

Brillig



THE

BLOCH

ISSUE

BRILLIG

NO. 6

Dec.

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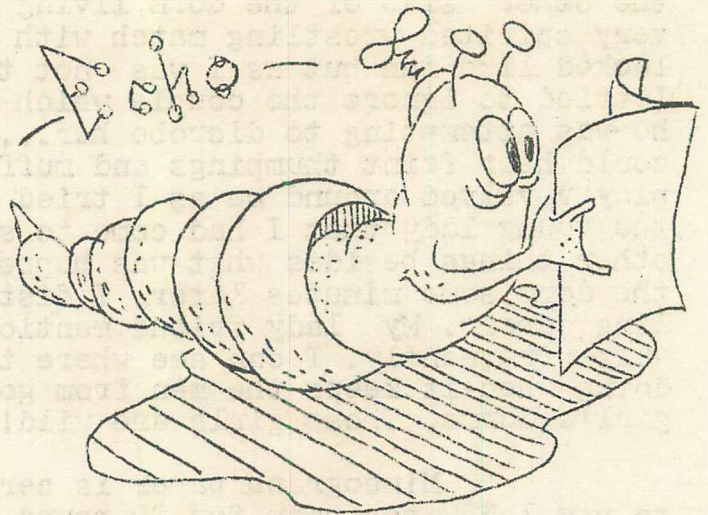
Ent Cover
Arthur Thomson
Baccover
Ly n Hickman

Brillig, an extremely impeccable publication, is edited and published, (if you can call it that), at the residence of Lars Bourne who lives at 2436 1/2 Portland St. Eugene Oregon. The price for this excellent reference manual for mental inebriates and freeloaders is 10¢ per copy. Material of all kinds, be it stef or otherwise, is gladly faunched after, however it has to meet requirements. It must be liked by ME. If it is too Oogy for publication it will be cheerfully refunded and an Echh will be included with the material if need be. You must remember one thing tho --

BLOCH IS THE ONLY TRUE GHOD

Eugene is certainly a damn-able city. It has its good points it must be admitted, but its bad points outshine its good ones by quite a margin. Crooked politicians abound in its civic offices. The postoffice officials are unsympathetic idiots. A large number of the inhabitants are the grotchiest things on this earth. Even the music that is featured on the local radio stations is of an inferior caliber. Juvenile delinquents abound in the high school system. And of course there is that charming institution known as the University of Oregon.

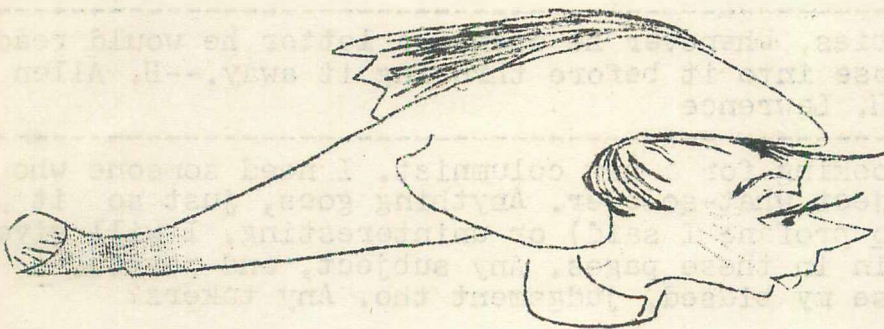
This well loved institution is a mad house compared to any well organized grade or high school. As you can see, Eugene is a fairly decent city when you come to appreciate it.



The inmates of the aforementioned U of O can be found for the most part in the dormitories. The boys will be found in the girls dormitories, and the girls; well the girls are usually content to stay where they belong except when they go out enmasse on lipstick raids. There are six dormitories on the campus, each one being worse than the other. That statement may seem like a paradox, but so help me BLOCH it's true. I have the bad fortune to be assigned to one of the dormitories, and although I never attend any of their meetings or social functions the place can become sort of a nuisance. The inmates of this particular dorm continually raise all sorts of hell. They throw things out the window, scream profanities in the halls and in the intercommunication gadget, abuse everybody in sight, and generally make life mizzerable for everyone including themselves.

 #1 on the Hit Parade for gafiates. - Lets Get Away From It All.

The girl's dorms are just as bad as the boy's dorms. In one girl's dorm across the street from the one I just mentioned, the girls make it a point to undress with their curtains undrawn. All the manly gentleman in said boys dorm make it a point to be present at the windows with field glasses, all the better to watch the show so thoughtfully provided by the girls. All I have to say is, hoo boy what fun. I'm a normal individual too you know.



The actions of the campus pretties in another dorm are not very ladylike either. I just happened to be visiting a young lady acquaintance's dorm one night and noticed some of the goings on with my wide innocent eyes. On a couch at

the other side of the dorm living room I noticed a fellow having a very spirited wrestling match with one of the inmates. It certainly looked like fun but as I was not there to watch wrestling matches, I tried to ignore the couple which wasn't easy. It appeared to me that he was attempting to disrobe her...or something. In the background I could hear faint thumpings and muffled shrieks. Other general horse play revolved around me as I tried to become inconspicuous. Luckily the young lady that I had come to see showed up, so I concentrated on other things besides what was happening around me. As I was leaving the dorm some minutes later, I distinctly heard a horrible milk curdling scream. My lady friend mentioned that such an occurrence happened quite frequently. I can see where the administration knows what it is doing when it keeps the men from going into the living section of the girls' dorms. Those girls are wild!

Mimeograph paper is certainly exhorbant now-a-days. I have to pay 1.65\$ per ream for 20 pound B&W which is the cheapest stuff that I can get.

Other Tales were recalled, including the classic one about a sheep-herder who took sick and was hauled to a hospital. When they undressed him they found he was unbelievably dirty, and a thorough washing was in order. They scrubbed him for three days and then come to an old vest.-----H. Allen Smith in, "They Went Thataway"

When I went up to Portland a cupple months ago I dropped in on Dick Geis as is my wont. Shortly after I was firmly settled in his room, digging in his wastebasket for discarded crudzines, he gave me a tremendous tongue lashing, merely because I just happened to misspell one little word in his column. The gist of the matter was that I had typed the words "Thick piece" instead of "think piece", and boy was he grotched about it. I really should say that I'm penitent and sorry for that stupid blunder, but I'm not really so I won't. I can remember when Geis pulled a few stupid blunders himself. There was one time I believe, when Dick wrote the word "throat" instead of "thoat" and spoiled a perfectly good interlineation. And then there was another time....but I won't go into that, or will I?

I have a bit of bad news. My star columnist, the aforementioned gentleman, is no longer with me. He has flown the coup in favor of Psychotic, (or should it be PSYCHOTIC?, which he is reviving on a quarterly basis. I'm awful sorry to see him go, but as he is now pubbing a magazine that is now my favorite, I don't care so much. Psy is worth getting even too it means that I lost another columnist. Say I wonder.....No, it could'nt be. Why, he wouldn't do that just because of one little word, or would he?

He had other peguliarities. Whenever he opened a letter he would read it and then blow his nose into it before throwing it away.--H. Allen smith writing about D.H. Lawrence

Hey, I'm looking for a new columnist. I need someone who would write on any subject what-so-ever. Anything goes, just so it is not too profane, (too profane I said) or uninteresting. I will give this columnist free rein in these pages. Any subject, and person. I reserve the right to use my biased, judgement tho. Any takers?

NAME CALLING, ANYONE?

Guy Terwilliger



"Anyone who reads GALAXY has holes in his head!"

"The lowest type of moron is the one who reads OTHER WORLDS!"

"Handling may be okay as a man, but his IMAGINATION and IMAGINATIVE TALES" are only for the low type of school kid who is looking for a cheap thrill!"

How often have you seen comments to this effect in the currant crop of fanzines and even in the letter columns of the prozines? Too often for the health of the field, if you want to look at it that way.

We as sci-fi fans have a function to perform to out favorite type of fiction. We can help build it up, or we can tear it down and help to bury it in the gutters where the majority of the population of this big world believe it belongs anyway.

The human animal is a funny thing. We all say we have our own ideas, our own ideals, and we do what we want to do. But how true is this statement? How often do we do things that we know are not acceptable to the majority of the people? Sure, we the minority, read and enjoy sci-fi. But how many of you in fandom have a guilty feeling about buying these magazines openly? That's an outdated feeling? Not if you watch the people in the newsstands when they buy and quickly fold the book so that the people on the street can't see what it is. The thought is still there!

How many homes do you go to and see sci-fi zines laying around for all to see? I've been to one house.

Whether we like it or not, we are dictated to by the mores of the majority. We like to let them think we follow their standards in all things. It is a stupid ideal when we feel we must conform in all things we do openly.

But the point of this is not the feelings of the true fan. It has bearing only in the neo-fan, who, contrary to the ideas of a lot of you, can be influenced by what other fans say and do. If this were not the

do new fanzines appear? Why do more people collect sci-fi magazines? Why are there more and more people showing up at the conventions? Monkey see monkey do is an apt adage.

I've made the statement before that young fen are influenced by we older type and have been criticized for it, declared a complete a complete moron with no basis for the statement. What are my qualifications? they want to know.

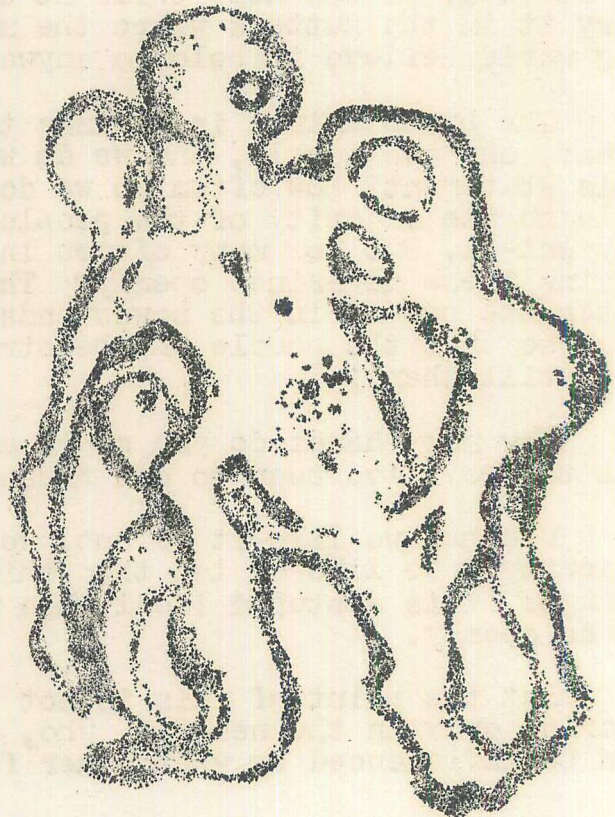
I feel I am qualified to make these assertions. I've worked with the teen-age group for seven years now. In that time, at my suggestion, they have read the magazines I have suggested to them. When we have talked about sci-fi, they want to know why they are called names because they read certain types of magazines. Some of them have quit reading sci-fi all-together because they didn't like the remarks that were made which referred to them as low brows because they didn't like the remarks that were made which referred to them as low brows because they read a particular type of sci-fi.

What difference does it make if A is the scientific type of fan and prefers ASTOUNDING, or if B is mentally conscious and likes GALAXY, or if C likes adventure and dotes on OTHER WORLDS? I happen to be a school teacher, major in English literature, and for fun and enjoyment I much prefer reading OW to either of the other two zines mentioned. My mind doesn't run to straight science, therefore, I steer away from the stories that tend to be too scientific. At the same time, why should I, or any of the others who like OW be called a moron? I can turn around and call the other readers idiots for liking the other magazines. But the point is where does it get me? No place.

Tear the magazine down as much as you like but try to be constructive in doing it. I have three students who no longer read sci-fi because they happened to like OW, MADGE, and TALES. They didn't like any of the supposed big three but they didn't like being called nincompoops for their tastes. What are they reading now? Mystery Magazines.

These young fen are at the most pliable stage of like and at the point where their habits can be dictated to by others. Their code insists they must conform to something, even if it is a gang.

If you don't like a particular zine you don't have to buy it. But neither do you have to try to try to influence others from buying it. There is some good in all of the current crop of sci-fi



sci-fi pro-zines, even if you can't see it. Your particular taste doesn't really mean a thing to what the other readers want, unless you shame them into feeling the same way you do.

When you come right down to it, who plants the idea that sci-fi is a smutty type of reading? Look at your letter columns and see. The fans are again to blame. We complain about sex in a story, we don't like nudes on the cover, religion is taboo. SCIENCE FICTION IS TABOO! We pointed out the fringe areas of complaint and they have become the battlefield for holding down the most promising form of literature. We have planted the roots and now listen to us complain about the results. The harvest is full of weeds of distention in which we can't even agree with ourselves.

When you start to write those words of name calling, or when you start to call face to face, stop for a second and try to find a way to put across your point without insulting the reader or listener. Think of the long range effect--how many people will read what you write--how many will believe you--how many will follow through and cease buying your particular offensive zine--what real difference does it make to you if you don't like the magazine!

You can do a lot of damage, whether you think so or not. On the other hand, you might help convert new readers to your favorite field and thereby help in the bettering your own pet. You can aid in bringing sci-fi out of the doldrums into which it has fallen, if you want to be CONSTRUCTIVE!

PORTRAITS OF
FAMOUS PIPLES
BY PHILLIPS
YE OLDE MASTER



MORPHY BARNSTAIN
THE GREAT HYPNUTIST
MAID FAMOUS BY HIS
SPERIMENTS WITH
BIRDSEED MURKEY

Scientifilm Review



Since the last column has appeared, five films have popped up for viewing--and re-viewing. Some are good, others are bad. The latter, however are in the majority, as usual.

1984--A Columbia Release

Based on a novel by George Orwell, 1984 portrays the future as it could be twenty-eight years from now.

The year 1984 finds the world divided into three political states--the product of an atomic war which occurred in 1965. They are Oceania, Eurasia, and Eastasia.

Oceania, at war with Eurasia, is a militaristic state whose subjects are kept in constant fear of a powerful police network. Tele-scanners, speakers, and thought police, are aids in the absolutistic control Oceania has imposed upon her inhabitants.

Everything good is attributed to Big Brother, the symbolic god and head of the government of Oceania. Consequently, everything evil is blamed upon or given credit to, Eurasia.

Love and marriage are forbidden by state law, and all knowledge is handed down through various ministries. Winston Smith (Edmond O'Brien), working at the Ministry of Truth, falls in love with another worker at the Ministry, Julia (Jan Sterling).

Since it is impossible to meet at any public place or at each other's apartments, Winston and Julia take to secluded sites to carry on their love. Finally they rent an upstairs room from a "kindly" old pawnbroker.

The pawnbroker betrays them, however, and Julia and Winston are taken prisoners by the police. Once arrested, they are separated from each other.

Smith's inquisitor, at the Ministry of Love, where Winston has been taken, is a stern government official, whom Winston trusted to be a member of the rumored to exist "underground." The official (Michael Redgrave), puts Winston through a series of mental breakdowns, whereby Winston's mind is slowly cleared of reactionary ideas and desires.

He is taught to say two plus two equals five etc. Only his love for Julia has been untampered with. Nevertheless, Big Brother has thought of such things, and Winston is put in "Room 101" where even his love for Julia is destroyed.

A changed man, Winston is released to live an ordinary life. By chance he meets Julia and discovers her love for him has been crushed also. The only thing that remains is their overwhelming love for BIG BROTHER.

GODZILLA, KING OF THE MONSTERS--A trans World Release

This film involves one of the oldest cliches in sf films, the monster from the sea. The monster, in this case Godzilla, ravages the city of Tokyo, destroying buildings, setting fires through the city, and beating back the efforts of military opposition. Finally, a scientist discovers an oxygen eating formula and descends to the bottom of the Pacific to destroy Godzilla. by having his discovery eat up the oxygen in the water. The scientist, heartbroken through the loss of his love, stays under and dies with the monster.

An allaround job of poor production, acting, and special effects highlight this film from Japan. The whole picture is in Japanese dialect, the only American star being Raymond Burr who himself plays no significant part in the film and provides the only interest for American viewers. Spliced in old war films provide some of the scenes. A poor risk for movie-goers.

THE SHE CREATURE--An American International Release

The reincarnation theme prov des the plot for this flicker. A beautiful maiden is hypn tized and taken back to her first life, and further back still when the world was in a state of evolution. As a result a prehistoric monster rises from the sea every time, and causes death or some other calamity. At last a young doctor, whom the maiden has fallen in love with, convinces her to resist the hypnotist, thereby leading to the destruction of the creature.

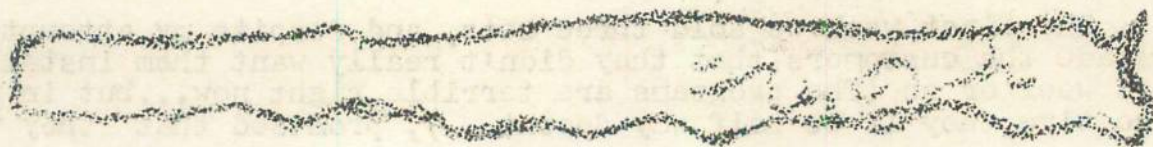
Not much comment on this one except that the film left me without the effect it was intended to produce on the individual--uncarthy horror. Paul Blaisdell played the part of the monster, his own creation.

IT CONQUORED THE WORLD--An American International Release

A Venusian crash lands on Earth and plans the eventual conquest of Earth. It is aided by an Earthman who believes the Venition wishes to free the Earth from poverty, war, crime, and other evils of our modern day. The Venitian is opposed by a friend of the other's and plans to have him killed by his (Venitian's) cohort. However his ally's wife, not falling for the Venusian's line attempts to kill the thing but is killed herself. Thus turning its only convert agiinst itself, the dead woman's husband and his friend succeed inn killing the Venusian.

A little better than the film mentioned above, It Conquered The World has some very good and effective secnes. However, the overall effect is not pleasing.

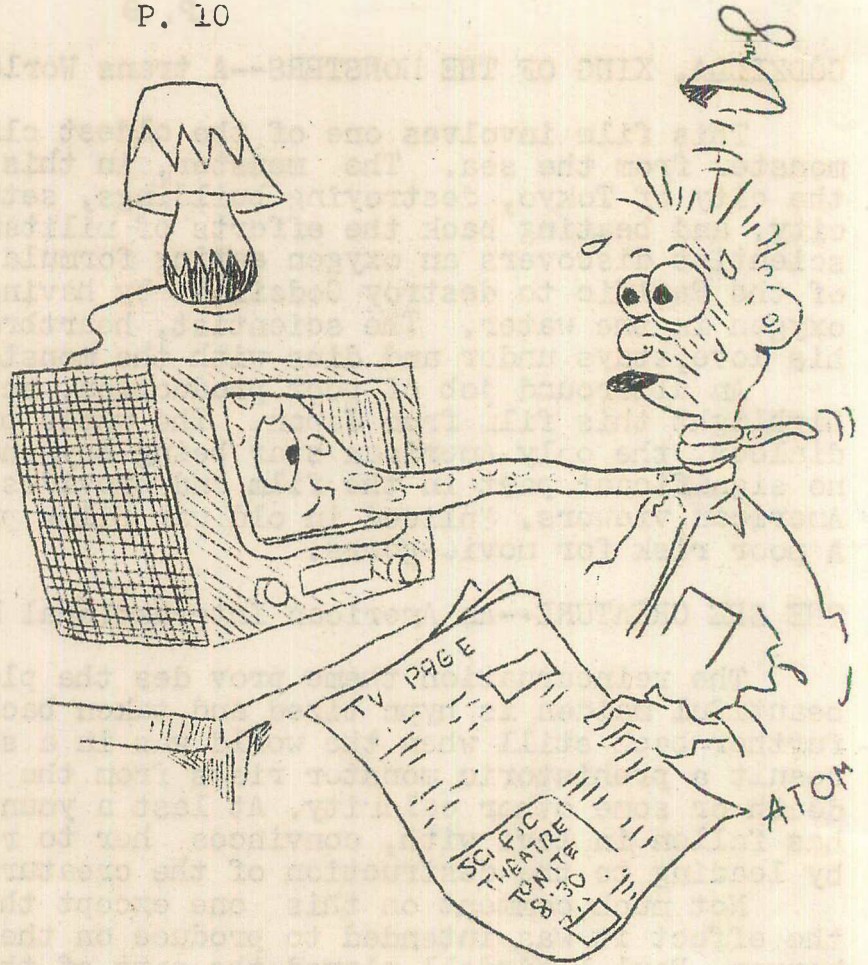
And this winds up another issue. Perhaps the next two months will bring around some better films wich are a scarcity nowadays. Anyway, it's something to hope for.



How To Install A TV Set

by Eric Bentcliffe

Some time ago, the boss decided that it was time we supplied our customers with radio and TV. He came to me one day and informed me that these commodities were to be added to my department. As some of you may even now be contemplating the purchase of a TV set, then the foregoing may be of benefit or even interest to you.



Just why he decided that I should handle TV I am not too sure, possibly because he'd heard me discourse learnedly about Space-warps, CT matter and flaming screens!

A few days later our initial stock arrived, several makes of both radio and TV...which shall remain anonymous throughout this article. I had a chat with the boss and informed him that the next thing needed was a technician to install the sets we sold. After I'd told him that a knowledge of, How To Build The AHMF Mimeo, and The First Principles of A Matter Transmitter, did not qualify me to be a television expert, he agreed.

"But," he said, "It may be a few weeks before I can get hold of a suitable chap. so perhaps you will do the job meanwhile. I'm sure your technical knowledge will be sufficient".

Ha! I repeat. Ha!

Double flippin' ha.

The first week we sold three sets, and despite my attempts to persuade the customers that they didn't really want them installing for a week or so (The programs are terrible right now...but in a week or so time they'll be half way decent...), promised that they would

be able to settle down by their cosy firesides to watch TV within a few days.

In the day's before it was necessary that I do my first installation I made some enquiries as to how a TV set was installed, and was assured that in most cases the job was dead easy. And actually, this is so, in most cases.

The area within which the majority of our customers reside is very good for reception and in practically all districts an indoor aerial is quite sufficient to provide a good clear picture. As the BBC transmitter at Holme Moss is within approximately twenty miles it is possible to pick up the sound without any aerial at all.

The type of aerial we decided to supply along with the set was of the type known in the trade as a 'Doorod' aerial, this because it can quite often be fitted alongside the doorframe of the room in which the set is desired. It's a two element aerial consisting of a copper rod, a short length of black plastic, and several yards of co-axial flex.

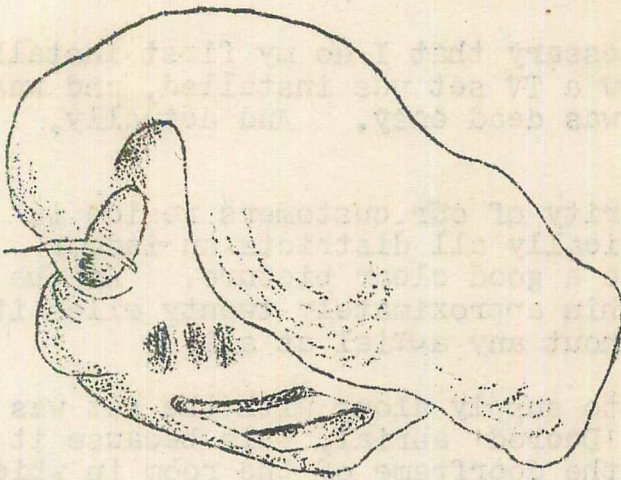
The technique of installation is, on paper, absurdly simple. When one reaches the house of the customer the first thing is to find out where the set is desired. Then, plug the set into the mains (first checking your voltage) so that it can warm up whilst you are assembling the aerial. Aerial assembled and plugged into the set, you wander round the room finding the best spot to screw the aerial...taking into account the ease of fixing and quality of picture. Assuming that this routine has been carried through without hitting any snags, all that remains is to explain the controls of the set to the customer and depart homewards, into the night.

Sometimes tho', you hit snags...

The first installation I did went according to plan and gave me some confidence, the second wasn't quite so easy.

I'd arrived at the house during the early evening and found it to be inhabited by one over effusive dog, three young kiddies, a rather slatternly female, and her father (who was 'a bit hard o' hearing!'). The first problem was convincing the family that they didn't want the TV set in the lounge, there was no power point in this room... and where there are kiddies it's not advisable to have flex trailing around the house.' Set in place, aerial plugged in, and I wander around the room with rod in hand looking





as learned as possible, to an accompniment of 'What's he doing Ma?'.

To my dismay, although the sound is coming through and the screen is lit up, there's no sign of a picture at all. Asking the old boy to hold the aerial for a moment...he takes it from me with an expression on his face which means he expects to die any moment. I walk over to the set and proceed to twiddle every knob in sight, and some at the back of the set too.

After much adjustment of controls a picture appears, and it looks like something by Picasso. In the hope that the program is a visit to some art gallery I consult the Radio Times but find it should be a variety show.

The lady of the house enquires, "Why does it look all blurred and shimmery". I mumble something to the effect that "This type of interference can be caused either by a spaceship going into hyper-drive or somebodys vaccum cleaner". She looks awed and sits down.

By this time I'm getting a little worried as my knob twiddling does not seem to be producing anything but static. However, I think of a remedy and ask the female and her brood to nip into the other room to see if they've left the Cooker on. Whilst they are checking up I give the set a swift kick on the aerial panel, sure enough this works and the picture comes through perfectly.

A few minutes later I say goodnight to another satisfied customer!

The third installation I did was also rather dodgy. I got to the house about nine in the evening and found only a rather precocious youth of 17 or 18 at home. His first question was 'did I mind if he watched me, as he was taking a home-course on electronics and was interested in how a TV set worked'....this was a good start.

Here too, the picture was elusive, and so was the sound, in fact for all the observed effect on the set it might just as well not have been plugged in. In case the plug was at fault I stuck my Neon-tester into the socket. This lit up like Blackpool tower at illumination time, so I assumed there was nothing wrong with the mains supply.

No power at all though, seemed to be reaching the vital parts of the set and as the Quiz kid was getting a little peeved at not seeing pretty pictures, I took the back off the set to impress him, and told him I was going to test the valves in the interlocuter circuit.

He seemed a little bemused by this statement so I took a couple of minutes to search through my raincoat pockets for a cigarette. Blind crazy fool that I was....by the time I'd found a cigarette and lit it...he'd whipped half the ruddy valves out of the set and put them on a nearby table 'ready for me to test'....and me not knowing where half of them belonged!

By tracing the wiring diagram I eventually got the valves all back into the sockets, and much to my surprise, the right ones. I stuck the back back onto the set and with a fervent prayer to Ghu switched on. THE SET WORKED.

However, my troubles weren't over yet, I'd got sound and a picture but on the picture there were large quantities of 'Ghosting'. 'Ghosting' is the name given to the effect produced by too many tall buildings in one place....these cause the beam to ricochet and return to the set somewhat delayed, a multi-image results. This can sometimes be cured by re-sighting the aerial, so I wandered from room to room trying to find a better spot with rod in hand.

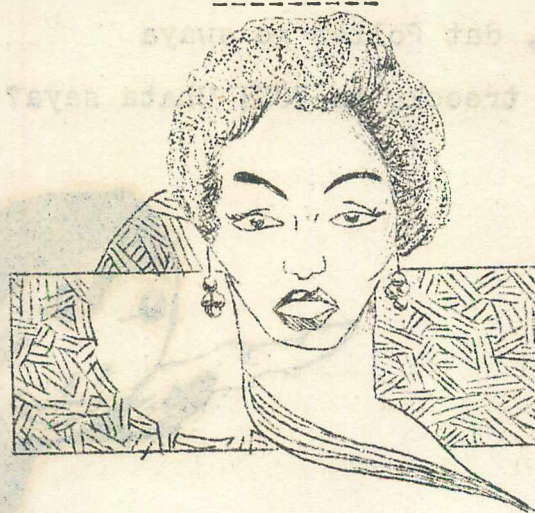
This produced little or no improvement in the picture quality, and I was beginning to wonder whether it might not be a good idea to get the local priest to come and do some exorcising when I barked my knuckles on a table edge and the aerial rod slipped out of my grasp.

As I bent to pick it up I glanced at the screen, the Ghosting had dissappeared. I fixed the aerial on the floor under the window.

The quiz kid asked my why this was the best place as he'd always heard that TV aerials should be as high as possible, to ensure good reception.

I told him that the Moon, Deimos, and his house formed a triangle in four-fold space, and that because of this the beam was being reflected back to ground level in the immediate vicinity by a warp in the space time continuum. Then I hastily departed.

Science-fiction can be useful at times



Da Bada Potergiesta

AGATHA GREY SOUTHERN

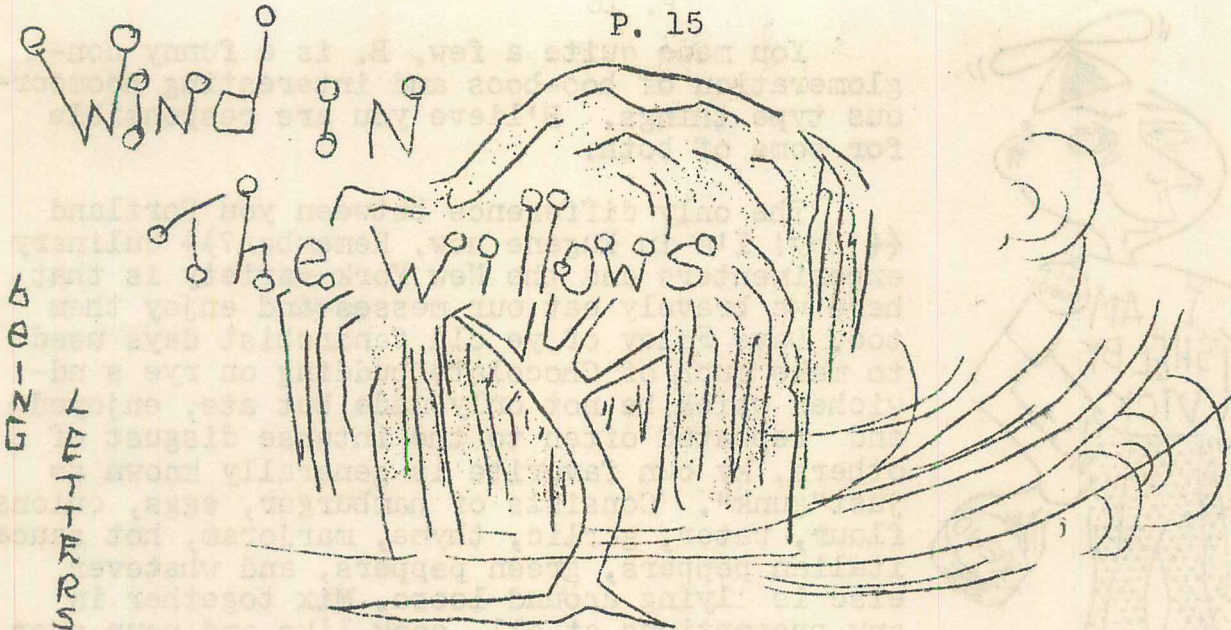
I gotta da brud, he'sa fina beega man
But he'sa gotta Poltergeist, joosta sly lika Fox.
My Bruda he lika to feesha when he cana,
But thata noa-gooda Poltergeist, hea maka da scam
Where hea keepa hee's lina, da reela, da tackla
An' maka my bruda so mada hea say DAMA!

My bruda he saya -"I oatcha da buma
I wreenga hee's necka! I feexa heem gooda,
Hee's gotta no biz make da feesha no ooma,
I betta hee's weesha hee's no beena so bada."

Data bad Poltergeista, he a coma to me a
An' scar a awaya my nice loetla ghosta -
No mora she seeta in my chaira, no see
I lika my rocka chair ghosta mooch mosta.

But mya Brud, hea droppa hee's lina,
no getta hee's weesh. Data bada Poter scare away all da feesh.
Maybe soma day, dat Polter go awaya
An' playa hees treecka on YOU! Whata saya?





ROBERT BLOCH-- Box 632, Weyauwega, Wisc.



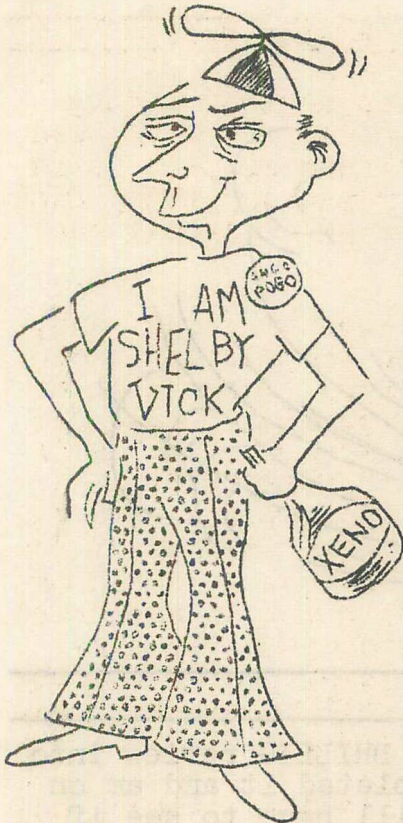
Good morning: I hope I can squeeze BRILLIG review into the current MADGEcolumn - just completed it and am on the point of sending it out, and will have to see if there's room for an additional review notice. Sometimes there's a space problem. If I find it won't fit, I'll catch you next time. around. Meanwhile, want to tell you that I like the issue - most particularly the illos on ECHO and RE-ECHO (which my typewriter refuses to spell backwards). Tell Geis it seems to me that I've met Raymond F. Jones at some Convention or other. Of course this doesn't prove that he's real. I've met Asimov at 5 Conventions and he writes me every week, but I'd certainly not vouch for his reality either. And tell G. Ellis that Guinness looks different in each film because he wears fine wigs: actually he's quite bald.

 You may consider Geis and G. Ellis told, Ghod sir.

Dick Ellington-- 299 Riverside Drive, Apt. 11A New York, 25 New York.



Do appreciate getting BRILLIG and am enclosing a quarter baksheesh in the hopes that even if I don't contribute I'll remain on the mailing list. I do enjoy reading BRILLIG. So why didn't I write and ask for it. I dunno. Never get around to things like this. Went positive eons without getting any Hyphens simply because too lazy to write. Jansen finally took pity on me and asked for me. I think I got a mental block -- bothers me sometimes. But ah, magic of fanzine arriving produces catalyst which not only breaks spell but sets in counter-spell. Unless a mag is too completely horrible to consider I believe it should be commented on and in most casee paid for too. Substitute oogy for horrible above. I like the sound better.



(old time fan)

You made quite a few. B. is a funny conglomeration of boo-boos and interesting hoomorous type things. B'lieve you are responsible for some of both.

The only difference between you Portland {{ Hey! I'm in Eugene now. Remember?}} culinary experimenters and the New York variety is that here we bravely eat our messes and enjoy them too. Dave Foley of ye old fanarchist days used to make much of Chocolate pudding on rye s'nd-wiches which he not only made but ate, enjoyed and repeated often to the intense disgust of others. My own favorite is generally known as just "gunk". Consists of hamburger, eggs, onions, flour, water, garlic, thyme, marjoram, hot sauce, italian peppers, green peppers, and whatever else is flying around loose. Mix together in any proportions at all, cook-like and pour over bread, potatoes or your head, depending on how you like the taste. {{ I'm sure that the government would just love to see the condition of your stomach. Just think of the armor plate they could make out of the formula of its chemical construction.}}

These strange New Yorkers tho don't seem to understand the delectability of egg-and-olive sandwiches which I was almost always able to get around Seattle (pause for moment's silence in respect for home towns). On the other hand around home they never heard of pizza, bagels and lox, knishes and other delicacies available around here. on the third hand they don't serve much clam juice and codfish cheeks around here, two delicacies I especially yearn for. "I'm going to write a novel."--"Yeh? What are you going to call it?"--"Snuff Street."--"Snuff street?"--"Yas, it's patterned after Tobacco Road."

Gene Shepard is far more (or less, depending on which side of the fence you straddling) than a disk jockey. He talks. Interminably but interestingly. Sturgeon came to know him due to his penchant for working late hours with the radio on. The deal was, they invented this book which previously had not existed and sent the army of night people (anyone who works or stays up all night regularly) into the book shops run by the prosaic minded day people to pester them for copies of this non-existant book. The demand was so great that Ian Ballantine who knows a good thing when he smell the color of the money got heads together with Sturgeon and Shepard and they (mostly Sturgeon form what I hear) wrote this historical romance under the name Fredric Ewing. The book itself is a historical romance and rather bad but the back cover features a pic of Gene Shepard (identifying him as Fredric Ewing) and one of the zaniest tongue-in-cheek notes-on-author that you'll ever see.

{{ I'm turrible sorry to cut your nice long letter but I have a shortage of space and am suffering from an acute case of logos on the bogos and will not be able to do much strenuous typing for awhile.}}

Buck Coulsen--407½ E. 6th N. Manchester Ind.



I notice in the editorial, you mention a "lag-orotory". This is a new term to me, so maybe you can help me out. Is it a special workroom of lazy scientists, or what? (Well, y u might say that, but to tell the truth it was merely a type. Aren't they all??)

Terwilliger's article was reasonably good; and, I suppose valuable to newcomers to the field. He did, however, make one or two minor errors. For one thing FUTURE is not "gone"; as a matter of fact, issue #30 hit the stands less than a month ago. It is on an irregular schedule and has put out 3 issues since switching titles with SCIENCE FICTION STORIES. Ziff-Davis did not decide to discontinue FA "after 5 issues of FANTASTIC has come out". The original announcement, in FANTASY TIMES, of the birth of FANTASTIC mentioned the point that FA would be discontinued as soon as the backlog of pulp stories had been exhausted. Browne didn't combine FA with FANTASTIC; he simply dropped his payments for stories back to 1¢ per word and began getting poorer stories as a result. The original FANTASTIC is dead, and will remain so, because it didn't pay off as well as the present version.

F&SF is still labelling issues containing "all new stories", and as far as I know it always has been. (I'm not going to check every issue to make sure, because it isn't that important.) Also, it had 4 quarterly issues, rather than 3. (Again not very important, but as long as Terwilliger mentioned it, he might as well get it right.)

I also have one gripe on the article which is purely a matter of personal opinion. Speaking of IF, he says: "Few first issues can boast seven out of eight stories by leading authors." The 3 stories in IF #1 were by Ted Sturgeon, Walter Miller Jr., Howard Browne, Ray Palmer, Milton Lesser, Richard Shaver, Rog Phillips and Alvin Meiner. Sturgeon is a leading author, and I suppose Miller should be classified as such, though I never liked his stuff, personally. As for the other "leading authors"; Browne, Palmer, Shaver, and Phillips may not be the 4 worst authors in the history of sf, but isn't for lack of effort on their part. Lesser is and was a competent second-rate writer, but I can't conceive of him "leading" anything.

I liked the caricatures of the authors in the letter column, even though mine did bear an uncomfortable resemblance to an eager walrus. By the way, if I promise to give you favorable reviews from now on, do you suppose you could be prevailed upon to print my name somewhere near my letter? You don't have to put down the address or anything---I wouldn't want you to go to too much trouble--but I do so enjoy seeing my name in print. Besides, casual readers are going to consider my sterling remarks as part of Kent Moomaw's letter (a fact which will probably depress Kent more than it does me). And those who deduce that it isn't by Kent might get the impression that I write you anonymous letters and start mentioning me in the same breath with George Wetzel, and my pure fannish career will be blighted.

Aren't you ashamed of yourself, trying to run me out of fandom just because I gave you a bad review.
 {{ I would like to apologise right here and now. for that idiotic goof. I didn't do it on purpose, but the sad fact remains that I did. I'm not really trying to undermine your fannish career. Just think of what this is going to do to my fannish career. I consider it amazing that I have still been written to at all after that.}}



Alan Dodd 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., Eng.

BRILLIG was a vast improvement productionwise this issue. Beautiful black in printing on fine quality white stock. A real joy to behold. The artwork comes out particularly well on such good paper and is well worth the extra cash you must have paid to get it. The way you have blended the artwork into the text too is appealing, though a bit more variation would help out methinks. Gruesome looking cover makes me wonder how it was the spaceman allowed the woman to get in so close to him so's she could wield that potty little sword to cut off his head with. Guess he must have

been surprised though I think he ought to have had time to fire that gun of his before she chopped him up like Lizzie Borden did her papa. Or maybe you never heard the tune from "NEW FACES". "Ho - you can't chop ya poppa up in Massachusetts" etc....Of your editorial I can only say it will teach you in future not to mess around with the icebox contents while the cat's away. The toilet interlineation was rather appropriate stuck mid all this sickening foodstuffs. And just whereabouts in John Steinbeck did you get this "deflowering gwl's" bit. I've never come across it before. Was it from a book by Steinbeck or just something someone record-ed him as having said? Guy Terwilliger's article shows a lot of research but I doubt if the heading illo really looks like him. Providing it isn't a pseudonym (And I'll bet you spell that name wrongly if you use it!) Instead of "They Came, They Saw They conquered" a more appropriate title for a column might be...."They Came, They Saw, They Censored." A voluptuous Rotsler nude on page 11 comes out - in both senses of the word - very well on this white paper. Of the two lots of movie reviews Ellis is slightly better, though neither of them are exactly items you can rave about. Larry Sokol is passable though I think he should go slightly deeper into the film than just skimming the surface as he does. Still, maybe it was mucky down thar. Don Stufloten once again confirms what I previously thought, that he is one of the finest style-fiction writers in fanzines today..Somehow though, his letter in the lettercol just doesn'tmatch up with the kind of fiction he writes. They could have been done by two different people, if you know what I mean. For the rest of the issue, Geis was .. filling up space it appeared and the lettercol lacked just that little something that keeps the fire alight in such lettercols. Still, all round, BRILLIG is vastly improving and at last you are really living up to the claim - "An impeccable publication" - congratulations and keep it up, with better material you too may become a Juanita Coulsen...EHQ?
 {{ Lizzie Borden took an ax, and gave her father forty whacks. When she saw what she had done she gave her mother forty one.}}

As to policy, another change is in the making. Due to many other activities besides fandom I've decided that it's too much work to pub 30 pages or so every two months. Oh, I'm sure that I could do it if I forced myself, but why should I bother? Fandom is supposed to be a hobby and I intend to keep it that way, for me that is. Pubbing a mag is hard work and is time consuming too. I have to keep my grades up and that takes a little time. A few extracurricular activities take up more time. I suppose that most young men succumb to extracurricular activities in their lives and I'm not exception. So BRILLIG will be a little smaller and just might be on a more irregular schedule. I am going to feature a little more art and a bit more of myself. You know, I suppose, that a fanzine is supposed to be a mirror of a fan's personality. Well, I don't suppose that three measly pages every two months or so is going to do much to mirror personality, so more pages of material by me will be featured next- ish.

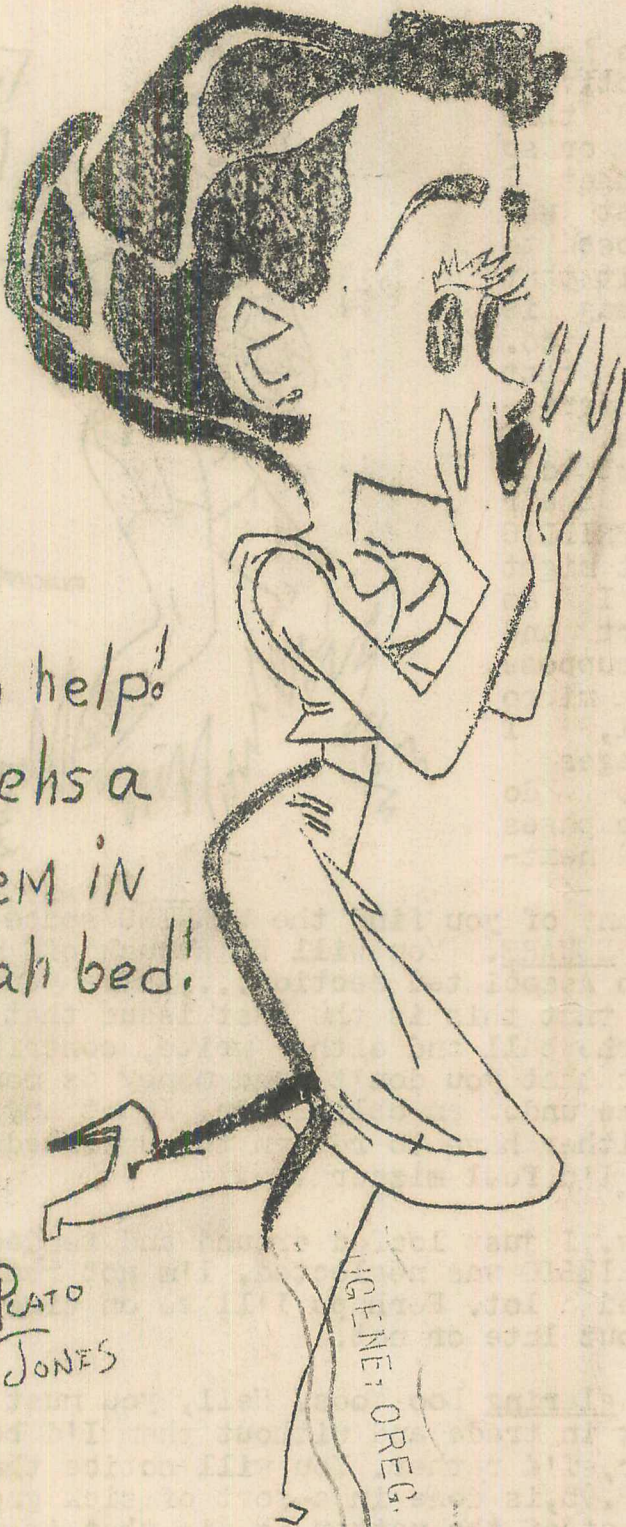
Deadbeats take warning! If any of you find the WARNING space checked on your copy of this rag, BEWARE. You will be struck off my mailing list and placed in the Non Associated section....where you will be forgotten. This will mean that this is the last issue that you will receive if you don't get on the ball and either write, contribute material, or send money. I suggest that you don't send money as money is the root of all evil and puts me under an obligation. If at any time I might happen to fold I'd either have to return the unfilled subs or not return them and either way I'd feel mizzerable.

I'm late this issue you know. I just loafed around and tended to other bizness, and consequently BRILLIG was neglected. I'm not really sorry tho, as I had fun and learned a lot. Perhaps I'll be on time next issue. If not I'll still be out late or not.

You may notice a few large glaring Boo Boos. Well, you must realize that boo boos are my stock in trade and without them I'd be lost. But with them.....I'd rather, I'd rather. You will notice that one of the titles ie: the one on P. 5, is done in a sort of sick green and looks turrible sloppy. The fact of the matter is, is that it was done in printing ink. I goofed I guess, cause the ink didn't flow and it took a long time to dry. I was going to use it on all my titles but luckily I found out what the result would be so I quickly changed. The minor boo boo's will have to go by the board this time as there are so many of them that I'd commit fanticide if I know just how bad I've really done. You know, that might not be such a bad Idea after all.



— Law —



Oh help!
There's a
Bem in
Mah bed!

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