

ALLIF

NO. 6/OP. VOLDESFAN 34



INTRODUCING

Allow me to present myself. My name is P. A. Kingsley.

Mrs. Anderson has taken what I consider to be unfair advantage of our friendship to have me edit this issue of ALIF. All her fannish energy, it appears, is at present devoted to a one-shot in honor of the late Henry Kuttner. I must admit that I think it's a good idea to put one out; I have agreed to write something for it myself; but still, at the same time ---!

"Belle dame sans merci," I told her, "what on earth would I put into an issue of ALIF?"

"There's plenty of material on hand," she said. "Here, take it. This poem by Brode --- take the letter from Boucher too, and run it as an introduction --- here's a cartoon on stencil that Poul did --- cover sketch --- burlesque-German article that Mrs. Warren gave me ---moh, and you can write up that story idea I told you."

"But ---"

"Take these Rotsler sketches, too, you can use them for filler material."

"I ---"

"And be sure to put this in, from Tony about his leave of absence."

What can a man do?

As requested, the information about Boucher's leave of absence:

There will be no change in policy; the reason is poor health and overwork; he will probably be back on the job in six months; "your prayers requested."

Robert Mills will edit for the time being. His intended assistant was Cyril Kornbluth, who as you may know died on March 21. No information as yet on a possible successor to Kornbluth.

DAS ELECTRONISCHEKALKULATENEN- MASCHINE

(The following excerpt --- transcribed from a tape recording by J. W. Granholm --- is from a lecture on electronic calculators by the well-known scientist and authority, Dr. Steuben von Hunger.)

Was ist das? Das ist das Electronischekalkulatenenmaschine. Was tut man mit den Electrinishekalkulatenenmaschine? Man will einen tough problem solven!

Erst --- wir will eine little Kard machen. See, here ist der rack mit die little Karden herein. Nun, taken sie out mit eine little Kard: red, yellow, blau, weiss, schwartz, manila, any verdammte color. Wir will dielittle Kard ins Keypunschen Maschine geputten --- so. Nun, poken mit das Finger die Keys heruber und Holes darin machen. Ja, ja, das ist fein --- fein --- nicht so fast! Dummkopf! See, du hast die little Kard full mit wrong Holes geschmiert! Es ist aufgeloused! Nun, Jahnflopps, taken sie out mit eine new little Kard. Putten ins Keypunschenmaschine --- poken die Keys das Finger damit -- fein, fein. Es ist alles O. K. !

Nun, wir will das electronischekalkulatenenmaschine approachen. Careful! Shaken nicht der Floor so gross! Steppen on Toe Tips yet! Willst du den Maschine scaren, already?

Nun, holden die little Kard ins Hand --- smile an die Face yet geschmiert! Showen das Maschine who wollen der Boss sein! Quickly die little Kard ins Hopper pfloppen und Lid down geslammen. Mit Nonchalance yet das "reset" Button puschen. Nun, . . ready, set, grin das Mschine hinuber und Confidance displayen. Look das Window hinaus und a little Tune whistlen. Mit "what der Hell" look an die Face pressen das "Load" Button. See --- die little Kard ist inside den Maschine gerunnen. Die Lights sind mit pretty Patterns geblinken. Die electrostatische Tubes sind mit green Scintillation geshceinen.

Was ist das? Das verdammte dividen check Light ist mit bright Red all over der Place gescheinen!

Start over, Dummkopf! Right this time machen sie!

Ja, ja, das ist much better. See, das verdammte dividen check Light ist nicht scheinen. Alles wird O. K. sein. Das Kalkulatenenmaschine ist like ein Top worken.

Was ist los here? Spinnen sie nicht das magnetische Tape so schnell! Blinken nicht das overflowische Light in mein Eyes yet! Stop das Printer answers all over Hell stampen out! Callen sie das Engineer heraus! Das Maschine hat all its verdammte Marbles gelost!

THE MAGAZINE OF *Fantasy and Science Fiction*

Mar 16 58

Dear Karen:

I have (I hope you'll agree) a beautiful present for you & Alif.

As you probably know, there's been a strong suspicion among fen & even pros that I am Anthony Brode. God knows why; I only wish I had half so much technique.

I told Brode about this; & with his last batch of verse he enclosed this, not for publication. I thought it much too good to blush unseen, & asked him if you might publish it; & he said he would "be perfectly happy" to have it appear in your zine.

Love,

Tony

(Agree? Tony, I adore you! And the same to you, Mr. Brode
-- KKA)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I'm shocked by your readers' refusal

To believe in another A. B.

Across the Atlantic: it must drive you frantic

To think they imagine you're me.

Perhaps you'll persuade your subscribers

That this exegetical ode

Was specially written for you by a Briton

Whose names, Sir, are *Anthony Brode*

"Well, yes, Bentley; but after all, we're here to collect butterflies."



CURRENCYLOCKS AND THE THREE BNF'S

by P. A. Kingsley and
Karen Anderson

Once upon a time there was a young femmefan with beautiful currency-colored hair, whose name was Currencylocks. She lived all alone in the trackless Forest of Crifanac.

One day Currencylocks went for a walk in the forest. By and by she came to a part of the forest which was unknown to her, and here she found a charming slan shack built of beer cans.

"What a charming slan shack!" she said to herself. "I wonder who lives in it."

She knocked, but no one answered; and since the door was unlocked, she went in to see who lived there.

Now, this was the home of three BNFs. And the first thing she saw was their prozine collections.

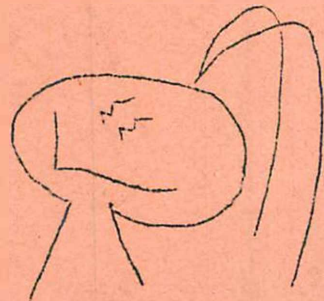
She looked at the biggest BNF's collection, and saw that it was a complete set of Gernsback Amazings in mint condition. She tried to read one, but it was too scientific, and besides not very well written, so she put it back.

Then she saw the middle-sized BNF's prozine collection, which was a complete, up-to-date file of Galaxy. She tried to read one of them, (it happened to be the issue with the first instalment of "The Stars My Destination") but it was too unscientific, even though it was fairly well written. So she put it back.

Finally she saw the smallest (but biggest-name) BNF's prozine collection, which was a complete, up-to-date file of F&SF. The first issue she looked at was so credible, and so very well written, that she sat down and read the whole collection at the rate of 5,271.009 words per minute.

When she had finished reading, she wanted something to drink, so she looked into the icebox.

First she saw the biggest BNF's akvavit, so she tried that; but it was too strong.



Next she saw the middle-sized BNF's sarsaparilla, so she tried that; but it was too weak, and besides she didn't like the scent.

Finally she saw the smallest (but biggest-name) BNF's nuclear fizzes, and they were so good that she drank them all.

"Whee!" said Currencylocks. "I'm going to put out a one-shot."

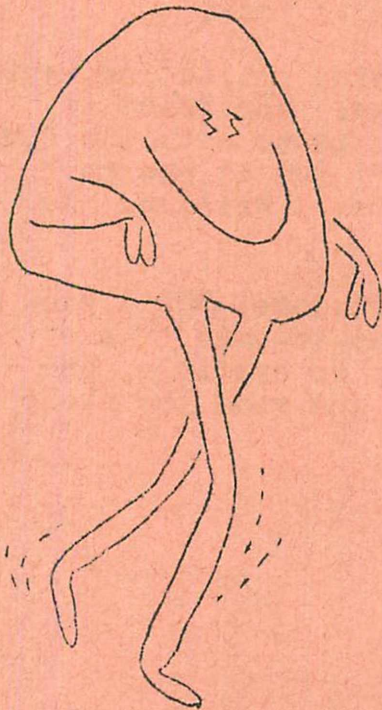
So she went in search of a duplicator.

First she found the biggest BNF's hand-set printing press. But it was too difficult.

Next she found the middle-sized BNF's hektograph, but it was too messy.

Finally she found the smallest (but biggest-name) BNF's electric mimeograph, and that was just right. So she cut a stack of stencils, typing at the rate of 5, 271.009 words per minute, and started to run them off.

Meanwhile, the three BNFs came back from their visit to the news-stand, where the smallest had bought the latest issue of F&SF, the middle-sized one the latest Galaxy, and the biggest, a Get Weal card for Hugo Gernsback.



"Somebody's been looking at my prozines," said the biggest BNF.

"Somebody's been looking at my prozines," said the middle-sized BNF.

"Somebody's been looking at my prozines, and got eye-tracks all over every one of them!" said the smallest (but biggest-name) BNF.

Then they saw the open icebox.

"Somebody's been drinking my ak-vavit," said the biggest BNF.

"Somebody's been drinking my sarsaparilla," said the middle-sized BNF.

"Somebody's been drinking my nuclear fizzes, and they drank them all!" said the smallest (but biggest-name) BNF.

Then they went into the duplicating x room.

"Somebody has pied my type," said the biggest BNF.

"Somebody has spilled my hekto jelly," said the middle-sized BNF.

"Somebody has been running my electric mimeograph," said the smallest (but biggest-name) BNF, "and she's still at it!"

"Who are you?" demanded the biggest BNF.

"My name is Currencylocks," she answered.

"Don't xx thry to pull that," sneered the middle-sized BNF. "Everybodyx knows Currencylocks is a man."

They were about to ylobber her, but the littlest (but biggest-name) BNF paralyzed them with a Poo. "Look at the one-shot," he said. "You can tell Currencylocks wrote it."

For a moment, awe paralyzed them even as the Poo had. This was the fabulous Currencylocks in person! But suddenly the middle-sized BNF had an idea.

"We would have taken the Best Fanzine category in the latest FAPA poll if it hadn't been for her," he said. "Let's ylobber her anyway, and we'll be sure to get it next time."

"I've got a better idea than that," said the biggest BNF. "We'll ylobber~~xx~~ her if she doesn't drop her own fanzines and appear only in Stardrive!"

"And if you agree, Currencylocks," said the smallest (but biggest-name) BNF shrewdly, "we'll give you all the Nuclear Fizzes you want."

"Whee!" said Currencylocks. "Let's put out a x one-shot."

THE

END

