

# POWKA

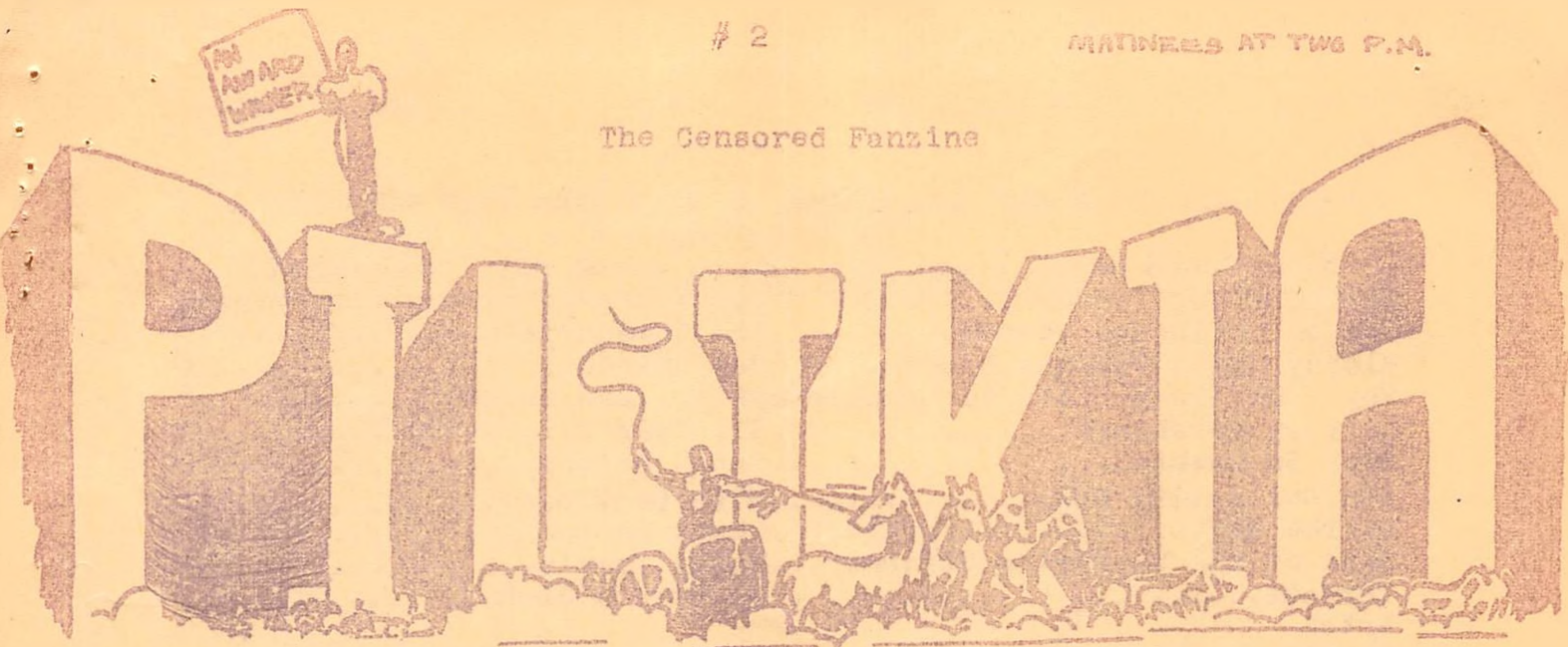
UTILES







## The Censored Fanzine



Price...30 S&amp;D Green Stamps

"They said it couldn't be done!"

Yes, they said it couldn't be done. Who? Who you ask? Who said it couldn't be done? Well, I'll tell you...Andy, Mike, Rick, Guy, and the post office.

The post office said I couldn't slip letters between the pages of PILIKIA. The others said I couldn't put out another issue of "that crudzine".

Mike: "Are you nuts?"

Andy: " I quit! I won't have anything to do with it!"

Rick: " After what they said about PILL #1, Dad? Ghad!"

Guy: "Not on my ditto you don't."

But in spite of the awful odds against it, I continued. After all, I couldn't dissappoint my loyal readers.....Both of them!!\*

So here we are. As if you hadn't noticed. (And don't you wish you hadn't?)

If you will note the above you will see that I was forced to increase my price from 20 stamps to 30. Out of all the zines I mailed out I got back five trades. I can't make any headway that way so I am increasing prices.

I tried to write some fen in England the other night but didn't have the address I needed. When I tried to get it from Guy, he told me that there wasn't any such thing as fandom in England. He claims that thier a hoax.

I'm afraid that our sceduall (I know, I know. Get a dictionary!) is a bit irregular so far. We're kinda late. I'll try to do better in the future. I guess our sceduall (Oh, the heck with it!) will

\* You hear that, Craig?

Twig Publication

be this.....PILL comes out every month or two or three maybe...  
OK?

SOME THINGS YOU MIGHT RUN ACROSS IN THIS ZINE WITH LUCK AND A  
MICROSCOPE MAYBE..(and then again, maybe not. Who knows?)

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~~Now maybe you want to know just who to blame this mess on.~~

THIS CRUDZINE IS DITTOED INSPITE OF THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE AND BEMS

Editor.....Chuck (loveable)  
Devine  
Staff.....Andy (the knife)  
Humbird  
F-Art Ed..... (that can be taken 2 ways)Mike (B.D.N.)  
Johnson  
God knows what.....Rick (99 Bottles)  
Adams  
Kindly Old Literature Teacher.....Guy (Flunk em all!)  
Terwilleger

That takes care of the screen credits. If you want to know just how long it takes me to do an issue of PILL, maybe this will add to the confusion. As I type this, PILIKIA #1 isn't mailed yet. Of course I'm brining this up to date as I master it.

I was having trouble getting enough material for this issue so I resorted to the N3F Manuscript Bureau. It was a big help. I was going to double space to take up room but I was talked out of it. WHO'S FANZINE IS THIS ANYHOW, GUY?????

I think I'll divide PILL up into departments. Last issue (or first issue, if you want to look at it that way) we had Mike's idea of PILIKIA'S CORNER OF OFF-BEAT POETRY or something like that. We are continuing with that this issue. Now, however, we are having a real poem. BLOODY MAX'S TALKING BLUES I think. Maybe I'll stick in a dept. of public service for new fans. If I can find something for it, I will.

Thats all I have to say now. I'll stick in my 2¢ worth later on no doubt. See you then. Bleez ye, sinners!



# HOW TO INFLUENCE

## FRIENDS

(And Win Space People)

by Ann Chamberlain

Jorvel scanned the books on the library shelf labeled "Space People" hoping to find a section devoted to his own race and home planet, Phyrna. He thought longingly of the face of his planet with its slightly hilly countries and broad rivers, and the way in which they had been rebuilt so that most of the lives of the citizens were lived underground in a more beautifully designed pattern. The scientists had perfected an inner moon by the rays of which all things grew to a much larger size than would grow normally topside...as they called it. He had found himself on Earth unexpectedly. He and some fellow students had gained entrance to the building where the T. M. machine was kept, and accidentally pushed buttons during the experiment, exactly as Jorvel stepped into the small space activated at that moment. He had wondered about their possible fate, when they couldn't explain his absence. He knew they must have been caught because any tampering with the T. M. would bring a guard in a peasi-car, at once. But he forgot them as his eye lighted upon a book labeled PHYRSA. Now, if it only contained a chapter wherein he could learn how to communicate, so he could tell his friends where he could be found! He wanted to do this on his own instead of through more direct channels. He had passed an octagonally shaped building just that morning which he recognized as the Consulate of Phyrna.....but they would have returned him under guard.....a most humiliating experience for a personable young Phyreen to travel.....as if he were a criminal.

The book was toze-like, huge and heavy, and he barely made the few steps to the nearest table before he almost dropped it. There were three pages of Contents listed in fine print, and some of the captions totally beyond his understanding. He hoped fervently he wouldn't have to locate an encyclopedia too. It could take an ominously long time, and time was precious. Fleetingly he noticed a blond female child sitting across the table, but she was absorbed in her picture book. She looked calm enough, as though she had a good home to return to and all her affairs well under her control.



At the bottom of the second page of the Contents he paused, wondering what the word "teleportation" could mean. With a finger on the word he gently and tamorously pushed the book towards her, whispering "Do you know what this means?" With her finger to her lips she bid him be quite, and motioned him to wait. She went to the proper section of shelves and brought him the selection, --and quickly flipped pages for a moment...went too far and flipped them back a few pages, and then pointed..and there was a paragraph explaining the word. He read: "Teleportation;

Stiles



a means of transportating any given mater of any density from one location to another, by the concentrated mental power and will of one individual or group of persons." He continued reading for a time, how this method came into practical use, the name Portia Smith as the discover and the year 1980 when the first successful experinment was concluded, He could see he would need fyrther help. "It will take the combined powers of two persons to achieve spacial teleportation" he told himself, as if by insperation. He debated the wisdom of taking this child into his confidence. She might run to the nearest authority about him. He would have to chanch it, as she might be quite agreeable, too. If she were agreeable, to just picture for a few moments, his home, and himself, on Phyrsa ....such a little while! He drew paper and electro-pen from his pocket and sketched a picture of himself being transported to his home, or rather of himself, with an arrow pointing to an orb of light that was Phyrsa. He vaguely drew a few lines indicating the shape of the building that housed the T. M. machine and finally the machine itself. In large letters he scrawled at the bottom of the page: "Co-ordinate".

Jorvel raised his eyes. His little blond girl had vanished, leaving her picture book open to the page she had more or less been studying. He looked, and the picture was none other than Phyrsa! Then he was conscious of her prescence behind him. He reached slowly for her hand and she did not run away. They smiled

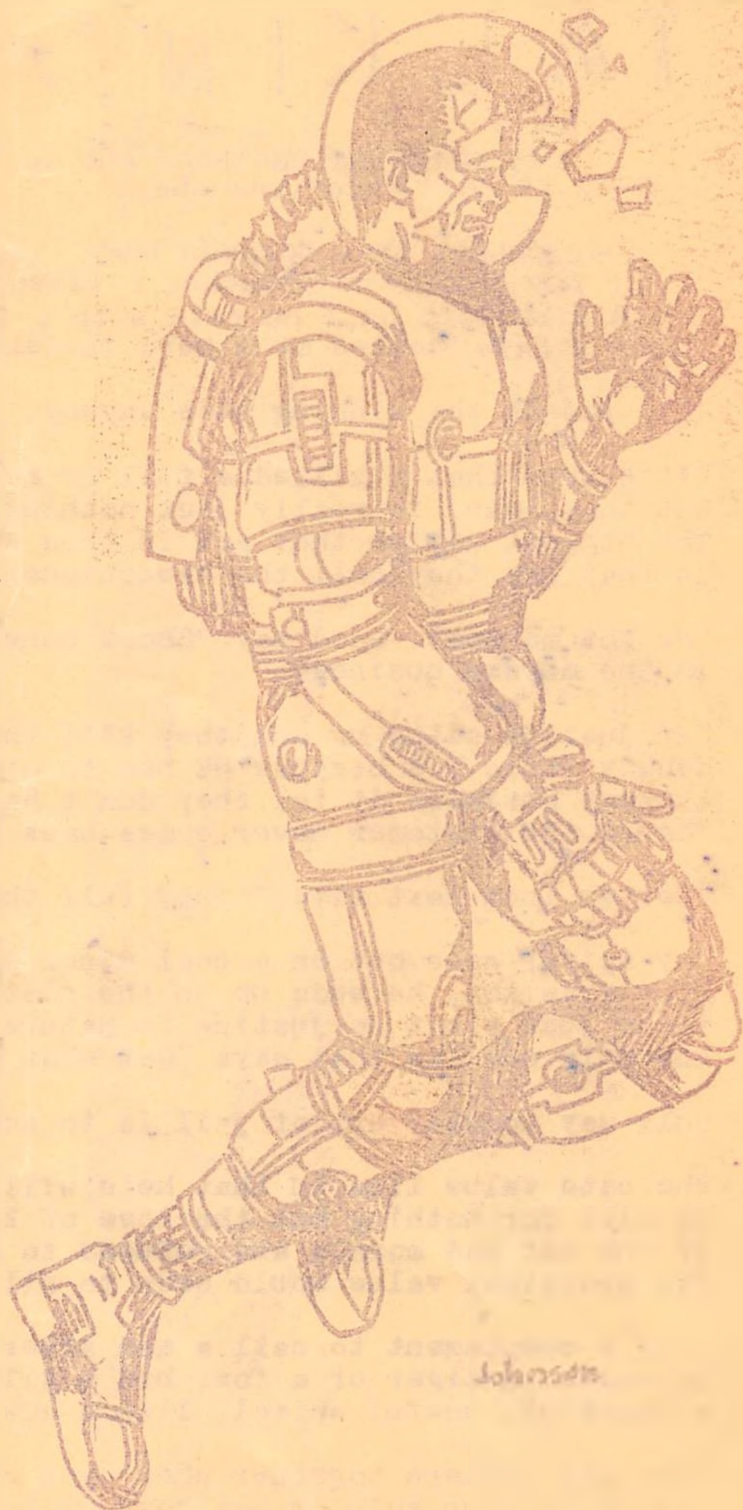


into each others' eyes... and by common consent each consented upon the needed thought pictures.

THIS was even better than he had originally intended. His idea had been to teleport a piece of paper with his message on it, but he could, instead, reappear there and bring with him this beautiful blond girl child! They stood entranced for several seconds and suddenly time no longer existed... a dissolving action was taking place. Little prickles ran up his legs and arms. They took with them particles of his being in their direct ascent. Ceilings made no difference, nor elements of the outer air. Their clasped hands too had this momentary sensation but did not separate. THIS was wonderful..... Much better than being transported by T. M. machine!

Their disembodied minds were one, and they saw and directed their own elements and particles of their bodies to his home and their, beside his favorite tree they let them-selves re-assemble.

Thus it was that Jorvel became the most noted scientist of his planet. He had brought the first known method of teleportation after which the T. M. machine was obsolete. The really odd thing was, that no one ever checked on Mrs. Jorvel..... nor imagined she could ever have come from any such fantastically named place, as Earth!



End

Johnson

# BLOODY MAX'S TALKING BLUES

by Uncle Rat Nelson, an old buddy of Ginsburg and a true beatnik if there ever was one.

They caught that torpedo they call Bloody Max.  
To the jailer he preached a defense of his acts.  
"With a uniform on," he said with a shrug,  
"They'd have called me a hero instead of a thug."

If I was on the winning side anyway.

"It's true that I killed a full 20 men dead,  
But that, man, is really just nothing," he said.  
The biggest killer they got in this stir,  
Is that guy they call the executioner."

"He got me beat. Good pay. Short hours. Works for the biggest company  
in the murder business."

"If justice slips up and they kill the wrong guy,  
Nobody feels bad because HE had to die.  
A great business it is, they don't have to explain,  
'cause the customer never comes back to complain."

"Better luck next time," they tell the executioner.

Boy spider goes out on a cool diner date...  
Likely as not, he ends up on the plate.  
There just ain't no justice in nature of man,  
And only one law that says "Get what you can."

Only way to stay out of jail is to act like you're already in.

The cats value lies in that he's willing  
To kill for nothing but the love of killing.  
If the cat had morals and refused to kill,  
His practical value would drop to nil.

It's a complement to call a man after a killing animal, like a lion  
an eagle, a tiger or a fox, but a killing insult to call a man after  
a peaceful, useful animal, like a cow, a pig, or a dog.

Were all killers together when you come down to it.  
You do it your self or pay someone to do it.  
Everyone likes to see meat on the table  
And forget about butchers as much as thier able.



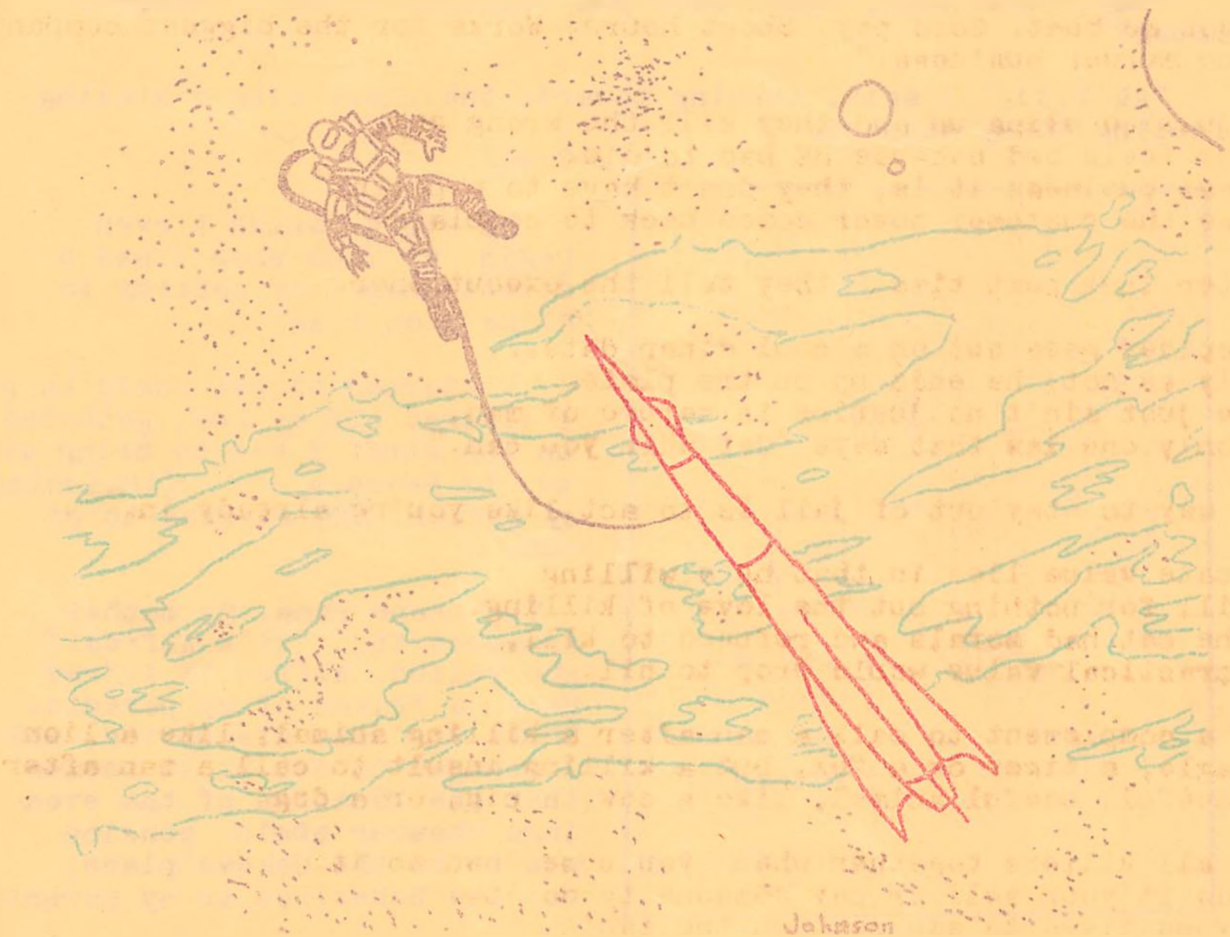
Nice ladies and gents love murder stories, but they just can't stand the sight of blood.

Revenge or justice, when I walk that last mile,  
I'll think of you squares and have to smile.  
You call it justice but your real position  
Is the government just don't like competition

You know I'm right, but you'd rather kill me than admitt it.

End

I would really like your opinion of PILIKIA'S corner of Off-Beat Poetry. If you accidentally write a letter of comment, please enclose your thoughts. Next issue I've got a long one for you. A ballad by John Melville called "ANNABELLEMARIE".





WHY I AM ALWAYS LATE FOR APPOINTMENTS  
or  
AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE CITY BUS SYSTEM

Les Gerber

"O.K., Reiss, so I'll be there at 7:30," I said, and hung up. Then I went back to the piano to finish my practicing so I could leave the house on time.

Heh heh heh!

"Supper!" yelled my mother.

Grumbling, I got up from the piano, went in and washed my hands, and went in to eat. I had a very pleasant, quiet meal, got up and went into my room to recuperate for a while. (I can't work for 15 minutes after supper; gives me indigestion!) and then went back to the music room to finish my practicing.

When I finished, I walked into the kitchen and wiped some dishes. Then I started to leave.

"Say," she said, "when were you supposed to be at Reiss's house?"

"At 7:30," I said, turning towards the clock with a sinking feeling in my stomach.

7:40!



My story couldn't even begin at 7:00 when I had a decent chance of getting to Reiss's on time.

I started to get ready to go. I cleared off my bed, gathered up the stuff I had to bring with me to Reiss's (including my guitar) and started to go out.

The phone rang. My mother answered it. "It's Alfred!" she yelled. Alfred is Alfred Hase, a friend of my parents. There was some discussion, which I managed to catch. It seemed that the location of the evening's chamber music session was to be the Hases's place, not the Schwalbes as my parents

I'm trying to find out what is causing that black strip down the side of the page. I think something's wrong with my type.



had thought.

"You can drive me to Andy's," I told my parents. Andy lives only a few blocks from the Hasses'. My mother agreed, but said I should wait and see if the place was really the Hasses' or the Schwalbes'. After two more phone calls, sandwiched around a call to Ted White, it was finally determined that it was supposed to be at the Schwalbes' after all, although the Schwalbes hadn't remembered and weren't ready. But they would try to get the place cleaned up in time.

I gave up. Grabbing my 30¢ car-fare, I rushed out of the house with my junk and the guitar. It was then 8:05. I looked at the clock as I went out.

At 8:30, again by the clock, the bus finally came. It was filled and I had trouble squeezing on. There was another bus behind but it was far enough behind so that I figured I'd save time getting on the one in front.

Two blocks past my stop is a major transfer point. About half the people on the bus got off and I managed to get a seat.....

...before the bus was invaded by a mob of howling punks and shrieking would-be whores from nearby Erasmus High School. They were yelling and screaming, and the bunch of them (not more than twenty) were making more noise than the average crowd at the Friday night fights.

A few blocks further down an old lady got on the bus. She managed to crowd through the bus to the place where I was sitting. The delinquent behind me, a particularly ugly and vicious-looking punk asked, "Want a seat?" "Oh thank you so much!" she said gratefully. She probably even expected him to get up. When I saw the look on her face, I couldn't resist giving her my seat. The punk noticed me as I passed his seat and said, "Guitar," as if saying, "That's mine;



"Even if you did have Extra-Sensory Perception, What would you perceive with it?"





I gotta smash that thing." I finally got to the back, where I finally became wedged between two giggling young flat-cheated molla. I stood there, trying to keep the guitar relatively intact (it's already cracked in two places) and watched the clumsy pawing by various young punks of cheap dames, who seemed to be having a wonderful time. The other bus, half empty, passed us half way through the trip.

At long last, the bus hit Avenue H, Andy's stop. The trip had seemed ten times longer than usual; it really had been fully twice as long.

A young couple got off at the same stop. I groaned as I stepped off the bus, and the man said, "Yeah, yeah."

"It's only a bad dream," I said. The girl smiled wanly at me.

I double-timed it to Reiss's place, hitting his house at about 9:10, only an hour and forty minutes late.

"All right, Gerber," said Reiss, "make it good."

"Let me write it," I said. "It'll be easier that way. Maybe I'll retain my sanity all through the story."

So I've written it. It hasn't been easy, but I've written it. And I've been through enough tonight.

Please, Reiss, leave me alone!

End




# JEFFERY TRUEHEART

SPACEMAN

By *Sal... ..*

Chapter 1

I. Hugo, fiend of the Black Planet and blackguard of cool faces, have devised a plot of ultimate diabolicalness, which.....




not von that softhearted fool, Jeffery Trueheart can foil! Dr. Von Schvien hunt and his lovely daughter shall soon be in my power!

Nyahahahahaha!



The old Schvienhunt alone can give me the power to seek my vengeance upon humanity. My disguises shall enable me to get him!

Nyahahahahahahaha!




ON EARTH....

Buzzzzzz

...And so you see, Jeffery, why my invention must never get into the wrong hands


the door!



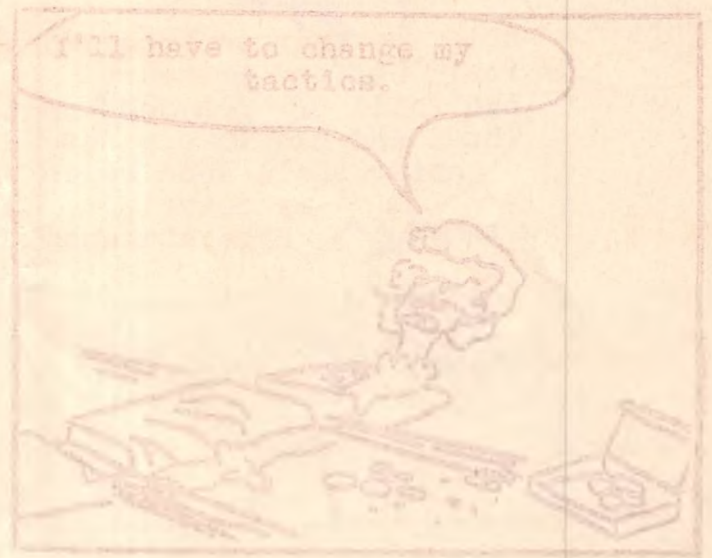
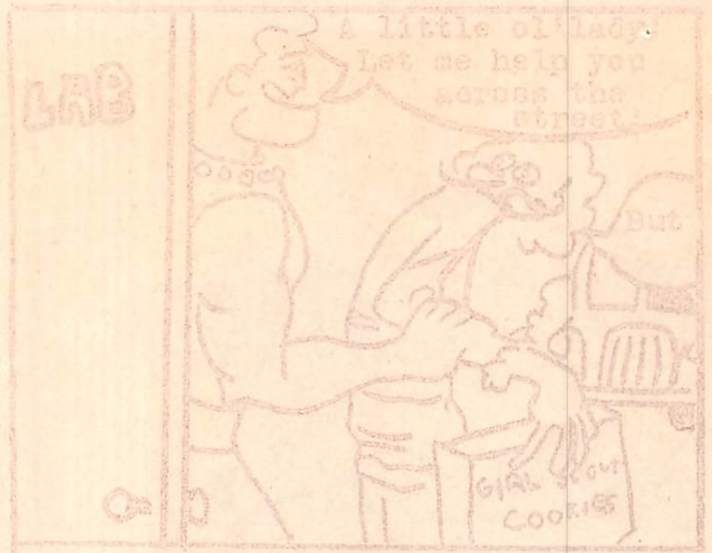
Dr. Von Schvien Hunt's LAB

PLEASE LEAVE HANDED OBJECTS AT REAR ENTRANCE

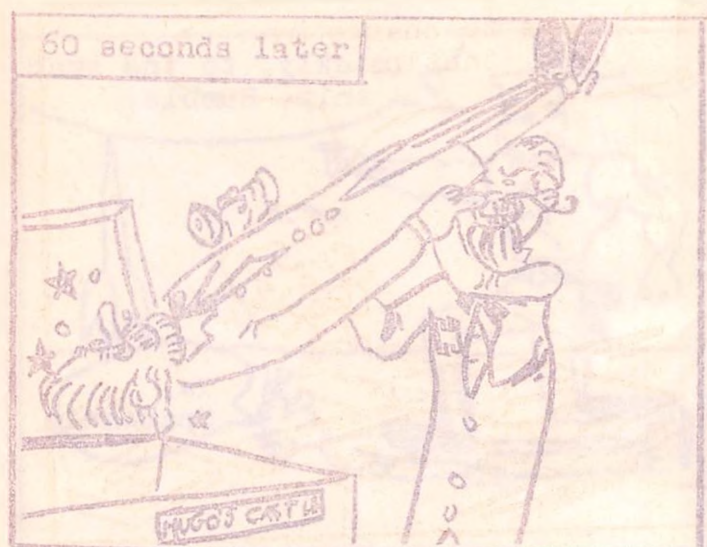
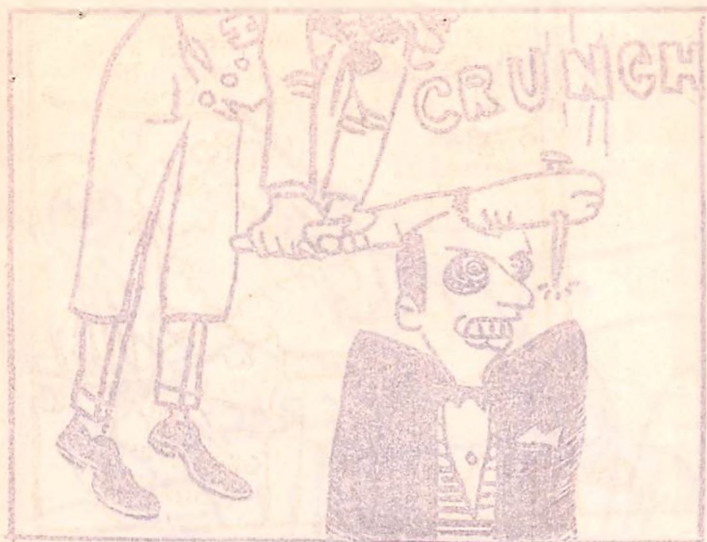
Buzzzzzz







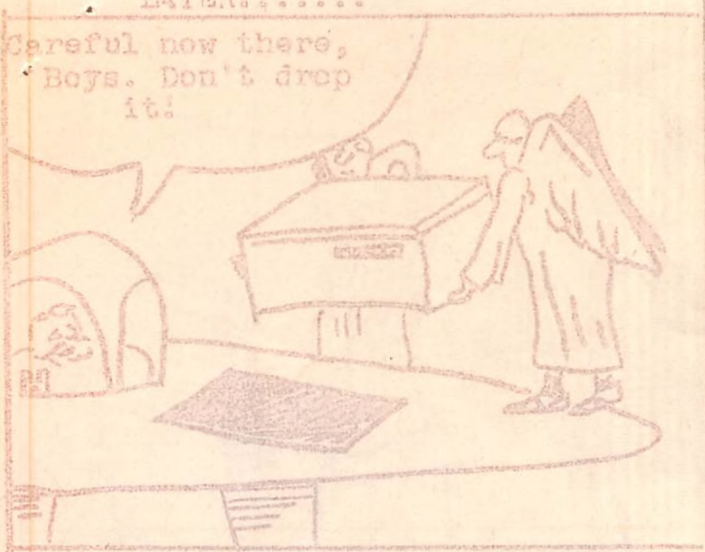




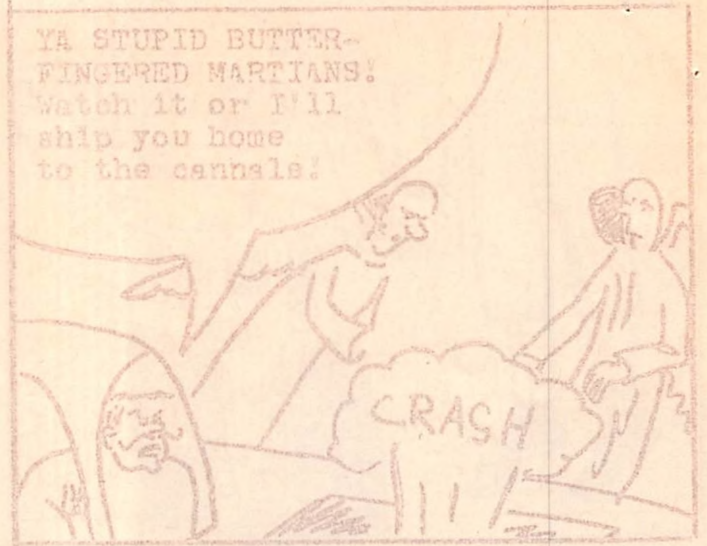


LATER.....

Careful now there,  
Boys. Don't drop  
it!



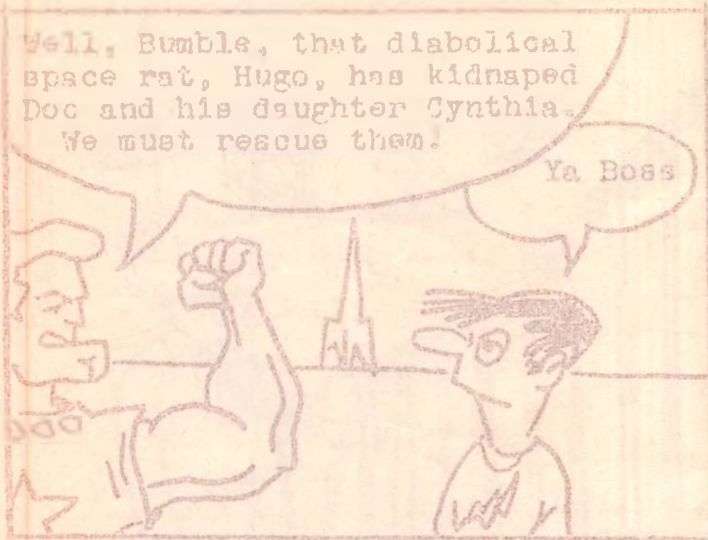
YA STUPID BUTTER-  
FINGERED MARTIANS!  
Watch it or I'll  
ship you home  
to the cannals!



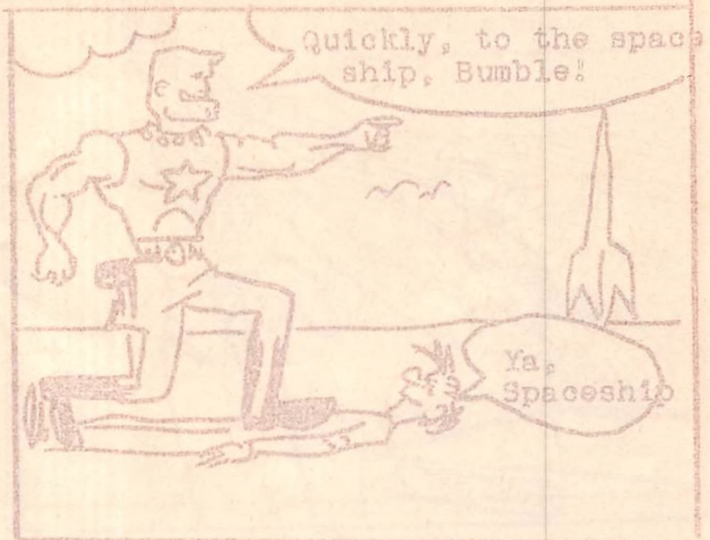
Meanwhile, back at the base...

Well, Bumble, that diabolical  
space rat, Hugo, has kidnaped  
Doc and his daughter Cynthia.  
We must rescue them.

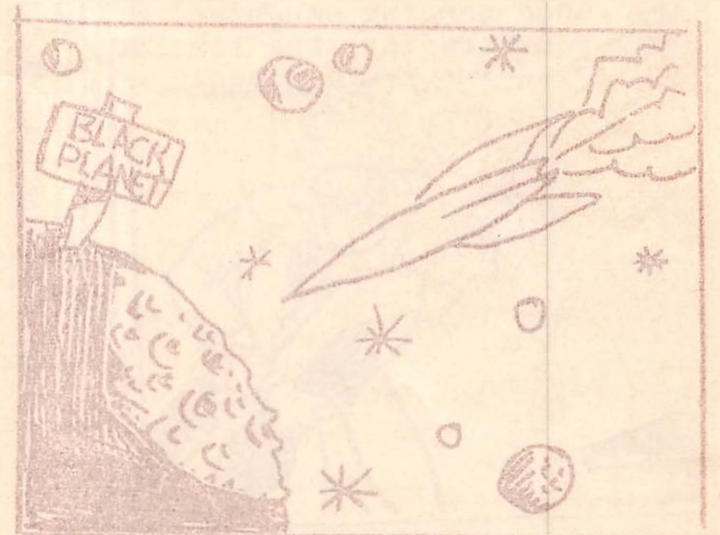
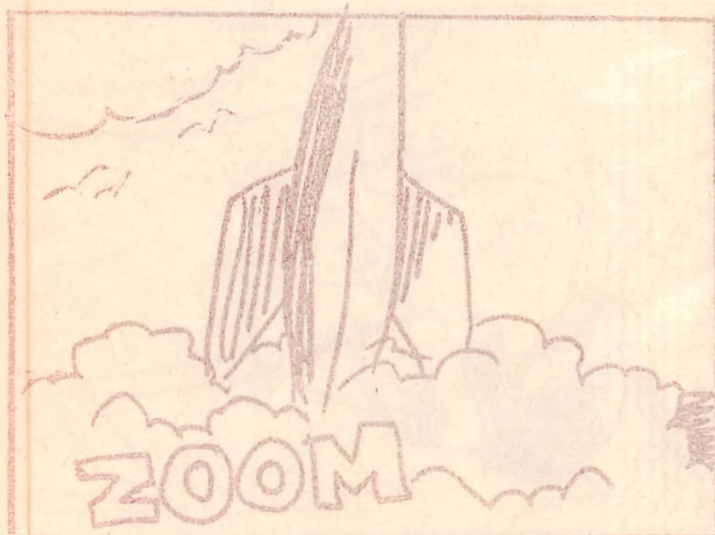
Ya Boss



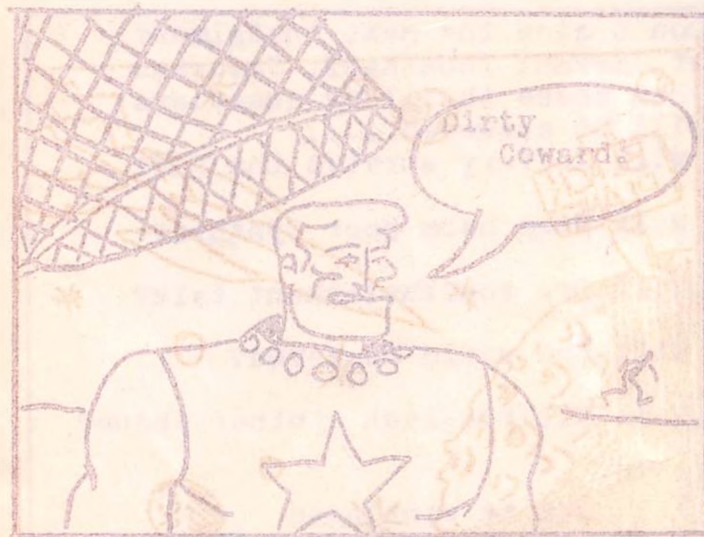
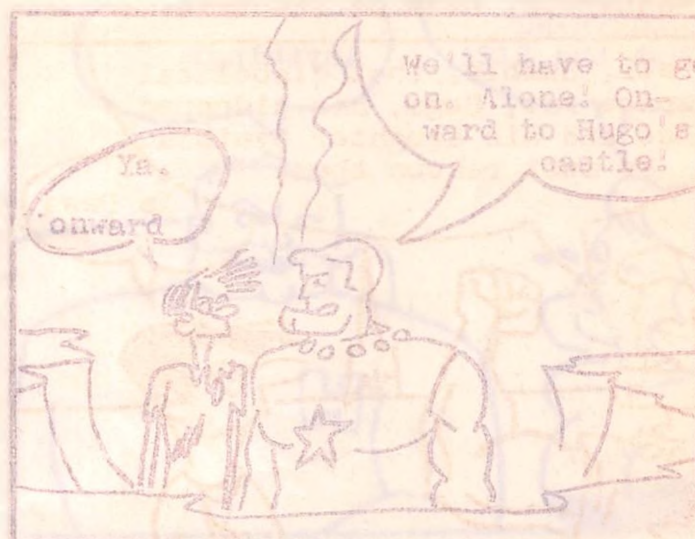
Quickly, to the space  
ship, Bumble!



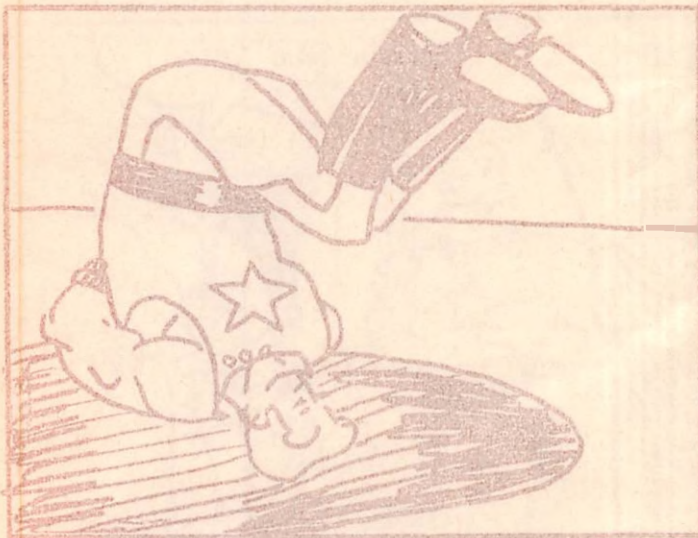
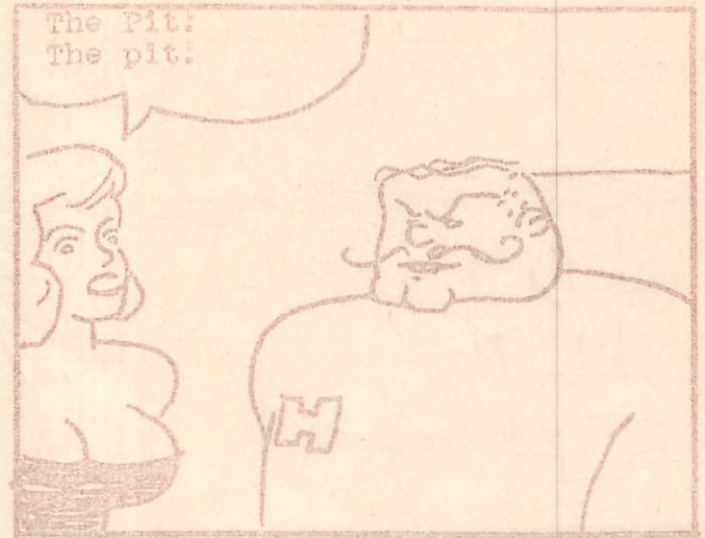
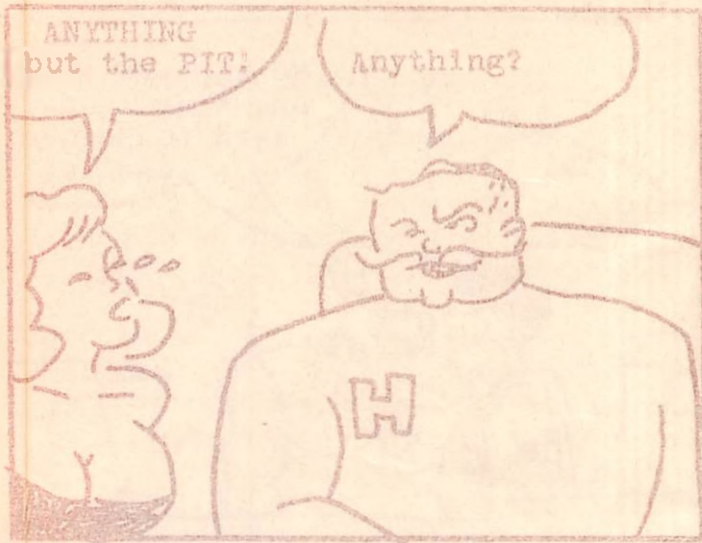
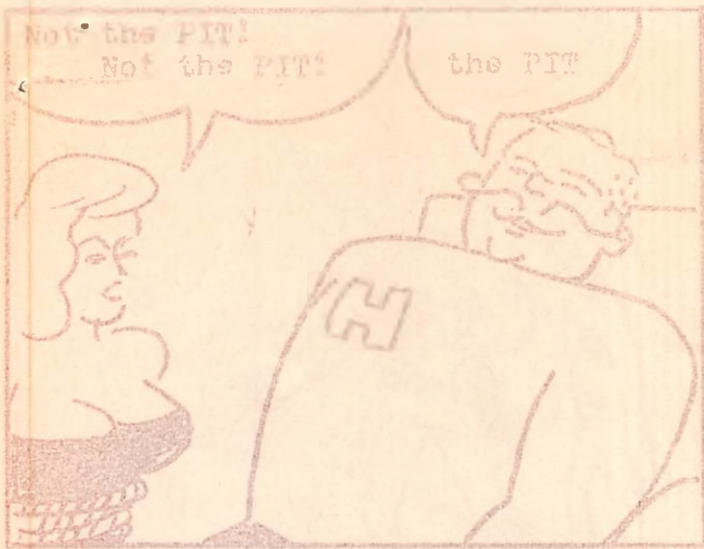
ZOOM











Don't miss the next instalment  
of JEFFERY TRUEHEART, Spaceman  
when these thrilling questions  
will be answered.....  
Will Jeffery survive the PIT?  
Will Hugo harm poor Cynthia?  
Will Dr. vonSchvienhunt talk?  
Will the world be saved?  
Will FILIPYA last another issue?

to be continued



BE IT

W W W W W W W W

W W W W W W W W

by Chuck Devins

I had just spent a rough day working at the Beverage Store and as I passed Mike's house on the way home I decided that I would drop in on my favorite artist and see if he might loan me a ham sandwich. If I was lucky, I might be able to worm some art out of him too.

As always, I walked right in, and after looking for him in the livingroom, bedroom and refrigerator, I decided to try the back yard. I was in luck. And what was Boise's greatest fan artist doing? .....Painting the window screens!

"What do you think you are doing, Mike! You shouldn't waste a talent like yours on a few lowly window screens!"

"But if I don't, Mom will feed me to the guppies!"

"She ought to be ashamed of her self. Forcing you into common labor!"

"But....."

"Don't worry about your Mom."

"Them guppies are mighty hungary..."

"Well, alright. But hurry."

I stood around, watching Mike splash paint onto the screens.

"Hey! Watch where you're splattering paint!"

"Sorry. It'll come off in the wash. Maybe....."

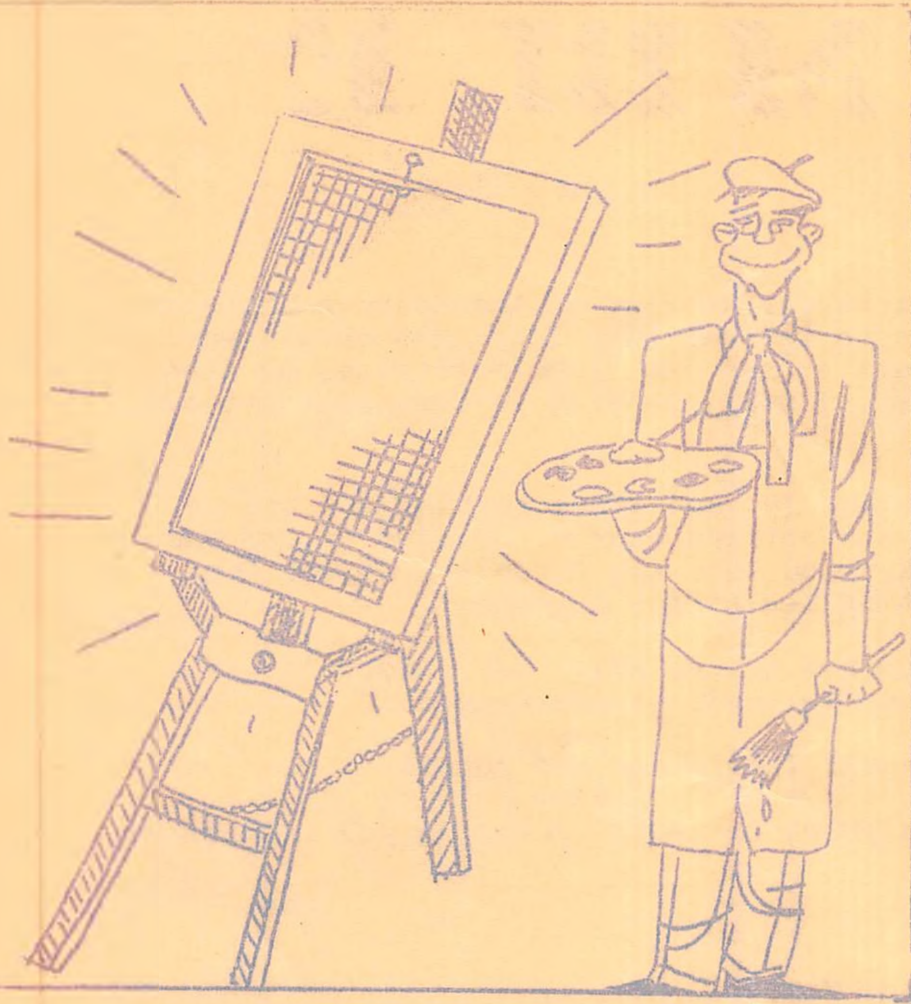
"Well watch it!"

I gently rapped Mike across the hand with a riding whip I always carry with me when I visit the Johnsons.

As Mike returned to his work, I noticed he seemed to be getting wilder with the brush.

"Hey. Will ya watch it!"

"Sorry."



Oh well, I didn't need that shirt anyway.

"Mike, slow down a little. You missed a place...up there in that corner....see? And another over there...here's a streaky spot. Say, Mike, you can't paint holding a brush like that. Say, what da ya think yer doing? Hey, hold on! ..GLUE.....!!

I got the paint off my face alright but I had to pour turpentine over my head to get this paint out of my hair when I got home.

Then we went down into the basement. Mike's room is down there. He's quite a brave kid to live down there alone. It takes raw courage to live in a place like that.

Halfway down the stairs one of Mike's pet bubonic rats nipped me. So, being a cautious neo, I injected myself with a needle from the first aid kit I always carry when I go into the basement.

Mike's little brother's hobby is collecting rare old diseases which he keeps in the basement. In the three years I have known Mike I have suffered from rabies, leishmaniasis, brucellosis, cholera, leprosy, keratocconjunctivitis, plague (bubonic, pest, pneumonic, & black). Also food poisoning, but that is only because



Mike's hobby is cooking. His idea of hot chocolate is to take a pound of solid chocolate and heat it until it melts, then boils. He drinks it searing hot before he lets it solidify. However I must admit that there is one dish of Mike's I love. He calls it "long pig" and refuses to tell me what's in it.

Meanwhile, back in lower purgatory, we had reached the basement. Fighting our way through spider webs, a giant venus fly-trap, assorted black widows, and a dusty skeleton of an exterminator, we reached Mike's room.

We heard a strange hissing noise Mike couldn't identify so I shut the door behind us.

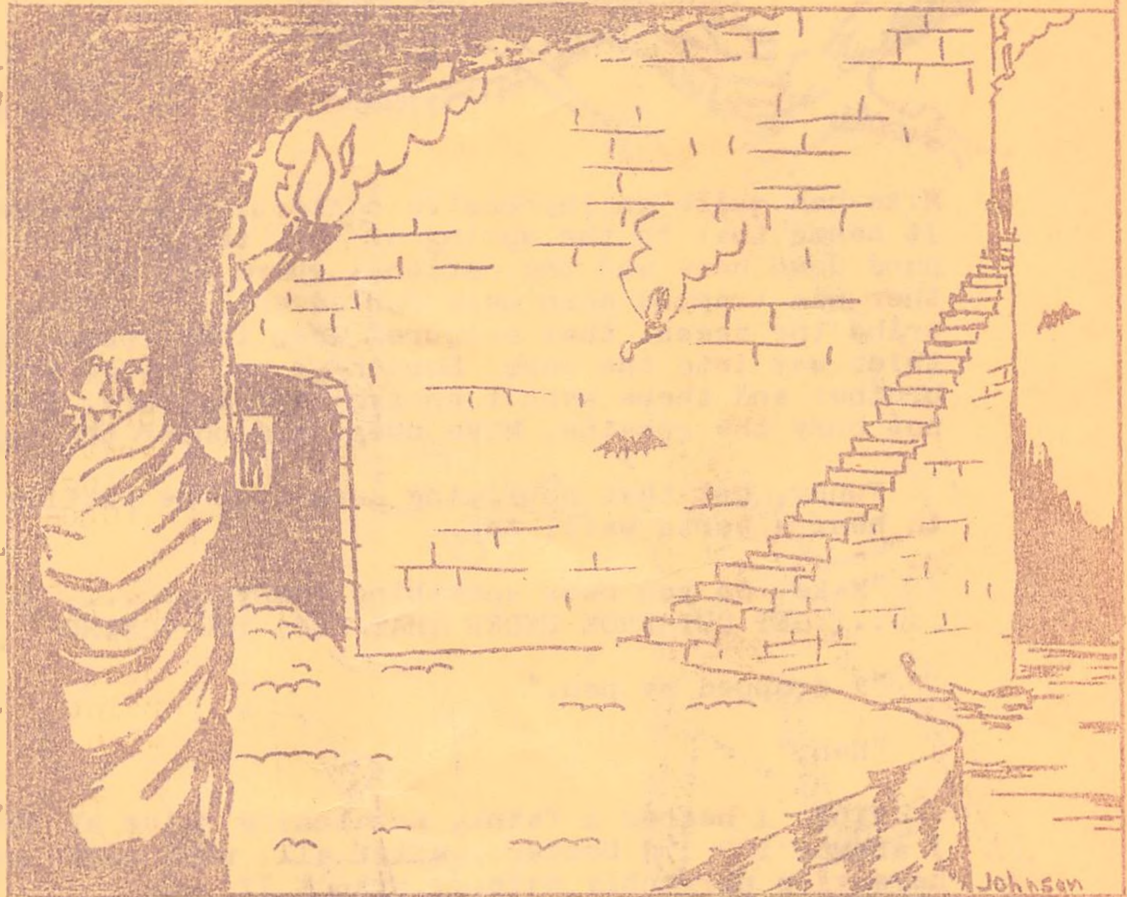
Shooing a bat off the bed, we sat down on the edge.

"Mike, I want you to do a cover for PILL #3."

"You mean you are going through all that again?"

"Sure, why not do it?"

"Well, it's your neck."



We spent quite a long time down there. I leaned over Mike's shoulder why he worked. I gave constructive advice.

I don't think he thought much of the advice.

"I'm sorry I left my brush upstairs, Chuck!"

I took the hint.

While Mike was working on one particularly excellent work (Which Terwilliger later stole for TWIG) I amused myself by listening to the various weird sounds outside the door. They sent shivers





up my little yellow spine. And Mike' actually lives among them! Ghad.

One noise in particular caught my attention. Amid the screams, screeches, and howls I detected a faint, yet sinister shuffling sound. I did not want to worry Mike about such matters but I made a mental note to take along the flame thrower when I left.

(I must add here that Mike has quite an impressive collection of weapons down here. It seems that in the spring of '58, things got a little out of hand down here and the national guard was called in. Mike's brother was trapped down here for several weeks. I won't describe the scene that occurred when they rescue party fought thier way into the room. Something had beteen them to Mike's brother and there wasn't enough left to bury. Since they could not bury the remains, Mike swept him under the rug.)

Funny, but that shuffling seemed to be getting louder. I seem to hear a sorta wail, too.

"Mike, do you hear something funny?.....Mike?.....mike? .....GET OUT FROM UNDER THAT BED, YOU COWARD!"

"I droppd my pen."

"Hah!"

Yipe! I heard a faint, scratching noise at the door! Should I answer it? I'd better...after all, what could happen to me here. I'm perfectly safe....aren't I?

While Mike covered the door with his 50 cal., I slowly opened it.

What an unghodly sight greeted my eyes! There, among the foot thick dust and slime, sprawled the most sickening sight man has ever laid eyes on. Greenish, scaled skin, matted with fungus infected fur covered the moldy, half rotted bone, festering with maggots. The teeth were long and sharp. They dripped stinking yellow venom and reminded one of a reptiles. The hairy paws were tipped with blood red claws. Just beneath the dripping muzzle lay a quivering maw, so similar to that of a shark, I could swear it reeked of fish, ralf rotted and lain on the hot sun. Never had I seen anything equil to this sight. I was nauseated. I could feel the fear, as a liquid, dripping and soaking my very bones. I was scared.



It was Mrs. Johnson, she wanted Mike to come up for dinner.

"Be right there, Mom."

As the figure slithered off, I aimed a kick at the quivering mass and felt the rewarding squelch of brittle bone being crushed under my hob-nailed boots.

Before I shut the door, I saw a shape depart from the shadows and slink behind her. It was that nice count person from that place in Trans something or other.

The slamming door cut off Mrs. Johnson's screams.

I glanced at the hour-glass and decided it was time for me to go. Picking my jacket from among a pile of dusty "Pay Up Or Else" cards addressed to Mike from the S.F. Book Club, I made ready to depart.

As we went out the door I picked up the flame thrower and Mike drug along a new Anti-Tank gun he was trying out. We made the stairs with little incident and, after shooting a blast of searing flame at the "creature" and driving it back into the Black Lagoon, we began our ascent.

"Dirty Word!" said Mike.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Furshlugerner trantula got under my shirt again."

I smashed the lump under Mike's shirt with a boot and helped Mike back to his feet. That boy is made of raw courage.

As we passed the Slimy Pit I nearly lost my footing but, inspite of Mike's playful shove, regained my footing. We reached the surface with no further trouble.

"Say, Mike, how bout coming over to my house for dinner?"

"Not on your life! I'm not coming anywhere nears that place!"

He told me why.

Imagine, being afraid to come over just because he's afraid of that harmless little great Dane of mine!

Pau



readers who can't read Twig's lettering guides, I have included English sub-titles. O.K.? cd

(THE COLLECTING BUG)

By Mike Deckinger

Several years back, and continuing up to the present, I was inflicted with a strange and deadly malady that manifested its symptoms in an insistent demand for me to buy every science fiction prozine and pb to hit the stands. Whether I had seen it before or not, I could not resist the impulse to snatch it up, hand the greedy store owner the 35¢ or 25¢ or whatever it may be, and dash away with my new found treasure.

Lately, I've been applying this collecting bug to fanzines & such fannish material, but I intend to discuss here my experiences in the sf collecting field. I suppose completist might be a more fitting word, though I was blessed in the fact that the closest bookstores were in Newark, fully ten miles away, and I simply could pay a visit to them every day and go rummaging through thier dusty interior. If I had, I shudder to think of the predicament I'd be in now, though I feel I would have at least endeared myself to the hearts of many of the book store owners.

As soon as I realized what I was suffering from, and further realized there was no known cure for this ailment, I decided to adopt the motto that if you can't lick'em, then join'em. Which was just what I proceeded to do. From the depths of the cellar, I managed to dredge up two dirty, dusty, cracked, and unpainted bookcases which had stood the test of time in the hidden recesses of the cellar in this house, and which were life-savers to my desires.

The first thought was to clean up these behemoths of rotted wood which I did so with a dusty rag which was much dustier by the time the job was finished. How much dirt I had cleared away



from the bookcases is an arguable, but I'll wager that there are many homeless spiders down there now.

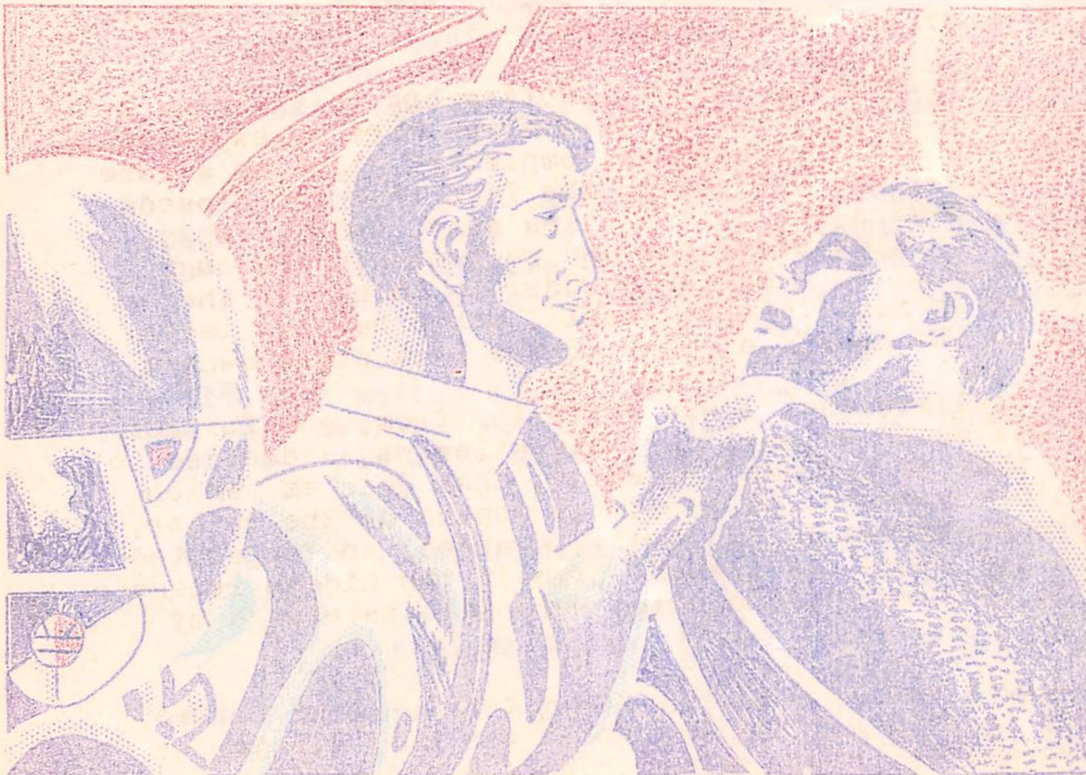
After cleaning, painting was next in line of operation. From the neighbors I obtained a half full can of a shade of paint known as Sea-Foam Green which for some reason did actually look as if it were Sea-Foam Green.

Never let it be said that I enter into performing a task with out investigating all the possibilities beforehand. After careful observation and a momentous decision, I came to the conclusion that there was the distinct possibility that I just might spill the paint, and so, after covering the floor with newspapers, I donned a faded old apron.

Luckily no one saw me in that outfit, for if I had been observed like that, crouching on my knees on a newspaper-covered floor, wearing a dainty little mother Hubbard Apron, and holding a dripping brush in one hand, a half-filled can of paint in the other, and an angry frown on my face, which one of us would have been most embarrassed is a debatable point.

So, at last the painting was completed, and I, being most liberal in my painting, had managed to thoroughly douse the floor, the wall, my pants, and my shirt, as well as slightly coating the bookcase.

**Stiles** But I had changed thier outward appearance a bit, and that



was all that mattered.

The label on the can of paint said it would take about three days for an item to dry properly. I've found that generally the paint companies know what they'er talking about, so to be on the safe side I waited four days, 'till I would move it from the attic up to







"Are you kidding?  
If the customers  
found out I read  
that stuff I'd  
lose all my busin-  
ess probts. Can't  
let the customers  
know I even look  
at such magazines."



"Well, what's  
wrong with them," I demanded, eager to gain at least one concession.

"What's wrong, ye gods, they're indecent."

"Nonsense, that just isn't true."

"Oh it isn't, well I saw the cover on one of them that came in a while ago," he blushed, I swear he blushed, "on it was a girl in," he blushed again as he sought to find the right words, "in... ..in her underwear."

There simply is no counter for such a solidly put forth, meaningful argument as that, so rather than at least try and correct his opinion, much less convert him, I dropped the matter then and there. There didn't seem any point in continuing it further.

In a short while, one bookcase was filled, and I turned to the other. Fanzines I kept in a separate file, and thus they weren't involved. I was forced to store pulps in piles of about two dozen each on top of the cases. The fanaticism with which I bought pbs was fantastic, and has only begun to taper down recently. Once I swiftly snatched up a pb titled SEEDS OF LIFE, thinking that it was a re-issue of John Taine's novel, and was most disconcerted to learn when I examined it more closely that it was a treatise of sex and evolution.

Eventually the other bookcase was filled too, and although I continued to buy prozines, I bought them less fanatically as before. I became more involved in fanzine fandom and didn't read as much of as I formerly did. With the two bookcases full, I simply didn't have the incentive to collect as much.

But the collecting bug is a persistent creature. Last week I was given a new bookcase for a graduation present. I immediately went out and bought three prozines I didn't have.

And that is only the beginning.

End



# By the way.....

Faded text at the top of the page, possibly a header or introductory paragraph.

Second paragraph of faded text, continuing the narrative or information.

Third paragraph of faded text, possibly a transition or continuation.

- \* \* \* \* \*
- Maybe you noticed that this PILL was awfully late coming out. -
- \* I'm sorry but it couldn't be helped. My publisher, Twig, has \*
- failed. This kinda puts a a krimp in my publishing dates. I -
- \* hope we can work something out so as PILIKIA will keep coming. \*
- I scraped off the stuff that was on here before so this be blurred.
- \* \* \* \* \*

Fourth paragraph of faded text, following the list.

Fifth paragraph of faded text, continuing the text.

Sixth paragraph of faded text, possibly a longer section.

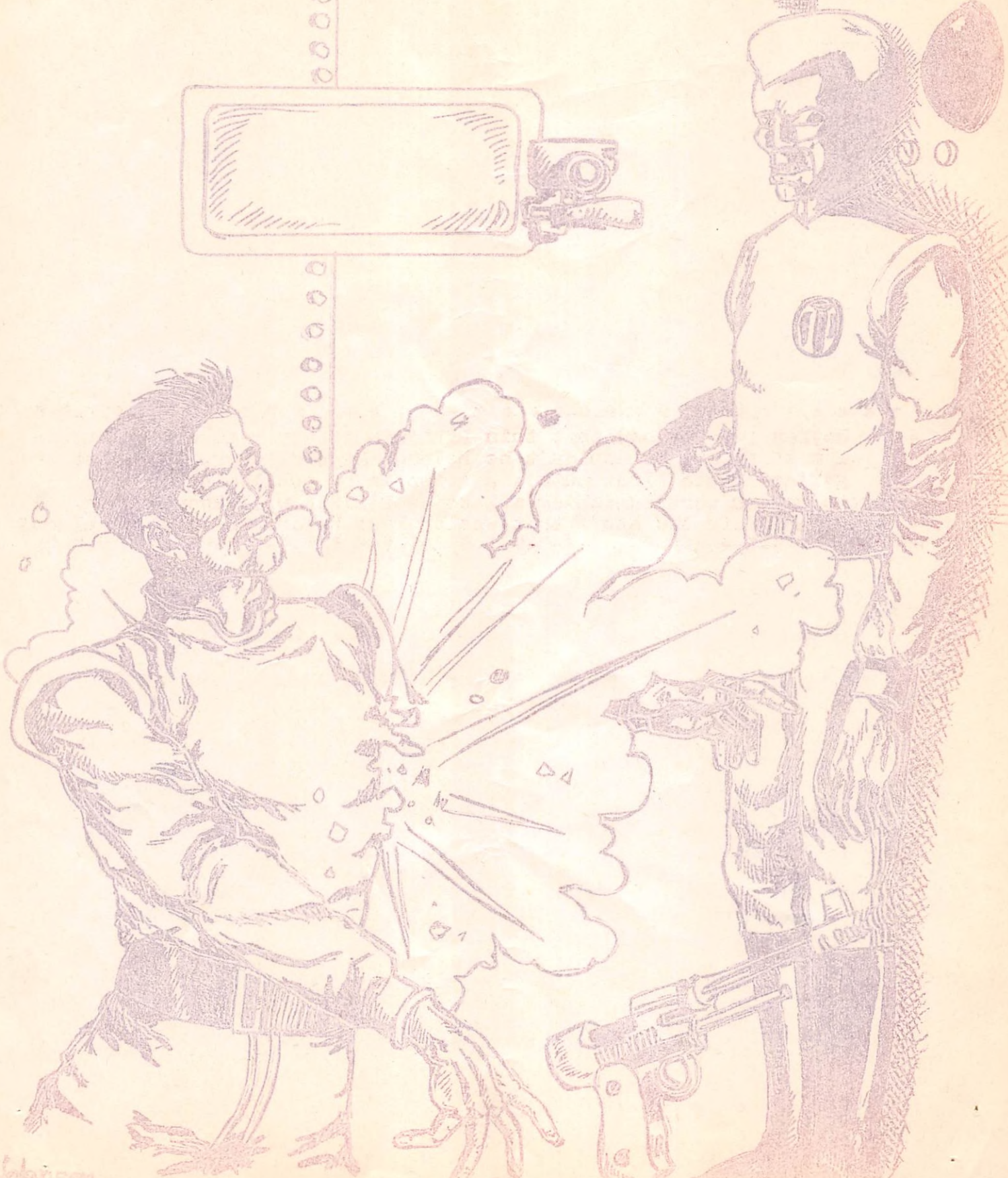
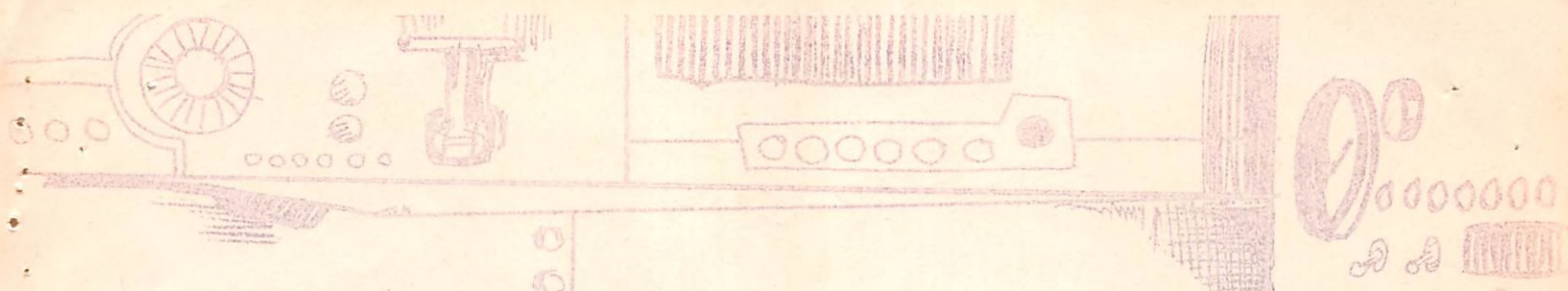
Seventh paragraph of faded text, continuing the text.

*Red*

Eighth paragraph of faded text, continuing the text.

Ninth paragraph of faded text, possibly the final paragraph on the page.





Johnson







→ IMPORTANT!

Most of you already know of Proposed Amendment of U.S. F.C. rule 39 CRF., Part 22.2 (7). As you know, this admendment would just about be the last straw for Pro Science Fiction. It would make 2nd class mailing impossible for prozines to use. But have you written your congressman yet? And have you written Mr. E. Riley, Director of Postal Service, Bureau of Operations, F.C. Dept., Washington 25, D.C.? Well, do so now! Don't even bother to finish FILIKIA now. Read it later. WRITE NOW! This amendment MUST be killed! Remember, OPPOSED TO PROPOSED AMENDMENT OF U.S. F.C. RULE 39 CRF, PART 22.2 (7).

My thanks to Bob Jennings for reminding me to put this notice in FILIKIA. Bless you.

\*\*\*\*\*

TC YCU







# Tale of the Wayfaring Stranger

by

David L. Travis

There are stories one can believe and there are stories one can't believe, and then there are stories like the one I am about to lay before you.

Me? I am the county jailer, Traylor County, New Mexico, a position I have held for a number of years. Yes, I know I don't talk like a jailer, but is there any law that provides that a jailer must be an ignoramus? No, I'm not getting huffy, but---okay, okay, let's forget it. Keeping a jail is a sort of slow business, especially after all the goings on in the big cell, but I'm getting ahead of myself. Since I do have quite a bit of spare time, I am able to do a lot of reading and some studying.

Things used to be a lot busier here before all those stories about the jail being haunted got around. Now, the prisoners all ask to be taken to the city jail, and it's nothing but a hole. That is, the regulars do. What's that? No sir. I keep a clean place here. No jail is luxurious, but mine is comfortable. No vermin, plenty of food and decent treatment. No sir, you won't find any of them complaining on that score. What do they complain about? I was getting to that when I was interrupted.

It all started about two years ago. A new administration came in, and one of their projects was to do something about the condition of the jail. Not that it wasn't clean and sanitary, mind you, but I must admit that it was pretty rickety. As a matter of fact, the only way that we kept any prisoners at all, was by sort of a mutual agreement. Anyone that wanted to could have busted out with no trouble.

At any rate, the whole thing was rebuilt. Nice new shiny steel bars and locks and everything. I can tell you we were mighty proud of that jail. What's that? It still looks new? Well, it should, it hasn't seen much use.

First customer was Jim Van, an old favorite. Jim is a bootlegger, moderately big. About once every three months he's raided, pays his \$300 and then back to business. He never minded his visits. Said it was a relief no to work. The raid comes Saturday night, he says that night, Sunday and Sunday night. Court meets Monday morning and he goes free. This time he has the Sheriff up there early Sunday morning. "You gotta get me out of here, Sheriff."

"Now, Jim, you know the routine. You'll be out tomorrow."

"Sheriff, take me to the city jail, anywhere. I think I'm losing my mind. Sheriff, this cell talked to me. I didn't sleep a wink. Please get me out of here!"

Sheriff Tate scratched his head a little, but Jim is a steady customer, so he has no objection to movin' him to the other jail.

Well, that set the pattern. Everybody we put in that cell had everything from nightmares to hysteria until they were out of it. That colored man from the East just spent one night there after beating his wife again, and I'll swear his face was the color of paste the next morning. All we could get him to do was roll his eyes and mutter, "It's ha'nted, that's what, it's ha'nted."

After that we couldn't get anyone to stay in our jail for love nor money. I didn't ever see any signs of haunting, but I live in the back end--- Beg pardon? Why didn't I sleep in the cell? Sister, I got these grey hairs by being born a long time ago, not by pushing my nose into something which is none of my business-- or yours!

Now, if I may continue with my story? Thank you. As I said, most of the locals steered clear of my jail. Only a few transients or an overflow were lodged here.

Last night they brought in this guy on a "no visible means of support" and "Had been drinking" charge. He's a tall impressive fellow and he talks like a low grade college professor, who tries to impress people by using long words.





Here's a copy of his statement along with what he wrote last night after waking me to bring him the paper. No, I don't believe it, but I don't disbelieve it either. How can I? You're the expert on poltergeists and such. You explain it.

Statement by Johann Kelly, alias Professor Wyzta, The Great Magypoo, The Duke of Seers, etc.:

My name is Johann Kelly. My profession is fortune telling. I am currently connected with the Bright Bros. Carnival in town. My incarceration in this place as a vagrant is pretentious and preposterous.

I have read the document purported to have been written by me during the previous night. I can only state that I have no knowledge of writing it. It is written in an ebullient, boyish style, which does not remotely resemble my own style of writing.

The following is the document mentioned in Mr. Kelly's statement. The county jailer swears that it was written by Mr. Kelly:

At last! I've finally discovered one of these "things" which has a "mind" of sufficient sensitivity to allow me to contact it. I've been dying to try to communicate my story to these beings in whose power I find myself. Boy, have I got myself in a fix.

This creature seems to have a large enough store of language for my purpose, although these "people" as they think of themselves, communicate only by sound waves and have never developed mind contact. Some of the words I use will only be close to the idea, since language can never deliver the full message it should.

It all began with Momma. She (pronouns are always; Momma isn't really a "she" nor an "he" but that's close enough) conceived early in life, and was naturally eager to get back to "her" own journeys. I admit, we were a bunch of tinkers as kids, but it was still a shock when she disappeared. (Note: here there is a blank space for a word. We found ourselves out in the cold cruel universe. However we learned fast and skined or drifted along according to how we felt. Pretty soon we thought we knew everything. I was sort of vain as a child, about the size of a fiat, but I found some nice cosmic dust pastures and quickly grew to about the size of a "basket ball" (whatever that is).

Well, for a while we kids kept together, but I got impatient and moved off to do some exploring. Don't I wish I hadn't. I might even now be basking in a nice Nova somewhere instead of stuck here. Here's what happened.

I was drifting along, not paying attention to where I was, and didn't notice the quicksand until it was too late and I was caught by the undertow. I fought it, of course, but I didn't have my speed up, and it finally got me. I guess if I had been going any

Looking under this master I see that there will be a streak about an inch wide running down the page. There are on several pages. It's too late to do anything now but they won't be there next time. I hope they aren't too deep.



(Forgive the color changes but I am trying to save money. Okay?)

faster, I would have perished, as I almost did anyway, passing through the atmosphere. I lost half my substance, and I guess I must have passed out. When I woke up, I found I could move only by a supreme effort, and then only a



Stiles

little. (I see a word here called "gravity" which is supposed to explain it.) I was lying there in a daze when I suddenly was conscious of movement. I cast around and discovered that I was being carried by a creature who had some rudiments of a mind. I could use his senses, but could only get the most confused glimpses of his mind. I got the words "blacksmith", "falling star" and little else. I ended up in a place he thought of as his "shop" and for some time I was conscious of nothing else. Through his eyes I discovered the presence of a large number of (Note: no word) to which class I belong, but I was unable to find any sign of a mind.

\*\*\*\*\*

SPECIAL SALE

Due to circumstances beyond my control I am stuck with a ream of buff colored MIMEOGRAPH paper. There are a couple of sheets missing but there are close to 500 sheets left. I am willing to sell cheap. Faneds with Mimeoapps, here's you chanch. Write me.

\*\*\*\*\*

It finally got to where I didn't pay attention to the creature, and spent most of my time in meditation. Soon, however, I found myself moving again and discovered that I was experiencing the same sensation I felt when caught in the current. Not so extreme though. Alternating with this sensation was the same feeling I had when I hit bottom. Through the "eyes" of the "blacksmith"

\* Hey, Steve, leave me a little more room next time. huh?



I discovered he was alternately holding me over a receptacle and laying me on one of the mindless ( ) I told you about and pounding me with another ( ). There seemed to be nothing I could do about this but endure, so I did. Later I discovered that he had changed my shape from that of an ellipsoid to a long, narrow shape, very thin on one ~~sharp~~ edge. I caught quite a bit of the words he used about me, although at the time I didn't get much out of them. "Knife." I was "sold" to "Jim Bowie" with whom I traveled extensively.

In my travels with Bowie, I learned a lot about these humans. I learned that I was thought of as "steel" or maybe "knife" or both. I was for the purpose of "cutting," which meant to sunder a part of something rest of it. Bowie used me for "fighting" and as soon as I learned what this was about we were an unbeatable combination. Jim Bowie and Bowie Knife. I tried many times to talk with Bowie, but didn't ever get through and this seemed to make him uneasy, so I gave it up finally. The only complaint I had was when Bowie insisted on sharpening me. A little of my substance was taken whenever he did this. On the whole, though, we got along well.

Then we went to a place, "Alamo" and there was much "fighting"-- Bowie had just thrown me, when I felt his mind go blank, and he never afterwards as he did before. A "Mexican" picked me up. Then came the long boring years. Nothing at all happened. "Mexican" used me for fighting a few times, but most of the time nothing happened. A long period went by--I was "sold" again, this time to "tourist" who made a long journey to "Pittsburg". And then more inaction again. I "belonged" to "little boy" until I was given to "scrap drive" and-- however there's no use in my recording all my adventures. Using the words I learned and The information I see here, I can cut the story short. I was melted down, made part of an ingot, eventually, made part of a bar in this jail---the sixth one from the right. I'm the upper 12 inches. This is the first mind I've found that I can get under control, and I want to make a request.

I learn they are making a "rocket" to leave this "planet" and travel through space. I want to be a part of that "rocket". When we get away from this gravity, I can be a big help Please see that this gets into the hands of whoever is in charge. This is my only chance to get home.

Note: I am undecided about the above account. It is unbelievable, but logical. Johann Kelly might be perpetrating a hoax but I fail to see any gain from him. I slept in the cell myself, but was not troubled except for dreaming I was falling all night. In the meantime, the cell is still there, still haunted. You can visit and see for yourself, It isn't far from there to where they are building the rocket to contain the first American Moon Satellite. I have recorded the jailors testimony, which I took down, Mr. Kelly's statement, and the document itself. What do you think?

The Author

... AND OTHER THINGS MAILED AT US

# THREATS

By Readers and Such

Mike Deckinger:

I would first advise you to staple it more uniformly. While they were in pretty well, one was twisted in an odd direction at a right angle to the page, certainly not the way a good staple should be. I guess you were one of the lucky ones. Mike gave me 4 to one odds that not one copy would make it through the mail without falling apart. But after I restapled it (don't feel bad, I restaple just about all the zines I receive) the problem was eliminated. Steve Stiles had a nice cover here. Generally the quality of Stiles' art has definitely been improving. What do you think of Steve this ish?

Your editorial was a bit disjointed. So's my head. It would do you well to write in a more uniform manner. I see you are using Guy's indecipherable lettering guides which never look like what they are supposed to. Now I know why he gave them to me! Don't throw it away; give it to Charlie!

I don't know whether you chose to give me some scrap paper, or whether (which is more likely) you made an error in running it off. (Running PILL #1 off was just one big error!) but I have two blank sides between pages 3 & 4.

Guy's story, itself, wasn't too bad, once I managed to get past that awful pun he's slipped into the title. And even that name... Dr. Rootone. You should have to listen to him in person for an hour or so. Gad! One of these days Guy is going to sprout leaves and branches and Twig's? He'll also start to providing an added service for the neighborhood dogs, no doubt.

When the Midnight Madness Comes, well it came to me just about when I began reading that pointless story. Sorry, it had nothing to it. Good grief! And that was my favorite!

The Real Twig was probably the best thing in the whole issue. You are to be commended for presenting this invaluable insight into Guy. Bless you! With a schedule as this, I wonder how he ever finds time for fanning, or does he do it between 4:00 and 5:00 in the mornings?

Your spelling problems might be eliminated if you kept a good dictionary at your side at all times when you are typing masters. If that doesn't work, try an English teacher. (But I don't know any good English teachers.)

Sandy Cutrell's little story was slightly better than the others, at least he didn't condescend to his readers by revealing that, in all probability, the universe created by the son was our own. It could have done with some description to break the continual dialogue, but I realize that it would have been a difficult thing to do.

The fmz reviews were competently handled, and slightly better than what could have been expected of a neo. The repro was splotchy in this section. (That was the part Guy typed.)



And in conclusion, it's a typical neo first issue. (Is that a compliment or an insult?) though has signs of improvement. I note you check the trade box, and I'll send you the next copy of NOCHS which I hope to get out in a month or so. I'm available to trades if you are. Oh I are, I are! And that's it for now.

SIN cerely

*M.ibe*

Vic Ryan:

My thanks for the copy of PILIKIA. First of all, I can tell that you took at least part of your mailing list (if not all) from TWIG. (I stole most of the names from ol' Flunk'ed all!) My copy was addressed to Victor L. Ryan, and Terwilleger is the only fan editor who so designates me. Time and time again I have tried to get him to change it to "Vic Ryan" but to no avail.; perchance I will have better luck with you? (I'll make a note of it!)

From Terwilleger's story I at last learned why he moved from Albright Street to Route #4; pity. (He was really evicted!)

I enjoyed the REAL TWIG, and yes, I would indeed like to see the uncensored version. Send it in a plain manila envelope, please. I wonder just what this hand-washing foible is, and what the significance might be---assuming that this repetition has some basis of fact and is not entirely fictional. (The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!) Perhaps he is trying to wash from his hands the heinous mark of Ghu?

"He is never more than twenty minutes late" was a nicely timed line, but I'm not sure just what the regulations are in your school. Here, if a teacher doesn't show up within five minutes after the bell rings, he/she is considered as never showing up at all, and the students are free for the period. Naturally, this doesn't happen too often, but it has happened. Unfortunately, never to me, though on one occasion a teacher has been  $4\frac{1}{2}$  minutes late, and by that time everyone was creeping towards the door, trying to hurry the last thirty seconds.

Just how do you throw a universe away? Left to it's own means, it would probably destroy itself anyway, so disposal wouldn't be necessary.

My, Terwilleger was incoherent that night!

Most incomprehensible and inglorious fan editor, I will send you the next issue of my fuz, since---unfortionately--I am, like, out of copsy of the first. (I wish more people would send me thier zines. Out of all the copy of PILL #1 I mailed, I got back about 5 trades, and trades are the main reason I doing this! (Twig got one, perhaps you can look on. (Trying to find a fuz in Twig's basement is next to impossible. One of his daughters went down there the other day and he can't even find her!))

Could be he never got it, tho, as many is the TWIG that have stirred from the beaten path between Boise and Springfield, Ill.

Best,

*Sic*

(There is nothing I like better than a letter of comment. (Hint))



Johnny Holleman:

JOHNSON

Thank you for sending me a copy of your fanzine. ((Don't blame the whole thing on me!)) I don't know exactly what this means, but I had rather receive a first issue in my mail box than a copy of a fanzine that has long been published. I guess this is true because I always like to see a young guy begin publishing a fanzine. While I was in high school, a good friend and I began publishing one. I was a sophomore and he was a junior. We called our fanzine QUIRK. I doubt that you have ever seen a copy of it. We only published 4 issues in 2 years. We gave it up when I graduated from high school and came here to college.

I remember well the thrill I had when I saw a copy stappled & ready to mail. ((We were pretty thrilled too. Really more relieved. I'll never use that stappler again.)) There was nothing quite like that feeling. When an issue was all finished, I seemed to forget all about the headaches I had had in working about it, hoping to get it mailed when I'd promised, fighting a ditto that sometimes fought back, etc. You will understand as you go on with PILIKIA. I'll never forget what a great help our friend Guy Terwilleger was. ((He helped a little on PILL too.)) I sometimes think that had it not been for Guy's helpful criticisms and belief in QUIRK, we would surely have given up after our first issue. Just ask Guy sometime to show you a copy of QUIRK #1. ((I can't even get him to show me a copy of TWIG.)) It was a very poor thing. Your first issue is much better than ours was. ((Bless you!))

I like your zine, and I like you already from just reading it. ((So few people do!)) Your cover is very good, and the material you have inside is pretty good for a first issue. If I were to say which thing I liked most in your issue, I would say "Alpha and Omega". Guy's piece was humorous. You know, I think Guy writes humor much better, although I think he wants to write serious things. ((I wonder if Guy means what serious means?))

Reproduction is fairly good this issue. PILIKIA is not at all a bad first attempt. There are quite a few strike overs. ((I won't take typing for two more years, but I do my best. I've tried to avoid too many strike overs this time.)) I'll tell you what Larry and I used to do to help the appearance of QUIRK. When we typed the wrong word or the wrong letter, ((The odds are 42 to one of my getting the right letter!)) we would begin the word again, if it was a short word, and when the master was typed, we'd cut out the mistake or scrape off the ink, so that when we dittoed the page, the mistake would not be there. And a blank space looks better than a strike over. Don't you agree? ((I'm doing this issue that way!))

The Real Twig was enjoyable. Does Guy really wash his hands that much? ((Da!)) I used to be that way when I was younger. If I got some dust or something on my hand, I was in a panic until I could wash my hands. I didn't know anyone else was like that. I used to annoy my dad with the habit. We would be working in the yard together, planting or spading, and if it was necessary for me to put my





There are not fms from every state in the union! Off hand, besides our two newest additions to the Union, I know that Mississippi, Louisiana, ¶¶I thought they were in the Confederacy?¶¶ New Mexico, & Kansas, are fanzineless. Probably more but I have no reference material on hand. ¶¶O'ray, okay!¶¶

"The Real Twig" was disappointing. I had expected more of an article than this---chronological time listings are too limited. ¶¶ My ability as a writer is even more limited¶¶

Contrary to my comments above, Cutrell's item was good. The best thing in the issue, in fact.

Zine reviews are pretty fair for a first attempt, but of course suffer from a lack of experience in the field. After you've been around a while, you'll be able to judge the good and the bad more objectively. ¶¶This issue all we lack is a reviewer.¶¶

So that's all!

Bob

Jeff Wanshel:

Here is your letter of comment, material, and art(¶¶?¶¶). You can't ask for any more. I am somewhat Marion Zimmer Bradleyish in certain ways;

I like to discourage neo fans, tho not in the same way she does. MZB eats them, I send them material. Amounts to the same thing.

PILIKIA could turn into a real good zine. With the almost expert guidance administered by Guy, and the talent which you show, I shall expect things from PILL (as I deem it) ¶¶ I just knew somebody would¶¶ in a few short issues.

Well, you can't expect this letter to be of the same quality my " " letter you think was; and introduction to a letter like that is a one-time thing, and can't be done again. ¶¶I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to read it. Andy stole half my zines and I haven't seen them since. HYPHEN hasn't been anywhere near me.¶¶

I don't like your lettering guides. To fancy, in a way, and in another, to plain. They don't enhance anything. ¶¶ What do you expect? I got them for free. I will try to use better ones tho. How bout more like the one Mike did for me on page 29?¶¶

The Vista Beverage and Sporting Goods Store.....nothing to replace the Co-existence Bagel Shop yet, but coming, I suppose...

The Hawaiian idea strikes me as being a bit silly, ¶¶ I never claimed to be running a serious zine¶¶ but it's your fmz and you pick your own titles and type of material. The editorial was fairly written, you should improve as time goes on.....and how bout a little chatter on fan topics once you get to know fandom as time passes under the cess-pool? Outside the fmz reviews, PILL has little to say about fandom.¶¶And this issue we've done without the reviews!¶¶

The cover was pretty good....glad to see Steve is getting done, a real nice guy...have met him....some of his drawing is very good but his humans all look alike. And they are not very well drawn. This is about the only aspect he has to improve.

Ivy Seeing You is the worst thing Guy has ever done and does not deserve to be printed. ¶¶ Well, I wanted to give the poor guy a break. So few of his storys are printed.¶¶ as it just serves to embarrass him in my eyes. Guy can do much better than this, as he has proven often. Very amateur in tone and dialouge ridiculous. The ending is pathetically poor. Looks like something a begining neo would write.

McCarroll seems largely incoherent, and his poem is certainly no



match to Carroll's....the last part is fairly good, but the beginning is but a waste of space. (I don't care what anyone says, it's still my favorite!)

I fail to see anything vaguely humorous or worthwhile about The Real Twig---a bunch of uninteresting facts repeated endlessly and boringly. Don't try anything like this again--you could obviously put your talents to better use.

Who did that full page illo by the way? I can find no credits. (The artist prefers to remain unknown. Can you blame him?)

That remark about spare was a slip, considering the color you used.

The Cutrell thing was pretty good, I suppose, haven't encountered anything quite like it before--unusual at least. I like the idea, sort of--oh hell, this confuses me endlessly, but I enjoyed it.

The fmz reviews are above average. I like the way you ramble, giving opinions. Could be a lot better, but could even be worse. (And diagram that sentence.)

Terwilliger was again minor. Like, Guy, straighten out and fly right.....

Just think; now you'll have something to fill up that space on the back cover.

Well, I'm afraid this is the finis of an unuasally short letter, but there isn't too much to comment on in PILL yet, and I trust the article and art will help make up the shortage....

Don't take any wooden mushrooms,

Steve Stiles:

FF

I have forgotten to write, or at least I think I have forgotten to write. I forget---you know this is my third "sorry for not writing" letter, I've written? I must be growing soft.

It must be harrowing to have a teacher or a publisher, sort of a "big brother is watching you" experience; if you get out of line--cckkkkk!

Speaking of things watching people (I don't mean Guy is a thing, nay, nay) the Ivy Seeing You was rather interesting, the same with The Real Twig; does he really wash his hands that often? Must be a guilt complex. (No, he's just stark raving mad!) Was that lil' illo his caracters? It was pretty good if so. (Thank the nice man, Mike!)

I see on page 14 that you made the same mistake I did last week, not removing the "Remove Before Typing" sheet; I was working on some illos for TWIG & BRISS MILLAN and needed to borrow a screen plate from Larry Ivie. Doug Brown was there and naturally this made me engage in ye olde fannish conversation & forget what I was doing. I've finally gotten a screen plate of my own however, and now I'll probably be able to do a better job in the future.

Best,

Steve Stiles



Johnson



Well, here we are on page 40.  
 This is the last time I'm going  
 to try an issue this large. I'll  
 be back in school when PILL #3  
 gets out. That will be in Oct.  
 I guess I could tell you why you  
 were cursed with PILIKIA #2 now.  
 You've something in this.....0  
 I think we're trading.....0  
 You have a subscription.....0  
 I met you at the Boycon.....0  
 I like the sound of your address.0  
 You have been begging for a copy.0  
 I hate you.....0  
 You deserve this.....0  
 You don't deserve this.....0

You will get PILIKIA #3 if.....  
 You send material.....0  
 You write me a letter.....0  
 You send your zine.....0  
 You are a good boy.....0  
 You send 30 S&H Green Stamps..0

I know I'll think of something  
 to say after I mail this. Should  
 I mail it? I'd better. I hope this  
 black of buff turns out. It better!  
 There may be some changes in the  
 next PILIKIA. Heck, it may not  
 even be called PILIKIA. Mike is  
 trying to get me to change it.  
 I would like some art for PILL  
 #3. Preferable mastered as Mike  
 will be to busy with school to  
 do the mastering for me and I  
 wouldn't wish my mastering on any  
 one. Between now and Oct., Mike  
 & I are going to try our hand at  
 counterfitting. If you don't get  
 PILIKIA #3 by Dec., you'll know  
 we didn't do too well. Wish us  
 luck. I'd like your opinion on  
 this issue very much. Particularly  
 on Jeffery Trueheart. The guy who  
 does it goes to a lot of trouble  
 and he wants us to let him know  
 whether to go on or not. I also  
 want to get rid of that ream of  
 Mineo paper the nuts at the store  
 where I got the Ditto paper sold  
 me. I'd like about \$1.25 or so.  
 I can probably be talked down.  
 I just checked and this is the  
 last black master I have left. The  
 way I run this zine, we're lucky  
 to come out ahead. I still need  
 a ream of white paper. If I can  
 not get the money, I'll steal a  
 ream of buff that Guy wanted to  
 use off B.O.F. Meanwhile, Bless  
 you,

*Chuck*

AMTIC PUBLICATION



*Bob J. Jennings*

*to:*

3819 Chambers Dr.

Nashville 11, Tenn.

**PILIKIA**  
**CHUCK DEVINE**  
**922 DAY DR.**  
**BOISE, IDAHO**

**DPLICATED MATTER**