

ALIF Published by Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda,
 California, 94563. Let's take a deep breath now and
19 hope real hard that it'll be in the November, or 105th,
 mailing. This is designed to accompany the issue in-
 tended for the 104th mailing, which had no real excuse
for not being there, and intended also to give a perfectly reason-
able and logical excuse for VORPAL GLASS being delayed yet again.

I should of course have mailed Alif 18 as soon as I assembled
it. It disappeared under a midden of other projects and wasn't
seen again until too late. The case of VORPAL is different.

I was dummyming and stenciling away quite as though I were going
to publish around the end of September. But a high-priority pro-
ject displaced it for the time being.

You see, Terry Carr finked on me. He told the Meredith Agency
that I started a science-fiction novel five years ago. I got a
note from the agency asking for it to sell -- and now I have to
finish the flipping thing.

I'm going to get the thing in ready-to-type-final-draft condition
while I still know what to do about it. Then I'll get out a Vor-
pal. Really I will.

APOLLO

O Thou light-dwelling Lord,
 Nightly I see Thee blaze in
 Suns a myriadfold.

What's the most dangerous animal? A bluejay.with a machine gun.
Why do bluejays carry machine guns? Because they're finks.
Why do elephants jump out of trees? Because the bluejays push them.
Why do bluejays push elephants out of trees? Because they're
finks.
Why are bluejays finks? Because they're bluejays.
Why do bluejays carry bubonic plague? Because they're rat finks.

Oh, the novel? It's a space opera, complete with galactic em-
pires and at least one alien race and space battles and . . . Oh,
you didn't want to hear about it? Okay.

And it isn't the least bit like E. E. Smith.