

EN GARDE





Compounded with caressing care by

AL AND ABBY LU ASHLEY

Of 25 POPLAR, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

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SLAN CENTER AGAIN

The first response to this idea has very interesting and quite satisfying. To summarize it briefly:

Norm Stanley disagrees with the "fans are slans" concept, thinks the project feasible, but worries over the possibility of the Center's population dropping below the danger line.

Lynn Bridges flatters with his statement that we are able to write with extreme subtlety, but finds fans only ordinary people and considers fandom simply a hobby.

Raym Washington heartily endorses "fans are slans".

Art Widner approves the idea, offers some sound suggestions, and then enthusiastically proceeds to develop said idea to its fantastic ultimate. He objects to urban location.

Trudy Kuslan views the project with "sly amusement" and doubts its possibility of success because of individualism of the fans.

Chauvenet objects to tying himself down to one location, thinks it should be located near the ocean, but implies that he might invest in the idea, although more as a donation than an investment.

Fran Laney very enthusiastic, brings up some good points, goes into facts and figures, but suggests super-apartment building run on a sort of communistic basis.

Joe Gibson, in a letter, goes for the idea in a big way, mentions several points of interest, but feels the location is due for some discussion.

This seems to boil down to five general points for discussion:

1. Are, or are not, fans Slans?
2. Location of Slan Center.
3. Structural considerations.
4. Social workability.
5. Financial possibilities.

Wherefore, let's consider each of these in turn.

1. First, our whole presentation of the Slan Center idea was written in far too much haste. In an effort to give as much time as possible to consideration of the many phases of the idea, we delayed writing it up until the last minute. But we delayed too long. The result was a failure to express properly what we had to say. Hence a number of the readers failed to understand correctly some of the things we were trying to put across.

We have never entertained any notion that fans are the cream of this planet's intellectual crop. The average fan enjoys intellectual superiority over the average man. But that only means that as

a select group we excel the human average. No effort would be needed to find other select groups which surpass the fan intellectually. Norm's "fantasy sense" seems to explain (perhaps correctly) a lot of the differences between man and fan, yet we feel that it doesn't completely cover the situation.

The term "Slan", when applied to fan, must of necessity be used in a looser and more general sense than the original meaning. Perhaps it can only be defined as a word indicating whatever differences exist between the fan and the average man. And there are differences. Among those which have been observed are:

The Fantastic Sense, mentioned by Stanley.

The Time-Binding ability brought out by Heinlein.

An intense interest in nearly everything, and somewhat of a conversational knowledge of nearly everything.

Considerable ability for expression in print, as well as a complete readiness to do so.

A remarkably strong feeling of kinship with other fan, and an instinctive feeling of trust for other fan. (We have experienced this from both sides of the fence, and have yet to find an exception among the many fan with whom we've discussed it. A fan will walk into the home of another fan and make himself completely at home. The fans may never have met before, or even corresponded with each other. The visitor may not even be home at the moment. Yet, neither visitor nor visitor question the propriety of such action. On the other hand, neither would think of acting the same with a non-fan.)

To use the phrase "intellectual superiority" is apt to be misleading. What do we mean by it? Do we mean the peculiar talent of the mathematical genius? Or the specialized knowledge of the technician or the scientist? Few fans have any great degree of specialized knowledge or training, and where it does exist it seems to be beside the point and have little bearing on their fannishness. In Odd John there is the term "wide awakes". Somewhere, we recently came onto a statement that mankind can be divided into two classes; "those whose eyes are dull" and "those whose eyes are bright". Perhaps fan are those whose eyes are bright. Try noticing that particular feature when comparing them with other people. In any event, there is considerable evidence that fan-eyes are bright---bright with more than usual awareness of the universe about them, and interest in its potentialities.

There may be insufficient data from which to draw any definite conclusions, or to assign any final definition to the term "Slan" as applied to fan. But, in the meantime, we will tentatively accept the term in its present vague sense, and hope discussion on this subject will continue strong until some rather definite and satisfactory meaning is established. Nor do we find anything untoward in taking a term with an original definite meaning and modifying that meaning for our own use.

2. Choosing the location of Slan Center is largely a matter of selecting one with the greatest majority of desirable features and minority of undesirable ones. We never intended to imply that Battle Creek was the best location. In fact, there is a strong probability that Slan Shack and its inmates may move to Los Angeles in another year. But let's list some features needed in a location.

Most important is ample opportunity for gainful employment. If possible, this should be comparatively great even in possible future depression times. While it would be desirable for a group such as this to tend toward independence of outside employers, such independence likely will never be complete. This suggests a location reasonably near a sizeable city.

Probably next in importance would be climate. This should be equitable as much of the year as possible, not only for the happiness of the fans, but from the standpoint of cost of living. (This, frankly, is one place where Battle Creek falls down.)

Thirdly, it would be better if the location was near a fairly dense fan-population area. To take part in this project, many fans must be prepared to botake themselves a considerable distance from their familiar home grounds, and such a break is not always easy. A location near a large group of fans would promise greater immediate success for the project due to the minimum of dislocation required of a larger potential group of initial members.

Cultural facilities, property values, etc., must all be considered. In other words, here's the chance for every interested would-be member to talk up whatever location he considers ideal, enumerating its points of superiority.

3. There seems to have been considerable confusion of Slan Shack and Slan Center. Slan Shack is only our own little project of buying a good-sized house and renting rooms to fans. But it does provide a chance to observe the reactions of a group of fans living in rather close relationship, thereby gaining some inkling of the problems to be met in the Center project, as well as its probability of success. So far the Shack has given every indication of complete success, everybody concerned getting along with a minimum of friction and a maximum of enjoyment.

Slan Center was proposed as a collection of adjacent individual dwellings sprinkled with a few apartment structures, and with a large communal building. What form the Center eventually takes is naturally a matter for further discussion and majority decision. We proposed the "city block" as an easy method of grouping the structures, yet so arranging them that later sale to outsiders would be easy if it so happened that the project wasn't a success. And that is an important point: There is no reason why we should have to stand any great loss if it doesn't go over. The "city block" we envisioned was to be located nearly at the "end of the bus line" (as Widner puts it). However, we are not averse to going further out if that seems practicable and desirable. Lancy's super-apartment building has its points, but we, personally, would prefer more room than such a structure would likely afford. No doubt many others feel the same. There is also the question of the degree of privacy desired. Apparently further discussion, and expression of personal ideas and preferences is indicated.

4. We fail to be impressed with Trudy's fears regarding the social workability of the project. Among the many fans we've met there have been extremely few social "impossibles". The fan in person, and the fan in print, are two different individuals. The fan, being given to thinking about, and arriving at more or less concrete conclusions about a great variety of things, creates the illusion of extreme, and somewhat cocksure, individualism. But

closer study proves him eager to be friendly, and far more tolerant of the whims and eccentricities of others than the average non-fan ever thought of being. There may be a few exceptions we'll admit. And the existence of these is something we must consider when we come to working out entrance requirements. But we feel the sly amusement with which Trudy views the antics of the fans, if not downright alarm at their anti-social individualism, is without sound basis when applied to fans as a whole. In the Center, especially, the weight of opinion of the more conservative and mature majority would quickly subdue any harebrained notions or ill-considered actions that might crop up.

There are some social aspects to be considered, however. In the first place, we should be very careful to avoid being considered just another "cult" by the non-fans with whom we come in contact. There are a good many ways this could be harmful in the long run, wherefore, some of our efforts to be different merely to be different might better be restrained. In general, though, we can probably carry on pretty much as usual, merely being careful not to call unnecessary outside attention to some of our less explainable eccentricities. We would be well-advised to avoid flaunting a lot of our beliefs when such beliefs conflict too much with accepted mores. Concerning honesty, we will likely have little trouble. Individual responsibility may prove a problem in some cases, but one we should be able to cope with. In fact, there are any number of social aspects that must be recognized, considered, and some means of dealing with them worked out. However, force of majority opinion will probably solve most problems of this sort that may arise.

5. We can't get down to details such as probable costs until a number of other phases of the project are more settled. But Widner's suggestion that someone be appointed Treasurer to receive weekly or monthly savings toward the project, is a good one. And what reason is there for waiting until after the war? We suggest that steps be taken in the fairly near future to set up the Corporation, elect the Treasurer, and start the saving now while money is comparatively plentiful. Such action would put the whole project on a concrete basis, and make any tendency to take it all out in talk much less likely. It would also hasten the day when Slan Center can be a reality. Then there is a point concerning the many fans who have gone to war. They have more or less severed many of the ties that bound them to their former locations, or at least have broken the ice in getting away from home. If Slan Center is about ready to go by the time they return, or very soon after before they have had time to reform those ties, they will more easily slip into the new set-up and add to the probable success of the whole plan.

So let's have more discussion and more ideas---lots more. And how about a lot more fans making clear their personal stand regarding the project.

In the next issue of Eh Garde, we'll discuss some of the details of the corporation-cooperative system we suggested for handling the business of the project, and go into some of the benefits we expect to derive from Slan Center.

Dalvan Coger complained that he had to let his whiskers grow for a week before he could buy a beer and get his check cashed. Ah, youth!

" with jaundiced eye"

FANDOMANIA: Cartoons good, and productive of many laughs. There ought to be either more of them or some articles and stuff to go along with them. One finishes with the mag too quick.

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: Your dream is easy to explain. You found yourself in NYC. That means you can really cover territory when you sleep. The urge to see Chauvenet obviously means you want to know how to play chess. Finding he lived on a tobacco plantation replete with auctioneers means you know you should give up those darn Tarrytons and smoke Luckies but are just too stubborn. The showing movies to kids in the Empire State Building shows you don't know a movie theater from a skyscraper, and the rocket changing into a bicycle means you need more exercise, while riding in through the window is very unusual. Finding Chauvenet gypping the kids behind a candy counter means you shouldn't judge other people by yourself. Your failure to convince him that he was a fan shows you are slow on the up-take---he just didn't want people to catch on that he knew you, and sailing out the window like Superman is a nice trick if you can do it.***Book bits swell as usual.***Writeup on Detroit trip is one of the most amazing fantasies we've ever read.

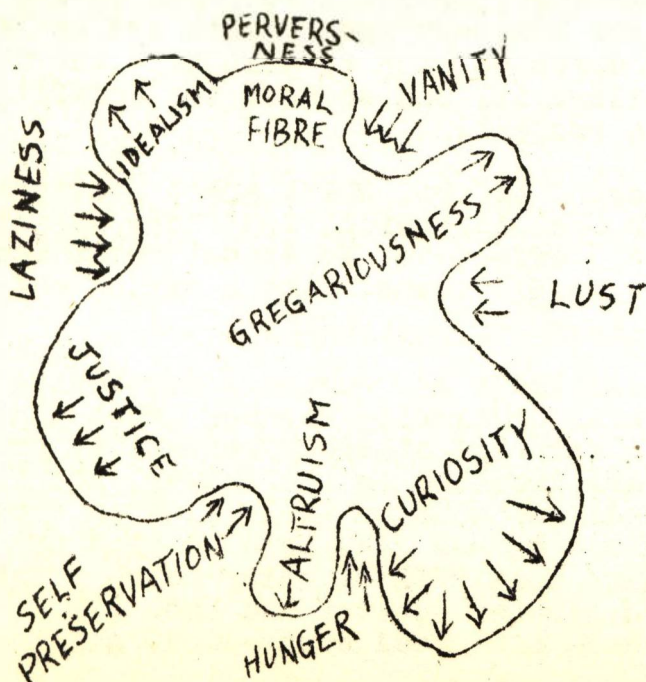
FAN DANGO: The Stf Heretic touches on one of our pet gripes. Why must fans insist on egotistically condemning all stf not to their personal taste to stinking oblivion? No one mag can fairly be termed trash. In general, one may find the stories of a certain mag conform closest to one's particular taste, but one has NO right of any sort to claim that taste as the only true yardstick. If one says, "As a rule I prefer the stories in Incredible Science Fiction" he is within his rights. If he goes further and gives reasons for his preference, he even exhibits signs of rudimentary intelligence. But if he says, "Unearthly Stories stinks, has stunk ever since Snoofle-Pop took it over, and doubtless will end its days smelling to high heaven"---then he merely labels himself a moron, and should be spending his time in an institution instead of pretending to read and understand stf.***Thanks for your swell response to the Slan Center idea. You have brought out some good points and we look to you for more. In the next En Garde we plan to deal with the Corporation setup as we have visualized it, and some of the benefits we think can be derived from the project.

DREAMS OF YITH: A very praiseworthy effort. While REW's drawings are not as carefully executed as one might wish, they show definite talent and, on the whole, are very effective. We expect great work from him in another year or two. By all means, make a series out of this.

YHOS: Like new format. Cover excellent as yours are developing a habit of being. Rather coincidental similarity between yours and that of En Garde.***Very much in favor of mimeced Check-List. Don't know whether subsidizing from FAPA treasury is the answer, not being sure how much would be needed. But what we would like to see is a complete mimeced Check-List bound in one mag. We'd be glad to shell out of our own pocket toward that.***A mightier belch right back at Milty. We happen to be a painter ourself and know all about lead poisoning etc., and have also used spray-guns. All that

Union was doing was trying to make more work for the painters by reducing production per man---an artificial and uneconomic method, but one appealing to the unintelligent rank and file of the Union. The sole justification of a Union is to provide a Spokesman to deal with a management often unreachable by the lowly worker, and to intelligently demand wages and working conditions the worker has every human right to expect, but is not equipped to demand for himself. In those cases where the Union can fill this need, we approve. However, the situation is ready made for racketeering, and the Union leaders have been quick to take advantage. Exploitation of such a great mob of second rate intelligences is too, too easy. Great fanfare about a few cents an hour raise, shorter hours, or the right to smoke on the job, blinds the worker to the cost to him through strike-loss, dues and assessments, and initiation fees, to say nothing of the fact that whenever his demands raise the cost to the manufacturer it is passed right back to him in increased cost of the product. Of course most of this is the same old arguments. Doubtless the Unions have done a small amount of good despite the way they've been run. If the time should come when their activities were strictly controlled to an extent that would abolish most of the exploitation of the worker, we might give them some approval. Personally, we feel quite able to act as our own spokesman with any management, and if we can't come to an agreement with them, we'll simply go somewhere where we can agree. It would be better for all workers if they developed their individuality and intelligence to the point where they were willing to do the same instead of becoming a bunch of sheep. T'hell with the Unions. We just don't approve of Hitler's type of government. Therefore we don't approve a Union setup that is such perfect training for making a worker a willing subject for such a government. When this war is over let's start making war on the Unions and Politicians and other parasites and exploiters of the common people. Let's restore Democracy and man's right and ability to have a voice in his government.

Art, I tried working out one of your personality amoebas. You seem to have veered slightly from Speer's original concept of the thing, and I'm not sure mine follows yours exactly. But here goes.



I visualize the thing as a perfect circle distorted by the pressure of various inner motivations that make up your personality. Between these pseudopodic protrusions are the indentations caused by the pressure of the different physical urges. Desire for Approval I've changed to Vanity, and I've restored perverseness. It seems to me to be a definite urge in some people, having no connection with the power of the others. I've also seen fit to add Gregariousness & Justice (desire for fair-play). I worked this out with the aid of Wiedenbeck who has known me a long time.

RAHUUN TA-KA: No, no! Not that! Not the End---after we've got so used to it. It's just like suddenly destroying all the atmosphere on the earth (or Mars)---leaves one with such a sense of loss.

GUTETO: Interesting issue. You make a good point anent Basic. Thanks for support of Slan Center proposal.

SARDONYX: Travels With A Donkey was good---but definitely. Review column very interesting if rather short. Listening Post well worth studying, and many thanks for it. Retrospecting as on page one is always appealing. Does article on Slan Center in this issue of EG clarify things any?

THE NUCLEUS: We love your rambling fanzine even if we don't agree with some of your ideas. You've brought up the Negro question and there will doubtless be more discussion on it. The forthcoming NOVA was to have articles by both Ackerman and Speer on that subject. But after the race riots and general strong feeling, we decided not to run them in NOVA with its wider circulation. Perhaps we'll include them in the next En Garde.

SATYRIC: Subaqueous Romance completely charming. A number of laughs in the rest of the issue. Thumbs up.

HORIZONS: Looks like the new Editor is solving your Post-Mailing worries for you. Reviews right up to their fascinating best and usually one of the highlights of the mag to us. We add our voice to the clamor for clearly setting off the titles being reviewed. Last half of mag very hard to read due to sparsity of ink.

THE SCIENCE FICTION SAVANT: Nice start Raym. Try Swisher, the Official Editor, for back issues of En Garde, or any other FAPA publication. Autobiography very interesting.

BROWSING: A fanzine thoroughly welcome to the lover and collector of books, and we're a couple of 'em. Keep up the good work, Mike. We've never seen any cause for worry about any harmful mental effect from dreaming. Have never achieved any time-travel dreams yet, a la Dunne, but we're working on it and might manage one of these nites.

SUSTAINING PROGRAM: We wallowed in the Review column as we always do in yours. All too often your comments are too brief to allow for further comment on them, but they're entirely enjoyable. The Speech That SF Built was rather well done and the metaphor apt. Slumming Expedition swell but not long enough. Geographical placing of fans a good idea. Thanks for straightening out the English locations and saving us the work.

EN GARDE: That very retching cover still disturbs our dreams and undermines our appetite.

INSPIRATION: A particularly interesting issue of thoughts on this and that. Those "Dressed Up" Westerns put the point across admirably. Fandom is just a hobby to us too, but perhaps the word hobby holds a fuller meaning for us. You may be right in most cases in regard to the activity of the fans in service. Probably most of 'em could do more, but under the circumstances we forgive the slackers.

FAN TODS: You are probably right about the importance of visualization in playing chess. And just contemplate the amount of that ability needed for three-dimensional chess. Incidentally, we wonder how large a percentage of fen have this ability. Until recently we took it for granted that this ability was quite general. We conceived an idea that we would write a nice tale of our journeys all over the country visiting all the well-known fans. We figured we'd get data on each of them such as their mannerisms, habits of dress, looks, etc. Thus, even though we'd never met them, our tale would sound true to all but the fan we were supposed to be visiting. In other words, the only giveaway would be when the reader came to where we visited him. Well, we finally found a fan who'd met most of the well-known fen. We got off in a corner with our typer and him and started asking questions about the fen. To our eternal dismay we discovered that he had no memory of such things as looks, dress, or mannerisms. He was unable to recall the scene of his meeting of any fan and pick out those points by reliving it in his mind. Such lack of the ability visualize a scene from even the immediate past knocked us for a loop. So now we wonder just how widespread the power of well-developed visualization really is.***We are unable to share this "Doom Is On Us" philosophy. Neither man's most determined efforts, nor those of Nature herself, have put more than a very minor and transitory dent in the human population or its progress. Read Van Loon's "Story Of Mankind". Read it several times if necessary until you grasp the picture of Mankind's slow, steady, inevitable progress. Those dreadful calamities which excite us and seem so momentous at the moment are trivial ripples in the stream of man's progress, once you grasp the entire picture. From the first, the trend has been toward greater and ever greater individual liberty. Those who scream for immediate economic revolutions, and insist on trying to cram their wild-eyed utopias down the throats of a humanity they think too stupid to know what is best for them, are merely exhibiting youthful impatience. When man, as a race, is ready for the next step toward freedom, all the petty autocrats and would-be dictators of history couldn't prevent his taking that step. As for "cut-throat competition"---that has been the evolutionary theme-song since life originated on this planet. Why must the race of man permit itself to be influenced, or deflected from its ultimate goals, by the frantic attempts of the misfit---Nature's discards---to evade their inevitable elimination?***Widnor on Thuggee was perfect. Yesterday's 10,000 Years better than last time.

YE OLDE SCIENCE FICTION FANNY: This (t)issue too tiny. Also, the subject matter is too morbid. The editors have really touched a new bottom. What are they trying to do---polish off fandom in one foul sweep? However, we doubt that this publication will appear again---sort of a flush in the can as it were.

COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATOR: Tripe to the Nth power. FAPA has indeed fallen upon evil days to include such as this. We retch.

HAVE AT THEE, KNAVES: Your comments, Sam, are interesting and refreshingly vicious. Yorke's dissertation on Dawnish was most intriguing. We're all aflutter now to find out how close he guessed. Come often and with bigger issues.

PRESENTING RONALD CLYNE: Bravo for getting something in the Mail-ing. But nya-a-a-a to you. NOVA #3 will have a back cover and an interior feature by Clyne.

WUDGY TALES: Your staff is hyper---especially the last one. Your articles, stories, fillers and art are all hyper. The whole damn mag is hyper. Why don't you rent yourself out as a hyperdermic? There's a lot of dough (of the hyper sort) in hyper skin games.

FAN NOTES: Reviews good but too few. "Bronsonia" amazing. See, brief mag--brief comments.

WE JUST HAD TO DO IT: Interesting chatter.

GOLDEN ATOM: Paradox Plus, In Person, was very interesting and of satisfactory length. We really enjoyed it. Letters of comment on last SPACEWAYS very welcome. In fact, the whole issue was so full of interesting material it would be pointless to start mentioning each item. Let it go that we really enjoyed the issue.

FANTASY AMATEUR: You've done a good job Swisher. Perhaps our volume of the pub was a little more fancy, but yours contains all the essentials, and that's what counts. Wish we could offer to provide airbrush covers for you, but we have a devil of a time getting those for En Garde, etc., done. Taking on any more would be simply out of the question. Keep up the good work.

POSTMAILINGS

ELMER'S MAILING: A novel form of FAPazine, to say the least. But a hell of a mess from the standpoint of filing or binding the Mailing. Interesting nevertheless! Hope you continue to appear with regularity.

AGENBITE OF INWIT: Really glad to see you putting out a sizeable mag. Maybe there's a reason for your peculiar luck in the cloctions. Maybe fandom's afraid you might lose interest or something once you achieve your desire of getting the Prexyship. Maybe they are just egging you on to continued activity by dangling your desire before you but never quite letting you reach it. Tell you what---if you give your word that it won't have any adverse effect on your subsequent activity if you win next time, we, for one, will vote for you. Is it a deal?***Vive L'Emperor very good. Second installment of the "Western" positively slaying. If "Seven-Year is who we think it is---perfect! We droolingly await the third part.

The Time Capsule had been described as containing a bit of everything representative of this era. Then, with straight face, he said, "The Ashley living room is the Time Capsule of the Middle West!"

OY, YORRBER

By Walt Liebscher

Oh, yobber so gay and stuff, Yobber, yobber oh so glorf,
How I love you in the rough. Loved by all because you're snorf,
I also love you in the smooth; Way up in the hy so sky,
I love you anywhere forsooth. You're like good banana cream.
You are the apple of my eye. 3.1416.
You remind me of banana cream 3.1416.

((We've fed him arsenic for several months. Hope it works soon!))

UMBERTO CONCERTO
By Walt Liebscher.

Bordle and Freel were out in the glumpf field picking frintches. Bordle got to feeling snorgy. "Let's go down to the broedle and bornch," he asked Freel.

"I'm not in the mood," said Freel, "but maybe after we bornch a bit I'll feel sluffy enough to continue."

So down the dirndle lane they frindled, pausing here and there to pcedle and klarg. Upon reaching the guggerblando patch they got their piffles ready and began bornching.

Suddenly the sky grew blung in color, and the wind rose to a height of wertle.

"Oh, I'm blerty," said Freel. "Let's quit and clarry home to our little bornch nest."

"It does look blumpy and bododly," hissed Bordle. "I think it is best we feriddle on."

But the wind grew ductricier and ductricier, so Bordle and Freel took foogie in a cave.

"I'm scared snooloss," whimpered Freel. "I think I'm going to smoop on the glinchmeir."

"As long as our little bornch nest isn't pluffed away I'll be a catroon," offered Bordle.

Suddenly, out of the darker proliflanes of the cave, a glooby thing snorgled towards the two innocent bornchers.

"Frizzling glockets!" screamed Freel, "What in fleep is that? Save me, my swandy Bordle! Save me!"

As Bordle was a true fription he ran toward the thing and the thing got down and garbled him up, smoop and all. Freel driggled and friggled. Would she never see her snarfy Bordle again?

Suddenly the glooby thing made a plerty noise and immediately after there stood Bordle, all in one blart and alive and plipper.

"Oh, my gloompish Bordle, you're safe, you're twitchol," sobbed Freel.

"Yess, my little hoopinschnitz," sighed Bordle, "safe and blurpy. But I must trelane to you all about it. Rest yourself on your flabbar and hear my lataprane tail, or, talo.

"You see, that cloggy thing is a flugdugborbian fitzlosnootz. It reduces people in size when it swallows them. After it seduced, pardon, reduced me, I got into its clestle stream. I had a terrific fight with some herobights and glouscrites, but finally hit upon a tinutle to get out."

"What in harundle did you do?" asked Frool.

"Oh, I prindled his progglo and he sneezed me out," answered Bordlo, thwartingly.

So the little, cocapanish couple who were so much in bornch went home to their little bornch nest and bornched.

MORAL: Never bornch in the frintch patches or you might run across a glooby thing.

This is the way he told it to us: He had wandered into the studio. The model was posed in the center, and the artists were gathered all around her, busily sketching. He circulated around the room, inspecting the work of one artist after another. Finally he came to one right in front of the model, who was especially intent. Then he discovered that the guy couldn't draw for sour apples. But there he was---with a piece of charcoal, and a loer!

MAD MINSTREL

By Al Ashley

My song is a song of the things I see
 When the moon rides high; of a blasted tree
 That is faintly limned on a black, bleak sky;
 Of shadows that whisper and weirdly sigh
 As they weave and glide through the shifting gloom;
 Of a crouching wraith on a wind-swept tomb.

Or, I sing of the elfin flames that dance
 On a distant ridge, as they play and prance
 To a faery; tinkling, silver bell;
 Of a shriveled plain where a star-chip fell
 From far, where the gods shape a dwelling-place,
 On another world, for an Elder Race.

IMAGINARY ILES

By Al Ashley

Indigo imprisoned isles!
 Insects iridescent,
 Insolently inundate
 Images, ignescent.

Idols indefinable,
 Inlaid in ivory;
 Inexorably inclosed
 In ice, illusory!

It's in incoherence, I.
 Ignobly invoke
 Inexplicably inflamed
 Incubi, incarnate.

DAWN HERITAGE

By Al Ashley

Down time's slow, relentless pathway,
 From some dim and distant dawn,
 Comes an atavistic yearning
 Like a reddened echo drawn
 From a heart, for long, forgotten.
 In a gust of burning hate,
 Comes a wild, primeval fury
 Only flowing blood will sate.

In a burst of bitter madness,
 In an all-embracing surge,
 Primal-born and overwhelming,
 Comes a grim, sadistic urge;
 In a demon-driven flood,
 Comes a wild demand for blood!

— the fapictorial review

By Jack Wiedenbeck

- FAN TODS: As an electrician the last issue gave me cover-colic; but as an artist I thought it hot stuff. Norm, you owe it to FAPA to give us some interior pics once in awhile.
- WUDGY TALES: Tillywish is a cannier (tin) artist than he will admit. Wish he would do better by this rag.
- SUSPRO: When Juffus visited Slan Shack recently I meant to congratulate him on his clever little stick men--they give me belly-laffs. I forgot to do so then--I'd like to now.
- PRESENTING R.C.: Clyne--hmmmmmm--I'm jealous.
- YHOS: Art's art second to none. The cover idea is an old gag but neatly done, and the bacover is superb. What is Nelson's address? And Widner--how about giving us a straight drawing yourself? I like your covers.
- EN GARDE: Well--don't blame me! I only cut the mask. I have nothing to do with the colors.
- FANDOMANIA: Damned clever cartoons. Why aren't there more of them in L.A. stuff?
- GOLDEN ATOM &
DREAMS OF YITH: Since they are both illustrated by that indofatigable young artist, Roscoe E. Wright. Ross' only fault is the same as my own--anatomical weakness (no wise snippers now) and I would like to pass on to him the names of a couple books that I find of vast service in that respect. Victor Perard's "Anatomy and Drawing", from Paul Struck, 415 Lexington Ave., New York; price \$3.50, but can be picked up for \$1 second hand. And--"Figure Drawing For All It's Worth", by Andrew Loomis; also from Struck for \$3.95. I believe that I owe you a pic, mon ami, and some day I'll really surprise you by sending it.
- FAN NOTES: Neat heading and Clyne again, who in my opinion is now top fan artist, succeeding Roy Hunt.
- YE OLDE SCIENCE FICTION FANNY: Such loafly art work!
- RAHUUN TA-KA: I always was a sucker for abstractions--especially the fried-egg variety.
- GOSCIRCOMM: Enough to gag a buzzard!
- GUTETO: Format raised to high art. In my opinion the neatest of all fapazines.
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- FA, Browsing, Inspiration, Have At Thee, Walt's Wramblings, Nucleus, Sardonyx, Fan Dango, We Had To Do It, Horizons, S.F.Savant, and Satyric: No art work and therefore no comment.