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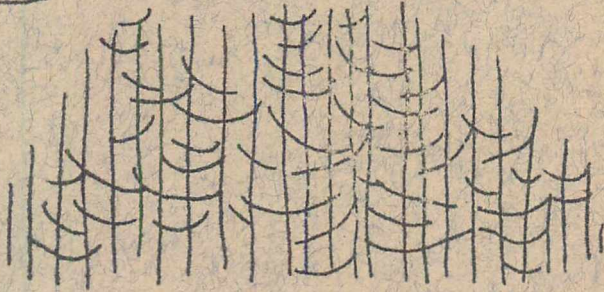
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# Brillig -12

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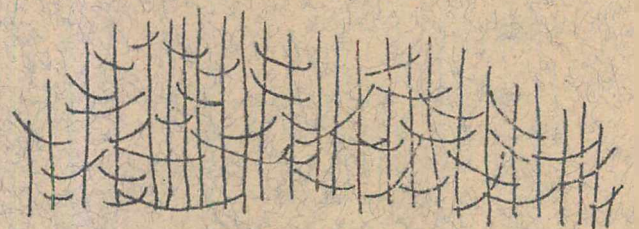
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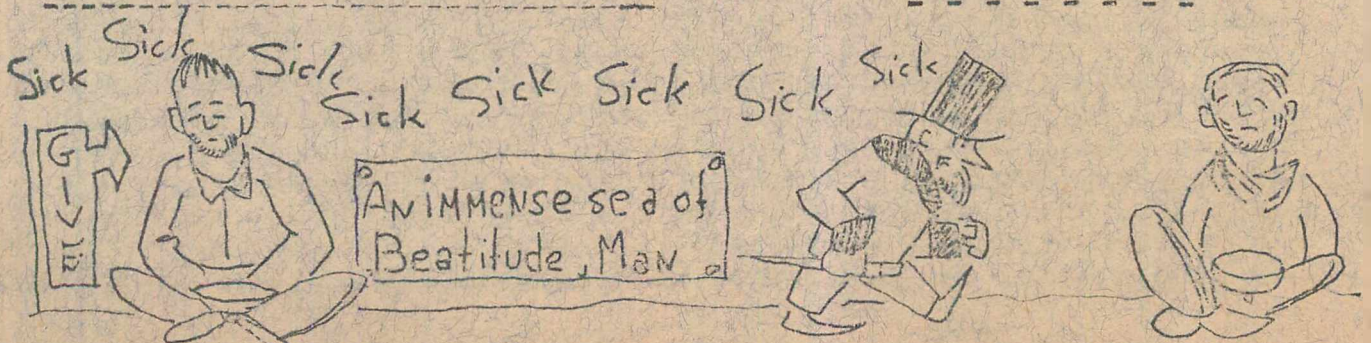
Artwork and material of all divers kinds are solicited with great glee.....



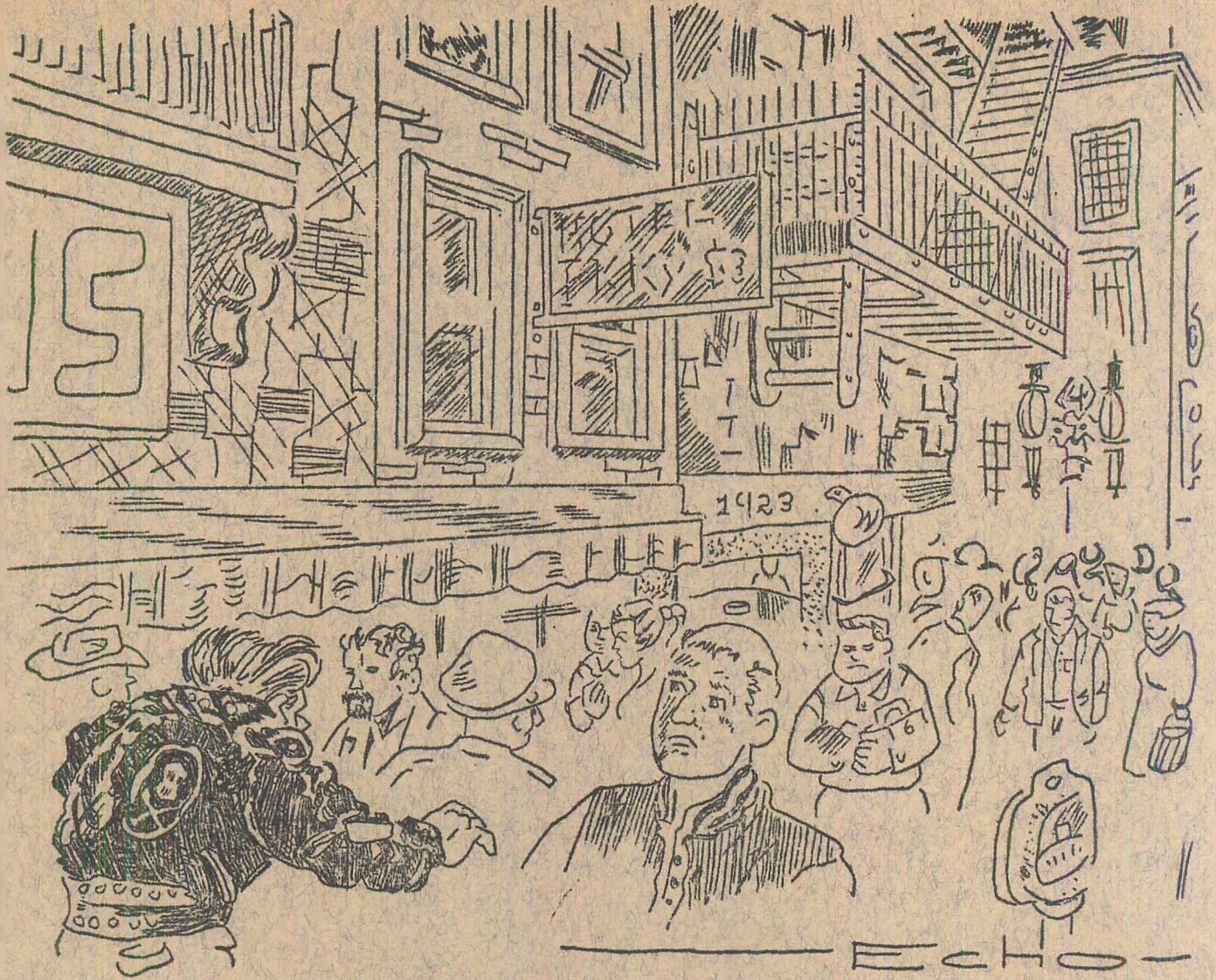
FRONT COVER BY Betty Jo Wells  
serigraph by Rosco

chief columnist

Richard E. Geis







## REFLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA

### Frisco:

I walked down the street, seeing the lighted shops as they ladled out useless commodities to the grabbing suckers, and saw the people rushing, sauntering, standing, along the streets as they looked at all the bright lights and noticed in a cursory way all the things to see, none of them thinking about it at all. I looked at them as they went by because they were the most interesting things on the street, the street that they made and which would be nothing without them. I looked at the young couples and the thin emaciated lad in the black leather jacket hopped up on dope, shaking slightly as he walked along the street, his eyes staring straight ahead, and a half smile on his face. Up two blocks, down one and the people thinned out somewhat and took on the quality of more money. Two sailors passing by me holding up a drunken woman, one on each side of her, carrying her along the street and she was laughing. She looked thirty and well dressed except for her nylons which were twisted and her shoes continually falling off her feet. Obviously a whore and I saw that the sailors in looking at her were gleeful and their eyes held expectation in them. They manoe-



vered her down the street and she was laughing but her eyes had hurt in them. Somehow they all do sooner or later. The intellectuals were in a book store down the street, standing around and looking through paperbacks by Dylan Thomas, listening to the classical music on the hi-fi player, ignoring the junk for the most part and toying around with the on sale books, never really buying anything. I walked back into the streets that were slowly losing the people into the hotels and night bars and I walked back toward the hotel, listening to the city fade into a half sleep to awake again in the morning. I could hear the noise of the cables under the streets as I walked home alone.

### The Way Down:

We had a ride into the valley and it was hot. There were palm trees around in places and they looked very strange to me, somehow out of place, otherwise it was almost the same as home. It was drier there and there weren't any rivers, only muddy little creeks and large sand beds and the soil was bad. No rich black loam or dark red soil as in Oregon, only sandy stuff that miraculously seemed to grow all sorts of vegetation. Back in the mountains almost nothing grew because of the rocks. The whole area looked like a bowl of cheerios sprinkled with sagebrush, catering to sparse herds of cattle. We waited along side the road with the sun on our necks somewhere in a little town and an old car ground to a stop in front of us. We climbed in and two fellows were in there, both looking seedy and deserving the title of grease, otherwise not too bad. They were a little stupid perhaps or possibly no more than uneducated. Their car went thirty miles an hour all the way to the next town because of axle trouble, or so they said. A slight matter of their front axle being tied on with a chain. We were let off, told to take route F which was quicker, but not told that it was not traveled much, and then left to ourselves. We waited there by the side of the highway, next to another palm tree and watched all the people go by. Somehow they looked like everyone else but with some subtle difference that couldn't be measured, going about their business in yellow license plate cars, which made it all the stranger. All the tourists right? there in California. Our ride came along with a child seat in the back and we left. We got a ride from a fellow who had all the troubles in the world and who wanted to join the Marines again and forget them all. All the way to his destination he told us about the sheriff who hid on the side roads and who couldn't catch him because he slipped over the country line oh so nice and easy and it was all very boring as far as I was concerned. But what the hell, it was a ride and freeloaders of necessity, cannot be choosers. He let us off at a small hick farm place called Orland and we became stranded there with the mosquitoes, the cold, and the approaching dark. I wasn't too damn fascinated about that either.

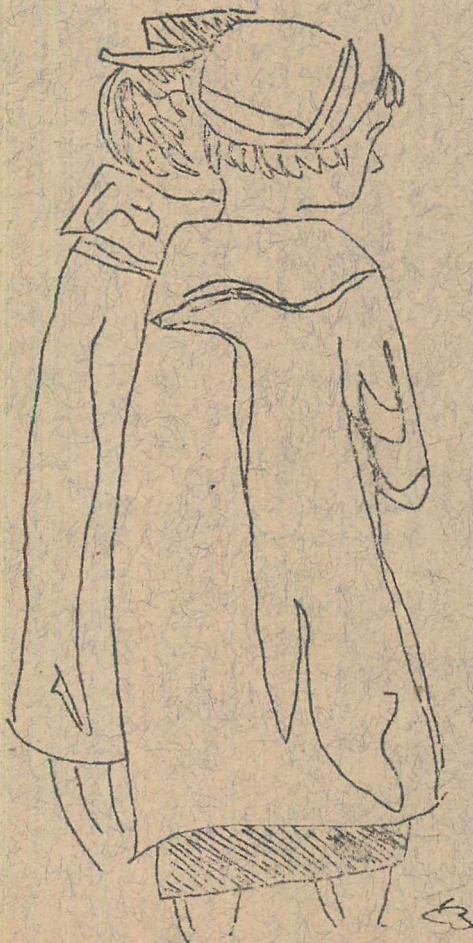




During the last week of March and during the second weekend in May I visited a few places and a few people. In April I hitch-hiked with a friend to San Francisco and managed to hit Berkeley and Amador city mostly on my own initiative, partially with the able company of Ron Ellick. In May I paid a visit to Stony Barnes down Grants pass way. This time I was completely alone and on my own, a good feeling somehow as if I didn't really need anybody and that finally I had enough confidence to do something on my own initiative. Both trips were exciting, interesting, and even educational, cataloging seeing different places and understanding people as educational.

In San Francisco I did next to nothing. My traveling buddy wanted me to see things with his eyes, his egocentricity wanting me to do what he did and see what he saw, but I would have little or nothing to do with that, and relations were strained all around. I finally left in disgust and paid a visit to Ron Ellick and the Berkeley group. It was almost time to leave California then, so I left San Francisco a little early. Shortly after my arrival at Berkeley Ron proposed that we hitch-hike to Amador City to see Robin Wood and George Metzger. This was all right with me so we went, and we started on the road to Sacramento, from there fifty miles east to Amador City, there in the gold country. Riding late at night in a car that went ninety miles around all the turns with some people who wanted a good time and Roadhouse, local saloon village, was about halfway there and there they left us. A good long time later

we were picked up by a person who deposited us in Amador City and from there we walked up the hill to Robin Wood's house.

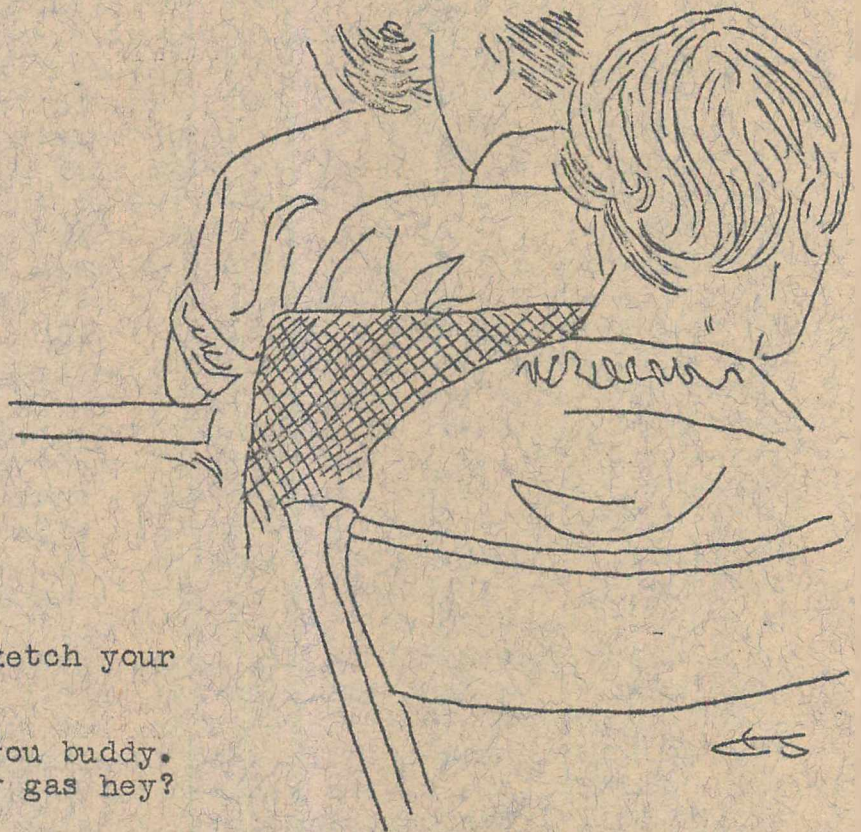


Fans are people and people are interesting. All the fans I have met in my short travels have been interesting, intelligent, with something about them that seems to be likeable. I was favourably impressed by Robin Wood, George Metzger, and of course Ron Ellick. Robin is fairly young, intense as though he continually had something on his mind. Sad at times, and serious. He looks completely normal, acts and talks intelligently, is quiet and does not stand out.

George Metzger, is also young, very kind looking with a beard that doesn't make him look as tough or fierce as his self portraits seem to indicate. He is serious about his art, doing a good job at whatever he attempts. Ron Ellick is possibly the most complex of the lot. He is older, in college, is majoring in math. He is sometimes overenergetic, occasionally carries things too far, but on the other hand is quite friendly and even gentle. Somewhere he has picked up



a conceit that might be just his off beat sense of humor, or on the other hand, might be real. No one seems to mind. I didn't. All the next day the four of us spent travelling around the gold fields and in the late afternoon I hitched out of Amador and made it back home by ten o'clock the next day. A week, I would say, quite well spent.



# FRAGMENTS:

I don't know you buddy.

I was just trying to sketch your barn...

Yeah, but I don't know you buddy. You come here to steal my gas hey?

Man, I was just trying to sketch your barn...

Yeah? You sure you aren't one of those thieves who come around here and try to steal my gas? Look here boy, I'm just a poor farmer who makes his living selling vegetables and I run this farm here, just getting by, and you come here wanting to steal my gas.

Look man....I was just trying to sketch your barn....

Screw my barn buddy. You want me to call in the sheriff and have you put away? I have enough trouble with you cheap punks coming around here trying to steal my gas and wrecking things. You ought to be put behind bars.

Uh, look, man. I'm from the University see, and I'm an artist, see, and, I just want to sketch your barn...okay?

You want to sketch my barn?

Uh, yeah, I mean, yes,. I'd like to sketch your barn.

Well, why the hell didn't you say so in the first place. You go over there and sit on my steps and you can sketch all you want.

Uh, thanks.

Think nothing of it. It's just that I don't like to see those punk kids come around and steal my gas...

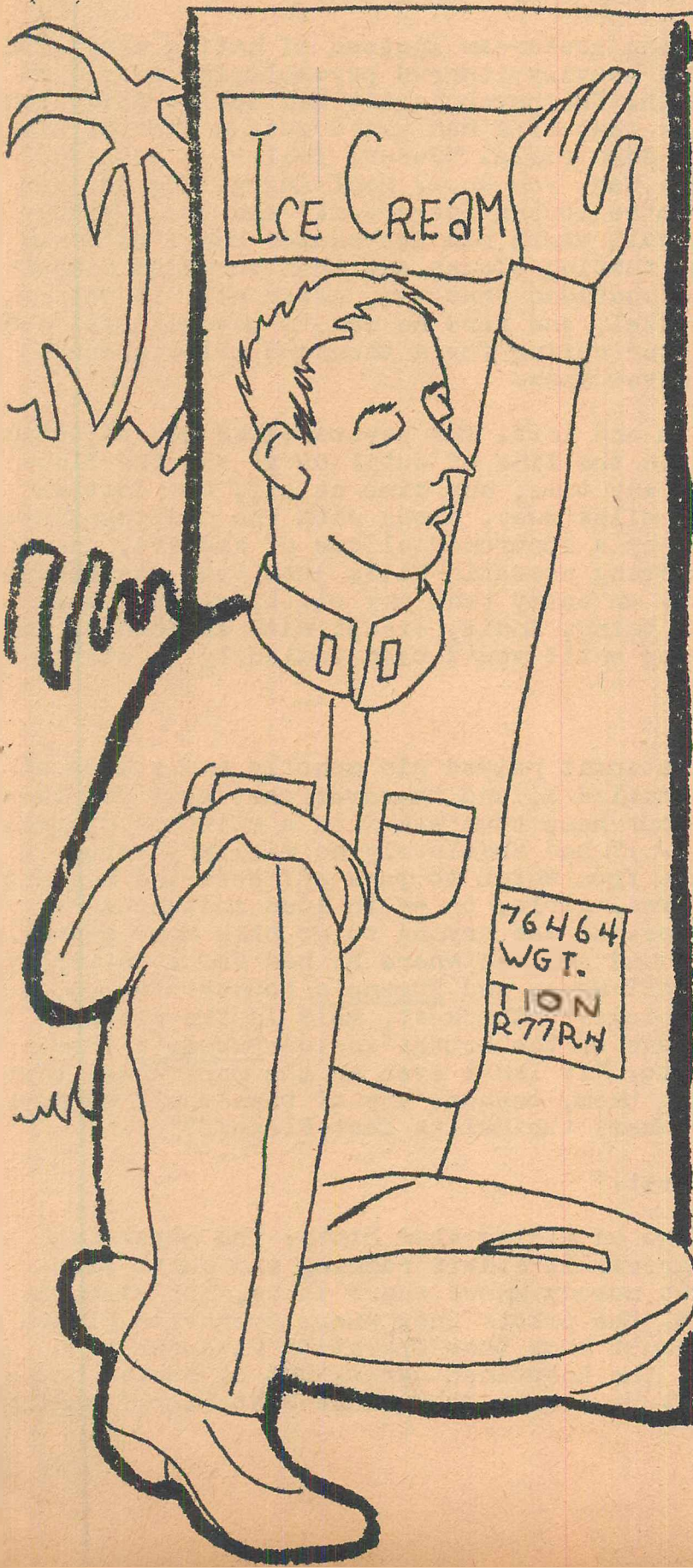


One of the more liberal organizations on campus was the Committee For Student Awareness, a small organization primarily dedicated to having nuclear testing throughout the world stopped. I sadly suspect that they didn't gain much success but it's an encouraging thing to note that a staid, almost completely conservative, college such as the University of Oregon would find enough interested parties for such a group. I became interested in this organization through a girl I was interested in at the time and came more out of a feeling that this would put me in her good graces rather than being wholeheartedly for cessation of Nuclear tests. I was in favour of the idea but being a non-joiner type I hadn't tried very hard to find a group to do something for. When I arrived, for my first and last meeting, the group, all rather benign and intelligent looking people, were discussing their coup of sending letters to their congressmen, getting their protest letter read into the congressional record and having their names in same. A single sheet of the record was being passed around and the letter was circled in red. They started discussing various ways of attracting attention for their cause and I mentioned the Article by Issac Asimov on Strontium 90 and its effect on bone tissue in one of the issues of F&SF. When I mentioned it came from a Sci-Fi mag, they all laughed, an incident which didn't make me feel any happier or give me a better opinion of the group. Then, someone voiced the idea that the group should march in the Armed Forces Day parade which was two weeks away. I thought the idea was pretty good and may have even voiced it myself, I can't remember, but the group liked it at any rate. After gleefully hashing the idea over they decided to go ahead with it. I heard little of the group after that, being somewhat busy, so it wasn't until I was marching down the street that day rigged up in battle uniform with the National Guard, that I saw the signs. In a long row in front on of the local theatres were five signs, all urging cessation of the tests. The signs read, "CO-existence or No-existence", "Suspend Nuclear Bomb Tests," "PEACE", and "We Urge International Ban on H-Bombs." Sneaking a quick look I saw the group standing there, holding the signs and looking very proud. I flipped them a salute and wished that I could have been there with them, but crass commercialist I, needed the \$4.68 I was paid for marching. It is an ironic note that when the R.O.T.C. students marched by the group, they booed and hissed the then martyred sign holders. The National Guard said not a word, and we were unofficially the best unit in the parade.

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She was too tall for me and she sat there in the recreation area looking at the boys. Almost a mad preoccupation as she eyed each tall boy that went past, not giving the impression quite of loneliness, but one could tell it was there. Seventeen and almost too plump for her height, tall with a child's face and an innocence to her, only her eyes were a little too sad. She sat there preoccupied. "I don't want to leave," she said. "I want to stay here forever." Forever and ever and ever she sat there, not really looking alert, constantly searching for the boys that were denied her because of her height. Her companion gave a surface intent of boredom, not listening to anything with any degree of concentration, occasional flashes of interest brightening her face. My nervousness increased because of the size of the place and of all the people. There was nothing being done there, and it was not at all personal on our parts. I felt a feeling of being apart, my consciousness alienated from the whole scene as if I were half conscious, drugging my senses with protective reflexes, wishing like hell I was out of the whole mess. It was bitter.





## The Occupationist

On that day there'd been no ice-cream. Only a few Egyptian cigars had come through, and the usual thousands of barrels of Government chocolate-drops. And of course the rolls of toilet paper on which officials of the republic worked out their translations.

It was— the Lieutenant said aloud, but not loud enough for anyone to hear — the soiled end of the stick; it was the reward for being too smart and yet not smart enough; one of the small intelligence traps career men helped dig, then fell backwards into if they moved forwards too fast — holes sadistically engineered by waddling old generals who were no longer permitted to stick pins into the shrieking asses of Official Young Girls. Official young girls— young, did somebody say? Official, yes. Funlays. Goofmuffs. But honestly different from the militant dogs who stayed home and sewed war-biscuits together while abfunding tycoons played around at the edge of their unmentionables. And because Generals had a monopoly on the ponderous thighs, he, the Lieutenant had developed what they called "this crazy ice-cream fetish." Even so, the Generals had

**CURTIS ZAHN**



run out of inclination, and like the manual said (chapter 439, "Hygiene Tribal Deviations & The Overseas Norm.") if a man loses the inclination to love girls, he can sublimate by hating men.

"But why not sublimate by loving ice-cream instead of hating men?" The Lieutenant had asked this of a heavily starred psychologist once during the South American campaign. The psychologist had deliberately conjured an expression not unlike that of a man who'd gotten part of himself stuck in the barrel of a 35mm rifle. "Jesur, fellow -- we're not out here for the polo matches. War, you know. Mad! Angry. How can you hate the face off a man if you're loving ice-cream!" And the psychologist had walked over to the wall where his ice-skates hung. He'd run a soft, white finger over the rusting blades and then shrugged companionably at the Lieutenant and confided that yes, after all, it was tough. Sure it was a no-good deal, and here he was, a psychologist with ice-skates and nothing but water skiing for a thousand miles around. you never knew. No sir, you never knew.

The Lieutenant had thanked him and left. The psychologist had rejected the appreciation, it was all in the line of duty! Duty! and the lieutenant was welcome to drop by any time, any time at all, but instead he had been dropped a million miles away, along with the distinguished 4566th which was being goofed by a chevroned clique of sadists, and loving it up and down -- achieving ecstatic bliss just from the thought that they might be squashed by an enemy tank any old time. That was Africa for you. India? Same thing, India, except with elephants. In Bangkok you weren't outstanding until you'd been fouled by an elephant.

And here?

Well, where was here? The Lieutenant raised his monocle and stared at the chart. There was a red-penciled X, and wherever they sent you there was another red X, and even your home town was X on a military diagram. Home. An unimportant pinpoint. It had absolutely no military value other than existing as a place from which to yank officers and men from the arms of their mothers, wives, girls, or -- in some instances -- other men. All right then, home. He was trying to go back home mentally only so that he could turn around and see where he had been. Naturally that was the reason; what other? Home. And Eugene's Fountain where, for forty-five cents you got the biggest, thickest, malt in the western hemisphere. Home, sitting in one of the booths inside Eugene's there would be somebody to tell it to. "It isn't even on the maps where they sent us," he would be assuring them, because any of them would be saying, "Flappff? East Flappff? Where the hell's East Flappff?"

"Where! That's a military secret."

This never failed. You could go on giving them hints. The water is salty and stays around 82 degrees. It starts raining and can't stop. The natives are insidious. But nobody knows where it is, not even the Generals. The pilots, yes, oh, the pilots know where Operation Flagpole is all right but the pilots don't know that Operation Flagpole is really East Flappff, see? He, the Lieutenant knew. But of course he only knew it was East Flappff. He didn't know where East Flappff was.



"What's the population?"

He would smile, light a cigarette and say, "X."

"Why are they sending troops there?"

Again he would say "X" and blow cigarette smoke from an American cigarette into the face of an American girl.

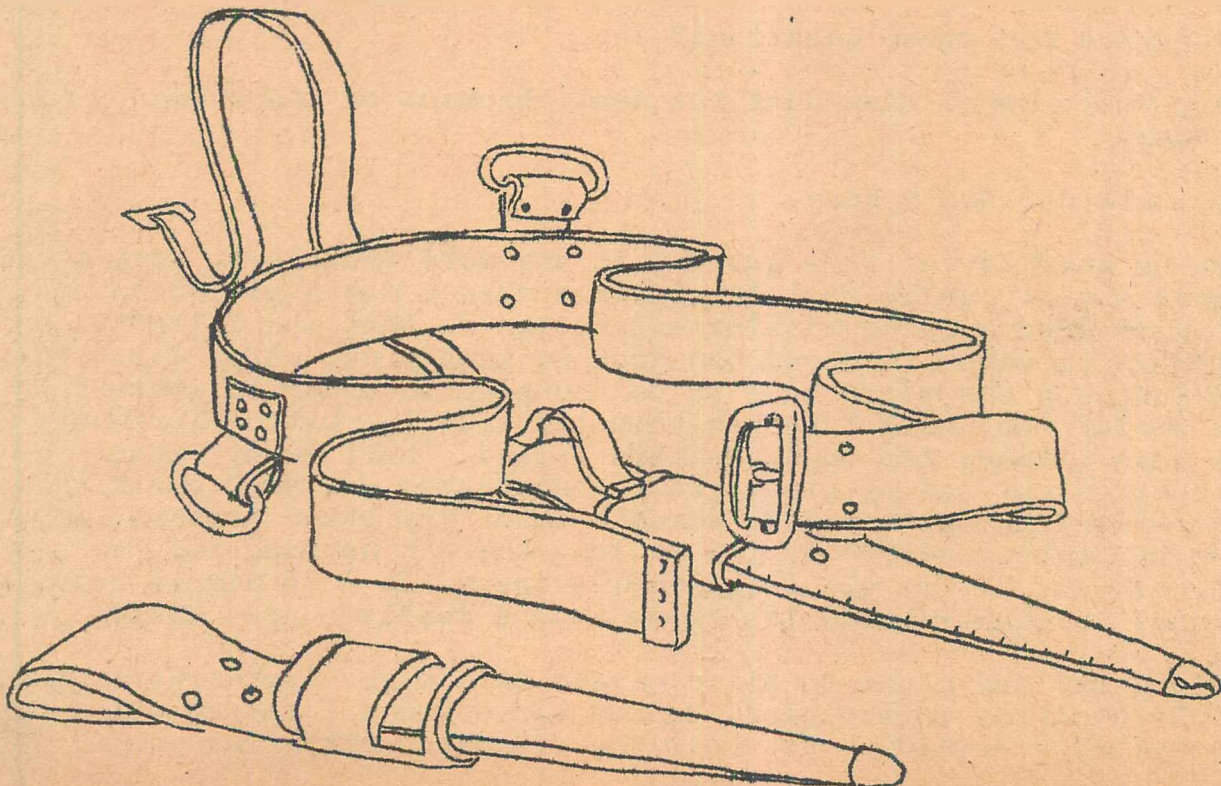
"I suppose you met lots of pretty girls there in hula skirts and everything."

I can tell you that I met X number of girls."

It was wonderful about curiosity. About how women one place imagined women in another place. Like all the women in the world staying home and sweating it out what might be happening to their men somewhere else. But the women in East Flappff didn't wonder; they had no damn imagination and hell, they just fell into bed and did it. You were over before you started. It was like falling on a pillow from a height of ten feet. No getting you worked up, no courting, no presents, no saying No, even.

"How do they look? I mean -- "

He had started to say "X" again but they didn't look like "X" because the face of the one they called Babe had gotten in front of him. It was accusing without trying to be if you could figure that. And the really real laugh. Babe's face was only 23 huts away but he was back in Eugene's talking to another girl and looking backwards across probably sixty thousand miles of water they fly it now for security reasons. He was here, inagining he was there, and looking back towards





here. It was really a real laugh. And all you could see now was Babe looking clean through you. Clean. Looking through you and not despising what she saw because she had this built-in theory, see? Crossbred or inbred into them that every frigging living thing was holy or precious or loveable. "A respect for life that ventures deeply into the fields of idiocy," the Major had said, and sometimes the observation seemed definitive, since they respected the major exactly as they respected Ding-fish, dogs, Gods and the very poisonous lizards that darted up your pants after your you-know-whats. But the Major had gotten himself fixed up as a psycho and shipped over to England; for that you had to respect him. He'd taken to forgetting to wear his medals in public and there had been all this paperwork — with a hundred men on both sides of the ocean employed full time sending abusive letters to each other; case-histories, morale, deviations, counter case-histories. And then, a month later, all of the brass was squeezed into tin-cans and sailed over to another, newer X, leaving only himself — the boy Lieutenant — in charge of three demoralized privates, an amputee Captain, and a pompous, incompetent Legionaire who was left over from two or three other wars.

"Don't take any wooden ice-cream cones," the Major had said cheerily. "If you weren't such a child we'd have something worse for you."

The assignment was simple. Just stay on and smell around. See if you could sniff the decaying odor of National Weakness. See if the mountain people were walking about with dead fish in their pockets. Find out if Somebody was slipping them batteries for their TV sets. And if they were? Why, two alternatives; discharge their batteries, or else, get better programs on the overseas propaganda beam. On that occasion he had quietly asked OG-2 how in hell you went about discharging their batteries, and OG-2 said, "Why, by getting them to stay tuned 24 hours a day."

Were there any other questions?

Yeah, there were. When does the next shipment of ice-cream come through?

"Oh, hell for God's sake."

Sure he knew it was war. But was it any more trouble to send strawberry? Was it really real troublesome when a man's giving up the best years — when a man's risking extinction so that the illegitimate children he never fathered can grow up in a fine, safe, C-ration world? How long did the world have to be occupied in order to protect it from the world? "Why hell," he had told the orderly, biting furiously into the last O'Henry bar on the entire island, "hell — my father was an Occupationist. And my great-great grandfather was an Occupationist. Occupation: Occupationist? Weren't there any other careers left? We've been protecting everybody for so long there's nothing left to protect. Not even any little old frigging ice cream. Is a simple request like a quart of burnt-almond ice cream such a really rugged deal?"

The orderly had clung to his cynicism as though lizards were gnawing at his dangling participles. He had served up a lopsided smile until his eyebrows welded to his hairline and said, "It's real queer about



:13:

you guys. You been to officers' school. You been rolled in birdshit and peed on by elephants. You been goofed by the entire 365th and you were in the last stages of athlete's foot for two years. Doing a man's work for a man's lifetime, and still you cry for milk and mother, or hotrods and malted milks. Is this all we got between us and the enemy? You mean we got a army that would capitulate if the enemy set up a soda fountain?"

He had been forced to send the orderly to the latrines. He hadn't been angry, he'd been afraid. One of the hidden recorders would some day be mailed to headquarters; a casual ear would eventually stumble across it; in a few months the ear's brain would suddenly sit upright and say, "What?" and then hell would arrive in the form of battleships. And when you got battleships you got frustrated old seafarts — trigger happy, and looking down their sixteen inch rifles at you, dreaming up an incident. It was better this way, the latrines. It was quick and noble, and it kept everybody's morale on pins and needles. And if there was a heinous crime you couldn't commit in the name of national defense, it wasn't in the books.

Point your nose up-wind and seek out the flavors of contamination. Don't crowd your ears with radiojive — save them for the sounds that may affect your loved-one's way of life. And your voice; use plenty of x's in your sentences when you talk. There exists the treacherous Mr. X, the ruler of the Republic. The ruler x-officio. He's about as effective as a basket case but the populace is restless. If you smell your man, x, follow the scent. Dress up like a Rotarian, a tourist, an American or hell, a giesha girl if you want. Become one of the crowd. Fall on your ass when he speaks. Go without ice cream if necessary, but go. Go and hear him and smell him —

A new scheme to pass the time. Cops and robbers. The future of the planet, earth is placed in your hands. Therefore, put nothing in writing. Take a knockout pill the moment you get back to HQ and see to it that your brain is kept on deepfreeze until interviewers make contact. You got a whole year to do this one little old thing — a hundred years if necessary. And don't try dropping your pants, Lieutenant, because it won't work again.

About like that it had been, decoded by a taut, trim, tall, tolerant girl who arrived on a rocket that afternoon and would be in Tokio in a time to drink with a General that night.

"Is that all it says?" the Lieutenant had asked.

"There's distinguishing characteristics," she had replied.

"What are the distinguishing characteristics?" He had kept it formal because he had forgotten what women back home looked like that, like boys — with small hips, wide shoulders, even though they'd never done forced labor in the uranium camps. It was strange about the world, the whole world was strange the way nothing had every very much to do with anything, really....

"Physical characteristics," she way saying, and then boredly reciting the fine print on page after page, mostly confined to "whereas" and





"insofar"<sup>14</sup> and "resolved, therefore." Now there was a pause. Her trained voice arched into the tone which implied that she'd come to the part that was worth listening to. "The Ruler ex-officio has two ears and two eyes.

"Thank you. I imagine that about covers it —"

"Not quite Lieutenant. The ruler is believed to be male, about fifty years of age —"

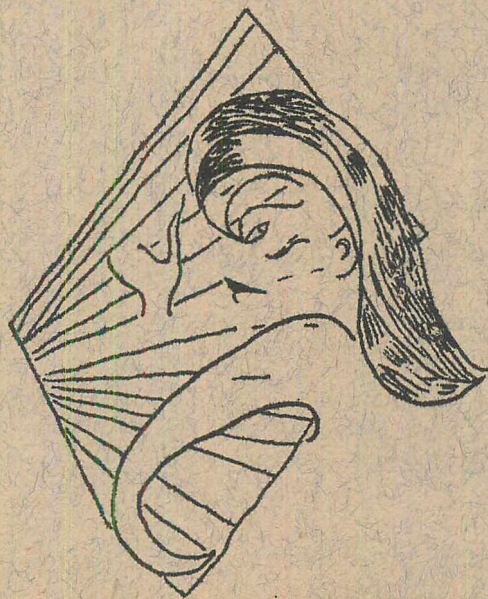
"Add one and subtract two."

"How is that, sir?"

"Nothing. Just depends on where you're looking."

"Thank you, sir. The ruler has no past. It is believed that he occurred suddenly. Other than the distinguishing characteristics listed above, recognition may offer a problem of the most challenging calibre."

She had finished reading and was, with impressive care, folding the sheaf of papers back into the portfolio. The Lieutenant's fingers were almost within reach of the candy-bar that lay in his drawer, a delicacy for which he'd paid a pilot five dollars and had been trying to get at for three hours. He knew that if he offered the girl half, she'd probably spit symbolically all over him. Yet, he couldn't be certain. She might accept half just for the hell of it, or as a gesture of companionship. He forced himself to look at her. It helped. He thought angrily, "I wonder if it's true like they said. Like they said about men liking the girls back home because they look and act like boys. Like this idea men aren't men any more and are actually homosexual so that they go for girls that are boys. Short hair and hard to the touch." But it was still okay for them to have breasts. Sure, breasts were okay alright, but that was about the only difference, really. Breasts — that made it all right. Only of course they'd say that was your mother urge. Then,



either they got to be mothers or boys. A regular woman, a mate that is, see, was too much — dirty, even. They were the ones you put in whorehouses so you could dive into them like a hot bath and have yourself a helluva, helluva time. What the hell was it all coming to — where were they going? What the hell was happening? Aloud, he said, "Thank you, Colonel," remembering too late that she had called him "sir" and therefore was merely a corporal. He added, "What's new on the home front?"

"Oh, —" she smiled. "Lots of x'ing."

"The boys still x'ing girls?"

"Mmmhuh. Still chasing after it like they always did, except that now both sexes are walking."



"Walking? No new cars?"

"Oh, lots of new cars for Five-Year-Folks."

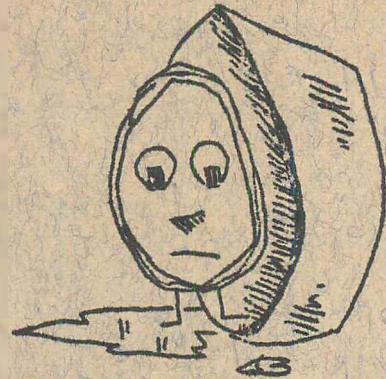
"And the new cars?"

"Dreamy—"

"They still use that word?"

"Is there a better word?"

"I wouldn't know I'm out here."



"Well, I wouldn't kick if I were a man, I've got eyes. What I saw walking down the streets looks okay to me." She almost was able to lower her eyes as she added in a frank, low voice, "Incidentally, how are they? A lot of the civilian bags back home are working up a sweat —"

"Why, they're —" The Lieutenant paused in the midst of a miracle. The whole imagined dialogue, from back home in Eugene's, was coming true, all except the chocolate malt. He lit a cigarette and blew smoke toward the uniformed girl across the desk and said, "Why, the women here are X I guess."

He stood up to watch her walk out, again noticing that she looked like a man, a soldier, and equal if not a superior. Were women imitating men or had men become like women? Sure; they could still keep long fingernails, if the pushbuttons were working properly it was just as easy for a woman to do it as a man, war, that is. He thought, "I bet she finds it humiliating to have to go in the door marked 'women.' They'll get that changed too. Even now, probably, she did it standing up. He was glad, now, he'd been able to refrain from asking her about the ice cream situation back home, even though angered over his cowardice.

That had been the day — remembered because the cargo ships brought only Egyptian cigars and official toilet paper, and no ice cream.

It had begun with the air-conditioner scooping up a buzzard and ceasing to function. It had brought another siege of pants climbing lizards. It had carried rumors of a sit-down strike in the area designated as the local red light district. Allright, let them try it sitting down. But he had had to remain sitting in his own sweated water while they took the air conditioner apart, feather by feather. And the day had ended with him renting a burro and riding off into the lowlands so that he could outwit the ruler who was alleged to be somewhere in the Highlands.

"Never attack a psychological problem sociologically; i.e., skirt the objective abstractly." Rule 928273827-A. In short, move forwards backwardsly. In that way, the enemy would think your advance was a retreat. It was really real deep.

The burro had crossed the humid flatlands. He, the Lieutenant, had become delirious from the solitude, the altitude, the heat, the monotony. Always there were fantasies; the ice-cream mirage, the total recall of cold flavors, frozen textures, the reckless feeling of



negotiating curves. In automobiles or beds? And then at last — by what his superiors would have kissed off as a fool's luck — he entered a mountain province to find throngs of people moving pantlessly in aimless circles. The Devotees! If was confoundedly true. Intelligence had been wrongly right...

To begin with, there had been the extra long phaeton, black and chrome, immaculately massaged, its sixteen cylinders ticking them off like a fine watch. He had moved up through the multitudes which paid him no attention except the brief acceptance smile. Obviously, the car was a vintage Marmon from north America — probably dusted off from some Texas wrecking yard during the forties, shipped down by boat, disassembled and carried on native shoulders through towering gorges and into the province. And there, miraculously pieced together, it remained a pampered captive. "A really real hotrod," the Lieutenant announced to himself feverishly, "and only a bumpy handmade mile of trail to exercise it on."

Inside, he now noticed, a driver and footmen crouched like supercharged dobermann's, yearning to murder an assailant, courteously attuned to their passenger's most unconscious desire. And there — flung low in the rear seat — a dwarflike figure who looked sick and ill at ease. Now there came the announcement: "Ladies and gents! The current ruler of the republic."

That was all. The introduction, seemingly, had issued from one of the chauffeurs, a tight-lipped, curt, demoralized native whose words and tone were without the slightest shade of respect. The man sat down abruptly, stone deaf to the great ovation which crackled through the town square. And then, irrelevantly, the Lieutenant realized the ogre was making his speech — had been standing all the while on the automobile's rear seat waiting his turn, a tophat clutched apologetically in his clawlike hands. His manner meek, serious, ludicrous; an intent, caged bird uttering sounds of grief to its captors.

"Why am I presented an automobile when I am yet able to walk?"

The crowd was shouting and singing.

"Why are a dozen citizens assigned to the project of maintaining my station in life? Am I worth it? Do you seek a symbol? a diety? a leader? Do we create idols, then place them beyond reach?"

Absolute silence now. The collective, defective breathing of the crowd. And then an unintuitive dog whined and was petted into silence. A baby's cry was muffled. The voice of the ruler had left its echo — sad, perplexed, anxious. A good-doer's voice, the lieutenant decided; the man was a mollusk whose only compensation was scheming up a plan, a manifesto. With a face and build like that —

"We have met the enemy and he is ours — "

The faces in the audience were smiling. They were the faces of the girl Babe who lived in the 23rd hut — the wise, inside smile which made you hate yourself unless you were sane, in which case you'd choose the nearest, handiest object. The faces glanced momentarily in his direction. And they retained their smiles.



"Yes! The enemy is ours. We have claimed him as our brother! Oh, he still rules us by force -- but we own him through love!"

Like children the people uttered cries of delight. An old man standing near the Lieutenant had gone out of control. He was laughing and leaking at the same time. A fat, pregnant woman began an insane dance.

The ruler's dome-like head perspired. His nervous hands already had worked a hole into his hat. He was laughing more heartily than any of the others after his own speech. Now he added, "So much does our enemy love us that he has sent boats and armies to protect us from yet other enemies -- "

Now the voices seemed to disagree. There were angry shouts, crossed through with manifestations of approval.

"Yes! Protection from our loveable big brother. And a gift he has sent! A hundred burro loads of gifts for eating! A delicacy direct from the hearts of our protectors! Everyone shall have some after it is thawed.' It is called frozen ice cream. I ask myself, what have we done to deserve this -- "

The Lieutenant had gone directly to the native administration hut and of course it was confoundedly true.

There, in hundreds of government issue canvas boxes, piled to the thatched roof, lay the impossible, the mirage, in every flavor he'd known, with new flavors added. Groups of perspiring workers were opening the dry-ice packs and setting out bricks of ice cream to melt. He shouted for them to stop. "You don't have to let it thaw! It's not like GI meat and vegetables. Hell, you don't even have to cook the stuff!" The words had been screamed; the voice, he realized foolishly was his own. He ripped open a package of strawberry and dug in with his fingers. The natives watched, fascinated. He felt as though he were diving into a woman who was like a hot bath on a cold night, only different and yet at the same time the same. If you could figure it out. But now, at last, there was no need for figuring anything out ...

Remembering back, a long time later, he was able to realize how much a man was capable of forgetting.

He recalled innumerable hours applied diligently to the project of consuming ice cream in twenty-three flavors, including George Washington Ice Cream, Liberation Ice Cream. In the beginning he had eaten desperately, almost without tasting. Later he had begun to try for color and flavor. And still later, as night fell, he was eating methodically, scientifically, dutifully. He'd fallen heir to virtually the entire shipment. One after another, the less timid or more polite natives had stepped forward, taken a bite, and then run off in an ill-concealed agony of cold pain. The rest had followed dutifully, throwing themselves as fatalists, experiencing burning tongues, going off purged and sanctified. Once, motivated by conscience, he'd paused in the middle of his vanilla to reassure them: "It isn't hot -- it's cold! It won't really hurt for real long!" But they refused to understand. Finally -- after every man, woman and child had taken his turn -- the ruler himself decreed a halt. "No, friend! No! What greater satisfaction can one have than the satisfaction of witnessing the satisfaction of another!"



"But hell sir, I feel like a pig."

The Lieutenant had made the protest while forcing another glop of tutti-frutti down his aching throat. Later he wondered if "sir" was the correct word in a situation such as this; he was forever going around promoting people of lower rank when caught off guard, and was off guard because the entire island populace had squeezed tight around him for as far as the civilized eye could see — staring, bewitched by the mystical powers of the caucasian God who could put away scoop after scoop without injury. Later, when abdominal pains rendered him helpless, they had placed his immobilized body aboard the ruler's 16-cylinder phaeton and gone to the local doctor; there, on a straw bed, he had fidgeted in a strange delirium of fantasy and reality while the difference between right and wrong kept changing sides until the moon set.

He knew he was going to report an official failure back at headquarters. He was going to have been unsuccessful in his search for the ruler ~~ex~~ officio; victimized by a native malady just as the world's fate lay within grasp. As an officer he simply didn't have the stuff. A boy-soldier. A mutation. Not a man after the great tradition. Hell, they should bundle him up in fragile sections and ship him quietly home before he started pants-dropping.

"But what about the ruler? Are you going to permit him to go on jeopardizing the lives of your loved ones?"

It was the Lieutenants conscience again. And to his conscience he exclaimed sharply, "Knock it off! That's just so much fabricated seal-snot! Who's kidding whom — a ruler with a philosophy like that —"

"Are you positive about your negative?"

His conscience had always been semantically clever.

"After all," he quoted himself reassuringly, "I did capture the rulers entire clientele single-handedly."

"You have met the enemy and he is yours, Lieutenant — "

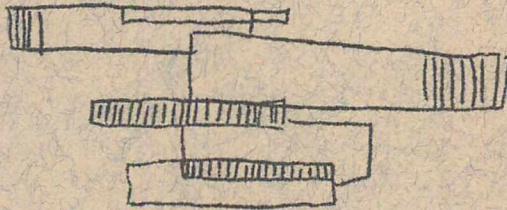
Somehow the phrase, in its new voice, was disconcerting. He shifted gears to get onto another level, and he heard, now the voice of the orderly chiding, "...it's real queer about you guys, doing a man's work and still you cry for milk, mother, ice cream — "

But this argument, also, the Lieutenant won through fantasy. With new patience — as though intelligencing an ape — he explained the difference between living for ice cream and dying for freedom; there wasn't any see? One was frigged with noble, dignified clothes whereas the other was naked as an East Flappff debutante. Or, for that matter, a skirted corporal who could look you in the eye and defrost your libido without taking her hands out of her pockets.

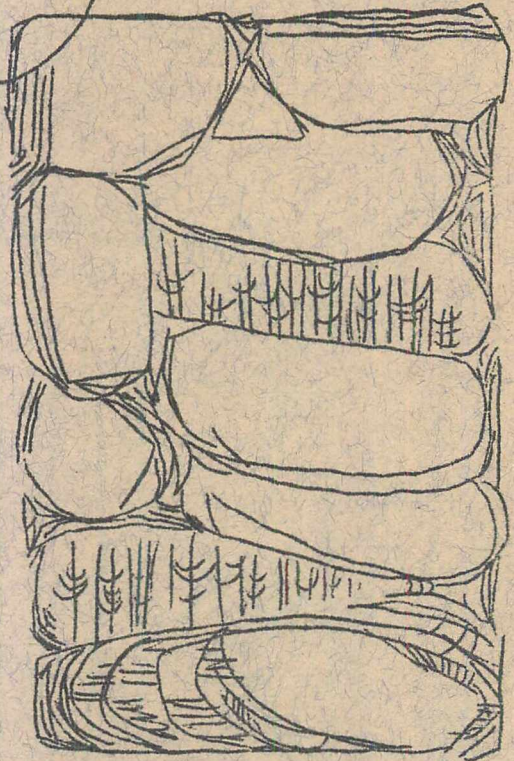
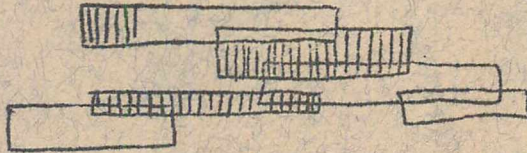
The deduction had come out a little strained. It didn't matter. He was falling now, gravitating toward another conversational piece, but it wasn't Eugene's or an American girl to blow American smoke at. He was falling, yes, but there was not fear; beneath him was a bed, and on the bed was the superimposed really real reality of Babe, the one in the 23rd hut



# Randomnity



Jean Young



I speak with the tongue of strangers  
And my voice echoes oddly where there was no voice before

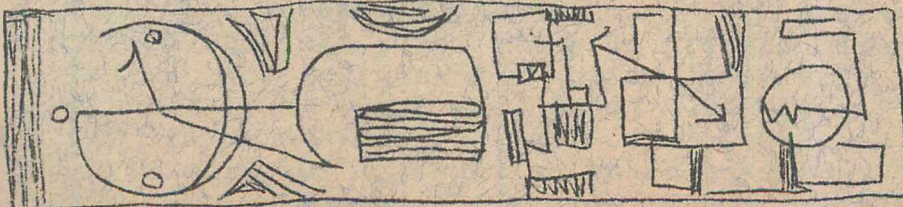
In a still, enclosed room, a clock may roar the seconds away  
Instead of ticking seemly off the notes of our destruction

Pain expresses itself more readily than joy  
And joy expressed becomes a pain

I have builded me many a house here on the sand, and many have been swept  
away  
'Build not on sand' says the wise man, but here there is only sand  
'Build on rock' says the wise man, but in the course of time, rock be-  
comes sand

'Where,' they asked, 'are the snows of yesteryear?'  
and sat huddled in the rain, and knew not, thought it chilled their bone

There is no end, though one can get as close as one likes  
The day of Judgement nearing exponentially





# MOMENTS AT A CARNIVAL

— DON STUEFLOTEN



All the sun was gone; all the night was here. The colored lights were strung up across the grand square, and across the square milled all the colored people. The night was deserted, the stars momentarily dismissed from the scene, and even the moon, who was usually allowed to watch the proceedings—in particular the trial which proceeded the proceedings—was not there to shed its moonglow upon the colored earth. The huge chair had been set up. Upon the chair now sat the judge, his face carefully cowled with his wig of white hair, his face powdered, and the powder running with sweat making tracks like tears drifting like footsteps in the early snow. Around the judge now milled the people. Onto the huge bench crept the jury, all of them small and tiny little animal-men, with whiskers standing straight out like mice whiskers, and their hair stiff, combed back like a porcupine.



The proceedings! banged the judge.

The proceedings! cried the people.

Mary came bumping against me. She grabbed my arm with the excitement of the beginning trial.

Who do you think it will be? she asked me.

I don't know, I said.

The baalif, a tall black man, brought a a long scroll and handed it to the judge. He looked at it.

Mary! he read.

Mary, at my side, her thin body gripping mine, let out a quick wail, and the crowd came pressing in closer and took her from me, although she tried to keep a hold on me— I took her arm in my fingers and tore her from me— and she was pushed, wailing, unhappy, up to the judge who pointed his stern finger at her. She quailed beneath its blow. The finger jerked at the stand. She was led to the stand. The only way to climb it was to go up a series of small spikes sticking out from the pole, with the wind swaying the pole, high up, and she wailed. She climbed up. The pole bent, and snapped back upright, and she was almost jerked off from it. She went on up. O got below here, and looked up, She finally made it to the top. The crowd let out a great shout. The judge spoke.

Is the trial ready to begin? Let it begin!

Cerimoniously the baalif came forward. He handed the judge a long scroll.

Fourteen plucks of hair! cried out the judge and the crowd wailed. A pig's eye and ninety pieces of eight! With the initials JKW!

Mary, on the chair high above the ground, heard the judge read and gave vent, like the wind, to a sound that went creeping into the highest sky above her. Into the sky came a star or two, but the judge peered angrily up at them, and they both disappeared. I thought I could feel the ground begin to quake beneath me, quaking like a roll of dough that rolled beneath the hands of a large round mother rolling the dough, passing it to the oven, letting it bake, turn brown, and then take it out, and with great gulping mouthfulls eat it without even putting any butter or jam or drinking any water or milk or wine with it: Mary's mother came up to me and spit on my cheek and told me I was a strange man.

Do they have my daughter up there? she asked.

Yes, I said, feeling the spittle run down my cheek.

What is she doing up there she asked me.

She's being tried, I said.

What for? she asked.

Fourteen plucks of hair, I said.

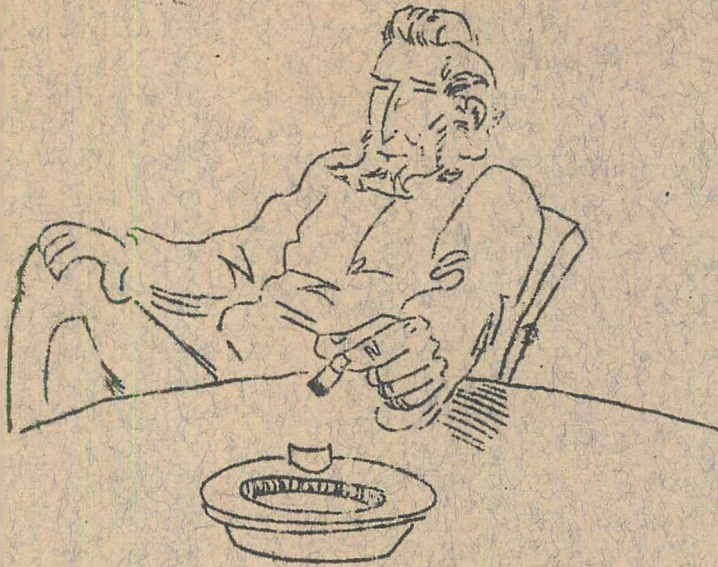
She sighed. I know it, she said.

It is like the world, I said.

I do know it, she said. I do.

Guilty! cried the jury in one voice. The night sighed. All the crowd, gaily cavorted across the giant square. The ax! cried someone, and into the crowd came the monstrous ax, its hefty handle made from a whole pine tree, and its head forged in the greatest forge in the country, ten years in the making and whittled down to so fine an edge that the air was cut by it. To the stand! cried someone. Like a big man, like a group of little ants, or germs, the people took the ax, and stood back, and ran forward, the ax blade hitting the stand and cutting into it: the stand toppled. Mary, at the top, cried out. Her thin thighs wavered in the light. My breasts! she cried, clutching





at herself. Save them! cried the crowd. They went back. They went forward. The ax came forward swiftly and with the judge shouting Hossannah! the ax cut into and finally all the way through the stand, and it came plunging down to the ground. It hit with a whoomp. It had sliced through the night. It hit on a couple who were standing out of the way, and the crowd cheered. The judge smiled, and wiped off his powder, and took off his false hair, and smiled. The jury came down from their perches.

Well, said Mary's mother.

It is over, I said. The first event. Now the dance can start. It will be a fine dance, she said.

The very best I said.

I danced with one girl in the dark, and then another; they came running at me, and I hurled the old one aside, and took the new one, and we danced, the music racing with our feet., dancing out into the street into the city. All the houses were wide open, the doors flung wide, the porch lights bright. No lights were on inside the houses. Into the houses ran the dancers, up the dark stairs, and then came running out the windows and fell to the ground and got up and danced some more. There was a lake further along. People went dancing up to it, and danced among the trout and the leaping frogs.

This is fine, said the girl I was with.

Very fine, I said.

Do you like to dance, she asked?

Very much, I said. It is my favourite sport.

Mine too, she said.

She was warm and her body was close to mine. Then another girl came and she was whirled away, and we danced. In the middle of the town was a tall tower, and at its top was the clock without any hands, and ticks going tick-tick-tick, loudly, all the gears buzzing and whirring and very importantly making their rounds. Occasionally it would boom out the hour, but the hour would never be the right hour, and everyone would cry: It is five o'clock! or it is sixteen o'clock! and they would go on dancing.

It is time for a queen! someone shouted.

A queen, a queen! cried last year's queen.

The clock boomed out twenty times in a row, and the ticks went on ticking. Do you think, someone said, That it is twenty o'clock? I think so, someone answered; why shouldn't it be? Oh, I don't know, the other said; I thought perhaps it might be four o'clock in the morning, and the birds would be coming out, and flying along with the coming sun. I don't think so, said the other; I think it is twenty o'clock. Do you like birds? said the first. No, said the second. That explains it, said the first. A girl took off her clothes and made her body white. Should I be queen? she asked.



Should she be queen? everyone shouted.

I went over to her.

Should you be queen? I asked.

I think so, she said. I really do.

You have a lovely neck, I said.

That's why I think I should be queen, she said.

No! cried another girl. She ran forward and tackled the woman who wanted to be queen, their bodies hitting hard, and spilling to the ground where they tossed and tore at each other's hair. The girl with the lovely neck had her neck scratched, the blood leaving a long red trail, like a rocket, and she stopped fighting and lay perfectly still and the other girl got up and said she was queen; then the fallen girl got up and quietly went away into the night, into the shadows between two houses.

She's queen! she's queen! shouted everyone.

To the river! to the river!

And they all went off, carrying the girl on their shoulders, to the cold dark river. I watched them go. Then I went into the shadows between the two houses and heard the girl with the scratched neck crying. I went up to her, and put my hand out and touched her shoulder. She stiffened. The buildings were tall above her, and her blood went into the tallness and left its trail on the sky.

What's your name? I asked.

Marriane, she said.

Do you feel bad?

Yes, she said. I feel very bad.

She was a good girl, I thought, because she had stopped crying and was taking her defeat well. I watched the blood over the sky. Then I realized I wasn't seeing blood there on the sky, and saw that it was the trail left by the first rocket going screaming up into the sky and leaving its fiery tail there, going up to the stars, to mingle with them, like a good rocket, to take light to them that needed it; they were good rockets, all of them, sent well into the night to bring light to that most unhappy of places, the sky. I took the girl's shoulder, and touched her neck where the blood was, and her blood tingled under my touch. Her skin was smooth.

The rockets are going, up I said gently.

She turned to me. In the darkness I saw her.

Are they really? she said.

Look, I said, pointing at the sky.

She looked. Why, she said, they really are!

Would you like to see them launched? I said.

Of course, she said. Do you?

Yes. Will you come with me?

Yes, she breathed, and we came out of the shadows between the houses and went down the street. The ground was cold. Her feet were bare.

Do you want some clothes? I asked.

No, she said. I like it this way.

The rockets, the two that were left, were in the square, standing very tall and proud. The world revolved around them. They were shiny, like the colored lights strung above them, and around them raced the multitude of people; and the judge came, wearing again his false hair — this time in his haste putting it on backward, so the coils of hair fell around his eyes and nose and each time he spoke his breath blew the hair away from his face — and his face again was powdered white. He held up his hand for silence, and the crowd was stilled, their heads



The judge gave a very short and vigorous speech, calling upon the gods of the air and the gods of the earth to join together in communion for this most holy of days, the judge smiting his hands with each word, and the wrath of his eyebrows bending the forehead. The rockets stood tall and proud, growing with the speech. The people were silent. When he finished, they all looked up and shouted their hosannahs at the sky.

Now the rockets! cried the judge.

Marriane gripped my hand. We were standing together near the second rocket. A man came forward, a revamped baalif, carrying a long stick at the end of which was a match, and gave it to the judge. He snorted importantly through his nose, the false hair flapping, and letting me see, momentarily, the face that was under it, and I turned away; but the people cheered. He scratched the match against the rocket, and it flowered into light. Ah, said the people in a mighty breath. Ah, they all whispered. The match was held under the second rocket, and there was a sudden hissing, and a spurting of sparks, and the people gathered their cries into a resounding echo and as it spent itself upon the hills the rocket started to roar, roaring very loudly, and then with sulphurous fumes lifted itself by its own bootstraps and went careening off into the sky. It left a blood-red trail on the sky. It went up, far up. Marriane pressed my hand, carried away.

Do you like it? I asked.

It is fine, she said.

The judge clapped his hands. The people clapped their hands.

Very fine, I said.

=====

ANNOUNCEMENT :- COMMUNIQUE :- MESSAGE :- ENLIGHTENMENT :- NOTICE

I have for sale all manner of goods which includes fanzines, a good great deal of fanzines, at the stimulating price of 25 cents for two pounds plus postage. All types and grades and years of fanzines at a price that no faned has yet before been foolish enough to offer. Send your money or direct your questions at the editor. You know ~~XXX~~ who he is.

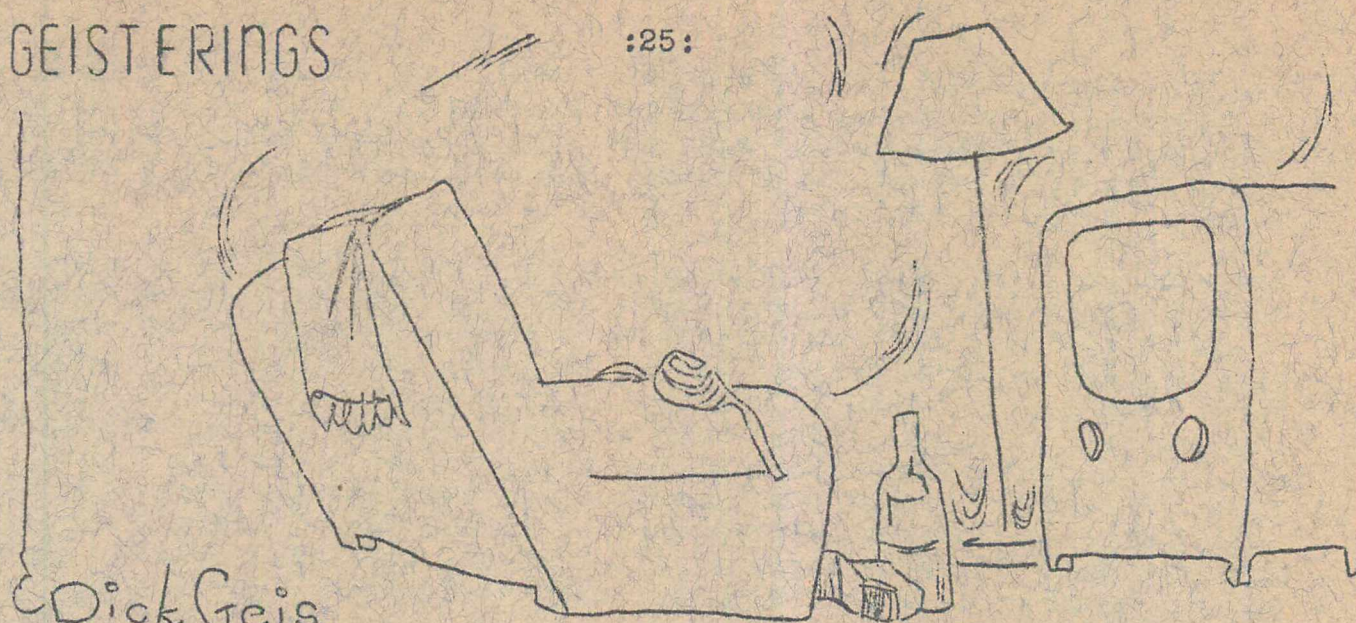
VAMPIRE TRADER, edited and published by Stony Brook Barnes is one of the most impeccably duplicated hectographed trading zines in fandom. If you want to sell anything you wish (within reason of course) ask Stony Barnes, Box 1102 Grants Pass Oregon, for particulars. If you want to buy most anything, ask for a copy of the Trader immediately. An uncanceled two cent stamp would be appreciated.

A SALE on copies of the Swedish Science Fiction magazine HAPNA. I have numbers Argang 1, #1, #3, #4, #5, #6, #9, Argang 2, #1, #2, #3, #4, #6, #9, #10, #12, Argang 3, #4, at 15 cents each plus two cents postage. Lars.

MAD HUMOR MAGAZINE on sale at 15 cents each plus two cents postage. Numbers 28, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, on hand. Lars.

By all means South Gate in '58, during the Labor Day weekend. Send your cash, (only one dollar for membership), to Rick Sneary, w962 Santa Ana, South Gate Calif.





Dick Geis

NEVER STAND UP WHEN YOU CAN LIE DOWN-----

My text, this issue, friends, is the horrible old tv repairman, and how they scrounge and cheat the poor tv set owner. What I am about to relate to you are true experiences, only slightly distorted for effect.

It has been my doubtful pleasure to assist recently in a tv repair shop. It is a good shop. The owner is not especially rapacious, nor is the technician he employs unusually dishonest. The shop is a large one and probably the best equipped in this section of Los Angeles. The business practices they use (like weapons) against the hated and despised customer, are probably no worse than those used by other businesses in other lines of work.

The most flagrant example of fleecing is something like this: a person calls and says his tv is on the blink and to please send someone out. It is a console model, so I am requisitioned as helper in case the set has to be brought into the shop for work. We arrive and set to work. I hand the technician tools and tubes. It seems, so he says after an investigation into the innards, that he has not the tools to perform the required work...it will indeed have to be taken into the shop. "Tuner trouble," he says, smiling apologetically. The cost for shop repair? Twenty-five dollars minimum! The customers consult each, other the wife seeing the car payment going up in smoke, and decide that they will not have it repaired.

Later, after having charged them for a service call (\$5.95) and trying again to persuade them, the technician speaks to me in the truck as we roar away from the house: "Actually, it needed to have the tuner contact points cleaned."

"That's all that was wrong with it?"

"Yeah, but why do it in the house for \$5.95 when you can bring it in and charge \$25.00?"

And, of course, he already had the cash for the service call.



Another time we went out on a service call, put in one tube, spent 20 minutes in the house, and charged an even \$10.00. I know positively because I was privileged to make out the bill. One, tube, sales tax, service charge: zzzzzt...ten bucks. And of course there is a nice healthy profit on the tube.

Now, mind you, this shop is one of the most honorable: they guarantee shop repaired sets for ninety days. But only that is guaranteed. If you should bring in a set and wait to have it repaired you'll get hun with a \$5.00 minimum charge even if it needs only five minutes repair. And to cap it off, chances are you'll have old tubes put in and be charged for new ones. I have seen it done. I'm the guy who tested the old ones on the tube tester: if the needle crept up to the edge of the green "good" side of the dial the tube was put into the back room tube stock. Some of these tubes are carried in the Tube Caddies the repairman lugs into homes on service calls. If the tube will operate the set, but the technician knows will last only a few weeks, in it goes.

And another thing...sometimes, not often, but sometimes, when the owner feels he's got a real live one (sucker), he'll cheerfully charge for parts not used, and for labor not expended.

Who's going to know whether he did or didn't? The customer is rarely able to know what the hell the technician is talking about when he says he put in a new 4Q2 tube because the horizontal sweep was out of phase. The customer is helpless and must depend on the honesty of the tv repairman.

The repairmen know this and try to rationalize their practices by saying something like: "Well, the stupid jerks deserve to be fleeced if they bring in a set that needs only a minor adjustment or a single tube. They'd screw me if they were in my shoes! A guy's got to make a living!"

Because the customer is so completely in his power the repairman feels guilty about victimizing people and then turns that guilt outward by eating not himself, but the customers. They are described as stupid, dishonest, always trying to get free service, unwilling to pay, etc. Customers are evil creatures and thus deserve what they get.

Customers often feel this helplessness acutely and are obviously suspicious about the bill. Many demand itemized accounts and then pay grudgingly and with many thinly veiled comments about the honesty of the shop and its employees. This infuriates the repairman because it is true so many times. This reinforces the required myth that customers are sons of bitches, and helps dispell the rising tides of guilty feelings. Tv repairmen, and, I suspect, other businessmen, spend a great deal of energy and time shouting down the golden rule that naturally shines in their conscience.

End of sermon. Don't take any wooden television tubes, and toodle-oooo.







One of the problems that will confront me in the next few months is, what am I going to do about Brillig? This issue, I have reached somewhat of a turning point, motivated partially by the adverse reaction to some of the material I have been publishing, partially by the proposed raise in postal charges. Since the majority of my readers don't seem to care for the present material, some even requesting that I drop them from the mailing list, I feel that what I have been printing isn't worth continuing with. I don't feel that because I have had a negative reaction the material is necessarily badly written or unclear, but I do feel that I'm wasting my time with it. The raise in postal fees will necessitate a change in format, very possibly a change in page rates, possibly more copies a year, perhaps less. The written and art material will see the greatest change, because I have learned enough from college to realize the tremendous potential I have with this magazine. Not too long ago I became somewhat bugged with so much fannish writing and decided to print different types of material. It was unfortunate that I didn't go farther in presenting different material. I got off on a fiction kick and ignored practically everything else. I improved Brillig somewhat sure, but not really enough, not enough to take advantage of the potential I had with it. So, look for a different Brillig next issue, which may not be out for some time because of unsettled conditions on the home front. I only hope you'll like it.

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I would rather not have comments on the repro this issue. I am damnedly aware of the fact that it stinks but the circumstances were beyond my powers. I made the fatal mistake of mixing inks and now the ink will not flow properly. A new pad and a good cleaning will clear up the trouble but I couldn't afford the cure this issue.

I have been a guest at Stony Brook Barnes' place twice by now and have enjoyed myself immensely. Grants Pass is beautiful country and Stony is a good host, with his horses, goats, chickens, dogs, cats, and poison oak. The young women of GP are quite beautiful, very friendly, mostly country girls, and we watched them ride by on horses for the Memorial Day Parade, an issue of Stony's mag to be run off in back of a Stationary store. The day before we went swimming and somehow I realized that I had never had a better time. It was worth hitch-hiking for.

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TRADE REVIEW SUB COMPLIMENTARY SPECIAL FREELOADER W.T.C.U. B.D.S.A.



