

ASH

En Garde



FAPA
MARCH 1942

EN GARDE!

PUBLISHED FOR FAPA

WHOLE NUMBER 1

Gleefully constructed by Al and Abby Lu Ashley
of 86 Upton Avenue, Battle Creek, Michigan

THE AMENITIES

Greetings! Fellow fans and FAPA members. Here we are. And 'tis proud we are to be among you. We received the last mailing and have had access to three or four previous ones. We find FAPA to be among the most enjoyable facets of Fandom. We herewith pledge our utmost in the way of being worthy members, and seeing to it that we have something in each mailing.

We intend EN GARDE to be all that the name and cover imply. In this publication we shall dispense, to a very great extent, with the various restraints we have imposed upon ourselves in editing and publishing NOVA. Here we shall feel free to pounce upon anything and everything that meets with our disapproval. But let one thing be made clear here and now: REGARDLESS OF ANYTHING APPEARING IN THIS OR FUTURE ISSUES, WE LOVE ALL THE FANS! We shall endeavor to avoid personalities. Our thrusts will be at no particular fan, being directed instead at sundry actions, beliefs, and trends which we see fit to attack. But, should this at any time not be, or seem not to be true, let the fan who feels injured, or the subject of our attack rest assured. Whatever we may say IN NO MANNER CHANGES our liking for that particular fan.

Perhaps this issue will not contain anything as vicious as the foregoing paragraph implies. Perhaps no future issue will. You and the future must be the judges.

As to comments on the contents of the previous mailing, our policy has not as yet been determined. Should we decide to make any they will probably be confined to those things which particularly please or displease us, or rouse our combative instincts.

We wish to take this occasion to thank many of you fans for the swell letters we have received. And an explanation of our failure to answer some of them might be in order. During the manufacture of the first issue of NOVA, I, Al, was recovering from a broken heel. We were living nicely on my compensation and had little else to occupy our time. Shortly after NOVA's appearance, the time came to return to work. About this same time, as you have all doubtless heard, NOVA's artist was injured. This, coupled with the abrupt curtailment of my spare time, proved disastrous for NOVA. Then, just as the hectic holidays were well over, government priorities cut my job from under me. I immediately obtained another one, but it called for twelve to fourteen hours a day. I have left that job and am now enjoying a few days of leisure until my next job is ready. It should leave me with a reasonable amount of spare time again, so things should straighten themselves out soon. NOVA #2 will appear sometime this month. After that, we will be able to do something about this correspondence situation.

HE LUNGES

Joe Fann was his name. He became a fan at the age of fifteen. Being very young, his reasoning and judgement were callow, his statements vociferously positive. But his dogmatic opinions had an ephemeral quality. A year, a month, a week, even a day later, he found himself taking a stand exactly opposite the one he previously held. In time these past emphatic utterances began to arise and embarrass him slightly. As he grew older, they became more annoying. Reason told him he had none but himself to blame. But his ego would not readily accept this explanation. Unconsciously, he tried in some way to lay the blame on fandom. This proved difficult. But the mind is a clever magician. He succeeded to a certain extent. Having made fandom partially responsible, it followed that he must feel somewhat dissatisfied with fandom. About this time, he chanced to find himself in love with a likely looking wench. The wench had never heard of fandom before. She was a little dubious about it all. Joe Fann published a fanzine. This effort consumed a great deal of his spare time. When the wench came into his life, he sort of let the fanzine peter out. Courting the wench took all the time he could spare, and it was so much more important. Of course there were a few subscribers who ought to get their money back. He really intended to take care of that matter. But somehow it kept slipping his mind. This wonderful new emotion crowded everything else from his mind. He did announce that he was leaving fandom. He made vague remarks about the more important things life had revealed to him. But it was all just a dramatic gesture. He had already convinced himself that fandom held little for him. The coming of the wench had clinched it. Poor Joe Fann! He failed to realize that the intensity of his great emotion was also ephemeral. He didn't know that the time would come when he would see through his former rationalizations. He was unable to perceive the day when he would long to re-enter the ranks of fandom, only to be prevented by thoughts of the loose ends he had left dangling.

There was a small puddle. It was called Fandom. As might be expected, a great many frogs were busily intent upon becoming "big frogs" in this puddle. But the puddle was so very small. It could contain comparatively few big frogs. This fact was a source of much unhappiness. Encountering this fact, many frogs were found to be very sensitive creatures. Failure to quite achieve the "big frog" status seemed to have a tendency to lodge in the back of the mind and rankle. This batrachian sensitivity was no doubt brought on by the resulting irritation. One of the bigger frogs would perform some act or make some statement. His intentions would be of the best but some frog would take exception. He would try to find others to side with him. Sometimes he would succeed and another feud would blossom forth. If he did not, he would soon suddenly announce that he was through with Fandom. Nothing would do but that he "pick up his marbles and go home". He didn't stop to think that the rest of Fandom would recognize this as a typically pollywog act. He would go off by himself and pout for awhile. After a time, when no one was looking, he would slip back into Fandom and pretend nothing had happened. Everything would go along as it had - until the next time. Poor little tadpole. He couldn't understand that he was only stunting his own development. He couldn't grasp the fact that he had only to forget himself, toughen his hide, work like the devil for the good of all Fandom, and suddenly, presto, he would be a Big Frog.

SHE THRUSTS WITH VERVE

Heinlein pointed out that fans are a group more able than the rest of humanity, to accept and adapt themselves to new ideas. Fans themselves admit, or privately suspect, that they are Slans. Those I have met, and all the fan literature I've read, lead me to believe fans were somehow superior to the rest of mankind. They were supposed to have thrown off the old superstitions and taboos of their race. They were portrayed as a group able to think clearly and realistically, unimpeded by the cobwebs of the past.

Now comes the tragedy. I have made a bitter discovery. There has been a conspiracy to delude me. Fandom is simply crawling with dull, stupid, Mid-Victorian clods. The minds of far too many fans are a confusion of ignorance and foolish inhibitions.

Fandom shies away from a drawing of a nude. Fans close their eyes and turn away in horror from a picture of the undraped human form. These self-admitted forerunners of the new race can gaze with equanimity upon the unclothed dwellers of half-a-million other planets. But they protest in howling chorus at a picture of their own kind sans apparel.

Fans! Take a "new broom" to your minds, and hope fervently that it performs with its oft-stated efficiency. Or would a "vacuum" cleaner be more appropriate?

Fans claim to be artists and art critics. Can it be they are unaware that the curves and lines of the nude female form are the basis of all art and beauty? They object to the crudity of some of the nudes appearing in fanzines. What else can be expected of an amateur artist? They say that if they wish to look at nudes, they can find better ones elsewhere. This is plain evasion. No matter what the subject matter, better art can be found elsewhere. Some complain about the realistic touches. Are they, then, in favor of the impressionistic school of art? Do they prefer their nudes dismembered; an arm here, a leg draped over yonder fence, a half-emerged head peeping coyly from the foreground?

It is an unfortunate fact that fan art, including the nudes, often leaves much to be desired. But the same applies to the efforts of fan writers. Improvement comes with experience and practice. If the fan artist chooses to draw a nude, and the editor to print it, why object, merely because it is a nude? Naturally fan art should not be devoted exclusively to this one subject. Nor is it. Some say it isn't science-fictional. They err. Surely the dominant life-form of Terra is fully as important as that of Mars, or Pluto, or a planet of some distant system.

Fans don't like nudes. Despite their attempts to hide their true reasons with all sorts of weak evasions and verbal legerdemain I am not fooled. Fans are pruders.

Yes, I'm a red-head, and red-heads have reactionary ideas. But by Klono's bright red toenails, so should fans. Fans are Slans! Phooey!

DEBRIS DEPARTMENT

For the benefit of those who might be puzzled, the cover on this magazine was done with an airbrush. The picture was drawn with the able assistance of Jack Wiedenbeck. It, and the lettering, were traced onto sheets of cover stock, and converted into masks by cutting out the parts to be printed with a stencil-knife. The covers were then sprayed through these masks. A rather tedious process, but effective, we think.

~~~~~ We saw 'em first! ~~~~~

The war has aggravated a situation which has bothered us for some time. It is the matter of change of address. It seems to us that fan editors and publishers could get together on the thing and work out some uniform and efficient method of disseminating this information. Perhaps some particular publication should be chosen and all the other fanzines give publicity to the fact. The publication chosen should be regular and frequent in appearance. Maybe Unger's FFF would best fill the bill. All fans should then be strongly urged to IMMEDIATELY notify this fanzine of any change of address, the new one being published in the next issue to appear. The addresses of those fans in the armed forces are especially trying. They often must move with little notice, perhaps clear out of the country, and with no advance knowledge of where they are headed. If they knew some one person to inform, with the assurance that it would quickly be passed on, they would no doubt eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity. This would help not only the fan involved, but the fanzine publishers as well. A selectee-fan leaving the country could find time to send the address of some person to whom his mail could be sent, or request that it be held up until further notice. As things now stand, a fan moves, perhaps the fact is announced, but few if any know just where. Often the information will not be forthcoming for months. When it is published in some fanzine one must trust to chance that one finds it. Anyway, it seems to us that some sort of order is called for. What do the rest of you think about it?

~~~~~ "Koenig!" shehissed "Koenig!" shehissed "Koenig!" shehissed "Koenig!" sheh

LRC wrote EEE that he did not choose to run for re-election to the Presidency of NFFF. He suggested that Evans would make a good President and advised him to run for the job. After seeking the advice of a number of other fans, Triple-E decided to do just that. We are for him. The job he has done as Chairman of the NFFF Planning Committee has well proved his fitness for the responsibilities and work the position demands. Your votes will be appreciated. They will certainly not be regretted. VOTE FOR E. EVERETT EVANS FOR THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE NFFF!!!!!!

~~~~~ Sssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssshh," growled Koenig

Got a new fanzine name of NEBULA, put out by Rusty Barron and Robert A. Madle. It contained an excellent report on the second annual Boskone. Sure wish we could have been there. Would have liked, among other things, to have done gruesome things to a certain black and white striped pussy who was present. We sent him a copy of the



first NOVA. But did we ever hear from him? No. Did he offer to trade? No. When the last issue of his fanzine was mailed out we were completely ignored. And right there on his contents page he up and declares how he wants to trade with any fanzine with which he don't already. For that matter, most of the above applies to some strange species called Futurians, and a dweller in the Nation's Capitol, and some guys connected with the Site of Fantasy a couple of states west of us, and a certain gilded pebble on the west coast. Wish we somehow could have made it to the Boskone. Yes indeed, we sure would have had ourselves a time.

Anutisafruitandsoisaberryanutisafruitandsoisaberryanutisafruitandso

Perhaps it would be worthwhile to make a plea here. We're badly in need of material for NOVA's "It's Stfact" page. It may concern fans or fandom, fanzines or prozines, authors or stories. Material should not be widely known and should be adaptable to simple illustration if possible. Are there some kindhearted souls who will hear our plea and help us? If something were sent within a couple days of the time you read this, it would help us out of a very distressing predicament in which we now find ourselves. Any contributor of usable material would naturally receive a free copy of NOVA in payment for his help.

Fansaretheberriesfansaretheberriesfansaretheberriesfansaretheberrie

Tin you Stannum anymore? It was a Gold Niton the plains of Thulium, and Vanadium had Rhenium along the Rhodium Sulfur he had become lost.

"Ferrum am I?" he wailed.

He Scandium the Nitrogen hopefully, but was finally forced to admit that he didn't Hafnium any idea where he was. Mournfully, he dug a Plumbum from his pocket and munched on it.

"Wish I had a jug Aurum to go with it," he thought.

Suddenly, a Titanium Wolframium up behind him and leaped. It Lanthanum with all four feet, attempting to Barium its fangs in his throat, while its claws Stibium in the Arsenic. But Vanadium rose to the occasion. Actinium with the speed of light, he Cesium the wolf's neck in his hands and squeezed until he Kalium. Then he too, slumped to the earth (Fuller's).

When he came to, he found himself in the hut of a Natrium of Thulium. The man was treating his wounds with some kind of Erbium. A broken piece of mirror, fastened to the wall, reflected his drawn and Palladium face. He realized how lucky he was to be alive.

Days passed and the man was very kind to him, but Vanadium grew more and more impatient. He made up his mind that as soon as his hurts had time to Helium, he would Tellurium the Natrium goodby, put Thulium forever behind him, and hurry back Holmium to Alabamine.

Sofansmustbenutssofansmustbenutssofansmustbenutssofansmustbenutssof

Doc Smith's new and last story of the Lensman Series is really coming along in fine shape. We think it is going to easily top the other stories of the series. He's tried something entirely new in the way of a plot. And when Kinnison almost gets ....., and when Nadreck figures out ....., and along comes Tregonsee and .....! And you ought to see Worsel ....., And then there's four or five new characters who almost run away with the story. And of course there is the planet of the ... BoyOboyOboy! Hey! Put down that knife!