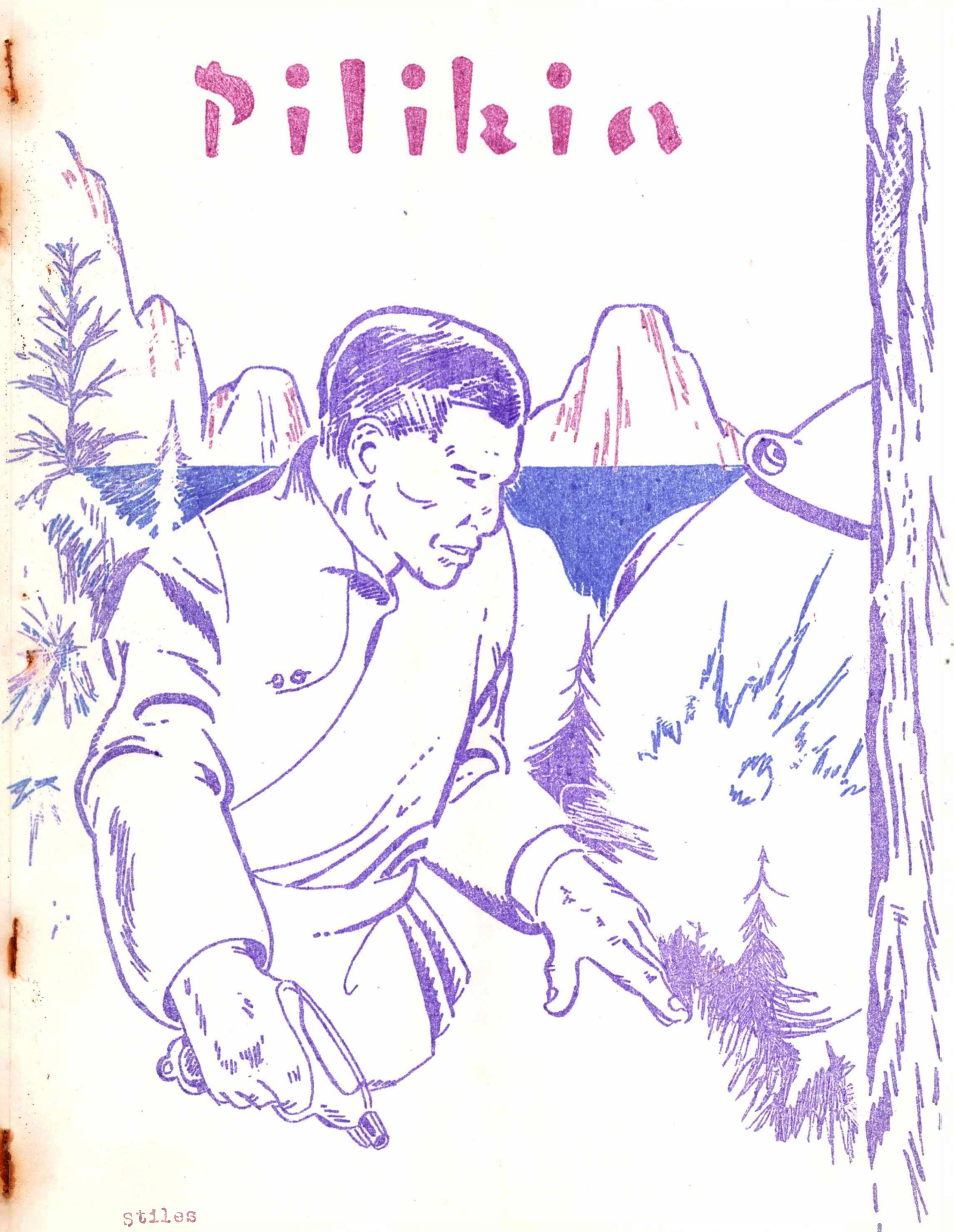


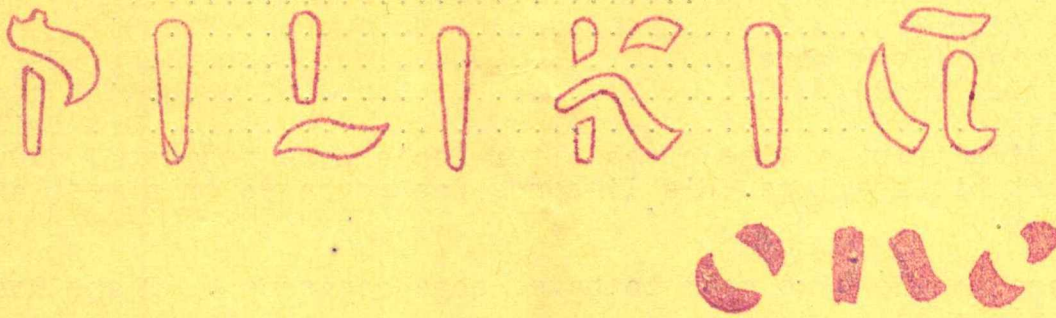
Pilikian



stiles

मिस्लिग





(The devine fanzine)

"Greetings and salutatings oh most illiterate readers!"

With this cheerful greeting I begin the first issue of PILIKIA, (and maybe the last if all you BNFs out there don't send me some material. I'll take stories, articles or art. It's all the same to me).

Since most of you have never heard of me a breif introduction is in order.

I got started in fandom when Guy Terwilleger caught me reading a sf book instead of Silas Warner (not only is Guy my boss at the store but by some accident he is my literature teacher too.)

I got my job at the store because I spent so much time over there anyway. The boss put me to work to keep me out of the customers way.

The store I am refering to is the Viata Beverage and Sporting Goods Store, Boise's center of fandom. (Now that there are five fans in Boise we can have a center.) Yes, Boise is no longer the isolated fan outpost Guy used to rave about. We now have an almost compleat cross section of fandom. We have.....

One BNFish type.....Guy

One Confan.....Diane

Three neos.....Andy, Mike, and myself.

Yes, Boise is booting.

We even are going to have a con (with luck).

I worked my way into fandom by stacking empty bbeer bottles. With the small sum I received Guy sent in a check to N3F to pay my membership. (He forgot to sign the check)

However after reading some of the remarks about NFFF in various zines I am begining to wonder if it is too late to get my money back.

Thats enough about me. Now about Pilikia.

This object of illiteracy will be put out every so often by the following.....

PEOPLE BESIDES ME TO BLAME PILIKIA ON

Editor (I use the term loosely).....Chuck Devine
Staff (Highly incompetent).....Andy Humbird
Art Editor (Square).....Mike Johnson
Ditto Operator (Real gone).....Guy Terwilleger
Useless Advice (Dad)/.....Rick Adams
Psychiatrist.....Dr. Snider
(I didn't put a wise crack after Doc's name because I didn't
want to hurt his feelings. His licesence was revocked this week and
he feels low.)

By some accident we seem to have some contence . (Thank Roscoe
for small miricles.)

THINGS THAT YOU MIGHT FIND IN THIS FANZINE WITH LUCK*

Cover.....Cover
Greetings.....1
Ivy Seeing you.....Guy Terwilleger.....4
When The Mightnight Madness Comes...David McCarroll.....9
The Real Twig.....Chuck Devine.....10
Alpha And Omega.....Sandy Cutrell.....17
Ho'omalimali.....Andy Humbird & Chuck.....20
Bacover.....Bacover

(Special thanks go to Guy for loaning me much of the above mater)

If you have read this far without putting Pilikia down you might
be interested in the people besides me who work on Boise's fandom.

Andy Humbird: Andy is the newest of us. Andy hasn't read as much
sf or as many fanzines as the rest of us but is a better critic. Andy
works on reviews and does the typing.

*maybe with unluck!

//We are not TWIG Jr.//



zine not English are Hawaiian.
the bacover.

Mike Johnson: Mike is the artist of our group, and not as fannish as the rest of us like to think we are. It is almost impossible to drag anything by way of artout of him but when he does come through it is, I feel, worth it.

Guy Terwilleger: I have a couple of pages on Guy latter this issue so see THE REAL TWIG.

Rick Adams: I don't really know if I should class Rick as a member of this mess. He comes down every so often from the University of Idaho in Moscow (Idaho, not Russia) Guy tells me he has as hard a time getting material out of Rick as I do with Mike.

Well, That's us!

If you like Pilikia please let us know. Even if you don't like Pilikia let us know. We could use some advice.

We will probbaly come out again before the Boycon. I haven't set a price as yet but it should be between 9¢ & 16¢. We take S&H green stamps. Thirty stamps for every issue and a half. (Twenty per ish.)
(Honest!)

I am interested in writing to fen so if any of you wish to strike up an acquaintance drop me a line.

I know that if I get any letters some of them will contain complaints about my choice of names. This is NOT an apology but an explanation.

There seem to be fanzines from every where in the U.S. but our two newest states. I can't speak for the frozen north but I feel That Hawaii at least, should have a fannish rep. Any names in this For a further explanation see



IVY SEEING YOU

Guy Terwilleger

"It can't be, doctor," I moaned. "It just can't be. Your diagnosis is completely wrong. There is intelligence in that crawling vine! I know there is!"

Dr. Rootone glanced casually at me, his tongue doing a "tch, tch, tch," over his upper plate. Without warning, he whined my crossed knee with the rubber mallet.

"Your reflexes are better than normal," he cursed, retrieving his glasses from across the room where I had kicked them.

"I told you my knees act this way when they are crossed. You shouldn't have struck it so hard."

"About this plant, tell me again."

"It's growing outside my window, just as I---"

"No, no. Start at the beginning, tell all of it."

I slumped back in the chair wondering why this supposedly intelligent man couldn't remember.

"Well, there's this corner that hasn't a thing in it, or didn't have, at any rate. Between the front landing and the picture window. We couldn't get a thing to grow there and I had about decided the only recourse left was to import a Roman statue to fill it in.

"It's the only thing to do, Diane. It looks horrid as it is. Now take off your clothes and pose in the

corner. I'll back up and see how a statue will work there. If it doesn't seem to attract the attention of the passersby, then we'll have to think of something else."

The glare, had she been Medusa, would have turned me to stone and shattered me at the same time.

"Don't like the idea, huh?"

"You and your stupid suggestions. Can't you be serious for once? Just once?"

"She was right of course. I always made light of problems concerning mundane affairs.

"What would you suggest?"

"The same thing I did two years ago-ivy."

"But it takes so long to grow." I hated ivy with a passion.

"You know very well we can get that big vine from Betsy. Now let's go get it."

"The opening by the front door was soon, with the aid of string, nearly covering the side of the stoop.

I made it a habit to curse the the gangling green every time I passed by, frequently reaching out a bold hand and pinching off a leaf.

Just when I realized something was not right, I haven't any idea. The thought was just there. Everytime I cursed the vine it writhed in agony. Each picked leaf seemed to bring forth a painful moan. It was, to say the least, unnerving.

Several days after this awareness, the saucy filaments made their first attempt on my life. As I walked around the doorway, the vine discharged a black widow spider at my face. I was lucky that at that exact moment I had raised my hand to scratch my nose with a trowel handle. The venomous creature, instead of biting me, sank its fangs into



the wooden handle of the garden implement where, unable to remove them, it hung precariously. I put it to death horribly by striking a match and cremating it alive.

"What are you doing now?" Diane asked, coming to the door.

I explained the situation to her, hoping she would agree to do away with the vine.

"You're gonna end up in some nut house if you don't stop reading that sci-fi stuff," she mocked me. "Plants don't throw things."

"This one does."

The following week I again left the house by the front door. Just as I stepped out, the vine lashed out a long tentacle and grasped my ankle. My hands reached for the trellace but fingers could not hold on the slippery green leaves. I ended up in a heap at the bottom of the stairs.

Picking myself up, I looked back at the lush foliage. Every limb was in place. Not finding the offending string of leaves, I hacked one off at random.

"My God!" I yelled. "Diane, come here!"

"What is it," she said, opening the door.

"Look," I said, holding up the severed section. "This thing drips blood." I followed another drop as it fell to the widening pool at my feet.

Diane glared at me. "You and that damn plant. You might as well give up. It stays. There's no blood in the thing." The door slammed.

Later that night I had the strange sensation of being watched by someone. Uneasily I glanced at the large picture window. I crouched back into my chair.



There, across the window, were several strands of the damned plant. Each one populated by an eye in the center of every leaf.

Why wasn't Diane here now. She would have to believe this. At any rate I was determined to know for sure. Going out the back door, I peaked around the corner, hoping to catch the evil entity in the act.

There was nothing at the window.

The feeling persisted, however, and I found it difficult to read. Three more times the vines watched me but were not watching when I got outside.

The fifth time, they not only came to watch, but tapped on the window.

This time I raced to the front door. As I stepped out, something cold and slimy snaked around my neck and tightened, slowly lifting me into the air. Everything blacked out, and just before going under I seemed to hear a happy rustling of leaves.

Diane found me shortly afterwards, lying at the foot of the stairs. She roused me, then helped me into the house.

"What happened?" she asked, setting a cup of postum before me.

I explained the whole incident to her.

"Not again!" she sighed. "Not again!"

"But it's true!"

"Then why aren't there marks on your throat?"

Looking in the mirror, I could see she was right. There were no marks as such, just a faint hint of chlorophyll green in concentric circles winding around and around my throat.

The next day as I sat in front of the window looking over some old prozines, I heard a low chuckling sound. It grew louder with each tick of the clock. I threw up the sash and poked my head out. The ivy leaves undulated in an elfinsh manner. Along the veins I distinctly saw tiny appetures-they laughed openly. Suddenly, from the left, two arms snaked out and green fingers stabbed into my eyes!

With a cry of pain, I jerked my head back into the house, giving myself a severe bump as I did so.

Through blurred eyes, I saw long tentacles of the vine dart through the windows and snatch up my aged STARTLINGS. Before I could reach them, they were gone.

I ran to the door. The vine lay quiet and serene. The prozines were nowhere to be seen.

"Damn you, you dirty, filthy, stinking spawn of the Devil!" I cried. "I'll fix you!"

Rushing into the storage room, I grabbed the can of ditto fluid and picked up some matches on my way out.

Pouring fluid over the ivy, I threw a blazing match into it.

The green writhed in agony as it burned and I laughed hysterically.

By the time Diane came home the entire house was ablaze.

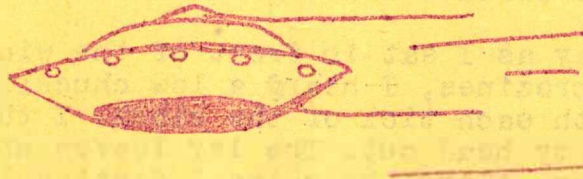
"I got that vine" I cackled. "It stole my STARTLINGS, but I got it!"

She looked at me in amazement. "You mean you burned the house down just to kill that ivy? You fool!"

Realization of what I had done struck home.

"My Ghod!" I cried. "I burned all my prozine collection just for revenge on that beast!"

I put my hands to my head and wept.



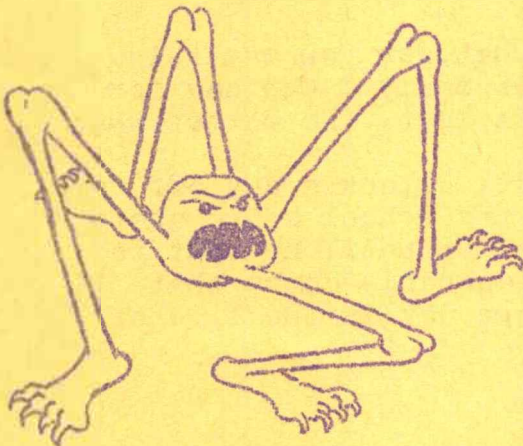
When the Midnight Madness Comes

David M. McCarroll

This afternoon I started to go crazy. It was queer and very horrible. I felt so all alone, and everything that I did or heard would repeat itself in the back of my mind. When that happens, you keep hearing things that have happened, and you don't know what is happening. Your mind turns to the mind of a child, and you are alone, so terribly alone.

I put on one shoe while I was dressing, but found out that I didn't have a sock on. This was quite a shock to me. Also, things that usually do not make any sense to me made all the sense in the world,,but I found myself unable to concentrate upon anything.

I did write a marvelous poem, though. And it seemed to make so much sense at the time... It goes like this:



The brillig wable tumbledank
To outre peakaroo;
'Till dedocon and briak-o-rank
The body schizaroo.

Waren aren body fool,
Whip top the brillig high.
Wherego brillo clear cut jewel,
Warble roondum sigh.

Rantamount to wrip with eye,
And sagal, (voorily I smile)
Than vorpel struggle with,
And tako, to sagal ruby die.

I don't feel crazy now, just odd. I think I am recovering. No doubt I shall have cycles. Why, if this keeps on, I may even start to think that I am seeing monsters... No, no, that's just impossible! Why there aren't even very many insane people that see monsters. Yes, that's right.

Why it's positively ridiculous that I should even think of seeing a monster--a monster like that one over there, for instance.

Besides, there is absolutely no reason to be afraid of such things; they're all in your mind, at least I think they are.

My little monster is red. My little monster seems to be growing. My little monster doesn't seem to be so little any more, and he has very sharp claws.

My little mon...

CENSORED!

The Real

Twist!

Chuck Devine

Many of you think you know Guy. Well, whatever you may think, you are probably wrong. I know him personally. I can say for sure that he isn't a cosmo or even a Fasiest. (No matter what a fan in Washington might say.)

He isn't even human and I can prove it. I took a day off from school the other day (I forgot to tell the school board about it) and watched him from the time he got up until he went to bed. What I observed proves beyond a reasonable doubt that Guy isn't human. Here then, is an average day in the life of Guy Terwilleger.

- 5:00 A.M. Alarm rings.
- 6:00 A.M. Diane kicks Guy out of bed.
- 6:15 A.M. Guy is back in bed.
- 6:15 A.M. Guy picks himself off of the floor after Diane knocks him out (of bed)
- 6:30 A.M. Guy washes hands
- 6:35 A.M. Guy eats breakfast
- 7:00 A.M. He leaves for school.
- 8:00 A.M. Guy arrives at school.

((The reason Guy takes an hour to reach school is that the streets in Boise have been removed to make room for the sewers which should be in in about seven years.))

8:05 A.M. Guy washes hands.

8:35 A.M. School starts

12:00A.M. Lunch

12:02P.M. Guy washes hands

12:36P.M. He returns from wash room to class which started one minute ago. (He is never later than twenty minutes to class)

3:50 P.M. School out.

3:51 P.M. Guy tramples three students in a mad dash to wash hands.

4:00 P.M. Our Hero arrives home after taking short-cut through unfinished sewer.

4:09 P.M. Guy finishes dinner and rushes of to the Beverage Store.

4:39 P.M. Guy arrives thirty-six minutes late as usual.

4:40 P.M. Guy is fired as usual but is forgiven(which is unusual!)

5:01 P.M. I arrive to talk to Guy. (Tonight is my night off)

5:02 P.M. We begin disscussion about good points of VOID.

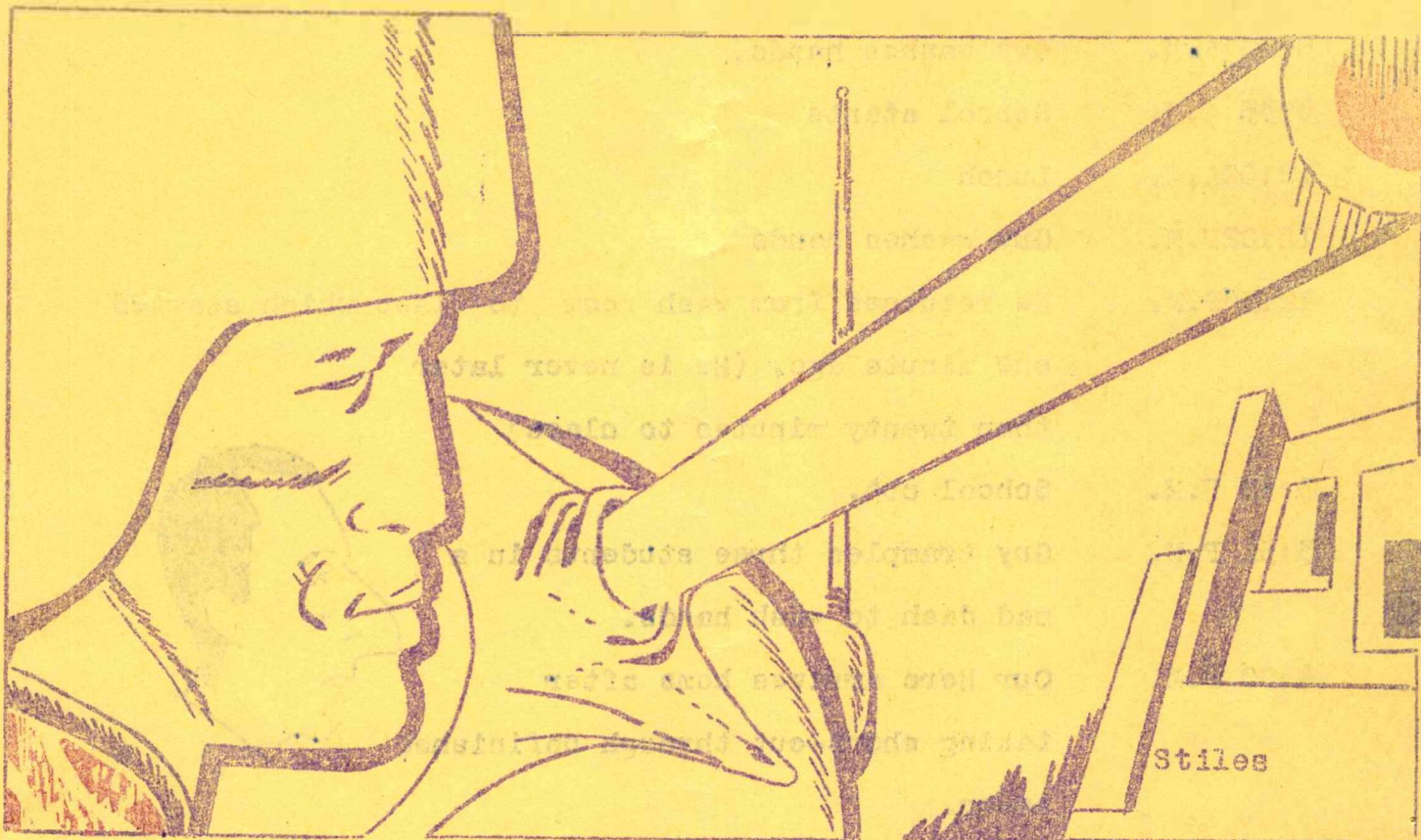
5:02½P.M. We finnish the discussion.

5:03 P.M. Guy wishes his hands, gets a cup of Postum and a carton of mentholated cigaretts.

5:05 P.M. We begin discussing bad things about FILIKIA.

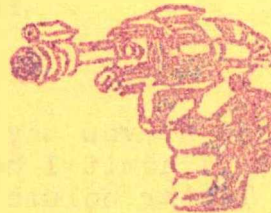
6:05 P.M. We stop discussion while Guy washes his hands and I open a carton of mentholated cigaretts for him.





- 6:10 P.M. A customer. Guy waits on him while I stack the bottles he brought. Six cases he brings!
- 6:15 P.M. Customer declares he left \$10. on the counter.
- 6:16 P.M. Guy tells customer he is mistaken.
- 6:17 P.M. Customer becomes belligerent.
- 6:18 P.M. Guy opens fresh carton of mentholated cigaretta.
- 6:19 P.M. Customer pops Guy on the nose and leaves in a huff.
- 6:20 P.M. Guy washes face and hands.
- 6:21 P.M. I open new carton of cigaretta for Guy.
- 7:35 P.M. Another customer stops but Guy throws Coke bottles at him and he goes away.
- 7:40 P.M. We continue talking.
- 8:30 P.M. Phone rings. Guy yells "What is it!" and picks up reciever. It's Mom telling me to come home to the dishes.

- 8:32 P.M. We hang up on her and continue talking.
- 9:00 P.M. Guy washes his hands and I stock the beer cooler. Of course we haven't sold one bottle of brew all night but the cooler still needs to be refilled.
- 10:00P.M. Mom calls again.
- 10:45P.M. Boss calls. Guy talks to him while I bang on the register and ring up a bunch of no sales.
- 11:00P.M. We see a customer coming and turn out the lights.
- 11:15P.M. Customer goes away.
- 11:20P.M. We continue our talk while Guy washes one hand, smokes a couple of mentholated cigeretts in the second, and mixes a pot of Postum with the third.
- 11:30P.M. Drunk comes in. (We are next to two bars.) We push drunk out the door.
- 11:40P.M. We get ready to close up. I stock shelves while Guy stocks car. Since Guy is honest he rings up amount on til.
- 11:50P.M. Mom calls up again. (Such language!)
- 11:55P.M. Guy washes hands as I go around store emptying his ash trays. I find eleven mentholated cigeretts still burning.
- 11:59P.M. Guy has one last pot of Postum. I lock up.
- 12:00P.M. We leave for home. (We are supposed to stay open until one but it has been a slow night.) (Wait until tomorrow when Andy and Mike come over! Andy is a juvinal delinquent and Mike is slightly bats.
- 12:40P.M. I follow Guy home. He seems to be lost again.
- 3 :15 A.M. Guy arrives home and washes his hands.



((WE were going to call PILIFIA, GWIT, But when Guy said he'd sue us we changed our minds.))

3:16 A.M. Guy washes feet
3:20 A.M. Guy goes to bed
4:00 A.M. I go home and get to bed. (Tomorrow, first period,
he will wonder why I sleep through Julius Caesar.

Now I come to the point of this lengthy narrative. I now believe that I can prove beyond any doubt that Guy Terwilleger isn't human.

After all, who could spend seven hours alone with me every evening and still remain human? Hah?

Pau

* * * * *

Perhaps some of you may feel that I am overdoing the stories in this issue. I admit I have more than I planned on, but I don't have a letter column.

PILIKIA was planned on as a 20 page fanzine. I had most of the material typed up when I discovered that I was four pages short. So I talked Guy out of a story that turned out to be 5 pages long. Then Andy turned in the reviews, Mike gave me some more art and I remembered I needed a backcover. I don't know for sure but I think we will end up with around 25 pages.

I am not sure when I will get this run off. Guy is busy all next week and he has the only ditto around. If that breaks down, well, we may end up on hekto. I hope not.

This typing is driving me mad. I only use two fingers. I hope I improve some. This first issue has been murder to get done. I guess the first is always the hardest though. How does Andy Main do it? He must have a production line!

Oh well, it's a lot of fun. I hope I get a lot of zines from you, after all, I was nice enough to send you this.

Please forgive any messy spots. I have been setting things on the masters and there may be four or five (or six) Blobs.

Mike wants me to start what he calls, "PILIKIA'S Corner of Goofball Poetry." He wants me to print this sample and ask for cotributions. (I don't even think it is poetry but Mike says so. Maybe nonconformist poetry.)

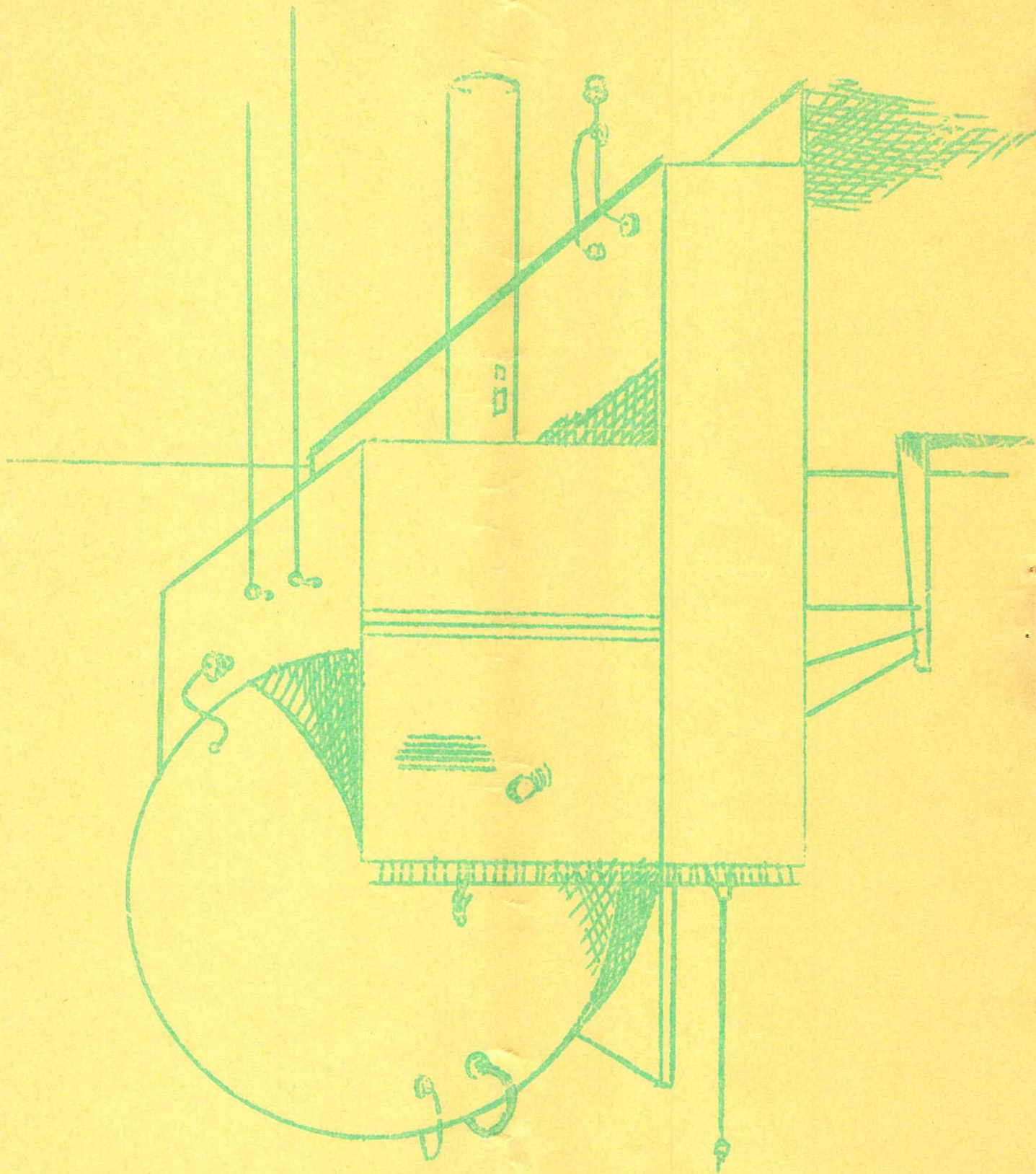
"Did you ever wake up in the morning knitting a pair of pink panties for a baby elephant?"

Mike is just full of that sort of thing. He has a whole collection of poems about a new porch swing, but I'll spare you.

Good news! I just took the master off the type writer and looked inside (The master!). For once I remembered to remove the REMOVE BEFORE TYPING, PAT. PEND paper. I've ruined quite a few masters that way.

(Forgive the mistakes. I can't spell worth a honio wale, and I mess up things when I correct.)

This issue may come out on colored paper. I havent enough cash handy to buy white paper so I am borrowing some from Guy. I will prpbably end up on some revolting color. Most likely pastel green.



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Sandy Cutrell

"Can I make a universe, Daddy?"

"You've never made one before, have you son?"

"No, But I'd like to. Can I?"

"Well, I guess you have to learn sometime. What sort of a universe do you want to make?"

"The same kind you do."

"Well, I've been at it for a long time, son. Universes aren't too easy to make--it takes a lot of know-how."

"But I've been watching you. I know how you make them."

"Ch?"

"Sure. I've always been right there and seen just how you did it."

"So you think you can make a universe just like your poor old daddy, do you?"

"Sure. I--"

"Well I don't!"

"But--"

"Tell you what I will do, though. I'll let you make a little universe--see what you can do. Then, if that one comes out okay, well, maybe next time you can make a bigger one."

"Oh, gee--thanks!"

"Well, let's see now. You can use four dimensions--"

"Gee--just four?"

"Well, for a starter. And--"

"But four--that's not--"

"Now look son, I'm trying to make this as easy as possible for you. This is your first universe. Now four is a nice, small simple little number of dimensions to start with. When you start using more and more dimensions it gets increasingly complicated. So start out with four--just see what you can do. No sense in tackling something that's way beyond you. Okay?"

"Okay. How many infinities can I use?"

"Infinities--well--you'd better use one, this time."

"Well--oksy! When can I start?"

"Oh, anytime! Go to it right away if you want. Any more questions?"

"No, I guess not."

"Good luck then, son. Call me when you're finished."

"Thanks an awful lot, Daddy."

Then he started making his universe.

There it was. All made. Nice and new and shiny.

"Daddy," he called, "I'm finished!"

He was excited. His father came.

"Look at it!"

"Hmm. Not too bad. Not too bad. Let me watch it a while-- see how orderly it is!"

So they watched it a while.

They had watched it a while. Then his father spoke.

"Well--"

"Do you like it, Daddy? Huh? Do you?"

"Well--"

"Is it okay? Is it the way it should be?"

"Well, it's pretty good, being as it's your first. You got a lot of things in there on just four dimensions and one infinity. I'm afraid we can't keep it, though."

"But--"

"You can keep perfect universes. You did a good job on this one and I'm proud of you, but it isn't perfect."

"It looks alright to me--whats wrong with it?"

"Look at it carefully and you'll see how disorganized it is."

"Well, I don't--"

"You see stars running into one another, flaring up and dying down. Look at the galaxies. Ugh! what a mess! Besides, at the rate they're expanding--at the rate the whole doggone business is expanding-- we'd have to move it up to a higher dimension just to have some place to put it so that it doesn't get out of hand. You've just got to watch that sort of thing, son."

"It wasn't like that when I made it!"

"No, but it got that way because you didn't take

measures to prevent it. Look at the way those people behave on some of those planets--you could have prevented that too."

"But can't we--I mean--can't we just--"

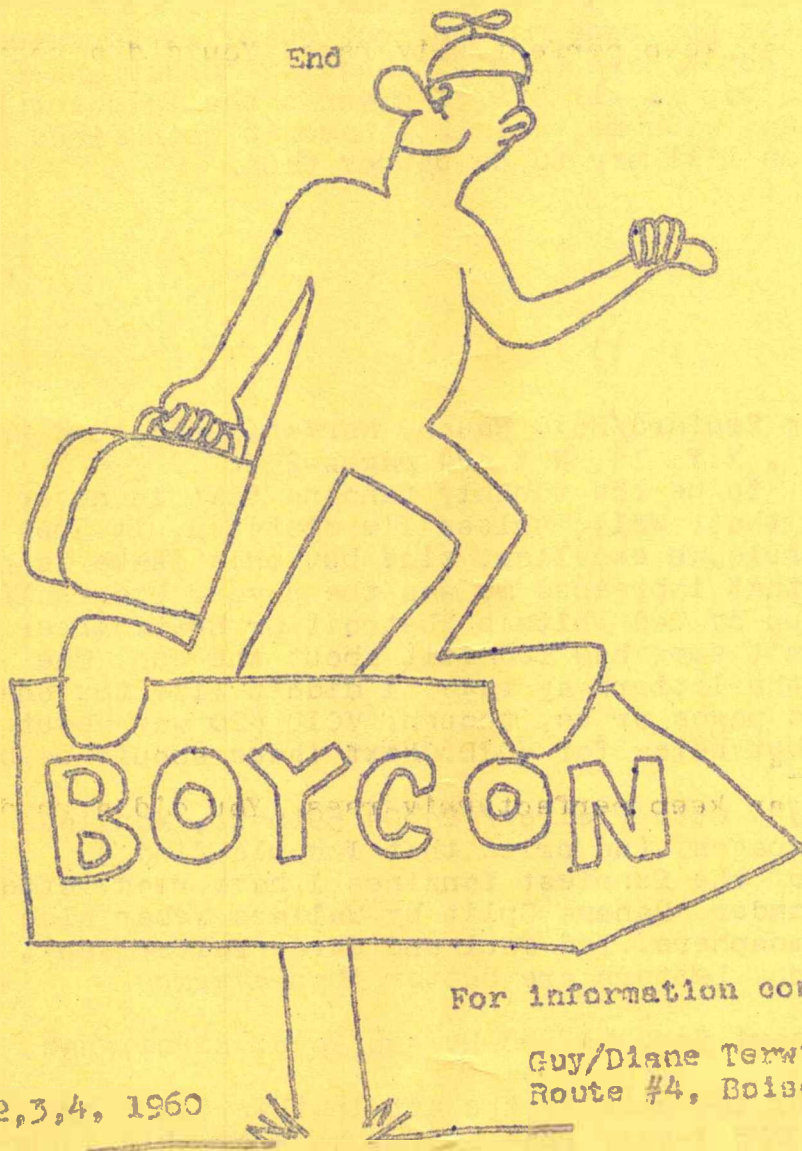
"No, no, my son, we can't keep this one, but there'll be others which are much better--just you wait and see. I don't think it will take you too long till you can make a perfect in four dimensions and one infinity. I'll start you out from scratch. And then we'll go on adding more dimensions and more infinitys until you get to be just as good as I am. Then I guess I'll retire."

"Do you really think I'll be as good as you are, Daddy?"

"Sure you will."

Then he watched his father take the universe and throw it away.

End



July 2,3,4, 1960

For information contact:

Guy/Diane Terwilliger
Route #4, Boise, Idaho

HO'OMIA, IMAI, I

Andy Humbird & Charles Devine *

Please excuse the following mixed-up reviews dear readers, or non-readers as the case may be, but Chick is threatening to behead me if I don't have them finished by Monday and I doubt that I will. To top it all off, I haven't the faintest idea what I'm doing so bear with me, and if I haven't been fired before next publication I'll try to do better then.

VOID #20-- Greg Benford/Boyd House, Norman, Okla. Ted White/ 107 Christopher St., N.Y. 14, N.Y. 24 pages-25¢.

VOID claims to be the monthly fanzine that is never late, or something like that. Well, unless I'm mistaken, it just ain't so. VOID is, as a rule, an excellent zine but this issue is not up to par. About all that impressed me was the cover. Over half of the zine is taken up by Ted White's "Detroit-Or Bust. After reading it I still wasn't sure how Ted felt about the con. The reviews were good and the letters average. I didn't like the change of color every two pages or so, though. VOID #20 was about average for a fanzine but below for VOID. Next issue should be better.

WRR #3 (vol. 2)-- Otto Pfeifer/ 24304 59th W., Montlake Terrace, Washington. 20 pages. (no price that I could find.)

WRR is one of the funniest fanzines I have read. Otto's wise cracks are a wonder. Banana Split by Wallace Weber also adds to the lunitic atmosphere. Ted Paul and Varda Pelter don't add too much to the zine. Letters are better than average.

EXCONN #7-- Robert Lambek/868 Helson Road, Birmingham, Mich. 18 pages. 10¢

I don't think too much of the art in this issue but, as this is the only EXCONN I ever read it may be just this issue. The repro isn't too awfully bad but is hard to read in spots. I am not

* Don't know how "Charles" slipped in there. Call me Chuck,

much of a Conan fan and I do wish I could, just once, read a Conan story that didn't sound like every other Conan story I have ever read. It was well written though. I did like And They Are Wild. Something like Ferdinand Fephot in the use of puns. The letters are full of good advice. I hope we get some. A pretty fair zine. Try it.

TWIG #13-- Guy Terwilleger/ Route 4, Boise, Idaho. (As I typsthis he is still at 1412 Albright St. but should move any year now.) 55 pages. 20¢

It is hard for me to give an unbiased review of TWIG but I will try. Perhaps some of you have copies of TWIG with "Illustrated" on the cover. No, Guy isn't going back to TWIG ILLUSTRATED. He didn't run off enough of the planned covers and had to substitute on quite a few. I didn't like the art in this issue (excepting Barr's characters). Rick Adams finally wrote something ~~WTF~~ worth printing. The **best** Adams has done, I think. Borderline books was very well done and the reviews weren't half bad. Some I didn't agree with, but Guy doesn't do too bad in his fumbling, half-witted way. The chatter on the back cover was interesting and the crack about PILIKIA was true enough. I haven't read more than two other TWIGs ~~WTF~~ so I can't compare it to itself but as zines go it was very good. Almost as good as PILIKIA.

(I was typing faster than I should have tried on that one and you can see the results. I'd better slow down.)

TRICED #17--Eric Bentcliffe/ Terry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12, Yorks. (I imagine this is in England. They don't say.) 38 pages. 20¢

The high point of this issue is about the best Berry story I have ever read. John is absolutely hilarious! Eric lets us know that he is supporting Bentcliffe For TAFF. The letters are good and the rest of the zine is above average. Read it for the Berry storie if nothing else. Then read the rest.

(Let me say here that we are so far behind on our reviews that after we wrote them we got the next issue. There may be some zines repeated. Unless I'm mistaken we have another review of AMRA laying around some where that we will probbaly stick in somewhere.)

AMRA #11 (vol. 2)-- Elizabeth Wilson (text Ed.) /AMRA, Box 52 Eatontown, New Jersey. (There is another editor or something but for the life of me I can't figure out who.) 24 pages. 20¢

AMRA has the best artwork I have ever seen in fandom. My only complaint is that all art is in black & white. But that doesn't make too much difference. If you are a Conan fan, AMRA is the zine for you. Even if you dislike Conan read this issue. Robert Coulson has an article telling just what he dislikes about Conan. Also in this issue are two other excelent pieces. One, another story by Berry, is again, one of his best. The story is on the order of Conan. John claims it was written by his grandfather. It is, of course, very well illustrated. If you haven't read it, get AMRA and do so. The other article I refered to is "Chariot Operas" which is the best job of reviewing that type of motion picture I have ~~seen~~. 221



L. Sprague de Camp tells about the films on Alexander, Yufu, Helen, Ulysses etc. He also touches upon related movies such as Prince Valient, Knights of the Round Table and others. A very ~~XXXX~~ compleat job. A couple more selections and some poetry round off the excelent issue.

YANDRO #85-- Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Ind.
Monthly 15¢ or 12/\$150

This zine I would recommend to all. It makes interesting reading even for those who know little about what they're reading. Meaning me. Thish had within its covers an artfolio, no less, with a item on each of the artists. Very interesting.

((Before I go farther I would like to say that I know many of these zines that I am reviewing are rather old, but they're all I had on hand. We couldn't talk a certain person, no names mentioned, but he publishes TWIG, out of any others.))

AMRA Vol. 2 #10/ George H. Scithers/ Box 52/ Eatontown, New Jersey/ 20¢.

For some reason I always enjoy a zine with plenty of good f-art and AMRA is tops in the field in that respect. The contents, as far as written material is concerned, are interesting but I still don't pretend to understand Conan. If you like Conan and want to read more of it and Conan-related material, get this.

CACTUS #3/ Sture Sedolin/ Vallingby 4, Sweden/ Monthly

Sture seemed to have been having stencil trouble (particularly the @'s) this issue. We trust he will not have so much trouble next time, especially since he swears he will never use that kind again. Otherwise, Cactus was well done and shows quite a bit of effort spend on the part of Sture. Watch it!

BHISMILLAH #2/ Andy Main/ 5668 Gato Avenue/ Goleta, California/ 15¢

Andy does well on his zine, of course that opinion may be slightly prejudiced, but I won't admit that. He writes with a generous touch of humor which I enjoy thoroughly. He is short of material as he hints in several different ways, so anyone out there who wouldn't mind giving someone a helping hand might send him some ((material, not hands!)). The orange juice jokes still evade me, but that's about per-for-the-course.

HYPHEN #24/ Walter Willis/ 170 Upper Newtownards Road/ Belfast 4, Ireland/ 15¢

The repro thish was fair to meddling. Some parts were barely readable, but for the most part it was okay. In Search of Justice by Eric Frank Russell was, in my opinion, quite well done, holding my interest through out. The Man In The Grey Flannel Toga by Bob Shaw was also good. The rest of the material was about average, excepting the letter by Jeff Wanshel which was absolutely terrific. Git it if only to read Eric's article.

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This is really too much. After all, what is there left that a kind soul like myself can do for an a spiring neo. First I get him interested in fandom and he pesters me for all of my fanzines and won't I please let him see the latest TWIG. (That I can't do--after all, there is something in there that I really shouldn't let one of my students see.

Talking of Chuck being a student of mine. It really is a complicated thing. After all, you know a teacher shouldn't be interested in something as stupid as science fiction. What will his parents say when they find out what a rat race I've introduced him to? Good question! What would the school board say if they knew I was so endangering the mind of one of their littles? Believe me, it is a problem when I think of it.

Al

Speaks

Back to Chuck and his pestering me. I don't give him the latest TWIG, and I don't let him have certain fanzines that have material in them that his parents might think not good. (Please, you friends of mine, send him copies of your zines!)

After a few months, Chuck begins to bother me with "When can I help you on TWIG? When can I come out and see your collection? When can I this, when can I that?"

So, like a good fan, not wanting to kill off a newcomer to the field, I give in and let him help put the last TWIG together. (He spent more time reading the pages than helping.) This did nothing but whet his appetite for fandom.

You guessed it--the next thing I knew he was writing around for art work and material, and asking me for material, for his very own fanzine. All of a sudden he announced that I would run the zine for him on the TP AZOGRAPH--and here I am doing it.

Not only that, he comes up with a blank page that shouldn't be blank and I find myself typing this. What can you do with a guy like this around you... I did the only thing I could...I helped him.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES/ 980½ White Knoll Drive/ L.A. 12, California/
20¢ or 6/\$1/trade/artwork/material/letters
SHAGGY'S staff is to be congratulated on the zine's excellent repro. Believe it or not, I didn't have to guess at one word from cover to cover. ((In other words, it wasn't readable between the covers.)) Fallen Angelenos sounds like an accurate (and enjoyable) description of L.A. altho I've never been there so I wouldn't know. Oh yes, the cover was good altho I've yet to figure out how the characters could manage to lean on smoke rising from a city. ((Maybe we should try it.))

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I would put a picture here but I had enough trouble getting some for the inside.

Incase you're interested, PILIKIA means... Trouble or Mischief. Ho'omaliali... Flattery!

Since I don't have any extra art I guess I could tell you why Pilikia arrived at your mail box.

YOU GOT PILIKIA BECAUSE:

- you are a friend
- you have something in this
- I would like to trade zines
- this is a sample
- I was in a good mood this morning

YOU WILL GET PILIKIA #2 IF YOU:

- review this one
- write me a letter of comment
- send material (art, story, etc.)
- send your zine
- come to the Boycon

If I am in a bad mood I may send Pilikia #2 anyhow (But don't count on it!)

If any of you wish to sub or send on a semi-permanent basis let me know.

If any of you know where I can learn to spell, also let me know.

If anybody wants to buy a used copy of INTRODUCTION TO THE HAWAIIAN LANGUAGE contact me. You can start the second Hawaiian Fanzine. Call it KEHENA.

Well, that about wraps up this one. I hope that there will be a lot more.

Until next issue then,
Aloha nui and...

Bless you all,

Chuck Devins



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Berkeley, California

TP

TP

TP

TP

TP

TP

TP

Chuck Devins

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Boise, Idaho

Duplicated Matter Only

(King Kamehameha VII)

was born in Honolulu, lived there half his life and speak a bit of Hawaiian.