



EXCELSIOR!







THE Jean Shepard  
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BRILLIG, an impeccable publication, is published edited, and slaved over for OMPA and numerous other nice type peoples, by Lars Bourne, who resides at 2436 2436 1/2 Portland St, Eugene Oregon. There is no charge for this effort but the copies are limited, so take care that you don't get on the wrong side of me. I get mean. The frequency is more or less quarterly, depending on the whims of the gods and to facilitate my bringing this into OMPA. All types of material is acceptable, as are all types of artwork.



ECHO

"I've got you under my skin."  
#1, on the hit Parade for  
special type bems.

-----  
Tha's certainly one heck of  
a thing to start another old  
ish of BRIG with, isn't it.  
I suppose one might as well  
start with something--so why  
not something like that. It's  
certainly interesting what  
one can think up in relation

to Fannish hit parade songs. You can blame Ron Ellik, the misguided  
marine boot, for the idea. He taught me the tricks of the trade, so  
to speak, so I feel that I should be absolved of all blame in the  
matter, for after all....



-----  
Hooray for Jean Shepard and the Night People. Excelsior! This  
night people business is really something, especially for night people  
that is. Night People, for the uninformed, are peoples who work at  
night, usually around New York (where the whole business got started)  
when the "Grubby day people" have gone to bed for the night. Night  
People are people who don't like "routine, regimentation, slogans,  
gimmicks, timetables, and in general possess the inclinations of a  
free spirit." (The quotes by the way, are from an issue of SAGA, the  
exact issue of which I don't have the figures on right at the moment.  
Edw. Linn being the author. I would be a scholarly sort of chap and  
footnote all of this for you, but unfortunately I've had more than  
enough of footnotes for the time being, thank you anyway.) Getting  
back to the recitation, this idea was/is all the brain child of Jean  
Shepard, a Nyark Dee Jay who had (has maybe, I haven't kept too much  
track, and besides, Eugene is no place to recieve Nyark) a night type  
(you know, with owls) program over station WOR in Nyark.

How it all got started I haven't the faintest Idea, I wasn't  
there. The end result was, however, that in New York and the surround-  
ing countryside, reside thousands and thousands of loyal Night People  
who think that Jean Shepard is a good man and true, and to tell you  
the truth the feeling is mutual. Somewhere, somehow, I have misplaced  
a very important something-or-other that gives much more information  
than I have at my reager disposal, but unfortunately to say, I lost it.

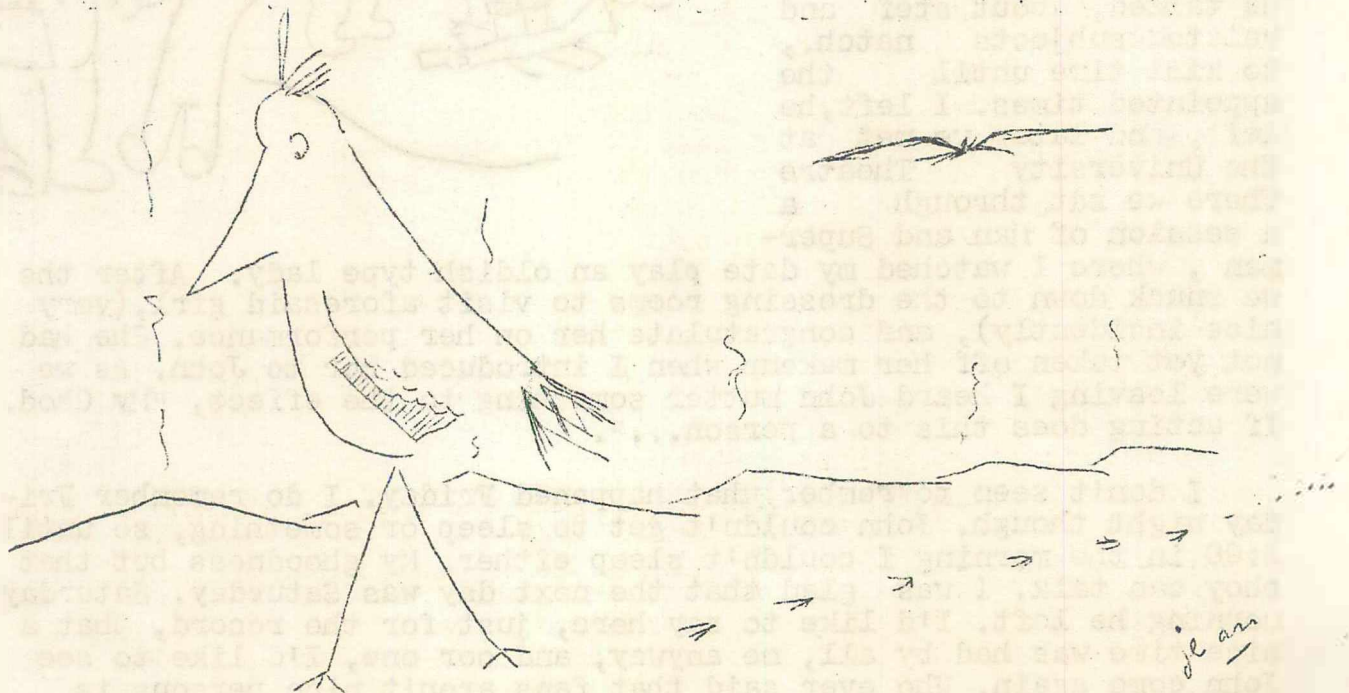
I know a fellow who went through college only on Mickey Mouse  
courses.

One particular result of this business, was the great book hoax.  
Shepard one April morning, (an early one, around the three ay ems)  
was talking about the stupidities and inanities of the Day People,

their "unquestioning faith in their systems and their apparatus; their machines, their switchboards, their filing cabinets." He drifted around to books and the best-seller list. Serze, "let's hit them where they're most impregnable! Let's create a book! They can argue with abstractions, they can debate whether best-seller lists are good or bad, but they can not argue with hordes of people asking for the same book."

As some of you know, the hoax was carried out successfully, with demands for the book coming from such far away places as Canada, Stuttgart, Hamburg, Amsterdam and Finland. The hoax became eminently successful in other ways too. THE VILLAGE VOICE, a Greenwich village weekly, printed a front page interview with the non-existent or who had the name of Fredric Ewing. A group of Lafayette University students presented Ewing with an award for "Outstanding contribution to English letters", and the book was even reviewed in the New York Times, which is nice, considering. That reminds me of the Plainfield Teacher's College incident, but that's another story.

I did have the good fortune, (or bad as the case may be), to pick up a HC copy of I Libertine. I ordered it special from one of the local book stores, just to be ostentatious. And it is ostentatious as a matter of fact. It looks exactly like a cheap sex novel, which in part it is. Sex novel yes, cheap no. When it had arrived I had completely forgotten I had ordered it, and when a school-teacherish voice called me up, over the phone, I was surprised. I rushed down to the book store just as soon as I could scrape up \$2.75 and bought the thing. It wasn't in such good condition after I unwrapped it in the confines of the house, but I didn't care. It looks more interesting with a bent cover. I suppose the shipping didn't do it any good. Concerning the contents of this literary gem; the writing was bad,



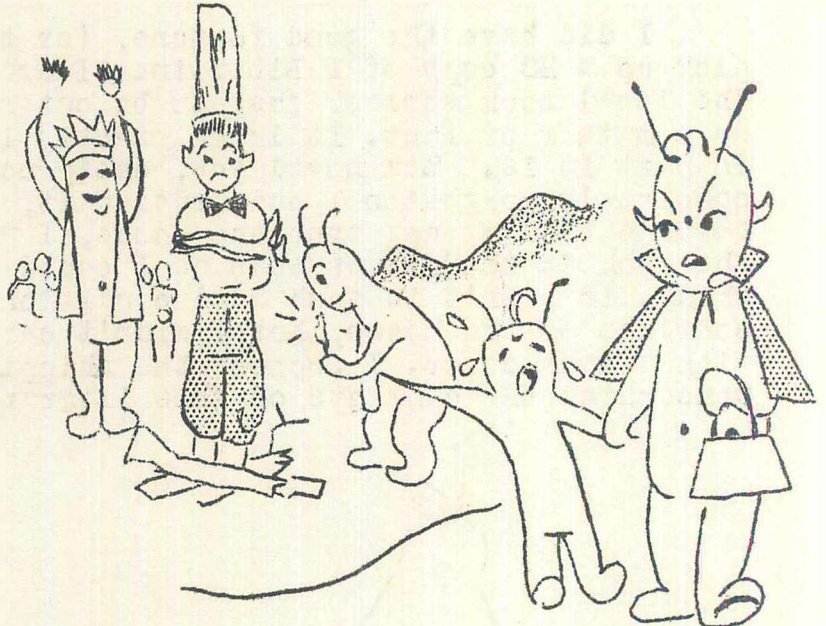
Roubidoux Bird



and the plot was ridiculous. None the less, I did enjoy it despite all the flaws, the 'old English' style dialogue and a few of the cruder racy bits. (Now don't think that I'm changing my opinion on er, certain things. It's just that I dislike my pornography with old English dialogue.)

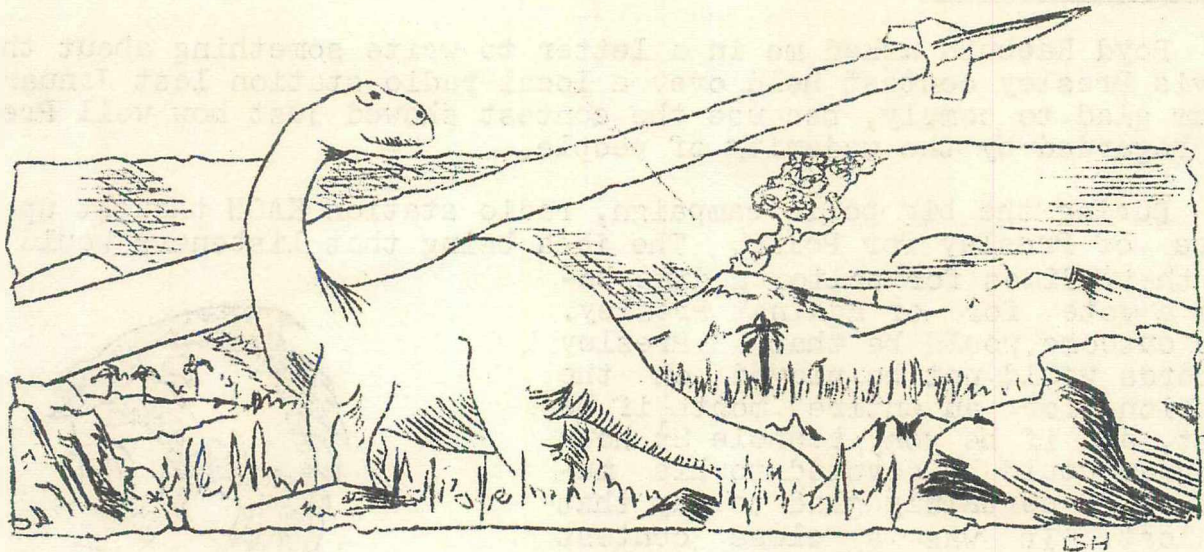
### A CHAMPION VISIT

'Round about the seventh of February I was honored by a visit from a fannish type creature who goes by the name of John Champion. John, as many of you know edits a mag called PANattic, from up around Pendleton way. He came down here to attend a drama conference sponsored by the University, but I like to think that he came down here to visit....me. Oh well. His arrival was most inopportune as far as I was concerned. My class time is pretty well filled on Tuesday's and Thursday's, his arrival being on a Thursday. I was in the midst of a painting class when he arrived. I had left a note on the door to let him know that I would be gone and that he should walk in, and on the telephone I left a note to the effect that I would call around two, which I did, and by an odd coincidence, he was there. I quickly found a way to sneak out of painting class and bicycled madly home. There, I found John waiting for me.



Both of us had dates, I with a femme and John with his fellow travelers. We talked, about stef and related subjects natch., to kill time until the appointed times. I left, he left, and later we met at The University Theatre. There we sat through a session of Man and Superman, where I watched my date play an oldish type lady. After the play we snuck down to the dressing rooms to visit aforesaid girl, (very nice incidently), and congratulate her on her performance. She had not yet taken off her makeup when I introduced her to John. As we were leaving I heard John mutter something to the effect, "My Ghod. If acting does this to a person...".

I don't seem to rember what happened Friday. I do remember Friday night though. John couldn't get to sleep or something, so until 3:00 in the morning I couldn't sleep either. My ghoddness but that bhoy can talk. I was glad that the next day was Saturday. Saturday morning he left. I'd like to say here, just for the record, that a nice time was had by all, me anyway, and oor one, I'd like to see John come again. Who ever said that fans aren't nice persons is as soft as a grape to say the least.



# ARTHUR C. CLARKE vs. EUGENE

On February fourth, Arthur C. Clarke honoured this fair city by paying it a visit. He came mainly to give a talk on space travel and, I presume, to plug some of his books. I don't believe that the fact that there were suddenly a lot more books at the co-op store by A. C. was a co-incidence. Be that as it may, I was overjoyed that he was coming. It's not every day that a renowned sci-fi writer and ex fan comes to Eugene. In fact, I'll bet a crottled greep that this will be the only time he or any other important sci-fi notable will visit Eugene.

---

I've found the link between Apes and civilized man...  
It's us. --Arthur C. Clarke

---

The instant I discovered he would arrive, I tried to arrange to meet him, and so I did. After his speech I was able to take his picture and give him a Brillig sample. I'll bet that's the last I'll hear of that sample. Mr. Clarke is certainly a friently person. It's very hard not to like him.

He participated in one of our numerous sandwich series, which is an informal get-to-gether where the audience, which consist of only a few people, ask the ~~the~~ speaker questions about his topic. I don't believe that there were too many people who could even get Mr. Clarke half way started. Even I was at a loss to say anything.

Concerning his speech earlier in the day. It, naturally, was on space travel and related subjects. He showed slides with his talk, which consisted of some sci-fi art, a couple cartoons, and some early rocket pictures.

I must say it certainly was interesting. I was surprised at the intelligence of the students here. The auditorium was packed.

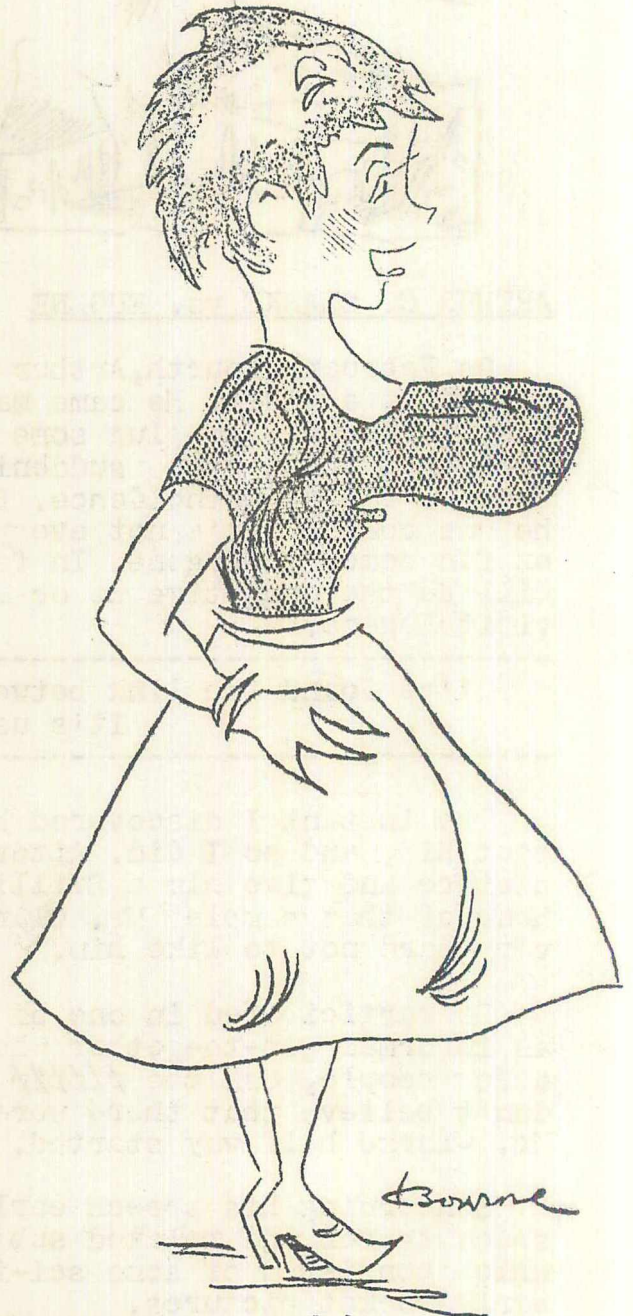


Boyd Raeburn asked me in a letter to write something about the Elvis Presley contest held over a local radio station last January. I am glad to comply, because the contest showed just how well Presley is regarded by the majority of people.

During the big polio campaign, radio station KASH thought up the idea of Presley for Polio. The idea being that listeners would send in their dimes for polio, a dime being a vote for or against Presley. The outcome would be that Presley records would not be played on the station for an entire month if he lost, and if he won, a whole 2½ hour program would be devoted to his music. I am certainly glad to say that he lost. It was a close contest though. However, Elvis was ahead by 370 some odd votes. The more intelligent and discerning listeners came to the rescue and totaled up 70 more votes against Elvis than he had for him. Elvis was not played throughout the month of February, and as matter of fact, I haven't heard him on that particular radio station since, and it's been a long time since the month of February too. I haven't especially missed The old Pelvis either. The other radio stations have not been playing his ~~stuff~~ music as much as they used to. I suppose they got into the spirit of things too.

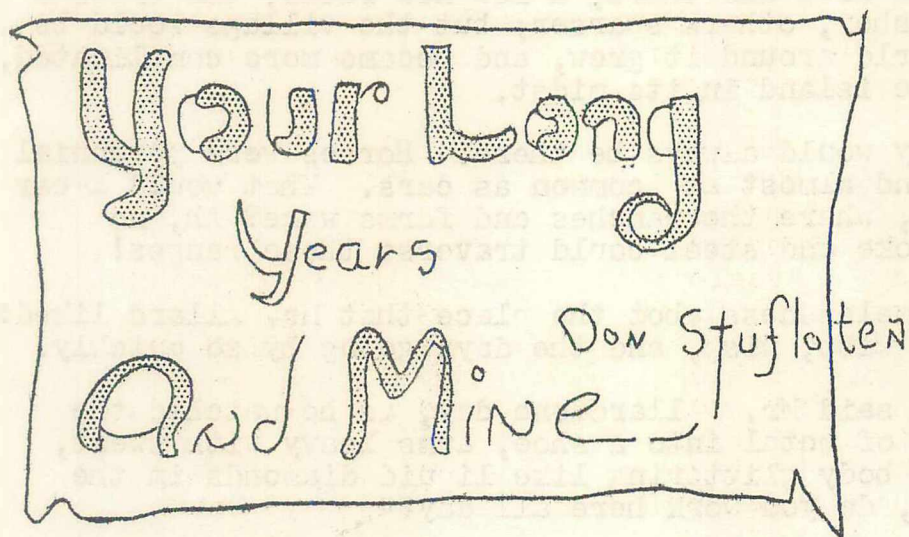
Ah yes. Elvis is going out. No more bad music from that particular guitar butcher and hip oscillator. Elvis will soon be a has been, like such notables as Rudolph Valentino, Jhonnie Rhay, and others of that ilk. Maybe he'll go into some honest work for a change, such as truck driving for instance?

-----  
I suppose most of you have heard of the Nation wide vice and corruption proceedings dealing with the Teamsters Union and Portland Oregon, my birthplace and home town. My goodness, but I didn't know that my home town and birthplace was so crooked. Even the Mayor was subpoenaed for allegedly taking a bribe. Oh well. Dot's it.



"My mom was scared by  
a Rotsler girl."





Wisp, and there went the afternoon. Wisp, wisp! two days went by, swiftly, too swiftly for you to see and stop and ask questions and hear your answers, too swiftly for you to blink your eyes and say, Whoah, there, sonny! Why don't you slow down so we can live?

Life went wisping by and Mr. Allard hated it to do so. He wanted to live: to exist: to do things, see things, be somebody. He couldn't do it with the days going by so fast, like the wisping of the old cleaning lady's broom.

God, he hated that yellow straw broom, and the old lady who made it go wisp, wisp!

She came in once a day, at exactly one o'clock, the little broom in hand, a dust cloth, a vacuum cleaner, and a forbidding grimness tight about her mouth. Twice she would knock at the door; twice she would pause, and then swing the panel open. Too bad if Mr. Allard didn't want her to enter; too bad if Mr. Allard wanted to take a nap, or bath. It was just too bad, because the wisping lady had to go wisp, wisp, sweep the dust into the cloth, buzz around with the vacuum cleaner, cleaning, cleaning; spic! span! bright and fresh, the woodwork sparkling, the two vases sparkling, the rug trying to sparkle, and Mr. Allard getting lackluster, more lackluster all the time.

And just why did that old lady have to come in and do some wisping? Why, she was the land lady, yes sir, Mr. Allard would tell himself, and she had to see that the house was kept clean -- my God, so clean! And with the wisp of the broom went the day. Just like that! Wispp wisp!

Often Mr. Allard would pick up his hat and leave before one o'clock, before that old lady invaded his apartment and his privacy and his sanity: leave it, and perhaps go into the town that had settled itself in the green valley a short distance away, had settled itself



and, it seemed, hardly grown or changed at all. Mr Allard had a strangely vivid picture of the town a thousand years hence--with perhaps a building altered here and there, a few new faces, the trees a little larger, some lusher, others sparser; but the village would be the same, while the world around it grew, and became more complicated, unknowing of the little island in its midst.

The village smithy would always be there. Horses were perennial things in the valley and almost as common as cars. What would a car to higher in the hills, where the ranches and farms were? Ah, no belching vehicle of smoke and steel could traverse those ranges!

So there was a timelessness about the place that Mr. Allard liked: it made him forget the wisp, wisp, and the days going by so quickly.

"Mr. Blacksmith," said Mr. Allard one day, as he watched the smithy shape an ember of metal into a shoe, arms heavy with sweat, and his whole face and body glittering like liquid diamonds in the light, "Mr. Blacksmith, do you work here all day?"

Mr. Allard was sitting on a stool there, by the fire, his face ruddy and more healthy looking than when he was near the wisping lady's broom. He would often sit there and watch the giant smithy work, steadily, with the ringing bell-sound of the two-pound sledge filling both the room and the ear.

The blacksmith, looking up, said, "Wh?" and then worked again on the shoe.

"Do you work here all day?" Mr. Allard swept a hand at the dim shop. "I mean do you stay here all day, pounding away at your work?"

The smith grunted, and said every day but Sunday, when he went to church like all good people did. Sometimes he looked at Mr. Allard's eager face in the darkness, aglow with more than the light of the fire, and wondered at the man and his questions. But he didn't really care, and the man wasn't much bother, and it was nice to have someone to talk to, look, smile and nod at.

"Do you get tired of your work? I know I get tired--I'm a painter, you know--and sometimes I hate the brushes and the colors, pigments, and the easel, and all that goes with it. Do you get tired of your work?"

The blacksmith paused for a moment in his work, thought, and then said sadly, "No, I don't get tired. The day goes by so fast, you know, I haven't time to get tired."

Wisp, wisp, and things were going by so fast, and yet were suspended suddenly, starkly, and Mr. Allard felt his mouth drop open and his eyes strain wide against his eyelids, and he listened:





"No, there just isn't time. All I do is pound, pound, pound!" Abruptly, there was anger on his face. He lifted the sledge savagely in his strong arm and looked at it. "I just pound away, and there goes my day!"

Wisp! pound! and the days flicked by, the way your riffle the stiff pages of a huge book with your thumb: God they went by so fast! Twice as fast as before, it seemed. For now there was more than the wisping lady's broom--there was the smithy's terrible pounding sledge.

His mind in a turmoil, Mr. Allard finally fled the country.

Over the clatter of the railroads Mr. Allard fled, through the air, in a car. And then at last, with the echos of Wisp! Pound! dimmed slightly in his ears, he arrived at his destination.

Here was a lazy country. You could tell just by looking at it: at the heat steaming from the desert floor, and the swollen size of the sun, the stolid look of the flattened mesas. Even the people who sometimes worked, more often sprawled in glimmering bit of shade, looked lazy. The way they talked--slow, easy, drawling--was lazy. Here, if anywhere, could Mr. Allard live.

Time surely stood still.  
Everything else did.

Mr. Allard found a nice dirty bit of a town deep in that broiling wilderness, and settled down there. After a bit he even took out his oils and canvasses, and tried to impart the sense of timelessness to color.

One day Mr. Allard set up his painting set beside a small clay hut and started depicting its likeness. His brush, the hair-tufted stick, dipped happily into the paint, lifted into the air, paused, seemed to think, and then with happy abandon plunged to the canvas, sometimes a bit carelessly. As he sat there painting, a Mexican peon stepped out of the hut and walked to Mr. Allard. For a long moment he watched the brush putting his house down on paper.

"You like it?" Mr. Allard finally asked, when he was all but done.

The dusky Mexican shrugged his shoulders eloquently.

"Senor," he said, "I neither like it nor dislike it. It is neither good nor bad. It is not exciting and it is not dull."

Mr. Allard applied another stroke to the canvas.

"I like it," he said stubbornly.

"I see it so many times," the Mexican went on, his eyes coals whose fires had dimmed, "that is all. Perhaps if I had not--But no matter. I have seen





it so many times, Senor, to see it on paper does not excite me or impress me."

"Well," said Mr. Allard, "there are many people who have never seen such as this. And these people would gladly buy this bit of work, if I do it well enough."

"I can understand how they feel," said the Mexican. "And if you painted one of those so-tall houses of the city, and did also a good job, perhaps I would like to buy it. Except of course I have no money."

Mr. Allard laughed slightly in the sun. "Perhaps someday I will paint you one."

"For Free, Senor?"

"Yes, my friend, for free."

"Then you had better do it soon, please, senor."

"Soon? Soon?" Mr. Allard said, displeased. Wisp, pound!

"Si, Senor, for I will not be here always. Manana, she come so quick, it sometimes frightens me."

Wisp! pound!

Manana! Mr. Allard's mind screamed.

For A long time the Mexican with the dim coal eyes was to wonder why the rich Americano left in such a rush, he did not even take his painting, and si, senor, it looked so well hung over the mantle, and made him feel so proud, and the mananas came rushing by.

In the city: screaming cars and people, cluttering neons, bright glaring lights: Mr. Allard was lost in it, bewildered, dazed. Crossing the street, the cars honked, honked, and the air seceamed; Wisp! pound! Manana! Honk!

Beep!

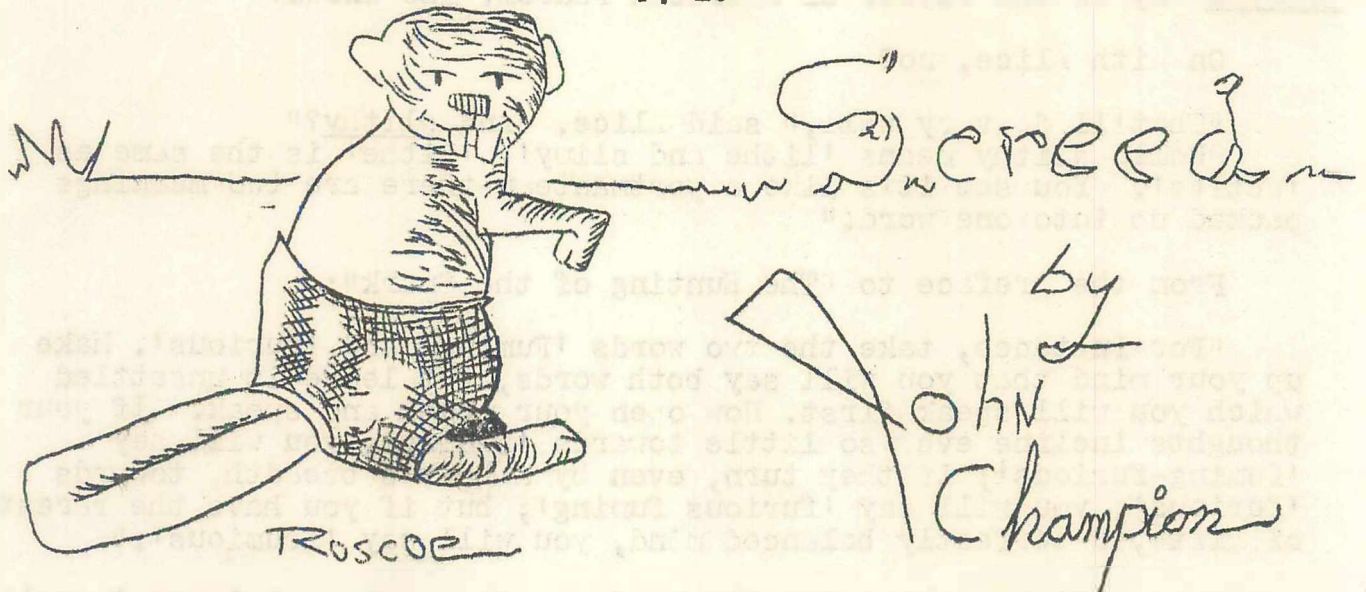
And the days wisped by, the past was lost in the pounding, and the mananas crashed headlong into today and everything went honk! Beep honk! Manana! cried Mr. Allard, reaching mentally, fearfully, into today, doing as much as he could, living, dying, existing, deteriorating, brightened and snuffed out: all in the same instant, the same minute, hour, day, year, manana! Beep! honk! Scream, run, live and die--Mr. Allard lost himself in himself and the days kept crashing through his skull, pounding strangely, like the pound of a sledge in a certain smithy's shop, bringing memories of a hairy arm, beaded with sweat, lifted savagely with a two pound hammer in hand, pounding, pounding, a red hot, translucent looking iron kneeded savagely into a curved shoe: days long gone, dead, and other days coming quickly, ammost gone--here and then wisping by, so quickly!

Hooooonnnnnnnnnnnnnnnkkkk!

"Paranoid," announced the psychiatrist some time later. "Delusions. Obsessions. He's a sick man."

Mr. Allard screamed: "You're time! Lousey filthy time! You-won't-ston!"

.....  
.  
.....



First of all, you're going to wonder where in the name of Roscoe I got that crazy title. Well, columns are hard for me to name. So I got out my pocket edition of Roget, and looked up "Writing". Lo and behold, there under the list of synonyms was "Screed". I could have used "lucubrations", "chirography", or others, but I thought "Screed" had a certain charm... a sort of fannish sound.

- \* \* \* \* \*

In Chapter VI of Through the Looking Glass, Lewis Carroll's masterpiece second only to "The Hunting of the Snark", we find the following few lines:

"You seem very clever at explaining words, Sir," said Alice. "Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called 'Jabberwocky'?"

"Let's hear it," said Humpty Dumpty. "I can explain all the poems that ever were invented--and a good many that haven't been invented just yet."

This sounded very hopeful, so Alice repeated the first verse:

"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves  
And the mome raths outgrabe."

"That's enough to begin with," Humpty Dumpty interrupted: "There are plenty of hard words there. 'Brillig' means four o'clock in the afternoon--the time when you begin broiling things for dinner."

So there you be, all you people who've wanted to know just what the heck "Brillig" really means. It shows that this Bourne must be a rather hotheaded type. Maybe he means this fanzine to be one that will more or less do its readers to a medium rare turn. Or perhaps it's a reflection on his culinary abilities. Having created many fine ~~delicious~~ masterpieces in the kitchen, he's now trying to do the same thing with a fanzine. A suggestion bars: don't make this just the April, or May, or Spring, or whatever issue. Make it the April 11, 4 p.m. issue. What other fanzine can claim this temporal status?



Brillig may be the flower of American Fandom! Who knows?

On with Alice, no?

"That'll do very well," said Alice. "And slithy?"

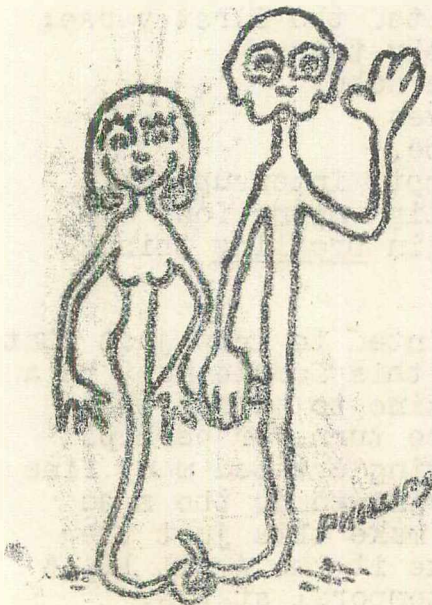
"Well, slithy means 'lithe and slinky'. 'Lithe' is the same as 'active'. You see it's like a portmanteau--there are two meanings packed up into one word."

From the preface to "The Hunting of the Snark":

"For instance, take the two words 'Fuming' and 'furious'. Make up your mind that you will say both words, but leave it unsettled which you will speak first. Now open your mouth and speak. If your thoughts incline ever so little towards 'fuming', you will say 'fuming-furious'; if they turn, even by a hair's breadth, towards 'furious', you will say 'furious fuming'; but if you have the rarest of gifts, a perfectly balanced mind, you will say 'frumious'."

Explanation completed. There, fans, is another of Lewis Carroll's great contributions to the english language (Roscoe bless it)--the portmanteau word. The trouble is, I think, that this invention has been neglected. Fans, already adept at coining words, have not too surprisingly used it to some extent, as well as the rest of the mundane world. But "Cleveland", "Scientifiction", and others.....none of them quite have the flavor of "snark", "mimsy", "frumious", and the rest. I think it's because we've used it only to combine two long words, since short ones are easily hyphenated..And a portmanteau word is not merely the head of one word and tail of another. Take a look at "frumious". No--the two are intertwined in such a way that they don't sound artificial.

I don't claim to be any expert at word-coining, so I'm not going to try and give a lot of examples. But in a language such as English, supposedly one of the worlds' most free and progressive, Carroll's invention should not be so unsung.



In an article in NEWSWEEK for February 4, there is an interesting observation made by James Thurber, subject of said article. He says that while we have a group of humorists such as Benchly, H. Allen Smith, and S. J. Perelman, not to mention himself, who all more or less came onto the American scene at the same time, there is no new second generation of humorists who will take their place. Why? Thurber says this is because of the state of the world today--we're just afraid to laugh, especially at ourselves.

At first this looks right. Do college magazines actually publish very much humor of high quality to produce another Benchley? Occasionally, but not often. When you think about it, it seems that this type of humor, the

Short essay as brought to its culmination by the unfortunately late Robert Benchley, is disappearing. Even in fandom, which is supposed to be involved in humor to a great extent, there are no writers who can consistently produce this type of thing, except possibly John Berry, and even most of his best work is in the field of fanfiction.

But there are other types of humor, neglected by many because of their form. I name two men who are among the mid-20th-century's great humorists, both of them still young: Walt Kelly and Al Capp. True; they work in comic strips, which are meant for mass distribution. And most things meant for mass distribution tend to be mediocre. But "Pogo" and "Lil' Abner" are more than just comics; they are among the great satires of our day.

These strips can be taken on two levels. The first is the just plain comic strip level, humorous mainly because the characters are humorous. But the second level--ah, there's where it counts. The satire is there in quantity, and because it comes from the mouth of an alligator or hillbilly makes no difference. Why else would the Pogo books be so popular, along with Capp's? They're not mainly bought just for the kiddies.

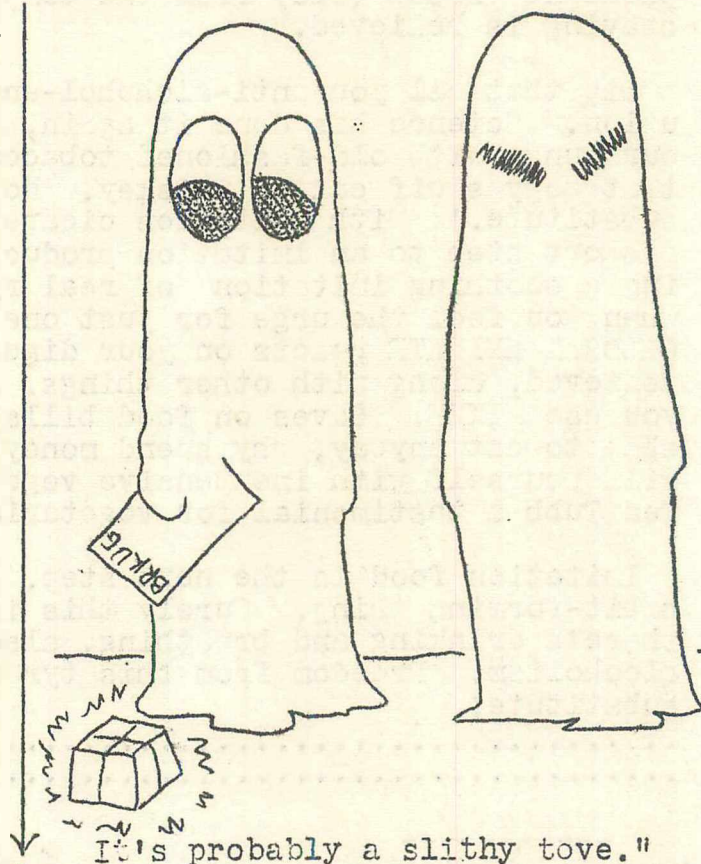
Of course most fans are aware of this already. Pogo is almost a god. Lil' Abner has not been so widely read, for some reason, but there haven't been nearly as many Capp books published. The main point here is that American humor is turning away from the humorous essay toward satire. Take a look around--we have MAD and TRUMP, a new magazine, both more or less on a slapstick level, but because they're aimed at the high school and college reader. Both stick to satire for the most part. Of course I'm talking here about good humor--there are enough cartoon-and-joke magazines published to keep any intelligent moron in stitches, but they're practically all crud.

Well, I like satire better than most humor myself, and it seems like a lot of other people do also. I'm not worried.

From an ad on the back of AUTHENTIC Science Fiction:

"Apal is the only real solution to the smoking problem--it is an imitation cigarette containing a soothing compound. You simply put it in your mouth when you feel the urge to smoke and draw on it. The

P. 15





pleasant VAPOUR (sic) from the compound reacts on your PALATE and the craving is relieved."

Dig that all you anti-alcohol-and-tobacco-ists! The perfect solution. Science has done it again, etc. No longer do we need to rot our lungs with old-fashioned tobacco or demoralize ourselves with that oogy stuff called whiskey. Not at all--this is the age of the substitute.' With imitation cigarettes selling in Britian, it's only a short step to an imitation product for alcoholics; a liquid containing a soothing imitation of real rye of scotch flavor that you drink when you feel the urge for just one more wee nip. The pleasant CILORAL HYDRATE reacts on your digestive system and the craving is relieved, along with other things. You learn not to drink fast when you use MIKEE. Saves on food bills, too. As long as you won't be able to eat anyway, why spend money on expensive steak or caviar? Fill yourself with inexpensive vegetables. Besides you can then give Ted Tubb a testimonial for vegetarianism...

Imitation food is the next step. It's too bad eating is such a habit-forming thing. Surely this is not too far in the future. Then there's drinking and breathing, also harder to break the habit than alcoholism. Freedom from this tyranny is our noble goal! Vive le substitute!

.....

What is whirly,  
What is curly,  
Tell me, what is  
pearly early?

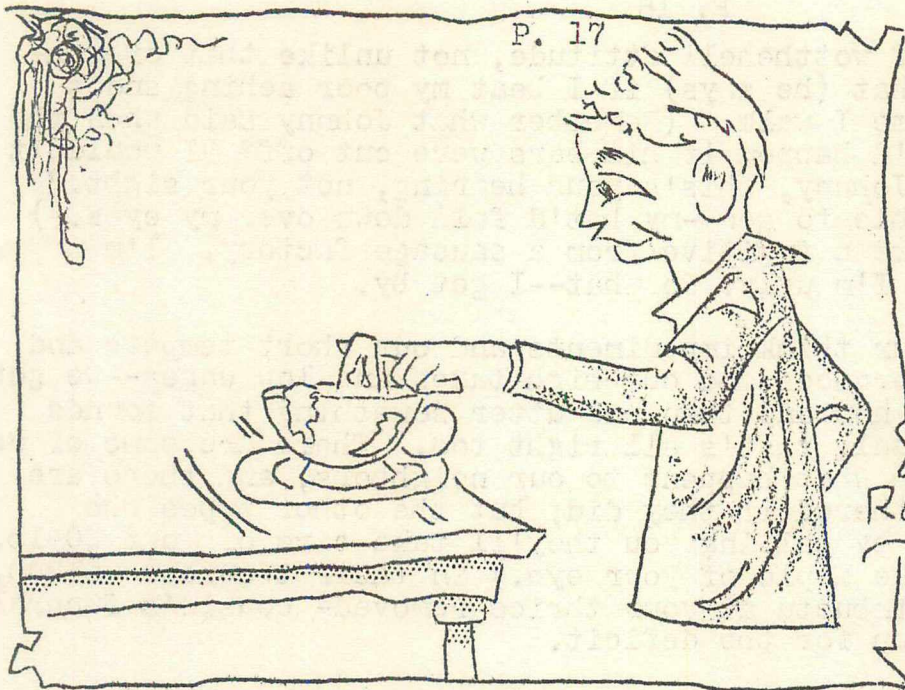
...

Gigs are Whirly,  
Cues are curly,  
And the dew is  
pearly early.

-----James Thurber







# A CUP OF TREACLE Ray Thompson

There is a dog that lives down the street aways from me; in this part of Iowa, as there are everywhere. What is singular is his appearance. I believe I may say without fear of too much contradiction, that this is the oddest dog I have ever laid eyeball to. He is extremely shortlegged, and has an enourmous head, as if he were a misbegotten mixture of scots terrier and Dachshund. The large head bobbles. He is also the victim of a limp in one foreleg, contracted in Lord knows which brawl. The two, the bobbling of th head and the limp, combined, are continually responsible for his beating his nose against the pavement when he walks, and himself being that shortlegged. It makes locomotion somewhat of a trial.

He reminds me to no small degree of a fellow I used to know a few years ago, up in Northeast Nebraska where I was raised. It seems he was the sort for whom nothing seems to go right. You know the kind I mean; he always has the wrong change, or no change at all, on a bus; when he tells a story, somebody interrupts with the punchline, or says they've heard it before. He's also the guy who is constantly having little things like table-lamps, antique vah-ses, and impossibly-shaped end tables creep up behind him so that he trips over them and breaks either them or himself. He's very awkward with members of the opposite sex, usually, and when asked on a quiz show who wrote Lincoln's Gettysburgh Address, blurts out, "John Cameron Swayze."

Like the dog, whom I should imagine has attained a highly philosophical attitude toward the whole thing, and a strong jawbone, a person in such desperate straits eventually developes a certain defenses and immunities. He adopts an external outlook on his troubles and tends to make light of them, as if by doing so he can actually rise above them, as if by doing so he can actually rise above them and make them seem less.

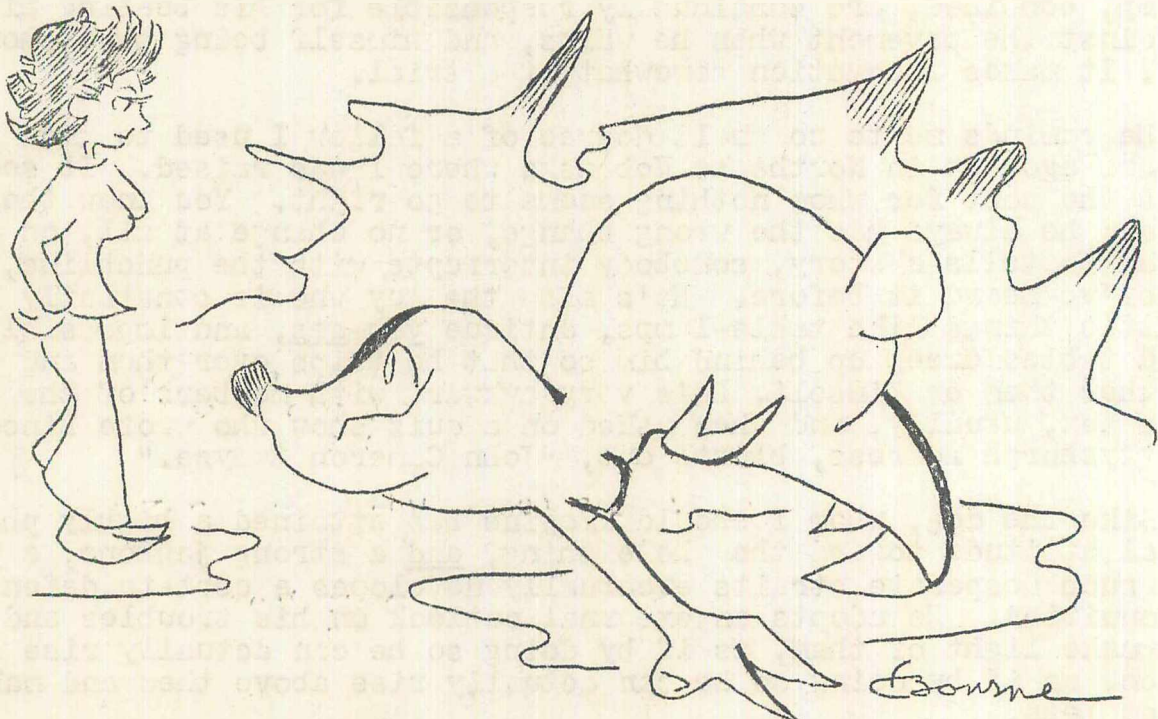
I can't help feeling that the dog himself must be like that. He



seems to have a sort of wotthehell attitude, not unlike that of Meh-  
hitable the Cat. So what (he says) if I beat my poor aching snoot  
on the cement every time I walk. (Remember what Johnny said when the  
teacher asked him what'd happen if his ears were cut off? "I wouldn't  
be able to see." "But Johnny, this's your hearing, not your sight."  
"Sure--I wouldn't be able to see--my hat'd fall down over my eyes.")  
So I look (he says) like a fugitive from a sausage factory. I'm  
stupid. I'm saved-off. I'm ugly. So what--I get by.

And so we do. With our think impediments and our short tempers and  
our wars and our intolerances and our high taxes and low wages--we get  
by. And if we wake up now and then and utter something that sounds  
less infantile than usual, that's all right too. There are some of us  
who don't care too much what happens to our neighbors, and there are  
others who can't be bothered if they did; but the other types who  
sometimes surprise you by telling you they'll take care of your 60-lb.  
Irish Setter (who is the apple of your eye.) in their two-room walkup,  
while you're away in Tinbuctu at your thrice-removed- cousin's funeral  
--they more than make up for the deficit.

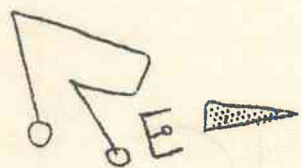
All in all, taking everything into consideration, and not getting  
too worked up over the fug heads, you can't really blame people for  
being a little shy in the balance. And if there are some we enjoy  
better than others, it's because, as Archy once said, they seem somehow  
less human than the rest of them.




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Be sure and visit your A and Poo feed market.

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Echo



...and this of Brillig comes to an end. A bit better this time, with better material, better layout, and two new columnists. I owe a debt of gratitude to John Champion and Ray Thompson who provided me with most of this issue, and on time too. I'd like you-all to write and tell me how you like them. I won't necessarily follow your suggestions...but I'm always ready to listen to them.

Concerning the ever present mistakes, please to overlook them. You should know by now that Brillig wouldn't be Brillig without at least a dozen big mistakes per issue. I can't help it, I was borned that way. Or Bourne that way as the case may be. You see, this impeccable publication isn't impeccable after all. It's fallable like all the rest of us.

There were no letters this, mainly due to the fact that I didn't print them. Maybe next time, hmmm?

Subbers, please take heed. I hereby announce that you have goofed. Starting from now, there will be no charge for Brillig. I'm sorry to say that I will not refund your subs. You took your chance and now you have to pay the penalty. I know it's a terrible thing to receive a magazine that's free, which you pay money for. Ah well. Such is life. Your subs do make it certain of your getting issues of the mag. If I find I'll have to return the balance, (sob). In that respect you are safe. Remember, if your sub runs out you will be able to receive further issues by either writing me letters, or sending material of some kind. Oh yes, those of you who have the warning space xed had better do something. Or no more Brilligs. Sorry.

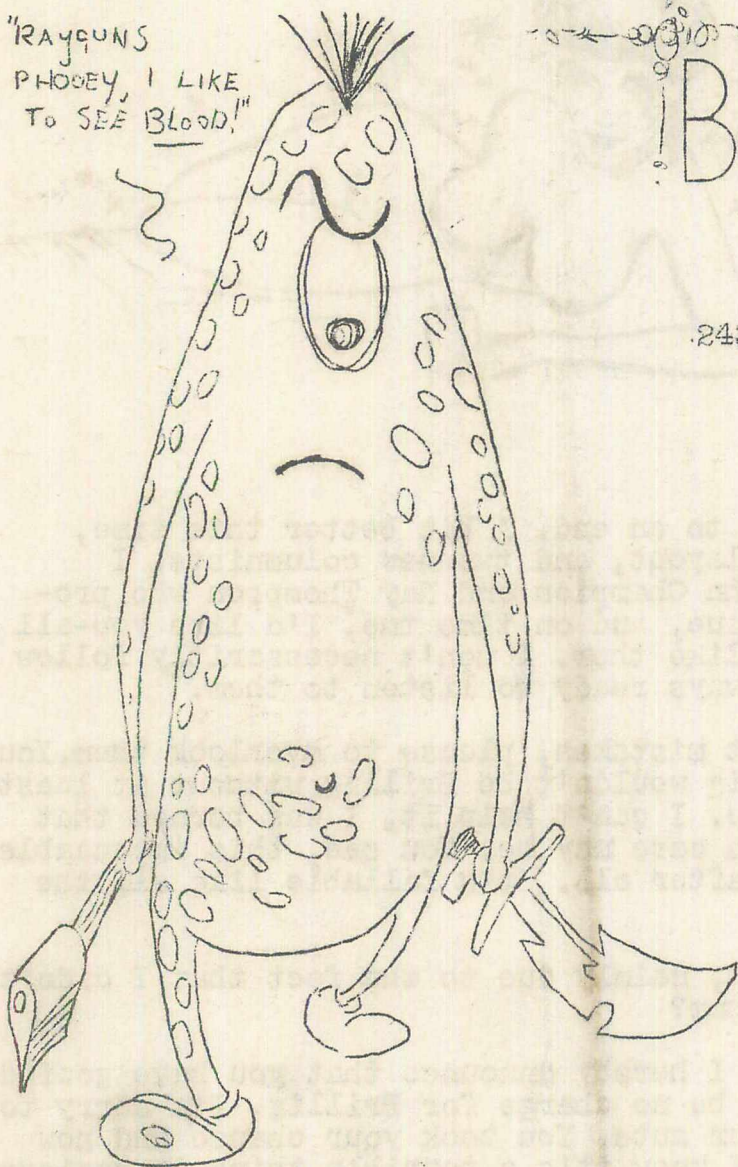
Some time ago I ran across a poem, written in connection with a well known cigarette ad. It, in part, sums up my particular attitude on life.

Oh why must I be civilized  
instead of being me  
I'd like to be a beast and kiss  
each pretty girl I see  
I'd like to ~~kiss~~ the brain

next door  
It's been my favourite  
dream  
And when I'm low I'd like  
to lie  
upon the floor and scream.



"RAYGUNS  
PHOOEY, I LIKE  
TO SEE BLOOD!"



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