

Brillig 9



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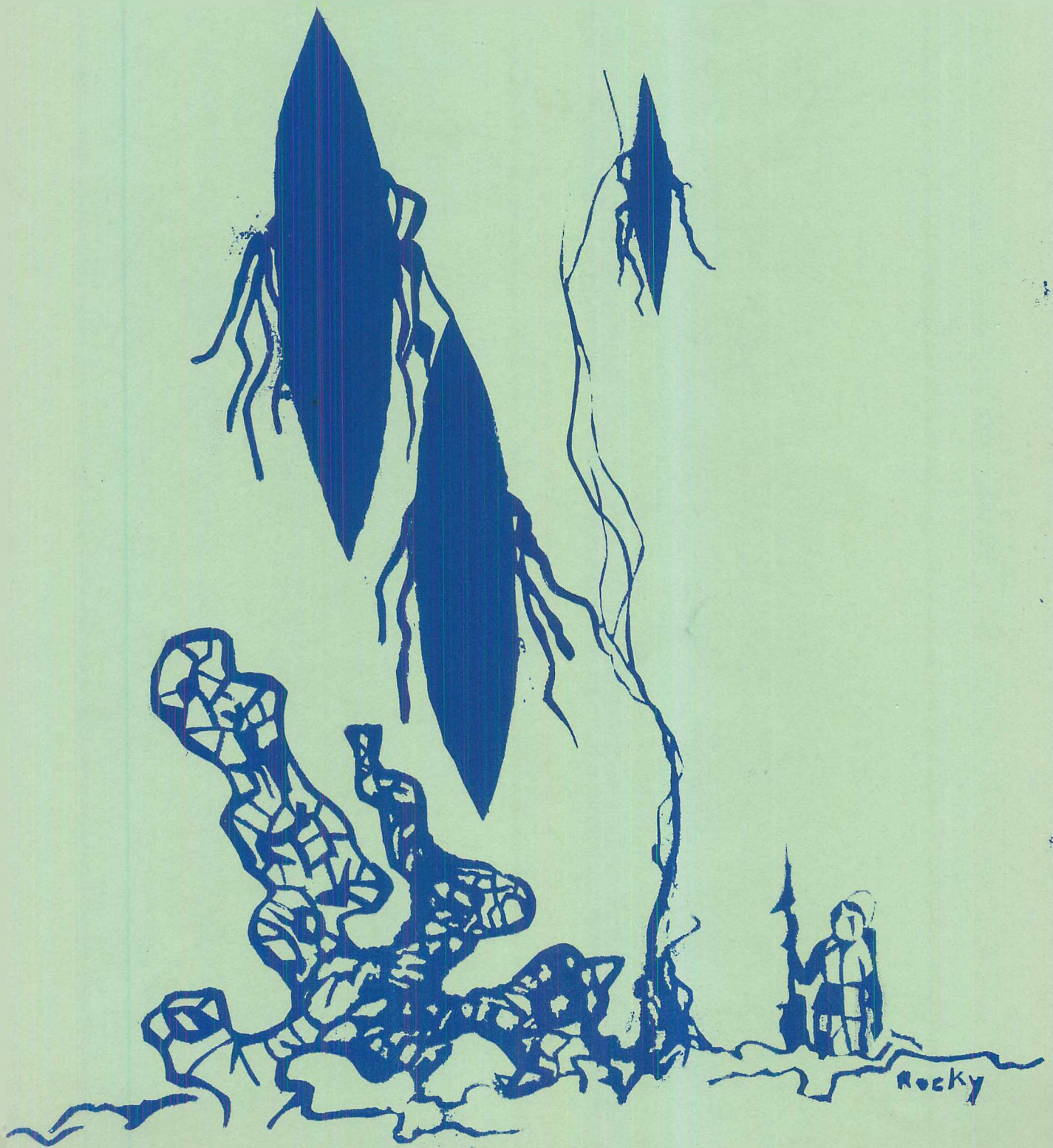


Brillig is functional.

Philosophy



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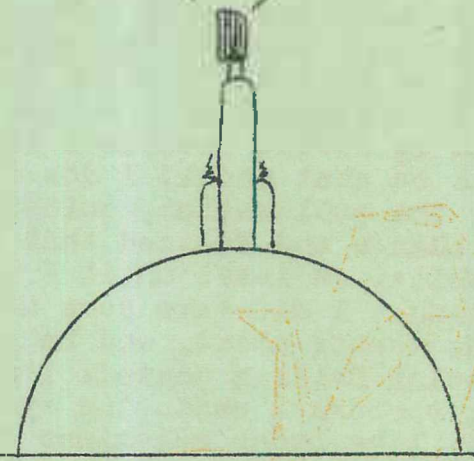
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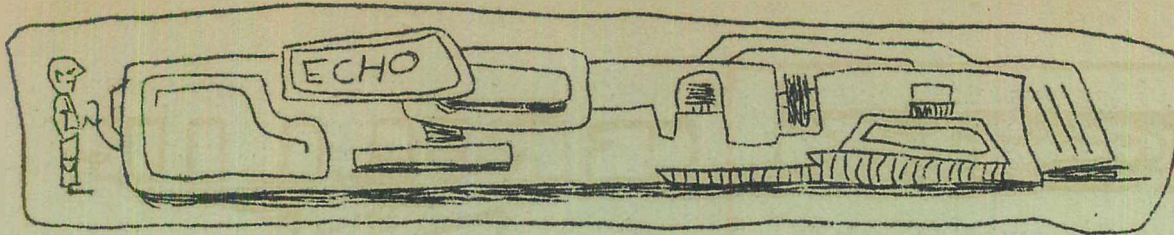
BRILLIG NINE

---THE
 ---ANTI POST OFFICE
 ---ISSUE

BRILLIG, an impeccable publica-
 tion, edited and published by
 Lars Bourne, 2436 1/2 Portland St.
 Eugene Oregon, who will pub-
 lish anything he can get. his
 hands on. Needed are Poetry and
 fiction, not to mention arti-
 cles. John Champion is the
 chief columnist and beer bottl
 washer, and his opinions are
 usually mine so watchoutit. Bri-
 llig sells for 15¢ the copy for
 those who do not wish to comm-
 ent, trade their own magazines
 (or anything else for that mat-
 ter), or contribute material,
 or who feel guilty about spon-
 ging off the editor. All
 currancies are acc-
 epted but none
 can be re-
 turned.



Post Office Seal Of Dissapproval



If you are in the habit of reading the contents page first, you no doubt will notice my derogatory references to our wonderful Post Office. I assure you the cause is quite simple. Because of some innocuous material and illustrations I saw fit to print, the Assistant General Council, Fraud and Mailability Division of the Post Office has seen fit to declare issues Seven and Seven~~g~~ obscene. Yes, honest and truly, ghosh-gholly-whow obscene.

To quote a few thing in the letter I recieved:

"Mailibility of the above issues is being questioned principally because of the drawing on "BRILLIG" 7~~2~~ on page 3, note also being taken of the language in line 10, page 4, and paragraph 5 page 6; the drawings on pages 16 and 17 of issue No. 7."

So much for that. I wasn't overly worried as the issues were sent out so long before I was sent the riot act, I supposed they didn't have more than one or two issues on hand, ready to consign to the flames. As I said before I wasn't worried about that. What I was worried about and angry about too, was this:

"Future issues of your publication must firts be presented to the Superintendant of Mails, Room 107, Post Office, Eugene Oregon, for examination prior to time of mailing to determine admisibility to the mails."

I, being a person who doesn't like to be told what to print, or not to print for that matter, I felt that they didn't have the right to tell me I must pass Brillig through a censor before I could mail it. Come to think of it I don't think they do have a right to do that, but who am I to quarrel as I am too poor to take the matter to court. I racked my feeble intellect for quite a while after recieving the news, as to what should I do. I tossed aside ideas of changing the name of the publication, quitting for a time, and other, even more futile things and decided that I might as well ride with the storm for a while, at least until I have collected enough money to contest the ruling. I did take some material down to the super, material I had some doubts about, and he passed it, so I'm not too worried about not getting Brillig passed. I'm still grotched about having to put brillig through a censoring system, and will continue to be grotched until I, like other magazines can exercise my right to freedom of the press.

Other magazines have been given the axe too. THE MISCELLANEOUS MAN non-stef, literary type magazine, has been censored in Calif.

A number of my friends/ cohorts/ correspondents, noticing my morbid fascination for certain recipes,, have sent me all sorts of nice culinary items. Bob Coulsen sent me a pootsared giving me the recipe for potrzebie which I'm sure will be to your liking. How anyone came to the conclusion that this stuff bounces is beyond me.

RECEPIE OF POTRZEBIE

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ casserole of cold day-old spaghetti, 2 cups cooked rice, 1 can tomato sauce, 5/16 lb. ground beef (inferior quality), $\frac{1}{2}$ can green beans, 1 glob catsup, several assorted pinches of salt.

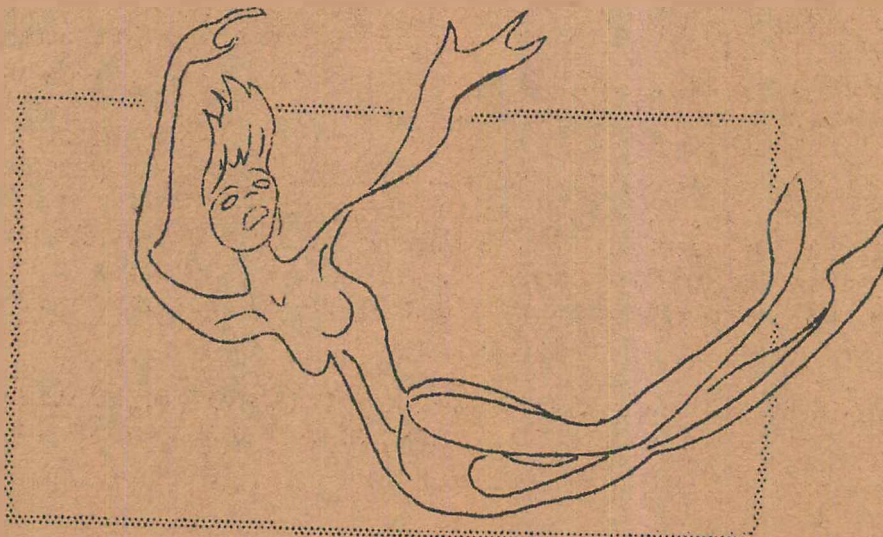
Directions: fry hamburger in salt; drain grease. Pour in tomato sauce and green beans. Dice mixture, paying particular attention to beans. Cover and simmer for several minutes. When cooked, pour over cooked rice and mix. Then add spaghetti and glob of catsup. Mix and serve.

I must warn you in advance that I will not accept letters complaining of indigestion or ptomaine poisoning. Take your troubles to the family doctor as I am not sufficiently qualified to give medical advice.

Barbara Schmidt, New Yorkerite, mentions an odd bit comprising "Nestles milk Choc. 'nd Jupiter potato chips." not to mention a "Dagwood dessert." Ingredients of the dessert being pickles, bheer, and ice cream, among other things. Please pardon me while I become deathly ill.

Hang a license plate on me mother, I'm a Stanley Steamer tonight.

I. have not been able to eat breakfast, or lunch either for that matter. Dinner is a source of acute terror. Could it be that some of the suggestions I have been recieving have warped my attitude concerning food? Reminds me of the time I discovered what actually was in pepper pot soup. What I hadn't eaten I threw into the sink and the rest I held down by sheer will power. So much for the culinary arts.



You will find, if you don't read this editorial first (and especially not at all) a narration of the events of the Nullcon by one John Champion, my colleague and chief columnist. I was going to present my own insane version but after receiving the installment of Screed I've decided that my feeble efforts would not be as good as his is. (Besides, I'm lazy.) However, he didn't write about the sordid details connected with my trip to Fort Lewis and consequently to Seattle, so the following will be a tearful narration of all the tribulations and trials of LARS BOURNE, BOY SOLDIER.

As a few of you know, I am a member of good standing (this is not strictly true, but it sounds better that way) of the Oregon National Guard. It is their policy every year starting the second Friday night of the month, to take a short two week outing in the vicinity of Tacoma Washington. This particular training camp for stalwart young men is called Fort Lewis and is located over an old glacial bed, which was chosen due to the fact that when the glacier left, it deposited many feet of rocks and pebbles. The popular theory is that digging latrines, garbage pits, trenches, etc. helps to build men. Anyway, to make things short, I was ordered to go as I am every year.

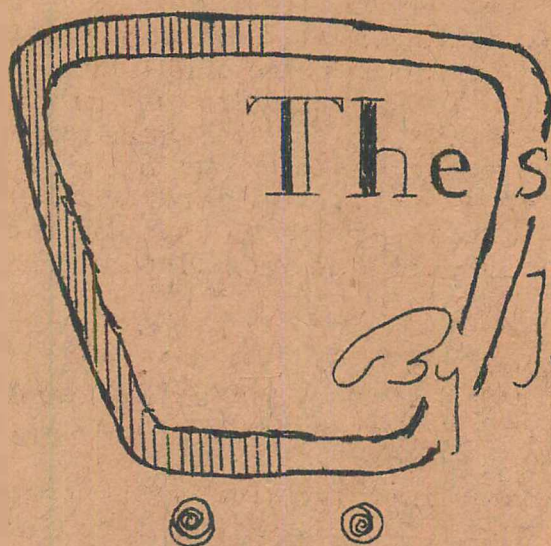
I arrived at the check-off point which was the local Armory and played cards most of the night after helping to load stuff into the trucks and getting my own gear ready. In the morning we were marched to the waiting train where we embarked. The cars were old things, made around 1890 or so, but were not too uncomfortable going up...until we had been in the things about eight hours or so. We stopped a number of times, presumably because one of the guardsmen had been shooting at the houses along the route with some sort of weapon. They checked ever every hour or so to see that he didn't do it again.

we arrived around 4 o'clock in the afternoon, disembarked, and walked three or four miles to the encampment. I, of course, wore a few blisters in my heel during the march. And then we did things, and more things, and still more things. Different kinds of work went on all week, with me wishing that the week would hurry up and end so that I could get my pass and forget about such mundane things as blowing up trees and concrete bunkers. Only they had a parade. I don't know why they would do anything like that to the troops, but they did it.

The day of the parade we had our inspection, complete with spit, polish and a mean Major. We did very well, considering. Then we were loaded into trucks after having lunch and driven over to the parade site, whereupon we disembarked and waited, like all good soldiers. Two hours later we were getting sort of tired of waiting, in the eighty degree heat yet.

Finally we marched and the march wasn't really bad at all being not more than a mile. It was the standing around that didn't sit so well with the majority of us. After the parade was over we again climbed into the trucks and went back to the encampment. I made my grimy self as presentable as possible, collected my pass, and dug out for the bus stop. When the bus pulled out with me on it, I breathed a tired sigh of relief and...

I'll let John take it from there.



The SELF-APPOINTED CAPTIVE

By Kent Moomaw

A few nights ago, having become thoroughly disgusted with the latest issue of Flabbergasting Science Stories and discovering at the last moment that there was nothing else in the house to read besides the telephone book (which has a great cast of characters, but a pretty weak plot line), I did a very unusual thing. I rose regally, mustered all the courage at my command, and walked downstairs to watch television with the rest of the family.

Now, I often rise regally. In fact, I do it many times a day, just to keep in practice for the day when I am called on to lead the world from its present state of turmoil and confusion by becoming an International Monarch. I'm forced to muster great quantities of courage many times during the course of a year, too...for such harrowing occasions as walking past the house down the block with the huge boxer in the front yard, or asking Anita Eckberg for a date by mental telepathy (her husband might be listening in, you know), or attending science fiction conventions. I'm used to doing both of the above.

But watching television? Decidedly unusual behavior on my part, indeed. Decidedly.

Actually, the programs weren't too bad; a few were even worthwhile. Steve Allen is an excellent satirist, unlike the brash, fast-talking prototype of the night-club comic, shows considerably more intelligence than the average ham (Berle, Gleason, et al), and puts on a very fannish show. Alfred Hitchcock's mysteries strike a responsive chord in the heart of an old EC fan such as I who practically grew up on coffins and murders and grisly happenings. Someone interviewed author Philip Wylie for a half-hour on women, religion, politics, and other equally controversial subjects, all of which made for extremely interesting controversy. A couple of other dramas were passable, if not memorable.

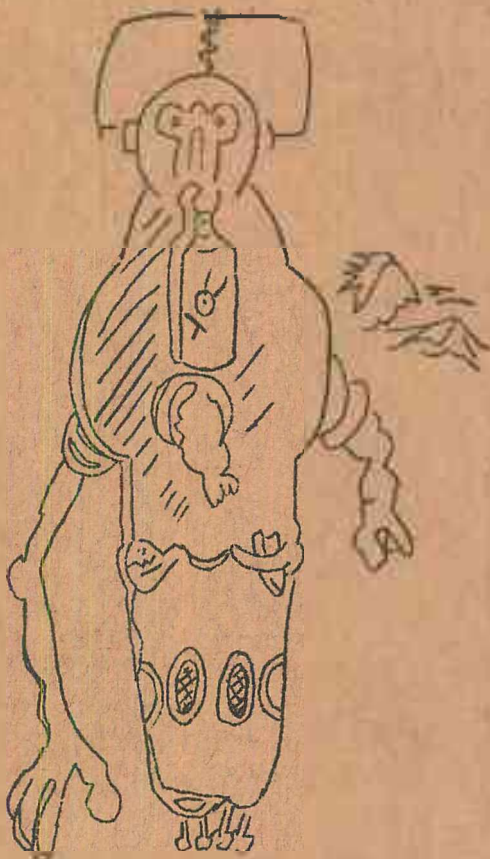
All totaled, I was more than surprised at the high level of entertainment purveyed. Perhaps I happened to watch on a good night or something, but if not, I'd say the teevee critics have been grotching overmuch. The shows I saw made a pretty neat balance of pure entertainment and thought provocation.

But the commercials...of veh, that's another story entirely!

I'm told that the reknowned Men of Madison Avenue have given up trying to sell their products via television by having a single announcer stand in front of the camera with a bottle of Glookum, the Wonder Tonic, in one hand, shaking his other fist in the viewer's face, bellowing about how good Glookum really is, as was the vogue in days gone by. Uh-uh, that kind of thing is definitely passe. Now they've got psychologists working for them, planning commercials which tell a story or make you laugh or make you nauseous or whatever they want...some, such as the UPA-type Ford commercials, are very good; others, however, are even worse than the old kind. I ran into an unusually bad lot of them as I dodged from Allen to Hitchcock to Wylie as described above.

Two families are shown on the screen standing side by side. "These are the Smiths," says a hidden voice. "They're going on a vacation by auto." (Closeup of one family, the man with car keys dangling in one hand.) "And these are the Joneses. They're going on a vacation, but they're taking a Greyhound bus." (Closeup of other couple, man with bus tickets.) "Let's see who enjoys themselves the most."

Cut to a scene inside the Smiths' car. The man's hair is in wild disarray, his tie is loose at his throat, and he's scowling as though he's just been told that his daughter is eloping with an ape. His wife is fanning herself furiously; her previously impeccable hair style is now so many wisps of unmanageable strands. "Look out for that car! she shrieks into his ear as they pass someone. The kid in the back is making enough noise to drown out the proverbial boiler factory.



Then the syrupy voice begins again: "The Smiths are miserable. The heat has them tired out before they even reach their destination. The children, without anything to do, are getting on Daddy's nerves. Mrs. Smith is irritable and cross."

Cut to closeup of Smith's face. "This is the last time we ever come on a trip like this! He declares.

Fade in interior of the aforementioned Greyhound bus. The Joneses are seated comfortably, gazing out at the scenery which flies by thanks to rear projection. Mr. Jones' hair is perfectly combed, his tie knotted snugly, and a smile on his face. He lacks only tails and a darker suit to be mistaken for an evening dress ad. His wife is exactly the same as when we first saw her, maybe even more beautiful. Her face is perfectly powdered, lipsticked, mascaraed; her permanent still is. Her legs are crossed in a slightly sexy manner. She is a Knockout.

Although you can already see how ridiculous this whole thing is (i.e. that riding on a certain bus can make a certain woman gorgeous, more complacent, and sexy, and a man handsome, well-adjusted, and married to a woman who is gorgeous, more complacent and sexy...no one said it in so many words, of course, but the message is being subtly interted in the viewer's subconscious all the while), the best is yet to come. Or the worst, perhaps, depending on your point of view.

The kid is dressed in an immaculate sports ensemble, is sitting quietly in his seat with his hands folded, and is beaming unmercifully at his too, too happy parents! Riding on a Greyhound bus, you are led to believe, will make your children happy to "dress up" (a bad word to children under most circumstances, as you parent fans can attest), content to sit still and perfectly quiet! The sheer idiocy of it all began to grip me in it's icy fingers.

"On a Greyhound bus, you're never bored," the voice continued, after we had been given time to dig the man, stare with pride/disbelief at the kid, and oogle the femme. "There are always interesting, intelligent people with which to talk as the miles fly by."

Here I stopped short. There are only a few possibilities to account for a statement such as this. Either (a) the people who buy tickets expecting to meet intelligent, charming men and women are the same ones you'd expect to be intelligent and charming, in which case Greyhound is pulling a colossal hoax that any- with their quota of brains should be able to see through (which is by far the most likely, or (b) everyone who buys a ticket has to undergo a charm-beauty-and-intelligence test except you (an idea which may find favor with egotists around the country, or (c) every family is put on a separate bus, with the rest of the seats being filled by an- droids made especially to be gorgeous and smart.

I didn't wait around for further information. I ran for the nearest exit, which turned out to be the door to the kitchen, and by the time I had returned, I had missed the remainder of the commercial. Someday, tho, I'll take a trip on a Greyhound bus, and at an opportune moment, I'll reachover to the person sitting next to me, who is intelligently



and wittily snoozing, and run my hands over the torso to check it for hidden control switches and dials. Likely as not, the person will be a lovely young girl, who will awake just as my hands are brushing a strategic point (or points) of her anatomy, and I'll be thrown in jail.

But one way or another, I'll know for sure.

This fiasco was typical of what I went through during those devastatingly long minutes-between-shows throughout the rest of the evening. Wishing I owned one of those devices which cuts off the sound whenever it is activated, I endured such utter and complete rot as (a) a pair of girls who ride down the highway in a convertible singing "my old style girdle, she ain't what she used to be, it sags where it shouldn't be it's bones really puncture me...", only to find a car coming in the opposite direction with a female driver screeching, "My Playtex girdle is still like it used to be, it shows off the best of me (sick!), holds in all the rest of me...", (b) a cigarette that is better for you because a grimy looking ranch-hand (a real man!) says he smokes them, (c) a stocking ad in which the girl wearing Brand X is a tub or lard, and the girl wearing Burmil-Cameo is a Monroe type who sits on the edge of a desk with her legs crossed up to here, (d) men who find themselves introverted slobes until they use a certain hair oil...

I'd go on, but the strain of concentrating what was an unnerving night into a few paragraphs is starting to get to me. Besides, I'm not as familiar with the alphabet as I used to be...

In any case, later that night, I stumbled back up the stairs, let my courage go back from whence I had gathered it, sat down most unregally, and picked up Flabbergasting Science Stories with great glee.

Ivar Jorgenson had never before looked so good to me.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF ARCHY

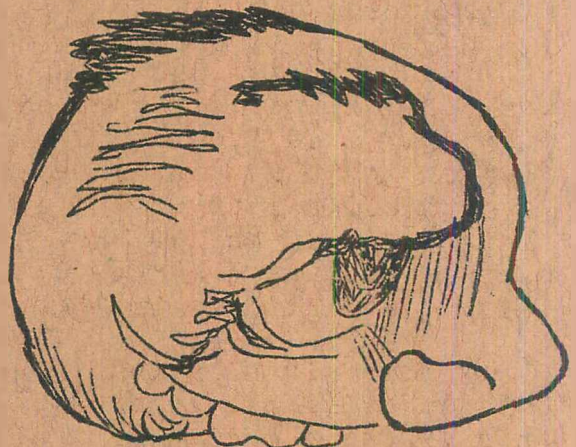
if you get gloomy just
take an hour off and sit
and think how
much better this world
is than hell
of course it won't cheer
you up much if
you expect to go there

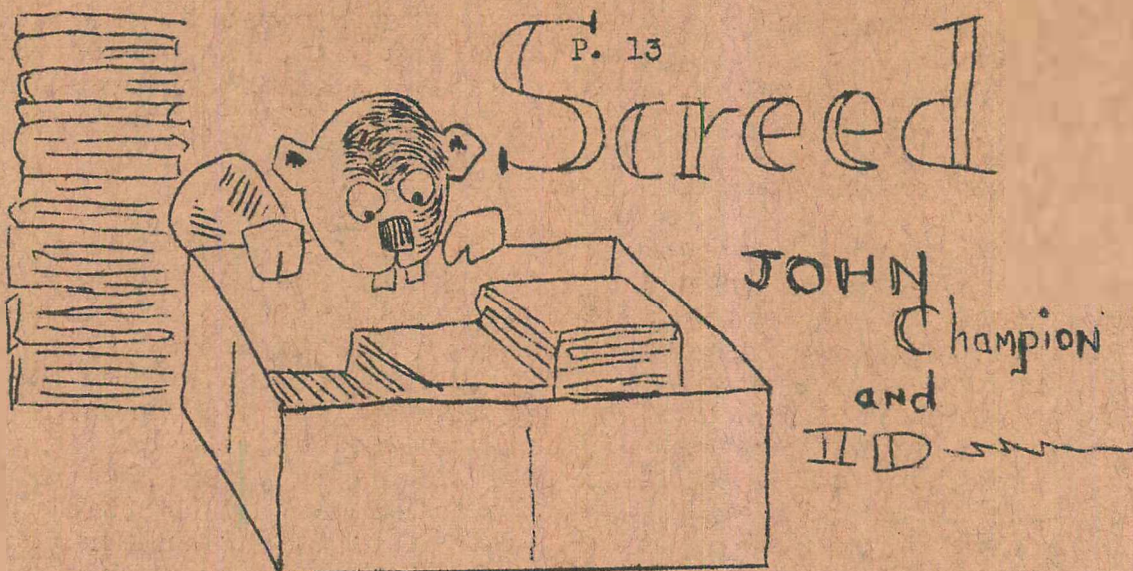
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an optimist is a guy
that has never had
much experience

--Don Marquis

archy & mehitabel





Hello there, at the sign of the four-o'clock fanzine once again. It's me, that is, me and my subconscious-Freudian-monster, back again to attempt to entertain and maybe even mistify. That is, if you bother to read this.

Lars told me in a letter not so long ago that I ought to write more about my personal experiences...it seems I'd told him about something or other that I did (a party, if I remember)...and then he went and said this, going on to heap the egoboo with favorable comparisons to people like H. Allen Smith and S.J. Perleman, which of course makes me feel good. There's nothing that a trufan likes better than to have his back patted. And so, still reeking of glory, I have decided maybe the boy is right.

To get right into the fannish whirl, I was informed back around March or so that there was to be a sort of week-end con held in Seattle over the weekend of June 22-23. Well, goshwowboyoboy, I'd only met two real fans before, and this would be a fine chance to build up my collection of voodoo dolles and thus gain more subbers and contributors.

So time passed, and before I realized anything, it was one lousy week before the con. And I was broke. Almost broke, anyway; I'd just graduated from high school and had been blessed with congratulations and also several sheaves of sheckels, but my parents seemed to have the idea I should go and buy something terribly SerCon like clothes or suitcases. However, I made a deep vow to replace every cent as soon as I started working next week, or at least when I got paid, and Ghod only knew when that would be.

Friday night rolled around, and I folded up some junk in a portable suitcase and trotted down to the bus depot. It was most pleasant there, with the roar of traffic outside, the smell of stale cigar smoke, the hard benches, and the worry about getting to Seattle at the right time--that is, not too early, but not too late either.

Only an hour after it was due, the bus pulled in, and I climbed on and immediately attempted to sleep. I think I did so...at least that's the only explanation for those books I was reading, mainly since I hadn't brought any books. That is, dreams. I would be sitting there with my eyes shut, trying to get to sleep, thoughts meandering here and there, and suddenly I would find myself reading some kind of book. It would be most interesting for the first few paragraphs or so, and then I'd run across a sentence such as "The man xprled out of the house, shined the moon below with a wad of paper, and eating a bowl of green toast, ycmned into the city." And the inescapable conclusion would then hit me: "Ghood Ghod, I'm dreaming!" and I would awake. It's an odd feeling to suddenly realize you're dreaming...gives one a sort of helpless sense.

And so to Seattle, where I staggered off, attempted to wipe the bleary green ichor out of my eyes, and recuperate over a cup of cocoa. Oh yeah, that phone number, I was supposed to call up the Busbys when I got there and have them send somebody after me.

Oddly enough, both phone books were missing the A and B sections complete. But somewhere I dug the number out of a letter I'd brought dialed, and waited long seconds for the voice to ring.

A female voice answered, said "Hello." I said "Hello." A very short pause, and then "Is this John?" "Yes", somewhat crestfallen. I said "How did you know it was me?" and after an answer I can't recall explained "I was going to tell you it was Robert Bloch" and Elinor: said "But John, we weren't expecting Robert Bloch" and I said "Yes, I know" and something else but it doesn't matter. She told me a fan would shortly be down in a green Oldsmobile to pick me up, so I described myself, and walked outside to wait.

I had not been in Seattle for nearly ten years, and I had forgotten the complexity of its street system. From the air, I imagine, it would look like a graph of Einstein's general relativity theory (four equations, and not $eamc^2$...I think they were printed in the GALAXY story by Fritz Leiber, "Nice Girl With Five Husbands" early in 1951) drawn on a no-axis graph made of four-dimensional paper by a drunken mathematician holding the pencil in his teeth.

A green Olds drove up, parked, and some dozen or so people got out. I decided this was not the fan. Another one parked, and a man got out and



walked down the street into a tavern. This seemed a bit more likely, but I decided to wait some more. And after some fifteen more minutes, another green Olds drove up, a fan got out, we looked at each other for a moment, uncomprehending, and he said "You must be John Champion." (I think all Seattle fen are clairvoyant.) "That's right," I said! "I was going to buy an stf mag and put in under my arm but they didn't have any." He mumbled something about a sensitive fannish face so it didn't matter, and we got into the car and drove to the Busby's.

Don't take my word that the streets are complex, ask any Seattle fan. We got there after going up and down maybe five mountain ranges, doubling back on our trail several times, and finally after whizzing through several small spacewarps, pulled up in back of a small white house. I decided then and there that any Teamster leader or other crook who wanted to lose the police would have no trouble doing so; in fact, he'd be lucky not to lose himself.

Climbing over the two dachshunds, we knocked at the back door, and were greeted. I introduced myself, or somebody else did it, and I said something about the dachsunds, and Buz said yes, they do get around people's feet, and Otto said I was the first person he had ever seen walk down the back sidewalk six inches in the air on a carpet of live dogs.

We ate breakfast, I think, and let's see, what happened next. We went into the living room, talked, I looked at the new Pogo book, and not too long after that, the doorbell rang, or maybe she just walked in. Anyway, it was G. M. Carr.

I said hello, just a little bit nervous even though the Busbys had assured me she was really very friendly and not a fire-breathing dragon, and I soon found out this was true. And since everyone else seems to do it, that is, when they tell about meeting faaans they also give short character descriptions, so I might as well too.

Let's see, who to pick on first. I suppose Buz is as good as any. In both the phone book and letters he is listed as F.M. Busby, and I never have found out what the FM stand for. Frequency Modulation maybe, or Ferdinand Magellan, but everyone calls him Buz. He looks just a bit like a pic of Robert Heinlein I saw on a book jacket, same mustache, and same (pardon me) thinning hair. A bit short (or shorter than me--5'9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ") very friendly, as most fans seem to be, and talks just like his writings in varouus fmz would expect you to. I've found it's often unwise to judge a person by their fmz writing, because often the venom-and-fire types like Geis or GMCarr turn out to be actually most friendly, and from what other fans say, I guess it usually is this way. I've heard Chuck Harris is actually rather shy. I've also heard that Boyd Raeburn is really a hoax. Well, you never can tell.

This isn't turning out like I thought it would, because I can't remember enough about these people to be authoritative or anything... I mean, I remember very distinctly what they were like, but I still can't think of anything to say about Elinor Busby except that she wears glasses and is like here fmz writing too. And Otto Pfeiffer

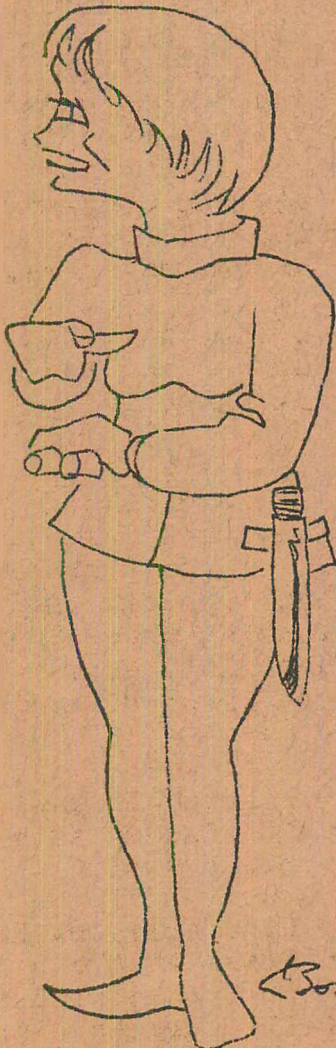
P.

wears glasses too (I think) and seems sort of intense, somehow, and has a sensitive fannish face. It's not the type of sensitive fannish face you usually think of, that is, sort of ghodlike, but nevertheless, even though he doesn't look like a ghod (and I'm not sure just what a ghod looks like) Otto has has a sensitive fannish face. And GMCarr is friendly, and she talks quite a bit like the last issue or two of GEMZINE would make you think, or at least the ones after her New Years resolution to stop knifing people and be kind. Her face is sort of ageless; I mean, you can't really tell whether she's young (relatively, that is) or old, or what. Maybe that sounds terribly candid, but remember I have a most discerning eye. Yes, she does have strong opinions and is contrivertial, but it seems that she realizes they are opinions. And as Walt Willis said in THE HARP STATESIDE, she does talk in interlineations such as

"I told her to join the N.F., because I figured she might as well start at the bottom and work up."

which may already have been put in some other fmz, but here it is anyway. And I get a very strong impression that she gets a big kick out of the way some fans think of her as a fire-breathing dragon, and kids about her sharp tongue a lot, and maybe acts the way she's supposed to just for fun.

Let me see. I think Wally Weber came over about the same time, but he's so unobtrusive it's hard to remember anything definite. Tall, friendly, and very quiet, and much of the time you might not even notice he was there, being unobtrusive and like that.



And either before or after this, Buz and Otto and I went downtown to search the old book stores for some back issues I needed, but they were all closed. We wandered through the Seattle Public Market for a while...Otto or Buz said it would be a perfect place to film a comedy chase movie, because of the way it goes on and on, with several levels all merging into each other here and there, and once you get in you get in you don't always get out they way you thought you would. There are all sorts of fish markets and shops and restaurants and so forth scattered here and there. I remarked that it reminded me of nothing so much as J. G. Ballard's story "Build-Up" in the January 1957 NEW WORLDS. Unfortunately neither of them had read the story, and my fine fannish witticism went for naught. But if you've read the story and haven't been to Seattle, now you know what the Public Market is like.

Somehow the subject of holding a con there came up, and someone suggested that for the banquet each person be given a stick with a nail on it and turned loose. Just about every type of food I've heard of is sold there, and quite a few that I haven't. I don't know if you can get bagels, lox, and knishes there, but it

wouldn't surprise me. I wouldn't ^{P. 17} even be surprised if somebody sneak-
ed around a corner and tried to sell me some feelthy engravings of
Shirley Marriott.

The stores were all closed, so we went home, and I guess it was
then that Weber came over, and brought with him another person, Mark
Walstead. I must carefully refrain from calling him a fan because he
says he is not, and Elinor calls him a pseudo-fake-fringe-fan. Never-
theless he seems to have read every stf book and mag ever published.
He's about 27, I think, heavy set, friekled, and looks ten years
younger and talks the same way. I mean his voice, not the way he talks.
Personally I think it's all a hoax that he's 27 and I'd swear to it,
but that's what I was told. He claims not to ba a fan, as I said, but
he told us about a time at the NorWesCon in Portland when he got into a
poker game with Korshack and some others, and so the next day at the
con program Korshak introduced him as the fan who had won five dollars
from him playing poker last night. After this we decided that Mark
must really be an ex-fringe-gafiated-fake-pseudo-BNF. Or something
like that.

We ate lunch, talked some more, and I asked about the mag stores
again. This sounds like it wasn't very long inbetween the time we
came home the first time, and I went out looking for mags again, but
actually if I remember it was about four hours. Wally and Mark and I
got into Wally's car, and spent the next couple hours downtown pawing
all the old bookstores, or at least I did. Mark even bought some stuff
(not stef) and we came back home and ate dinner. Right after that
Lars Bourne, you old eiditor hisself, called up and said he was here.
He'd been at Fort Lewis, a few miles south, where he was enjoying the
hospitality of the National Guard (or "Poor Man's Army", as it is
sometimes called here), so five of us piled into Weper's car and went
down to get Lars. I looked into the back seat and said, well, I'm
glad we left room for Lars. We finally found him and drove back home.

Poor Bourne...he'd been on a 20-mile forced march that day, and
his feet were naturally a bit sore. So while he ate dinner and we
talked some more, he bathed them in a tub of hot water. After all,
sensitive fannish feet are hard to find these days.

About 7:30 or so, Alan E. Nourse, who lives some thirty miles
away in North Bend (also the home of Jack Speer) arrived, and was
shown in with all the irreverence due any pro author. As you probably
know, he's an M.D., and as you probably don't know, and horribly enough
his last name is not pronounced "Norse", but "Nurse". Which shows that
he is really a fantype at heart, although the last fanac he'd done was
at the Pittsburgh con where he was on the committee by virtue of prox-
imity.

Nourse is also very young looking, heavy set, but about six feet
in height, I'd guess. He is very heavy set, if you don't mind my say-
ing so, and has a neck like a rhinoceros. That, plus his youthful
expression and butch haircut make him look more like a college foot-
ball tackle than a doctor. He's writing for a living now, however. He
also has the seeming capacity to absorb enormous quantities of the
Busby's home brew; at least I remember him sitting there by the window,
and every so often Buz would get the pitcher, and refill Nourse's glass,

P. 18

and about twenty minutes later the same thing would happen, and so on.

The fans here at the NullCon, incidentally, prefer not to term themselves as members of the Nameless Ones. There is some SanFranfan who's always talking about "Pillars of the Nameless Ones", but I haven't the slightest idea who he means. Even though Toskey (of whom more later) was once president, and Weber is still secretary, they more or less shun the club meetings, and term themselves the "Nameless Anonymous", which, when you think about it, is a rather faaanish name for any group.

Well, let's see. The evening is not a blank, exactly, but rather a sort of mad whirl. I remember talking every so often, and other things, but not much specific. Well, about 1 a. m. the session broke up, and Lars and I piled into Wally's car, and he took us over to Swamp House, where he lives. This is a slanshack-Dive type thing, with college students instead of fans. But just from looking around you'd probably never know the difference.

Got to bed around 2, slept, woke up about 10. Came downstairs to find the other inhabitants up and around already, even though most of them had gotten in way after Lars and I. The salt air up there must be strengthening or something. And shortly, Wally walked in with Burnett Toskey.

Tosky give a very striking impression of being a fanatic. The main reason is that he acts just like one. It's hard to say what type fanatic he appears to be...not a religious fanatic, or a hi-fi fanatic, just a plain garden-variety mundane fanatic. I said he appears this way, because actually as far as I could tell isn't really too fanatical. Maybe he seems like a fanatic because he's very intense about everything, and seems very quick to act on anything. That might not sound like the actions of a fanatic, and damnd, I just can't say why, but he reminds me of a fanatic, so there.

At first I was a mite worried I'd have to leave at 12:30 to catch bus to Portland in order to get back to Pendleton before the next morning, worried because right then it was about 12:00 and I still had to go over to the Busby's again to pick up my camera and other junk, so got into Wally's car and dug out. When I got there, I decided to take Tosky's suggestion and ask about a bus through Walla Walla, just in case this would not leave so soon, and sure enough, there was a bus for Pendleton through Walla Walla at 2:30 p.m. This was a most welcome relief.

So I had time to eat lunch, go out to the Fenden and stock up on old ASTOUNDINGS which I was missing, pack the whole ton or so of books and mags into a box, and as I said, relax a few minutes. I guess I didn't get too much done Sunday...there was to be a dinner at the Carrs' at 2:30, which I had to miss, but I shot a roll of film, rushed down to the Greyhound establishment, exchanged tickets, rushed onto the bus after checking the box of books, and drop dead.

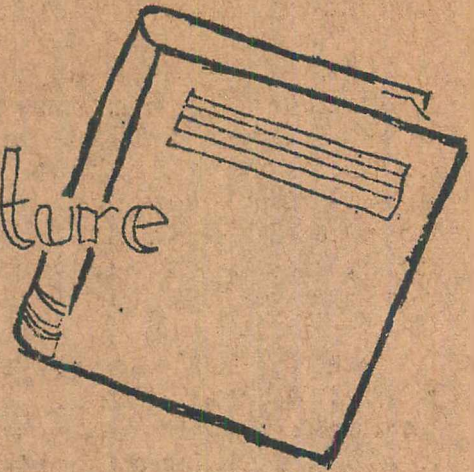
And so to home. I can't figure out how anyone manages to get anything done at a MidWesCon or some type that only lasts about three days, that is, if they're clods like me and have to sleep.

July 14 1957

Ahwell, there's always South Gate in '58. -- john champion & id

Suggestions in Literature

The Editor



THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE -- Erich Fromm -- Rinehart & Co. Inc. New York.
*156.1/F927-----

This Book, written by one of America's greatest philosophers is a study of dreams and of symbolic language. It deals with the nature of dreams, the history of dream interpretation, and symbolic language in myth, fairy tales, ritual and novel. Based on lectures given to postgraduate students in training at the William A. White Institute of Psychiatry, it is a book worth reading.

THE JOURNAL OF ALBION MOONLIGHT -- Kenneth Patchen -- Padell New York
*813/P27u-----\$3.00 (can be obtained at Wehman Bros. N.Y.3, N.Y.)----

Unless you have read some of Patchen's work you won't have any idea what sort of book this is. It concerns the chaotic adventures of Albion Moonlight, with changing scenes, people who die then return to life, and an undercurrent of anti-war feeling, not to mention a high emphasis on sex. A deeply moving work, that will either be liked immensely or disliked immensely. Highly recommended.

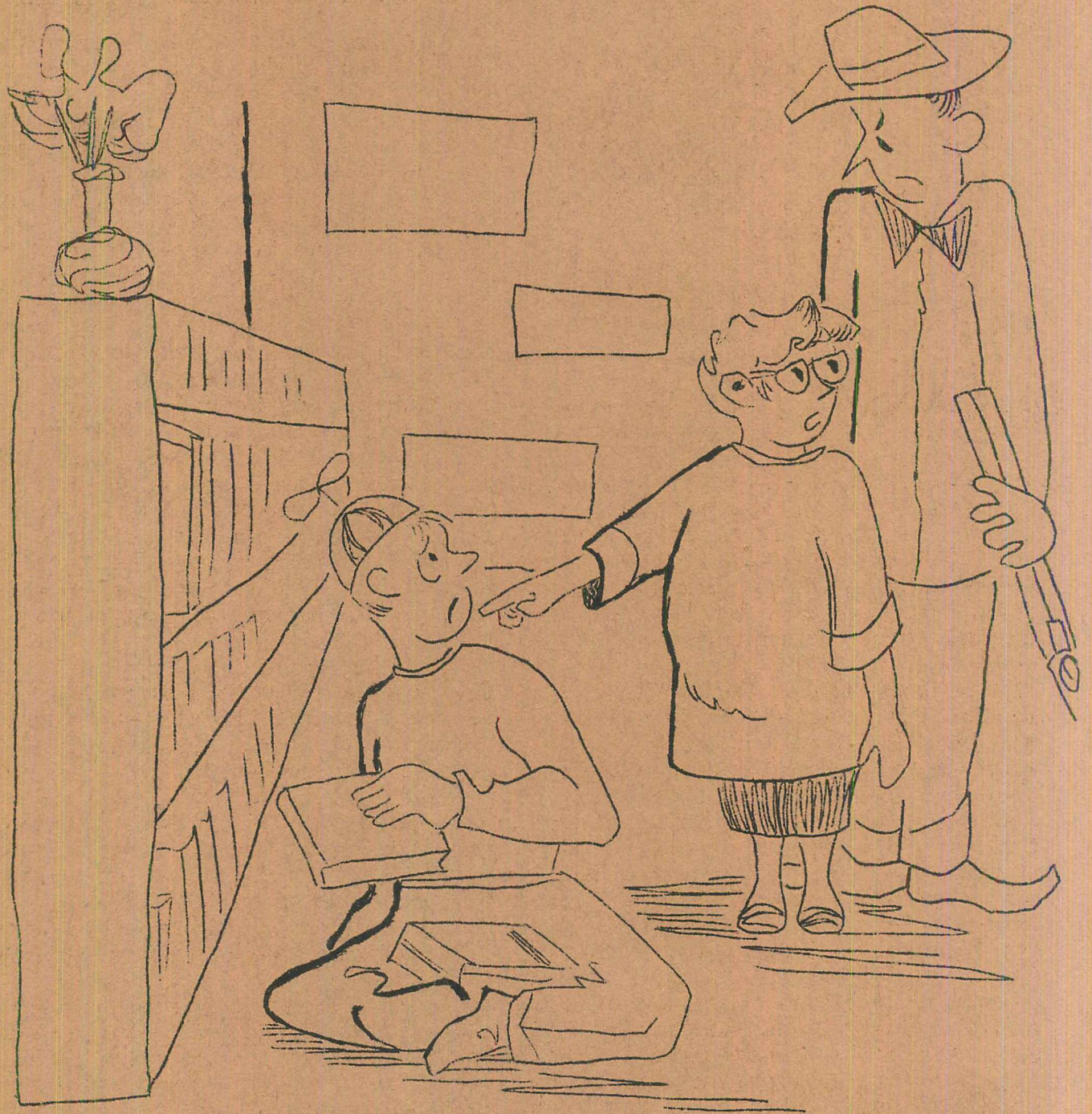
ANDERSONVILLE -- MacKinley Kantor -- World Publishing Co. Cleveland & N.Y. ---*813/K139a---\$5.00-----

A Civil War story of a confederate prison stockade near Anderson Station Georgia, the men who constructed and manned it, the people who lived around it, and who lived within its walls. A Well written sometimes raw story, touching on the lives of the many individuals connected with the stockade. The story, although presented in fictional form is for the most part true in regard to technical details.

MORRIS GRAVES -- Fredrick S. Wight -- Univ. of Calif. Press, Berkley & Los Angeles ----*759.11/G785w---\$3.50-----

An illustrated Biography of one of the Northwest's best artists. An account of his life, his travels, and his artistic development. Born in Fox Valley Oregon, he migrated to the Puget sound area in Washington shortly after, went to the orient when he was eighteen, traveled to different points in the United States after returning to Washington. He is now living in County Cork Ireland. Among five awards he has won the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation Fellowship. Especially for artists.

(* means library call number.)



Esme

Marty Fleischman -- 1247 Grant Ave. Bronx 56, N.Y.-----



To the Crottled Greep, I cannot recognize Geis as the true discoverer or the delicacy... to say that I can would be an outright lie, Lars! You expect me to take Dick Geis' word for it, you ask me to believe in his word do you? The word of a man who has created countless hoaxes in the past few years. Bah! say I.

On second thought, however, why not compromise? When making the chocolate cake (we'll ask Geis' mother to take on this job; I hear she's

an excellent cook), mix in the Cheese 'n Bacon and the Strawberry (personally, I prefer pineapple) preserves. Then, dump the entire mess into the tomatoe soup(if anything, Gies has impeccable taste when it comes to soup). Upon the soup, place the Nabisco Wheat Thin. No -- change that! The wheat Thin should be left out entirely; wheat thins might not go well with chocolate cake and tomatoe soup. And that is that. Simple isn't it?

"If it wasn't for fandom I would still be the immature misguided individual I was three years ago." is an interesting, almost humorous in fact, sentence. Yes. It seems you and I agree with whoever said that fandom acts as a therapy... it helps an awful lot. In my case, it helped me discover an entire new world...a world in which I could express even my wildest thoughts. I don't think I was "immature and misguided" before coming across my first fanzine, but I do think that had not fandom come into my life, I would be a lot worse off than I am now. I do not advocate "Fandom as a way of life", though -- 'smatter of fact, I despise these individuals who cling to that Ghu-cursed sentence: "What's wrong with fandom as a way of life?"

I like your illos verra mucha thisha, Lars. Especially that cover and the one on the first page of "Shadow Children". (Thank you.) I am sorry to say it, Lars, but I'm afraid Don's story wasn't very good... no, I've worded that wrong...what I mean is that the story wasn't very good for Don. I've come to expect excellent work from the bhoys and this was kinda a letdown.

With Stan Woolston I agree. Yes, letter-writing is fun. Fun to write 'em and fun to read 'em. Most of the letters I recieve -- from my regular correspondents, that is -- consist mainly of informal ramblings and news. These prove to be quite enjoyable, for if it's one thing I love its knowing how other people live -- as GMCarr commented recently, when she answers a correspondent, she's answering a real, flesh 'n blood human being, a person with hopes and problems...But I

I seem to have drifted slightly(?) from the subject. Since I enjoy that rambling, chatty type letter, I naturally write them myself... I have never heard any complaints, tho Larry Sokol (or somebody) once said that he'd rather read half a page of stuff that "said something" than three pages of stuff that didn't amount to anything worthwhile.

As to Kenneth Patchen, me, I'm afraid I just don't dig that boy. I picked up a book of his recently, "SLEEPERS AWAKE", published by New Directions, and it was such a mishmash of words and pictures that I threw it down in disgust. Maybe if I had read it further I would have a different opinion of the man...I dunno.

Dick Ellington -- 98 Suffolk St. Apt. 3A New York 2, N.Y.-----

Yeah, here I am again after somewhat of an absence. Have been devoting myself to long neglected muncac for better than a month now and have finally got caught up enough on that to get back to fanning for a while -- naturally, I have accumulated a monstrous pile of odds and ends -- all of which has to be caught up with.

You a busy one for sure. Two issues of BRILLIG I got on hand now. Fool! Just don't realize I'm so far behind with things.

 The fact that millions of people share the same vices does not make these vices virtues, the fact that they share the same vices does not make the errors to be truths, and the fact that millions of people share the same forms of mental pathology does not make these people sane.....The Sane Society by Erich Fromm

On second thot I see one of them is merely a half issue -- on third thot a hell of a lot of faneds would be proud to call this a full issue. (Thank you.)

 The cover I liked, the illos I liked, especially that bit on the first page which is definitely a thing-thing -- at least three levels of humor here.

 You right in that Stuefloten does compare very much to to Patchen -- but it looks to me like he has a hell of a lot of inhibitions to overcome before he can take on status as a Patchen-type. No, I don't necessarily mean he's not dirty enough -- think it's more than that -- Patchen at his Sunday-schoolish best is still good and still uninhibited. Have a thing currently on hand by him that I picked up on some sort of freak sale for 19 cents called THEY KEEP RIDING DOWN ALL THE TIME which is quite a bit -- paper bound short little thing and very nicely set up -- he does do some nice things layout wise on his little books. Has a real flare for it.

 The cover for eight came out pretty good even without the desired effect. Very outstanding thing. I like it.

 Stuefloten's thing quite good. Think it is more a cause of me getting used to his stuff. Begin to see more in it than I did -- or maybe he's just getting better.

Re Woolston -- it's obviously a hangman's noose -- the Egyptian phallus -- forget the name of the thing now is reversed if shown correctly and side looks like this:



Get a great kick out of these scientists digging up the old Greek and Roman cities and then trying to get all their nice photos pubbed -- can't publish most of them cause half the houses in the towns had a very obvious phallic symbol stuck out in front for good luck. They were a pretty whorly old civilization and is interesting to note that they went on the down-grade so fast and that it became identifiable with the hugely-increasing amount of homosexuality.

Had us a fine session last night. Was all set for a quiet evening at home fanning and then Lee and Larry Shaw came over and we folk-musiced at each other for several hours -- 4 or 5 I think -- then came a phone call and invitation to a session. Dan Curran had dropped by and we all weaved (bheerishly) over to the Nunnery, which is a place formerly inhabited by three girls but now by one -- is a mad loft on Cooper Square, way up high and with lovely cool breezes blowing on these hot nights. Was very cool pianist whosname I forget on hand and three damn drummers. One got left out as he is mostly Dixieland man and the rest are cool. The other two -- Pete Peterson from out on the coast and Chick Foster from around here -- alternated most successfully all night. Chick we see around quite a bit as some of our crowd play gigs with him occasionally -- consider him one of the half-dozen-best there are. Should see him lay down rolls with left hand only then follow it up with roll on the base -- foot style.

(And from another letter)

Sorry about the 19 cent kick -- I dunno if I can get any more. I never prowl the bookshops much myself anymore, being horribly overstocked with reading material as it is. The book in question "...THEY KEEP RIDING DOWN ALL THE TIME" is a smallish, artfully designed little paper-backed thing that Martin Jukovsky, Boy Meuh, picked up for me (he does this sort of thing for me regularly in the case of choice items). I'll ask him if he can get more and get you one if they're still around. Patchen books are best ordered from mail-order houses that deal in used books. See bolc section of any Sunday New York Times for listings of good dealers. I usually use a place in New Hampshire called the Trading Post that will search anything for you for nothing and quote you a price (no obligation to buy) but their prices are fairly steep for rare items. I had a copy of JOURNEY OF ALBION MOONLIGHT till some bastard up at the Dive played on my poor bad memory and borrowed the thing and did not return it. Am still trying to remember who borrowed it but cannot for the life of me -- paid \$8 for the thing too.



Harry Warner Jr. -- 303 Bryan Pl. Hagerstown Maryland -----

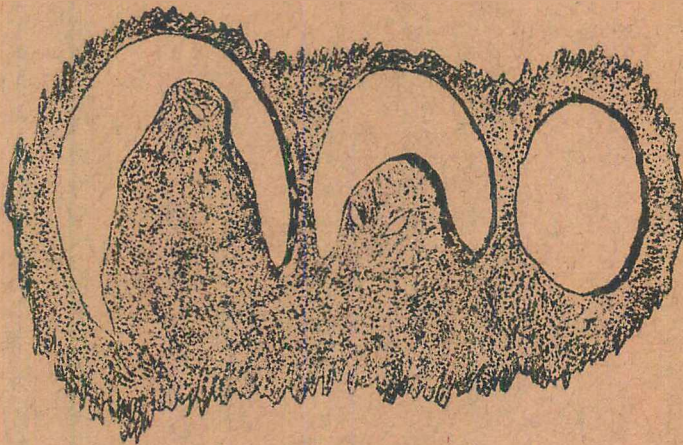
If once again you don't remember sending me an issue of Brillig, there must be an imposter in fandom, one who goes about issuing counterfeit copies of your fanzine and sending them to all the people whom you've not included on your mailing list. It may be an insidious plot to drive you out of fandom, by causing you to receive so much mail in reply that you'll go mad trying to find time to reply. More probably, it's simply a parallel universe situation in which a few copies from the other Larry Bourne are leaking through a leak in the continuum. Whatever the cause, I got another one, three or four weeks ago, and I think that I owe you a letter of comment and appreciation.

One thing puzzles me no end. That is your trouble with the Fairchild engraving. I can't think why you weren't able to get good results on the one that you mounted with tape. The newspaper for which I work uses these Fairchild engravings, and makes them too, for that matter, so I've shanghaied some waste material from time to time and turned out cuts for Bill Danner's FAPA publication; they reproduced beautifully on his basement press. The only thing that occurs to me as a possible source of your trouble lies in the fact that the plastic engravings are not necessarily exactly as thick as a normal metal engraving, and the thing may have been mounted at the wrong height to produce a good impression. Or, conceivably, you were using a cut made from the wrong screen, or rather with the wrong screen, for the semi slick paper that serves as your cover. A shame, whatever the cause. If you want to play around with the things, I'd be glad to send you some unused or spoiled cuts from the office for experimental purposes. (If you really want to know why that cut didn't work, you should see the press I was working with. It is an old army press, presumably made before the second world war: A flatbed with many nicks and scratches in the roller. Not to mention the fact that Mr. Wright's pupils (he kept the press at the grade school where he was teaching) ground crayons in the teeth when he wasn't looking.)

There isn't a whole lot in the eighth issue of Brillig that stirs me to extended comments, otherwise. Again I think that you have an excellent piece of fiction, in spite of the apparently arbitrary way the writer keeps shifting between past and present tense. One change from past to present can convey a sense of urgency or climax, but it hardly pays to keep moving back and forth without some good reason.

I have a vague theory that dice were invented by the first man who wanted to write a book on statistics. It's hard to imagine what the mathematicians would use for their examples of elementary statistical facts, if it weren't for the dice and for the ineptitude of the mathematicians who always assume trustingly that





the dice aren't loaded. And I've always had a sneaking suspicion that given enough millions of throws, there would be a discernable effect on the results from the small bits of substance that have been removed from the five and six sides of another honest set of dice.

Esmond Adams -- 432 Locust St.
Huntsville, Alabama.-----

Wheel! Another frabjous BRILLIG!
But I was truly dissapointed on one point...as I thumbed onto the Contents' page, I saw dear ol' Dave Jenrette's name in the Art Credits. But after hastily scrambling to the appointed page, I find only a drooling male. Why not have more beautiful femmes so I can be the drooling male? (Write a long letter to the post office, why don't you and tell them that they should let me print more nudes. As it is, I have to drool in private. Sighhh.)

But as a whole this ish fractured me. You have the only Contents' page that appeals to me.

"Echo" got me all choked up with remembering how I first got into fandom. Sniff. Yep, those were the good old days. Fandom just isn't the same now as it was a month ago. Times have changed.

The sequence of the editorial amazes me. Why didn't you open up thish (Last issue) with "RE-Echo" and close with the opening? That would have been more in keeping with the mood.

I like Stuefloten. It reminds me a lot of some of Matheson's stuff. Lemme see. There was something in an old FANTASTIC I was just reading. MAD HOUSE, methinks. Dunno why it reminds me of that, tho!

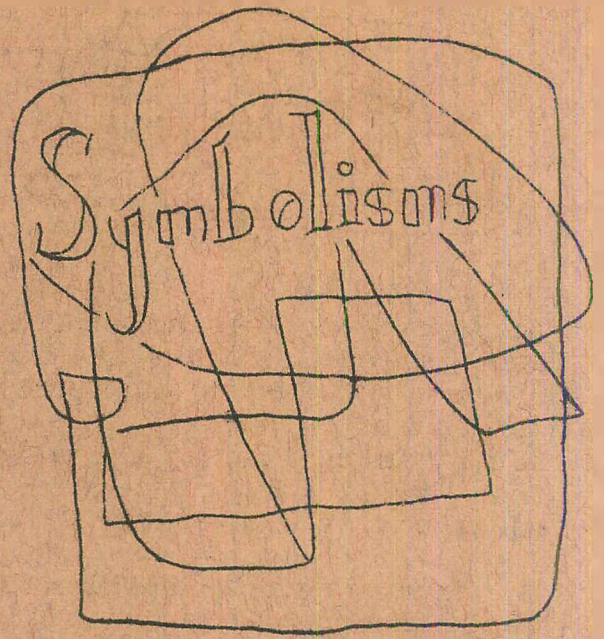
Champion's little article on Kiddie Records killed me! He should be writing plays for STUDIO ONE! Haw.

HISTORY OF DICE was quite interesting. Should come in handy for getting me kicked out of several history and language classes next year. Teachers just don't appreciate the beauty of some vices.

And an ironic news note for those who like Rock & Roll, that commercialized form of tonal murder. One of the musicians, and I use that term with a good deal of reserve, in the Fats Domino retinue was arrested July 10th in Eugene for trying to sell marajuania cigarettes to two persons who turned out unfortunately to be two police officers. It seems R&R artists haven't much sense, either tonal or common.



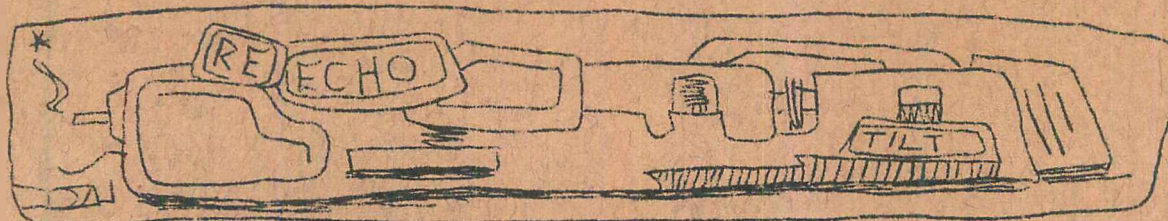
—
PIOUS BIRD



The dark bird meditates in pious spell
Like hooded monk, within his leafy cell.
Benignly huddled, bowed in selfless gloom
He hears confessionals of shadowed doom
From the itinerant winds whose whispers bring
the mortal homage of another spring.

As if the human penitence were his
And Godly pardon step-marked the abyss,
The bird his hymnals spiral heavenward
Full conscious of how thankless his reward.
And yet some soul-wreck of trans-human ear,
Heart cleansed with vision-cloven thoughts will hear.

-----Rockwell Schaefer



The Post Office has made a final ruling on my supposedly obscene magazine, at the late date of August seventh. Recieved a large package containing the copies they held along with a letter by one William C. O'Brien the fellow who presumably is the assistant general council. No mention is made of the supposedly obscene words and phrases contained in Brillig so I have no doubt that there is nothing wrong with them. William C. however, writes on at length about the nudes I print occasionally. He says:

In its recent decision in Roth v. U.S., the Supreme Court cited with approval a definition holding that a thing is obscene if its appeal is to prurient interest,"i.e., a shameful or morbid interest in nudity, sex, or excretion, and if it goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matters." The nudes found in your publication are not, in the opinion of this office, excused as "art". This is particularly true of the drawing in issue 7- $\frac{1}{2}$.

I can say with a fair amount of certainty that William C. is no artist, nor an art critic either. But that's what makes horse racing and if I cannot print nudes, well then I cannot print nudes. William C. like others of his ilk deserves the Comstockery award hands down. Or maybe he just doesn't appreciate Jenrette and Rotsler.

comments will be appreciated concerning the repro and art thish, fen and others. To my discerning eye I have done a bit more impeccably than usually. The new typer and new brand of paper helped immensely. Now I can look at people with a straight face when I claim that this is AN IMPECCABLE PUBLICATION.

For your information: All misspellings, mistakes, goofs, and any other errors are usually the fault of the editor.
please not to blame the contributors for anything but the opinions.

I again ask that some of you, any of you, all of you if possible, please to contribute something to Brillig. I don't mean money, I mean poetry and written manuscripts, which should be either fiction or some sort of article. I'm warning you now. I can print some awfully small issues if I wish, and if things get too bad, I may suspend publication until I can collect enough material to make a decent issue.

Further notice. New freeloaders may have to wait for a time. I am publishing 125 copies and no more so the 126th and the 127th persons who ask for Brillig will have to wait until I drop someone off the mailing list.

(and I start my riots like the arabs and as silently steal away)goodby

Brillig

LARS BOURNE
2436½ Portland St.
Eugene Oregon

~~TRADE~~
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REVIEW
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SUBSCRIPTION
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COMPLIMENTARY
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WARNING
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BRIBE
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FREELoader
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SPECIAL
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R P G
e o u
t s a
r t a
n g e
n t e
e d

Chick Derry
1814-62nd Ave.
Cheverly Maryland.

