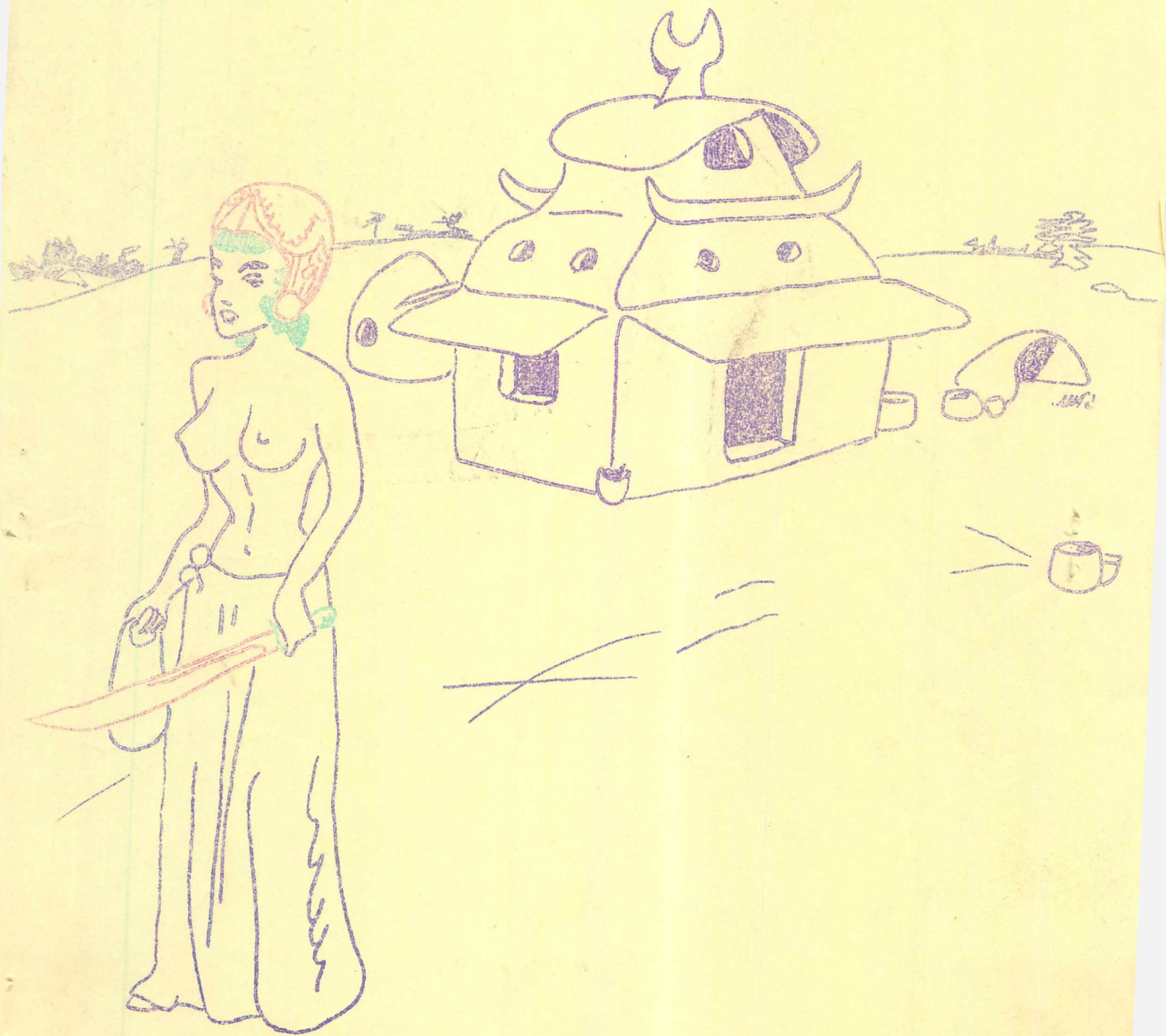


BRILLIG



BRILLIC

NO # 2

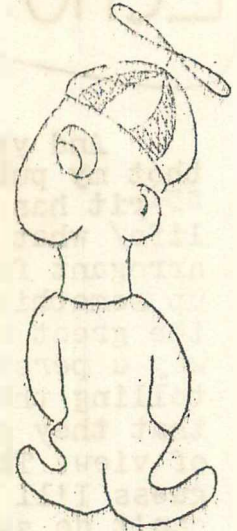
LATE FALL 1955

ECHO-----by that person-----Page 2
GUEST EDITORIAL---by Ray Thompson-----Page 4
(on attitudes, fanzines, and such.)
BLOG DICTIONARY*-----age 7
STARLIGHT-----by Lyle Amlin-----age 8
TORTURE GARDEN---by that person again Page 9
(a fmz review)
THE EMPTY YEARS---by Jan Sadler-----Page 12
WIND IN THE WILLOWS-----Page 14
RE=ECHO-----again yet-----Page 17

BRILLIC..... is produced under the auspices of Impeccable Publications and is edited and published by Larry S. Bourne who compromises the remaining staff. This issue is being sold for 10¢, the price being determined by the whims of the editor at the time. All material will be gladly accepted and just as gladly sent back if it does not please the editor. The publishing address is Box 5044 Portland 13 Oregon.

(This anauteur magazine not approved by Good Housekeeping.)

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an impeccable
publication

All words and phrases found in this magazine can be found in the Webster's Dictionary or the Dictionary of Slang and Obscene Language.

ART CREDITS

Front cover
and back. --Rotsler

Rotsler--P. 9

Ralph R. Phillips
--P. 3 & 11.

Jaunita Coulson.--
P. 7 & 15.

Dan Adkins--P. 10.

Dave Rike--P. 6.

Bowart--P. 6

Brownston--P. 8,16,17

ECHO

And yet another ish of Brillig has come out. For a while I thot my pubbing would have to cease for awhile but my fannish spirit has won out. No one is giong to tell me what hobby/ way of life/ what have you I can or cannot have. This may seem a bit arrogant for me to say this but why should I be forced to give up something that means a lot to me? Some people think they are the great authorities on everything under the sun including the way a person should live and think. They usually resent someone telling them what they should do. I suppose the main reason is that they cannot think...cannot appreciate the other persons point of view. This condition has been with us since man himself so I guess I'll just have to put up with it. That doesn't mean that I can't do something about it..such as pubbing this rag.

if

You all should be glad/you've got a hand feed mimeo, ditto, ditto or any other sort of machine that duplicates. You're lucky if you do. Unlike most trufans I have the misfortune to have an electric machine with various and sundry assesories to confuse and frustrate. I had the misfortune to obtain an electric model 77B (an old, old type of machine), ABD with the dubious distinction of having an autoslip attached to it. It sounds like a good sort of machine but actually it is one hell of a thing to run.

I don't dare run the motor becus I'm afraid something will get out of adjustment and before I could shut off the machine half a dozen otherthingswill I go wrong. I don't use the autoslip becus it's too much trouble.

It's like to off becus it that causes trouble. the connected to of the machine as to this diffic- machine with what so ever. machine to to pull up a very end of and sometim-even feed that. Just weeks ago ed to run first or thish.



uble. In fact take the thing is the thing the most autoslip is the main part ine in such a make it horr- ult to run the any effecency To get the feed, I have lever at the the autoslip es it won't after I do tha just a few I star- of the sheets The

track all over that poor

machine had a tendency to feed in jerks, and not print at all. In fact it didn't do anything but that. I slaved over that damn thing for two hours. The only way I could get the thing to work at all was to run it very slowly. I finally gave up in disgust and left the crypt where I keep the machine. A few days later when I tried it a second time it worked fine. I hate mimeographs!

For awhile I thot I'd finally gained a convert to the ultimate of hobbies, a female one at that. A few weeks ago I was walking to school with a girl I met at a church group meeting. We began talking about various and sundry things and the subject came up as to what did I do for recreation. Being a truthful person (occasionally), and not caring whether or not I was a fan, I told her. She told me she thot it was very interesting. Realizing that this was a good chance to show her the true path to nirvanah I invited her up to my office (actually it's the journalism room of the high school where I reside and stagnate), during lunch as I would usually be there. Oddly enough she agreed which made me very happy.

Lunch time came along with lunch but no girl. So I waited, and waited, and waited some more. Still no girl. I had to go to the post office so I wrote a note on the black board telling her to wait

She was sitting there when I came back so I went at the task of making a fan out of her. I gave her a small pile of fnzs to read during her study hall so she wouldn't have to study. She said that they were much too many of them so she took only four, promising that she'd bring them back the next day, during lunch.

Came the next noon but no girl. No fanzines either. I figured that she was a slow reader so I wasn't worried. She only had an ish of Grue, Eisfa, Wendigo, and SFR. Was I worried? I was hysterical. The next noon came and so did she, with the fanzines. She thrust them at me and said "I couldn't understand them." and then she walked out. I was shocked to the depths of my fannish spirit. And she was such a nice girl too!

And so ended the narrative of the broken fan. As he picked up his beanie, zap gun, and twelve string gitar and strolled off up the straight and narrow path to ~~fan~~fandom, which curved and wobbled and sometimes turned completely upside down, he sang an old old ballad which ran thusly...

"Oh I'm a true true phan and I could type all day, but I see no use to continue.. for..

I.. have..nothing..more..to say.



**SWILDOLPH THE
BADNOSED BRAIN
BEER**

*Since
Cora Jansz*



A

GUEST EDITORIAL

ON ATTITUDES, FANZINES,
AND SUCH.

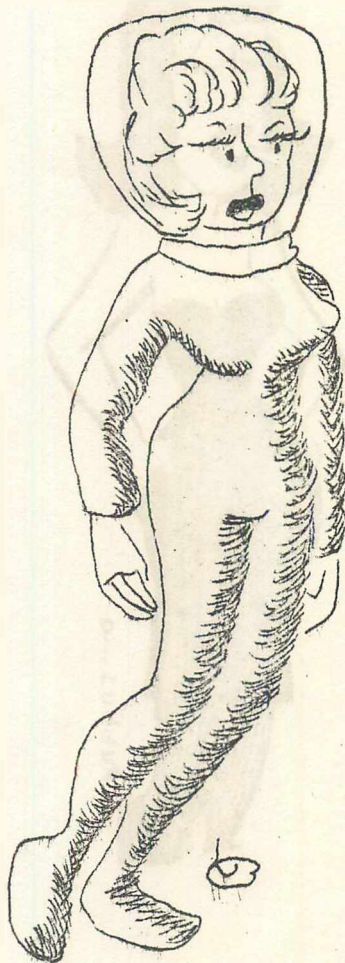
~~RAY THOMPSON~~

A person who professes to be a reviewer, be it of fanzines, books, or any of the other melange of printed matter in circulation, is brought into contact with a goodly number of the creations which he is supposed to review. Because of this, he is able to acquire a certain amount of perspective in dealing with his reviews--and this perspective rubs off when he views the publications from a standpoint of an interested bystander.

A good number of fanzines come across the desk of a fanzine reviewer; some of them are of top quality, some are very good, some stink, and a great majority are average. It is, of course, the reviewer's job to pick out which ones he considers best, and inform his readers as to the obvious, and not-so-obvious, merits, or lack of same, of these publications. His success and popularity as a reviewer largely depend on his attitude toward fandom and his readers.

Now, not only is this true of a reviewer, but it is also true, of any run-of-the-mill fan who sits down now and then and taps out a letter on his typer, or any BNF who puts out his 60 page fanzine every other day. The fan's attitude determines how he will be received.

Let us examine a hypothetical man moving into a new neighborhood with his family of one wife, three children, and a dog and cat. The attitudes of this man, his wife, his kids, and his animals, determines his reception. He can go out and kick his next door neighbor in the teeth at their first meeting, and get the reputation for being an out-and-out sorehead, and nobody will have anything to do with him. Or, he can go out, and greet his neighbor be friendly, entertain guests in the evening, being a perfect host, be kind to the rest of the neighborhood kids and animals, and get

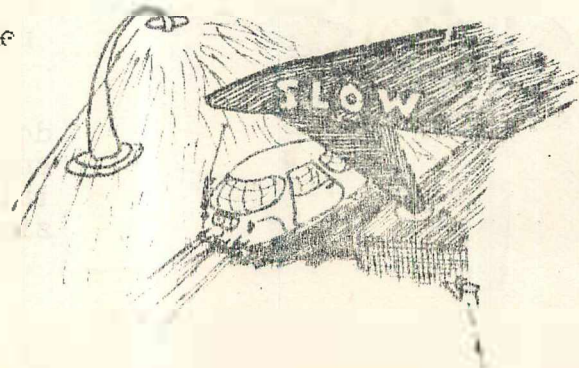


the reputation for being a regular fellow. In any case how he regards his neighbors is the important thing. If he wants to be friendly, and wants to be well liked and popular, then he will make every effort to be so. But if our hypothetical man doesn't care a damn how his neighbors regard him, then he won't be both bothered with such a trivial thing as befriending them.

As was mentioned earlier, a reviewer meets a great number of fanzines. So does a trader, or any other halfway active fan. And, at the present time, many new titles are coming up, these are edited by fans who are not well-known to even a few fans. They are breaking in on a field which is probably stark-new to them. The conditions, therefore, that applied to our hypothetical friend apply also to the neofaneditor. His attitude toward fandom, as displayed in his fanzine, will largely, decide his reception.

It has been said that a fanzine mirrors the faneditor's personality. How true this is! It is such a pity and a shame that the average faneditor does not realize this as much as he ought. For, not only does his fanzine mirror the faneditor's personality--it also gives an insight into how he feels about the work he is doing. For, if he puts together a two- or three page rag that is barely readable, it is quite easy to determine that he is, actually, not really serious about fandom, and most likely, anything else. He does not really care if he succeeds or not. On the other hand, if he honestly tries to do his best, even if he does not put together a 70-page magazine; if the material is the best he can get--for, even though he may turn out to be a top editor, material for those first few issues is hard to come by--and his presentation is his best work, with the little experience he has had, then it is a safe bet that he intends to try to do his level best to make a good fanzine out of his venture. And for that he is to be congratulated.

One of the chief types of fanzine in this weary age is the "humorzine," or "Snapzine", usually a mixed up melange of bad poetry, stale jokes, and peurile silliness. This in contrast to the humorous magazines of not too long ago, when a good number of top comic writers were still in the field, and in contrast to the soul-satisfying meaty tones that contained material that took some time to get through.



However, once done, you knew you'd read something worth the trouble.

The snapzine how ever , is usually run off in not less than two hours, with little attempt at layout, no presentation whatsoever, and no attempts at proof-reading. The result is usually far from satisfying.

It is easy to be funny--or so it seems. At least it is easy to make wisecracks, which are usually funny to no one but the person who makes them. There is very little work to putting out a snapzine, because we're all comedians anyway or so we think. Consequently, 'humorous' remarks flow easily onto the paper. Fanwriters must think too hard to think long thoughts which make sense; editors must work too hard putting them on paper in a balanced layout. And nobody's interested in balanced layout in a snapzine, anyway.

Let's face it--today's average fan is lazy. A real fanzine takes work--and he's not used to it. Where four years ago, a good many fanzines were coming out on regular schedules, now there is a mess of irregulars' which may come out four times in one month, and then not again for another year. There is not to my knowledge --a leading monthly fanzine now in existence. And only one fanzine of any great regularity features thoughtful articles, of any kind.

Too much work involved.

This lax condition is having a certain amount of effect on today's neofan. they see these snapzines all about them, and think that this fandom's best. which it is certainly not. They're not

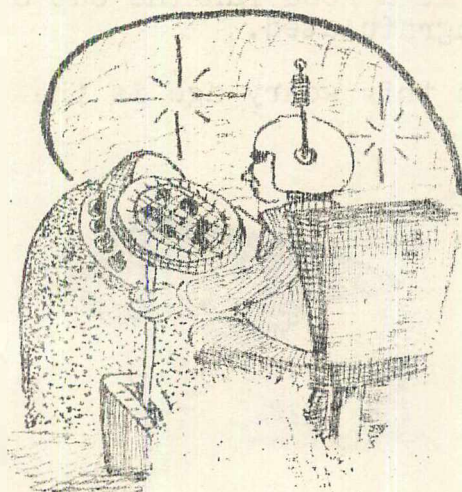
very good impressions to be forming. Consider Joe neofan over in the corner doing his level best, trying to make an impression on a wild bunch of screwballs engaged in a drunken bacchanal. What good is a good attitude in a bunch like that? If he can't think of five new Little Willies in as many minutes, show him the door!

What should be done is to cut down on frequency of publication of a snapzine, so as to get time and material to do a good job on a bigger fanzine. Less quantity and more quality.
(continued on page 11)



Publius

"Who's a fan?
I'm a guest of
Mr. Bloch.



BLOG DICTIONARY

Ba Blogged----Being under the influence of Blog.
Bloggrell----Verse praising Blog.
Do-Blogged----Soberd up.
Slogging----The act of drinking Blog.
Bl oggettes----Female Blog addicts
Bloggery----A place devoted to serving Blog.
Blogden Hash----Famous Blog Drinking Poet.
Bloggese----The language of Blog.
Blog Con----A convention for the purpose of drinking blog.
Bloggabo----Agadoo for Blog.
Ervin go Bloggery----of how Richard E. Geis resisted Blog.
Bloggery----A forest wherein bootl egged Blog is made.
Bl ogology----The science of preparing Blog.
Blogists----Devotees of Blog.
Bl ogitis----Acute drunkenness. (Delerium Tremens).
How even is that
Bloggie in the window-A popular song singing the praises of Blog.

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(hurry
first come first served).



-STARLIGHT-

By Lyro

A star is like unto a passing love,

It comes out of nothingness, shines
brightly, dims and dies, again passing
into nothingness.

I have seen stars born, live and die.
I have heard their peoples laugh, sing,
and cry. I am Lyro..

Space sits alone. Turning, burning,
spurning the efforts of men.

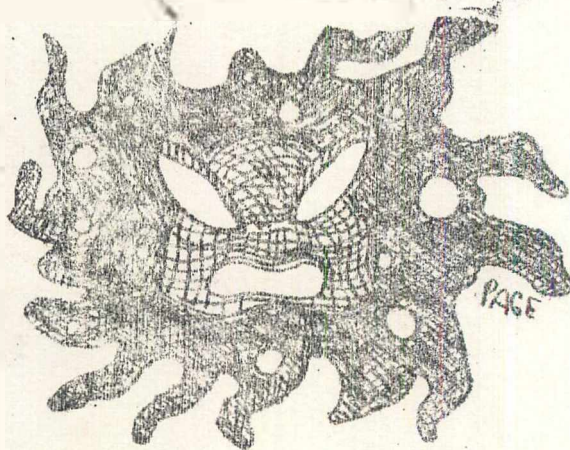
I have tranversed space. I have viewed
the majestic wonders it beholds. I am
Lyro.

Stars shall live and stars shall die,
but men shall live on to try.

Planets hold no fear to me. All of them
shall I see--unto the last one--even the one
that holds no Sun.

Spacewise it stands as thus: no man can/
travel it without turning dust. /rust,

Lyro...has...spoken...



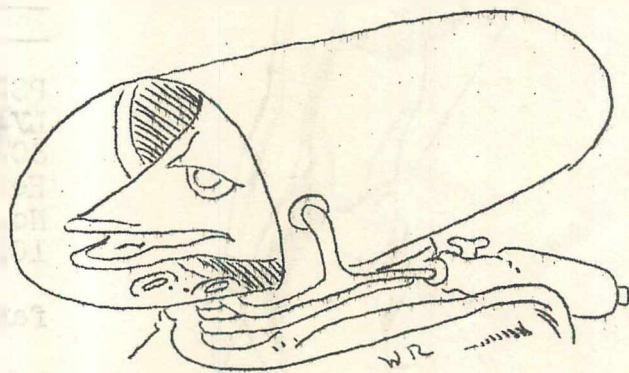
A Review column conducted by the Editor..

Eclipse----- Ray seems to be slowly advancing from Ray Thompson-- the sloppy, to the fairly reproduced stage. 410 S. 4th st. Unfortunately he hasn't made it yet. He Norfolk Neb.-- does feature good material tho. A large bit of it is good anyway.

Ray does the best editorial writing of anyone I know of. The path of totality is the the best fannish editorial I have seen yet.

Next in th order of back to front is Dragons Island, by one J, Martin Graetz. A column (I think), having to do with a series Stopi... might add that it's rather interesting.-Then comes Pilau, A review column in which Ray gave me a bad review. (Shame on you Ray).-Progress, by Warren E. Link is a living monument to Ecch. No more need be said, about this. Indiscriminate poetry by Henry Martin is rather good. It's titled 'Consider the Faneditor and it's written in that free versey style. Eek. is ended (very nicely by the way by a letter column and various editorializings.

Whimsey----- A poetry zine consisting mainly of Ron voight--- poetry. Some 2859 Sullivan of it is good St Louis Mo.- and some of a 50¢percopyy-- it is not so good. Poetry is. poetry however.. anyone who likes free verse in a serious mood will like Whimsey. I like it. The price is too much for the quality in my estimation tho.



Science Fiction Review (Number 22, yet.----- Richard Geis----- 1525 N.E. Ainsworth--- Portland 11, Ore.----- 15¢ per copy.-----

SFR I'm afraid does'nt come up to what Psy did. Dick seems to have injected a sort of nastiness in SFR which is not helped bme bit by the various and sundry letters found in the letter section. In fact in the letter section

people are using name calling and throwing profane language around. (I'm not referring to the lengthy discussions of sex, but to the actually profane terms used.) All in all, SFR seems to be the worst creation of Dick's I have ever seen..

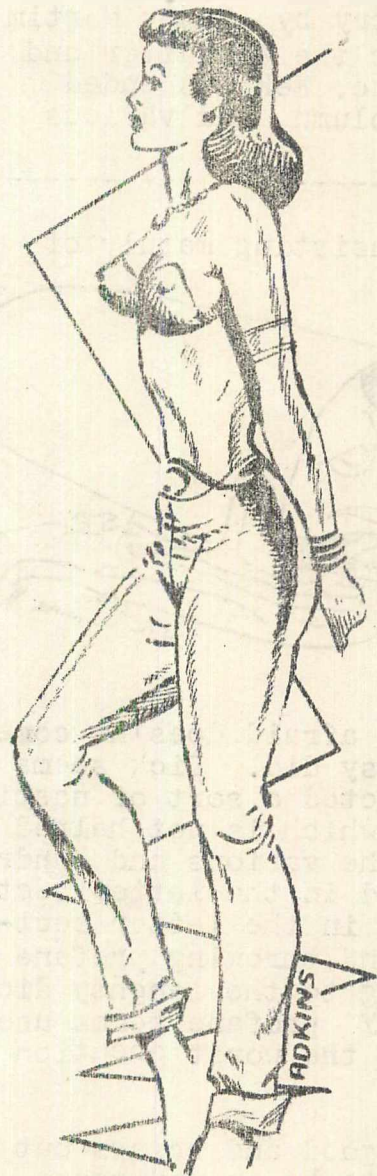
'A Monolog' by the editor, is good and brings out Geises personality but there seems to be an undertone of visciousness. (I may be mistaken).

A 35¢ ticket and the October Galaxy", by Everett Sloan is a good condemnation of Galaxy. I do not think that Galaxy is quite that bad tho.

Here we come to the worst part of Sfr. Namely, comment by the readers. I have never seen such bitches before, Gripe, gripe, gripe. Of cuss there a few good letters, but the rest; nothing but gripes, blasts, accusations and whatall. (Tsk. And I thot fans were such nice persons.)

EISFA--
B & J Coulsen--
407 E. 6th St.
N. Manchester--
Indiana-----
Oct '55-----
50¢ 50¢ per yr-

Eisfa very nice this ish. Eisfa is nice all the time anyway so I suppose one could have a stock phrase allready, such as Eisfa is very nice this ish. The front cover is on greyish paper and has a dragon type bem on it, holding a glass of some sort of liquid (Bheer?),. The caption is 'Bnf of 2231'. A real roscocoe cover The inside pages are of a goldenrod sort of colour which is easy on the eyes and nice to read. The contents run mainly to a Conre- port by Bob Briney. It's longness and the fact that it's practacally the only thing in thiscurrant ish detracts slight- ly from the quality of thish of Eisfa. A letter section, a humorous type of somethingorother by Thomas Stratton, called the man from the day before yes- terday, and various odds and ends con- stitute the rest of Eisfa. A tru fannish fanzine.



Let's go for a swim!

PSI-----	Harmless fan? Says who!
Lyle Amlin----	I suppose it's all
307 E. Florida	right to put that on
Hemet Calif.--	PSI's mast-head but I
No. 5-----	wouldn't go as far as
10¢ per ish---	to think others would
	believe it. (Harmless
	fan my Ghul)

This is a good issue under the standards of today's fandom. Under other more impeccable standards, (mine), It's better than good. I believe that Lyle has put out a better ish than Geis did for his fifth issue of Psychotic.

Starting out from front to back I come to the editorial: which is the usual thing for editorials but interesting non the less. The Book Nook by Peter Eberhard is good: but not exceptional. Experiment: Telepathy I like. Not too well written but very interesting and informative. It sounds as if they really found something out. Janus, by Dainis Bisenieks is so so.

The compost heap, by Bob Hoskins is a fairly good review of fanzines. Nothing outstanding tho. Now I comes to a thing called The Art Of Begging, (Or how to get fanzine material). by one Greg Benford. I myself don't think too much of it since I've read lots and lots of them. But for people who find it hard to get material and don't know how to obtain it, this is worth reading. Traveling further I find the worst part of Psi. A page of crud I won't even bother to comment on. The Moon On a pogo stick I like very much. This by Dennis Bisenicks, I have never tho't too much of how persons would get around on the moon, Now I know. Tips For Typos is a humorous sort of thing. I can't say much about it except I tho't it was funny and I liked it. Lastly is the letter section which is like any other letter section.



An announcement here before I go on. I have recieved A letter from Dennis Moreen (not a letter exactly, more of a nineoed page) stating that he is gafiating. One more fan to go the way.

This be the last page I type thish. If it seems cruddy It's because I am in a Horrible mood. On to another review I think.

ALPHA-----	Jan & Dave state that are changing radically.
Jan Jansen &-----	They are. Thish of Alpha goes only to 16
Dave Vendelnans----	pages. A big change from the thirty or fourty
Oct. 55. V2 N2-----	pages they usually put out. They are also
229 Berchenler-----	going to go their seperate ways so to speak.
Borgerhout Belgium,	Two Alphas will be pubbed instead of one.
1.5 per.-----	They will be stapled together one being upside
	down. Each one pubbing a different mag'.

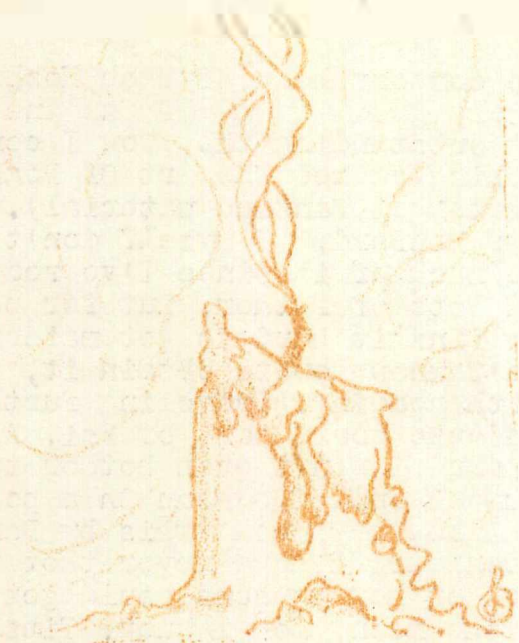
On to the contents. (I must warn you that I haven't read Alpha through yet so I may err a bit) Hold a candle to the devel, by Anton. Ragatzy seems to be a very good article. On what I don't know as I haven't read it yet. The rest of the contents are, are, are, are. Come to think of it there are no more contents, only a lett r section. The reason for the small issue is the lack of material. It seems no one sends then much of anything. This must be remedied. All in all Alpha is really one of the really worthwhile zines.

(Guest Editorial. continued from page 6)

And a serious attempt at getting away from the Hello-Joe-Whaddaya -Know?-Why-I-Just-Come-From-TheAnnimal-show--i.e., vaudivillean slapstick--type of 'humorous' scribing, and a move toward a more serious (not necessarily sercon) material. And couple that to an increased attempt at better legibility. Fandom will be much more invigorating.

THE EMPTY YEARS

— Joe Sadler



There was no fandom. It was as if someone had cupped their hands around a flame and blown. The darkness closed in suddenly, and there was no memory, because no one remembered what it was like.

But there was an emptiness, a great hole in the bottom of the souls of those who had been fans.

The one who had written sat down before the typewriter. He looked at the keys, then lit a cigarette. There was nothing to write about. He went out a front door, and over a sidewalk... over many miles of sidewalk. Smoking and thinking against the backdrop of the night.

Walking past silent houses, past deserted tricycles, and tramps sleeping in the gutter. Walking and thinking, pulling together, discarding, accepting, judging, hunting for what was gone, what was missing inside.

The one who had written returned, and began to put on paper a bit of the tramp, of children's toys. He wove into the words the longing that knocked hollowly on his heart. On into the night the old typewriter clacked sometimes hesitantly, but more often with a pressure of determination.

The agent was enthusiastic. "You'll be rich, man!" he said, and the fan was glad. But the emptiness did not go away.

The fan who had drawn threw his pencils across the room. He buried his head in his hands and cried. Soon he brushed away the tears with a half-ashamed gesture and picked a clean white canvas. As he fastened it to the frame the idea began to grow; sketched in with charcoal pencil it was majestic; completed in oils it was more beautiful than one could stand.

They came from all over the world to see it, to stand behind the red velvet rope and murmur over the colors, the brushwork.

Those who knew nothing of art caught their breath at the beauty of the figures, at the expression on the face of the kneeling woman.

It became the most valuable painting in the world. Governments, individuals, everyone wanted to own it, but it was not for sale..

They left in the little top room, where the sun hits it every morning....just as it did the morning they found the fan, destroyed by the same emptiness that created the Madonna In Oils.

It is in the nature of fans to feel the light bonds, and differences of bonds between people. It is also the nature of those who can take words from a page and transform them into a personality. Those who can walk across a space against the glare of footlights, and make grease paint wring emotion from those who pay.

They said the fanne was the culmination of all actresses before her, and the ideal of all who were to come. They marveled at the characters she resurrected to send storming across classic scenes, or the ones trading dividing lines into hell.

They said she was many things, and attributed her success to all that anyone could have understood. But if you had asked her, if you had walked into her domain of grand pianos and yellow roses and asked her, you would have found the emptiness.

There were many of them. More than had ever been assembled at one table before; the television cameras swept up and down, pausing at each well known face for the audiences of the world.

The president was talking, naming the accomplishments of those who sat around him. There was the philosopher, the one who wrote the book; the scientist; the humorist; the actress. There was the Irish politician, the Great Mediator as he was properly called; the teacher...all of the great benefactors of humanity who had revealed themselves within a year's time.

They sat around the table uncomfortably, wishing the formalities were over. Under a reproduction of Madonna In Oils the president was finishing; "We shall call this 'The Year Of The Geniuses'" His words faded into the crowded banquet hall.

The celebrities, the fans.

There was no fandom. It was as if someone had cupped their hands around a flame and blown. The darkness closed in suddenly, and there was no memory, because no one remembered what it was like.

But there was an emptiness, a great hole in the bottom of the souls of those who had been fans...

The Wind in the Willows

A letter section.

(Anything for a title.)

Joan W. Carr

I've just finished reading BRILLIG, and since you ask for letters I thought maybe I should send you one. I intend to anyway, but that is beside the point. There was only one thing that annoyed me about this issue, and it was connected with Dave Jenrette's article. Apart from the fact that I dislike the way in which this is written (haven't got time to go into the wheres and whyfords of that) perhaps you could tell me why Jenrette speaks of dropping missiles from a space station (because he wishes to point out the disadvantages) and of guided missiles being able to destroy such a station? This appears to me to be 'selecting the facts to fit the theory' with avengence! It is obvious that missiles will not be dropped from a space station since they would burn up in the atmosphere. & What? If guided missiles can go up, then surely they can come down? In powered flight around the earth if necessary, to avoid over heating....and then there would be no difficulty in hitting the correct target....yes?

Enjoyed the rest of the zine very much....and since I'm again the only serious article you carried I'll doubtful be accused of not appreciating the more serious aspects of fandom....or something stupid like that. The point being that I do appreciate serious material just as much as humor....only lets be more logical damn?

* You have a good point there Joan. I'm not sure that you're right about rockets burning up in the atmosphere tho. I think they don't but quote me. Please don't think badly of Dave about the article. He told me when he sent it he knew he was wrong and would send another article to refute the first one.

Nigel Lindsay ---The Case For Space Travel---

Dave Jenrette is a fugghead.

Not a real 'terrible fugghead' of course, but just 'fugghead' enough to have written a load of blooey and booeey in the last issue, called THE CASE AGAINST SPACE TRAVEL, in which he says:

"Let's face a fact. People do things only when there is a reason..There is no reason for going to the moon or Mars. The moon has nothing that could be brought back that wouldn't cost more time to transport across space than its actually worth. Could you pay ten dollars for a one dollar bill? It doesn't make sense".

Ron Eltik

Dear me, the POSTCARD QUOTE WHU-
NKRY really baffled you, did it? Comp-
letly stumped? Can't figure it out?

Esk, you should meet the other
hundred people who can't figure it
out.

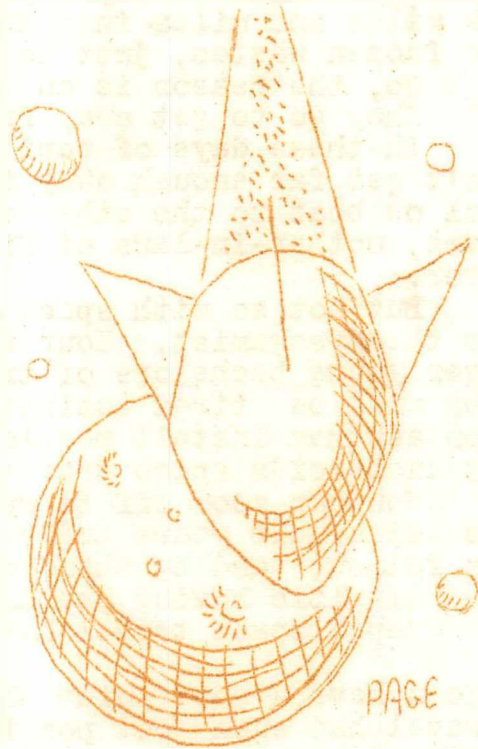
It's really very simple.
Every so often (actually, when I
feel like it) I publish an issue of
the pqw. I mimeograph anywhere from
50-100 copies (depending on how much
mazuma I have in my pocket at the time),
and send them out. The first
couple of issues were marked "FREE.
NO MAILING LIST KEPT" and I have
nobly held to that. To decide onto
whom I will send a particular ish,
I just make out the mailing list for
FANTASTIC Story mag (newly titled:

MALIGNANT) (due out last January--
still coming) and start turning pages.
As I come across a name I think would
enjoy it, I put a card in the typer
and type that name and address on it. Simple as that. It just
happened that with that last issue (there haven't been any
since, although two are stencilled) you happened to be lucky(?)
enough to get it.

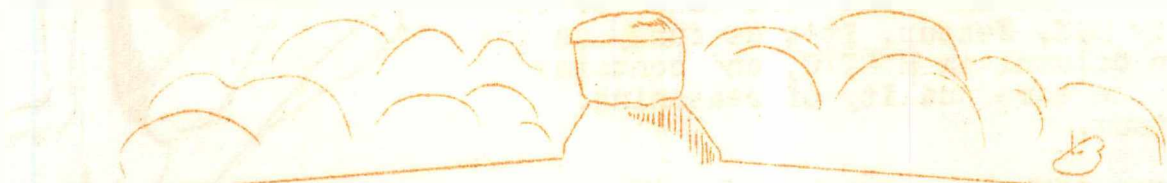
As for the quote marked "--L.B. high school student, "that
beant Long Beach. I happened to hear the preceding quote
during Chemistry class one day last year, but didn't know who
said it. Besides even if I gave his name, you can imagine the
impression it would make on the readers of pqw.

One note: When mailing out the pqw, I do not worry about
who is quoted. Chad Oliver has been quoted twice (from SHADOWS
IN THE SUN) but has never recieved a copy. I showed it to him
at the westercon tho... anyway, just because someone receives
one does not mean he will receive the next--or any others.
Should he request more, I'll keep his name circled in red
in my memory--but my memory is my only mailing list.

* For those of you who are wondering why I included this letter,
the fact is, I thought it would be of interest, especially to
those who've recieved the pqw.*



PAGE



Now then when have people been doing things only when there is a reason? Men don't climb Mount Everest to see what they can bring back and sell at a profit. They don't go umpteen miles down under the ocean in a bathysphere to catch fish. And they don't track miles and miles into the Antarctic, through snow and ice and frozen wastes, just to set up in the tutti-frutti business.

No, the reason is an entirely different and less obvious one. They go to get away from their women-folk.

In these days of rapid trans-global transport, men just can't get far enough away from their women-folk. They might take a slow boat to the other end of the earth, but any day hordes of wives, mother-in-laws or fiancées are liable to drop in by helicopter.

But not so with space travel. It provides the perfect answer for the mysogamist. Your early space pioneers will not be the eager young bachelors of traditional science-fiction, no siree. They will be tired businessmen and henpecked husbands, and as soon as they install poppies on the nearest planets and the larger asteroids space travel will become a flourishing concern.

You can zoom off to rare or somewhere knowing that the wife has gotta wait years -- years for the next opposition before she can follow, and by then you can be lost anyplace in the plane of the ecliptic having one hell of a high old time.

Yep, space travel has a future all right.

{ To u have a good point there Nigel. I hadn't realized that space travel had such good possibilities. Oh well,, one must live and I earn I suppose }

Chuck Coulson

Sorry about BRILLIG. It's all my fault. I used to finish off previews by sending material to them (they always sent it back, but the shock was usually too much.) and now I'm killing domains just by mentioning them. (Proof? Read on! I mention BRILLIG---BRILLIG folds. I mention PSYCHOTIC---this changes the title to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. I mention PSY---this changes back to PSYCHOTIC---SPR after one issue. I mention ACTIFAN ACTIFAN hasn't appeared for about three months now. I mention EPITOME---EPITOME vanishes. I'm sorry I said anything about BRILLIG I guess I just have the kiss of death.

Boy oh boy am I going to mention LICE!!

Be sure and read "The Case For the Bull" by M.E. Jessup. It's as funny as the better columns in HUSTLE, and contains about the same quality of reasoning. Marious.

Here's hoping you have a bigger, better (and cheaper) BRILLIG in another issue.



Here, at the far rear of the mag known as Brillig, lies RE-ECHO..Which is, in fact,

RE-ECHO

I have had troubles. Some of the troubles you will notice when reading this rag. The others are not so evident but are/were there just the same. You may have noticed the wonderful repro on pages 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. I as you can see used brown ink which that doesn't work well at all. A further flaw, (namely I figured leaving out the cushion sheet would work better), helped greatly. My impeccable type machine decided it would act up too. I ran out of brown ink, and had to use black for the remainder of this thing and I couldn't get the machine to feed. (A cold snap was in process at this time and due to a strange quirk in the machine, it wouldn't feed during cold weather. While I was having my various troubles A group of intelligent and considerate gentlemen, were hired to put insulation on the various pipes and whatall that grace the place where I keep my machine. They managed to get it all over my machine in the process, not to mention stepping on some of the completed pages I had laid down on one of the tables with loving care.



During this time I also aquired a sprained arm, and a sprained finger which made, or helped to make as the case may be, Brillig later than usual. Well I suppose those are all the major troubles I was graced with at the present time. but I'm sure I'll have many, many more before this thing comes out.

For some of you I have extremely bad news. For others, well...some of course will be overjoyed..The fact of the matter is, is that Richard Erwin Geis is folding SFR like the arabs and as silently stealing away. He wont be starting up Psychotic again either. This time it's for good. To make it short he is gafiating. Never again will the name of Geis ring throughout fandom..He remarked to me on one of my periodical visits to his place of business, that he was giving up fandom up for good. He also mentioned that he was even turning in his Gestetner. He has al ready given all the remaining stenofax illos he had on hand to Cliff Gould. (Grr.)

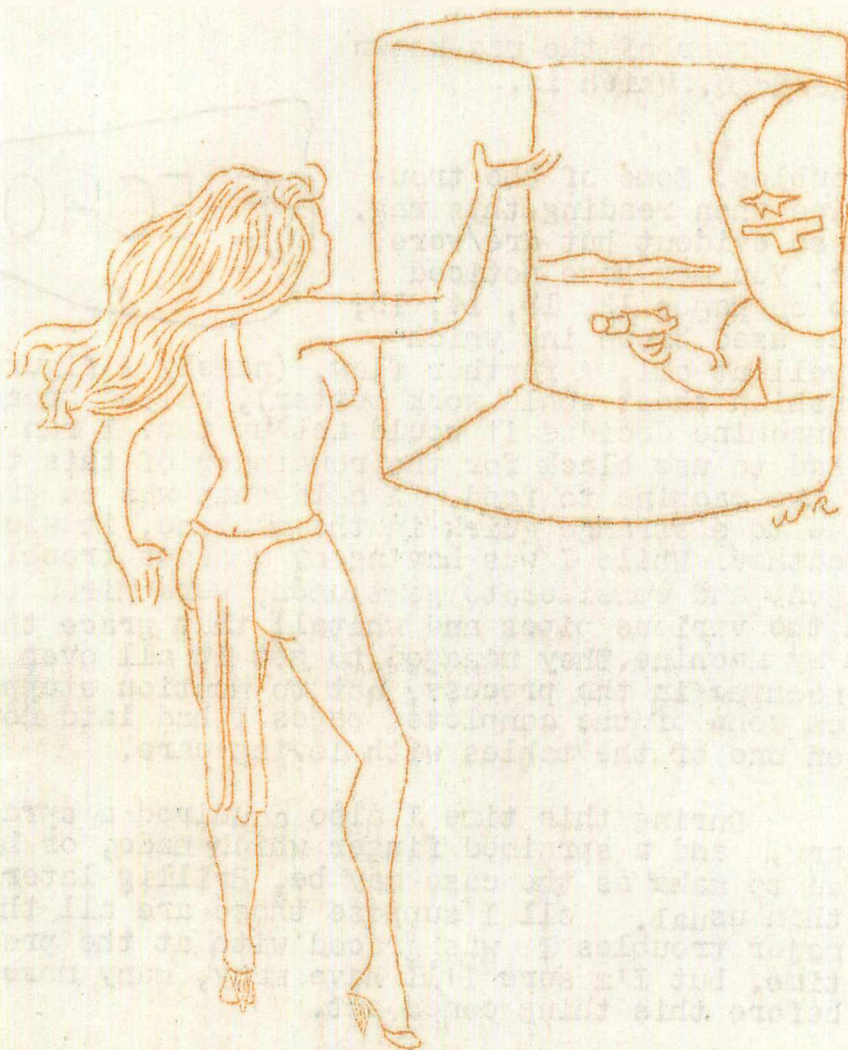
"We seek to find the jars of Solomon and liberate the imprisoned
gentlemen." Clark
shton Smith.

By the way, in the future don't send any trades to Dick. Send them to me as I am the only active faned in Portland. Send all the complimentary, to Dick.

I see it's time to go now. So, naturally I will leave.

Cheers..

Larry



BRILLIG

L.S. Bourne Box 5044 Portland Ore,



TRADE

// COMPLIMENTARY

// SUBSCRIPTION

FREE

If you can
Review it,
Please do it.

EM Carr
5314 Ballard
Seattle Wash.