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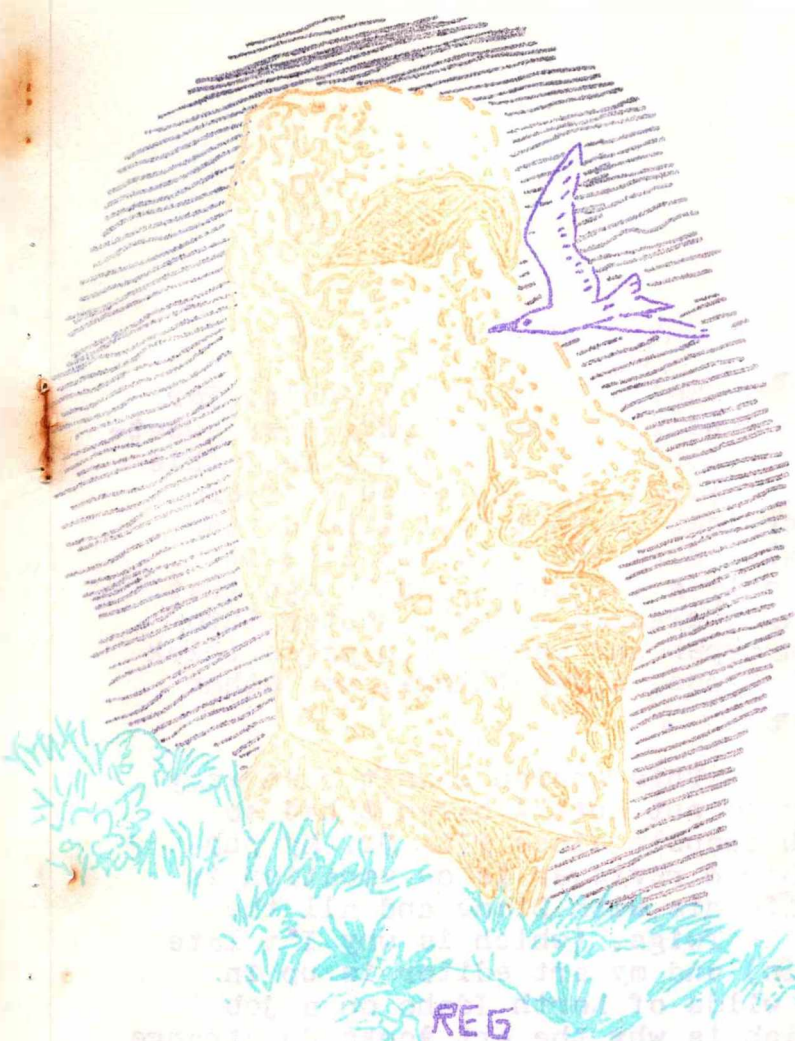
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First Annish

PILIKIA 7

June - July

PILIKIA #7 (Vol 2, No.1) is a TWIG PUBLICATION which is printed on a bi-monthly schedule. Copies are 15¢ apiece. We also give free copies to persons having letters of comment printed, who trade, or who contribute. (Articles, Stories, & Artwork). The editorial address is 922 Day Drive; Boise, Idaho. European reprint rights belong to the Fan Press Agency. (Thomas Schlock, Altenbekener Damm 10, Hannover, (Western Germany)



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COVER BY *Atom*

Typos

-- Chuck Devine

Well, here we are again. For over one solid year I have been sweating blood over this zine. Yes, this is the first annish, believe it or otherwise. Doesn't seem like a year at all, does it? It seems like it was only a few short months ago that I first crammed a ditto master into this typer and banged out pages thick with typos, misspellings, and other things.

This annish hasn't been very easy to put out. I haven't had so much trouble since PILL #2. My publisher & reviewer is on vacation in California with Diane and all the little Twigs, (which is why I'm late again) and my art editor is up in the wilds of North Idaho on a job (which is why the art looks so strange

...I mastered it all myself.) Johnson's being up in the wilds of Idaho is also the reason that there is no Jeffery Trueheart in this issue tho I'd promised that there would be. People, I think now is the time to break this to you. You're all adult, human beings and I think you can take this without breaking up or bursting into tears. People... (Maybe you'd better sit down)... there isn't really anybody named Sir Cedric Softwick... (Now, now, George Willick, don't cry). It hurts me as much as you to tell you this, by "Seedy" Softwick is mostly Mike Johnson. I'm sorry to disillusion you, but you had to know someday.

Now that's done and I can go on. If you have glanced through Pilikia by now (true Pilikia-connoisseurs always savor the art before reading the mundane printing) you've probably noticed the abundance of "South-Seas/Hawaiian type artwork" by Robert Gilbert. REG did those illos for the annish because we are supposed to have a Hawaiian type format (That's what I said in #1, anyway) and I thot it'd be nice to have some Hawaiianish art for at least the annish. Thanks again, Robert.

A couple issues ago, Harriett (with two "t"s) Kolchak suggested a sort of fund. I asked her for somemore info on it because I didn't quite understand what she was getting at. Ever since then she has been pounding her idea into my little head and finally the light dawned.

The idea is to have some cash on hand to help out neos whos can't afford to get to a con, or to help out fen at cons who lose their wallets, have their pockets picket, or who otherwise end up without enough cash to get home on or pay their hotel bill.

The money is raised through a sort of greeting card set up. You send \$2.00 to the treasurer (Harriett) and she registers it in the fund. Your name and address goes onto a listing plus any extra amount you may contribute. These listings get a yearly S-F type Greeting card (Saves you money in buying cards the way) plus a verse or greeting message.

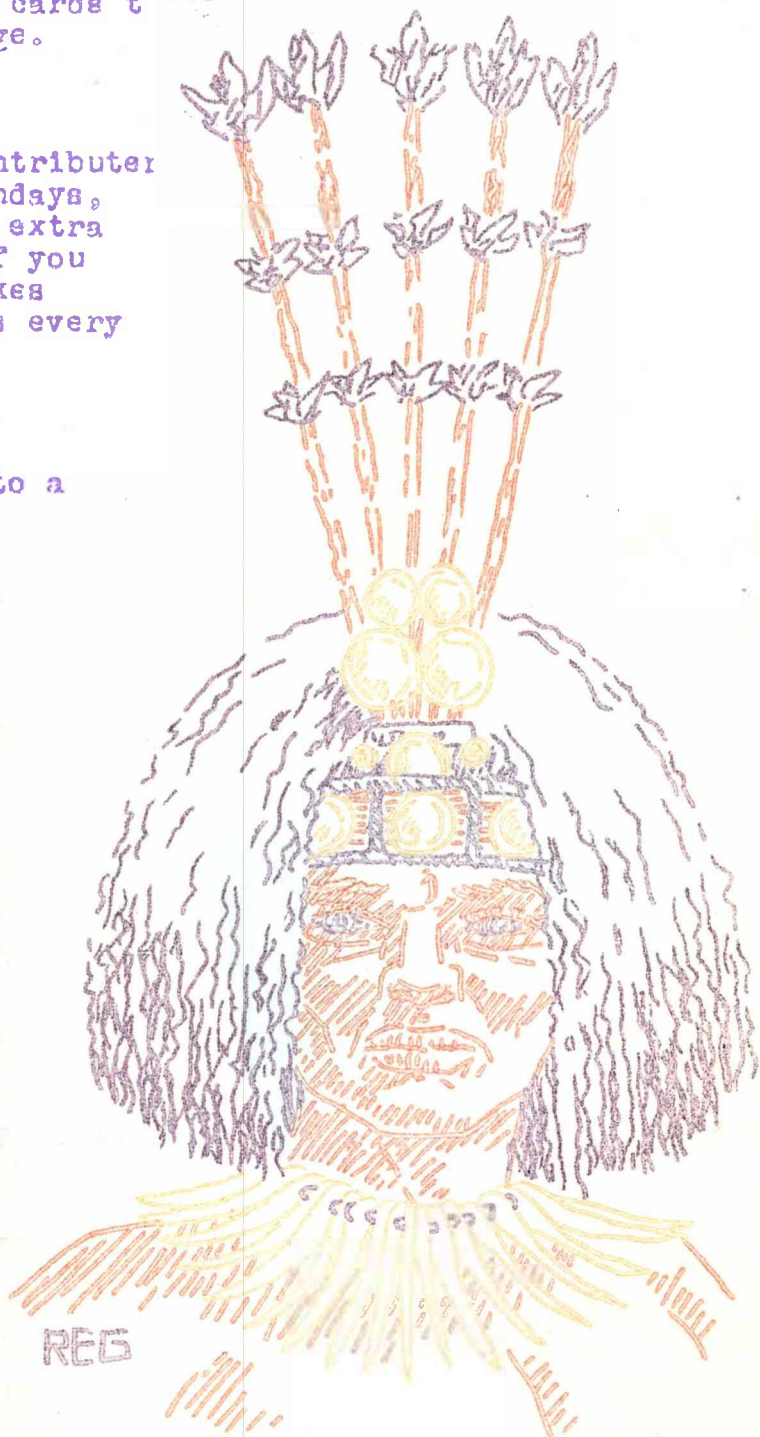
So you end up with:

- (a) a years greastings from all contributor which includes holidays, birthdays, etc., and saves you buying an extra card. (Which comes in handy if you are the type of person who likes to send out \$5 or \$10 in cards every year.)
- (b) a check list of addresses.
- (c) and the money is turned over to a con committee to pay for meals, fares, & beds for the kids who hitch hike to the cons, or by some freak chanch, lose their funds.

So there. And if you don't understand all my rambling, you can get the same info out of S-F TIMES or from Harriett, written in clear, understandable English, & minus my comments.

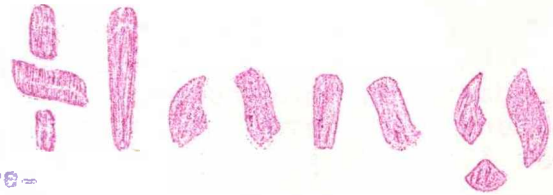
In the last ish I made a comment about my M.L. not increasing over 10 or 15 people since #1. I did not mean that I have a circulation of 10 or 15! Usually about 45 - 50 people get PILL. This time about 60 copies will go out.

(Harriett made a suggestion to me that kids who have trouble getting to cons might ride their bikes I can just see myself pulling up to the Hyatt House next Labor Day Weekend on my bihickle! Besides, where could I park it?



GETTING THE

For five days at the beginning of April, 1961 I was in England...in Birmingham, to be exact. My aged parents live there, in case you do not know. I took my son with me... he's almost eleven. Of course fandom was ever present in my mind, and I remembered that I have a series in SAPS (My SAPSazine is POT POURRI) about ruins and ancient castles and suchlike. The second volume, I thought, was pending and, why a few miles to the south of Birmingham were two snazzy castles... Kenilworth and Warwick...and an expedition to them, besides being of general interest to my son in his formative years, would provide me with raw material for a dozen extra pages.



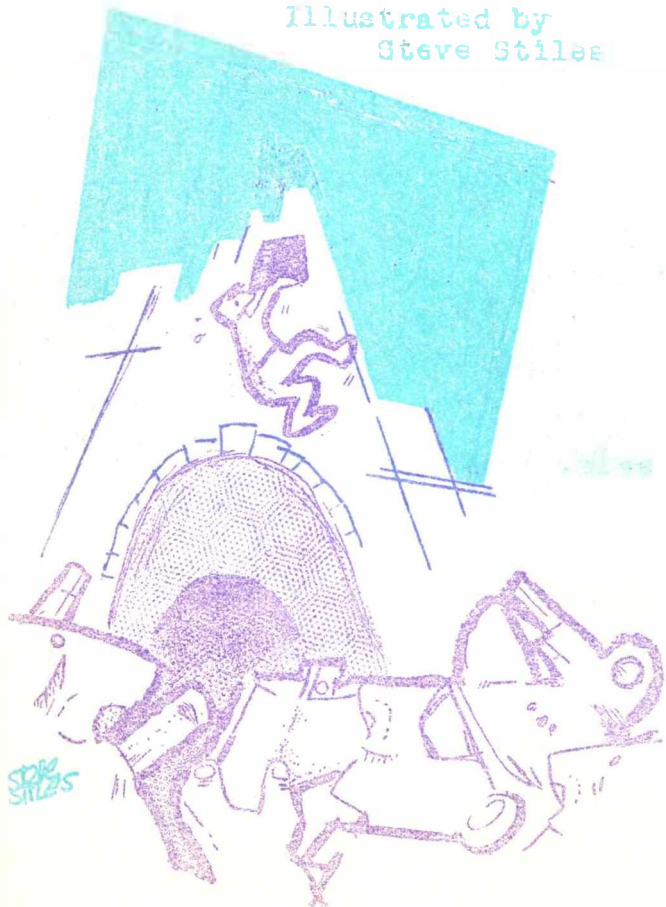
OF IT

John Berry

Colin and I walked to Olton station (to the south of Birmingham) and boarded a Diesel train. We got off at Leamington Spa, about 20 miles south of Birmingham and caught a bus to Kenilworth.

I don't know if you are conversant with English history/...and with literature thereof. Sir Walter Scott wrote a lengthy novel called Kenilworth ... well, it's about my Kenilworth. Queen Elizabeth the First came up from London for a bit of a session way back in July, 1575, and her cavorting with the Earl of Leicester lasted nineteen days...and the castle had been going for many years before that.

Illustrated by
Steve Stiles



The ruins are pretty good, when you consider that Cromwell had a bash at rendering it "unsuitable as a fortress". The square Norman Keep is magnificent if you use your imagination a bit. There is also a huge hall, known as John of Gaunts Hall, and the remains of a huge building, whipped up by the aforementioned Earl of Leicester in the 16th century.

This isn't a history lesson, tho. I want to tell you all about the vast bands of American tourists who were dead keen to get some culture. (If you want a sercon Berry-version of the two castles, in great and boring detail, ask me to reserve the relevant copy of POT POURRI for you...out in July).

Colin and I examined the Norman Keep first of all. I took a few photographs of him standing at the base of the Keep, to give an idea of it's huge bulk, and then I got him to take some of me hanging precariously by my toenails from various ledges of rock which jutted out here and there. Of course, I'd forgotten to set the camera for him, and although I was literally hanging on by will power, I muttered (between curses) the various details of distance and lens aperture, etc. He lifted the camera, and clicked it, and I was just about to drop from my perch about twenty feet above a battered doorway, when a delightful southern American accent yelled "Hold it!"

Grabbing hold of a lump of masonry with my teeth, I looked over my shoulder. Twenty American tourists had descended upon Kenilworth. Although they had come to view the silent remains of this world-famous castle, they evinced that only rarely did they come across a castlephile as enthusiastic as myself.

"I ain't cringing here to make an exhibition of myself," I yelled. "I wanna come down."

"No, hold it."

At least fifteen movie cameras swung upwards as I floundered about. I spit out a mouthful of powdered cement which had withstood the elements and Crowell's gun powder for hundreds of years. The rock my foot was resting on tumbled downwards, and I couldn't move. By this time, another bus load of American tourists has arrived, and stepping over the bewildered form of the guide who had been handing out tickets, they rushed over for the show.

I saw that my only way was upwards, and like an oversexed limpet I climbed upwards and over...and down a wide and broken staircase. Colin was waiting for me, and with scattered applause in my ears I dragged him across to John of Gaunts Hall. There was no roof on it, but it was thrilling all the same...the walls were reddish, and with the ultra-greenery of Warwickshire grass, it was a technicolour dream. I delved into the subterranean nooks and cranny's with Colin. One such recess was dark and dank, and as we staggered out, I saw two wonderful specimens of girlhood.

"Say,hello," said the one with the glasses.

I introduced myself.

"I've been to America, ya know," I said.

They were suitably impressed.

Right enough, they were smashers. One came from New York, the other from Boston. Both were daughters of American officers stationed in England. They were about eighteen years old, and their figures...chee.

I stuffed some low magnification coins in Colin's hand. "Get some sweets in Kenilworth, son," I hissed.

"It's a mile away," he said, bewildered.

More than that, I thought. "Good boy" I said, and away he went like Herb Elliott.

I put my arms around their waists.

"Well, dears, " I said, sort of dashing....."Any little thing I could do for you?"

"Would you.....?" said one, timorously....

I tried to stop my heart leaping out of my mouth....

"Anything," I said.

"Would you...would you climb up to that high window again and hang there like you did on the Keep? We missed that."

Muttering under my breath, and showing a smile that demonstrated too many teeth (all the ones I had, in fact) I took off my trench coat, flexed my muscles, looked at their bulging eyes once again, and climbed up the wall. I didn't quite get what it was about the gimmik that enthralled them, but I reasoned that if I was quick, I'd have time to take them down to the cellar before Colin got back. I wish I'd sent him to Leamington Spa.

John of Gaunt certianly knew how to extract the maximum of skill from his master masons. By the time I'd reached the wide window frame of red sandstone, I was down to my knuckles....and it's no joke hanging in a ruin fifty feet up just so's two young American gals could take a few feet of film.

"Thanks very much," they yelled three reels later, and skipped away.

Half an hour later Colin came back.

"Looking for bird's nests?" he asked innocently.

"Don't just stand there," I seethed, "get a rope or a helicopter or something."

An hour later, I reasoned I needed a new suit anyway, so I slithered down and writhed on the grass. I sucked a couple of Mint Lumps, put on my trench coat, and ran like hell for the entrance. I purchased a couple of envelopes of photographs of Kennilworth Castle because I was afraid to linger and take any more in case my services were availed of again.

With a last lingering glance at this medieval bastion I limped back into Kennilworth and got on the first bus that chanced along.

Twenty minutes later, we got off the bus in Warwick.

An old town, settled by the Saxons hundreds of years ago. Little winding streets and old cottages made ludicrous by the ostentatious Television masts.

"Let's go to Warwick Castle," suggested Colin.

Warwick Castle is still the residence of the Earl of Warwick, and, therefore does not come under the tender auspices of the Ministry of Works. The noble Earl has the whole thing organised.

A man stood at the massive entrance. When I asked for admittance, he directed me across the street to a big building. I got two tickets (75¢) and by the time I staggered out I'd also spent \$2 on postcards and pencils and books, all about Warwick Castle.

The man at the gate tried to conceal a grin as we sneaked past him.

The sight which met our eyes was pretty wonderful, though. High turretted battlements, green grass, and peacocks.

And what peacocks.

The males strutted about with their three foot long feathers sticking up behind them, and the females played hard to get.

A dozen of 'em cavorted on the wide expanse of snooker-table lawn which was at the front of the castle...and at least fifty American tourists were photographing them like mad. The peacocks played for their egoboo. A couple of the more boastful peacocks rattled their tails like a couple of castanets, and one ardent American peacockophile was on his hands and knees, waiting to get a close-up of the mating which was surely coming.

Fingers twitched on trigger-gripped movie cameras...and then the spell was shattered by a loud,

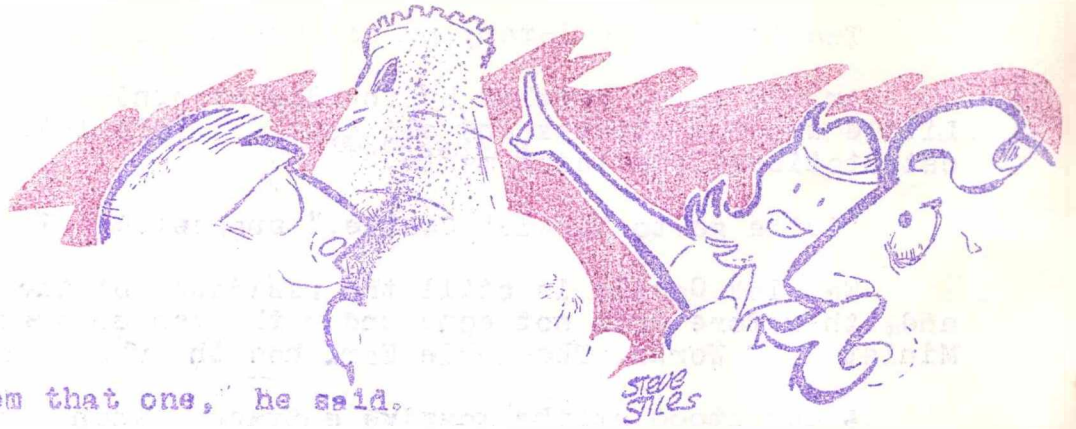
"Say, hello there."

Everyone looked at me. The two girls rushed over, and after a muffled conference, the rest of the Americans came over too. The peacocks lowered their multi-eyed tails, and staggered off.

One of the girls pointed to a turret...waaaaaaay up. About one hundred and fifty feet.

Then the other girl to the top of a turret even higher.

One cigar-chewing American came to the fateful decision. He pointed to the highest turret of all.



"Hang from that one," he said.

If he'd had the common courtesy to have said "please" I might have had a go, because there was egoboo there aplenty. For one moment I thought of sending Colin 'round with his hat before attempting the climb, but I explained that I had come for culture too, and wasn't this place snazzy ... nothing like in America, I said, and told them I'd been there and I knew.

Reluctantly, they turned their attention to the peacocks again, and I made my inspection of Warwick Castle more or less in peace ... and made notes and photographs and drawings for my stories in POT POURRI.

I chatted with many of the Americans, and was genuinely surprised to find that they were all enchanted with castles and the history of it all. I knew as much about Warwick Castle as the official guide, because in my castle studies I concentrated on it for reference the next time I went to England. What I didn't know, I made up, and I derived considerable egoboo by just talking about castles in general to them, and suggesting ones they should visit in their itinerary. I told them also of my visit to America ... none of them had ever heard of fans .. but they all expressed interest at the microcosm. I gave them local addresses so don't any of you be suprised if you get calls from prospective nees.

But if they ask you to hang from a building, even if it is the Empire State, don't let me down, will you ???

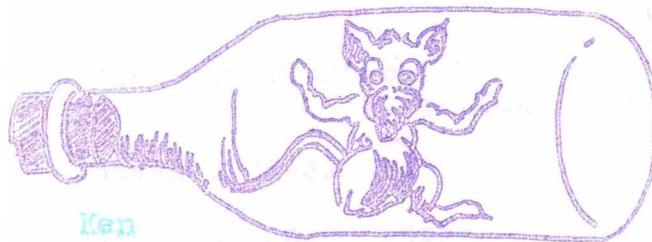
John Berry
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Pilkia's Corner of Off-Beat Poetry goes musical this month with
this piece (to be sung in waltz time with a hillbilly twang).
We now give you Disillusioned ol' Ray Nelson's...

LET THE BUYER BEWARE

RAY NELSON



Ken

I bought a bottle of soda pop and at it I did stare,
'Cause inside a rat was staring back.
Oh, let the buyer beware.

Chorus. (Everybody join in.)

Oh let the buyer beware, Lord.
Let the buyer beware.
They're all conspired against you,
So let the buyer beware.

I bought a book and took a look,
I thought 'twas really rare.
The pages were blank except that the last one said
"Let the buyer beware."

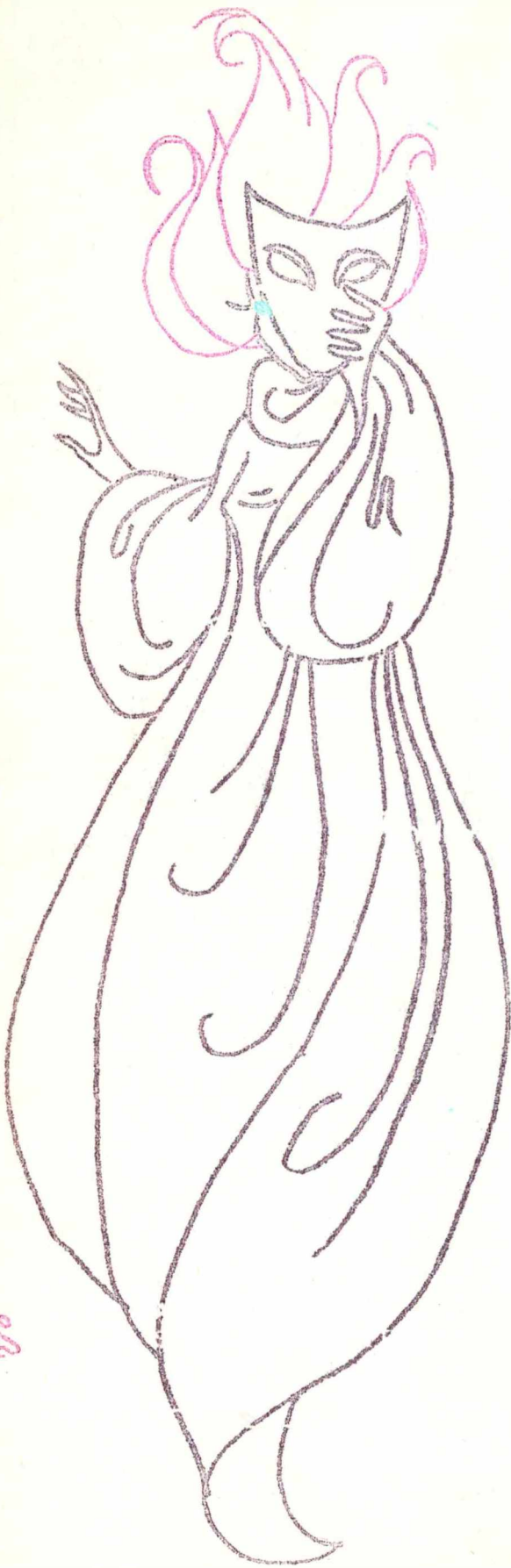
Chorus. Oh let the buyer beware, Lord etc.

You can smoke any cigarette, long or short,
But for them I don't care.
A little dog walking through a tobacco patch said
"Let the buyer beware."

Chorus. Oh let the buyer beware, Lord etc.

Your hair tonic's laced with arsenic,
It'll really slick your hair.
In fact you'll be the slickest corpse
'Twas ever lowered into the bier.

Chorus. Oh let the buyer beware, Lord, etc.



THE GIRL OF THE NIGHT

Les Jenrette

I leaned forward across the table and smiled.

"Cigarette?" I asked.

"Yes, thank you," she said.

She pulled one from the pack, her slim fingers oddly fascinating, tapped it against a fingernail, put it between her crimson lips, and waited for me to light it.

I struck the match and as she inhaled I had my first real opportunity to look at her. She was beautiful, undeniably beautiful. Her hair was black, jet black, and it had an unearthly sparkle. Her shoulders were bare above her black strapless gown and her skin was pale white and lustrous.

"Thank you," she said, pulling away from the match I continued to hold.

"Excuse me," I said. "I couldn't help staring at you. It - it seems to me I've seen you somewhere before."

She said nothing, but set down the cigarette and picked up her drink (strange how her fingers curled around the glass).

Where had I seen her before? Not her, perhaps, but she represented a type, an unforgettable type, unbelievable type. I have seen her type in a few of the larger cities of the world - in Paris, in New York, in San Francisco, in Moscow, in Bombay. She appears

only at night and where the lights are brightest. She is the very essence of the night with hair like starshot midnight, skin as white and glowing as the moon.

And a stray thought entered my mind: where do girls like you go during the day? The day belongs to the show girls, the house wives, the secretaries, the waitresses. What happens to creatures like you? Do they seal you up in perfume and sandalwood until dusk?

I picked up my drink and took a long sip.

Why had this girl singled me out? Me, of all people. My name is David Hammond, a reporter, a photo-journalist, if you please. Fairly successful in my line, but not wealthy and not especially interesting.

I had been out along Shaftesbury Avenue, near Picadilly Circus, enjoying the summer evening, and exposing a few frames of film in my Leica camera. I like the West End. To me it's a sort of wonderland, a modern Baghdad, a strange make-believe world. I was leaning against the front of one of the buildings, waiting until conditions were just right to take a picture of the colored signs flashing above the pavement when the girl appeared.

Her appearance was startling and people stared. A man in formal attire was with her. They stopped in front of the flower seller and I couldn't resist taking her picture by the light of the theater marquee.

Instantly, the girl turned towards me and walked in my direction. The man she had been with looked at her with a funny, almost relieved expression on his face and then vanished into the crowd.

"I took your picture," I said cordially. "I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all," she said, smiling to expose perfect teeth, "although I don't take a very good picture. Now that my escort has deserted me you might be kind enough to buy me a drink."

"Of course," I said. "Of course."

So there we were in a cocktail lounge just off Shaftesbury Avenue. It was a noisy place, crowded, and a juke box was playing very loudly.

"Have you decided where you've seen me before?" she asked. "I warn you, I've heard that story many times."

"No, I don't think I have seen you before," I said. "By the way, my name is Dave - Dave Hammond. What's yours?"

"Lilith," she said, looking me straight in the eyes.



"I could well believe it," I said, half smiling.

"Lilith, according to the Lost Books of the Bible, was the wife of Adam before Eve. She was created from the demons and if she had existed she must have looked like this girl; I swear it.

"Tell me about yourself," she said.

I ordered another round of drinks and began talking. Lilith was a true sophisticate. She had traveled all over the world and knew more about some of the places I'd been than I did. Then there came something that struck me as odd, very odd. I had recently been to Israel. So had Lilith, and she was talking about the city of Haifa.

"And do they still have that old well in the center square?" she asked. "The one they call the Well of Tears?"

I put down my glass carefully, meeting the strange dark glance of her eyes.

"That was destroyed at the beginning of the Second World War," I said. "Rommel's forces blew it up in the early 1940's."

That was at least fifteen years ago, I knew. And Lilith didn't look like she was any more than twenty-five years old at the very most. Could a girl less than ten years old remember that?

"Oh, really?" she asked. "Perhaps I saw a picture of it somewhere in some old book."

I didn't ask any more. We continued talking and the conversation was pleasant enough, but there was a certain uneasiness growing in me that I could not explain.

"It's just about closing time," she said. "Perhaps we'd better leave. I have a small place nearby. Would you take me home?"

"Yes," I said, "of course."

"Then excuse me a minute," she said, getting up from the table.

I watched her as she walked across the lounge to the Ladies Room. She had a sinuous, gliding walk that reminded me of a snake in motion. The room seemed to momentarily quiet as others craned to watch her go by.

My hands were shaking as I got to my feet. I threw a pound note onto the table and almost ran for the door, not daring to look back. Some sixth sense warned me that I must leave immediately. I was feeling a terror, a fear, that held my heart in an icy grip. I ran across Picadilly Circus, hailed a cab, and got safely home.

In the morning I cursed myself for a silly fool. That was until I developed the roll of film I'd used. I found the one I'd taken

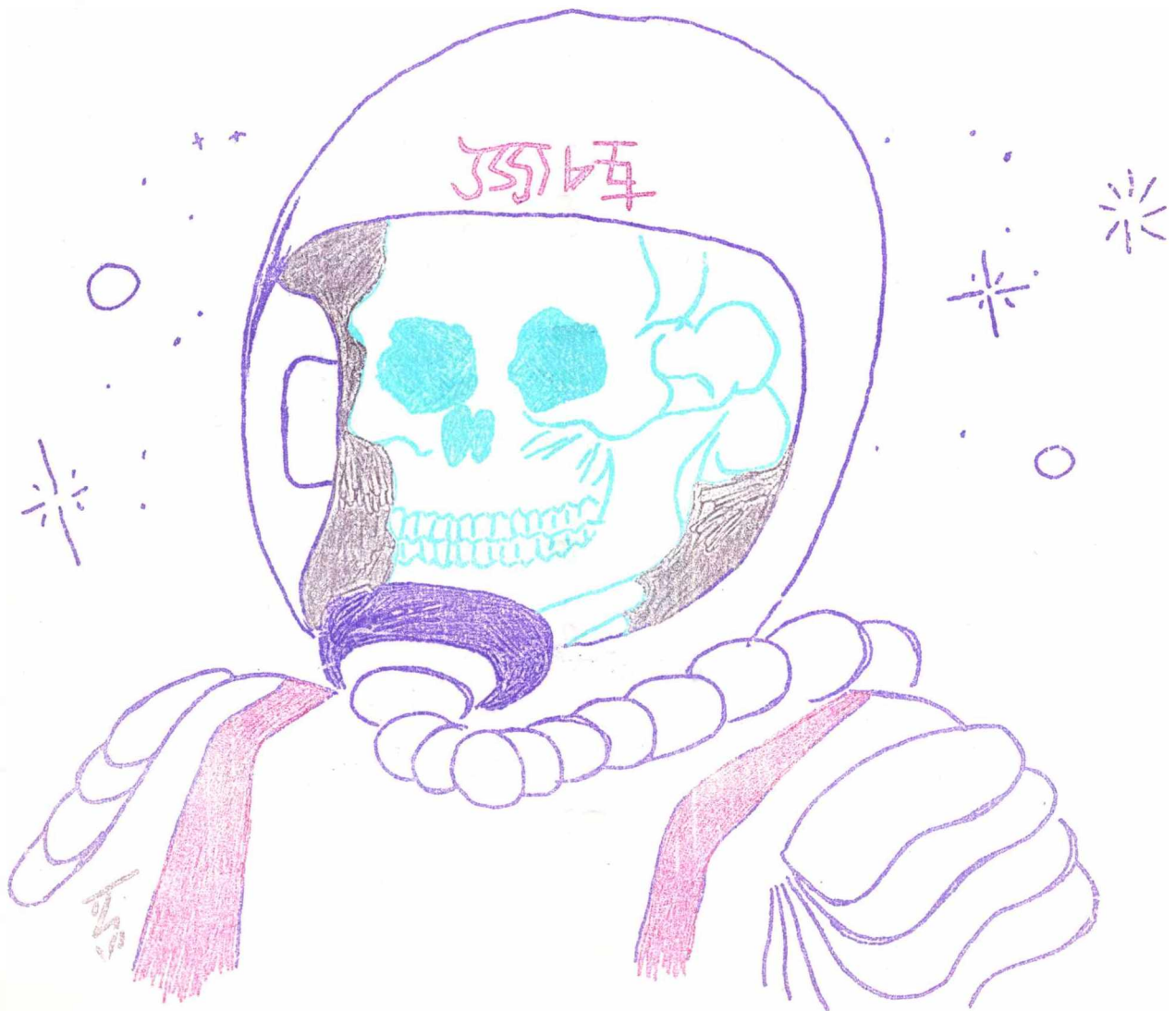
of the girl. I held it up to the light and saw the man dressed in formal attire, the flower seller, a few passersby, but nowhere on the picture was Lilith.

My hands were shaking as I put the film down and remembered what she had said:

"I don't take a very good picture."

I burned the film.

THE END



The
Quest for
the Rings

Mike Deckinger

"What?" someone exclaimed to me in horrified tones at the Pittcon, "you mean you haven't read the Ring trilogy?"

No, I was forced to admit, I hadn't read the three famous Tolkien novels which had practically inspired their own cult in fandom thus far.

I was immediately adjudged as either (1) Being a fake-fan, (2) Suffering from a mental disorder or, (3) being a person who doesn't give a damn about anything. Actually, all of these diagnoses were false. The reason I had not read the Ring Trilogy was due to a far more realistic reason: I had been unable to obtain them.

To say that I was totally uninterested in the books would have been an outright lie; I was very eager to get ahold of them and read them. In fact, they had recieved such a big build up throughout fandom that I don't think I was ever more eager to read some books, than in the case of the RingTrilogy.

I had first convinced myself that no enterprizing pocket book publisher had issued the volumes in smaller and cheaper editions by prowling along the pb racks whenever I had the oppurtunity.





Since I did not have in my possession the necessary 5 or 6 dollars for each volume, buying them outright was eliminated. Therefore, my only course of action left was to make use of the library facilities.

"You've just got to read those books," I had been told.

I already had a card in the Millburn Public Library and I had been making use of it quite often up till about 4 years ago, when I discovered it was impossible to read library books, in addition to prozines and fanzines. After that I went only sporadically, to pick up a book I was especially interested in.

So read the Ring Trilogy I would, come hell, high water, or librarian.

I first decided I would pay them a call late Friday afternoon. I parked our Oldsmobile in the adjoining municipal parking lot and dug into my wallet for a nickel. In order to insure convenience (or was it confusion?) the township had installed parking meters by each parking space, which would accept only nickles. One nickel was good for 90 minutes, 2 for three hours, and if you planned on staying any longer you'd have to run out and deposit the money over again. I finally found a nickel, inserted it into the slot, heard the ~~click~~ low hum echo through the interior of the meter, saw my nickel fall, and watched the little banner fly up.

There are two levels to the library. The lower floor is for juvenile books and the upper is the adult section. The lower librarian is a very pleasant, sweet young lady who does everything she

she can to help the youngsters select their reading matter. The unper librarian is a cross between "Tugboat Annie" and the wicked witch from "The Wizard of Oz". She only lives to fine people for keeping books overtime and considers any other duties as unnecessary and time consuming. The local rumor is that she's never smiled once, and, hard as this may seem, after seeing her for awhile one can easily come to accept this as fact.

But I was in no mood to verbally battle with her so instead I approached the large card catalogue. I first looked through the category "sf and fantasy" but could find no listing of the Ring books. Then I tried the author's name, J.R.R. Tolkien and this brought better results. All three books were listed, indicating that they were in stock.



I closed the small drawer and went over to the shelves. The thing to do was find the shelf of "T" books where I expected that the "ring" books would be located.

In one respect the Millburn Library is unique. It simply refuses to conform to the time honored tradition of arranging shelves of books alphabetically. Instead there is a shelf of "a" books right next to the "d" books, and the "s" books adjoining the "y" books, etc. And this system, unique as it may be, certainly did nothing to facilitate my locating the necessary shelf. I must have marched around the whole area at least 4 times before finally coming to the hastily glued placard which read "T" authors.

Here it was at last, the culmination of my efforts to secure the "Ring" trilogy. For a moment I pondered over the ease of it. It had really been much simpler than I expected. I had walked in, located the shelf, and in just a moment I would be sliding the infamous books off the racks, taking them over to be checked out, and then at last bringing them home. If I's have known it was this easy I would have done it months ago.

The books were all in good condition, and the titles and authors on the spines were easily readable, and at least, once on the shelf they were arranged in alphabetical order. I quickly scanned along the author's names. There was TOLAND, TOLEND, TOMAST...

Something was wrong.

I quickly went back over the books and this time very carefully I glanced through them. Tolkien was missing.

But it couldn't be. I repeated the operation and the results were the same. The Tolkien books were not on their shelves. I could not find them anywhere, even on the nearby shelves which I peered over closely. This left only one possibility, they had been checked out. I didn't think then that there would have been anyone interested in them, or even aware of their existence, but apparently this was the case.

In a much slower, and less exuberant pace I approached the desk where Old Faithful sat glancing through the overdue cards.

"I'd like to reserve a book for when it's returned," I said slowly.

"Eh?" She looked at me as some scientist might regard a microscopic animal in his microscope.

"I said I'd..."

"I heard what you said," she told me.

"Good, now the books I want are..."

"You'll have to wait a minute," she said, brushing away with her hand. "I'm very busy at the moment."

She was very busy at that. It must have been a very difficult thing to locate all those borrowers who had kept out books at least a day overdue. And I do believe I even saw her smile twice when she filled out some cards that would draw in some particularly heavy fines. With unvarying skill she searched for the offenders and I knew she must have enjoyed what she was doing. She took her time doing it, too. Finally it appeared as if the task, at least for those days, was completed. She turned to me.

"Now, what were the books you wanted?"

"They're a trilogy by a J.R.R. Tolkien," I explained. "I guess you'd call them the "Ring" trilogy."

"Tolkien, Tolkien," she muttered, "Tolkien, let me see... Let's take a look at the card catalogue."

"I did, about ten minutes ago."

"I'm experienced at this, I'd better take a look just the same."

She slid off her seat and slowly walked to the file, taking the longest time to find the proper case, open it, and look through cards.



"Ah," she said, "here we are; Tolkien." She seemed very proud of herself.

"You checked the shelves, didn't you?"

I nodded.

Let's double check just the same. You have to really have the experience that I do to find certain things.

She was able to find the "T" shelf far quicker than I would have done and began to look through it.

"Humm, no Tolkien, but tell me, have you read this book?..." She pulled out a dark, thick volume and shoved it over to me.

"No, I haven't," I told her, "and I don't want to. What I'm interested in at the moment are the Tolkien books."

"It's very bad to slant your reading to one particular style, you know." She was scolding me like a school teacher. "People should have a more thorough knowledge today, be more observing in what they read."

"About the Tolkien books," I interrupted, "I'd like to reserve them."

"Very well, come with me."

We returned to the desk and I filled out a card with my name, address, and the title and author of the book I wanted. I gave her a nickel and she said the card would be mailed to me as soon as the book came in.

"It's a pity," she said as I began to inch away, "that today's young people don't take more of an interest in what literature has to offer. When I was a little girl none of us would ever come near those silly books they stock today. No sir, it was only the classics we'd read, the classics and the Bible, people today should..." But I was gone then, and I never found out what people today should do.

Two hours after I returned home I got a call. I picked up the phone and a very familiar voice answered:

"I just checked before," she said, "I've discovered the books you're looking for are the ones we lost a while ago. I'll order these from Trenton and you'd better stop in in a few weeks and you will be able to take them out then."

The few weeks will be up soon. I've thought about wearing a disguise of some sort, so that I won't be recognized by her when I return. Or perhaps I'll wear a heavy coat and pull the collar up around me.

I figure if I can just get past her desk I'll be safe.

--the end--



PROSSER 21

SIGNIFYING NOTHING

Part Two in anirregular Fanzine Review Column by Gafia Guy Terwilleger - - - -

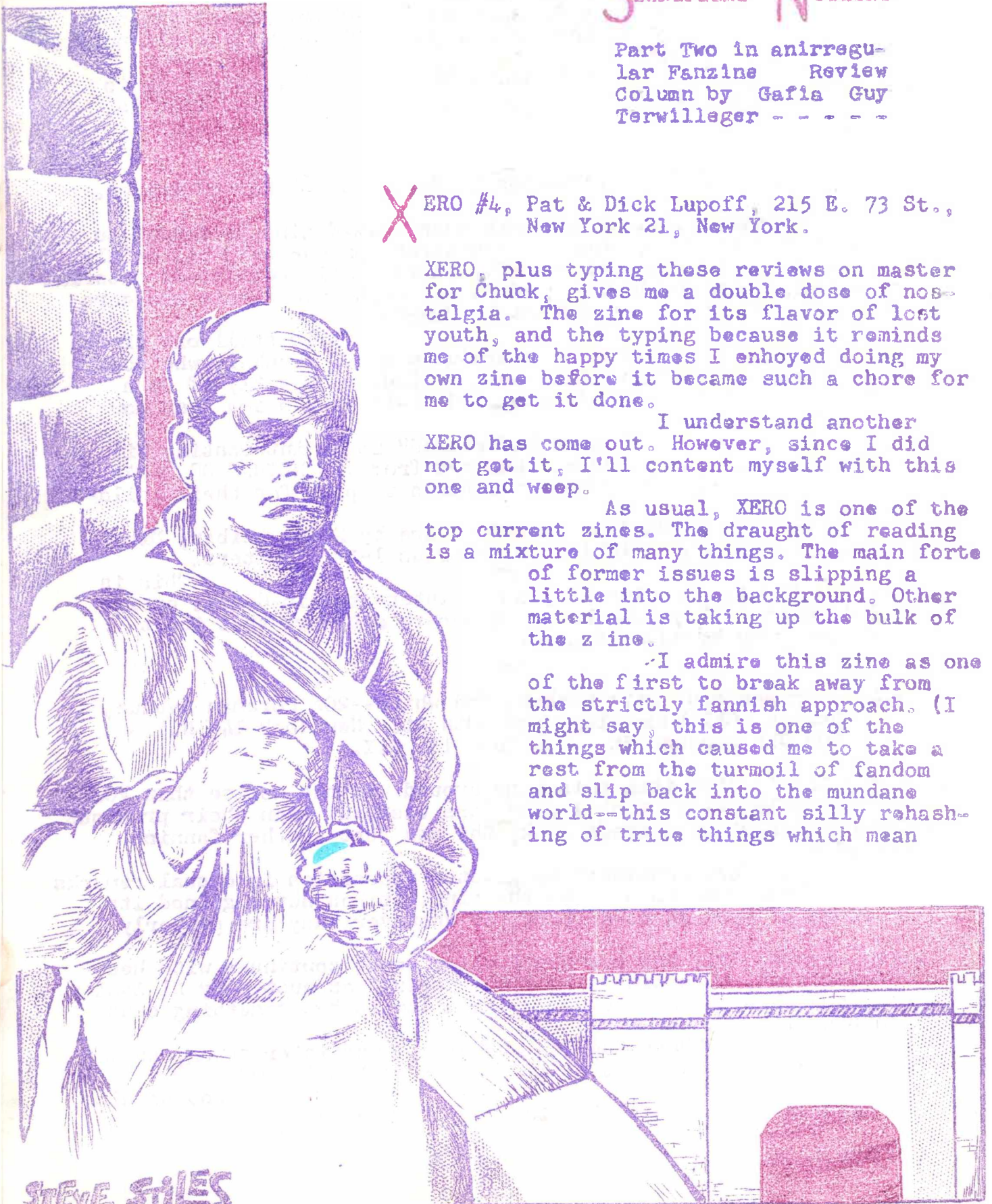
XERO #4, Pat & Dick Lupoff, 215 E. 73 St., New York 21, New York.

XERO, plus typing these reviews on master for Chuck, gives me a double dose of nostalgia. The zine for its flavor of lost youth, and the typing because it reminds me of the happy times I enjoyed doing my own zine before it became such a chore for me to get it done.

I understand another XERO has come out. However, since I did not get it, I'll content myself with this one and weep.

As usual, XERO is one of the top current zines. The draught of reading is a mixture of many things. The main forte of former issues is slipping a little into the background. Other material is taking up the bulk of the zine.

I admire this zine as one of the first to break away from the strictly fannish approach. (I might say, this is one of the things which caused me to take a rest from the turmoil of fandom and slip back into the mundane world--this constant silly rehashing of trite things which mean



STEVE STILES

nothing and will not be remembered past the original moment of reading.)
"Continued Next Week" by Chris Steinbrunner was one of the top items this issue. Again, the appeal here is to remembrance of things past and could well be lost on a fan who was not of sufficient age to remember the halcyon doings of the days of yore. Chris reviews all too briefly the old time serials.

The letter column was interesting, as is usual with XERO. This is one zine any real fan, sci-fi fan, that is, should be sure to get.

AMRA #15, Box 9006 Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Virginia. \$2 for 10 issues.

AMRA continues to be the best specialized zine in fandom to date. It is difficult for a zine to concentrate on one subject, mainly, and maintain continued interest. AMRA, with its basic content of material concerning Conan, still holds the readers interest, even those who care little for Conan or his writer, Robert E. Howard.

Art is still one of the outstanding features of this nicely reproduced zine. Krenkel, who does the cover and several interiors this ish, reminds me greatly of John Colman Burroughs, though I haven't compared their art to see just how similar they might really be.

"Conan Undersexed" is an interesting bit detailing how de Camp and Nyberg cut the sex from THE RETURN OF CONAN in order that it would be suitable for parents to pick for their children to read.

Other bits of Coniana this time are by Fritz Leiber, Mike Moorcock, and various other tidbits by numerous letter writers.

This is suggested as worthwhile reading if you are interested in Conan, or if you just plain want to lay your hands on superb art work that isn't found in the everyday brand of fanzine.

VOID #24, Greg Benford, Pete Graham, Ted White--204 Foreman Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma- 163 West 10th St., New York 14, N.Y.--
107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y.

You might say the leading item this time around was the notice that VOID was to have a new logo--one that I find less tasteful than their previous form. The old was sort of a trade mark, the new just another fannish bit of lettering.

Benford continues to give the impression in casual remarks that he doesn't have much to do with the zine. It has never gained its old flavor since he took on co-editors, or whatever they are properly called.

Harry Warner, Jr., how are you feeling now?, continues with his "All Our Yesterdays", this time with "You Bastard" as quoted by Al Ashley. This is one fannish type of writing I like since it has something concrete on which to base itself.

"Dave English Anthology" was interesting, as was the information on bringing Walt Willis to the States in '62.

of course, chapter two of "Willis Discovers America."

finish out the issue

Not to miss,
And the usual letters

CACTUS # 6, Sture
Sedolin,
P.O. Box
9040, Boden
19, Sweden.
10/\$1

It's hard for me to try and review a foreign fanzine--don't know why, it just is.

John Berry tops the issue with his "American Fans I Have Met." Eney and Gerber are the two he takes time discussing this time. It's always interesting to see what people think of other people. Sometimes I get the impression that there is much more that could have been said, but it just isn't.

The letters are interesting but fail to bring about any comment from this quarter.

All in all, CACTUS is a well reproduced zine and one of the better foreign ones. Each issue has something of interest in it.

STORMY MORTAL #1, Guy E. Terwilleger, Route 4, Boise, Idaho. 25¢ a copy.

This is sort of dirty--the zine isn't even out yet, but I told Chuck this was one way of getting word around that I was in the throes of fan-pubbing again.

STORMY will be the serious type of fanzine, staying away, for the most part, from the fanish parties etc. that are featured in so many zines.

Articles are much in need as my files are completely empty at this time, having farmed out all material that I had on hand. Articles that have something to say are wanted, as well as art. If you plan to do art for me and want to do it full page, then I ask that you do it on master.

If you have an article that is about science fiction, send it to me--I think a science fiction fanzine should have something about its parent in it.

Artwise, I'd like to feature one fan artist each issue--full pagers and smaller, you might call it a guest artist spot where you have the entire issue to yourself.

I've been out of contact so long that all I can say is write me if you are interested.



Swig

THREATS



STEVE STILES
1809 Second Ave.
N.Y., 28, N.Y.

I agree with your size theory, it's one of the reasons why I haven't any urgent desires to expand my own fanzine. I have this theory that, and perhaps this is more radical than your 16 page one, it's possible for a six pager to receive a high rating, perhaps as high as 8. ((How does Boggs's DISCORD/JCGITC usually rate?)) Come to think of it, FANAC has received high status, trouble is I could never belt out issue after issue like the Berkeley Bhoys. Oh well.

I'm suprised that you didn't mention VCID in your list of good art zines. Perhaps it uses more material in the cartoonish line.

THREATS is Filikia's lettercol wherein certian unsuspecting readers who have trustingly submitted letters of comment find their labors of love hacked to pieces with apologies from the editor.

but the stuff that TEW prints is a delight to see, and the layout and design is wonderful. ((I probably left out quite a few zines that have outstanding artwork. I wasn't really trying to list all the zines in fandom that excelled in art, just those that came to mind at the moment. Really I am not qualified to make any statement about all fmsz in general since I get a very few. Pilikia is traded for between 10 or 15 (usually closer to 10) zines so I don't really get a very good cross-section. I hope I didn't hurt anyone's feelings or step on any toes...))

Don Franson's piece was highly amusing, and well written. I hope that you continue to get high quality, or at least good, stuff; it's about time. ((Are you inferring that for the last year, Pilikia has been printing sub-standard work?))

Ray Nelson's poem sounds like wishful thinking. ((Is that necessarily bad?)) It also seems exceedingly smug, with the typical "I AM RIGHT" attitude of a fanatic common to both religion and atheism. It is my belief that whatever deficiencies the two schools of thought have it is obvious that they are due to individuals, not to basic ideals.

I notice you got a letter from Rod Gerling. How did you ever resist printing it? ((Well, to be honest, it wasn't really such a tremendous letter. As a matter of fact, Mike Johnson looked at it and sneered: "It must have taken his secretary all of twenty seconds to type that." He might be right...))

Harriett Kolchak
2104 Brandywine St.
Philadelphia 20, Pa.

After the quickie thanks for my letter in this ish I should call you a Fill but that better of it. Especially since my name has two "T"s on it. ((My apologies...really)) Who's Don Fitch? He sounds like the type of guy you can get to like, but your editorial is exactly right for the size of the zine. Long editorials gall me because I



REG

think the writer is an egoist & this type of person is Trigger Touchy & hard to G. with. I like yours as is. No shorter but no longer. ((A long editorial is not necessarily the sign of a large ego, Harriett. If the editor has something to say or (in quite a few cases, I'm afraid) is short on other material, a longer editorial is just the thing. Besides, besides comments on comments, the editorial is about the only place where the editor can really take part in his own zine.))

Your cover work always seems to be good or excellent or at least it attracts the eye. ((Thanks for the kind words. The credit is mainly due to our favorite hard working artist, Steve Stiles, who is taking a vacation from the cover this trip.)) Most of my zines I can't even remember what's on the cover and never comment on them for this reason.

Hope you can keep the colors going. These make it a lot easier on the eyes & are a good differentiating quality for quick scanning when needed.



Dick Eney is a great guy and full of fun. He is also one of the most discerning & best remembering persons I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. You can be sure that if he's going to get the TAFP nomination we will all get an interesting & detailed report without the usual boring trivia. My vote goes to Eney For Taff too.

The poetry by Nelson was good but let's hope Church never dies. Without some faith this would be a devils world to all eyes. ((Perhaps when Man grows up, he can look to himself for faith. We need some faith in ourselves...))

Bob Lamback's poem reads like this new stuff "poetry to end poetry". The thought is there but the rythm, Ech! ((Frankly, I doen't even understand Whitman))

Story by Franson was mediocre. The political view in 3-F is a dead zone now & besides, where's the 3-F in politics? This contains 3-F but the theme is still Heinlein's "Starship Troopers" sort of thing. Rating it nil. ((Are we talking about the same Franson piece? I don't like to dig hidden meanings out of stories...I read for the story. (Am I the only person in fandom who read "Starship Troopers" and doesn't have a theory on what Heinlein really ment?))

The Disclave was a little off in most reports so I hope you will print this one right. First it was far from the usual thing because the parties were much quieter. Then too, there was an awful lot of really serious discussions being carried on both

collectively & individually, Besides the most unusual program of
Con-slides by Pavlat & the after dinner speeches. ((Methinks that
the " e" key is kaput on this typer...))

The quota of people present was also unusual for the past 3 years.
Then too, there were a lot of long absent faces present here. George
Scithers for instance & Neumann.

((Harriett has a "neo-fund" thing going that with luck I'll
talk about in the editorial. (This zine is still only half done).
If I forget to put it in the editorial and you never hear another
word from me...you'll know Harriett caught me....))

BOB LICHTMAN

6137 3 Croft Ave.
LA 56, Calif.

That ditto
you used did-
n't print very
well on the left hand side. I won-
der why this is? Probbaly because
it's an electric ditto and there-
fore uncontrollable. ((Yes)) I
hope you can produce the Annish
on Guy's 120, so it will be more
presentable. Annishes should you
know. ((This ish will be run off
on the Twig Azo. Guy & Diane &
the littæ Twiggers are off on a
vacation next week so that this
will be late, but atleast it will
be readable. (Unless the keys
keep acting up.)) But really, I
wonder if you are getting dis-
illusioned about fan-publishing.
You seem to be operating on even
more limited funds than I am, &
doing a pretty good job of it.
((This issur cost over \$10 and
to mail will cost about \$3 more
...this is more than I have
paid for any other ish except
#2. Usually I can do the whole
thing for \$6...even this gets
hard to get sometimes...))

Artwork. Your artwork is
above the average for fanzines,
and you can say that without
having to hedge or anything.
Good fanzines for artwork that you
didn't mention are Orion, JD-Argassy, Menace of the LASFB, and even
my own Psi-Psi, has featured pretty good stuff. ((I only get one
out of the above four...PSI-PHI. I agree that your art is good))

I notice you've found yellow ditto masters. ((I get them from
loveable ol' Tom Schlück...bless his black little heart)) They
look Real Fine. How about brown? I have about 20 of them myself





and find them quite indispensible for a lot of my work. ((Immediately upon reading this in Bob's letter, I rushed off a letter to him asking him to sell, loan, or whatever a brown master to me. Bob, (Bless him thrice) rushed me a brown master and all brown lines you see in this ish are due to him. Again, a million thanks, Bob.))

What does Don Fitch mean by saying that "with Andy Main going mimeo on us, PILL may be one of the last colorful fanzines left"? Fie, sir, fie! I always publish by ditto, even though I don't do such general pubbing anymore. PILL is far more exuberant and lavish in it's layouts than I am with my own fuz ((I'm just an extrovert at heart)) but it is not the only dittoed fuz left. ((Besides PSYCHE, there are about two other dittoed zines around. Larry Williams pubs GINDER which is dittoed and HEPTAGON (Dave Locke) is dittoed I'm told tho I thot it was hectored.))

But then, maybe that isn't what Don Meant. Anyway, that's about it. Keep up the good work, but not for one moment longer than it continues to be fun. If it gets to be sheer druggery, take up stamp collecting or wenching. Preferably the latter... ((Girls are no damn good))

MSgt L. H. Tackett, USMC
H-2 HC-1 (Comm).MWHG-1
1stMAW, FMFPag
s/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

((First off, I'd better say that I am combining two of Roy's locs. The first (on PILL #5)

arrived two days after I finished mastering letters for PILL #6 so I'm putting it here. (As a matter of fact, the second loc came two days after I finished this lettercol, but I added two pages to THREATS anyway so they're being printed anyway))

So this is PILIKIA? I thot for a minute it was ESOTERIQUE. ((I'm sure that Bruce Henstell is as insulted as I am)) Well, no. ESOTERIQUE is mimeographed. PILIKIA, a Hawaiian fanzine from the wilds of Idaho. Fascinating.

Stiles: Fandom would most certianly survive if the top fanzines were to fold. Others would certianly be along. Fandom has survived the disappearance of such as VOM and LE ZOMBIE which were, in their day, veritable giants of fan publishing. There have been others whose demise was lamented but new fuz appear all the time.

Harriett Kolchak: Consider your suggestion duly kicked.

McInerney: You mean you've never heard of blue hair? It is not uncommon. Elderly females whose tresses have turned white often employ what is called a blue rinse which leaves the hair with a definite blueish tinge.

Chuck, you say that if it appears that you will run over your page limit that you cut the editorial. Why? It is your fanzine so why not run your own efforts? (((I am the only contributor who's pieces can be left out without hurting anyones feelings)))

Stiles has a style much like Stiles.

...So we have on hand PTLIKIA #6. Plenty pupule. I'm happy to see that you are continuing with the various colors although I still think the green stands out better than the rest. (((if you can't read these two pages, there is only yourself to blame then, since I'm following your suggestion.))) Stiles' artwork continues good and is getting better all the time. I suppose the best description that I can put to it is "massive". His drawings give a feeling of largeness. Where's Imilani this time? I feel that we're getting short-changed with out work by Imilani.

Contentwise (note the MadAve influence there), Franson was mildly amusing, Lambeck was ecch, and Nelson was So-so. For some reason or other I dislike this blank verse stuff or whatever it is called. Whatever it is, poetry it ain't.

But it does present something to ponder on. Religion, particularly Christianity, has been dealt some powerful blows of late and once man goes into space it will be whacked somemore. Espically if life is found on other worlds -- as it undoubtably will be. Can Christianity, which is founded on an alleged covenant between God and the "chosen people" survive when alien life is found? According to Christianity man is in the image of God and I can forsee the possibility of running into something quite intelligent that might not be the least bit humanoid. Interesting speculation.

I suspect religion will be around for quite a while tho. If not Christianity then something else, but still a religion, and a belief in the



supernatural and personal immortality. Yes, especially the latter. Most of mankind, unfortunately, cares little about the service of mankind and for that great mass of the people life is so damned miserable that it is only the belief in a heavenly paradise that keeps them going.

End philosophizing or whatever.

((And that ends THREATS for this issue.)))

You received this issue of FILIKIA because:

- We trade 0
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- You asked for it..... 0
- You have something in it..... 0
- You contributed for a future ish.. 0
- I thot you'd like an issue..... 0

You will get the next issue of FILIKIA if you:

- Send your zine..... 0
- Write a letter of comment 0
- Send some artwork, please..... 0
- Contribute a story..... 0
- Write an article..... 0

Status:

- Rock Solid..... 0
- Secure..... 0
- Weak..... 0
- Do something..... 0

And so ends the first annual issue of FILIKIA. (Annual meaning we've been coming out for a year, not just once a year.) I sincerely hope you enjoyed it and write a letter of comment or contribute. If so, I'll be seeing you some FILIKIA #3.

'Til then...

Blessings,

Chuck



FANAC
Walt Breen
1205 Peralta Ave.
Berkeley 10, Calif.

to:

FILIKIA 7
 HUCK DEVINE
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 Boise, IDAHO

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