

the FANSCIENT

25¢

No. 11

SPRING, 1950



For the first time in the history of organized fandom, a World Convention has changed chairmen in the course of the preparations. Business reasons have forced John de Courcy, Chairman of the NORWESCON, to move to California, bringing about his resignation. The local members of the NORWESCON COMMITTEE, meeting February 24th, chose me to fill the vacant position.

Under the circumstances, there are bound to be difficulties, delays and inconveniences. In spite of all attempts to pick up the strings, some work must be duplicated, some re-done. Any of you who had any unfinished business with the former chairman, please get in touch with me.

The NORWESCON is your convention. Your help and support: thru membership, thru attendance, thru ideas and suggestions are needed. Let us know what you want the NORWESCON to be and we'll do our best to make it an outstanding event.

In spite of the difficulties occasioned by the change-over, all the members of the Portland group join me in pledging our utmost efforts to make the NORWESCON a good, and, we hope, a great convention.

If the next couple of issues of The FANSCIANT suffer because of lack of time on my part, I trust you'll be patient with me, because from now until next Labor Day week-end, the NORWESCON comes ahead of everything. Will you help us?

Sincerely,

Donald B. Day
Donald B. Day, Chairman,
NORWESCON COMMITTEE.

As you see, The FANSCIANT continues in its distinctive format. 92 cards tabulated Jan. 15 gave the following results:

	Score	1st Place Votes	1st only
Present Page Size--Present Type	174	40	19
Present Page Size--LARGER TYPE	225	10	2
LARGER PAGE SIZE--LARGER TYPE	169	40	15

(For score, 1st place got 1; 2nd, 2; etc. Low number is most popular)

Lacking any clear-cut demand for a change, we'll stay as we are, especially as the same wordage would cost half again as much in the larger format.

Only 75 wrote anything in the "Other suggestions" section, with 33 stating "None", etc. There were 3 write-ins for larger page size and present type. 1 asked more fiction, 6 less, with 2 asking more science-fiction and 3 less fantasy. 7 asked more book reviews and 9, more research and bibliographical material. 3 each wanted the return of the RUBAIYAT pics and the stereotypes.

And so, kiddies, it seems to boil down to the consensus that the present balance is about right, with a bit more emphasis on solid information and less fiction, particularly fantasy. So be it.

Don Day

the FANSCIANT

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For Back Issues see Page 30.

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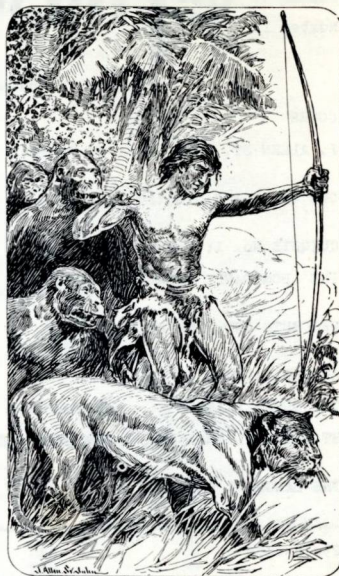
J. ALLEN ST. JOHN

DEAN of FANTASY ILLUSTRATORS

by
**Darrell C.
Richardson**

For a number of years I have had a great admiration for the art work of J. Allen St. John. I was introduced to his work thru his magnificent illustrations in the "Tarzan" and "Martian" books of Edgar Rice Burroughs. Later I began to collect books and magazines that contained his illustrations. More recently, I have been collecting original paintings and illustrations of his.

Last summer I had the privilege of meeting Mr. St. John and having a long visit with him in his own studio in Chicago. My younger brother is a student at the American Academy of Art where St. John is a professor. I decided to drive up to Chicago for a week of book and magazine searching combined with a visit to my brother. Plans had already been made for me to meet St. John.



Frontispiece to BEASTS OF TARZAN
J. Allen St. John

My first visit to the Field Museum, the Railroad Fair, Shasta Publishers, Ziff-Davis (the home of AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES) and many other points of interest made my trip worthwhile. In addition, my search among the book stores and back-issue magazine stores proved highly rewarding. However, all of this is another story. The real highlight of my trip was my visit with St. John.

Arrangements were made to meet Mr. St. John at the Art Academy.

Entering the main office of the school, the first object of my attention was a huge painting of Tarzan and Jad-Bal-Ja hanging above the door. It was immediately recognized as St. John's original for the book jacket of "Tarzan and the Golden Lion".

Frank H. Young, President and founder of the famous American Academy of Art was introduced to me by my brother Haskell. He, in turn, took us back to St. John's room, where he was teaching one of his classes in "life" figure drawing. Mr. Young introduced me to Mr. St. John, a very tall and elderly gentleman, with a quiet and friendly voice. He immediately suggested that we walk into the next room for a chat. I noticed a familiar drawing on the wall of his classroom. It was one of the original illustrations for the book, "Tarzan the Terrible", showing Mo-Sar, the tailed man of Pal-ul-don, carrying Jane (Tarzan's mate) away as she struggled and fought fiercely. Mr. St. John explained that he kept it framed in his classroom because it was one of the finest examples of a "wash-drawing" that he had ever done.

Mr. Young, before he left us, commented briefly on the worth of Mr. St. John as an instructor and how much he meant to the Academy. He also praised his illustrating skill and stated that he was a very fine artist. Anyone in the field of Commercial Art will realize that this praise meant something coming from a man like Frank H. Young. Mr. Young is author of three of the best-known textbooks in advertising art—namely, "Advertising Layout", "Modern Advertising Art" and "Technique of Advertising Layout" and has achieved international recognition as an authority in the field of commercial art.

I mentioned many specific St.

John illustrations that appealed to me and also mentioned by date various cover illustrations from BLUE BOOK, WEIRD TALES, AMAZING STORIES and other publications that were special favorites of mine. Mr. St. John not only seemed amazed at our knowledge of his work but was sincerely astounded that anyone had such an interest in his art. I assured him that he has hundreds of fans who admired his work immensely. Especially is this true of Burroughs' fans who consider that Burroughs' tales and St. John's pictures go together like ham and eggs. Mr. St. John seemed totally unaware of organized fandom, closely knit together by their interest in fantasy. In parting, Mr. St. John expressed much "appreciation of our appreciation" and invited us to visit him in his studio the next afternoon.

The following afternoon we arrived at Mr. St. John's address on Ontario Street and were shown into his studio, where he also lives. The atmosphere of the studio, the massive easel, railed balcony, the heterogeneous mixture of drawings, paintings and objects of art here and there, seemed in every way to be appropriate to our expectations. Indeed, the furnishings, the huge sky-light, the paintings of European and African scenes on the walls provided an ideal setting for the famed artist.

Knowing of our interest in Burroughs, Mr. St. John had set out a stack of his own personal collection of Burroughs illustrations to show us. They were stacked one against the other faced against the wall and we could see only one at a time. The very first one happened to be the frontispiece for "At the Earth's Core"—the one which is titled: "The awful thing behind me was gaining rapidly." Then one by one St. John would take a picture from the stack and place it on the easel where we

could view it in comfort. Once or twice he seemed to forget just what story a particular painting illustrated—but old Burroughs fan that I am, I was able to identify each one on the instant! You can imagine the thrill of expectancy with which we awaited the removal, one by one, of the various paintings. My breath was almost taken away by the enormous size of the drawings and by the flawless technique and vivid imagination they demonstrated. I could write pages just describing these various paintings and the many little human interest stories connected with several of them.

For example, soon after he had shown us the cover painting in color for the book jacket of "Pellucidar", he pulled out what I took to be the same painting, done not in colors, but in black and white. He placed them side by side and then small differences were noted. It seems that when the Editor at McClurg's saw the interior illustration of Dian the Cave Girl facing the Saber-tooth tiger, he was so impressed that he asked St. John to paint the same scene in colors for the book jacket.

It was interesting to observe that St. John himself owned the first illustration he had ever done of John Carter of Mars, namely—the painting on the jacket of "The Warlord of Mars" (another artist, Frank E. Schoonover, had illustrated the first two Martian titles). Painted in oils on canvas, still on its original stretchers, it was nearly four feet high. He remarked that many years ago it had been exhibited in a public display, and for this event he had painted out the lettering. It might be mentioned at this point that St. John invariably did his own lettering and furthermore, painted the lettering right on the painting. The A. C. McClurg Pub-

lishing Company liked his lettering so much that they insisted that he do his own lettering. St. John has a most unique style of lettering which is all his own.

The largest of all the paintings I saw was the one for the book jacket of "At the Earth's Core". This one was a beauty. St. John said, "This represents my very best work." He counts it the most valuable of his Burroughs illustrations.

A number of the interior illustrations from "Tarzan the Terrible" and "The Chessmen of Mars" have been retained by the artist. It might be mentioned here that many of the original McClurg editions of Burroughs' books contain several St. John pictures that were never reprinted in subsequent editions. Having a complete set of Burroughs first editions, I was able to recognize many of these illustrations that never re-appeared in the reprints. Thus some of St. John's finest work has been seen by comparatively few people.

For example, the first editions of several titles such as "Thuvia, Maid of Mars", "The Chessmen of Mars", "Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar", "Tarzan the Untamed", "Tarzan the Terrible", "Tarzan and the Golden Lion", "At the Earth's Core" and others contain as many as ten full page St. John illustrations. Usually only three or four of these appeared in the reprint editions.

My brother Haskell admired greatly an original from "Tarzan the Terrible" showing Korak, the son of Tarzan, battling the huge prehistoric reptile in the waters of the swamp which bordered the land of Pal-ul-don. St. John replied, "That was one of the more difficult illustrations....showing the figure under water with a portion of the reptile above and a part below the water-line, and without the use of color, presented difficulties. I like this picture



J. ALLEN ST. JOHN, with the just-completed painting of "Tarzan and the Golden Lion". This 1923 photo is one of the few ever posed for by St. John. On right: painting for the first edition of "Chessmen of Mars".

about as well as any I ever did."

Many of St. John's illustrations for the Tarzan and Martian stories were painted in heavy oils on board, without the use of colors other than whites, blacks and shades of gray.

In reply to the question, "What is in your opinion the best illustration for a Burroughs tale?" St. John pointed out the one in "Tarzan the Untamed" where Tarzan, after nearly dying of hunger and thirst on the desert, feigns death and when Ska the Vulture swoops down, he quickly comes to life and stretches forth his mighty arm to grasp the great bird. I asked Mr. St. John just how he went about illustrating a story. He replied, "Well, I first read the story for enjoyment just as you would. Then I read it a second time and jot down ideas about various scenes that appeal to me for illustrating purposes. I then try to illustrate the story accurately according to the author's description." Would that more artists today would follow this simple but wise plan!

Mr. St. John considers Edgar Rice Burroughs a good friend—but related that since Burroughs moved to California their paths had not crossed frequently. Burroughs always felt that St. John was a very happy choice to be the illustrator of his stories. He once told St. John that he felt his illustrations were responsible for half the sale of his books. Mr. Burroughs once said, "I consider J. Allen St. John one of the greatest illustrators in the United States."

After we had viewed the Burroughs illustrations, Mr. St. John spent nearly two hours showing us many other paintings which included scenes painted while in Holland, Belgium, North Africa and other foreign places. He remarked that he had been "over the waters" six times. Much of his work was stored away and he had not seen some of

it for years. He thought he had "some more Burroughs illustrations around but wasn't sure". While rummaging thru a closet he turned up quite a pile of cover paintings from western books by George W. Ogden, W. R. Raine, Charles A. Seltzer and others. Just before we left he showed us a portfolio of his work which included sample illustrations from many books and magazines.

As Haskell and I turned to go out the door, he dalled us back to show us a painting he had just completed. It was a woodland scene, showing a shaggy satyr kneeling before an ancient stone statue of Pan with a beautiful nude maiden astride his shoulders. The delicate coloring, the almost eerie beauty of the sylvan glade, along with the mythological subject itself, make the painting one of the finest pieces of fantasy art that I have ever seen. He had titled it "Ave Pan", and had done it in casein rather than oils, a medium that has intrigued him in recent years.

I shall always look back to my visit with this great fantasy artist with a great deal of genuine pleasure. Cultured and reserved, with a thoughtful and modest manner, Mr. St. John impressed me as a friendly and courteous gentleman of the old school.

J. ALLEN ST. JOHN is at the present time Professor of Life Drawing and Illustration at the American Academy of Art. For nearly twenty years he was an instructor at the Chicago Art Institute. In his younger days he studied at Art Students' League in New York under William M. Chase, Carol Beckwith, Kenyon Cox and others. In Paris he studied with Jean Paul Laurens and in Belgium and Holland with Henri Vierin. He



DARRELL C. RICHARDSON, with two of the several St. John paintings from his collection. Photo by Gene Konteith

has served as illustrator and designer for the NEW YORK HERALD, CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD, CHICAGO TRIBUNE, American Colortype Co., A. C. McClurg Publishing Co., Metropolitan Books, Inc. and the Edgar Rice Burroughs Publishing Co. He has also illustrated for such publications as HARPER'S BAZAAR, DELINEATOR, RED BOOK, BLUE BOOK, GREEN BOOK, YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOY'S WORLD, WEIRD TALES, ORIENTAL STORIES, MAGIC CARPET, AMAZING STORIES, FANTASTIC ADVENTURES and others. He has illustrated many books, the most recent being "The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle" by John Dickinson Carr.

His paintings have been exhibited in the Paris Salon, National Academy in New York, Pennsylvania Academy, Chicago Art Institute and other places. He is represented in many private and public collections. He has always maintained his private studio and during most of his lifetime has been located on Ontario Street in Chicago.

QUIZZ No. 1 — COLORFUL TITLES

by James R. Adams.

Fill in each space below with a color to complete the name of a fantasy story. Answers, Page 30.

1. The _____ Man,
by Harold K. Sherman.
2. The _____ Plague,
by Jack London.
3. The _____ Brain,
by Donald Wandrei.
4. The _____ Galaxy,
by Murray Leinster.
5. The _____ City,
by George Allen England.
6. The _____ Sign,
by Robert W. Chambers.
7. The _____ Sapphire,
by John Waine.
8. The _____ Flamingo,
by Hannes Bok.
9. The Day of the _____ Horde,
by Richard Tooker.
10. The Land of Big _____ Apples,
by Don Wilcox.

Out of Legend ISHTAR

ISHTAR, variously known as Astarte, Ashtoreth and Aphrodite, was the love-goddess of olden Akkad. In the great Babylonian epic of Ishtar and Izdubar, the latter, Isag of Dui-tur, was fond of the chase as was natural. One day in the wooded gorges of the north, he was seen by Ishtar, which was also natural. She conceived an un-natural passion for him, such as only a goddess can command. She called her kaled handmaidens, the Zir-ri, to sing lewd songs to Izdubar as he rested from the chase. At the proper moment she contrived to show herself to him, veiled only with a celestial light of a peculiarly love-goddess intensity.

At this time Izdubar, with understandable resignation, bowed to the inevitable while Ishtar called up all the an-nu-na-ci (earth spirits) to dance and chant for the lovers.

However, Izdubar, who has been identified with the Hebraic Nimrod (Babylonian Hammurabi), grandson of Ham, appears to have had somewhat of an aversion for nature spirits, for at this moment he wrenched himself from the celestial arms and commented with emotional gestures that as it had not gone well with Ishtar's former lovers, he preferred to be excused from this round.

Text.....MILES EATON

Picture.....RUSS MANNING



THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN by Kenneth F. Slater



Illustrated by JIM BRADLEY

Many readers of fantasy and science-fiction have heard of the *Myths* created by Howard Phillips Lovecraft and ably followed by his many successors. But not many of those readers are aware that definite evidence exists which may be taken to prove the existence of at least one of the creatures that go to make up the myth—The Abominable Snowman, "The Mi-Go". The description of this creature is that it is some nine feet high, covered with coarse white hair and leaves footprints as large as meat dishes. Other details say that the hair is sparse, the creature has a strong goat-like smell, that it wails loudly and that the footprints show the big toe to be turned backwards.

The apparition, spectre or animal, whichever it may be, occupies high, snow-bound mountains. The

Himalayas, for instance. But the evidence, you ask? Well, discounting the native stories, from which the description is taken, we have a number of quite authentic reports. Lt. Col. Howard Bury, D. S. O., British Army, led a climbing party on an attack on Mt. Everest in 1921. "22,000 feet above sea level, in a pass called 'Lhakpa La' they found tracks in the snow which resembled those of naked human feet, altho of vastly greater size. The Tibetan guide called them 'Metch-Kangmi'—Stinking Men of the Snows—and was not particularly surprised, altho somewhat terrified." The date of this record is 1921.

When you bear in mind that at the height of this pass, human life is unknown and the records of birds and animals living at that height are sufficiently rare to be negligible, naked human footprints should be surprising.

A similar account is given by A. N. Tombazi, a famous mountaineer, in 1925, except that he actually saw the creature who left the prints. This was in a 19,000 foot pass on Kinchinjunga, near Everest. At a distance of under 200 yards, he saw a near-human figure, unclothed, pulling at a bush in an effort to uproot it. It fled from him and he was only able to examine its tracks, which he reported to be about 7" long, with an enormous big toe. He estimated the creature was about five feet tall. The size and the fact that the creature fled does not tally with the normal reports...Tibetan monastery records accuse the beings of attacking humans and of kidnapping or killing them, and usually state that they are of giant size. However, it is possible that the one seen by Tombazi was not fully grown. If there is such a creature, it is to be expected that they do have young.

The next really authentic report

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

in this region is by Ronald Kaulback, an Eastern explorer. In 1936, near the source of the Salween River, 3000 feet above the tree line, he discovered tracks "as tho made by a bare-foot man" in the snow. The only animals which normally are found at this level are bears, and bears are not known in this area. At least five sets of tracks were found. The marks were too large to have been made by birds, and did not conform to bird-tracks, the majority of which are very similar to each other. There is no food to be discovered at this level, at least not the sort of food which known creatures consume.

A year later we have some really undisputable evidence.....photographs. F. S. Smythe, a famous mountaineer, took pictures of tracks much longer than, and almost three times as wide as human footprints, each one with the big toe pointing backwards. These were found at a height of 17,000 feet and a great controversy raged over the photographs. Some experts expressed the opinion that they might be bear tracks. "Might be", not were. Others stated that no bear known in that region produced a track anything like these, except in size. What bear, or Giant Panda, has a distinct big toe, was the query?

Around about this time, many other reports of similar tracks were flowing in.....some doubtful, some definite. As always, there were a number of people willing, either thru a desire for fame, or else in conviction of their own

"Truths", to "fake" or misrepresent facts. The two most convincing and authenticated reports came from Brigadier John Hunt and a British mountaineer named Tiltman, who were both able to establish after the discovery of such prints, that no other climbing parties had been out, and that no natives from valley villages had been in the areas where the marks were discovered during the period that the tracks would be likely to remain undisturbed.

It is said that in the monastery of Rongbuk, on the side of Mt. Everest, there are drawings of the Abominable Snowmen, made by Tibetan monks who have seen them. This, unfortunately, remains unproven.

With a little stretch of the imagination, one can drag into line with these reports many of the accounts from other parts of the world of "giant footprints". The classic case of 1855, in England, when, after a heavy snowstorm in the west, a track which ran for a hundred miles in a straight line was discovered, is an example. From the records left to us, we can find that the tracks were at least similar. One report describes them as those of a Kangaroo, altho larger; another attributes them to a badger, very large. But they are definitely stated as being almost circular, somewhat like a malformed human foot. Similar reports are on record from such places as Russia and Norway, from Greenland and Canada.

Does a race of giant semi-human creatures, immune to cold, and feeding on something unknown to man, dwell in the everlasting snows of the world's great mountains? And do they, when the temperature drops and the snows lie thickly on our small section of the Earth's surface, come down to explore the territory of the "Abominable Little Men of the Lower Country"?



DESCENTS into SUBTERRANIA!

by Thyril L. Ladd



Illustrated by JIM BRADLEY

Man has been able to investigate only a little way into the Earth's depths. Earthquakes, faults and similar geological phenomena have given scientists data on which to base reasonably logical conclusions as to the character of the Earth's composition, but no-one has ever really visited the Earth's core, and only deductions can be called upon to say whether our world's center is a solid core or a huge hollow internal space.

It is, therefore, quite natural that writers of imaginative fiction should conjecture as to this, and weave a fanciful tale with the interior of the EARTH as a locale. I propose in this article to consider a limited number of stories

utilizing this theme and which have appeared in book form.

Some of these inner-earth novels are very familiar to the readers of fantasy—such as the *Fellucidar* series by Burroughs, Verne's *A Journey to the Center of the Earth*, etc. Here are a few others:

One of the oldest inner-earth tales of which this writer has knowledge is the famous novel, *"Symzonia"* (New York, 1820) by one Adam Seaborn. It is not known who wrote this book, tho certain authorities have suspected that Symmes himself might have. Professor Bailey, in his fine treatise *"Pilgrims Through Space and Time"*, has discussed *"Symzonia"* exhaustively, with a detailed synopsis. Suffice then to say the book is remarkably interesting, telling of the discovery of a civilization on a continent situated within the hollow Earth; a civilization with knowledge of flying, flame-throwers and other conceptions amazing in a writer of the year 1820.

A. Merritt's *"The Moon Pool"* (Putnam, 1919) is justly famous and is a true inner-earth story. So, also, is Joseph O'Neill's *"Land Under England"* (1935), where a son seeking his missing father finds an austere civilization dwelling in a strange land inside of the Earth. Reason, above all else, is the ruling thing with these people.

Bulwer-Lytton told of the Vril, a highly civilized race dwelling within our globe, in his masterpiece, *"The Coming Race"*. This book is used for a considerable amount of theory on the perfect civilization.

There are some real thrillers to be found in this genre. For example, Ella Gorymsour's *"The Perfect World"* (1922), a novel which begins with an account of the experiences of a young man with an inner-earth race of violet skinned people. The tale is strange and fascinating. Not only does this

fascinating. Not only does this author use this theme, but includes in her tremendous novel the destruction of our earth, an interplanetary flight to Jupiter and some more exceedingly weird adventures inside of that planet, too!

John Beynon's *"The Secret People"* (London, 1935) is extremely thrilling: a tale of a man and girl plunged within the Earth, then prisoners of the strange race dwelling there. In *"The Gilded Man"* (1918), author Clifford Smyth has given a very well-written account of experiences among a lost race dwelling in a tremendous under-Earth metropolis.

Perhaps one of the most tremendous themes lies in William Bradshaw's *"The Goddess of Atvatabar"*, where an exploring vessel finds a huge inner earth civilization. Here we have catalogues of inner-earth flora and fauna, descriptions of strange weapons, and finally, a great war. This book is one of the most fantastically illustrated volumes in all fantasy. More than half a dozen artists contributed startlingly unusual illustrations. The book is simply jammed with pictures!

Herbert Cook and Eric Baetzel presented the survival of an ancient race, underground, in *"The Light in the Sky"* (1929), and this book is different in that this people have managed to utilize light for scientific purposes. It is a very absorbing story. Outstanding in the inner-earth category is *"The Secret of the Earth"* (Nesley, 1899) by Charles Willing Beale, where two brothers invent a curious air-craft and fly over a huge inner-world continent, teeming with cities and populated lands. Richard Tooker presents a thriller in his tale, *"Inland Deep"* (1936), where a party (a girl among them) find inner seas with strange and fierce sub-human monstrosities, and escape only after most

harrowing experiences.

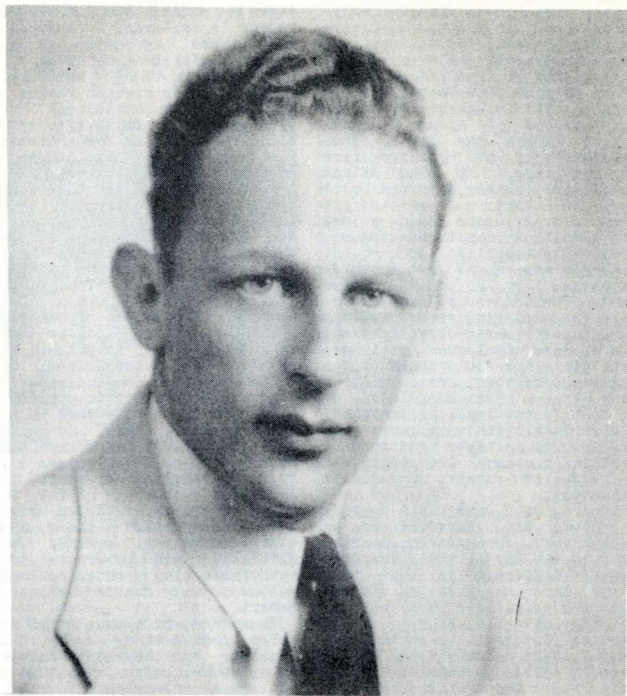
Some variations of this theme exist, where the under-earth region is man-made. Outstanding among these, of course, is Hal P. Trevor's exciting novel, *"World D"*, where a small but complete world has been created inside the Earth. Mark Channing's *"White Python"* (1934) tells of a strange blind race, living for generations inside a huge mountain, where they worship a tremendous snake whose priestess is the gorgeously beautiful Gynia (who herself can see) who dances naked before the terrible monster and can charm and command it. Similar in that the region lies beneath a mountain, is Dennis Wheatley's *"The Man Who Missed the War"* (London, 1947), where a combination of the civilizations of the Ancient Aztecs and the ancient Atlanteans still practice unholy sacrifices, while at the same time commanding weapons of superior scientific quality.

In *"The Eye of the God"* by B. G. Aston (London, 1927), a region is discovered underneath the Sahara Desert, where still exists a race of Ancient Egyptians, placed there centuries ago by one of the Pharaohs, while in S. Fowler Wright's *"The Hidden Tribe"* (London, 1938), a girl and a man, wrecked in an airplane, are prisoners of an autocratic king, whose realm is a hollowed out region beneath the desert.

There are, of course, still other tales of this kind, many of high quality, but these mentioned will do to emphasize the contention that the theme of worlds and civilizations under the Earth's crust has long received prominent attention from fantasy authors.

The theme is indeed fascinating. One expects more material of this nature to appear in the future.

And one wonders—"What really does lie hidden within our earth?"
THE END



T. H. Sturgeon

AUTHOR, AUTHOR THEODORE STURGEON

Distinguished by an elfin quality that defies analysis and imitation, the stories of Theodore Sturgeon have, over the past decade, made an important and irreplaceable contribution to modern fantasy. Whether writing an outstanding science-fiction tale such as "Microcosmic God" or spine-chilling fantasy as in "It", Sturgeon's tales breathe with this atmosphere that only he can create. Some years ago, when a few stories appeared under the names of E. Waldo Hunter and E. Hunter Waldo, readers made haste

to write the editor, identifying them as Sturgeon's work.

Ted Sturgeon's tales have been widely anthologized and his story, "Bianca's Hands", won the Amalgamated Press Literary Prize in England after appearing in the British ARGOSY.

Unlisted in the bibliography are about forty stories sold to the Mc Clure Newspaper Syndicate in 1938 and 1939.

Ted is currently living in New York, where he is employed by TIME, INC. And now, we'll let Ted Sturgeon take over himself.

I stand about so high and am not fat yet, but better watch it because my wife cooks like crazy. My rib-cage contacts the top of my hip-bone when I stand up straight. I discovered on paying \$190 to Arthur Murray to learn the rumba. I have written stories under my own name and those of E. Hunter Waldo and E. Waldo Hunter, the latter two for the same reason that Geosmith's sequel, "Trouble Times Two", preceded his original story, "Trouble". They say I make puns, which I deny; it's only that typos creep in and I have an aural

word sense. I'll demonstrate that later; it means that what I read and what I write, I hear. And anyway, I come by puns honestly. My grandfather was driving along a Canadian highway once and saw a sign, "GINGER BEAR SOLD HERE". "Ah," breathed Granddad, "Must be their own bruin." And I have yet to top my mother's classic description of the immortal Josephine Baker's zany, sexy performance as an "Afro-dizzy-act"....

I was born ok Staten Island, which is populated mostly by the dead and people from Brooklyn.

(So help me, to this day you can get lost in the woods over there, tho it's inside New York City limits.) This birth occurred on 2/26/18, according to the records. I went four years to a veddy social Staten Island private school, two weeks to a public school, thence to Philadelphia where I was two weeks in the fifth grade and got shoved into the sixth. This one I completed, and then went to a boarding school in Pennsylvania where in a year I learned how to smoke, drink, gamble, swear and swim. After six weeks in the eighth grade in summer school, I was dumped into an enormous education factory in Philadelphia at the age of twelve. I weighed 95 pounds and was utterly bewildered, but anyway I was a high school student. I was a High school student for six solid years. I never took a subject I didn't flunk at one time or another. Like someone named Robin English, I was released. That was in '36.

Ket a girl there and said I'd marry her. In 1940 I did. Unmarried her again in '45. Good people. Married again last September—Mary Lair. She's good people too. Very patient. Sings like all gods' angels.

I don't seem to be able to recall the process of living my life in a particularly consecutive order. Things happened at various times. I put in six months as a cadet on a training ship. She had been with Dewey at Manila. She was 135 feet at the waterline and had 160' masts. She had steel sides and a wooden bottom, and a loosefooted rig because her sails were so near the deck that booms would have swept off the deck housing. We tacked her by taking in all sail and dragging it across the deck by hand while we turned her with the engines. She was painted all white and burned coal. I didn't like her much. There were 173

people aboard. After that I cut loose and went to sea on my own account—coastwise freighters, then tankers.

I worked in a glass factory once, taking silver off mirrors with fuming acid. Drove a tractor-trailer truck between Philadelphia and Albany. Worked in an oil refinery, hoisting grass between tanks in a storage farm. Had a job once with a crew who came north by train and bought Model A Fords all the way back to Greensboro. Pulled rope with a circus—the Al G. Barnes show in Canada. Ran a luxury resort in Jamaica. It was wonderful. We had 17 servants, and except for weekends we had them mostly to ourselves. During the war I operated 17 quarters and barracks, three messhalls and a food warehouse for the Army, which qualified me to run the specialized lubrication disbursement, from which I naturally began to operate heavy equipment. For that I got flown to Puerto Rico to run bulldozer and power shovel for the Navy. I loved it, tho ten hours a day, seven days a week for nearly three years makes you sort of lose track of things. But if you know anyone with an inferiority complex you can cure him by perching him in the saddle of a Caterpillar D-8 for a few months. When the day arrives that behind all that Diesel and racket, you suddenly are aware that your nerve-endings are up there on the blind side of your blade, you gain something that you'll never lose. It does to you what marriage does, in that respect. It doesn't matter whether you ever pull another steering clutch. It's a thing that's built. Meant to mention that I had a rugged bout with acute rheumatic fever when I was 15. It left me with a 16" enlargement. My heart used to push out between my ribs when it beat, which for a while it did reluctantly. It got better

year after year until now only a specialist can detect that slight squish in the beat if I lie in a certain position after heavy exercise. But it kept me out of the Army during the war. Cardiac cripple. They wouldn't let me man a typewriter, let alone an armchair. But 70 hours a week under that sun was fine. Yours not to reason why....

I played guitar with a square-dance orchestra once, in the Poconos. They had a 35-foot platform at that resort. I used to do 2 1/2 somersaults off it. Once someone put an overflow board in the dam during the night and the lake rose 18 inches and I didn't know it. I hit the water face first and flattened my eyeballs. Couldn't see a thing for a whole day.

I lived in Brooklyn for a while with an Englishman who was writing confessions. He prided himself on being a word-rate writer who didn't give a damn for art. I did, at the time. But I meant no insult at all when I said casually that he was a hack. He got no end insulted. So to settle the argument we looked it up in his dictionary which was an English publication. In it I found one of the most pathetic lines I have ever read. It said, "HACK, n. A literary drudge; as, one who compiles dictionaries."

That volume was the one which supplied me with a really delightful definition. "HEMIONUS," it said, "The south African wild donkey, or half-ass." I've wondered ever since whether a hemionus uses a demijohn.

I shipped out one time with a guy called Kelley. He's around in some of my copy. He was one of the most amazing people I have ever met. He's in Atlanta now, I think, but he was like one of those creatures JWC's always trying to goad us into writing about, which thinks as well as a man, but

not like a man. I was sitting in a honkytonk in Port Arthur, Texas one night. There was a girl called Bernice who had taken quite a shine to Kelley and they'd been pretty thick at the south end of our trips. Bernice had just gotten wind of the fact that Kelley was sporting a girl down the street at Pete's Place, and she didn't like it at all. So when Kelley walked in, Bernice reached behind her and pulled an electric fan off the shelf and threw it at his head with the same motion. It was a big electric fan and it didn't have any guard on it. Kelley ducked it, seeming to move much more slowly than he actually did. He didn't move his feet, but sort of bent his head aside and turned his shoulders and let the fan go by. It hit the wall and chewed up the partition. Nobody said anything. Now, anyone else in the world who believed in do-as-you-would-be-done-by would have thrown the fan back at the girl. Not Kelley. He walked over and picked her up over his head and threw her at the fan. She slid on out the door and down the stairs. Kelley went out after her, taking his time, stepped around her where she lay halfway down the flight, and went on back to Pete's place.

I was profoundly impressed—not by what he'd done, but by the way he thought. I've used that kind of reversal in plot treatments many times. It's one thing to turn front to back. It's something else again, just as logical but much more rare, to make a mirror-image.

I'd rather be a writer than a human being. Wrote a story for WEIRD once and put a lot into it. It was a real katharsis and it did me good. A few days after it was published I got a letter from South Africa. There was a girl in the story who died, and this letter contained a poem which was an epi-

taph for her. As poetry it was so-so. But I had to reread it a half-dozen times to find out why it struck me as vaguely familiar. Then I got it. It was composed entirely of lines picked up here and there thru the story, with only an occasional slight alteration to fit the form.

Thoughts are cloud-shapes, formless, without size or any particular hue. But code them—make words of them—and they take on some fraction of what they mean to you. Recode these words into typescript; they're read, printed, proofed, distributed. Suppose, then another mind a half a world away decodes that type into words and those words into thoughts and from that multiple fractionation finds it in him not only to create, but to re-create some of the particular pulse-pound and gland-squirt that went into it.... that makes me humble. I'm ashamed of that story. I wish I'd polished it until it was worth having that effect on someone. You can kid around about the writing racket from now till then, but you can't get away from the fact that if writing can do a thing like that, a writer undertakes a truly awesome responsibility.

I mentioned writing as art. For myself, at least, I've settled the question of art vs. commerce to my own satisfaction. It's quite simple. Great art is judged by the things which we call classics. (Sometimes the judgement is by harmony and sometimes by contrast, but the scale of values is the same in either case.) But a classic is by definition something which has achieved wide public recognition for its innate excellence. Therefore a classic is a good commercial property. (The fact that it may become so after the death of the artist is utterly immaterial.) So—good art is good commercial, and the artist need

have no quarrel with himself for setting a word rate (or picture-price, or symphonic commission.)

But anyone who quotes me as saying that good commercial is automatically good art wasn't paying attention, and besides has a hole in his head.

I said at the start that my puns and perhaps a suspicion of what's called a style have their source in the fact that I hear what I read. I hear what I write, and I don't think it hurts what comes out. There are times when the mood of narration dictates a more conscious approach to the words that you use and their order. It's easy to prove that the treatment's unseen, but it yields an incredible smoothness of flow to your work.

There probably wouldn't be one reader in a hundred thousand who would realize that the above paragraph is written most laboriously in anapestic feet; that is, there are two unaccented syllables followed by a strong accent, but with most of the sentences beginning and ending in the middle of the foot so that the thing doesn't get sing-song. This happens to be my prime kick in writing. It's a thing you don't dare do very often; but when you apply it lightly and briefly, you find yourself woven into your copy with a completeness that can't be approached in any other way that I know of. But be careful; the trick's much more addictive than opium. There are a zillion different kinds of feet you can use. The largest charge of it I ever put into a story was in one of my WEIRD TALES, or proving grounds, yarns, when I used a monster that changed its meter every time it changed its mood. That went on for three thousand words. Have fun, chillun.

I think that is about enough. I've spent more time talking about what I think than what I ever did.

That's probably because I'd rather know other people by what they think than by what they do, or have done, or where they came from.

Then there was the girl who was so cultured she gave yogurt....

—Theodore Sturgeon

SCIENCE-FICTION and FANTASY STORIES by THEODORE STURGEON

Title	Magazine	Date
Abreaction	Weird Tales	July 1948
Artman Process	ASTOUNDING S F	June 1941
Bianca's Hands	Argosy (British)	May 1947
Biddiver	ASTOUNDING S F	Aug. 1941
Biddiver	ASTOUNDING (British)	Aug. 1941
Blabbermouth	Amazing Stories	Feb. 1947
Bones, The (with James H. Beard)	Unknown Worlds	Aug. 1943
Bones, The (with James H. Beard)	Unknown (British)	May 1944
Brat	Unknown Worlds	Dec. 1941
Brat	Unknown (British)	Spr. 1949
Butyl and the Breather	ASTOUNDING S F	Oct. 1940
Butyl and the Breather	ASTOUNDING (British)	Oct. 1940
Cargo	Unknown	Nov. 1940
Cargo	Unknown (British)	Nov. 1940
Cellmate	Weird Tales	Jan. 1947
Chromium Helmet, The	ASTOUNDING S F	June 1946
Chromium Helmet, The	ASTOUNDING (British)	Dec. 1946
Clock, The	Calling All Boys	1948
Completely Automatic	ASTOUNDING S F	Feb. 1941
Completely Automatic	ASTOUNDING (British)	Feb. 1941
Deadly Ratio	Weird Tales	Jan. 1948
Derm Fool	Unknown	Mar. 1940
Derm Fool	Unknown (British)	Mar. 1940
Die Maestro Die	Dime Detective	May 1949
Dreaming Jewels, The	Fantastic Adventures	Feb. 1950
Ether Breather	ASTOUNDING S F	Sep. 1939
Fluffy	Weird Tales	Mar. 1947
God In a Garden, A	Unknown	Oct. 1939
God In a Garden, A	Unknown (British)	Oct. 1939
Golden Egg, The	Unknown	Aug. 1941
Golden Egg, The	Unknown (British)	Mar. 1942
Green-Eyed Monster, The	Unknown Worlds	June 1943
Green-Eyed Monster, The	Unknown (British)	Aut. 1944
Hag Selen, The (w/James H. Beard)	Unknown Worlds	Dec. 1942
Hag Selen, The (w/James H. Beard)	Unknown (British)	Feb. 1943
Haut, The	Unknown	Apr. 1941
Haut, The	Unknown (British)	July 1941
He Shuttles	Unknown	Apr. 1940
He Shuttles	Unknown (British)	Spr. 1948
Hurkle is a Happy Beast, The	Magazine of Fantasy	Fall 1949
It	Unknown	Aug. 1940
It	Unknown (British)	Aug. 1940
It	Argosy (British)	Jan. 4, 1947
Jumper, The	Unknown Worlds	Aug. 1942
Jumper, The	Unknown (British)	Spr. 1945

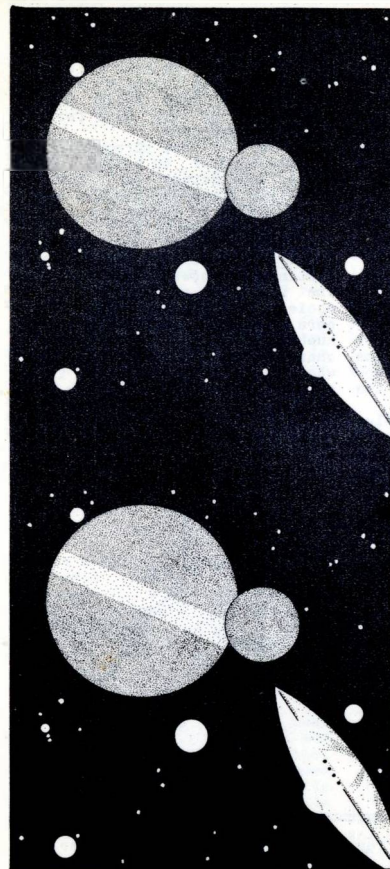
	The ENCOUNTER	
Killdozer!	Astounding S F	Nov. 1944
Killdozer!	Astounding (British)	May 1945
Largo	Fantastic Adventures	July 1947
Love of Heaven, The	Astounding S F	Nov. 1948
Martian and the Moron, The	Weird Tales	Mar. 1949
Maturity	Astounding S F	Feb. 1947
Medusa	Astounding S F	Feb. 1942
Memorial	Astounding (British)	Mar. 1942
Memory	Astounding S F	Apr. 1946
Messenger	Thrilling Wonder Stories	Aug. 1948
Mewhu's Jet	Thrilling Wonder Stories	Feb. 1949
Mewhu's Jet	Astounding S F	Nov. 1946
Microcosmic God	Astounding (British)	June 1947
Microcosmic God	Astounding S F	Apr. 1941
(El Dios Microcosmico)	Astounding (British)	Apr. 1941
Minority Report	Los Cuentos Fantasticos	No. 18
One Foot and the Grave	Astounding S F	June 1949
Perfect Host, The	Weird Tales	Sep. 1949
Poker Face	Weird Tales	Nov. 1948
Poker Face	Astounding S F	Mar. 1941
Prodigy	Astounding (British)	Mar. 1941
Prodigy	Astounding S F	Apr. 1949
Professor's Teddy Bear, The	Astounding (British)	Sep. 1949
Purple Light, The	Weird Tales	Mar. 1948
Scars	Senior Scholastic	Sep. 1948
Shuttle Bop	Zane Grey's Mystery Mag	May 1949
Shuttle Bop	Unknown	Feb. 1941
Sky Was Full of Ships, The	Unknown (British)	Feb. 1941
Smoke	Thrilling Wonder Stories	June 1947
That Low	Calling All Boys	1948
There is no Defense	Famous Fantastic Myst.	Oct. 1948
There is no Defense	Astounding S F	Feb. 1948
Thunder and Roses	Astounding (British)	June 1948
Tiny and the Monster	Astounding S F	Nov. 1947
Two Percent Inspiration	Astounding S F	May 1947
Unite and Conquer	Astounding S F	Oct. 1941
Until Death Do Us Join	Astounding S F	Oct. 1947
Well Spiced	Shock	
Wham Bop	Zane Grey's Mystery Mag	1949
What Dead Men Tell	Varsity	1948
WITHOUT SORCERY (Book of shorts)	Astounding S F	Nov. 1949
Yesterday Was Monday	PRIME PRESS, Philadelphia	1948
Yesterday Was Monday	Unknown	June 1941
Yesterday Was Monday	Unknown (British)	Sum. 1947
Yesterday Was Monday	From Unknown Worlds	1948

Stories under the name of E. WALDO HUNTER

Nightmare Island	Unknown	June 1941
Purple Light, The	Astounding S F	June 1941

Story under the name of E. HUNTER WALDO

Ultimate Egoist, The	Unknown	Feb. 1941
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Stereo No. II THE OUTER PLANETS by Jan Skrzynski

Photographer Jan Skrzynski was fortunate here in getting a line-up of all the outermost planets now known. Besides Uranus and its 4 inner moons, with Oberon in the foreground and Titan in the background, we see in the upper left corner Neptune with its satellite Triton, while just bordering Uranus' north polar regions (top left) is Pluto, scarcely larger than a star itself. Between Neptune and Pluto lies Charon with its three moons, showing a disc correlative with its mammoth size, second only to Saturn. This ship is one of the lens-shaped jobs from Saturn.

To use: Hold pic in good light, squarely in front of your face about six inches away. Look thru the pic at an imaginary star in farthest space. Love pic slowly away from your eyes still keeping your mind and vision on the imaginary star thru the pic. At about one foot distance, the pics will begin to fuse; fuzzy at first, it will clear with practice until you will receive a mental image of three pics in which the center one will give the illusion of three dimensions. Keep attention on the farthest star. Don't focus on the pic. Also don't strain. Rest your eyes between looks.

STATISTICAL ANALYSIS: a new Research Tool

ARTICLE BY

H. T. McAdams

Illustrated by DONALD B. DAY

With the coming of general semantics, science-fiction fans have learned to give at least lip-service to the premise that no two things are identical.

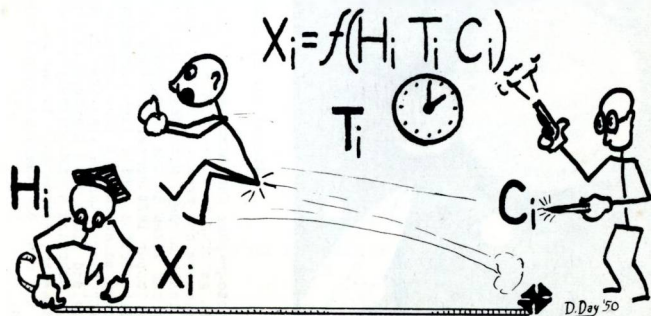
Carried to its logical conclusion, this principle would seem to imply that every event is entirely without precedent, and that scientific prediction is impossible.

The fact remains, of course, that science continues to foretell certain occurrences by means of theories, and that the high priests of science-fiction sustain a great many broken arms while patting themselves on the back for successful prophecies.

It is not the purpose of this article, however, to betray a noble cause, but rather to focus the revealing light of realism upon a few fallacies of fancy—or fancy fallacies, as you will.

In order to effect this fait accompli it will be necessary to distinguish between two attitudes. The first is exemplified by the society dame whose greatest concern is that someone will see her husband's tattoo. The second is characterized by the genealogist who recognizes the skeleton in the closet as a family's only real claim to distinction. Certainly science-fiction does not publicize its failures, while science itself is always looking for exceptions.

To say that it is the exception that proves the rule is not as



Any measurement, X_i , is a function of H_i , the human observer,

T_i , the time of observation and C_i , the conditions.

contradictory as it might seem, especially when it is realized that uncertainty is what the "rule" consists of. This fact is reflected in the statistical manner in which most scientific knowledge must be interpreted, as well as in the alacrity with which new theories are accepted.

Science is ever ready to step from a sinking ship into a sound one, and has come to recognize all theories merely as temporary expedients. And, far from recognizing variation as an impediment, science has devised means to live with it and to make it work to advantage.

The scientist, in his quest for "knowledge", is in a position not unlike the mouse who wanted to hang the bell on the cat. Before he can predict specific events on the basis of a general theory, he must first arrive at this general theory from a necessarily limited sampling of specific facts. He must, in short, estimate the properties of a large group, or "universe" of events, from the experimental results obtained on small "samples" of such events.

When the scientist attempts to measure a physical quantity, therefore, even such a simple one as the length of a line-segment, he realizes full well that one measurement will not suffice. If he makes the measurement tomorrow, he will very likely get a different result, and if he asks one of his colleagues to do the same, the two of them will not agree.

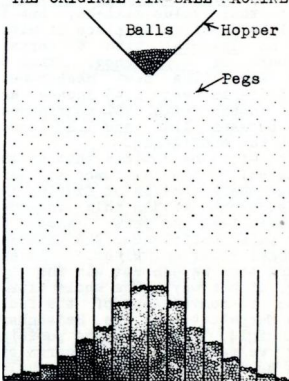
Each measurement, therefore, must be recognized merely as one of the many such measurements possible, and consequently can be regarded only as an estimate of the quantity desired. In mathematical parlance such an estimate is called a "statistic", and may be designated as X_i . This symbolism specifies the first, second, third.....nth measurement, as i ranges from 1 to

n , and carries semantic implications which are obvious.

The problem which faces the investigator, now that he has on hand a great many measurements, is nothing short of a dilemma. Which value is the "best" value and what are the criteria for judging it the "best"?

This question is answered by the tendency of some values to occur more frequently than others, a fact which makes it possible to speak of the most probable value, or the value which occurs most frequently, as the "best". The mean, or average, of several measurements often approximates this "most probable" value, the approximation becoming more and more reliable as the number of measurements is increased.

THE ORIGINAL PIN-BALL MACHINE



GALTON'S QUINCUNX, demonstrating the physical basis of the normal frequency distribution law. Balls are deflected to approximate the normal distribution curve.

It would be a happy circumstance if the problem ended here. But the conscientious researcher has learned that the variability associated with any quantity is in many ways as important as the quantity itself. If the average is the most probable value, it is possible to obtain another value nearly as probable by either adding or subtracting some small increment. It therefore becomes necessary to describe the entire range of measurements by assigning a probability to each one. The result is called a frequency distribution.

By means of the frequency distribution, which may have been established from 99 measurements, it is possible to make certain probability statements about the hunderdth, which has not been made yet. It will be impossible, of course, to say with absolute certainty what that value will be, but it will be possible to place it within an interval with a certain measure of confidence. Thus we may say, "The next measurement will lie between 1.45 inches and 1.55 inches with 75% confidence, or between 1.40 and 1.60 inches with 98% confidence."

It will be noticed that as the interval becomes narrower and narrower the assurance of finding the measurement within this interval becomes less and less. Also, as we gain confidence, the interval becomes wider and wider. It appears that we can not win for losing, either way. The whole situation is reminiscent of the fact, now perpetuated as the Heisenberg principle, that both the position and velocity of an electron can not be determined simultaneously, for as one becomes more certain the other becomes more uncertain.

If we are to agree with Korzybski, however, that structure constitutes the only content of knowledge, we must admit that the re-

lationship afforded by the frequency distribution contributes in a fundamental way to our understanding. As a matter of fact, it is remarkable how the formulation of confidence intervals disposes of the dilemma of "predicting" facts which at first appeared "unpredictable". For "prediction", like all verbal garments, is a coat of many colors. It is not necessary to think of prediction in terms of absolute certainty, nor is it necessary to think of a class as having absolute lines of demarkation.

Even a "liar" may tell the truth occasionally, and on these occasions is not a liar, but a "truthful" man. Classifying such a pernicious character in either category, however, can be effected only on a probability basis. Ungratifying as such a procedure might seem, it would nevertheless be of immense importance to an insurance company in calculating the risks for an entire population of such individuals. Undoubtedly a great many of these hypothetical beings would be able to provide convincing proof that they were dead, but the rates would be high enough to absorb these illegitimate claims.

The statistical method has brought about a revolution in the accepted tradition of scientific experimentation. Since variation is of the very essence of knowledge, it is no longer necessary, or desirable, or even possible, to hold constant all factors except one. Instead, all known factors may be varied simultaneously in accordance with a systematic experimental "design", in such a way that their separate effects may be unscrambled by a mathematical procedure known as the analysis of variance. More information is gained with less experimentation, and the results obtained are endowed with greater significance,

other things being equal.

It should be pointed out that variation may be practically negligible when we are dealing with what amounts to large aggregates of data. Physically, this accounts for the fact that on the macroscopic level, where we are dealing with the average behavior of large collections of atoms, science is much more deterministic than on the sub-microscopic level, where the uncertainty principle comes into its own as we deal with individual particles. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the physicist talks in terms of "probability waves" when he is forced to accept the existence of "waves" of discrete particles, like electrons, in such instruments as the electron microscope.

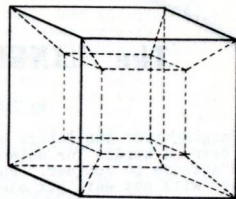
On the other hand, the discrepancy between the macroscopic and sub-microscopic levels should not be over-emphasized. The difference is probably one of degree, rather than of kind. There are many types of frequency distributions at both levels. At the macroscopic level we have the Gaussian, Poisson and Chi-square distributions, to mention a few, while at the sub-microscopic level we have the Boltzman, Einstein-Bose and Fermi-Dirac distributions. The former are often spoken of in connection with the "theory of errors".

The concept of "error", however, and it is truly a "concept" because it has been deliberately imposed upon an unsuspecting Nature, must go. Nature makes no "errors", and the perpetuation of such an inference imposes an anthropomorphism only one step removed from the doctrine of free will. Variations are not errors, in any statistical sense, but merely a characteristic feature of any natural process.

To lapse into the metaphysical, it may be implied that uncertainty

constitutes something fundamental to the structure of man and his world which only mysticism and science-fiction can fathom. And, tho there are exceptions to all things, the "exceptions which prove the rule", upon re-definition, are no exceptions at all.

THE END.



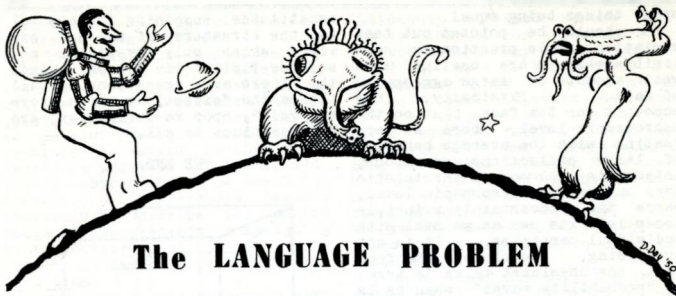
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The LANGUAGE PROBLEM

by PHILIP BARKER.

Languages of the future have always been a hurdle for science-fiction authors to conquer. Readers just will not wait six months while the hero or the lovable old Doctor sits down and patiently learns all the difficult phonetics and grammar of an alien language. The story must move on, and, for best results, it must move fast. Frequently the characters encounter a good many alien races in their travels, each speaking a completely different tongue and having different reference points for all their concepts.

In order to evade this long, slow process of learning all of these peculiar dialects, authors have resorted to innumerable devices that simplify the language problem and allow the action to continue. The commonest of these evasions is telepathy. Either the aliens or the Earthmen are telepathic. Or else one of the two groups has a machine that permits thoughts to flow freely back and forth. However telepathy presents certain difficulties in itself. For one thing, it might not be to an Earthman's advantage if his mind could be read at will. It would expose all the plots and intrigues

that frequently cross our minds. Psychiatrists say that we really would not be such nice people if our thoughts could be read. Ideas of brutal murder, sex, petty hatred, revulsion and other unpleasant thoughts cross our minds at all times without our being too much aware of them. For such thoughts to reach an alien race, not knowing anything about us, would be disastrous for good relations.

Beamed thoughts, too, would have their difficulties. Go ahead, think of a house. Here sits the alien, his mind receptive to your thoughts. All you have to do is ask for shelter. Of course, his reference points are completely different. A house to him is a thing with purple spires and pink doorposts. Or maybe he is based on a metabolism different from yours, and feels quite comfortable in the midst of icy cold or glaring heat. Perhaps he is in symbiosis with another living organism that provides shelter for him in return for food. His shelter might do you more harm than good. He would completely misunderstand your mental picture of a simple, Earthly house with gabled roof and

THE LANGUAGE PROBLEM

glass windows.

Now ask for food....!

Or perhaps our struggling author had better use another means—say a spatial *lingua franca*. Once upon a far-off time, another mighty empire conquered space and left behind a lot of ancient ruins and a linguistic stock that persevered through the centuries so that our hero, Martin Kragg, could speak to the Antarians over by Sagittarius. Of course, Martin may have trouble pronouncing the language. If it has consonants anything like some of the widely differing ones on Earth, Martin had better go home. The Hindus have a whole set of consonants which are pronounced with the tongue turned back and touching the roof of the mouth. Try to say "T" with the very tip of your tongue touching your hard palate. The Arabs, too, have their share of difficult sounds not appearing in English. They have a cerebral "S", pronounced with the tongue just touching the back of the upper teeth. The Chinese have an "SZ" sound, appearing in words like *Szechuan*, *szu*, etc., which can only be learned by practice. And the Bushmen of Africa use a whole set of clicks, made by drawing in the breath and touching the tongue to the teeth, hard palate, or the lips! Now imagine sounds produced by extra-terrestrial mouths!

All right, all right, our author introduces an intermediate being, one who can pronounce both English and Antarian *lingua franca*. This critter, coincidentally enough, is friendly to our hero. There, damn it, that should solve the mess. But does it? Our new character should be able to get around the difficulties in grammar and semantics that impede the communication. Grammar is a real problem. Some terrestrial tongues are almost impossible to learn without long experience. Chinese, Egyptian hiero-

glyphic, etc. have certain grammatical nuances that indicate mood, accent, or even tense; and these nuances can only be learned with difficulty, even for professional linguists. Chinese, for instance, lacks any past, present or future tenses. Past tense is expressed by certain particles added to the verb. In some cases these particles express accent on the thought, and in other places they do not even express past tense. In hieroglyphic, many things necessary to English are left out. Verbs are not expressed in some places, subjects are unexpressed in others. In many languages there is no definite article (Hindi, Egyptian, Chinese) and some tongues even lack a means of making the plural (Chinese pluralizes only the personal pronouns). So our interpreter would have to be very intelligent, and a great student of languages. The hero of the tale would have lots of time to grow old before the friendly interpreter struggled thru the intricacies of our own English language. Perhaps we'd better make the interpreter our hero and save the bother.

Another nice way of solving the problem would have the future world entirely Americanized and neatly packaged into humanoid cultures who all spoke perfect English. That not only solves the problem; but destroys the thrill of adventure among alien races. It still might be interesting, but not near as adventurous. Furthermore, our own English is changing so rapidly that we can understand such writers as Chaucer only with great trouble. Now let another four or five hundred years pass, and see what the language sounds like.

One appalling possibility that seems repugnant to our minds is that our own Anglo-American culture may not survive as the dominant civilization in the future. This

may well be something to think on; for every large nation in the world has risen, had its period of superiority, and finally has decayed and fallen. And every single one of those fallen empires went down to dust with the cry, "We will last forever!" That is not to say that our culture will fall, but the probability is there. At any rate, our futuristic heroes or time travelers may well find that the future nations are using Tibetan as the scientific language of the world, while English is a tongue found only in ancient tomes.

Realism and authenticity in a story are necessary to make it convincing to the readers. For the more scientific pulp magazines a complete, plausible explanation must accompany every new concept. Thus, our suffering author is driven to but one conclusion.

With trembling fingers he typed the following:

"By some curious coincidence, Martin could understand them!"

Answers to QUIZ (Page 10)

1. The GREEN Man
2. The SCARLET Plague
3. The RED Brain
4. The BLACK Galaxy
5. The GOLDEN City
6. The YELLOW Sign
7. The PURPLE Sapphire
8. The BLUE Flamingo
9. The Day of the BROWN Horde
10. The Land of Big BLUE Apples

Allow one point for each correct answer, then look at the chart below to find out how you rate.

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 10 | Fanatic Fan |
| 8-9 | Fervent Fan |
| 6-7 | Forgetful Fan |
| 4-5 | Fresh Fan |
| 1-3 | You got this zine by mistake, you "western" reader, you! |

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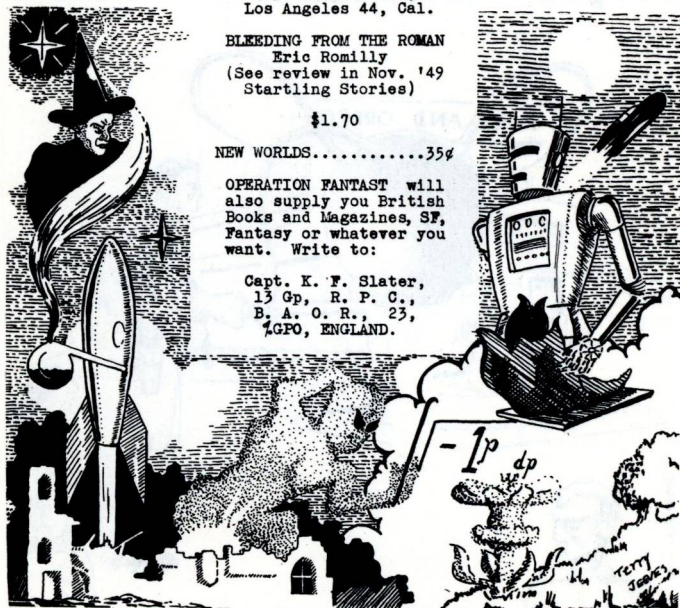
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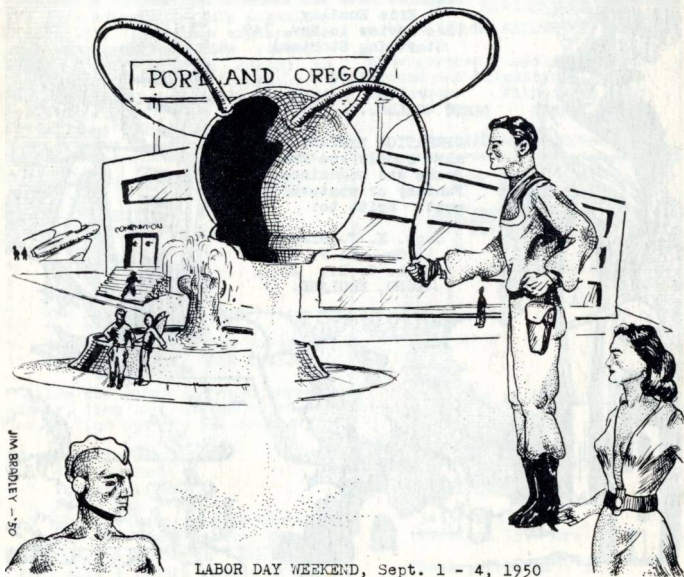
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