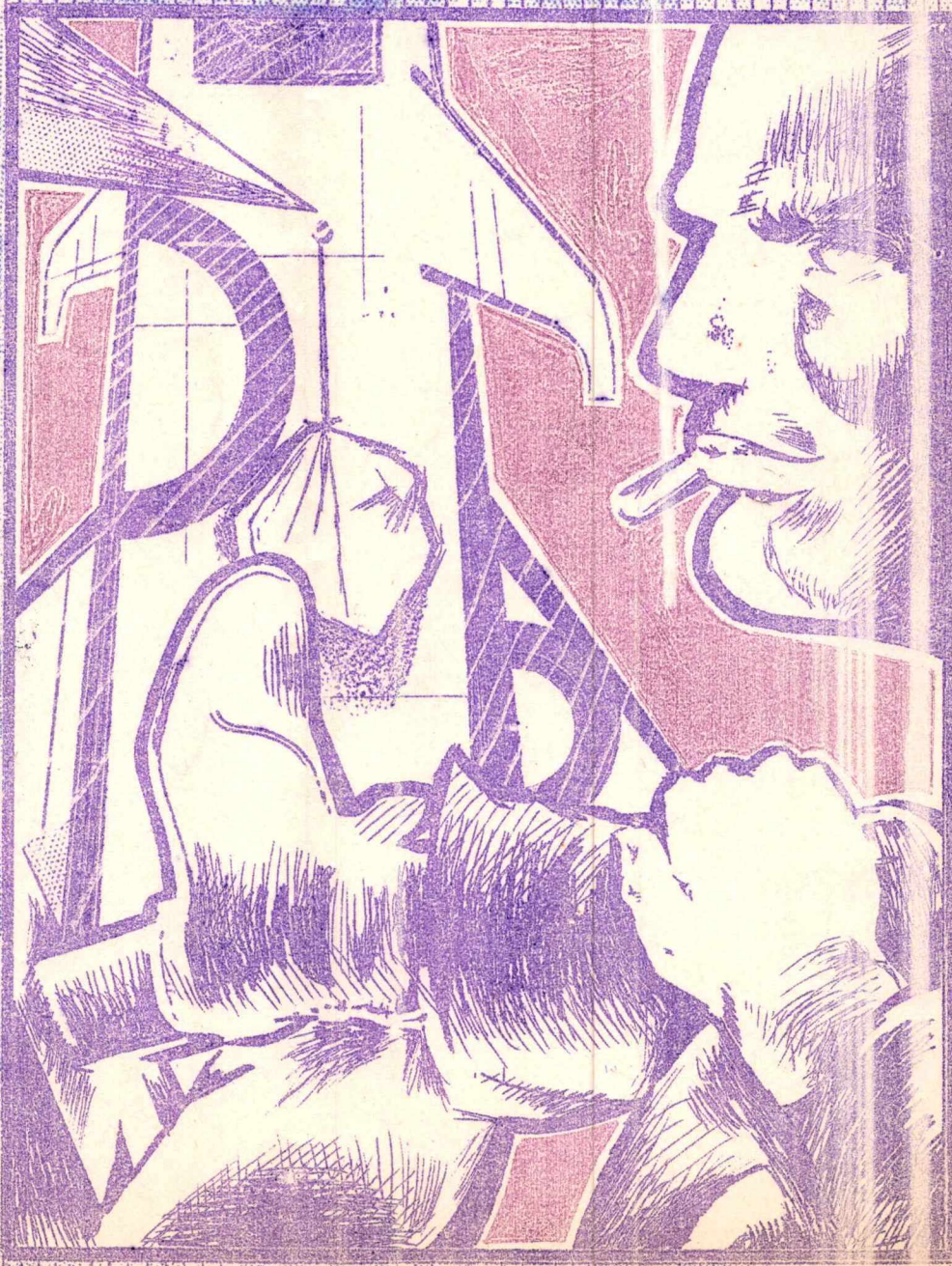
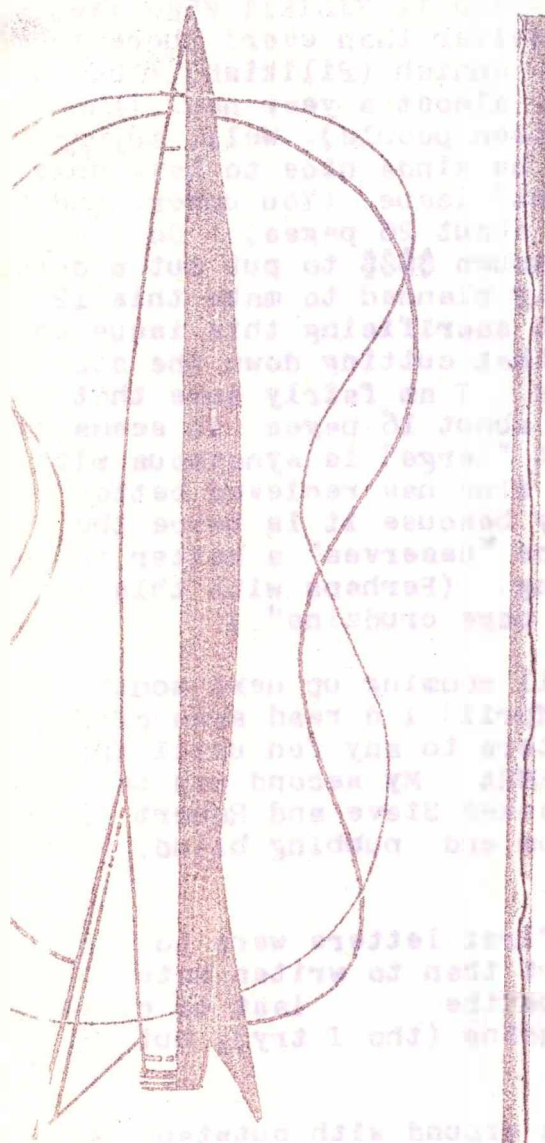


P

ALMA



STEVE GILLIS



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TYPOS

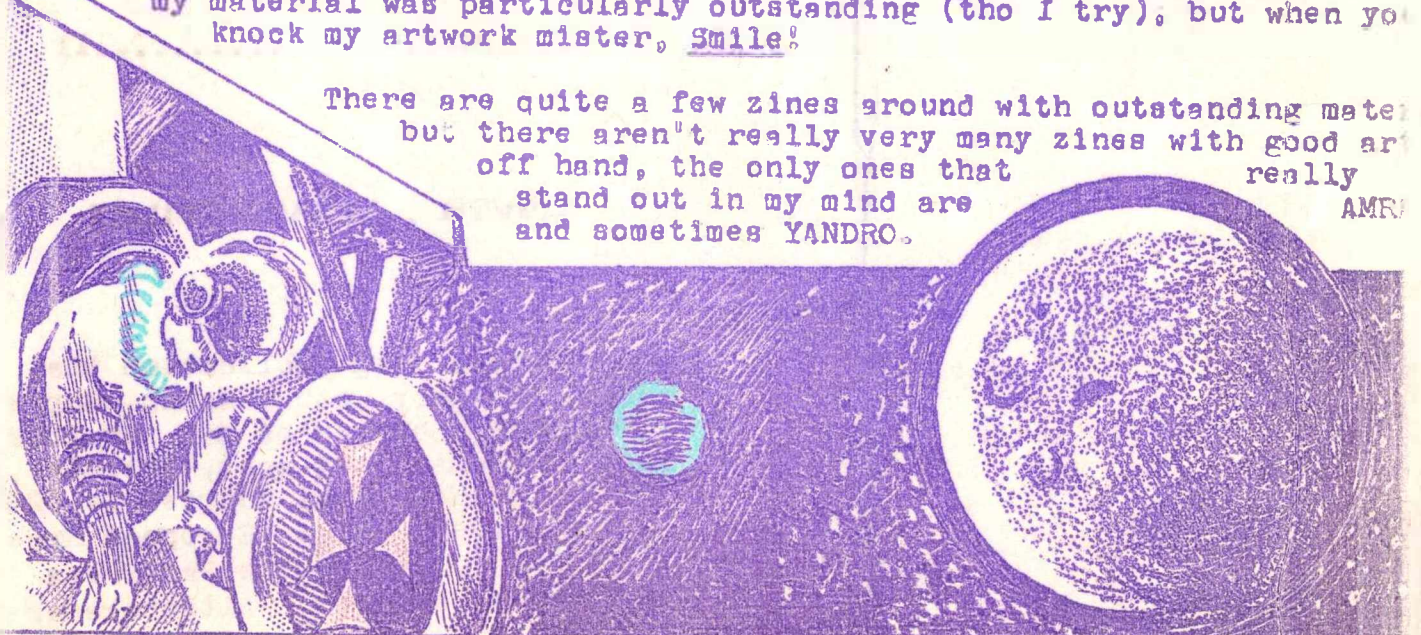
There is some question in my mind as to whether I should have called this PILL #6 or just called it PILIKIA #5. Yes, Pilikia is smaller than ever! There is met

my madness, however. Next issue will be the annish (Pilikiah) (that sounds silly....). Yes, this zine has been around for almost a year now. (And the mailing list hasn't increased over ten or fifteen people). Well, anyway, since the next ish is the annish, I thought it'd be kinda nice to have something special. So the next ish will be a "giant" issue. (You understand the far as Pilikia is concerned, "giant" means about 26 pages). So I am cutting the size of this one down so I'll have enough \$\$\$ to put out a decent sized annish. (Don't complain, I had originally planned to make this 12 page one but there might be some disagreement with me about sacrificing this issue so as to have a good next issue, but I don't think that cutting down the size of a zine necessarily means that the quality drops. I am fairly sure that I can produce a good zine and still hold it down to about 16 pages. It seems that its a few fan-edds (and reviewers) think that "large" is synonymous with "good". I've noticed a couple cases where one zine has recieved better ratings than another zine that is a better zine, only because it is twice the size. Perhaps the reviewer feels that the larger zine "deserves" a better rating because more work went into it. Maybe I'm wrong. (Perhaps with this issue I will have managed to turn out a 16 page "50 page crudzine".)

Come to think of it, with the annish and all coming up next month, I have been in fandom exactly a year this month. (April) I'd read some of Guy Terwilliger's zines but hadn't written any letters to any fan until April 1960. As I recall, my first letter was to AMRA. My second was to Steve Stiles and my third was to Robert Gilbert. I asked Steve and Robert for artwork for PILIKIA #1. I sorta jumped into fandom and pubbing blind, didn't know a thing. Probably the Terwilliger influence.

You know, it's rather significant that my first letters were to fan artists who always seemed to pay more attention to art than to written material. I think that PILIKIA is the best example. I'd be the last to claim that my material was particularly outstanding (tho I try), but when you knock my artwork mister, Smile!

There are quite a few zines around with outstanding material but there aren't really very many zines with good artwork off hand, the only ones that really stand out in my mind are AMRA and sometimes YANDRO.



STEVE STILES

One other zine, PARSECTION, has had some pretty good art and in a few issues, if it keeps up at this rate, will be one of the top zine around for art. (PAR's repro makes PILL look sick art-wise. Luckily I've got color).

Perhaps if I can't get PILL a reputation as a good zine material wise, I can build up a reputation in art. I'm trying.

And while we're on the subject:

HOW BOUT A HUGO FOR FAN ARTISTS?

If you've glanced through PILL by now, you'll have noticed that Jeffery Trueheart is missing this issue. The reasons are very well summed up below as quoted from a letter by Lanny Kays:

"Jeffery Trueheart... well, was sort of a satire on comic strip heroes that gets monotonous after a while. One issue is entertaining but after three or four of the same hack work, it loses it's novelty

Jeff's fate is in your hands...he'll be in the annish but after we his future is up to you.

(I realize that as a hard-boiled editor I should say "to ---- wit what the readers think. This is my zine!" But then, I certainly don't read the 50 cyps I mail out...you do. I'm not in the mood to read 5 cyps of my own zine every other month just to keep my publishing i scratched.)

Pilikia's staff has suffered one permanent loss, one temporary, one possible gain. The loss is Andy Humbird. She (yes, Andy is a girl) has lost interest in fandom. The possible gain is an artist friend of Mike and mine. Kent Jepsen. You will probably be seeing some of his stuff in future PILLs. Mike doesn't want me to recruit him...Kent is a friend of Mike's and Mike wouldn't want to do anything to a friend as awful as introducing him to fandom.

As a matter of fact, I've been on a recruiting spree. In my search for artists, I even went so far as to join the school art club (I have the artistic ability of a two year old).

Mike feels that I've gone a bit too far in trying to recruit the school art teacher, though. ((cont. on backcover..probably...))



TRUE STILES

SO I JUMPED INTO THE ALIEN CAR ---

BY DONALD FRANSON

I used to enjoy those chase scenes in old-time science fiction thrillers, where the Earthman hero in the other-worldly city makes his escape back to his rocket-ship --- out of the gloomy dungeon, through the drain-pipe, across the mile-high ledge and hand-over-hand down the monorail structure, at last eluding the immediate pursuit of the Gremlin police. At this instant, he spots an alien vehicle standing unattended. This is the point at which I would have to shut off a part of my mind, or else lose a few buttons off my suspension of disbelief.

The minute I saw that alien auto or helicopter, I knew the hero was going to jump into it, fiddle with the controls for a moment or two until he got the hang of them, and then shoot skyward just in time to elude the hordes of local avengers, who rush to their own machines but have trouble getting them out of the parking lot.

Now the part I object to is not the hero's daring in taking this action --- this is logical in his harrowing situation, and in the best tradition of cliff-hanging. No, it's the ten-second, self-help driving course that gets me.

It's fantasy, that's what it is.

Let me relate the true experience of one John J. Aldebaranian, of 781½ Tentacle Street, Dgloob, Mzirbta, Alpha Tauri, whom I interviewed at the City Hall, where he was being feted to make amends for his unfortunate arrest, and to disprove his misapprehension that he was a fugitive. Passing over his original landing on Earth, and his wandering about the city ending in his arrest for disorderly conduct and/or evading the leash law, which he misinterpreted as capital offenses; and his subsequent escape from the pound; we take up the story as he runs along the nearly deserted streets, at last fairly certain that he has lost his pursuers for the time being. Then he spots the alien vehicle --- Go ahead, John J. Aldebaranian -----

"My heart leaped as I saw it -- for here was the means by which I could get back to my interstellar ship, too far to walk, crawl or slither. I knew the direction, bee-like, but could not hope to get back there in time to disconnect the time-bomb I had rigged up as a precautionary measure, and save this continuum from dissolving. Once back in my ship, of course, I was safe -- I could even take off in a downward direction, straight through the planet, without noticing it inside. But the Earthmen might come upon me at any moment, and my blaster had only two charges ---





"I had seen some of these vehicles in action, at a distance, and knew where the control compartment was located. Having watched, earlier, an Earthman mover off in one (they were ground-cars, confined to hard-surfaced tracks) I knew what to do. Going up to the vehicle, I pushed a button in its side. A door opened a crack, and I pulled it outward, stooped and squeezed myself into the seat, and assumed a sitting position as I had seen Earthmen do. Bracing myself for the acceleration, I pulled the door shut. It closed with a chunk, but nothing happened.

"Disappointed, I looked out the windows to see if my pursuers were in sight, but they were not. I then spied a button on the panel in front of me. Buttons are what Earthmen are fond of pushing, so I pushed it, again bracing myself. But instead of the car leaping forward, the panel folded outward, revealing a hidden recess. In this were several unrecognizable objects, papers and garbage, all lit by a radiation tube in the corner. Pushing the panel back in place with a shudder, hoping that I had not gotten a fatal dose, I looked around for more controls, for I seemed to be getting nowhere. I pushed and twisted everything at random, and finally a button that I had pushed jumped back out again. I fiddled with it further, and out came the power plant in my hand, still glowing! I hurriedly put it back, as I had no wish to dismantle the vehicle, only to see it started.

"I opened another receptacle that seemed to contain the ashes of combustion, along with some used-up white fuel tubes. While I was occupied with this exploration (interesting in another situation but exasperating at this time) I suddenly heard a voice. Knowing only a smattering of the Earthman English language, I could only catch what was being repeated again and again. I hoped it was instructions how to operate this vehicle, as I was getting desperate and the Earth police might be upon me at any moment. The voice seemed to be saying 'Call this number now. Pick up your phone and call Zuperman 3-3333.' Over and over again it said it. I looked around for a phone to pick up and call the number, but none could I find. I gave up in despair, and after a few minutes my instructions gave up too, and ceased giving me the number to call, and instead talked about money.

"After pushing and pulling all the buttons that were in my reach as I sat on the seat, I noticed that there were more levers and buttons on the other side of the car, and it dawned on me that where I was sitting was not the driver's position. Sliding over, I found that there were two large pedals on the floor, and not in an impossible position for me to reach with two of my feet. So I started pumping them, alternately, in high hopes.

"But nothing happened. After a half hour of this I was tired, and then I noticed that when I pumped the right-hand pedal, one of the indicators on the panel in front of me wiggled a little. It went to the left when I pushed the pedal, and back straight up when I let it come out. This was getting somewhere, I thought.

"This was soon proved to be a false hope, as I could get no further action out of the instruments beyond this mere twitching of the one marked 'battery'.

"Back in Aldebaran, I was always taught in the science fiction magazines to try everything, so I grabbed the big wheel which was so obviously a valve, and turned it courageously all the way to the right; then desperately all the way to the left. Nothing. There was a lever below the valve which I was able to bend into various positions, but with no results.

"Button on the floor; click-click, but no action. Another pedal squeaked ineffectually. I could read a little Earth English, and I looked about for directions, blindly. All I could find was a scroll which simply said chevrolet. Oh, if only I could chevrolet! But it was hopeless.

"It was almost with relief that I saw an Earthman approaching, meaning the end of my ordeal. But I soon saw that he was not of the police but merely the owner of the vehicle. I slumped down in the compartment and drew my blaster, waiting.



"He did not see me until he had gotten into the car, and then he looked at me in surprise then horror. I don't know why I affect Earthmen in this way, as one of my heads, at least, is quite handsome. Then he saw my blaster, and assumed the expression of fear and nervousness.

I pointed my blaster ahead, and he understood that I meant for him to start the vehicle, and take me to my ship.

"In spite of my desperate situation, a thrill came over me as I realized that now I was going to find out how the vehicle worked. The Earthman may have been perplexed at my appearance, but he apparently respected my blaster, for he obviously was at my service for the moment.

"As I watched intently, trying to memorize while keeping watch on the Earthman for suspicious moves, I saw to my surprise that he was not doing any of the button-pushing that I had been attempting but something entirely different.

"He fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a key. Then he reached forward and began to unlock the door to the engine compartment. However,

as soon as he turned the key in the lock, something growled at him, a he took his hand hastily away. Changing his mind again, he began pumping on the various foot pedals, twisting the big valve, and bending the lever, and so we were moving! These actions, unfortunately were so fast I couldn't follow them, and I realized this alien vehicle was not so easy to manipulate. (If it were an Aldebaranian zibble, though, all you would have to do is zeeep three times and quub to the brumble.) Anyway I had an unwilling chauffeur, and I had my bee-like sense of direction and I had my blaster, so everything was going to be all right.

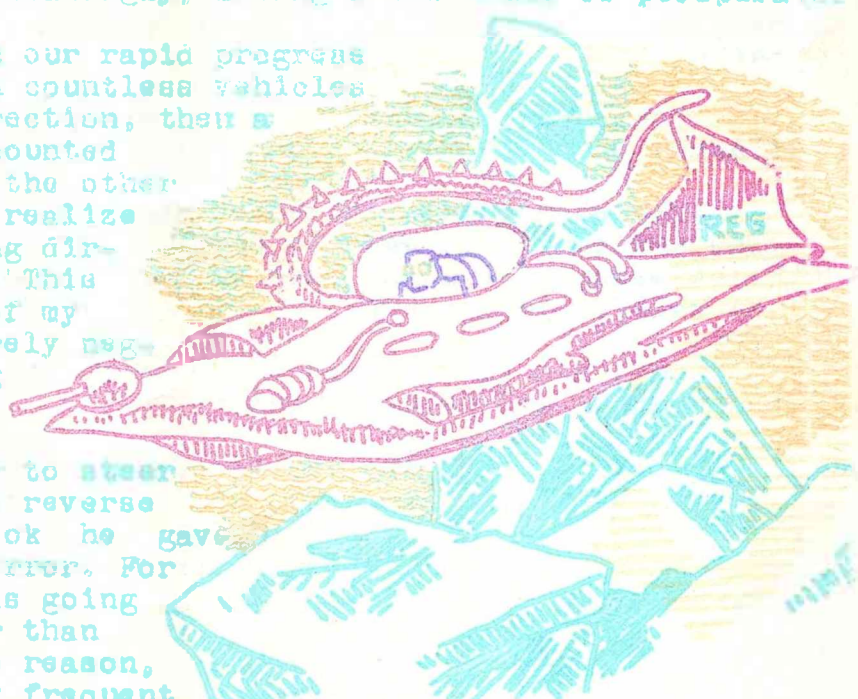
"The Earthmen understood my signals of direction, which were eleme jabs and waves of the blaster. Soon we were purring along, and no sign the Earth police. As we whizzed along a great roadway, together with other vehicles, however, I saw occasional black and white vehicles of police. Pointing them out to my captive, I indicated to him not to al them, and he nodded ingratiatingly, losing a few beads of perspiration

"I was so bemused with our rapid progress along this speedway, with countless vehicles speeding along in one direction, then a low divider, and then uncounted vehicles racing along in the other direction, that I didn't realize at once that we were going directly away from the ship! This was through no trickery of my guide, however. I had merely neglected to continue giving him directional orders.

"At once I ordered him to steer into the left roadway and reverse his direction, and the look he gave me was one of absolute terror. For a moment, it seemed he was going to grab my blaster rather than reverse himself, for some reason, but then he acceded to my frequent jabs, though at first he tried sneakily to work his way over to the right and I had to jab him back into the left lane.

"Finally he slowed down and stopped, to the hooting of his neighbors who apparently thought this funny as they dodged around him. Sticking his head out the window and sweating profusely, he saw a chance to get to the other roadway, and bumped over the divider, turned the valve frantically, and then bent the lever and kicked the growler button frantically. At last we were safely speeding on, in the right direction, and several Earthmen in other vehicles shouted at my driver, complimenting him on his maneuver.

"But all this effort was to no avail. By mere chance, or by some detective work, I was located, for at this moment I heard the wailing of the hunting police. Several police vehicles converged on us, and my driver had to stop. At first the police talked to my driver, perhaps remanding him for not turning me in sooner, but then they looked at me



THE HILL

by Bob Lambect

I stood alone upon the hill and watched the worms crawl o^{ve}r the sky. They glowed a luminescent blue against the darkening sky. The moon rose up and cast its baleful yellow eyes across the earth.

The worms increased in size and writhed ... as lightning flashed upon the horizon and thunder rolled across the land.

The worms again increased in size. Their restless hunger grew and they ... began to eat the stars. And when the sky was black except for light shed by the moon, the worms began to eat the baleful yellow orb.

And when the sky was black as pitch, each worm turned on his brother and began to eat.

The sky was dark ... I could not see
and so I waited for the sun to rise.

The earth was dark and yet I waited
for the Sun.

The trees had long since ceased their
bending ... yet I waited on that hill.

All was silence ... deep and still...
The Sun rose not upon the hill.

I waited but a moment longer and ... then seeing that the
Sun would never rise, I started to walk home.

"But everything is fixed up now. The time-bomb is turned off, I am received handsomely by these Earthmen, and they have offered me many 31 I am going back to Aldebaran with one of these ground-vehicles, and I a going to learn to master it. Then I am going over to the house of Mazax the science fiction writer, and ----"

The End

A HYMN TO SING WHEN THE CHURCH IS DEAD

by Ray Nelson

The time of churches is gone,
Egotism has lost the battle and,
Won it at the same time,
For now the only temples
Are, as it was with Christ,
The minds and bodys of men.

This temple stands before us,
Unclothed,
For men have long since disguardred
The notion that the body,
A part of God, is shameful.

The mind in this temple
Knows not fear,
This man knows, instead, that the only God
Is the universe, and that the will of God
Is the inexorable, all-powerful natural laws.
There is no heaven for him
Noe Hell.

Understanding of the mind, and recognition
That there is no soul — but only an organ for
Thought which dies like any other organ,
Has destroyed forever these savage superstitions.

He finds his pleasure in service to mankind,
For he knows that there is no hope for personal immobality.
His only immortality is thru leaving a part of
Himself,
In the hearts and minds of those who come
Later.

A kind deed, a brick laid in a building, a child,
A painting, a book, a contribution to science,
These are his means to immortality.

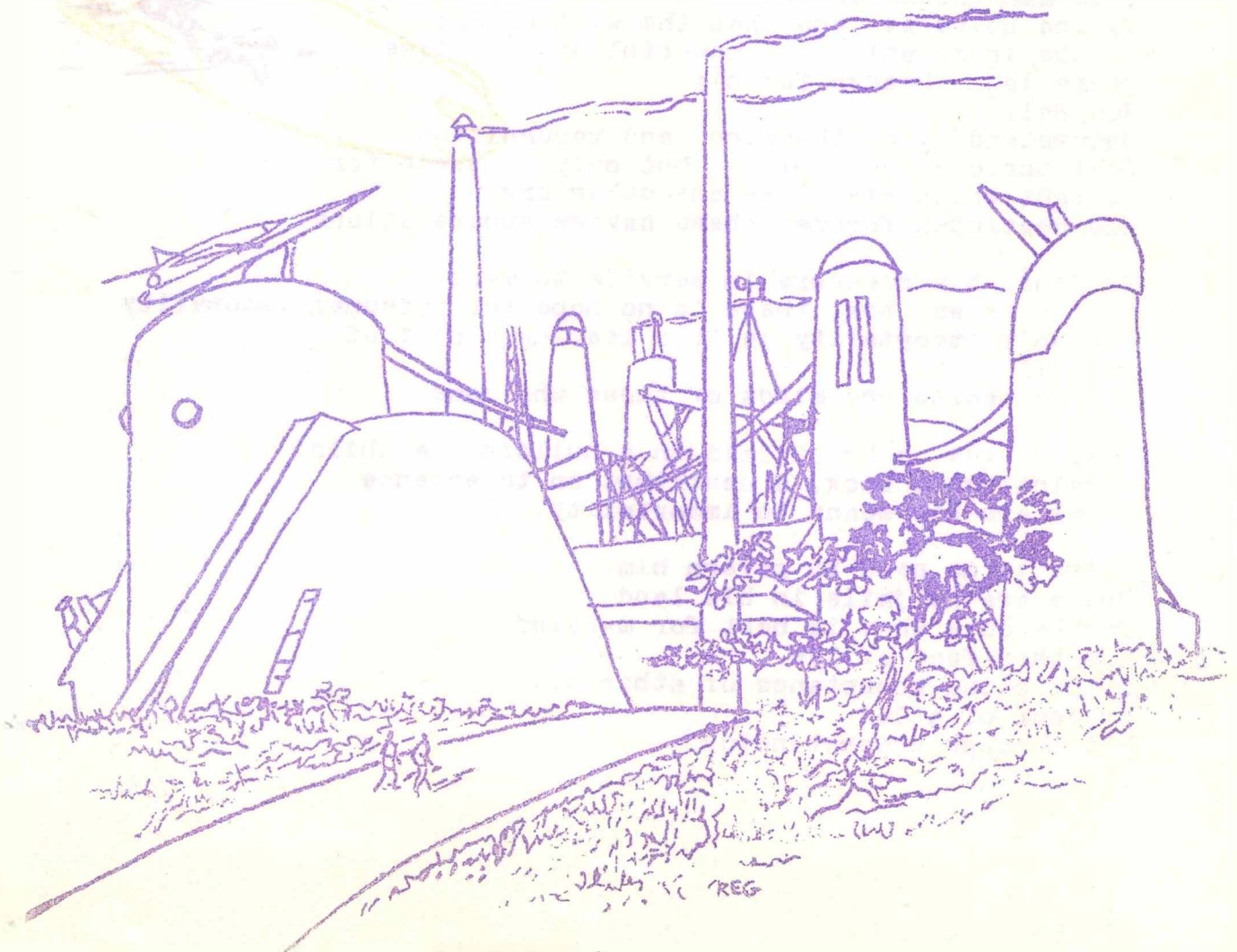
There is no need to govern him.
There are no jails in his land,
For he does what is best for mankind
Not thru fear of law,
Or of blind acceptance of athority,
Or fear of a God,
But through understanding.



Understanding that his only chanch
To further himself, is to further his race also.
Understanding that the only satisfying outlet
For his desires is in service to mankind.
Understanding his own mind and emotions,
So that they cannot lead him into delusion.

His saints are the scientists,
Not the so-called "Christian" saints.
He lives, as scientists have always lived,
A peaceful life of service.
There is no longer any fear of the discoverys
Of science being beaten into swords,
By ignorant, prejudiced, insane soldiers and politici
These men no longer exist.
The affairs of the one world government
Are administered by social scientists,
Chosen not for near popularity, but for competence
In their chosen fields.

And tho in this land there are no Christians,
Because each man has a set of beliefs all his own,
Here and here alone do men
Actually follow the example of Christ
In their lives.



THREATS

By the Readers

George Willick (856 East Street, Madison, Ind.)

It was with a sinking heart that I once more found your fanzine in my mailbox. I hadn't been sure until that moment that you really disliked me. Therefore, I shall return the favor by commenting upon your (too) publication.

I, too, disagree with people who term Pillikia a bloated fanzine. I think it is exhumed, but it isn't bloated.

I like Steve Stiles and not wanting to alienate all chances of getting any further art from him will say that your cover was fine.

"ENEY FOR TAFF" was the best three word article in your zine. It had plot, character, personal involvement, and was to the point leaving no doubt as to the author's ideas on the subject. It was well thought out, given excellent spread and display. Let's have more ENEY FOR TAFF type articles, also. ((I'm all for it, myself. I'd better admit, though, that the illo to the right did not always proclaim to the world, "ENEY FOR TAFF". At the risk of revealing just how long that illo has been around, Mr. Rotzler originally proclaimed to the world "Terry Carr For Taff!"))



Not being color blind, I finished reading your zine and downed it. To put it bluntly, your zine looks like one of Coulson's letters when he has the DT's. I don't mind art in color but when you start mixing paragraphs, I reach for the sun glasses. Don't start every line on a different color or I'll turn the sercons loose on you. ((I was going to print your whole letter in different colors but I ran out of colored masters....darn it! The best I can do is red. All red! (Actually, the real reason I did each letter in a diff color in #5 was to make the colors stand out and make the letters stand out. They did, didn't they? Quite a bit.....))

THREATS is Pill's lettercol in which various innocent people who have trustingly sent in letters have them butchered in technicolor or left of altogether.

Many of your letters were not printed because they were comments on PILL #4 and I decided that I don't want to let comments get too far behind issues. It's all my fault for not having THREATS in #4.

(So I guess I don't publish Janey Johnson's lovely poem-of-comments after all. I'm sorry Janey...it was lovely.....)

I wouldn't really be shook up over Mr. Coulson giving you a "2" rating
k there a wats. Buck told me he wouldn't do that to anybody. What actual
happened was that Buck was practicing his typing and the extension of th
the finger of the left hand has been giving him trouble. So whenever the
it comes that confidence surges up within his breast and he is sure he
reach that far away 2-key ... why, he just takes the plunge. No will
at all.

I suppose the highpoint of the low point of in your zine was printing t
er from Craig Cochran. (knowing that you are an honorable lad and knowi
t you will print this letter in full and knowing that it is getting over
g ... I will not qualify that last statement. Thank you.)

(Knowing that I am a couthless cad, and knowing that I have never print
e ter before in my life with out chopping it to pieces, I return your
ins with an evial enser.))

(The "a" in "Evial" is intentional. The other 436 typos and misspelling
the last two pages are not.....))

Robert Gilbert (509 West Main Street, Jonesboro, Tenn)

Yesterday Filikia arrived. I dropped Filikia on a pile of junk, or
haps valuable documents, on my desk, which is more of a table, and it
mediately slid off into the waste basket. Is this an omen?

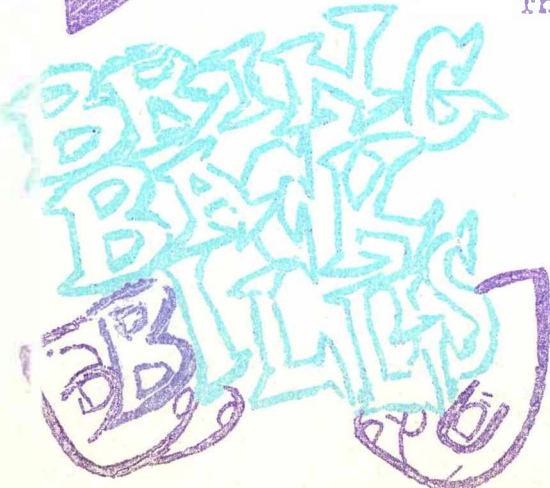
Dickinger shouldn't worry about someone having to trace my alleged gaudy
awing on a master, since I drew it on master myself. ((And after seeing
allo you did on page 5, you'll probbaly insist on doing all the rest of
ur stuff on master, yourself.))

Stiff, sob, it all chokes me up to see complimentary remarks about my
awing in the letter column. I had the idea that it was a Law Of Fandom
that all published comments about my drawings
should be hostile.



Just what is the mystic, embarassing, poetic
significance of the name "Imilani"? Why I'm not
ashamed to tell what Robert Means. It's an old
Teutonic term meaning "Bright in fame." Fit's
me well, don't you think? ((Charles is an old
Anglo-Saxan name meaning "Strong"... Bhoj, that
must have been the biggest boner ever, as far as
naming goes.....))

Thomas Schlöck (Altenbekener Damm 10, Hannover)



Steve's cover is excellent again this time
People are looking quite content having
blown the poor man out. How does Steve get
these fine blue areas? I once tried to do
so, but failed. Reading through "S-F Hobb
Or Religion?" I wondered how excellently
translated it was. I would not have been
able to do that well. I hope there will be
a discussion out of it. We German readers
of PILL are interested in the American fa
opinion on this subject.

LOC's seem to be cut enormously. Reading my stuff, I first asked: "Why, that's by me!???" Finally I recognised me by seeing these impertinent questions asked on the subject of Imilani.

Interesting in Judging the contrasts in Jeffery Trueheart. There are two sorts of readers; those silly ones, like me, who like the strip, and those normal, reasonable people, who damn it!

Don Fitch (3908 Frijo, Covina Calif.)

The cover is good. I don't care for Adkins, but Stiles is a little better at drawing people, (His look slightly less like 2-dimensional granite statues) though there are some geometric masses of colour here which clutter up the picture, rather than serving as an integral part to balance the composition.

The Editorial (appropriately called "Typos") is far too short. I like most personalzines with long editorials (providing the editor's personality isn't unbearable, and yours -- what there is of it here -- is distinctly engaging). ((Which is why I usually keep my editorial fairly short -- the more you get to know me, the more you grow to hate me)) I don't know, never having seen them, what the previous issues of FILL looked like, or whether this is also one of the type called "bloated" but I think it shows more good typographical sense, with an eye for balance and proportion and proper margins to set off the text -- then at least 70% of the fanzines I've seen. ((I'm afraid that I've let the margins and balance get out of hand this ish. As you can see, in a couple places I have almost run off the page. I was in a hurry and didn't prepare the masters the way I usually do and it looks it. Next time, I'm going more slowly)) I must confess to a partiality for Gestetnering, rather than ditto, but even good Gestetner work is enhanced by the bold use of color, and good ditto like yours is far superior to good black and white mimeo. With Andy Main going mimeo on us, FILL may be one of the last of the colorful fanzines left.

It would have been a kindness to have edited the article by Berk't Ziegert (assuming that only the typos are yours) to eliminate misspellings and some of the more outré constructions, leaving only enough in to give a German flavour without being too distracting. The material itself is a trifle thing and many ideas are merely suggested which could have been developed more fully, but even so, it's good to get an idea of what German fandom is thinking. ((The article by Buz Ziegert showed, to me at least, what a really great difference there can be between two sections of the same fandom. In general, German fandom tends towards the serene and ad astra blends of fandom that we in the U.S. and Great Britain, etc. do. In Germany the article in it's original form was one of the best articles of it's type and raised a great storm of discussions. However in the U.S., the same article is almost completely ignored. It didn't affect the average U.S. fan at all, or at best, very little. It seems that two entirely different viewpoints are obvious here. Very obvious.....

.....
"Sleep well tonight
your National
Guard is on the job!!"
.....



...and that's all for this time))

POS (continued from page 3)



The other loss I was speaking of
that of our publisher, Guy Terwilliger.
He accidentally dropped his ditto
down a flight of stairs and until he
is fixed (probbaly sometime next
month) we will have to dig up a duper
for here. Actually, that is only for
the issues, this one and the annish.
The annish will be run off by the kind
people at Borah High School, (on a
new electric ditto yet!) I hope
this is good. I really worry about
the annish when I'm not around to run it
off (needless to say, I won't be
able to try out the new ditto....)
I sorta like an expectant father...

I don't know what I'll do for the
annish, yet. School will be out.....

As much as I hate We Also Heard From
columns, (actually, "Hat" is too mild
a term -- my letters wind up in WARF
a too often.....) I think I really
would acknowledge letters I've recieved
PILL but didn't print. This is not
a complete list, and not in any par-
ticular order, but anyway:

Thank you: Steve Stiles, Franz Solcher,
Kaye, Ken Gentry, Rod Serling, Janey
Monon, Harriet Kolchak, and Ann Chamber-

ARTISTS CREDITS

- Ken Gentry.....page 4
- Robert Gilbert...page 5, 8, & 9
- John Johnson.....page 1
- McInerney...page 14
- Rotsler.....page 6, 7, & 11
- Stiles.....cover, 2, 3, 12, & 13

Not this ish of PILL because:

- contributed for this ish0
- contributed for a future ish0
- has something in this issue.....0
- wrote a letter of comment.....0
- is trading0
- would like to trade with you (Fenwick?).....0
- is one-half of the subscriptions.....0
- asked so nicely.....0
- paid0
- thought that you might like an issue0

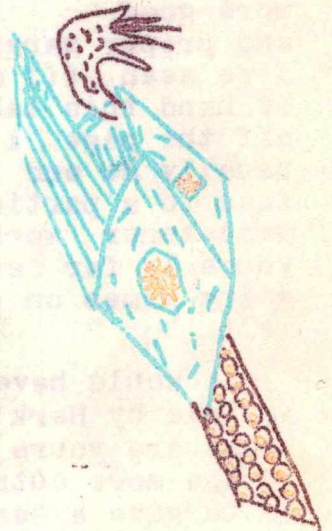
So you all know how to get #7, so
then.....

blessings,

Walt Green
1205 Peralta Ave
Berkeley, Calif.

to.

NO DUCK ENEMY FOR TAFF



Pillikid #6
Chuck Devine
922 Day Drive
Boise, Idaho

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