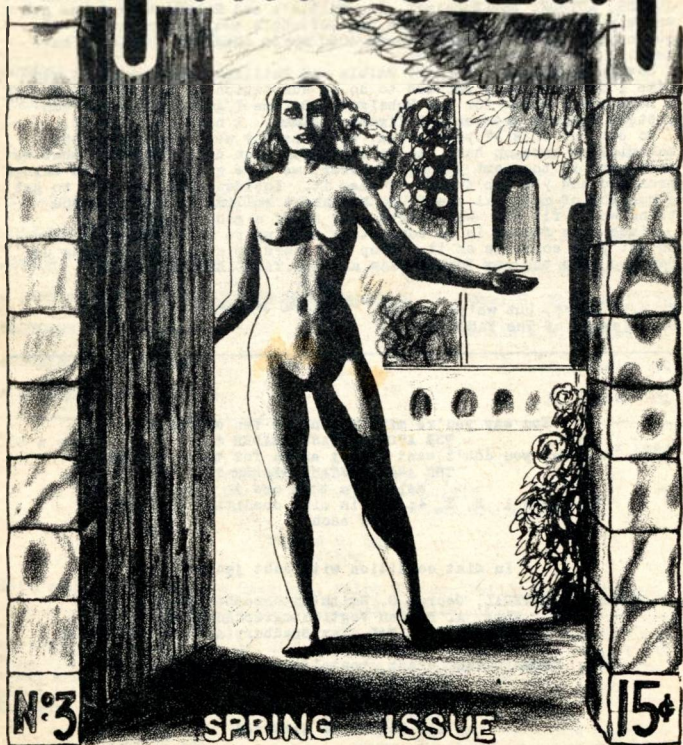


the FANSCIENT



Nº3

SPRING ISSUE

15¢

PORTLAND SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY

With this, the first issue of The FANSCIANT in the new format, we're naturally anxious to see how it turns out. As this is written, it's all laid out with the exception of this page. As usual, we had to make a bunch of last minute changes, but we think we've got a well balanced issue. The features you've liked the best are with us again. AUTHOR, AUTHOR: the Rubaiyat pic, Waible's and Higbee's cartoons and a variety of articles along with Len Moffatt's swell short story. By our count, Len's story is around 4000 words long. We couldn't have handled it in the old format.

Having given you covers by Waible and Phillips, we decided it was time I did one, so I decided to do an adaptation of an embossed design I made for a cover for The Rubaiyat. Before I got thru, I had completely redrawn the central figure 3 times. I hope you like it.

To put out this 32 page issue, we've pretty well cleaned up the material we have on hand, so we can't say much definite about what we will have in the next issue. However, we have a number of fine things promised and you won't want to miss it. Incidentally, we want to get a backlog of material ahead, so how about rolling in anything you think would fit in. We'll give your stuff a good presentation.

Since this format is so completely new, we're particularly anxious to get your comments on it. Drop us a card or a letter, telling us how you like the new Pocket-Size and The FANSCIANT in general.

P. S.: Sorry, but we're out of
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Don Day

Editor.

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the FANSCIANT

Whole Number 3
SPRING, 1948

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ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

MASTER

of

FANTASY.

by

Thyril L. Ladd

There is a continual tingling lure in the weird writing of Robert W. Chambers—a promise, tho not always fulfilled, that something eerie, supernatural, dreadful, lies ahead in the story. And even when the story is done, the reader feels that not quite all has been revealed.

Chambers was certainly versatile—his novels covered life in society, humor, adventure and mystery, life in the Paris Latin Quarter—his very important historical novels (excellent pictures of American Colonial days)—and the weird and fantastic.

The weird and fantastic!—and in this class of fiction alone, Chambers showed remarkable variety.

No precis of "The King in Yellow" is needed, for this odd collection



of stories is a classic, and has had intense influence on more recent writing. Possibly in no other of his books did Chambers leave so much to the conjecture of his reader. Lovecraft's splendid review of this title would make comment on it by another really inadequate.

Though only the title-tale itself may be considered weird, it alone makes "The Maker of Moons" worthwhile. The aura of dread which pervades this story is perhaps as chillingly effective as anything in the genre. The mysterious appearance of the maiden Yonnde in the depths of the forest—the presence there, too, of one of the dreaded sorcerers of the Kuen-Yuin—from whose fingers rose at will, many moons—the mournful howl of the eerie Yeth-hounds.... Ah, yes! Here Chambers has crowded a forest with horrors—with things which do not belong in this world.

Effective writing?

Let us quote!—"And the creature on the shore below! What was my horror to see a moon, huge, silvery, rise like a bubble from between his fingers, and another and yet another....."

And again we quote!—"Then an awful thing occurred. Up out of the black lake reared a shadow, a nameless shapeless mass, headless, sightless, gigantic, gaping from end to end....."

I contend that is writing!

Not many writers of fantasy have been too happy as writers of humor, but Chambers produced some fiction which was excitingly fantastic, yet also humorous. Two of these books carry adventures of the same individuals in each, though they were written eleven years apart. The first is "In Search of the Unknown", (1904), an account of the misadventures of a young museum attache, through a series of fantastic happenings. These stories are continued in the sequel,

(Continued on page 22)

"Police!!!" (1915), which is attractively illustrated with pastel colored illustrations. There is a romantic interest connected with these stories, which is quite unobjectionable and well handled.... of course, the young museum attache never gets the girl!

"The Green Mouse" is nearer Sciencefiction than anything else, and, to tell the truth, is really pretty silly. It has to do with the invention of a machine, which compels individuals to fall in love with and marry that one of the opposite sex to whom each one would best be mated. Frankly, it is one of Chambers's poorest presentations, and it is mentioned here only because it is unquestionably truly fantasy.

Somewhat better (though not much better) is "The Gay Rebellion" (1913). In this tale, a group of young women decide that no marriage should be permitted, unless Eugenics, and its rules, are satisfied. A camp is established, and the young women set out to capture men—with NETS!—these male captives to be forced to wed the proper girl. So as one may expect, love ruins these fine plans, and the feminine organization crumbles.....

Back to the serious weird—we find two really creditable volumes—"The Tree of Heaven", and "The Mystery of Choice". These two books contain too much supernatural material to describe in so short an article, but they are worthwhile.

And now, two other books, exciting ones! To leave the one this writer considers the better of the two until last (like desert!), first, "The Talkers" (1923).

"The Talkers" starts badly, but soon improves. Its story is this: a beautiful girl, attending a party, is killed when a long hatpin is pushed into her brain. An eccentric, but brilliant young

EARLY BUTCHERING.



D. Day 48 by LEN J. MOFFATT

Somewhere a pig was squealing. He rolled over on the couch and tried to shut out the sound by holding his hands over his ears. But the squealing became a shrill, throaty scream that was almost human.

He sat up abruptly and squeezed his hands hard, harder against his ears. Finally there was silence and he let his arms drop.

"My God, what were they doing to that animal?"

He didn't realize that he had given voice to his question until his wife answered it. She had been standing silently in the doorway, watching him.

"The Scotts are butchering."

"Butchering? Butchering! You don't mean...they're not actually going to eat...eat those animals!" She strolled across the room and smiled bitterly.

"Why not? We'll get our share. They promised to swap part of their pork for a share in our vegetable patch."

"Meat...vegetables...Fools!"

He tried to stand up but fell back on the couch. She smiled again. His wife. His beautiful, loving wife. How could she stand there so...so...solidly? She was just as hungry as he... She was just as weak—or should be. There she stood, gaunt, grim, smiling... "Fools! Fools! Can't they wait? I am. Others must be!"

"Wait? Wait for what? We're in a quarantined area, remember? We can't get out. Nobody gets in. Just like that."

"But to eat this food.... The radiations... Nothing here is fit to eat, to touch...."

"So? So we don't eat, eh? So we just sit here and starve to death. Not little Maria, chum. Look. If the food and stuff here is affected by the bomb, so are we...."

"Of course we are. I can feel my guts rotting inside!"

"OK. So why not eat? It can't make us any worse off."

"It might—it might! That's what I'm afraid of. If we make ourselves worse....maybe when help does come they won't be able to do anything for us. We must wait, I tell you. Hang on. No water unless you really need it. None of this accursed food. Wait...."

"We've been waiting! I tell you help ain't coming. They forgot us or maybe they're bombed now or in a situation like this. Anything could have happened...."

"Mac tried to get out day before yesterday and a soldier stopped him at the barrier. The soldier said they'd get to us soon. He said...."

"That was day before yesterday! A lot could have happened since then."

"We didn't hear anything. There were no bombs. We would have seen or heard, even from here."

"Yeah, but you still can't tell. Look, honey, I know you think you're doing what's for the best but why don't you have just a little bit to eat anyway. Look, I got a carrot...."

"No."

"But look. Anything could have happened. Maybe the barrier was no good. Maybe the bad area has spread. Anything...."

Another pig began to scream. By sheer force of will power he got up from the couch and began half-trotting, half-staggering across the room, pushing his wife out of the way.

"Stop them! Stop that infernal noise! It's piercing my eardrums! Can't they wait?"

Then he fell face-downward on the floor and lay there twitching. Foam bubbled from his lips and soaked into the rug. Maria knelt beside him, her hands fumbling for something to do to aid him.

"Honey, please, snap out of it. Please...oh why did I have to marry such a stupid husband. With all his education he still doesn't

have sense enough to eat when he's hungry....even with the atom bugs....even with the....damn! Damn!"

She began to cry softly.

.....

Maria watched the little boy blowing up the hog's bladder. The boy's sister danced around him and shouted: "Johnny's got a balloon!" "Johnny's got a balloon!"

Maria turned away and wondered why she hadn't vomited. She had always been used to the easy, pampered life. Well, at least after she had married Fred. Fred was educated. Fred fell heir to the country home and they went there to live. Fred bought her the station wagon and saw to it that she always had enough money for new clothes. Fred had always said: "Don't worry your pretty head, Maria. You just be the good little wife. I'll be the brains of the family and bring home the bacon." And that he had done.

That he had done....

Fred! That's why she had come over here to the Scott's. Poor stupid Fred! Great with the brains and money-gathering in ordinary times. But in times like these....

"Mr. Scott! Oh, Mr. Scott!" Mr. Scott, a brawny man of the earth, came toward her out of a steamy haze. The big knife in his hand was dripping blood.

"The meat won't be ready for a spell yet, Missus..." he began.

"It's Fred, Mr. Scott. It's Fred...."

"Fred? Oh, you mean the Mister...."

"Yes. He...he took some kind of a spell. He fell down and I can't move him. You see, he hasn't been eating. Mac—that's our gardener—Mac is gone again...He left the other day but couldn't get out and come back and now he's gone again, so I had to come to you...."

"Now hold on there, Missus Thane. You say your husband's sick? I can't come over right off but I'll fetch the wife; she'll know more what to do anyhow. Now don't fret none, Ma'm. I'll go get Sal..."

Mr. Scott said something to his oldest son who was working on the naked carcass of a dead hog and then walked across the barnyard to the shattered remnants of an ancient frame house.

Sitting in a creaking rocker in front of the house was Mrs. Sally Scott. She rocked gently to and fro, clutching her swollen belly, her breath making a queer little moaning sound as it seeped in and out of her half open mouth. Black straggly hair hung about her plump, brown face. She glanced quickly at her husband and then looked away.

"Sal," he began, "Sal..."
"No use askin' me to help with the butchering," she whined, "I ain't in fit condition to work. The atom bugs are in me and you know it. Leave me alone with my misery, John Scott!"

Mr. Scott stood there, worried, perplexed....exasperated. This wasn't like Sal. Wasn't like her at all. She'd been in a family way before and had done harder work than helping with the butchering. She must have the atom bugs. Couldn't admit it to her, though. Only make her worse.

Why? Why did they have to go and have an atom war? Why did the shock of the Bomb in the City have to bother peaceful farm folk? Everything going wrong this year. Still summer and the crops half ruined. House and buildings all battered and loosened from their foundations. Having to butcher earlier than usual so there would be enough to eat. Early butchering was no good. Hogs ain't prime, not fat enough, but...

Sal was speaking again. She was

trying to control the whine now. She was looking straight at him and he could see that her eyes were damp.

"John, do you think it'll really be a freak? Do you think the atom bugs will really make my baby a freak?"

"Sal, I wish you'd get such fool notions out of your head! You're the mother of three fine children and there's no reason why the baby will be any different..."

"But the atom..."

"Blast the atom bugs! You read too much, Sal. That's where you get all those crazy ideas. Now listen, I know you're feeling poorly but there's other folks needs help too. Missus Thane from across the way is over here with troubles too."

"Mrs. Thane?"

"You know, the city folks what live over in the old Banner property. She says her husband is sick and I guess their gardener ran off with their station wagon again. So she come to us for help..."

"Mr. Thane....oh yes. Not a bad sort, for a city man. Never thought much of her though..."

"Well, anyway, you better talk to her. She can tell you better what the trouble is and maybe you can tell her what to do. I got to get back to the butchering..."

He helped his wife to her feet and led her across the barnyard to where Maria was standing. Leaving the women together, he hurried back to help his oldest son. Several minutes later he turned around to see if Maria had left yet and saw that both women had disappeared.

"Well, I'll be! Say, Tom, did you see where your mother and Mrs. Thane went?"

"Didn't notice, Paw. Better ask Johnny or Little Sal."

"Maw went with the city lady across the fields!" shouted Little

Sal, "She said she was going to see what to do for the city lady's husband....She said she'd be back soon...she said..."

"Alright, alright, that's enough," said Mr. Scott, "I guess Sal ain't going to let the atom bugs get her down after all. Still though, she'd always perk up and give someone else a hand if they was sick or dying, no matter how she felt herself. Never heard her complain like that before, though. ...but...well! Back to work!" (of course it'll be a Natural-born baby; couldn't be no freak! Not us Scotts...)

Panting, wheezing, Mrs. Scott dropped her heavy frame on the Thane's front porch. Maria stooped to help her up.

"No, no," gasped the elder woman, "I got to rest a spell or I'll be in no condition to tend your husband. You go in and see if he's any better..."

Maria hurried into the house. Fred was still sprawled on the living room floor. He looked as though he hadn't moved.

She knelt beside him and tried to find his pulse with fumbling fingers.

"Maybe he's just fainted," she thought, "Just fainted. Mrs. Scott will know. Maybe he isn't... maybe he's just fainted."

"Looks bad to me," said Mrs. Scott, from the doorway. She walked slowly into the room and squatted beside the motionless man.

"Help me turn him over on his back," she commanded.

The two women struggled with the inert body and finally got it turned over.

"Looks mighty bad to me," repeated Mrs. Scott. She felt the man's wrist, thrust another hand under his shirt and over his



He was carrying a double-barrelled shotgun and aimed it at everyone and anyone.

10

heart. Then she pried open an eye and gazed somberly at the glazed eyeball.

"Got a pocket mirror?"

"Y-yes, yes..." breathed Maria. She ran to find her handbag and returned in a few minutes with the mirror.

Mrs. Scott held the mirror over Fred's mouth. The mirror remained clear, moistureless.

Mrs. Scott stood up.

"Mighty sorry for you, honey. Mighty sorry, but your husband is dead. What do you suppose killed him?"

"You're kidding me. It's a joke. He's just fainted..."

"I'm mighty sorry, Mrs. Thane..."

"He ain't dead, you stupid old woman! He wouldn't eat and he had atom bugs like all of us have but he ain't dead...don't say that.... don't..."

She fell to the floor and beat her hands on the rug. Had the floor been bare she probably wouldn't have hit her hands so hard. Inside of her, she wasn't sure how she felt. She was too bewildered. But she had to make a show of grief for this farm woman. She wasn't too bewildered to realize that she would have to depend on the Scotts for food and shelter. It was necessary to make them feel sorry for her. Of course she would really miss Fred—and all the things he had managed to provide for her. But he was beginning to lose his usefulness some time before his death. Ever since the Bomb destroyed the City. Yes, in ordinary times Fred was on the ball. But Fred wasn't practical enough to get along in times like these. He was better off dead and she would be better off with the earth-hardened Scotts. It wasn't too hard to cry convincingly. In her own little way she would miss him. It wasn't too hard to laugh hysterically. This stupid farm woman wouldn't be able

to tell real grief from ham-acting. She took a quick peek at Mrs. Scott out of the corner of her eye....

Mrs. Scott was standing now and rocking back and forth, hugging her fat body, moaning....

"Why did you have to mention the atom bugs and remind me? I got them too. And my baby's got them. It's going to be a freak. I don't want no freak baby..."

The crazy old dame wasn't even listening to her!

There were footsteps on the porch. Someone was talking outside. Men's voices. Maybe it was Mr. Scott and his big son. No. Too many voices. But one of the voices was familiar....

It was Mac, the gardener! He'd come back again. Well, he couldn't expect her to be lenient. Fred wasn't there to intercede for him. Fred had always been too easy-going with Mac. She was going to stay with the Scotts now. They wouldn't turn her out. Of course not. What a silly thought! Mr. Scott and his big son would do something about Mac for her and shield let the Scotts have the station wagon and whatever else they wanted from the place....

But who were those other voices?

Mac strode into the room, followed by a half-dozen men. They were a strange assortment, ragged, bedraggled, ugly.... Their eyes shone with fear, desperation, lust, pain, hunger....

Mac's wide eyes took in the situation at a glance.

"What's the matter with Mr. Thane?" he asked bluntly.

"He's dead..." Maria spoke before she realized what she was saying. She should have said something to fool Mac. Make him think that

Fred was still alive....

"Dead, eh? Now isn't that too bad. But I'm glad to see the atom

bugs haven't got you yet. Who's that over there? Oh, Mrs. Scott. What's she doing here?"

"She just came over to help.... Did you get past the barrier this time? Did..."

"Naturally. No guards now, Mrs. Thane. No barrier and no one to operate it. You should see on the outside..."

"Bombed again..."

"Now. Not bombed. Just a few plague germs scattered around. Me and these guys are prob'ly the only ones that escaped back here. I'm their leader now. We're gonna take over..."

"Take over?"

"Yeah. The way we figure it, the bombing and the disease spreading is just about over. If they do come back and hit this place directly....well, there just ain't much we can do about it, is there? But if they don't, we intend to take over here. This place, the Scott's and any other farms around here that's worth bothering with. That way we'll have something to eat and a place to stay till we kick off. We'll let them live that's useful and....get rid of hungry mouths that don't earn their keep. Ain't that right, boys?"

The men with him muttered assent.

"First off, what have we here? I reckon you'll be worth keeping alive for a while, Mrs. Thane. Always had my eye on you. Won't be Mrs. Thane anymore, though. You're mine, Maria! As for Mrs. Scott...she's probably a good worker. Most farm women are so we'll let her live for the present."

"Mr. Thane wasn't too bad a guy. Two of you guys take him out and bury him. Then we'll all go over to the Scott's place and take over there."

Two of the men shuffled forward, picked up the body and moved outside. They seemed accustomed to

this type of work.

The other four stood around, saying nothing, looking at each other, at Mac, at Maria, at Mrs. Scott...

Mac was holding Maria's wrist as he spoke to her in low tones. Grimly, she shook her head. This isn't the way it should be, she thought. This isn't the way it was to turn out. She was to live with the Scotts and Mac was to be disposed of— And his gang too. There were only six of them and Mac.... Why didn't Mrs. Scott do something? No one was paying any attention to her. She just stood there. Wasn't even moaning now. Just stood there staring, tight lipped, shuddering every so often.

The two men came running in from outside. Someone was chasing them. The one with the shovel tried to speak but couldn't wrap his tongue around the necessary words.

Mr. Scott came charging through the door. He was carrying a double-barrelled shotgun and aimed it at everyone and anyone.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

He had left his oldest son in charge of the children and had come across the fields to see how his wife and Mrs. Thane were getting along with Mr. Thane. He had seen the two men digging in the front yard and recognized the body of Mr. Thane.

And ever since the City was bombed, he carried his gun whenever he left his farm.

"What's going on here?" he asked again.

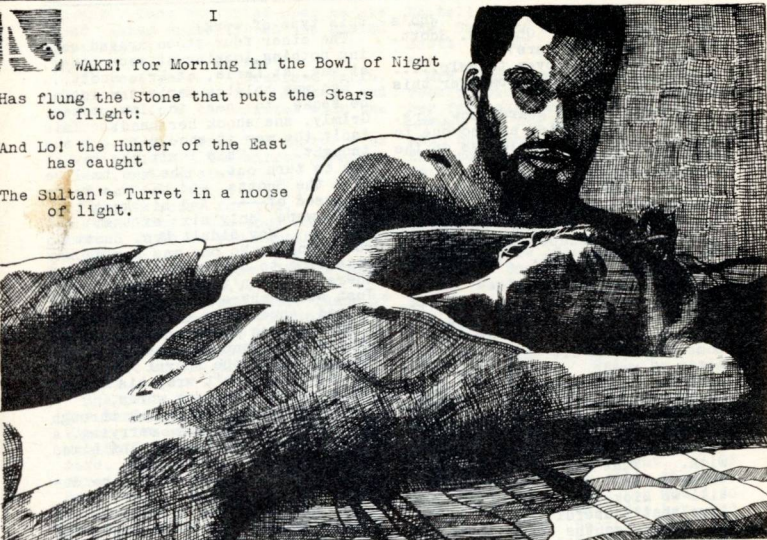
Mac pulled Maria in front of him.

"Lay as well drop that gun, Scott. Me and my men are taking over here. You can't kill us all. And if you shoot at me you're bound to hit Mrs. Thane...Maria."

Mr. Scott remained silent for a moment. He glanced around the room and saw his wife, standing, silent.

(Continued on Page 28)

I



Another of the series by DONALD B. DAY illustrating The RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

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What PRICE Beauty?

by DAVID H. KELLER, M.D.

The word BEAUTY can be applied to most of the ambitions and endeavors of the human race. Unfortunately there are many who, because of spiritual blindness, can never appreciate it. Others can see it in only restricted forms. Two observations from personal observation show this.

Years ago I met an old lady who had painted exquisite flowers on china. She took a book from a shelf. "Here is a book, Kingsly's 'Water Babies'. I bought and read it because I was told it was a lovely book. I can see nothing in it. I wish you would tell me why so many think that it is a beautiful story."

Personally I thrill to Foster's music and songs, but the Wagnerian Opera leaves me cold, and I do not enjoy Mozart. No doubt there is a sheer inability on my part to appreciate the beautiful in classical music, though I am certain that in other forms of art I can easily discern what is very fine and what is trash.

Perhaps this selectiveness is a part of early training, perhaps of ancestral memories. There is the story of an old hunter who was being visited by a friend who had never been out of a city. The hunter told him that he would have him hear the finest music in the

world and started his bounds after a fox. "Isn't that sweet music?" the hunter asked. "I can't hear it," replied the city man. "Those damned dogs are making too much noise."

Look at the Venus de Milo, touch a piece of old china or glass; rub your hand over old wood (preferably with your eyes shut) and feel the patina; handle a finely bound book and mark the paper and the easily read type; bend to look at the wild flower or the hyacinth; watch the humming bird in flight; reverently watch the sun set in the Grand Canyon; listen to Foster's "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." Each has a beauty individual and distinctive. But to appreciate it a person has to, in some way be able to vibrate to that loveliness. I do not think that they can learn to do it; they either have it, or they have not.

It seems that in any part of the human endeavor only a very small percent of the race can appreciate beauty in any form and certainly a much smaller number can determine just wherein lies fine art in many different varieties. There is no doubt that this fact is well shown in the reaction of the public to literature. Most readers do not know what real literature is nor do they care to find out. Consider

the millions who routinely read the Bible. How many of them can appreciate the style of the King James version. I have often said that a young man who read nothing but that Bible would be able to hold his own in any conversation with the cultured. Lincoln showed this in his famous address at the dedication of the battlefield of Gettysburg. Read the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians out loud and see how it flows.

I have for twenty years tried to keep informed about science-fiction, and have become more and more impressed with the fact that most of the writers do not know how to write beautifully and that the readers do not care, as long as there is a story to read. The editors must know this, for they have frequently rejected my tales with the simple comment that they are too beautiful. I call these rejections, "The Kiss of Death". When an editor writes me that my story is beautiful, that it is equal to Lord Dunsany at his best—but—, then I know that he is going to end with a rejection.

It is not easy to write a beautiful story, not even easy to write a beautiful paragraph or even a lovely sentence. Perhaps this is fortunate. If every day ended in a gorgeous sunset, the repetition might pall on the spectator. But it is easy to write in a simple, well rounded sentence some beautiful thought; and if a number of such sentences are connected to form a paragraph and enough similar paragraphs written to make a short story, then the ultimate in beautiful writing is attained.

Kipling, Stevenson and Henley wrote a few beautiful lines of poetry. I consider Stevenson's poem, "Requiem", worth quoting,

Under the blue and starry sky,
Dig my grave and let me lie;

Glad did I live and glad did I die,
And I lay me down with a will.
These be the words you grave for me,
"Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter is home from the hill."

Perhaps some day authors will write beautiful stories for science-fiction and Weird Magazines. Lovecraft could write thus when he wrote simply and shortly but when he started to write at length the beauty of the original paragraph remained but the loveliness of the story was spoiled by unnecessary verbosity.

Sheer beauty has been shunned, neglected, feared by most editors of pulp magazines. They consider that such beauty cannot be appreciated by the public and is therefore not wanted; in a similar manner the film beautiful cannot be sold to the cinema audience. They may personally like beautiful stories, praise them but cannot be induced to print them.

Some few authors have fed on honeydew and drunk the milk of Paradise. They know of Celtic fairies and have sailed along the coast of Illusion to the Islands of Enchantment. They know the stuff that dreams are made of, and waking restless, imprison the words on white paper, thinking only of the beauty of the dream. They love the music of words, the charm of the lilting prose poem. They look backward to the Golden Age and forward to the time when no one will work for money or fame but only for the joy of the working.

Because they love the bird on the wing, the wood lily in the bog, and search endlessly for

their lost Lilith they write beautifully of things that come to them, write because they simply have to give birth to their children, write because they cannot help it. When they are finished little do they care if few or none can understand the songs they sing or whether editors will buy and publish them.

Perhaps some day an adventuresome editor, with a sense of deep security in his position, will print

their stories. It may be that there are a few readers in America with ichor in their veins instead of blood who will appreciate and support such a magazine. Such a venture would be at least a literary experiment, and a true test of editorial courage. If the public gave the lethal stroke to the undertaking, the magazine of beautiful stories would at least die a sweet death.

THE END.

TED CARNELL writes from ENGLAND—

I would like to thank all the American fans who have written me personally concerning my projected trip (so many hospitable invitations to visit homes would make the trip last one whole year!), and to those many others who have silently chipped in a dollar on account. I feel that the Big Pond Fund was (and still is), a magnificent gesture and a great idea. Any delegate from Britain would have experienced monetary troubles (shall we say financial embarrassment?) with only a maximum of \$140 allowed to be taken out of the country -- a sum entirely inadequate for food, I imagine, without thinking of car fares and other incidentals. The Fund is a great idea in the sense that such a project can be inaugurated upon a two-way basis as soon as world conditions improve. There is no reason why a delegate should not visit each other's country on alternate years, or bi-yearly, to attend Conventions and cement still further the friendships that have been formed over many years standing.

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Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

EDWARD E. SMITH, Ph. D.

Probably no other writer has left as impressive a mark in the field of science-fiction as Dr. Edward E. Smith. Finished in 1920, his first novel, "Skylark of Space", was so far ahead of the then current type of story in scope and treatment, that it had to await 1927 and the coming of a new type of magazine, Gernsback's **AMAZING STORIES**, to find publication. Its acceptance was immediate and it ushered in a whole new phase of science-fiction which was to lift the reader from this earth and send his spirit soaring among the stars. Smith's influence can be seen in the work of virtually every major writer in the field today.

While the number of stories appearing under his name is small, their careful preparation and sound scientific background makes each one definitely a classic.

"Doc" Smith has, perhaps better than any other author, achieved a

happy symbiosis with fandom. Always ready to support any worthwhile fan project, he is aided in the preparation of his stories by a large group of fan friends, who criticize, suggest changes and aid with details of the scientific background of his stories.

Dr. Smith is an extremely busy man. In replying to our request for material, he said,

"...if I hadn't had all the stuff you asked for available I couldn't have done it; because between my job and Fantasy Press I'm trying to turn up so many RPM's that I have to pull in my ears to keep them from lifting me right off the ground."

Since the following biographical sketch was one he had already prepared, it is written in the third person, but it is "Doc" Smith now telling all.

EDWARD ELMER SMITH was born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, on May 2, 1890. Six months later, however, the family moved to Spokane, Washington, so that he grew up a West-

erner. In 1902 the Smiths moved again; this time to a 160-acre homestead on the Pend d' Oreille River in northern Idaho.

Eight miles from LaClede post-

office; three neighbors within a radius of five miles; land to be cleared the hard way—horses, chains and tackle; no gasoline-driven hoists and bulldozers. Since no such ranch was or could be self-supporting, the men worked at whatever jobs were available: lumbering, river-driving, sawmilling, mining, harvesting, and so on. Among other things, the Smiths ran a blacksmith shop, so that "Eddie" learned at an early age to work metal without machine tools.

Studying at home, he acquired enough knowledge to pass the eighth-grade examinations and enrolled in the Prep School of the University of Idaho in 1907. Helped by his brothers and sisters, he was a student during most of the next seven years. Money being scarce, however, he became at various times a mill-hand, a railroader, a miner, a street-car conductor, a teamster, a carpenter, an electrician, an asphalt-crow foreman, a stavedore, a shipping clerk, and finally a surveyor.

Graduating in 1914 as a chemical engineer he found himself, somewhat to his surprise, a food chemist in the Bureau of Chemistry, Washington, D.C. Liking the work, and being very short on fundamental organic chemistry, he went back to school. In 1915 he married Jeannie Craig MacDougall, of Boise, Idaho; who worked as a stenographer to help him get his M. S. and Ph. D. degrees. During the First World War he spent most of his time working out methods of using flour substitutes.

Immediately after the war he became Chief Chemist of F. W. Stock & Sons, of Hillsdale, Michigan; where, from 1920 until 1936, he specialized more and more intensively in the manufacture of fully-prepared flour mixes. From 1936 until 1941 he was Production Manager of the Dawn Donut Company, of Jackson, Michigan.

After Pearl Harbor, being one year over age for reinstatement of his first-war commission, he went to Kingsbury Ordnance Plant, LaPorte, Indiana, as Chemical Engineer; melting and pouring high explosives. In quick succession he became Senior Chemical Engineer, Assistant Chief Chemist, Chief Chemist, and head of the Inspection Division.

In October, 1945, he was made General Manager of the Cereal Mix Manufacturing Department of J. W. Allen & Co., of Chicago; which position he now holds.

Smith writes as a hobby. His first novel, "The Skylark of Space", one of the first stories based upon atomic energy, was begun in 1914 and was finished in 1920. Before being accepted by AMAZING STORIES in 1927, it accumulated one of the most complete files of rejection slips ever seen.

Strangely enough, "First Lensman", now in preparation, which FANTASY PRESS intends to publish in book form without preliminary magazine publication, will actually be the latest of the Lensman stories to be read.

This peculiar sequence was necessitated by the fact that the first two Lensman books—especially "Triplanetary"—would of necessity reveal the basic conflict between Arisia and Eddore, and thus would make it impossible to give any one of the three first published Lensman yarns a clean ending.

Smith is NOT Norman L. Knight, rumor which has been heard more or less frequently since 1937. He has never had anything published under any name other than his own.

—Edward E. Smith.

A complete Bibliography of the published works of Edward E. Smith appears on Page 20.



A masterful SCIENCE FICTION effort which originally appeared in "Astounding Stories" magazine 12 years ago is now ready for mailing. Mr. Campbell is the author of the non-fiction work, *The Atomic Story*, as well as being the popular editor of "Astounding Science-Fiction."

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- *3-1 The Vortex Blaster. series.
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The "Storm Cloud" series is related to the "Lensman" series in that it is set against the same background, though with different characters.

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doctor—holding a theory that an operation on a certain gland could return to life persons who die in certain ways, operates in a bedroom of the house—but only some hours after the girl has died. As a result of his brilliant surgery, she returns to life.

Then comes the weird! The spirit of a girl who had died, a wonton, wicked young woman, has seized the body of the restored girl while her spirit was absent during the period of her death. She, too, re-enters the again-living body. The rest of the book has to do with the battle of these two souls—(good and evil)—for the possession of the body. The theme is interesting.

The other book is perhaps the most thrilling tale, from the adventurous standpoint, which Chambers wrote. This is "The Slayer of Souls". A young American girl

returns to the United States from some years of imprisonment as a temple attendant, among the Yezadi Magicians. She is convinced, as they have taught her, that they hold control of her soul, and can destroy her, forever, at will. She, herself, is mistress of great magic—and, with her fiancé aiding her—the tale becomes a tense melodrama of her battle for supremacy over the emissary, a sorcerer, sent to bring her back to the Temple. This novel is crammed with supernatural tenseness and exciting incidents. Chambers does not allow it to lag.

Here, then, is Chamber's claim for place as an author of Fantasy. He writes—(with the probable exception of "The Green House")—the sort of Fantasy which the reader finishes with the mental promise—"That's a tale I want to re-read, sometime!"

The End.

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A Partial Introduction to GENERAL SEMANTICS.

by Paul H. Klingbiel.

Korzybski was led to the formulation of the Science of GENERAL SEMANTICS through an attempt to found a "Science of Man". This inquiry led to a definition of Man in functional terms, and thus sharply contrasted for the first time the difference between man and animal on a functional level.

Attempts to define man have been made before. In religious terms, man has been defined as "made in the image of God". Behaviorists, materialists and evolutionists define man very simply as an animal. The first definition takes the human species entirely outside the animate world known to science, the second definition makes him a brute and takes no cognizance of attributes not found in some form in the purely brute-animal. Korzybski does not try to deny, so far as I have been able to ascertain, that man belongs to the animal world. What he does do is sharply contrast the differences existing between man and the closest brute relative known to science. It is easily seen that to say Homo Saps differ from the monkey tribe by pointing to a lack of hair or tail is superficial; to point out differences based on ability to reason entails vagueness of definition because it has been impossible to ascertain at what point in the reasoning process a real difference begins. Korzybski provides a contrasting definition with a new slant by making the definition functional and thus precise. "...the special characteristic which sharply distinguishes man from animal (is) the time-binding characteristic." (Science & Sanity, P 7.)

Time-binding is, of course, a technical term with a very definite meaning. I hesitate to define the word since Korzybski himself devotes eight chapters to "The Mechanism of Time-Binding" in his book, SCIENCE AND SANITY. Nevertheless, the reader must have some idea as to what is meant by the word or the above definition is meaningless. The following short definition will have to suffice. "...the human class of life differs from animals in the fact, that, in the rough, each generation of humans, at least potentially, can start where the former generation left off..." (Science and Sanity, P 39)

Having a new definition of man which employs a new technical term, what has been gained? Grant that a human differs from an amoeba, a cow or an ape because of time-binding. So what? But by an investigation of the mechanism of the time-binding characteristic, Korzybski discovered General Semantics or A. "We discover that there is a sharp difference between the nervous reactions of animal and man, and that judging by this criterion, nearly all of us, even now, copy animals in our nervous responses, which copying leads to the general state of un-sanity reflected in our private and public lives, institutions and systems. By this discovery the whole situation is radically changed. If we copy animals in our nervous responses through lack of knowledge of what the appropriate responses of the human nervous system should be, we can stop doing so, both individually and col-

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lectively, and we are thus led to the formulation of a first positive theory of sanity."

"The old dictum that we 'are' animals leaves us hopeless, but if we merely copy animals in our nervous responses, we can stop it, the hopeless becomes very hopeful, provided we can discover a physiological difference in these reactions. Thus we are provided with a definite and promising program for an investigation." (Science & Sanity, P. 7).

It is time, I think, to inquire into the premises upon which the A system is built. To understand General Semantics it is necessary to see and appreciate at what point the Aristotelian (A) and non-Aristotelian (A or Null A) systems diverge. The premises of A are two in number and negative in form.

(1) "WORDS ARE NOT THE THINGS WE ARE SPEAKING ABOUT."

(2) "THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN OBJECT IN ABSOLUTE ISOLATION." (Science & Sanity, P. 60-61)

First we deny the "is" of identity. The importance of this step can most readily be appreciated by the use of a few simple symbols borrowed from mathematics. When a mathematician wants to affirm an equality between two sets an equal sign is used. Thus, $2X=Y$. The symbols immediately express a definite relation (in this case a conditional equality) between the two sets or classes equated, and it is possible to immediately translate the symbols into words. For the equality just given, if X and Y are numbers, the translation is, "X and Y are numbers so related that two times whatever particular value chosen for X is equal to a particular and definite number Y." The expression $a=b$, when translated, if a and b are numbers, states,

"There is one definite number 'a' which at all times is equal to a definite number 'b'." Properly then, we may write $a=b$ as $a=b$ which states, "The number 'a' is identical to the number 'b' from which we may at once write $a=a$. In concrete terms, 3=3, now and forever. This last equality illustrates what is meant by an identity.

Symbolically then, our first premise reduces to $a\neq A$, where "a" represents a word and "A" represents what the word stands for. Thus the word "triangle" is not equal or identical to the object or concept "triangle". You immediately agree, and probably have doubts concerning the sanity of the author of this introduction, and the author of the science of General Semantics. You imagine, and didn't we all, that everyone realizes a word like "cow" is not an actual cow. But think a minute. Have you anywhere, outside an exposition on semantics ever seen the statement, "WORDS ARE NOT THE THINGS WE ARE SPEAKING ABOUT." in cold print? I think you have not. The statement may at first appear platitudinous or even imbecillie, yet it is the first doorway to the domain of A.

The same type of reasoning applies to words which do not refer to physical objects. Words like "true", "false", "agreement", "effect", "doubt", "love" and "hate" can not be equated to the concept they represent nor to themselves. Thus, $true\neq true$, $agreement\neq agreement$. These and similar words have different meanings at different times. This is a discovery! Perhaps you have heard arguments or debates where words were clearly defined and the argument proceeded solely on the particular definition given. But have you ever heard an argument in which both sides realized that different definitions had to be

given to the same word or words as the argument progressed. Words that change their meaning, or take their meaning from the context, as those cited above, are called: "multi-ordinal terms".

In brief, — so far as the first principle of A is concerned, these relationships must be kept in mind.

- 1) $a\neq A$. The word "triangle" $\neq \Delta$
- 2) $true\neq true$, $false\neq false$, etc.
- 3) $Korzybski\neq Korzybski$, $you\neq you$, etc.

To illustrate (3) immediately above, there is no one Korzybski, Insead we have $Korzybski_{1905\ AD}$,

$Korzybski_{1933\ AD}$,

$Korzybski_{1948\ AD}$,

etc. Only one illustration will be given for the second basic concept. If it is impossible for an object to exist in absolute isolation, then, at a minimum, the human observer has two objects to consider. Given a minimum of two objects, then a relationship can be found between them.

The importance of the above paragraph lies in the word "relation." In fact, the two basic concepts in themselves are useless until it is realized that they invariably lead to problems "relation" and "structure". Language has a definite structure, definite rules of relation with what is spoken of, over and above all grammatical, etc. considerations normally taught in schools. The physical world has a structure, our thinking has a structure. General Semantics is concerned with THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE STRUCTURE OF OUR LANGUAGE AND THINKING PROCESSES AND THE RELATION OF BOTH OF THESE TO THE STRUCTURE OF THE PHYSICAL

WORLD.

Miss this key, and the doorway to A remains closed. It is precisely when there is an inconsistency of relationship between the structure of our thinking processes and the structure of the physical world, that un-sanity results. In extreme cases, un-sanity is replaced by insanity, a total mis-evaluation between a man and his environment.

The End.

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"Sal! Sal, get over here behind me!"

Mrs. Scott recognized her husband's voice. She raised her head and saw him.

"Come over here, Sal!"

Slowly she walked to her husband's side. No one moved to stop her.

Mr. Scott turned his attention back to Mac.

"Alright, Mister. Let the girl go. Let go of Mrs. Thane!"

Mac laughed nervously.

"Are you kidding, hick? This little lady stays right here. You better do like I say and drop that gun. Let me take over here. We'll let you and your wife live as long as you produce!"

"This is a heavy-loaded shotgun, Mister. It scatters a bit too. I can get all of you'uns with both barrels. Better let her go!"

Not a chance. You won't kill her. Look, it's a fair deal I want to make, Scott. Them that can help with the work and provide wuh—entertainment, they'll live. Them that can't will have to die. These ain't ordinary times, bud."

"No, they ain't, Mister. But what about my kids? The two younger ones ain't much help."

"Sorry. Can't feed them. We ain't got long to live in this world anyways, bud. I figure them that can help each other and keep each other alive and provide each other with some fun—they deserve to live as long as the atom bugs and diseases let them. But them that are helpless got no place here!"

THE END.

"That's the way you figure. Is it?"

"That's right, Scott. And you got to admit it's logical. Anyway you don't dare shoot, as long as I got this woman in front of me so let's quit all this talking and get down to business. Drop the gun and back up a ways 'til I pick it up..."

"Guess we will have to get down to business," said Mr. Scott. He looked directly at Maria. "Mrs. Thane, I'm sorry I have to do this but it's either him and you or my kids and Maybe me and Sal too. I just can't trust him.....and besides....my kids...."

Suddenly Maria realized what he was going to do. She tried to break loose from Mac's grip but he held her firmly.

"No! Mr. Scott! No..."

Mr. Scott pulled the first trigger and emptied one barrel of the shotgun into Maria, Mac and two of the gang.

He pulled the second trigger and emptied the other barrel into the other four men.

They did not all die instantly, but having no weapons other than knives and clubs, there was little they could do against Mr. Scott's gunbutt and big knife.

They bled to death.

Mr. Scott and his wife hurried away across the fields. As they struggled over the furrows of dirt, Mrs. Scott broke her long silence.

"John," she asked, "You don't think it will really be a freak baby, do you, John?"

THE END.

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"I daresay you're looking a bit unwell of late, Smedley."



"Keep your slimy hands off of me!"



"That's just one of the little things we dryads have to learn to put up with, Myrtle."



"I'm afraid we're out of tan oxfords in your size at the moment Sir, but if you'd be interested in something in black---"

A STRIBLING "UNKNOWN".

by F. Lee Baldwin.

T. S. Stribling of "Green Sploches" fame wrote "Mogglesby", sold it to ADVENTURE where it appeared in the June first issue for 1930. It does not have the "feel" "Green Sploches" has, yet its flavor is tantalizing and satisfying.

You'll say "Mogglesby" is strictly African adventure if you give it too casual a reading. But underneath is the science-fiction drop. There are the basic fundamentals of civilization's ingredients—it's whys and wherefores of survival—the barbaric blue-print of man's branching from beasts and never returning. This tale will pique you if you are anthropologically bent: here is hinted why Europe's early Cro-Magnon were men with souls and why they survived the Neanderthal.

"Mogglesby" has its undercurrent of green-leafed terror woven thru-out the sinful worship of cannibal gods and sorificial feasting...

.....As a favor to the Governor, along with the feeling of at last having opportunity to serve humanity in some capacity, the giant Englishman and adventurer, Mogglesby, agrees to help convert some unyielding, God-less back-brush natives into the ways of the Anglican Church.

He succeeds, but not before he has to act as a go-between for these natives and some "wood-man" [gorillas] who are unwilling to give up their primordial practices of stealing black women and living with them. Finally the giant Mogglesby has to fight the leader of these "black-birding" gorillas. He wins, thus

(Continued on Page 31)

WORLD OF A

by

A. E. van Vogt

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A STRIBLING "UNKNOWN"

settling for all time the woman angle. After this battle the natives flock to the nearest Anglican Church where they are baptised en masse. Mogglesby has won them over.

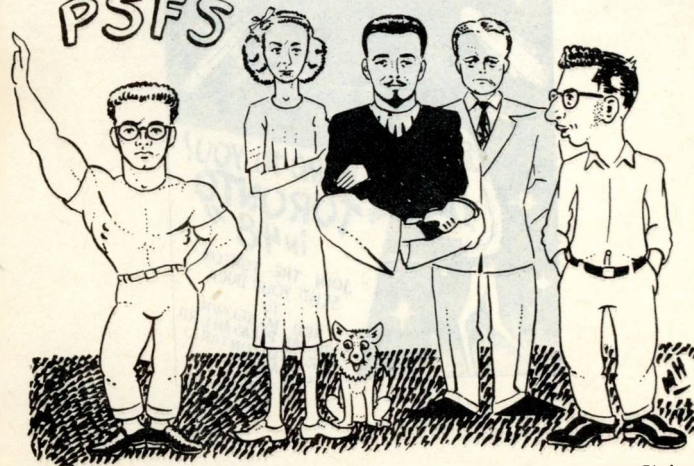
But you'll have to read the story to realize why they so easily surrendered to him, giving up their old idolatrous, cannibalistic practices.

In all my years of contact with fans, I've never heard this story by T. S. Stribling mentioned by anyone. I'd like to see some enterprising fan-editor, or better yet, a book publisher, unearth this story so it could get the plaudits it deserves.

The End.

A Few More of the

PSFS



Don Berry

Dot & Jack de Courcy
And here's Soapy again.

Gene Sylvester

Moe Higbee

