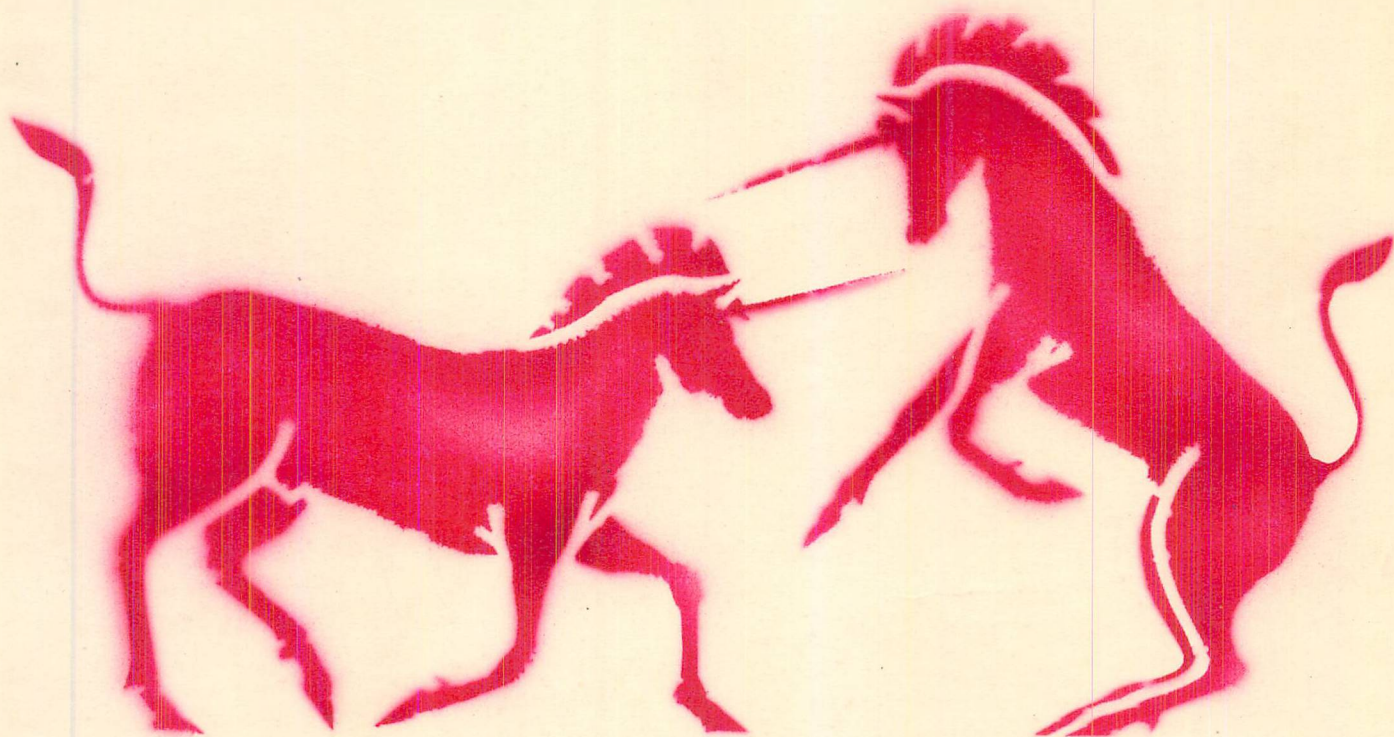


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# En Garde



f.a.p.a. • JUNE • 1942





EN GARDE!

A FAPA PUBLICATION

WHOLE NUMBER II.

Perpetrated by that unholy duo, Al and Abby Lu Ashley  
of 86 Upton Avenue, Battle Creek, Michigan.

". . . . . where credit is due."

THE COVER of this issue of EN GARDE was drawn by, and the airbrush mask cut by Jack Wiedenbeck, of Battle Creek, the Art Editor of NOVA. It was sprayed by Al Ashley, assisted by E. Everett Evans, who also was responsible for the idea portrayed on the cover picture.

EN GARDE is a product of NOVA PRESS.

#### TRIPLE PLAY DEPARTMENT

Joe Fortier wrote to Ol' Man Evans, asking him to write up a certain article for his (Evans') forthcoming FAPazine, as he (Fortier) had already finished his. But the Ol' Foo also had HIS FAPazine all stenciled, so he passed it along to us.

(Comes the article)

Suppose some Fanzine has made a mistake. It is something that is incorrect in principle, and it IS a mistake, not just a blast-off from a desire to appear smart, or to pick a feud with someone. Why write to the editor of some OTHER mag, giving the first editor the devil for making the mistake?

WHY NOT WRITE TO THE OFFENDING EDITOR, AND LET HIM MAKE THE CORRECTION OR RETRACTION???

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred he would be more than willing to do this. Having believed he knew what he was talking about when he made the statement in question, he would be only too glad to make the correction. Elementary rules of fair play entitle him to at least the first chance to correct the error.

Would not this procedure make for better feeling all around? Would it not go a long way toward keeping Fandom "one big, happy family", as we all really want it?

Joe thought this would be a good idea.

Ol' Man Evans seconded the motion.

Us, the Ashleys, we are all in favor of it.

Ergo, the motion is passed. N'est-ce pas?

" . . . . . WITH JAUNDICED EYE."

THE PHANTAGRAPH: Those glorious covers cause the contents to pale into insignificance --- as some of it was. Will DAW please explain the method whereby one may boot another out of Fandom? On second thought, perhaps it is better unexplained -- better for all of us -- EACH ONE of us. The poetry was good -- some of it very good. Let's have more of those covers, DAW.

THE MADMAN OF MARS: To whom does the title refer, Forry? Is our dreadful suspicion justified?

APOLOGIA: Perhaps he should. Seems to be a case of sneaking in through the cellar window. At least he got it in soon enough to be included in the mailing, which is more than some peo. . . . .

FANTASY FICTION FIELD: After considering all the transpiration we caused by the effort involved in producing EN GARDE, we agree with the rest. Unger should not be let off so easy. He should put out a special mag for FAPA.

INSPIRATION: We always enjoy reading Lynn's stuff whether we agree with it or not. However, judging by a letter just received from him we may not hear so much from Lynn for awhile. We quote from his letter:

"It's pretty nice here, and I like this camp better than the last one even if living conditions are rougher. This is the final training base and I expect to be here for about five weeks. Soon after that comes a boat ride, and it's unlikely that I'll be able to get back to Michigan until this thing is over.

"We don't have much spare time, working seven days a week, as well as some nights. I've been out of touch with Fandom except for letters from Battle Creek, or from Kuhn or D.B. Thompson. As far as I know, I'm the only fan in Florida, or at least in this part of it."

Lynn's address is: Pvt. Lynn B. Bridges  
876th Chemical Co., A.B.  
Sarasota-Bradenton A.A.B.  
Sarasota, Florida

CALIFORNIA MERCURY: Awfully happy to hear that 2J has changed his mind, and that some statements in this issue no longer entirely apply. Joe's writing ability would be sorely missed were he to completely drop his fan activities.

SCI-FIC VARIETY: Always good, but we like it better with more of Tucker's own raving, and fewer guest-writers. Lowndes' Crow & Curry was very welcome, though.

((And here is where we achieve time-travel. Naturally this is being written some time before the mailing out of the June FAPA. Still we shall make comment on a certain item in the Sci-Fic Variety in this mailing.

In the magazine in question, Tucker gives voice to certain remarks about our wife. Let us hasten to add that we are in no manner offended. But we find great difficulty in suppressing a smile at his naive cock-sureness. Did it never occur to the noble Pong that the "look of awe" he observed may have merely

been one of speculation -- speculation as to how soon he would succumb so that we might reciprocate? And the Curse of Ghu be on him for foiling us!))

READER AND COLLECTOR: We can hardly wait until the time when it is possible to meet Koenig in person, and whisper sweet strings of soft sibilants into his sensitive ears. This mag is a never-failing source of entertainment though. As to that "bar-room game called poker-dice", we have a set of them and would be only too happy to teach our hissterical fellow fan how to use "such things" --- that is, providing he has any money.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: Lousy mimeo job, but very pleased to find ourselves NUMBER TWO on the FAPA Membership List. Heh.

CENSORED: This came as a complete surprise. We never dreamed that anything of this quality was to be expected from Canada. Somewhere we gathered the idea that Fandom didn't amount to much in Canada. We were certainly happy to have our illusions shattered in this pleasant manner. Keep it up boys and gals.

SATYRIC: Fans may be ERRATIC, true. But, mayhap 'tis better we keep the "O's" out of the spelling. We do not subscribe to the frequently made statement that "it must be science fiction" to appear in a fan publication. We have no quarrel with pornography as such, but feel that it has nothing to offer the field of fan literature. And may we add that we find a world of difference between nude art and any sort of pornographic literature.

GUTETO: Xaeiouqvp zyxwvu ku quoo, sprfsk! Ach Ptooe bhor, "Nuz nomurra fgkoui. Ich schtenke? Yahk, yahk, yahk."

MILTY'S MAG: This is always interesting. Just tried that stunt of chinning one's self with only the tips of six fingers for support. Then we tried it with only four fingers -- and succeeded. We're two up on you Milty -- and we don't play the piano either -- just drive a hack.

SARDONYX: Plenty of interest, with lots of variation. Cover very intriguing. Milty's "friend" appears familiar. Seems as though we met said friend in a local restaurant recently. She looks a little younger in the photo, so we can't be certain.

HORIZONS: To misquote the quotation from the Book of Job, "Would that mine friend had used a mimeo." Why don't you break down and forget the tradition you have built, Harry? The tradition has broken down. We have thoroughly enjoyed the small bits we have been able to decipher, but they have ever been both few and small. Cover was excellent, however.

SCIENCE FICTION HASH: We liked the Unknown Index and assure you it was quite welcome. Pray continue such praiseworthy endeavors. As a suggestion, why not print them sans other and irrelevant material that they may be detached from HASH and bound together for future reference. Stuff like Stuff & Stuff is great stuff. We go for that sort of stuff. Stuff us some more. The little poems also make very good filler. Keep it up, Jenkins ol' thing.



AGENBITE OF INWIT: Putrid mimco work. Passing show easily passes. Poetry not bad. Wish Lowndes would turn out a little better mag for FAPA. He could do a honey. Of course, we can think of several plausible excuses he might offer for not doing so, but . . . . .

CHAUVENET'S GERMAN ENTRY: Poor mimco job. Couldn't even read the title. Can't even read Gorman very well for that matter. Have often thought it would be fun to give the censors something like this to really sink their teeth into. If we had the time to print another FAPA mag, we would put out one in Japanese, if we could only write the Nipponese lingo.

THE NUCLEUS: Liked the whole darn thing. Portrait of a Fan: right up our alley. There be some who don't care for this showing up of fans and fandom. But we consider jousting with illusions great sport. The Impossible Achievement: excellent.

TWILIGHT: About the best FAPA cover we've seen. Only fault is with the main figure. Tom no doubt needs an "atomical assistant". The shoulders seem slightly deformed, and the gluteus maximus does not behave according to the better known laws of position, gravitation, and pressure. Nevertheless, it is a very beautiful job, and if we are to believe rumors concerning Tom's amazing progress in the field of art, he could far outdo it by now.

JINX: Declaration of War gives promise of becoming a fascinating, friendly feud. On to the battle, boys. What's Wrong With Fan Fiction both by Gilbert, and Fortier, is very acceptable material. Would like to see more such. Jinx is a darn swell mag.

UNFAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES: So reprints have even invaded FAPA? But don't we remember something about a new law to the effect that any mag using reprints must indicate the fact on the cover in letters fully as large as the title? Careful there Joe. Uncle Sam will get you if you don't watch out --- and not in the way you have been expecting.

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: We always like it. Sounds so damn esoteric. The guy speaks with so much conviction and in such a knowing manner that it discourages criticism from the likes of us. Now and then, something gives us the urge to rise and remark. Then we think again and decide maybe he knows more about the subject than we do. The jolly ol' neck must be kept intact, doncha know. We are not Evans.

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BuyaBondBuyaBondBuyaBondBuyaBondBuyaBondBuyaBondBuyaBondBuy

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#### INHIBITION DESTRUCTION DEPARTMENT

We have always considered Bok one of the most clever Fantasy artists. We still do. Now we realize that artists are human. Like all other humans, an artist has his suppressed desires. While we are no authority on the percentage of those who succeed in releasing these pent up desires, we know of one who did.

On page 88 of the April issue of FUTURE there is an excellent example of Fantasy art. The artist has outdone himself. He has achieved the unheard of in pulp illustrating. This superb drawing warrants careful study and deserves your fullest appreciation.

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## THOSE MISSING RIBS

After long procrastination, the time has come when the Red Lensman must write her article for FAPA. ((In a moment of aberration, Doc Smith termed Abby Lu the "Red Lensman" because of her flaming tresses. Finding it pleasing to her fancy, she forthwith seized upon this cognomen with feminine firmness, and permanently adopted it. --A.A.)) Alas and alack-a-day -- what to write about..? The problem is as hard to solve as the one of "what shall I fix for supper?" My husband is about as much help in one case as in the other. He says, "Oh, just fix anything." I suggest porkchops, and he doesn't feel like pork chops. I suggest steak, and he doesn't want steak. ((Beast, isn't he?)) Veal, hamburger, cold cuts, chop suey all receive the same veto. In the same way I suggest this, that, and the other as a FAPA subject -- with the identical result. None of them quite suit. In the end "Everright Evans" comes through as usual. He says why don't you enlarge on your La NOVA Femmo theme? Go into a bit more detail about what you gals gotta do while the boys are off to the wars.

"Lovely, lovely", I say. "What'll I write? Come on with some detail." ((It's even writing it we should be doing yet.)) Then Al says, "Honey, if you would make me some coffee I would love you like anything." So I make him a pot of coffee. I get another line or two written, and Everett says, "Beautiful, I know a good job for you. Cut the buttons off this old shirt so we can use it for rags." So I cut the buttons off the shirt and write ten words more. Jack chimes in next with, "Gorgeous, do you know where that old Astounding is from back in '39 or '40 sometime? The one with that swell picture by what's-his-name in it?" So I search diligently from the attic to the bottom-most box in the basement. After it has been located, and the boys have fresh coffee and coca-colas, I once more return to my article. Why did I ever let myself in for this, anyway?

As has been mentioned by others at various times, the first need for feminine fandom seems to be a more closely knit organization than exists at present. The next thing is how one should go about achieving this. Unfortunately, I am handicapped, never having learned to knit. It has been suggested that an all-girl fanzine would be a great help. Possibly so. Yet those that have been tried have met with little success. However, I'll naturally be very happy to do all I can in the space I have in La NOVA Femmo and in EN GARDE.

I do know there is a great deal of work being done in Fandom by girls at the present time. Helen Bradleigh of Indiana does a lot toward getting out INFINITE, and is developing into a very good writer. Janie Tucker, since being converted, has taken a lot more interest in LE ZOMBIE. Frances Blomstrand, of Minnesota, has been working hard on FANTASITE, and with no blowing of her own horn. Then of course, there is the one and only Morojo; Trudy, and the Finns.. These are some who are doing their bit toward keeping Fandom active.

Fred Hurter mentions in CENSORED that most of the Canadian fans seem to be girls. It appears quite possible that the same situation may prevail here. As more and more boys go into the armed forces and the war industries, the burden of keeping Fandom alive and active will fall upon us, even as it has and will in many other things.



In this new world that is shaping up, there is a place waiting for us. Let's be ready for it. Let's do our practicing now. Come on gals, let's go places.

The impossible has at last yielded to the efforts of implacable science. The problem which has intrigued but thwarted inventors from the earliest beginnings of scientific endeavor, has at long last been solved. The solution is simple and easy to grasp. Mathematics has triumphed again.

As the wheel turns the 6 is changed to a 9. Obviously the descending 9 is greater than the ascending 6. Thus it is readily apparent that the machine will go on, and on, even as Columbus' sail boat.



## THE FORGOTTEN ONE

Verily, this is an age of Infidels and Iconoclasts. Many have been the ghods of man and fan, but one by one they have toppled into the dust. There was a time when the High Priestess of FOO looked on multitudes as they paid homage to their deity. Literature and legend tell of the countless numbers who, in the past, bowed low before the Supreme One, GHU. Today, all is changed. In this Age of Doubters, the followers of FOO are foolish, and the great ghod GHU is decidedly ghuey.

Yet, it is axiomatic that where there is much smoke, there must lurk some modicum of conflagration. With this in mind I determined upon the Great Research. I would comb the mists of long-forgotten days, and unearth the Truth. I would either verify the existence of these ancient ghods and revive the olden worship, or I would prove, once and for all time, their falsity.

I buried myself in the dim and sacred recesses of my library, surrounded by shelf on shelf of priceless, mouldy tomes, and set upon my quest. Forbearing to bore you with the immensity of my labors, I will only impart the gist of what was revealed to my probing mind.

I began my research with GHU. The frequent occurrence of the name through the literature of the years led me on. Volume after rare volume I perused avidly. The philological approach proved to be most fruitful. Many present-day words were found to have unexpected relationship to the once-revered name of GHU. Our word "ghoul" once meant a follower of GHU. There is vague record of an incredibly ancient periodical called the "Ghoul's Ghazette". In fact, traces of it exist, unknown to the publisher, in a current magazine called "Le Zombie".

Delving further into antiquity, I traced GHU to the Old Fanish word "Goo". This amazingly seems to account for the first utterance of a new-born infant, namely, "Goo, Goo!" It appears to have become almost a racial instinct to call upon Goo, now known as Ghu. The word "good" originally pertained to one who "walked with Goo", and "ghoost", or the later "ghost" was one who had gone to join his "Ghoo" (an intermediate form in the evolution to the present "Ghu").

I found many other associated words. There is Voo-Doo, a decadent and perverted form of worship that persists to this day. "Hoo-Doo", meaning a bringer of misfortune, was once the "Curse of Goo". Due to a once-held belief that an insane person was, in some manner holy, "Coo-Coo", a term originally applied to one especially favored of Goo, has come to mean a person afflicted with mental instability. At one time the sacred virgins of Goo were called "Loo-Loos" and the High Priestess of Foo was reverently greeted with a chorus of "Woo-Woo!"

As my studies progressed, certain points assumed a special significance. The word "Boo", so frequently voiced by ghosts -- could it have once been a word of praise or of supplication to ghod? Need it always have been spelled B-o-o? Then I made a real discovery. In a tattered, curiously-bound volume, hand written in a difficult Pre-Fannish dialect, I found that "F" and "G" were once interchangeable.



FOO and GOO were once the same. It would appear that sometime in the remote past a schism took place in the worship of their deity. It might originally have been a minor difference. But the passage of time increased the separation of the two groups.

This startling knowledge served only to urge me to greater efforts. My never-ceasing search took me to museums, and to nearly-forgotten archives of ancient monasteries. It was in one of the latter that I chanced upon that which was to make possible the final attainment of my goal.

It was a fragment of skin of doubtful origin. Strange words had been scrawled upon it in some dark red pigment. Though the writing was unfamiliar, it bore a certain similarity to that Pre-Fanish dialect I had previously encountered. But, chiefly, what caught my eye and aroused my curiosity was the partially obliterated "OO". The first letter had been rubbed out, or had faded with time. Long, I struggled with the language of that almost prehistoric manuscript, and in the end it yielded to my efforts.

It proved to be a sort of invocation. The elaborateness of the formulae hinted of great power -- perhaps of danger. But my thirst for knowledge prevailed. In my burning eagerness, and my firm conviction that my task was nearly completed, I resolved to try it.

It is not for me to give in detail a description of that ritual. There were certain marks to be placed upon the floor. There were weirdly compounded candles to be made and lit, and censers of pungent incense to be placed in special positions about the room. There were strange gestures to be made, accompanied by the chanting of bizarre phrases in the olden tongue. There was also something else which shall remain untold.

The room darkened. Even the light of the candles faded from sight. The air filled with tiny, threadlike bolts of lightning, that were none the less terrifying for all their smallness. Shrill pipings filled the room and echoed from wall to wall. Gradually, they swelled to a deafening crescendo, then ceased abruptly. In a moment they were replaced by a horde of faint whisperings. There came a great rushing sound, and a dim mistiness in the darkness before me. It coalesced, took form, grew brighter. Before me stood a majestic and awe-inspiring Being. He spoke. His voice was as distant thunder, as the rumble of a far-off battle.

"I am POO!" he said. "I am the First and Only."

There was much that he told me amid the light-shot blackness of that fearful night. Some of it must remain secret, but much of that knowledge will be passed on. That night I reached the end of my quest. Down with Foo! To Limbo with Ghu! Only POO lives and demands your obeisance.

Man! Fan! Slan! Hear me! I talked with POO! Yes, I did! No kiddin'. Actually and literally! Write to me for the Truth. Read of the great and wonderful life that can be yours when you understand the teachings of POO.

In the meantime, POO ON YOU!



IMMORTAL

Black on black, was the starless night,  
And his smile was darksome and grim;  
Flashing jet were the eyes of him,  
And swift were his feet in their flight.  
But blacker still, a shrouded shape  
Clung to the ebon path he sped;  
Stretched forth a hand of inky dread  
To clutch at his fluttering cape.

But baffled was the Shrouded One;  
Slow and faltering grew his pace;  
Fear spread over his murky face,  
And he knew he had been out-run;  
Knew that the sombre chase was done,  
And Mutant Man had raced, and won!

-- Al Ashley

## HELP WANTED

Do you read science fiction with the avid interest, and the outlook of a cosmic-minded devotee? Does your imagination balk at nothing? Are you unafraid in the face of startling theories?

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