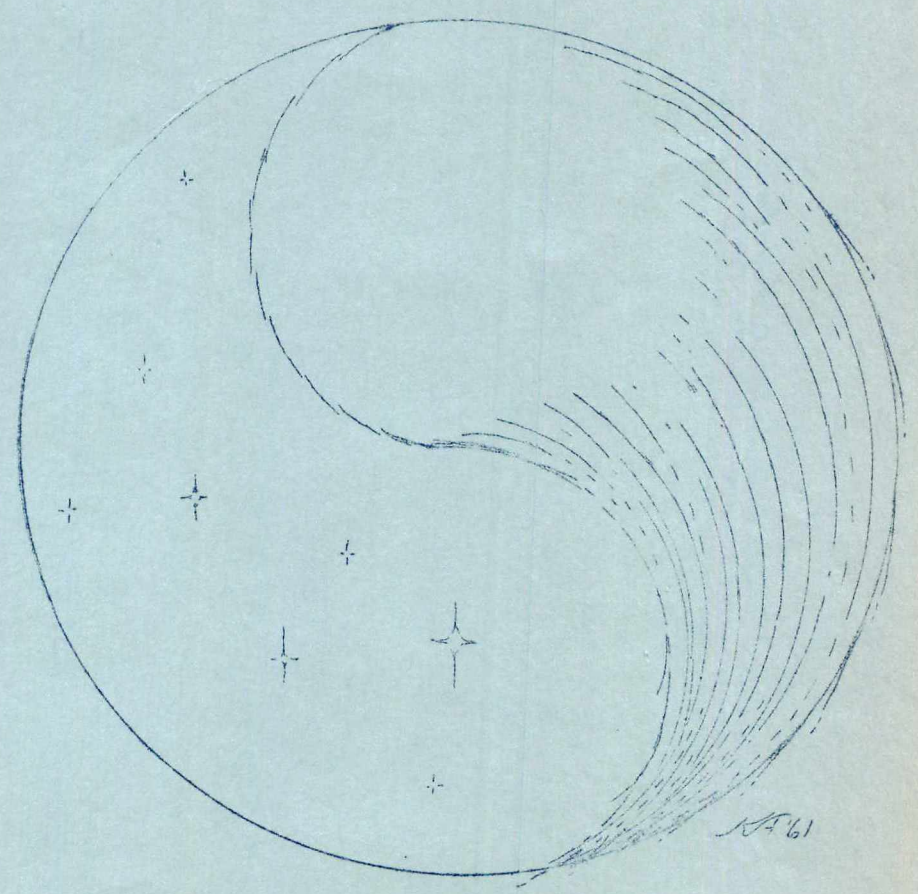


# HALIF

NUMBER ELEVEN \* A SEVAGRAM PUBLICATION



YANG = YIN





# ALIF

Alif 11 for FAPA 95 from Karen Anderson.

Alif is a four letter word and so is FAPA.

Here, goddamnit, I am trying to turn pro besides coping with a better home & garden, putting on a convention, and fortyseven other things. What rears its head like a black cat across my path? A FAPA deadline.

---

Madam, if I were Herod in the midst of the slaughter of the innocents, I would pause to consider the confusion of your imagery.

The Baycon is well under way now. For my own part, I've sent out umpty-ump (defined as a number from 24 to 99) letters asking for donations of auction material, and the other day I finally got back two notes promising manuscripts (Ace and Galaxy, bless'em) and, not a promise, but a package from the thrice blessed house of Ziff-Davis. Fifty pieces of artwork, some signed, some with titles, all with Cele Goldsmith's signature and a set of cryptic notations.

---

It was Greek to me, except of course that I understand Greek.

Other than that, I've had a short-short rejected by F&SF and put together a group of haiku to submit there; learned from Fritz Leiber that the current Buck Rogers adventures (with the actor Gongora on Sundays, against Killer Kane on weekdays) are by the Very Same Ray Russell Who; won eleven dollars in a poker game with Tony Boucher, Rog and Honey Graham, and Reg Bretnor and of course Poul --- see my comments to Caughran, quoting the three basic laws of the universe; prompted Poul, who is at this very moment reading my mailing comments, to remark that the trouble with science fiction is that everybody complains about Ferdinand Feghoot but nobody does anything about him; purchased a sphinx, 5½ inches tall and 8½ inches long, for \$3.50 reduced from \$6.95; planted a bougainvillia; weeded; washed more dishes than I care to think about; discovered that if I sprinkle my favorite perfumed dusting-powder on the pillowcases I will come down with hay fever; and wondered when I will have time to put out the next issue of VORPAL GLASS.

---

I seem to wish to have some importance/ In the play of time.

I forget whether this fannish fashion of discussing old radio programs, especially adventure series, has spread to FAPA. If not, I hereby act as vector.

Most of those I remember were ones I heard at my grandparents' house. We lived fairly close together, and for a long (no then) time we children lived there after our parents had moved to Louisville to take defense jobs. (My father, way beside the point, turned down a job at Oak Ridge because of the security regulations.)

Most of the things I remember are general; I can't recall

but one specific adventure. Of that, later. I can hear programs vividly in a general way. There was "Can You Top This," for instance; Senator Ford, someone else, and Joe Laurie Jr. trying to tell funnier jokes (with no preparation) than jokes submitted by the audience to be read by Peter Donald, with a prize if the contribution was funniest. The jokes had to fall into a category, such as "Mothers-in-law." Then the three men would tell jokes in the same category. I heard much later of a time when Senator Ford got almost to the punchline of a dirty joke, suddenly realized it was dirty, and mumbled "I can't remember the rest." There were quiz shows with breathtaking \$64 questions, lesser ones that gave away cartons of cigarettes. If the contestant failed, I recall, the cigarettes were donated to Army posts. There was the Barn Dance, with the saccharine Dining Sisters and the splendid Hoosier Hotshots, Hezzie, Kenny, Frank, and Gabie --- "Arrre you ready, Hezzie?" --- who formed my taste for Spike Jones. (What ever happened to him?)

There were those summer evenings when the windows still held a glimmer of blue, as late as "Can You Top This." Let me not forget the summer afternoons, when the green glass pitcher of water was so heavy and so slippery with condensation, and my grandmother sat over a hand-ruled sheet of paper keeping the baseball score. (Oh, the inextricable tangle of memory, Crosley Field and commercials for "That Good Galf" gasoline and a trumpet solo of Summertime, dry pampas grass, iron-tainted well water, the cold coal-range in the kitchen and the little coal-oil stove on the back porch.)

In winter when the range had been banked for the night and the pot-belly stove in the living room was cooling, before the last dash upstairs I'd crawl in with my grandparents in the bed-dining-room. That was the time to listen to Bulldog Drummond or The Thin Man or Ellery Queen, Mr. District Attorney or Crime Doctor. "You forgot one little detail . . ." And there are vaguer memories. Who was named Elman? Why did I once think I remembered having heard a genuine ghost on the radio? What evil lurks? (I couldn't help it. That just slipped in.) Less enthralling than the detective shows, because they were told from the criminal's viewpoint, were the true-crime shows like Your FBI In War And Peace. Don-da-don-don, or words to that effect. And . . . and, damnit, what was that theme (serie strings, brass, and kettledrums, I think) --- I can't describe it. That theme. Business of telepathic projection. Do you receive me?

Another theme I wasn't able to identify specifically by title and composer (and now I've learned & forgotten) was one that also used to haunt me. I can place it by program, at least: The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce.

I'm not sure of the date, but this is the one instance I do remember specifically: I heard "The Speckled Band" at the same time as it was newly published in Coronet. It may be the first Holmes story I ever read. I was certainly a Holmes fan already in those days. Good grief --- I may have been a Boucher fan. I must ask him if that was the series he wrote scripts for.



I pass over (in Ciceronian fashion) the soap operas, Kitty Foyle, based on the novel by Mary Marlin --- theme, Star da Line. Our Gal Sunday, Aunt Jenny --- my grand-mother was several people's Aunt Jennie, literally; it was her first name. Bachelor's Children. The Romance of Helen Trent. The Guiding Light.

Not to forget The Lone Ranger --- titty-rump titty-rump titty-rump-rump-rump! King of the Royal Mounted! Tom Mix! Yes, and Jack Armstrong the All-American Boy!

(Hang it all, what<sup>was</sup> that weird theme?)

Terryyyyyy---- and the Pirates! (Ching-gow, na-ka-hai.)

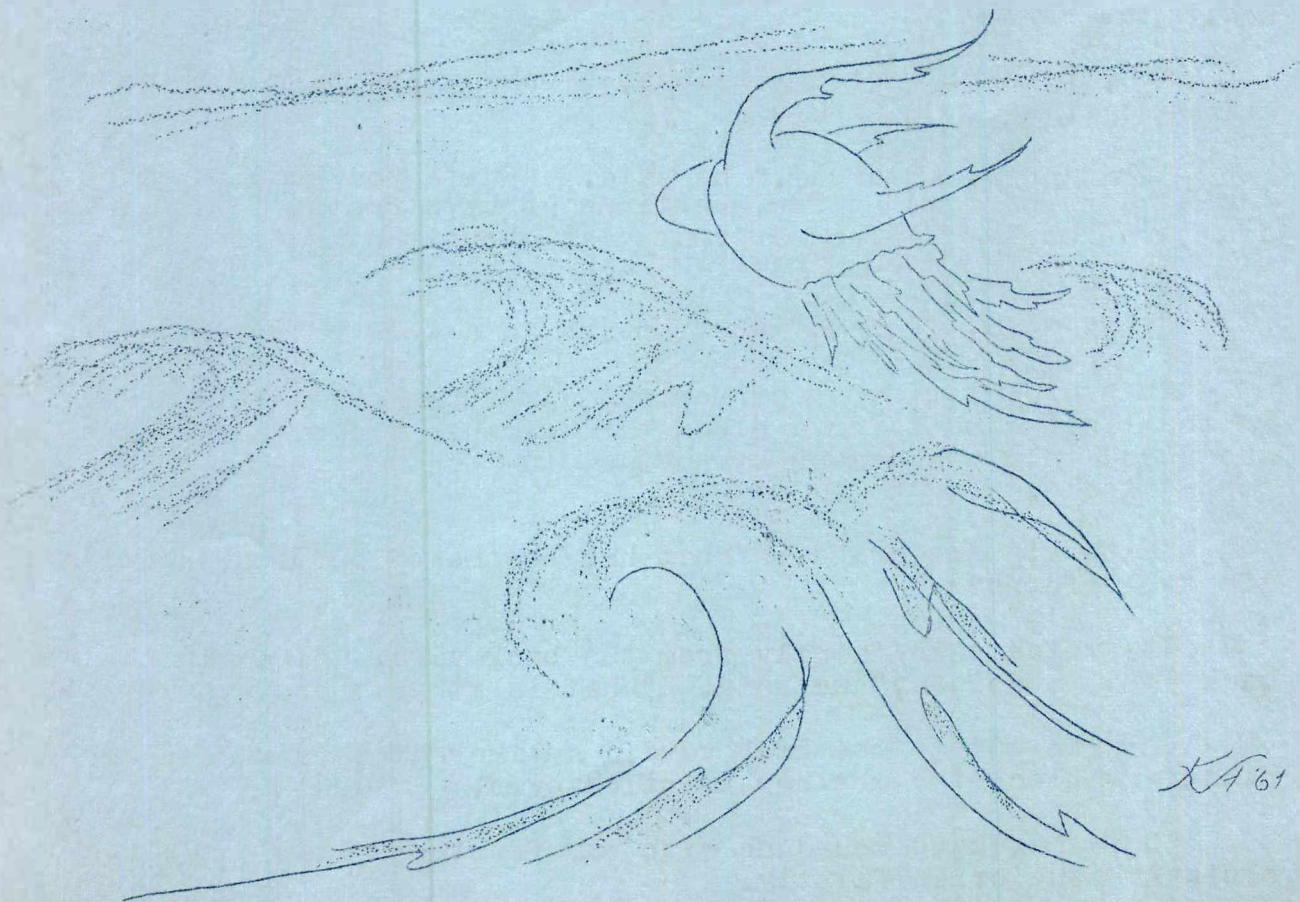
(No, not Terry and the Pirates. More like Inner Sanctum; did that have a musical theme? Didn't that just have a creaking door?)

Lock the windows. Bolt the door.

Do not pass Go. Do not collect two hundred dollars.

Skate key.

shantih shantih shantih



# THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH FERDINAND & ISABELLA

"Have a beer, Lee?" said Karen Anderson to Lee Jacobs.

Meanwhile, in the 856th Zanch Dimension, Professor Aleph Syzygy completed the final equation of his interdimensional drive. "Ah,  $e^x dy dx$ ," he murmured ecstatically. The doorbell rang.

"What was that, Abscissa, dear?" asked Professor Syzygy.

"E flat, father," she answered. Opening the door, she exclaimed, "Oh, Quincunx! How nice of you to drop by."

"Hello, Abscissa," said Quincunx Tesseract. "How are you?"

"Is that you, Tesseract?" said the professor. "Dear me! I had forgotten to tell Abscissa that you were coming to dinner."

"Oh, father!" cried Abscissa, blushing prettily with embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, Abscissa," he said. "While you prepare dinner, I will ask Tesseract a few questions about structural materials. I am sure he has learned a great deal about the matter in his architectural studies."

"Very well, father," she replied in a tone of resignation.

An hour later, when dinner was almost ready, Abscissa went to the linen closet for a clean tablecloth. To her amazement, she found only the damask banquet-cloth and two gingham bridge-table cloths.

"Father!" she cried. "What has become of our fourteen plastic tablecloths?"

His voice came faintly from the back yard. "I am in the back yard, Abscissa," he said. "What is it that you want?"

She ran out to the back yard. An incredible structure of plastic tablecloths met her startled eyes.

"Oh, what have you done with our fourteen plastic tablecloths?" she cried faintly.



"I have built an interdimensional space ship," said her father. "Tesseract has calculated the stresses involved, and designed a ship for which he says the plastic will be sufficiently strong, as well as perfectly air-tight since we have sealed all the seams with gummed paper tape."

"But dinner is ready, and I must have a tablecloth!" protested Abscissa.

"I had not thought of that, my dear," said Professor Syzygy. "Tesseract, would you mind helping me to remove one of the tablecloths? We can put it back after dinner."

When they had finished their dinner, Abscissa said, "Father, tell me what this thing is that you have built."

"It is an interdimensional space ship, my dear," he answered. "It has an antigravity generator to take us into open space, and once we are in open space we can operate the dimension changer and visit other dimensions."

"Oh," she said.

"Tesseract and I are going to take a little jaunt after our coffee."

"What! Go off with our fourteen plastic tablecloths, on a wild adventure into unknown dimensions? I must come with you and see that the tablecloths are not damaged. I shall need them again, and I won't have them ruined in some reckless experiment."

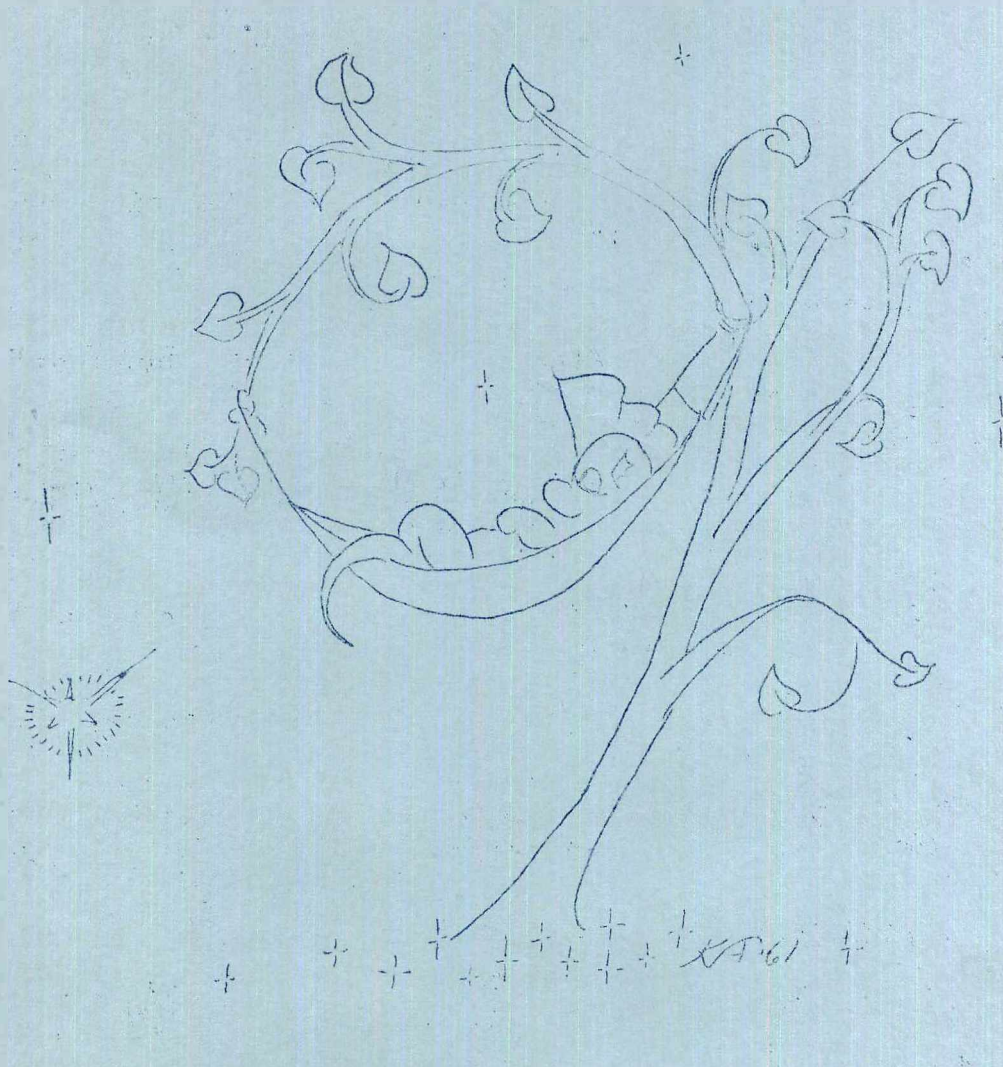
"Very well, my dear," said Professor Syzygy in a tone of resignation.

Restoring the fourteenth tablecloth to its place, the professor and Quincunx sealed it carefully with gummed paper tape while Abscissa brushed away a few crumbs that adhered to it. When they had all entered the ship, Quincunx sealed the last joining from the inside and Professor Syzygy turned on the antigravity generator.

Meanwhile, in the 5,271,009th Chorp Dimension, the wicked and voluptuous Queen Estrogen faced her scheming and unscrupulous prime minister, Lord Amino.

"Amino, you incompetent, when are you going to assure me that my stepson Ethanol is really dead?" she hissed.

"As soon as I find out where he is being hidden by the Pro-Thrombists," replied Lord Amino with a barely maintained show of assurance.





"What good did it do us to get rid of King Meninges if his trait is still on the loose?" she raved. "We must make a strike here until his death is proved beyond any doubt the Pro-Thrombists might cast. You'll never have a throne unless you remove the obstacles from your way. Spray on you! If you are a hero, I'll start looking for another prime minister!" She flung a rubidium gasogene at him and stormed out of the room.

"Oh, blastderm!" he said in his teeth. He strode out in the opposite direction.

A million parsecs away, Professor Syzygy's interdimensional space ship entered the 5,271,009th Chorp Dimension and landed on the planet Benzocaine. Unsealing the opening, they stepped out and looked about them.

They found themselves in the courtyard of a small cinder-block castle. An old man was coming toward them from the keep.

"How did you get here without being detected by our powerful, long-range detectors?" cried the old man. "What is the undetectable substance of which your spaceship is made?"

"Plastic tablecloths," said the professor modestly.

"Incredible!" cried the old man. "Know, strangers from another dimension (for such you must be, there being no plastic tablecloths in the entire 5,271,009th Chorp Dimension), that you are in the hidden stronghold of the Pro-Thrombists. I, Gastrocnemius, am the secret leader of the Pro-Thrombist party, and I am hiding here none other than Prince Ethanol, true heir to the Throne of Chromosome."

"How do you do, Gastrocnemius," the three travelers said politely.

"Such a spaceship as you have might mean victory for the Pro-thrombists," said Gastrocnemius. "Could we but bring Prince Ethanol before the Council of Ancients, in the home world of Chromosome far beyond the Triceps Nebula, the wicked Queen Estrogen and her scheming prime minister Lord Amino would not dare to assassinate him openly. Their nefarious plans would be brought to nought, and they would be forced to acknowledge him King. Alas! For years, ever since they compassed the death of his father King Meninges, they have maintained that the queen's stepson Prince Ethanol is dead. The Pro-Thrombist party has prevented the official declaration of the prince's death, without which Queen Estrogen cannot take the throne for herself, but she has prevented us from ending her regency and elevating Prince Ethanol to the Throne of Chromosome."

"We would be delighted to assist you, of course," said Pro-

fessor Syzygy. "But I fear my interdimensional spaceship will carry only three passengers, on account of its light construction."

"Prince Ethanol must travel in it, obviously," replied Gastrocnemius. "So must I, for my arrival in Chromosome would awaken suspicion."

"Quincunx Tesseract and I can go by regular space liner," said the professor, "and my daughter can handle the interdimensional space ship. We will meet at the place where the Council of Ancients meets. Where is that, please?"

"The Hall of Council is attached to the palace," said Gastrocnemius. "You can get a guide at Union Spaceport to take you there with no trouble. I will guide the other party there."

Gastrocnemius called Prince Ethanol to the courtyard and explained the situation to him. Tesseract ground his teeth when he saw Abscissa gaze with rapture at the unfortunate prince.

It was arranged that the group who were to travel in Professor Syzygy's ship would wait for a few days at the Pro-Thrombist stronghold before starting for Chromosome, since there was likely to be some delay for the others in changing spaceships at Axon. They would meet at the Hall of Council precisely at noon five days later.

As it happened, there was no layover at Axon, and Tesseract and Professor Syzygy arrived at Chromosome on the fourth day. They decided to fill in the time with sight-seeing and engaged a guide to take them on a tour of the points of interest.

With a small party of provincials, they were led through the Cosmic Museum, the Quatt Winkery, and the Zoo. After these famous tourist attractions they were taken to the public halls of the Palace of Chromosome.

An unexpected incident took place here. Tesseract, lagging behind to examine the architectural style of the building, was separated from the others and got lost. Wandering at random in the attempt to rejoin them, he found himself in Queen Estrogen's boudoir. She looked like the Maja Vestida. Examining her architectural style, Tesseract found himself thinking of the Maja Desnuda.

"Are you lost?" asked Queen Estrogen languidly.

"Yes --- and glad of it!" cried Tesseract, gazing at her.

"How masterful you seem!" she murmured. "Are you a stranger in Chromosome?"



"I have come from the 856th Zanch Dimension to find you!" he proclaimed.

"Does anyone here know you?" she said, gazing on him calculatingly.

"No one," he said.

"Then perhaps you can do me a service," she suggested.

"I'd be delighted to serve you," he said.

"Find my stepson and kill him," she whispered. "Then you can name your own reward. No one has yet been able to rid me of this threat to my power --- but you, a stranger, could work your way into the confidence of the Pro-Thrombists, who are surely hiding him, and compass his death. Do that --- and ask me anything."

Tesseract gazed at her. He thought of the way Abscissa had looked so rapturously at Prince Ethanol. He thought of the Maja Desnuda.

"I will!" he swore fervently. "And now, how can I rejoin the guided tour, and avoid suspicion?"

She gave him directions, and he caught up with the party of tourists before his absence was noticed.

The next day, they went to the Hall of Council. Tesseract planned to compass the prince's death by stabbing him with the sharp-pointed compasses in the drafting-case he always carried. The wound would not be fatal until several minutes had passed, and no one would know who had been the assassin.

The inherently undetectable interdimensional space ship sank toward the surface of the planet Chromosome, and precisely at noon it settled on the steps of the Hall of Council. Abscissa dashed out, straight toward Tesseract who stood waiting with his compasses in his coat pocket.

"Quincunx, darling!" she cried breathlessly. "How I've been worrying about you! I've been so afraid that something might happen to you!"

"Have you really?" he mumbled, taken aback.

"Well, of course, you big ape!" she said defiantly. "After all, I'm in love with you!"

"I thought you were in love with him," muttered Tesseract.

"Who? Prince Ethanol? Don't be silly," she declared.

Tesseract flung away all thought of the Maja Desnuda. "Oh, Abscissa!" he cried, and clasped her to his breast.

All eyes were on the reconciled lovers, and no one noticed Prince Ethanol and Gastrocnemius as they left the ship and went into the Hall of Council. Moments later, a burst of cheering told Tesseract and abscissa that the prince had reached the Council of Ancients safely. Having accomplished their purpose, the three travelers returned to their home in the 856th Zanch Dimension. Abscissa cleaned the gummed paper tape from the fourteen plastic tablecloths and put them back in the linen closet, and Quincunx Tesseract built a crooked house.

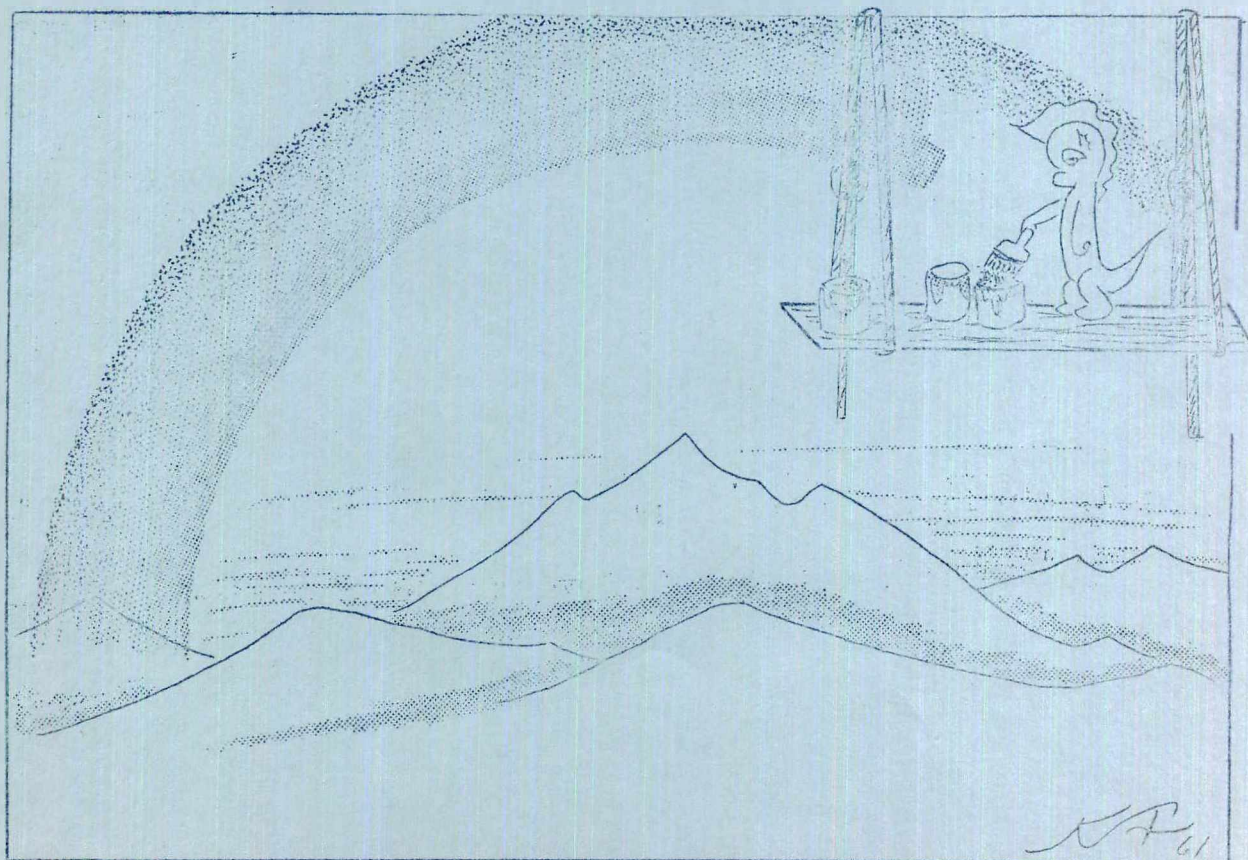
Meanwhile, in the 95th EAPA Dimension, Lee Jacobs said, "Yes, thank you, Karen, I will have a beer. I drink, you know."

THE END

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"Here, hold this missing boa constrictor."

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# THROUGH THE 94TH FAPA MAILING WITH FERDINAND MAGELLAN !!

Starting, naturally, with comments on the ninety-THIRD mailing.

FA 93 Att: Marion. Yes, with all that money on hand we certainly should be able to pay for notification of arrival. I'm for it.

VIRGINS OF OUTER SPACE Thanks for letting us see this.

CATCH TRAP I don't know whether other people ever feel grown up, but it's becoming obvious to me that I'll never be Grown Up. I may look it at times, but I never feel it. Maybe that's why people feel that their children aren't grown up --- because they themselves aren't grown up enough to have grown-up offspring? \*\* Children dislike "such nasty-tasting stuff as mustard, olives, pickles, vinegar . . . ." I used to fight off my brothers to get the last of the pickle-vinegar, and put catsup on fried eggs. \*\* And why (re your postcard) haven't you joined the Baker Street Irregulars? I don't know what chapter would be nearest you, but there's no reason I can think of for your not joining the Scowrsers.

MELANGE Bigger next time, please? \*\* Bjo, I'm sorry to hear that you had to cut your hair, but glad to learn that I wasn't just being silly when I cut mine for similar reasons. \*\* Wish I had a real kiln; I have a tiny thing about three inches inside diameter. It's for copper enameling, and I have to watch through an opening to see whether the enamel has melted yet. When it looks like molasses, it's ready to take out.

BOBOLINGS I wonder if Corbin Cabin was the one in which I spent a weekend once. I don't have my maps handy; this was (if I remember) on the east side of the highway, and just south of the four humps of Hogback and the two peaks North Richardson and South Richardson. Other times when I camped in Shenandoah it was in "Adirondack shelters," three sides and a roof with a big fireplace where the fourth side would be. The sides are taken up with double deck bunks of the waffle-iron-spring type. We carried carboard to put under our bedding. Then there was the time Patricia Parkman and I camped at Old Rag, with nothing we didn't carry in from the nearby fire road. \*\* Astrid loves fireworks, whether seeing them or using them; but imagine trying to get close enough to a public display in

Oakland for her to see the ground pieces. Sparklers are legal in Kentucky, and when we were there in '59 we got some for her --- all right, they were for me, too ---, and was that ever an event! And it was over a month after the 4th of July. How many people got clobbered on the highway when they might be at home peacefully singing themselves with Roman candles? Wait, I guess I meant singing. Hey! I'd almost forgotten! Remember the WSEA meeting in the A. A. R. building, when we shot a Roman candle out of that twelfth-story window?

SALUD For "isabelle" as a color, see OLE CHAVELA. A yellowish brown, about whose origin as a specific color there's some controversy.

VANDY Left hand pages are even-numbered because the top side of the first sheet is essentially a right side, without left. The back of the first sheet has to be a left page, also the second page because it's the page after the first page. \*\* To marry one's brother-in-law was considered incest in the middle ages, including the time of Shakespeare (O most wicked speed, to post with such dexterity to incestuous sheets.). \*\* Poul is still building up his collection of CAPTAIN FUTURE; he bought some from Dick Ellington when we were there Christmas night.

PHLOTSAM and SALUD and others who were talking about Bad American Store Bread: I used to bake, but fresh bread is so blame tempting that I couldn't afford the luxury. Also we were getting fat. What I generally buy is "French" bread (Colombo's, Milani's, Larraburu's). The crust is hard and crunchy, unless it's pre-sliced and sealed in cellophane; even that way it's far better than "American" library-paste bread. All the big chain stores here carry it, beautiful unsliced bread in an open paper sack.

KLEIN BOTTLE "Nit Nit Nip" is such a perfect name for a Siamese cat that it justifies the existence of Rin Tin Tin.

#### AND NOW TO THE GLORIOUS

First of all, a group mailing-comment to the following:

F M Busby  
Elinor Busby  
Buck Coulson

Bill Evans  
Bill Donaho  
Dick Eney

Dan Mc Phail  
Jim Caughran

Reply to comments on WHAT MAD MICROCOSM. Buz, that "memorable last line" isn't a quotation; so far as I know, I made it up. Eney, the Renfields weren't "called in," they barged in when they heard of Resurgamine. Here's the complete list of sour-



can be used in WHAT MAD MICROCOSM:

What Mad Microcosm - What Mad Universe

Tom Swift and his . . . - Tom Swift series

Dreamdash - "5,271,009"

Resurgamine - Latin resurgam 'I will arise.'

The bat - The household pet of Dr. Dream, in the poem "Horror Movie"

Renfield - as noted before, a character in Dracula

R-radiation - "Optical Pumping," Scientific American, Sept '60

Rene Lafayette - pseud of L. Ron Hubbard

Arkenstone - The Hobbit

Riccoletti of the clubfoot and his abominable wife - "Musgrave Ritual"

Gezashtand, Zambor, Suncar, helmet with batlike wings, Mejrour

Garardona - De Camp's Krishna stories

Shandon - Silverlock

Sonia Lurlin - SS Matsonia, SS Lurline

Gollins - Silverlock

Voggle-Bug - Oz

"Challenge to the Reader" - Ellery Queen

"This idea" referred not to the story but to the challenge-to-the-reader.

Ngoboo for you - In preparing the cover, did you deliberately hunt up a postcard with a painting by Boucher?

Vandy - re Acres of Clams: The last-line you offer is from The Lord of the Rings.

Fzot Laws - Still another version of Murphy's Laws, but worked out in better detail than usual.

Salud - If the (correct) (original) spelling of your name is Eleanor, how about calling yourself Elanor? I've been sort of wishing someone in this world had that name.

Myself, I changed my whole name. I've only been Karen since I left Kentucky at the age of 16. \*\* You're probably right about my bush being a strawberry tree; it does look rather like manzanita, more like toyon. It's in a toyon hedge, in fact. I'll try the sugar-and-wine bit. Come to think of it, may-wine with its woodruff flavor should work out good with the fruit, too. \*\* Thanks for putting me onto Return to Night. A book by Renault I've enjoyed recently is The Last of the Wine, set in classical Athens. I think you might enjoy it. \*\* Also thanks for the Yeats quotes.

CELEPHAIS - The Eskimo-song came from a Danish songbook full of all kinds of goodies, from Gaudeamus Igitur to Goodnight Irene.

Melange - Att: Burbee. All that trouble to see Black Pirate! I saw it without getting out of bed.

Horizons - I don't know what my cause of wonder or curiosity; I didn't ask what your Latin meant. Because I could read it for myself. I like them, by the way; should have said so long ago. \*\* Radium in your thyroid? Are you sure it wasn't radioactive iodine? You seem to have had the test I took: concentration of a measured dose of iodine-131 in the thyroid, plus measurement of protein-bound iodine in a sample of blood. At present I'm taking 3 grains of thyroid daily. \*\* I enjoyed Gene De Weese's counterploys against door-to-door missionaries; but I have a simpler one. I just tell them I'm a Roman Catholic and Father Smith said I shouldn't talk to them. They can't argue with that. However, when we lived in Berkeley and kept winning free trial offers (all you need to do is answer the phone) of dancing lessons, I was always an Adventist or the like. There's a religion for everything.

Horizons - I think I recognized Charlie around the point where the 'likes little girls' and 'making up stories on a picnic' part came. But I'd never dreamed Dodgson had so much fanciful detail in his life. Those were magnificent fanzine titles, and the coincidence of "Rosebud" is too much!

A BCD Fanzine Primer c/w Sample:- Well, who did saw Courtney's BOAC? Besides that, 2-L is badly garbled and --R includes a character (111 110, or 76) not given in your list. Other than that,  
011001110001110000110110010001110000010110110100100110  
but don't do it again.

A Propos de Rien - Well, that's not exactly a quote from Methuselah's Children. What Lazarus Long actually said was, "where I went to school, they taught me to honor the flag, vote the straight party ticket, and to believe in the conservation of energy." I dropped the first bit and completed my own add with "--and never draw to an inside straight." Another thing I've worked up is a formulation of the basic laws of the universe:  $E=mc^2$ , entropy increases, and three of a kind beats two pair.

Lighthouse - Att: White. That must be a different Hydra Club from the one Paul and I attended a meeting of. Are you on another time track, Ted?

Secret Mythos - What ever made you think Dracula would live at Frankenstein? We always lived above Borgo Pass.

Descent - "Infinite riches in a little room." Just about impossible to comment on adequately. The following white space

is me being speechless.