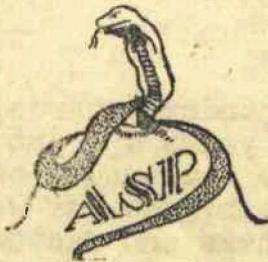


EN GARDE!

A FAPA PUBLICATION

FRACTIONAL NUMBER XVII ^{1/2} II.



Mustered With Malign Machination

By AL (abysmal) ASHLEY of

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Los Angeles 14, California

SPECIAL PACIFICON COMBOZINE ISSUE.

YE LYSTTE OF LARGESSE

TO YOUR EVERLASTING DISMAY you are now viewing	Page 1.
ARCHAEOLOGICAL DABBLING by Al Ashley begins on	Page 2.
DCJN BRAZIER brings a tale of negation starting on	Page 4.
RAY BRADBURY wrote years ago what appears on	Page 6.

THE COVER picture is by special arrangement, and suggests a good location for next year's Convention. Since the first Convention, the trend has been ever Westward. Why should we break with tradition now?

Thesestencilsarebeingoutfourdaysbeforetheconventionohwhydidwewait??

INTRODUCING EN GARDE

En Garde is published for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA). It appears quarterly, and the first issue came out in the Spring of 1942. That first issue had the same number of pages as this one, but since then it has grown until it averages twenty or more pages. The last issue was the Fourth Anniversary Number and contained thirty-nine pages. The covers have a printed heading and an airbrushed picture in two or more colors. While the material will always be partly the efforts of the editor, many leading professional and fan names are represented each issue. The contents range from fan nonsense to more or less abstruse articles, and is at all times selected according to the passing whims of the editor, and the availability of material. This issue will be incorporated in the Pacificon Combozine, and will be circulated separately in the Summer 1946 FAPA Mailing, partly because the regular issue for that Mailing has been delayed and must be postmailed later.

May your attendance at the Pacificon be fullsome & satisfying!

FORGOTTEN FANTASIES

EDITOR'S NOTE: Time-Travel offers sundry rewards. Going back into the past of fifty or sixty years ago proves especially worthwhile to the would-be compounder of a fanzine column. The magazines of that bygone day were laden with items of singular strangeness and fantastic quality. Forgotten Fantasies has developed into quite a regular feature of En Garde.

"GOOD FOR WEAK LUNGS. Monte Cristo Whisky. The best produced. 75 cents and \$1 per bottle."

-----Judge, January 19, 1889. (Adv.)

((Without doubt you've heard of inhaling the stuff! Ah, them were the good ol' days.))

"PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AND FLESH WORMS. 'Medicated Cream' is the Only Known harmless pleasant and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It beautifies the complexion as nothing else in the world can, rendering it Clear, Fair and TRANSPARENT."

-----The Golden Argosy, Oct. 29, 1887. (Adv.)

((Do you too experience that "crawling feeling"? Do your friends call you Worm Bait? Are the skull-orchard boys rushing you? Curb their impatience with a jar of this cream. Become transparent! The lost secret is now yours. Be an Invisible Man and elude them.))

"SHALL WE TRAVEL UNDER WATER? Some weeks ago the Argosy printed a note concerning the plan of sending passengers to Europe in a pneumatic tube laid under the ocean, and herewith we append an interview obtained by a reporter of the New York Tribune with the originator of the idea.

When asked how the tube could be laid under the ocean, the reply was very frankly made: 'That is, in fact, the only thing in the whole project that staggers scientific men. In laying our hollow cable or tube we must provide against the breakage of it. I purpose having the outside made of wire, with the interstices filled with gum; then, inside of the wire, iron and a lining of steel. We would need new appliances and machinery specially adapted for weaving the wire. I think the tube or hollow cable should be made as it is laid---that of course will be an elaborate and tedious process. We must lay it from a vessel larger than the Great Eastern. I am afraid the Great Eastern would scarcely do.'

'What would be the shape of the conveyance?' pursued the reporter.

'It would be like the projectile of a dynamite gun, and have wheels all round so as to reduce the friction to the smallest possible degree. The seats would be arranged so that the passengers would sit tandem---or they might lie down'

'You say a speed of one thousand miles an hour could be attained!'

'Yes. That is as fast as the rate at which the earth turns on its axis.'

'Then would not that result in your projectile coming to a dead stop if it moved in a direction contrary to the earth's revolution?'

'Well---I---ah---yes, certainly it looks like that; but that'll be all right.'

'Would this way of travelling be safe?'

'Precautions will be taken to secure its safety. There might be some danger of the conveyance or projectile going off at a tangent when it reached the end of the tube; but it will be shot right up a grooved incline, and slow up and stop. But before anyone goes through I'll make trial trips with dogs and such, and if they come out I'll venture the passage myself. No one will make it till I have first done so'."

-----The Golden Argosy, Oct. 15, 1887.

((A brave and imaginative inventor! But apparently the dirty financiers failed to finance him, and the scientific men were too staggered to figure out the details for him. Such is the usual fate of "genius"!))

"SHIRTS BY MAIL. Perfect fitting White Dress Shirts for 60 cents, unlaundried, or 75 cents, laundried, postpaid."

-----The Golden Argosy, Oct. 15, 1887. (Adv)

((There you are. We were born sixty years too late!))

"A NEW TOY! The Cutest thing for a Whistle ever invented. Blow in the mouth-piece and a high-bred Shanghai Rooster pops up his head and Crows, and then drops down out of sight."

-----The Golden Argosy, Oct. 15, 1887 (Adv)

((Wonder if he wears red pants!))

"Railroad accidents appear to increase in frequency and horror with each succeeding year. Among the recent railway inventions which have attracted special attention, is what is termed the anchor brake, to be used in cases of emergency. The plan involved in this case is that of having an anchor drop from the rear end of a train and engage with the ties. By having a good long spring to ease the shock when the anchor came to a bearing, a train might easily be brought to a stop within fifteen or twenty feet from an ordinary passenger speed, if something did not give way."

-----The Golden Argosy, Nov. 12, 1887.

((Fling out the anchor, brakeman, yon bridge is washed out!))

Ten years later his college cleaned house and destroyed all the accumulated records. The books he had written his name in finally had been worn out and burned.

Twenty years later the old man of Fandom, at the Chicago 64, rose and spoke briefly on the philosophy of Fandom. Steve Mallon's name was mentioned once in a conversation with a new fan after the old man of Fandom had finished his address. That was the last time Steve Mallon's name was ever spoken in the world of man.

When the old man of Fandom died five years later his meager effects were examined. Steve Mallon's three pages of history are holding the essence of Fandom were lumped with the old magazines, among which was the first issue of the rare FANDOMY of 1942, and the whole lot found its way into a paper and rag dealer's yard. Three months later "A Pervading Philosophy of Fandom" by Steve Mallon had been bleached, washed, and shredded, then pressed and reiled into wrapping paper.

For a brief moment twenty-seven years later his name flashed across the mind of a dying girl, as the events of her life flashed through her mind in a few swift seconds. That was the last Steve Mallon was ever thought of in the world of man.

A fire in the courthouse of a small town in the mid-west destroyed the records of his birth. He was never baptized. There were no church records.

In the third world war that began in 1972 without warning, the adjutant general's files at Washington were completely destroyed by a forty-ton rocket that fell out of the sky.

In 1972, the same year, as if in judgment against a wicked world, an unprecedented cold wave swept down from the north. The tongue of the Polar mass reached down over the small island where Steve Mallon had been given a rude grave.

The cold mass lingered. The island had never felt cold before. The natives, long since deserted by white man, nuddled in grass shelters, their skins bare and exposed to the wintery blast.

A native built a fire of wood to keep himself warm. He succeeded temporarily by burning the odd white crosses stolen from the taboo place where the mounds of the dead were.

A cross had a name Steve Mallon, but the flames licked across it. Letter by letter the name blackened, became fiery red, then blackened once again.

And in that instant---only twenty-eight years after Steve Mallon's death---his life perished from the earth.

But for this.....

THE MATHEMATICON

By Ray Bradbury.

The time has come, my fan club told me the other day as we met furtively in the shadow of a soapbox, for me to quit blowing bubbles in my opium pipe and start my third thesaurus of thwarted theories and just plain stuff.

At first I contemplated the oyster as a fit subject for my thesis but since the Decency League considers that a raw subject I shall not stew about it.

I shall dwell for a time on the stars and Earth. I have before me a copy of A STAR IS BORN by Nova Casa, prominent author of THE LOVE LIFE OF THE CLAM or HOW TO KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT. Casa says, "Have you a large globe in your library?" Now, does he mean our fishbowl or the electric bulb in our mystic east, or Chandu-lier, I ask you? Of course he couldn't mean that balloon-faced Barsoomian what's been picketing me for 7 days in my library, with a bundle of burning TNT in one hand, singing "Hallelujah, I'm a Bomb!"

To our amazement Casa explains he means the globe of the Earth we have setting on our table. Now we are asked to imagine we are infinitesimal creatures on the face of that globe. I tried this the other night and succeeded only in getting a dull headache and I sprained my neck trying to balance on the darned thing, not to mention waking the people downstairs.

Look up in the sky---QUICK! If you are in the house you may see a little diaper instead of the little dipper overhead so we shall solve this problem by stepping out onto the balcony---if you happen to have one---otherwise, I am bound to think, it would be rather silly stepping out the window, wouldn't it?

Well, here we are now---outside at last. Did you bring a blowtorch with you to read by? If you haven't a blowtorch bring a candle. But be careful not to breathe too harshly while you read this article or you will blow out your candle. Better still, don't breathe at all. Of course, when the dawn comes tomorrow morning you will make rather an oddlooking corpse, lying on your back in the bushes with a candle in one hand and this thesis in the other, and your face all blue; so I think you have held your breath long enough.....exhale!

Well, your candle has fluttered out, so we shall have to read by moonlight. As you see, the moon is out tonight. Wait a minute! If the moon is out, then it can't be lit---can it? If a candle is out then it is not glowing---is it? And yet we say the Moon is out when it's in.

Getting back to the Moon---tonight we shall view a rare phenomenon: The Moon is being eclipsed.