

En  
GARI



ON GARDE!

A FAPA PUBLICATION

WHOLE NUMBER VII.

Dashingly done (or nearly so)

by Al and Abby Lu Ashley

of 86 Upton Avenue, Battle Creek, Michigan.

SEPTEMBER 1943

### PSYCHOPATHIA SLANIS

Perspiringly, I tooled my '42 Chevrolet cab along the angling streets and alleys of the sprawling metropolis of Battle Creek. It was Sunday, the busiest day of the week for the cab business. But I consoled myself with thoughts of the two days I was to have off starting the next day. When I chanced to remember Walt and Jack and Abby Lu, and how they were lolling about taking life easy, I would turn my thoughts away and let them dwell on the prospective utter bliss that would be mine, sleeping in until noon on Monday.

Came noon, and I dropped in at home for lunch. I heard the startling news. It seems that Walt had idly mentioned that it would be fun to go to Detroit. By the time I arrived it was all set. Es-saying some feeble remark to the effect that this was so sudden, I was rapidly drowned out by a great flapping of lips, and sent sputtering back to work.

Six o'clock quitting time came. The hour following was somewhat confused in my mind, but its end found the bunch of us watching the Twilight Limited pull into the station. There were about two or three hundred thousand soldiers, as well as most of their relatives, also bent on boarding that train. But what chance has the Army against a group of determined civilians? We selected a likely looking coach---and, by gosh, we boarded it. Surprisingly, we found seats immediately. We were on our way.

It was a lovely coach, air-conditioned and all that. There was only one drawback---it was an awfully hot evening, and the air-conditioner had broken down. Everybody got busy throwing up windows, but there was a catch in that too. The windows were double, and the outer one wasn't intended to open. We simmered gently.

By and By, Abby Lu and Walt set out to see if they could discover a Club Car. Hour after hour sped by, or so it seemed. Finally they returned. The best they could discover was a Diner. As it was obviously Jack's and my turn, we set out to seek nourishment too. Our coach was near the front of the train, but I think the Diner was just passing through Battle Creek when we reached it. Before we left to go back to our coach, we had the cook pack us each a good lunch to sustain us on the long trek back to our seats. Of course we had to stop off here and there along the course of that hike, and, needless to say, we formed some wonderful friendships. But we shan't bore you with a recitation of the details. After all, such affairs all follow a general pattern. Anyway, we reached our coach just as it was pulling into Detroit.

Locating a hotel room didn't prove as difficult as we expected. We got two nice double rooms at the Book-Cadillac for only five bucks each. It being Sunday night, the town was rather quiet. We went out and roamed about for about an hour, had some spareribs, barbecued over a hickory fire, and then retired.

Came the dawn. Came nine o'clock. So we headed for the second-hand book stores. Jack has a brother living in Detroit. He called him the night before and told him of our general plans of spending the day in the book stores. We had just entered the first store we had found---when in walked Jack's brother. He said, "Oh, here you are." Just like that. And Detroit is the fourth largest city in the U.S. He stayed to talk for five or ten minutes, then had to get back to his job. We proceeded to go through the fifty-some-thousand volumes with a fine tooth comb. It was virgin territory for a buyer of fantasy. We discovered a couple dozen choice tomes. The prices on them were very low, but we put on an act anyway. Made a great to do about going through them in a final sifting to find just what few we would actually purchase. Pretended an amazing lack of enthusiasm about it all. Whereupon the proprietor offered to discount all we would purchase. He cut the prices on all of them, some as much as 33%. Naturally we took them all, and everybody was happy.

And so it went, one book-store after another. Then we went in Hudson's, Detroit's biggest department store, looking for remnant books. While there, it occurred to us that finding a rest-room might be a good idea. Floorwalkers pointed the way, signs directed the seeker, and we walked what must have been miles. But the dang thing certainly was elusive. Abby Lu and I lost track of Walt and Jack, but we kept looking and finally found it---only to discover it was only for the ladies. Well, I waited outside for Abby Lu. Who should come out a few minutes later but Walt and Jack. They were kinda half-running, and looked decidedly sheepish. It developed that they had finished resting and were combing their hair before new arrivals pointed out the error of their ways.

We stopped someplace for lunch. Walt ordered some fancy-name salad. It was served in a sorta small-sized dishpan, and consisted of an unbelievable mound of coarsely chopped foliage. An incipient composte heap, as it were. But Walt devoured it all with apparent relish. The rest of us munched our human fare, and by watching closely, discovered the sideways jaw-motion we deduced that Walt should exhibit. We have since decided that, when Walt gets a little older, we'll buy a farm and turn him out to pasture. There has been some talk of calling the farm "Wise Acres".

We decided to take No. 45 home. It would get into B.C. about one o'clock Tuesday morning. And the way we figured it wouldn't be too crowded. Somebody else musta figured different though. There just weren't any seats left. Finally some kind-hearted gent gave his to Abby Lu, and Walt, by some means we are still unable to fathom, managed to get some soldier to give up his seat to him (Walt). But Jack and I had to stand halfway to Battle Creek.

By two in the morning we were settled for slumber. But suddenly I came wide awake again, laughing. It had just occurred to me that Walt had only four hours until he had to get up and go to work. The rest of us could sleep till noon. That ol' last laugh!

" . . . . with jaundiced eye"

FANTASY AMATEUR: At last, the last. Good luck to Swisher.

OFFICIAL BALLOT: We used it. Did you?

LOVE, ELMER: Glad you're getting back in the groove, Elmer.

SILVER DUST: Why don't some of these able fan-poets turn their talents to writing some really good fantasy and stf poems? So little of this type has been done, and still less amounted to much.

POGORUS: Cleve Cartmill paints a sad picture. Reflecting upon its tragic promise, we are reminded of that certain head of the Patent Office who arrived at the conclusion that everything had been invented. "Stf is dead," say we. "Long live Stf!" Phoenix-like, it will continue to rise anew from its own ashes in the future, even as it has in the past.

GUTETO: We think this mag is showing a distinct trend toward becoming of greater interest. Incidentally, we Slan Shackers have just decided to set aside one night a week when nothing but Esp. will be spoken. That seems as good as any way to quickly learn the lingo. Of course we have very little in the way of books and material on the subject to start out with, but start we shall. So here is a chance for any Esperanto enthusiasts in the crowd to offer any encouragement that occurs to them. Here we stand, a group of potential converts.

MADMAN OF MARS: (We have just come-to and realized this one isn't the Madman of Mars, but Rahuun Ta-Ka, its sequel. With that stupendous discovery, and the realization of what it portends, we quietly slip back into our coma.) No comment!

THE PHANTAGRAPH (10-2): Perhaps the effect on the cover was deliberately achieved for some reason that eludes us. But from where we sit it simply looks like a sloppy job. Spfrsk is without doubt the best in the issue. Such depth of meaning! Such insight into the human mind! Such delicate portrayal of the frustrated ego! Who can doubt that this bit will be numbered among the classics of tomorrow?

(10-3): This story, "The Booklings" is the most delightfully charming thing we've come across in some time. DAW has really outdone himself. If the rest of the proposed series of Phantagraph Booklets uphold the standard he has set, we shall cherish them among our prized possessions.

SCI-FIC VARIETY: A swell issue. We recently had the misfortune to view a picture entitled The Marines Come Through. We nominate it as the all-time stinker. It was put out by "Astor Productions" or some such. In one place, a couple sabateurs or spys or something desired entrance into a certain guarded building. The guard was marching up and down with a gun over his shoulder. They shot him from ambush. Whereupon he carefully laid down on his back on the ground, all the while keeping his gun over his shoulder. The whole scene was so amateurish that everybody in the theater burst out laughing. Then a bunch of Marines came running to find out what the shot was about. A sergeant lifted the guard up in his arms and discovered he still lived. Standing up again, he raised one arm dramatically and ex-

claimed, "Rush this man to the Infirmary, at once!" And so it went on. Everytime the feeling of disgust engendered by horrible thing had built up to the point where the audience was about to be sick all over the place, there would be a scene of the Flag proudly waving in the breeze, or a column of Marines bravely marching down the street. This was apparently calculated to induce such a wave of patriotic emotion that the audience would forget their nausea. This is a grade Z picture, and should be avoided at all costs lest you never again be able to enjoy a movie.

RAY: There is too, too much truth in this. But we shall only say at this time that steps are even now being taken to do something definite about the NFFF. Whether the result will be revival, dissolution, or something in between, all members will be informed in the very near future.

ADULUX BESKAN: We give up.

HORIZONS: Glancing Behind Us was thoroughly enjoyed. In fact, one small bit, your naive query about short-arm inspection, sent us completely into hysterics. As you have doubtless already been informed on the subject, we'll refrain from answering here. You probably feel rather chagrined about the whole thing, but don't let it get you. We all pull things like that sometime. Article on Debabelization was very interesting. But we wonder whether it shouldn't be determined first just what the purpose of this language is to be. Is it merely to facilitate elementary understanding between people of various nationalities? If so Basic English might serve. Or is it to be a Universal language in the full sense of the word? If the latter, it seems to us that its similarity to existing languages is beside the point. What we'd like to see is an auxiliary tongue that could be fully as expressive and beautiful as any of today. It should be constructed according to hard and fast rules with no exceptions, and the number of rules should be a few as possible. While it should be simplified as compared to our present tongues, it should primarily be completely logical. As nearly as possible, each word should give one the feeling that that word alone fitted the object, action, or etc. that it represented. In constructing such a language it might be necessary, or at least just as well, to begin with some existant root words; but arbitrary roots should not be shunned. Whenever possible, words could and should of themselves suggest something of what they stand for. For example, the names of the chemical elements should embody some part of the word for the number corresponding to their atomic number. Where color, form, time, etc. are predominant characteristics, they can similarly be suggested when designing a word. Thus in learning comparatively few elementary words one has partially learned many, many more..... As we get warmed to our subject so many ideas on this topic come boiling into our think-tank, that realize we better stop now. But if we have succeeded in suggesting some of the possibilities of constructing such a language, let's hear your reactions. It occurs to us that Fandom could build and adopt such a language of the future. Among our other resemblances to a nation (as pointed out by Speer) we could have our own language instead of merely an idiom. Of course we hear Morojo butting in with words about Esperanto, but. . . . well, it would be fun. Wouldn't it?

WHOPDOODLE: No comment. 'Twould be superfluous!

SARDONYX: Your prophecy concerning the future of this country was very interesting, but not entirely convincing. It is a logical possibility. There appears to be some such trend as you suggest. But trends have a nasty habit of veering. Too bad this issue of S had to be curtailed. Hope the next is bigger.

INSPIRATION: Glad to find one kindred soul regarding the stories in Astounding. Fandom is not going to pieces, we think, but the War is undoubtedly having an effect on it. Few of the fans seem to have the time to spare that they once did. And it is very true in our case . . . . just at a time, too, when we'd much prefer to devote all our time to fanning. You certainly rate some species of orchid, Lynn, for keeping on with Inspiration despite your Army duties.

FAN TODS: To add to the confusion we suggest that "Tod" expresses a state of fatigue. A fan labors all day earning a living, then goes home and spends half the night putting out a fanzine. Hence the familiar expression, "Ugh! Fan-Tod!" Your comments on Sardonyx were exceptionally interesting and well-presented. Wish we had time to comment on them. You will find, though, in this issue of En Garde, Doc Smith's reply to your criticism of his inertialess drive. In case you don't know yet, the matchsticks in the Spring En Garde were runes. In your discussion of the quality of alien remoteness, or its lack, in stf stories, you seem to overlook Martian Odyssey. That story seemed to us to be as vivid and real as you could wish, and at the same time alien as hell. Vague settings and fearsome fauna fail somewhat of achieving that alien effect. Even illogical actions of other-world or other-time beings fall a little short of the desired effect. But when you explain those illogical actions or reactions by equally illogical (to us) motivations, then you are on the right track. Of course those motivations can only be suggested or hinted at as a rule. And of course atmosphere etc. helps. But atmosphere is of necessity an unfamiliar combination of familiar things. For a strange or illogical action we automatically find some understandable, if slightly screwy, motivation, thus reducing the action to our own plane and robbing it of any alien qualities. But when the illogical motivation is suggested to explain the action, we are stymied. We get the feeling that the action is well motivated already, and our mind is prevented from interpolating something understandable. Understanding neither the action nor its motivation..... we get alienness. I hope. Yesterday's 10,000 Years -- the best yet!

WOWSY WAMBLINGS: Come up and see us some time. And bring your own plasma. Our ration points are running out.

YHOS: Hurrah! We had been intending to write and ask for details on "Interplanetary". Then came Yhos, saving us the trouble. We haven't had time to finish making the game yet, but look forward to the time when it is done and we can play it. Letter section very interesting. The word that came out "maw" in your soloosh to the runes did so because you used cryptography methods. The runic

symbol for "w" is , but the one for "th" is . Thus the word was "math". Incidentally, that suggests a way to confuse and maybe foil a codebreaker. If separate symbols that closely resembled some utterly different single letter, were used to represent

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the various diphthongs and consonant combinations, it ought to be very effective.

AAGH: Excellent material. Article on Telepathy very well done. Quest of Foo-stone had the perfect ending. Bit on stenches proved its own contention. It was lovely in a stinking sorta way. Visit with Cabell unusual. Keep it up.

FFF 1941 YEARBOOK: Very welcome. How glad we are that some fans have the energy to compile these excellent works of reference. We find many occasions to use them and bless their producers.

MOONSHINE: Very nice issue. Hectoing quite good, and two review columns welcome. As to book review . . . It is our contention that Sammy was in too much of a hurry. The book had him running. You have him walking. We maintain he should crawl. After all, first things must come first. Now you see even when he was walking he was going by too fast for them to reach out of the mission, grab him, and convert him. Of course, with the city officials not chipping in much, the staff was doubtless underpaid, and not so quick and enthusiastic. So Sammy needs must crawl. Besides that would give him time to remember he was a Jew in the first place and didn't have any truck with Christianity. Or something.

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: Damn it! The whole issue was intensely interesting, but nowhere did I feel strongly impelled to dip in an ear. Those "undulated" staples you noticed for the first time have been used on every publication ever put out by NOVA PRESS. I guess the idea behind them is that they stay put better. As far as the 18 pages is concerned, you can make Sus-Pro that big every time and please us. It is always one of the high spots of the Mailing.

MATTERS OF OPINION: Also interesting. We side with you regarding discipline -- that is self-enforced discipline. That forced upon one by another (such as life in the army) we do not quite approve. It may be necessary sometimes, but it means a loss of independence, even though temporary. That we feel is not good. But to lay out a course of action, and then stick to it, is very good. Wish we could do it once.

PETITION CARD: Duly signed and mailed. Pat, pat, pat (on our back).

FANDANGO: Fanzine Anthology sounds like a fine project. We stand ready to help all we can. One thing about farming out the dummies and stencil cutting --- it seems a shame to make such a nice volume a hodge-podge of different type and format. Couldn't the thing be standardized somehow? Couldn't either elite or pica type be decided on, the number of lines to a page and letters to a line set? There are even a few other fine points of format that could be determined. Anyway, we're for it.

JINX: Glad to see you back again Harry. DAW's article good. He sure spoke a huge beakfull. Schmarje letter slightly dated (about two years). The neon sign burned out.

FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH: Many thanks for a fine collection of HPL's poems. WE've read them before, but are glad to have them in this form.

BROWSING: Ah! Another Bookzine, and a fine one. It certainly is amazing how fans manage to triumph over adverse circumstances such as wars and rationing and shortages. Good going, Mike.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: More books. Problem Corner quite a problem. It could develop into something, although this particular page sounds slightly strained. Surrealistic joke business seems to be straightened out now. We personally think the shaggy dog story is the most effective, though. Interlineations quite unique.

F-A LEAN-TO: No comment.

AGENBITE OF INWIT: An excellent issue, Doc. Why don't you turn out something like this oftener? Trigger Talk At Green Guna is positively epic. Hurry up with part II. We can hardly wait. Our gnails are gnawed down to gnubs.

THE READER AND COLLECTOR: Geometry Made Easy rates special mention. You certainly did a thorough job of squelching in General Delivery. Keep it up. It is muchly appreciated in this quarter.

PEGASUS: Sorry to disappoint you Bob, but Liebscher and I have both seen "Ultimo". We ran across a couple copies in Chicago last November. They wanted \$1.00 apiece for them. And we've been kicking ourselves ever since for not getting them. If anybody runs onto a copy please let me know. You've done a lovely job on this mag. Let's see more of them.

THE FAL-T ANNEX: We just couldn't resist the chance for one last lick.

wealwayslikedinterlineationsuntilwestartedhavingtroublefindingnewon

#### OPEN LETTER

To Norman Stanley,  
Via Al Ashley.

During a recent flying visit to Jackson, Al showed me your highly interesting communication in regard to the inertialess drive used in the universe of my "Lensmen" stories.

Part of it is easy. You say "...I've a feeling that there is something impossible, or at least highly improbable, about E. E. Smith's description of the inertialess drive."

Check. I check you to the proverbial nineteen decimals. I went on record in the old AMAZING STORIES, in about 1928, that I had no intention, then or ever, of writing stuff that would come true in my lifetime. The more highly improbable a concept was (or is) the more apt I was (and am) to use it. In fact, the more it grazes impossibility, the better I like it. I draw the line ONLY AT DEMONSTRABLE MATHEMATICAL IMPOSSIBILITIES. Thus, while it may at some future date be proven that the velocity of light is the limiting velocity, it certainly has not been proven to date. Einstein's Theory is still a THEORY.

On the other hand, celestial mechanics is an exact science. There cannot be a second satellite, hiding eternally behind the moon, hence I have never used that or any similar locale. As to the mathematics of inertialessness, I can say only that neither Edgelow of Michigan, who (as far as I know) first propounded the thing, nor Van Orstrand of Tech (than whom there are few whomer in math) could prove the idea impossible.

Not in EAUUCH I.D.'s

Second point is also easy. There was no loss in mass, as was brought out carefully in the story. Energy was taken in on receptor screens, converted into matter, and ejected---the ejection furnishing the drive, strictly a la Newton. ?

Not speaking of it less matter but after revision to 1.1.11

Third point: perhaps you have something there, since I very specifically and carefully refrained at any time from saying either that gravity did or did not affect inertialess matter. Frankly, I don't know---couldn't figure it out. Also, I didn't want to commit myself, as I might want to use it the other way if I did. Also, there was enough stuff that had to be explained as it was, without burdening the story with stuff that didn't. But, assuming that gravity does not affect inertialess matter (I still am not saying that it does or does not, remember) what happens to the law of conservation of energy? Kinetic energy only, then, and everything is OK. But I am not at all sure that it is necessary to duck the issue that way. "Energy of Position" is purely relative, and you are taking it with reference to some nearby planet, such as earth. Suppose you figure it from the absolute center of mass of the entire macrocosmic Universe---see how your figure changes?

So's K.E. too!

S. WHAT?

Also, what happens to the potential energy of a tightly-wound spring, said spring destroyed by fusing with a torch while in the wound condition? It fuses easier? Or does it? The connection between the two concepts is not apparent at first glance, but it is there. sure!

Cordially yours,

*Edward C. Smith*

andlittlepeterparemeciumwriggledhislittleciliaandswamaroundandaround

SPECIAL TO DAW

You did a fine job on the Pocketbook of Stf. To show our appreciation, and as a gesture of support, we bought a dozen copies. Since then we've discovered they make an excellent sampler to loan or give anyone evincing an interest in stf. People seem to be more receptive to stf. put up in that form than they are to a copy of one of the magazines. Also, though the cost is the same, with the Pocketbook you are making a gift of a book, not just an old magazine, and it is far more appreciated, and therefore more liable to actually be read.

We for a couple would like to see more stf. and fantasy put up in that form. So we are willing to do more than our share to make the first one successful. Wonder how many other fans feel the same?

## THE CEREAL UNIVERSE

By Wata Vi Durne

No doubt you've heard by this time about how Slan Shack became a reality, and about how Walt Liebscher moved to Battle Creek to become one of the charter tenants. You may even have heard the rumor about how the well-known sirens of Joliet howled all night after Walt's abrupt departure, and how the bloodhounds bayed a nocturnal accompaniment, all to no avail, for Walt was very clever in his leave-taking. Of course, one flatly denies the truth of the rumor ---yet. . . . .

Anyway, Walt arrived in Battle Creek. You've heard of the place. Everyone has. Remember when you sat boredly munching your "crispy, crunchy" breakfast, and absently reading the advertising on the box? Remember where it said, "Made in Battle Creek, Mich.?"

So Walt arrived. He apparently had entertained visions of sponging off of the Ashleys for the rest of his unnatural life. He certainly proceeded to try; but his involuntary hosts rapidly developed other ideas on the subject. Much to his chagrin, regret, and everlasting disillusionment, Walt was constrained to seek a job.

The labor shortage in Battle Creek is acute at the present time. This fact, coupled with an enthusiastic self-selling job, landed Walt a trial. They put him to work moulding KIX. All went well for the first day, but by the second the Liebscher imagination began clamoring for expression. KIX soon commenced pouring in from the inspectors. Drop-KIX and goal-KIX had been showing up here and there. Now and then they even discovered a pair or two of half-soled-KIX. It was too much. A number of well-placed KIX soon ushered him out of the job.

Walt's next effort landed him a position as Test-Taster for ALL BRAN. He lasted three days on this job. Such quantities of bulky indigestibles proved too much for even his peculiar constitution. Then too, his sensitive spirit quailed at continual contact with that amount of rough-stuff. They gave him a medical discharge.

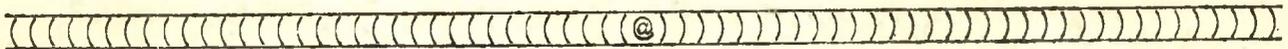
So he got a job weaving SHREDDED WHEAT. But he got to woofing so much about the wear and tear on his fingers that he warped the warp. They didn't bounce him out of this job---he wove out the window when he saw them coming. Screwing the nuts on the grapes to make GRAPENUTS got Walt all confused. As nearly everybody knows, the only grapes that are threaded are raisins. But this was a new wrinkle to Walt. They transferred him to another department, but here INSTANT POSTUM proved much too fast for him. Well, there was nothing to do but keep shunting him around in hopes of finding some job he could handle. They tried him on putting the post in POST TOASTIES, but he always managed to get too much post and not enough toast. As this gave the finished product a woody flavor, Walt again embarked on his search for a job.

Next Walt wangled work on the PUFFED RICE cannons. All day long he would march up and down the lines of cereal artillery, whistling a martial tune and merrily jerking the lanyards. Boom,

boom, boom, went the cannon, but he never could get the knack of aiming them. He kept missing the boxes and spilling rice all over the place. So much rice scattered about had a suggestive effect on the female help. The boss decided he would miss the gals a great deal more than Walt. On the other hand, putting corrugations in MUFFETS crougnt sympathetic wrinkles in Walt's brow. So he decided he wouldn't miss MUFFETS.

Rolling CORN FLAKES turned out to be a lot of fun. Walt grew quite enthusiastic. In fact, he was soon rolling them in the aisles. But the Kellogg Company is very strict about sanitation, and such goings-on didn't come up to their standards. Again Walt rolled on to a new job. They were getting harder to find, but after a long search he finally got a tryout at punching holes in CHEERI\*CATS----- only to discover that he had lost his punch.

Walt wanted work, but the wresults were wowsy!



GENTLEMEN ----- THE COVER

Any attempt to avoid too much repetition of color schemes on NOVA PRESS covers must inevitably run into trouble. After exhausting the usual and obvious color combinations, one turns to color chords of a minor nature. Many of these can prove exceedingly effective, but---there are strange pitfalls for the unwary.

For the cover on this issue of En Garde, we conceived the notion that pink, grey, and a touch of red would make a good combination. Well, we sprayed the pink first. But when we got to the grey and red we found we had failed to achieve quite the effect desired. It was almost but not quite. Then, to our dismay, we discovered that no other two colors that were usable worked out even as good with the pink.

Did any of you ever speculate as to just what combination of colors would reach the ultimate nauseating effect? We often have, and the conclusion we reached was that nothing could be more utterly utter than pink, green, and purple. The circumstances being what they were, we couldn't resist doing the cover you have doubtless already retched over.

Now what we want to know is how does that combination affect the rest of fandom? Are there other combinations to which you would react more violently? Or do we all react the same? It will be interesting to find out.

