page of THE ILLUSTRATED MAN Bantam Books quite proudly displays the fact that The New York Times (a paper not given over to sensationalism) says "There is no author quite like Ray Bradbury."

Actually this isn't true...in fact there

actually are TOO MANY writers like Mr. Bradbury. The statement should read "NO writer has yet copied Mr. Bradbury's style successfully."

I, for one, can't say Bradbury has ever given me an enjoyable story, as they all are too short....and just a trifally TOO ignorant of scientific principle. (Example: MARS IS HEAVEN.) On the other side my publisher (Waf) will argue with me constantly that just because Bradbury ignores a few silly and actually UNPROVEN facts this does not make him a poor writer. The fact that his stories are short, so says Waf, does not mean a thing, because the world itself is speeding up so much that we hardly have time to read anything but a short story, these days.

Who's right?? I don't know. Maybe Ray Bradbury knows. . . . I doubt it though



Fandom is a friendly group, essentially. However there are certain things we must NOT stand for. One of these things is the dragging in of a certain Mr. M. Spillane. Mickey Spillane, is his byline,

and under that byline goes some of the rottness pieces of creations. (Note, please, I do not use writing, for I don't consider Spillane a writer.)

The old time writers of the 30s who had what was described as a "Kraft-Ebbing Touch" would turn over in their graves if they could see the sadistic, sex-filled writing thrown into Mr. S.'s tripe. Essentially, a pure hack, Mickey lowers himself lower by dragging in things that NO decent people would look at.

Yet, our Wonderous Mickey sells three million copies of such books as "I, The Jury" where naked women blow the heros hid off, and then have a good beer and a hysterical laugh. If Spillane's writing was confined to mysteries where he could do little harm, I'd say let him kill as many people as his sadistic little sex mind could create. However, recently (through the courtesy of Mr. Howard Browne and FANTASTIC) Spillane has been invited to write "science - fiction".

I doubt if any reader who is looking at this page doesn't know what that means. It means that we (fandom) are going (are

is more proper) playing host to this little monster that can with one typewriter destroy literature, and every decent and good thing about it in as small a time as a few minutes.

Maybe the fans don't care if Spillane is unleashed on us. I, sincerely, hope WE do care, and care enough to boot M.S., his typewriter, and any dead naked women he has around so far out of stf that it wouldn't even be conical. Not that I care from that point on, but I hope the Mystery Writers do the same.

God, how could Browne do this to his readers . . .

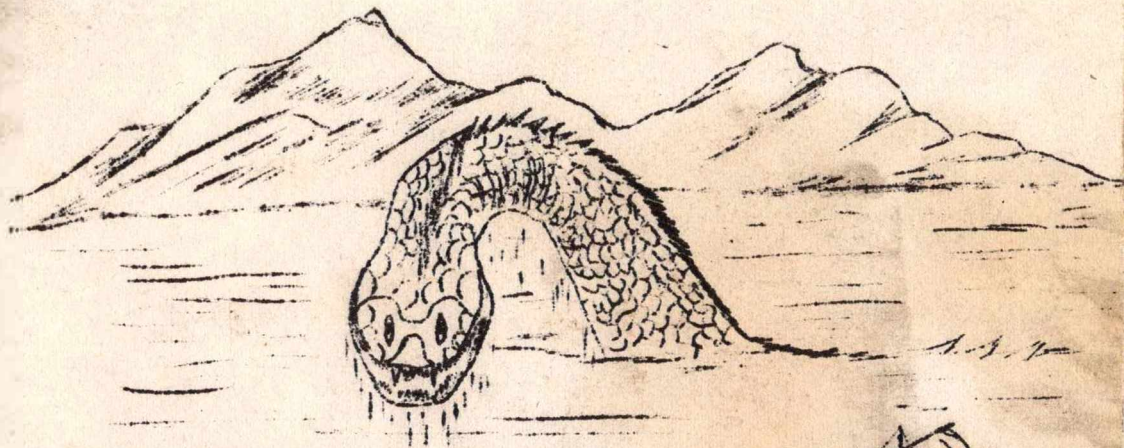
Then again fans might be Spillane fans, so maybe I'd better close my mouth and leave any action up to them . . .

See you around...

- Erwin Hughmont.

E X T R A ! !
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HIS SAILING VESSELS OF THE SEA.

