

EN GARDE !

A FAPA PUBLICATION

WHOLE NUMBER XII.

Mephitically mimeed in a mad moment

By AL and ABBY LU ASHLEY of

25 Poplar, Battle Creek, Michigan.

DECEMBER, 1944, MAILING.

"The Mag With Complacent Components"



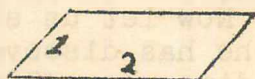
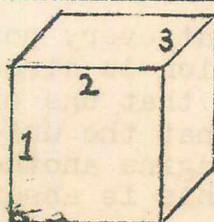
TIME AND THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE

(A Hypothesis by Charles R. Tanner)

For some fifteen years, a good deal of my philosophy of the material universe has been based on a hypothesis which, in itself, is based on a series of analogies. Now no one knows better than I that analogy is a treacherous thing; for there are no two things exactly alike in the universe, and just when you think your analogy is running along smoothly, you come to one of those places where the things you are comparing differ, and pouf! the two different things you are comparing are---two different things.

But---not being a mathematician by any means---I am at a loss to find a way to detect the errors in my hypothesis. Every way I have of checking it with my limited knowledge, it looks fine. So I'm presenting it to the readers with the hope that some of them will either disprove it entirely, or show me that it is probably right, so that I can shout it to the world. Briefly, here it is:

Inasmuch as no one can comprehend four dimensions, it will be necessary to eliminate one of our familiar ones---say thickness, so that we can discuss a four dimensional continuum understandably. To do this---we have recourse to the familiar Flatland analogy. Our own universe (our spatial or Euclidian universe) consists of three dimensions. The classic body to describe these dimensions is a cube which has length, width and thickness; and lines drawn along the direction of these dimensions are all at right angles to each other. Flatland has but two dimensions: length and width, each at right angles, but the dwellers of Flatland are totally unconscious of any third dimension. (See diagram) Many of you will have read



Perspective view of a three dimensional cube, with three dimensions at right angles to each other, and its Flatland equivalent, a two dimensional square with two dimensions at right angles to each other.

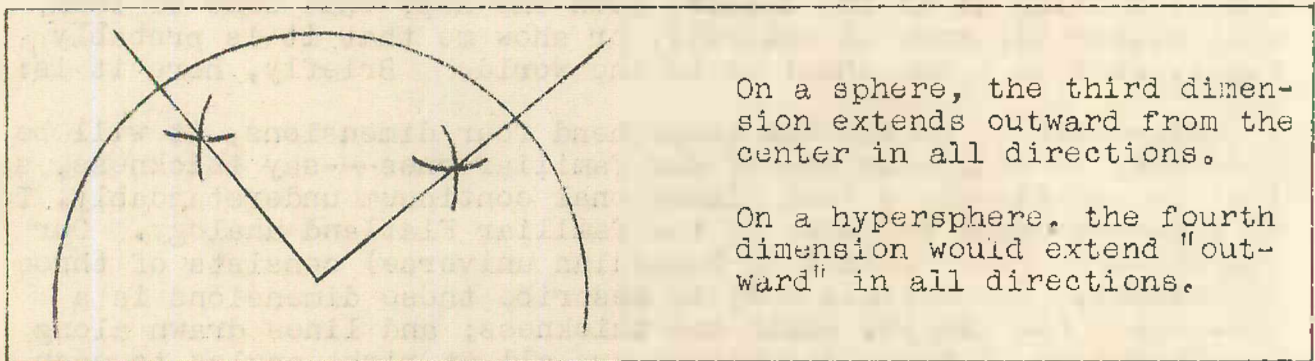
already of Flatland and remember the curious advantages that a three dimensional creature would have over the Flatlanders. I am not interested in my superiority over two dimensional creatures, however, but in something entirely different.

Einstein says that our space is curved in the fourth dimension, and gives many good reasons for our believing that it is. Then, would it not be reasonable, postulating Flatland, to curve their space also? Let's try it and see what happens.

Instead of a perfectly flat plane, extending to infinity in all directions, let's imagine our Flatland as curving downward at a regular sweep in all directions. Eventually, of course, all points will meet at some distant antipodes and we will have the surface of a sphere---a sphere which curves in that third dimension of which the Flatlanders are supposed to be ever unaware.

Now, at one point on the globe, a Flatland philosopher suddenly manages to comprehend the third dimension. Explaining it to his pupils, he draws a line on his paper and calls it length---the first dimension. He draws a line at right angles to it and calls it width---the second dimension. Now by the mysterious power which he has attained, he builds a third line---straight up from the other lines, and at right angles to them. "This, pupils," he states, "is the third dimension, the dimension to which we flatlanders have hitherto been totally ignorant---the dimension of thickness."

But---one-quarter of the way around the Flatland universe from the first philosopher, another has made the same discovery. He too, draws the two lines at right angles, he too draws the third dimensional line, and says that it is a line into the third dimension. But a glance at the diagram will show that these lines are, to a three dimensional intelligence, at right angles to each other!



Yet, both of the philosophers are right, and it must become evident at once that a dimension and a direction are very different things.

Now a moments thought will show the reader that at every point on that spherical Flatland universe, the third dimension is directly up from, or down from the surface. Now let us suppose that one of these philosophers announces that he has discovered that the universe is moving through the third dimension. I can imagine another philosopher chiding him for his absurd belief. "Why this is absurd,"

he says. "If every part of our universe, which you say is curved, were to move through the third dimension, they would all move outward from a common center, and our whole universe would expand constantly. Through a telescope, the more distant things would seem to be getting constantly farther away!"

And with that I end my analogy.

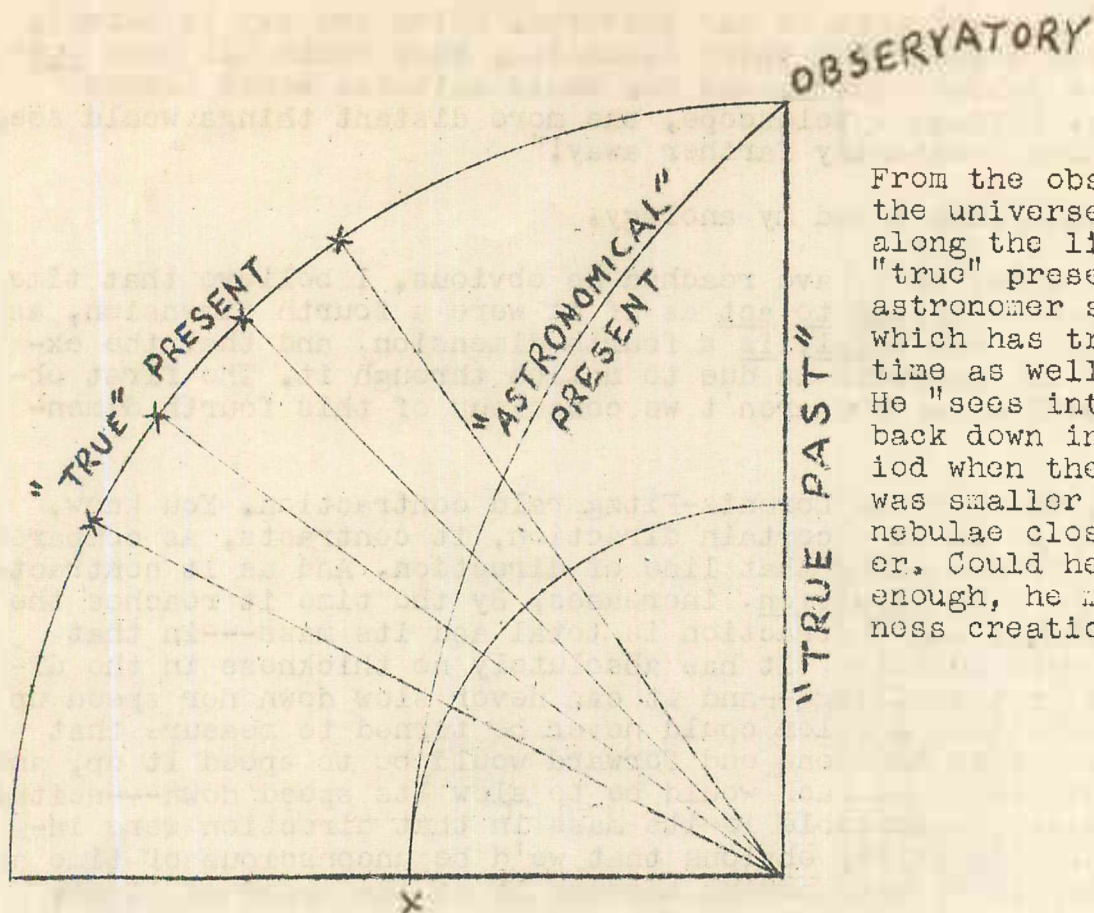
The conclusion I have reached is obvious. I believe that time does not merely appear to act as if it were a fourth dimension, as Einstein says, but really is a fourth dimension, and that the expansion of the universe is due to motion through it. The first obvious objection is: Why aren't we conscious of this fourth dimension?

Well, there's the Lorentz-Fitzgerald contraction. You know, when a body moves in a certain direction, it contracts, as compared with other bodies along that line of direction. And as it contracts, its mass, in that direction, increases. By the time it reaches the speed of light, its contraction is total and its mass---in that direction---is infinite. It has absolutely no thickness in the direction it is travelling---and it can never slow down nor speed up in that direction. A ruler could never be turned to measure that direction, for to turn one end forward would be to speed it up, and to draw the other end back would be to slow its speed down---neither of which would be possible if its mass in that direction were infinite. So, it's pretty obvious that we'd be unconscious of time as a dimension, if we were moving through it at the speed of light.

Here is our universe, then---an expanding sphere. The past goes down into the center of the sphere---the future extends out. The past goes down---down---toward the center. At the center is the moment of creation. And what happened the day before creation? It only takes a moment for the reader to realize that time can no more extend before the day of creation than that a man could dig down into the earth five thousand miles. If a time machine could sweep back into the past beyond the day of creation---it would be moving back toward the present---on the other side of the universe.

Now, lately, there has been noted a certain phenomenon that seems to bear out my hypothesis. A glance at the diagram, (page 4) will explain it pretty well, I think. An astronomer, looking at Alpha Centauri, sees it as it was 4.7 years ago, for it takes light that long to arrive here from that star. In other words, he does not see the star on the surface of the hypersphere that is our universe, but looks down into the past 4.7 years.

And an astronomer looking at one of the most distant nebulae, through the great Mt Wilson reflector, would see "down into" the hypersphere, and see the universe as it was 250,000,000 years ago. But 250,000,000 years ago, the universe was much smaller, and the nebulae were closer together. If my hypothesis is right, the nebulae ought to look closer and closer together, due to distance, but actually closer together, after due allowance is made for perspective.



From the observatory, the universe extends along the line of the "true" present. But an astronomer sees by light which has travelled in time as well as space. He "sees into the past", back down into a period when the universe was smaller and the nebulae closer together. Could he see far enough, he might witness creation!

Recently, this phenomena has been noticed and is yet unexplained.

Incidentally, the rate at which the universe seems to gather together postulates that at some point out in space, they would be absolutely in contact. This point would be about 1,860,000,000 light years away. Eddington, by an entirely different formula has already postulated this as the age of the universe.

((Editor's Note: Charles Tanner is very anxious to get the reactions of the FAPA members to this hypothesis. All members who make any comment upon this in future issues of their fapazines will oblige both Tanner and the editor if they send a copy of such issues to:

Charles R. Tanner,
2007E Sutter Avenue,
Cincinnati 25, Ohio.



FORGOTTEN FANTASIES

"ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. This New ELASTIC TRUSS has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the BALL in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure is certain."

.....The Argosy, May 4, 1889. (Adv.)

"TELEGRAPHING A PORTRAIT. Close upon the announcement that it will soon be possible to sign a check by telegraph comes the suggestion that certain experiments that have recently been made with telegraphic diagrams be reduced to practical conditions so as to admit, for instance, of cabling the photograph of an absconding criminal across the ocean.

It seems that already some of the European nations, in their unceasing efforts to perfect themselves in all possible military aids, have hit upon a method of transmitting maps, plans of fortifications, and even the likenesses of their officers by a system of signal flags.

An engraved photograph of a colonel commanding a certain body of troops was signaled in this way to a distant point by the use of 700 words, or groups of words, and although the officer receiving the message did not know whose likeness was to be sent, he recognized it without trouble as soon as the charting was completed."

.....The Golden Argosy, Aug. 20, 1887.

(Editorial page.)

"WIZARD HAT RACK 10¢. Hang your hat on window, mirror, car-ceiling, theatre seat, or church pew. Makes every one smile and wonder."

.....The Argosy, May 4, 1889. (Adv.)

"THREE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR! That is the rate at which the letters written in the near future may pass from point to point in our big country. ((How prophetic---in an oblique fashion)) Alas, that the writers of these must be debarred from being whizzed along on their travels at the same royal speed!

This possible new mail carrier is intended for letters and packages only, as will be inferred when we state that the cars, of which there are two in a train, are to be two feet square. The road is to be built in a pneumatic tube, the ubiquitous electricity to furnish the motive power. An experimental line has been constructed, we understand, in the neighborhood of Baltimore, and if it should work successfully, the telegraph and telephone will find no mean rival in Uncle Sam's mail sacks.

* * * * *

"Of course such a service will be a source of great curiosity when first introduced, but it can scarcely be expected to awaken the same feelings that prevailed among contemporaries in the early days of the railroad.

Concerning this period, we read, for instance,

that the Royal College of Physicians in Bavaria, being appealed to by the government in regard to the matter, reported that "locomotion by means of steam engines ought to be prohibited in the interests of the public health." As reasons for this they went on to state that the extremely rapid movement was liable to affect travelers with a terrible brain disease styled delerium furiosum, while the mere spectacle of a locomotive going at full speed would produce a like dread result in the beholder. In view of these facts, therefore, these wise doctors gravely recommended that all railways should be boarded in on both sides for their entire length, by a fence not less than ten feet high.

* * * * *

Speaking of railroads, a certain professor has been investigating the possibilities of the highest rate of speed attainable on them. According to his theory there are three limits to as many different degrees of speed, a physical, an operating, and a commercial limit.

The first he places at eighty miles an hour, as a higher rate than this would, he calculates, make it impossible for the train to keep the rails; the second is scaled down to sixty miles, beyond which he declares it is hazardous to life to run; and the third, one of thirty miles an hour, which, looked at from all sides, is a speed which is the most profitable to the companies to average.

From this it will be seen that it will probably be our readers' children's children who will be able to take the place of the letter bags and travel at three hundred miles an hour as described above."

.....The Argosy, May 4, 1889. (Editorial page)

"A LONDON JOURNAL prints a list of remarkable escapes, including the restoration to a whole of the man who was cut almost in half by the blade of a scythe ((mow 'em down)), and the undisturbed equanimity with which an official of St. Paul's Cathedral fell to the bottom of a well ninety feet deep ((He floats thru the air with...)). Oddest of all, perhaps, is the case of a colonel who served under the Duke of Cumberland, who was a great sufferer from asthma. During a battle he was struck by a ball ((and took his base, crowding in the winning run)) which passed completely through his lungs. It not only did not kill him, but on the contrary was the means of ridding him of his asthma, and so restoring him to perfect health ((doubtless permitted the scrofula to escape)).

.....The Golden Argosy, August 20, 1887.

(Editorial page)

"FACIAL BLEMISHES. The Largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth ((?)). Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Scars, Fittings, Facial Development, etc. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap!" ((Italics ours))

.....The Argosy, May 4, 1889. (Adv.)

((Are you afflicted with "Facial Development"? Does your physiognomy grow on you? Wash it away with Woodbury's Facial Soap! The most stubborn accretions yield to this Miracle Remedy. Make "Woodbury's" a Morning Habit, and stunt that Facial Development!))

".....with jaundiced eye."

FANTASY FICTION FIELD PRESENTS: Worthwhile, interesting, and very much appreciated. Stuff of this sort is always a joy to the collector. Tooker certainly seems to have some definite sociological ideas.

JANUS: Too bad the mimeography proved so troublesome. It looked like it might have been interesting if we could have read it. Better luck next time.

BROWSING #7: Strange that out of the nineteen books you reviewed, I have exactly none of them in my collection. Apparently I have something to look forward to. Remarks on Slans very interesting and well put. Idea that of all groups with such special characteristics, only fans attempt to see where they're going, was most intriguing. Anent your watch troubles--did you ever try carrying an alarm clock. Being more ruggedly built, it might bear up under the strain. That's alright. Ce n'est rien. One merely likes to be helpful.

BROWSING #8: Lordy. This issue reviews sixteen more books I don't have. This is getting "sirius". Williams' pic on back page is excellent.

BY AN ANONYMOUS CIVILIAN: Breezily entertaining comment. What more can one say?

THE MAD MUSE: A neat publication. Particularly liked The Werewolf, The Dreamer, Mermaid, and The Mad Muse.

FANTASY COMMENTATOR #2: Very much like the page-to-a-book reviews, and hope you keep them up. May attempt to add to the project one of these days if possible. There is no doubt that your reckless assumption of authority to solve this obscenity question singlehanded is going to get jumped on plenty in this mailing. Obviously, you've been guilty of letting yourself be dominated by your emotions---even as you accuse others of doing on the racial question. But we're all prone to such recklessness occasionally. Unless you were to actually go through with your announced intention, I see no need to get downright violent about it.

FANTASY COMMENTATOR #3: Bibliography and other stuff on Hodgson was very welcome. Page of photos a welcome surprise. "Forgotten Classics" naturally interesting to one who has read the pros "from the beginning".

SARDONYX: Article on The World of JBS was unusual and thought-provoking. I've sometimes wished Nature had been more foresighted and provided us with some sort of "auditory eyelid" so that we might enter or leave that world of sound at will. You seem to "have something there" on that multiple time theory. Chief complaint about your new review system is the bother of looking up the listing in the previous FA. If you used the name of the mag, shortened even to initials where feasible, it would be much better.

Ethical code for fandom seems to cover things very nicely. Good job of summing up. Buck's contribution certainly seems to convey his impressions of FAPA in quaint but adequate fashion. All in all, an exceptionally interesting issue.

BANSHEE #5: Best report of the Eastercon I've seen. A platinum-plated spaceship to Millard for a good job. I've an idea Spence's satire is too true to be quite so funny as one might first suppose. The Speer Poll was thoroughly interesting (naturally) and even amazing in spots. The innovation of three---three, count 'em---review columns was droolsome. Despite the impatience of some members with such reviews, I personally consider them one of the most interesting parts of the mailing. What could be more fascinating than gaining an insight into the thoughts and mental reactions of others. It's just like mental telepathy---and surely that is right up the lover of fantasy's alley!

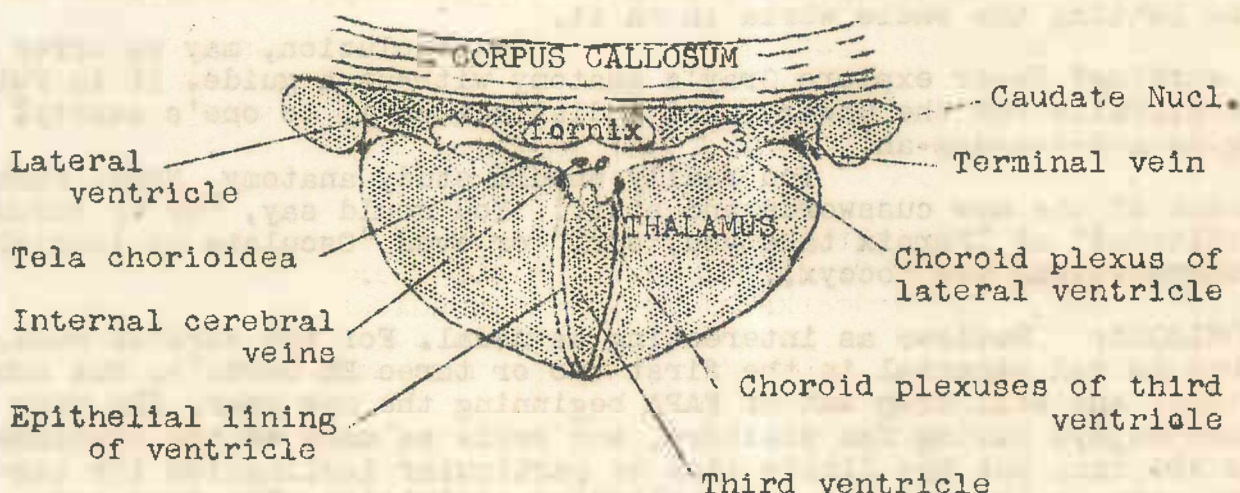
A ROUZINE: Another first. Welcome! And may future issues be larger. Kuttner story a lovely short short. On the whole, I'm coming to look on this type of fan fiction as the only type acceptable for fanzine publication. Apparently very few fans bother to read the longer fiction.

THE NUCLEUS: This is the only really personal fanzine in FAPA. Don't ever change it, Trudy. It has a unique charm that would be muchly missed. Your remarks on my ideas on unions were interesting and deserve a reply. But you have brought in too many other angles. The discussion has now grown far past the mere matter of unions, so you'll find that reply in a separate article in this issue (Ghu willing). By all means don't forget your promise to pay Slan Center a visit.

FAPA VARIETY: Sorry. Not interested in a copy of the second Amazing Annual. I already have a copy in even better condition. It's never even been unwrapped. Also have autographed copy of Weinbaum Memorial volume now. But never mind who autographed it. Shame on you for dropping back to a single-sheeter. Why not slacken up on the rosebud, and let Variety blossom forth again like a rose, bud?

FAN-TODS: A clever cover, Norm. 10,000 Years is still riding the crest, and Revista remains one of the very few top review columns. Chauvenet's Riposte was interesting. Somehow it reminds me of a little speculation Wiedenbeck and I indulged in recently. We got to wondering just what the so-called ego consists of. I shall not attempt to lead you along the tortuous paths our reasoning followed. Suffice it that we concluded that sensory impulses arrived in the brain in the form of electrical impulses, and were recorded on the memory cells. Then when one wished to indulge in a spot of thinking, the desire to do so released chemicals which stimulated these cells to electrical output in proportion to their capacity. Electrical impulses then flowed to other cells over those paths which were sufficiently conductive from frequency of use (somewhat analogous to the coherer). Thus association came about. And the fields generated by these many hook-ups become what we call ideas and concepts. The ego then became the over-all field effect of the whole cerebrum. About this time we sensed a need for some organ capable of sensing

these fields. Whereupon the time seemed appropriate to did out the Gray's Anatomy and see if we could find out what really did go on within the brain. (Doubtless some of our harsher critics may think us amazingly tardy in arriving at this latter conclusion.) Well, frankly gentlefen, our lovely little idea was forced to undergo certain revisions. In fact, to be brutally frank, we pretended we'd never even met said idea. Of course there was much in Mr. Gray's epic tome that we never fully grasped. Further study in certain more obscure phases of the subject was clearly indicated. But I might attempt to pass on the gist of what we did learn. In our first search for a field-sensitive organ, we didn't mess for long with the mesencephalon. Instead we plunged right into the heart of things and investigated the diencephalon. The illustration below seemed to offer some encouragement. Humans being what they are, the



desired organ should, it seemed, be located near the thalamus. However, we soon perceived our error and proceeded to the telencephalon. From there our studies naturally lead to the basal ganglia. Here we quickly learned the significance of the differentiation between efferent and afferent fibers which unite the cortex with the lower parts of the brain and with the medulla spinalis, passing through the corona radiata to the internal capsule. An investigation of association fibers showed them to be divided into two kinds; short association fibers connecting adjacent gyri, and the longer ones connecting more distant parts. The long fibers include the following: uncinate fasciculus; cingulum; superior longitudinal fasciculus; inferior longitudinal fasciculus; perpendicular fasciculus; occipito-frontal fasciculus; and the fornix. A description of the cingulum might be of interest at this point. It is a band of white matter contained within the cingulate gyrus. Beginning at the front of the anterior perforated substance, it passes forward and upward parallel with the rostrum, winds around the genu, runs backward above the corpus callosum, turns around the splenium, and ends in the hippocampal gyrus. Doubtless all of this sounds confusing, but with the multiplicity of charts and maps provided in friend Gray's exhaustive treatise, it was not difficult to trace the cingulum's route. We wound up our excursion into the cerebral realms with an investigation into several types of cerebral cortex. Here the visuopsychic and auditopsychic areas proved important. The parietal

area constitutes one of the large association areas of the hemisphere. Histologically, it is characterized by the absence of large elements from the inner and outer layers of large pyramidal cells and by the breadth of the inner band of Baillarger. However, it was the Insular Area that finally proved significant. This area comprises the whole of the insula. Histologically, two types of cortex are recognizable. The structure of the cortex of the long gyri shows many points of resemblance to that of the temporal area, whereas the cortex of the short gyri is more closely allied to the cortex of the hippocampal gyrus. The functions of this cortical area are quite unknown. Ah! It should be immediately obvious to any fan that proper stimulation of this area will cause the long gyri to grow even longer, wriggle their way to the frontal bone, eventually penetrate it, and become slan tendrils! Headline news, is it not? But let's be cautious. Let's keep this discovery to ourselves. No use letting the whole world in on it.

In conclusion, may we offer a warning? Never explore Gray's Anatomy without a guide. It is full of pitfalls for the unwary, and a distinct peril to one's sanity! Ng-ga-a-a-a-a-a-ah!

You really should study anatomy, Norm. Just think of the new cusswords and stuff! You could say, "By my corpus callosum!" or "Fornix take you, sir!" or even "Osculate my ischial tuberosities, you coccyx!"

HORIZONS: Reviews as interesting as usual. For the curious ones, Abby Lu had material in the first two or three En Garde's, but none since, and will drop out of FAPA beginning the new year. She very much enjoys having fan visitors, and reads as many of the fanzines as she can, but has little time or particular inclination for taking part in the writing and publishing activities. She does contribute a lot, however, in keeping the address file up to date and in addressing most of the envelopes for mailing fanzines from here. "In Praise of Efficiency" made me very sad. It reminded me of the mess I shall have to reorder one of these days. It isn't so much the lack of space for more that will motivate me, but the tons and tons of stuff I have to sort through to find anything I'm looking for. Alas! The tribulations of fanning!

SAPPHO: In the second line of the editorial, you mention "cork-likker". I've heard of people becoming inebriated from smelling the cork, and wonder if there is any connection? Format of mag is excellent, and the artwork exceptional. That multi-color thing was most intriguing. No comment on the poetry.

EN GARDE: No comment.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: Walt is maintaining a very neat format. Book chatter is quite interesting as usual. The slams at me become meaningless when one considers the biased source.

A TALE OF THE 'EVANS: A nice issue, but nothing calling forth any particular comment.

LIGHT: The Light Beyond explains something that's been bothering me---why you continue to publish Light. Now it becomes clear that to cease would probably be the same as bumping off Ted with your own

hands. Gibson's pun-fest leaves me practically speechless. I can barely manage, "My ghod!" Quite an issue, all in all.

ELMURMURINGS: Utterly entertaining. Kinda liked Poetry Dept. Can't answer your questions. No further comment.

CALIBAN: Interesting. Incidentally, yiktaps!

ANIDEA: Helpful no end. That good ol' postwar planning!

CUSHLAMOCHREE: I use the "Peek andPoke" method of typing, myself.

PARADOX: Tucker (TTD) is nuts on this liquidating grampa business. We have done what he declares is impossible---and can prove it! Our grampa is dead! The finality of that fact obviously leaves no room for doubt. Liked Song Of The Time Travellers.

"STAR BOUND" BOOKMARK: Now if somebody would just distribute some ashtrays through the Mailing!

THE F.A.P.A. FAN: No comment.

AGENBITE OF INWIT: Page numbering this issue is the weirdest thing ever. If done purposely---why? If not---how, for ghod's sake? Trigger Talk moves along in its sanguine fashion and continues to entertain.

GUTETO: Nobody can kick about this issue, methinks.

ADAM SINGLESHEET: Wonder how many Fancyclopedias are left by now?

TWILIGHT ECHOES: Nice to hear from you again Joe. It is really surprising how many GI FAPA members manage to keep active.

MILTY'S MAG: They sure are hell-bent to make a Christian out of you, Milty. Next time, why don't you tell 'em you've talked with Tucker---actually and literally? Don't feel MM passes unnoticed in the huge mass of present FAPA publications. I have been delighted over the fact that it presents the most vivid and entertaining picture of a fan in the army that I've yet seen.

THE PANTY RAISER: Did it raise the panties?

FAN-DANGO: Especially fine review column this time. I can understand your feeling that the diet at Slanshack sounds LOATHESOME. It get me just to watch the rest of them eat it. You ask, "What does Liebscher eat"? Well, he's fond of jello, and the other day I overheard part of a conversation between him and Abby Lu. From that I suspect she makes his jello out of PLASMA! Draw your own conclusions. Aside from that he lives mostly on fodder, macaroni, and whipsa-crim. EEE subsists almost entirely on meat, anything else being purely incidental. Jack wades into what's set before him after the manner of a steamshovel. But he particularly likes beans---morning, noon, nite, and between meals. Also, he refuses to eat bread unless it is heaped--literally heaped--with jelly or jam. Furthermore, he plasters catsup over nearly everything. I've even seen him drown his pie in it! Weird,

isn't it? And rather horrible! Now take me. I enjoy meat in moderation, vegetables in variety, a small spot of salad (not too often), and maybe a bit of dessert. Naturally I don't care for turnips or squash---who could? But I eat sugar on my tomatoes or cottage cheese as any sane person should; and turn away in revulsion when Walt and EEE start quarreling over who gets the chickens sundry organs. You see I'm civilized enough to know the white meat is all that's fit to eat. Yes, I can sympathize with your feelings about the Slanshack diet.

BEYOND: A lovely, lovely cover!!! Liked The Improbable Ones and Spawn Of The Gods best. Good artwork throughout, too. Keep it coming.

YHOS: Peril At Pentagon was the highlight of the issue. Poll results very interesting. Cover excellent. But "Shortype", and consequently the rest of the issue, defeated me. I managed to struggle through it after a fashion---and that's all. With all due respect for the effort you doubtless put into this, such things as giving "1" the "eh" sound, and your arbitrary abbreviations make the whole business utterly confusing. You may save 25% in space and typing time, but it is at the expense of a 1000% loss in reading time. Jack Wiedenbeck and I sat down to see if we could accomplish your aim in some more logical fashion. We very soon reached the unescapable conclusion that one couldn't even hope to succeed without first making a complete analysis and classification of the entire language. That latter is something I, for one, don't care to tackle.

BANSHEE #6: Swansong Of The Spence about the funniest fanvisit report I've read yet. Maybe I'm prejudiced in this case, but Paul's entertaining style and manner of expression hit me just right. Thunder From Atlas thoroughly enjoyed. But I foresee trouble if any effort is made to set quality up as a membership criterion. You cannot avoid the fact that quality in fan writing (or art) is strictly a matter of opinion, with opinions widely divergent.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: An intriguing cover. Good going, Art. As for the mag itself, Shaw is to be commended. A large and interesting issue, nicely mimeoed.

SPECIAL FAPA BALLOT: Pf-foo-o-oie!

REVIEWS OF THE BASTARD MAILING OF DECEMBER, 1944.

TAG-LINE MUSINGS: This is mostly either over or under our head. Lack of comment is quite clearly indicated.

STAR-BOUND: A beautiful little volume, anyway.

ZIZZLE-POP: It is gratifying that the N.Y. Bar upholds my ruling on the Degler ouster matter. Your suggestion for fining those who fail to vote sounds interesting, but I wish to think it over more before committing myself.

ADULUX BESKAN: Noted.

FANTASY COMMENTATOR: This is a mag to be carefully preserved. Bill Evans' list of fantasy in Blue Book was more than welcome, and I am downright grateful for Ladd's checklist of Haggard. A very worthwhile contribution this issue makes.

THE PHANTAGRAPH: 12-1: We'll look forward to that fifteenth anniversary issue.

THE PHANTAGRAPH 12-2: The Haunted Parlor is undoubtedly a gem. One can just imagine the orgy of gibbering horror that bearskin rug experienced nightly.

McSNOYD'S BULLETIN: No comment.

TWILIGHT ECHOES: Interesting. Reviews were too brief and too few, though. Glad you liked Forgotten Fantasies. I'll try to dig them up as long as they're appreciated.

FAN-DANGO: Youd's article really hit the jackpot. Now if his imagination is up to the job, what a thrilling sequel he could concoct. By the way, how did NOVA get into the last mailing? I see you have reviewed it. No, I'm not one of Hearst's deluded victims. I read the Detroit Free Press which is recognized the country over as one of the most unbiased newspapers printed. I hope to write an article one of these days. Maybe that way I can better clarify the reasons behind my stand on various things and resolve some of your puzzlement.

MILTY'S MAG: It is a good thing to have dreams shattered, and an even better thing to realize the fact. And once equilibrium has actually been reached, there is a certain inertia that discourages its future disturbance. The personal knowledge that equilibrium can be reached does much to banish fear, and coupled with a ready willingness to adapt to any new factors that may arise it can completely eliminate it. What things are not possible once fear and uncertainty cease to be millstones about one's neck?

FAPA VARIETY: I'll get even for your unkind cracks about me and review this issue thusly: NO COMMENT. So there!

BROWSING #9: Interesting, welcome, and valuable as your book reviews always are, Youd's "Rubaiyat" takes top honors (pardon, Honours) this issue. It was remarkably good, and I got the biggest kick out of it that I've got from anything for a long time. So frequently it is brought home to me how much I've missed because I entered Fandom as late as I did. Cover pic very good.

"THE FANTASY AMATEUR": Widner's cover is really something! My opinion of Art's artistic abilities grows by leaps and bounds.

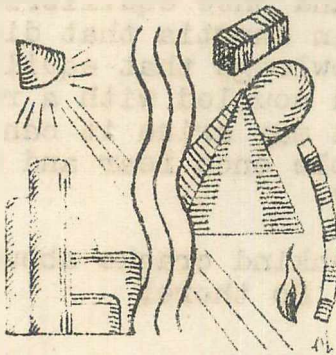
DOCTOR ASHLEY AND MR LOWNDES: A source of great delight. Thoroughly enjoyed this little publication. In order that others may equally appreciate some of its choicer bits, I shall endeavor to point them out elsewhere than in this already too long review column.

DEBRIS DEPARTMENT

Sergeant Al Glassen of New York City, now stationed at nearby Kellogg Air Base where Walt Liebscher works, is a frequent visitor at Slanshack. On a recent visit I entertained him by showing my collection of rock and mineral specimens. He seemed to be quite interested in it all, but grew quite puzzled over one colorless, transparent specimen, and my informing him that it was known as "Halite" didn't seem to help. I then suggested that he taste it, and he did. His face lighted up. "Salt," he announced. "That's right," I said, "Rock Salt, and it came from mines in Germany." "Ah," replied the Sergeant, "now I can tell everybody that I licked Germany all by myself!"

A little later I showed him a small single crystal of quartz. Thereupon Glassen opined that it didn't seem quite large enough to be classed among the "quartzs"---that a "fifth" might be more accurate.

Even mineral collecting can be a lot of fun when viewed properly.



URGEWARD FORCES is the title of this latest of that sensation in art circles, Al.

Notice the subtle imbalance of composition, and how oddly it conveys the sense of unescapable pressure forcing the urge toward its eventual ultimate. Also worthy of attention is the delicate portrayal of the carefully measured dissonance of line and shade, indicative of temporal varience, and the accompanying suggestion of the future superimposed upon the fluid past.

A recently acquired book on "Modern Rules Of Poker" has this to say:

"While the standard games of Draw, Poker and Stud are most popular with old time players, the modern game with high-low and the many wild games has made Poker more popular for amusement at a small cost." (underlining ours)

Hmmmm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m!

BUFFALO SHUFFLE-O

by Al Ashley

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear---just the day for a trip. So we all tripped merrily to work. Came evening, and we all tripped wearily back home. After dinner we tripped hurriedly all over the place, changing clothes, packing suitcases, and pouring over timetables (sloppy, wasn't it?). The train was due to leave at eleven sixteen P.M. It did, and we did.

The train was jammed. Walt Liebscher and Dalvan Coger managed to get a seat, and Abby Lu found half a one across the aisle from them. I ended up stuck with another half seat in the smoking room. But Abby Lu soon fixed that. Somehow she conveyed to the guy sharing her seat the idea that we were newly married, and on our way to Niagara Falls for a honeymoon. He got sentimental about it and offered to change seats with me so we could be together.

Ollie Saari was to come by bus from Flint, Michigan, and board our train at Detroit. Arriving there, we watched frantically for Ollie, but finally the train pulled out without any sign of him. Dalvan decided that he might have boarded a coach somewhere behind us, and started out to search for him. We were entering Canada by that time, and the train was crawling with Customs Inspectors. As it annoyed them to have people roaming about while they were performing their duties, they told Dalvan to sit down and stay put. Such treatment brought his commando training to the fore, and when I arrived looking for him, he was happily tossing Customs men out the windows. Ollie sat nearby applauding. We hurried back to our car, and when the Customs men came through looking for Dalvan, he was up on the luggage rack making like a briefcase, so they overlooked him.

After awhile, Ollie and I started a little two-handed poker game. Dalvan kept score. Somehow I soon owed Ollie three dollars, whereupon I began getting very sleepy, so we quit. After that, I got over being sleepy.

We got to Buffalo at eight in the morning, and Ken Krueger was at the station to meet us. Arriving at his house after an involved bus and streetcar ride, we burst into the kitchen to find Ken's two utterly charming sisters, Gladys and Clara. With gleeful whoops, all the male fen made a rush to kiss Gladys hello. Ken and his scottie dog got trampled in the rush, but managed to survive it. Gladys survived too, and soon had a wonderful breakfast on the table for us. After breakfast, with gleeful whoops, all the male fen made a rush to kiss Clara, but she had left the house a little while before, which was very disconcerting, so we headed for town and the bookstores.

Ken assured us it was only a couple blocks to the nearest bookstore. After walking several miles, we reached it. We stood looking in the window and drooling, but didn't go in. It seems that Buffalo merchants have weird ideas about when stores should be opened. We kept trying one store after another. Finally we found one that had condescended to open, and picked up several good buys. Later we

found a department store rental library. We talked them into parting with several choice items for a reasonable sum, a thing Ken apparently didn't know could be done, and finally headed back to the house.

Reaching Ken's place, we gleefully whooped and made a rush to kiss Gladys. Ken got stepped on a couple times in the scramble, but pretended he didn't mind (always the perfect host). So we had dinner.

After eating, everybody decided a trip to Niagara Falls was in order. Gladys agreed to accompany us, at which we gleefully whooped, But she ducked before it could go any farther.

It took about an hour to get to the Falls from Buffalo. We stood in gaping awe when we got our first look at that tremendous volume of water crashing down onto those rocks so far below. Although we managed to quit gaping after a time, the awe never deserted us, no matter how long and how often we looked.

Bye and bye we decided to cross over to the Canadian side and investigate the formal gardens over there. There is a toll bridge one may use, and we headed for that. Here we encountered Customs again. They ask everybody where they were born. The rest of us got past without any trouble, but Ollie foolishly told the truth and informed them he was born in Finland. As he'd forgotten to bring his papers with him, quite an argument ensued. The Customs man fired questions at him like a machine gun, but Ollie fired answers right back so fast that pretty soon he was two up on the Customs man. This so confused the guy that he let Ollie go.

The formal gardens were beautiful, and the views of the Falls quite thrilling. Finally we wandered down a couple hundred feet to the Niagara River, planning to cross on the Maid o' the Mist rather than walk back. Naturally we discovered that it had just made its last trip for the day. So we walked, and walked, and walked.

Back on the American side we strolled along by the rapids, and marveled at the small tree growing out in the midst of that roaring torrent. We crossed over to Goat Island. Here we found a nice place about a hundred feet from the brink of the falls where we could get right down by the water. We all took off our shoes and stockings and dangled our feet in the rapids, reveling in the cooling, shrinking effect it had on our swollen pedal extremities. We watched the Falls some more, and took innumerable pictures. Somebody suggested we should make a sacrifice to the Spirit of the Falls, and toss someone in at the brink. With one accord, everyone looked at Ken, but he appeared so frightened we compromised by tossing some pennies instead. Then the male fen whooped gleefully, and made a rush to kiss Gladys. Ken's korns got tromped on in the rush, but he forgave us, so we headed for the bus back to Buffalo.

We had supper at a beer-garden cafe. Some of the less enlightened had spaghetti, but the rest of us enjoyed fish and the well-known Buffalo chips. Walt found a piano while we were waiting for our orders. He proceeded to bang out boogie, successfully drowning out the juke box in the next room. Finally midnight crept upon us.

Ken, Walt, Dalvan, Ollie and I set out in a taxi for the railroad station to meet Ollie's girl-friend, Fran, from Flint, Michigan; Don and Elsie Wollheim, and damon knight from New York City; and Larry Shaw of points East. The new arrivals were tired from traveling and in need of refreshment. A discussion was held to consider our next move, whereupon Ken Krueger produced a peice of paper, and sprawling prone upon the station floor, proceeded to draw mysterious diagrams. The rest of us sat upon luggage or squatted around him, filled with wonderment and curiosity. Ken eventually relieved our puzzlement. Faced with more attendees at his convention than he'd anticipated, he was trying to figure out where everybody could sleep. As it turned out, Ken's house simply refused to stretch sufficiently to enfold the whole gang, and it became necessary to press several hotel rooms into use.

The next morning, early, Everett Evans and Frqnk Robinson hove on the scene. We all gathered at Ken's for breakfast and found Gladys in the midst of preparing it. This time an augmented group of male fen whooped with glee and jumped to greet her good morning in our own inimitable fashion; but by means of skillful footwork, Gladys left us entwined about a kitchen chair. This was very discomfiting to all the male fen.

The morning was spent mostly in fan-gab. In the afternoon we all took off for the Falls again. One makes the trip by bus, and there is one feature of the journey quite worthy of note. Nearing the town of Niagara Falls, one encounters a positive olfactory sensation! There are a number of chemical factories located here, and as might be expected in these times, many are engaged in the production of war gases.

First, we encountered the "green corn" or "musty hay" smell of Phosgene. It seemed not unpleasant to begin with, but opinions changed rapidly, and fan faces commenced to grow purple from attempts at breath-holding. Then we came to the "horseradish" aroma of Mustard Gas. This was too much for damon knight who promptly made an artistic dive for the floor of the bus. Either being very susceptible to suggestion, also affected, or thinking someone had dropped a quarter, Everett Evans and Ken Krueger dived on top of him, and after floundering about for a few minutes, all three of them lay still. Next on the agenda was the "sour fruit" effluvium of Brombenzylcyanide which left Larry Shaw and Frqnk Robinson without further interest in things. When we reached the "burning match" of Sulphur Trioxide, Ollie Saari half rose from his seat and muttered, "Palava punanen perkele!" Then he and Fran quietly collapsed into a limp clinch. After that we passed through a florist shop, and for a moment or two the odeur of "apple blossoms" held sway. Whispering ecstatically about lovely flowers, Abby Lu subsided in her seat, a victim of Chloracetophenone. Following the apple blossoms, came the less pleasant "geranium" smell of Lewisite which finally got Don and Elsie Wollheim. Don barely had time to mumble, "Viva GhuGhu!" before his fate overtook him. The "flypaper" odor of Chlorpicrin did Walt Liebscher in. This may or may not be significant.

During all this, Dalvan Coger and I sat blissfully sniffing, classifying and discussing the various smells, and fiendishly enjoy-

ing the disaster creeping over the rest of the gang. Then came the biting odor of either Bromine or Nitrogen Dioxide. Dalvan coughed a little, and grinned weakly. But the rest were spared the culmination of our weird experience. It finished off with an especially deep strata of some utterly undescribable effluvium that finally finished Dalvan and me off.

We had reached the Falls when we all came to, and the clean-washed air that greeted us was a joy to our tortured lungs. Flapping our nostrils avidly, we set about our sightseeing.

Crossing over to the Canadian side again, we split into two parties. Don, Elsie, Larry, Ken and I set out for the town of Niagara Falls, Canada, to do some book hunting. After asking directions of the natives, we set out walking. This proved to be a mistake, but we finally arrived, footsore and weary. Here we discovered the remarkable fact that, like Gaul, the town is divided into three parts. With the unerring instincts of true Slans, we had picked the wrong part. The part we were seeking was back the way we had come, and about the same distance the other side of our starting point. We found a streetcar that would take us where we wanted to be, and thankfully boarded it. We were fortunate in finding quite a number of choice books, but our mistake made us somewhat late for the rendezvous with the rest of the gang, and it was time to leave when we finally made contact.

Coming through Customs back to the good old USA, we had a little trouble over the bundles of books. I was in the lead and had the largest bundle. Carefully deprecating the value of the books, I convinced the Customs man they should go through duty free. As the rest of the bundles were smaller, he waved the others on too. But when Larry, who was carrying a bundle of my books for me, reached him, he innocently held up the bundle, pointed to me, and said, "These belong to him!" That did it. The Customs man said, "Wait-t-t-t a minute, there! What are you trying to pull here?" I started talking like a good fellow, wobbling my arms about for emphasis. He finally gave in and motioned us on again, although rather reluctantly, it seemed.

Then Ollie reached the Customs man. This time he was armed with his Naturalization Papers, and quite confident as he announced his Finnish origin. Nevertheless, the man insisted on asking a lot of questions. He wanted to know who was Ollie's papa, his grandpapa, his mother's half-sister, where Finland was, what Ollie was, and why? It was the latter two that stumped Ollie, so we finally had to rescue him by force---but the fewer details about that sanguine scene, the better.

Back in Buffalo, we found a restaurant and utilized it for the usual purpose. Then we retired to Ken's place for further fan-gab and an auction of promags and originals. I got a couple Lawrence's quite reasonable, as well as several choice, mint prozines.

About noon, Sunday, everybody gathered again at Ken's house for breakfast. The usual whooping rush was made for Gladys, but some fiend started a rumor that those wanting breakfast had better pitch

in before it was all gobbled up. This proved so disconcerting that Gladys managed to elude us.

More fan-gab marked the afternoon, followed by a trip down town. In the evening we took a ride on the lake excursion boat---its last trip for the season. The thing was crowded and a band playing for dancers added to the hubbub. Nonetheless, it was enjoyable. Shaggy dog stories, and just stories were related and appreciated to varying degrees. Ken and Dalvan amused themselves by ranging along the rail and playfully pushing unsuspecting passengers over into the drink. They desisted when we explained to them how this sort of thing was frowned upon in New York state, but they seemed rather disappointed. After landing, we walked home.

One notable feature of Buffalo might bear mention at this point. No matter where one wished to go, it is only a couple blocks---at least as the natives figure things. For instance, if one wanted to reach a place two blocks over and then clear across town, obviously it would be only two block away! Going the length of that street, even though it be clear across town, just doesn't count. It took us awhile to catch on to this, but when we did we knew just what to tell a native when informed that our goal was only a couple blocks further. And Ken was one native that got told on a number of well-remembered occasions.

Don, Elsie, Damon and Larry left rather early the next morning. The rest of us spent the day talking, trading books, and playing poker. This latter produced a sad surprise for Everett, Ollie, Frank and me. We learned to our everlasting chagrin that Ken, his sisters, and especially his mother, all play a most remarkable game of poker!

Came evening and time for the train back to Michigan. We all commenced whooping gleefully, preparatory to kissing Gladys goodby, but she had finally worked out a solution to this recurrent problem. She lined us all up and made us take turns in orderly fashion. Then the train home. Needless to say, we were all sad to leave such a wonderful time behind us.

Memorable of the trip back, was Frank, Walt and Dalvan curled up in a double seat trying to sleep. Walt sat sideways on one seat. Dalvan laid on his back across both seats, with suitcases piled on the floor to take up the gap. Frankie was somehow twined among the other two, and his feet rested on Walt's chest, just under his chin. Very touching!

We got back to Slanshack a little after midnight, to find Charlie Tanner had arrived for a week visit, so another convention of sorts began where the Buffalo one left off. But that is another story.

The Buffalo convention is now of the past. But while at the Falls, Walt's camera was caused to take roll after roll of snapshots of the perfectly gorgeous scenes that abound in those parts---with Walt blocking the view in various poses. With these snaps and our memories we must be content.

