

# THE SCIENCE

Vol I No 4

AUGUST 1946

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Published by  
Dale Tarr  
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# FICTION WORLD



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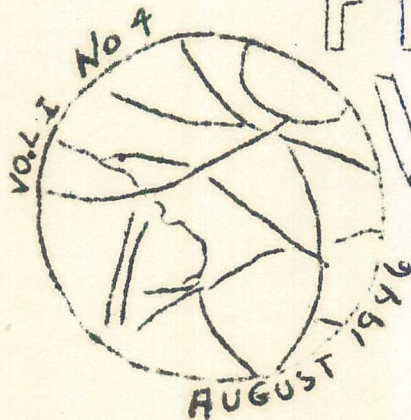
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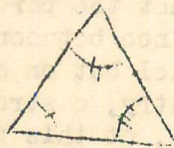
# FICTION WORLD



E # 1 ----

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The case of the unadmitted axiom.



Narrated by T.D. Clarence, and presented as the first of a series by S F W.



About 2200 years ago a brilliant fellow by the name of Euclid assembled the by then well advanced science of geometry into a remarkable textbook which has stood as a model during all the time since. Euclid prefaced his text with ten assumptions which he considered to be self-evident truths. The first nine of these assumptions were so easily and clearly stated that even Lil Abner could have understood them. As for the tenth --- well, here's what Euclid said :

"If a straight line falling on two straight lines makes the interior angles on the same side less than two right angles, the two straight lines, if produced indefinitely, meet on that side on which are the two angles less than two right angles."

That statement stood out like a supernova and practically challenged dissent. It's equivalent meaning can be paraphrased in a variety of ways such as

"Through a given point can be drawn only one parallel to a given line." -- Playfairs axiom -- or

"There exists a pair of straight lines everywhere equally distant from one another."

Of course a great many fellows set out to prove this 'fifth postulate' as it was called. The name was derived through a division of the original ten basic premises into two groups of five each, the first group being called 'common assumptions' and the second group being called 'postulates' of which the one in question was of course the 'fifth'. Although no one actually succeeded in a proof, a great many thought that they did. The end result of their chimeric chasing was the discovery of the Non-Euclidean geometries.

In hyperbolic geometry we toss out the 'fifth' and proceed with this sense twister:

"Through a given point not on a given line more than one line can be drawn not intersecting the given line."

You might take that to mean that, in hyper-geo, there were dozens of lines through a given point, which were parallel to a given line.

There are only two! All the rest are labelled 'non-intersecting lines' and act entirely in a different manner than do parallels.

In Elliptic Geometry we take this premise --

"Two straight lines always intersect one another," and add something else to make it a little more complex :

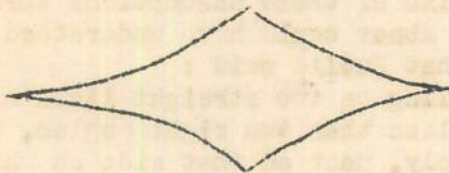
"Every straight line is boundless."

The latter statement means only that all lines return upon themselves. Straight lines that is.



A ready picture of this may be had by visualizing the great circles of longitude on the earth. You might wonder if the parallels of latitude on the earth are not parallel lines despite the Elliptic promise of intersection. The answer to that one is that the parallels of latitude are not straight lines; The shortest distance between any two points on a parallel does not lie along the parallel but on a great circle. In elliptic, as in ordinary Euclidean geometry, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Don't, at this point, ask me how things work out on an ellipsoidal figure. It just happens that an Euclidean sphere is the handiest figure on which restricted examples of Elliptic-geo can be constructed.

Let's take up Hyper-geo first and see what some of the results are when you have any number of non-intersecting lines. There are Euclidean figures upon which, with restrictions, representations of H-G can be constructed. One of these is the pseudosphere.....



roughly ----

As I said before, in this geo parallel lines and non-intersecting lines are different entities. Parallel lines converge and diverge in opposite directions so that the distance between them, in one instance, is smaller than any assigned distance, and, in the second instance, is larger than any assigned distance. They do not meet.

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#### Parallels in H-G

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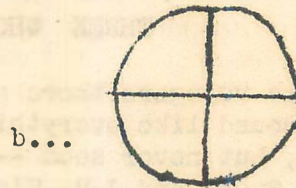
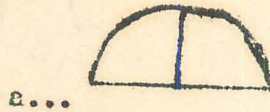
Two non-intersecting lines have one and only one common perpendicular. They diverge continuously in both directions away from it.



One of the most amazing things about HG is the fact that similar polygons of different sizes do not exist! If three triangles have all three of their angles equal to one another's the triangles are congruent and exactly alike. The extension of the theorem covers all polygons. Also we find; the sum of the angles of a triangle is less than two right angles; the construction of rectangles or cubical figures is impossible because two intersecting sets of parallel lines cannot enclose a figure with four right angles and lastly we find HG approaching Euclidean as the value of constants involved in problems increases to infinity. It might be well to point out here that in HG as in Euclidean, the infinitude of the line is accepted. In Elliptic-geo the straightline is 'finite yet boundless'.



There are two types of Elliptic geometry!



The representations, a and b, above, illustrate the two types of Elliptic geo and simultaneously the proposition which states that all perpendiculars to a given line meet in the same point. The meridians of longitude on the earth which are perpendicular to the Equator again present a handy picture of this state of affairs. The points through which all such perpendiculars pass are called the poles of the line. In type 'b' we operate under the assumption that any given straight line has two poles, a promise incidentally, which gives us that geometry commonly called 'Riemannian geometry'. In type 'b' lines intersect and enclose an area; the sum of two angles of a triangle can be less than the third; a triangle with two angles equal may have the sides opposite them unequal, and the sum of all the angles of a triangle is greater than two right angles.

Type 'b' is designated as 'Double Elliptic' to distinguish it from type 'a' called 'Single Elliptic'.

In type 'a' we find that a straight line does not divide the plane into two regions; you can go from one side of the line to the other without crossing the line! Try that on your Mobius strip which is an easily constructed paper figure possessing Single Elliptic properties. Single Elliptic geometry conceives of a surface as having only one side in contrast to two sided conceptions of the other geometries.

Calling the Euclidean sphere again for reference we can distinguish between the workings of Euclidean and Double Elliptic Geometries. In Euclidean we consider the sphere as a three dimensional object in order to work surface problems; in Double Elliptic we are concerned only with the surface and work two dimensionally.

All three main classifications of geometry are logically consistent and serve equally well in the handling of engineering problems but Euclidean has an enormous advantage over the others because of its comparative simplicity.

If the human race ever gets around to engineering projects that are something like galactic in scope we might then find that one or the other of the geometries is better suited to describe the universe than the others. At present, there are objections to our drawing the conclusion that anyone of them is better than the others one of which is that our methods of measurement and even our instruments themselves must work from one or the other geometry as a basis. An out here would be to get them all together a la Kuttner in a system of variable truths. Fairy geometry!

It makes you wonder all the more what we'll find out when we finally get some of those Van Vogt and E.E. Smith types of space ships. Meanwhile I'm sticking solidly to Euclidean.



CHARLES R. TANNER tells us of

THREE GHOSTS -----

Three mystic voyagers there are,  
They get around like everything;  
Ubiquitous, but never seen --  
Kilroy and Smoe, and J.B. King !

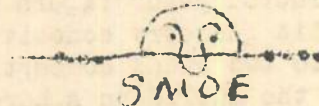
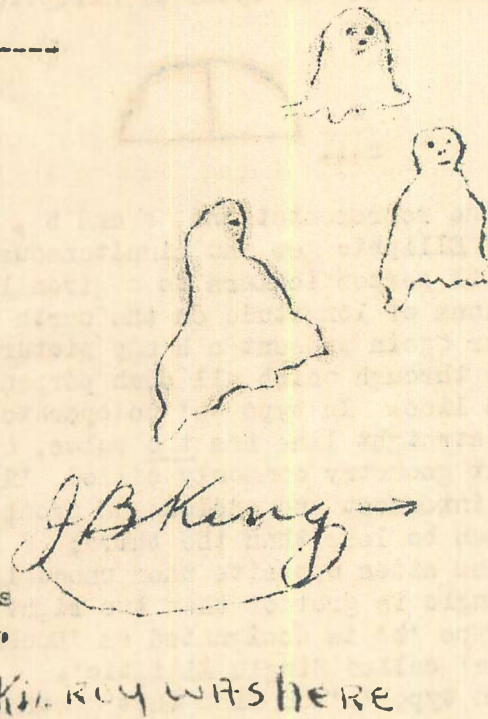
No matter where a fellow goes,  
One of the three was there before,  
And left his mark and gone away  
No'er to be seen there anymore.

The railroad men are well aware  
Of one who writes on everything  
From Maine to California  
The mystic symbols -----

From Melbourne up to Bering Straits  
Buck privates always raise a cheer,  
When, moving to another camp,  
They see the scrawl -----

In every high school in the land,  
No matter where you chance to go,  
You'll find he's left before you came  
That mystic, shy Phenorton, ----

And though I've searched for years and years  
Of my success I cannot sing;  
I've never found, nor hope to find  
Kilroy or Smoe, or J.B. King.



Quite a bit of the material presented in this issue of Science Fiction World was obtained through the National Fantasy Fan Federation Manuscript Bureau conducted by Walter Coslet of Box 6 Helena, Montana.

If your publication is suffering from a severe case of 'border line anorexia' we suggest a few shots in the arm via the Bureau. Walt has artwork, humor, poetry and a little bit of everything. Rigg's cartoon in this issue was obtained from him; the cartoon was excellent and funny as we received it. Here's hoping our reproduction of it serves it's best interest.

We're not taking any great pains with this issue outside of attempting to get the best material possible into it. Write and let us know whether you like it.



SAM MOSKOWITZ

## ADVENTURES OF A BOOK COLLECTOR



Accompanied by Richard Witter of Staten Island I sallied into a book-shop off Journal Square in Jersey City. Immediately, we began going over the book titles, acknowledging the nod of the dealer. Three-quarters of the way through I was convinced that the place had been picked clean and I left Witter to continue the search while I engaged the dealer in conversation.

He was working on a minor repair job for a new copy of the fantasy anthology, "Pause to Wonder". He bemoaned the difficulty of obtaining enough fantasy books mentioning that he did not dare send a damaged book back for fear the company would take offense and 'cut him off'. I asked him if he had any fantasy and he referred me to a used copy of Merritt's 'Seven Footprints to Satan' in pocketbook form which he might be induced to part with for a quarter. The fact that it could be obtained new on any newsstand for that price did not seem to impress him.

He spoke of dozens of fantasy fans who entered his doors; "suckers" who paid fantastic prices for the stuff. Then, confidentially he asked me if I had ever heard of Derleth. That was all he needed; when I confessed some knowledge of the man he imparted this information.

"Why Mr. Derleth wrote me just the other day," he said with an air of considerable importance. "I've ordered some books from him for my customers. Smart man, Derleth. Lots of brains; good business man. I understand his first published book, "The Outsider" by Lovecraft, is getting a good price. Why, Derleth, himself, told me that dealers were getting fifteen dollars for the book."

He examined me closely to see how visibly impressed I was by the fact that Derleth had written to him, personally, and then, with the air of a cat playing with a mouse he said, "Show us boys, no fantastic books here."

Witter seemed to be of a different mind as he produced John Gunther's fantasy "Eden for One."

"Guess there's a sleeper in every bookstore," the dealer told us. "Well, if it's a valuable book it's your luck. When I mark a price in 'em that's what I sell 'em for."

.....

Scarlos and Witter accompanied me into the bookshop of a little man in Newark who is the horader type. He is dreadfully afraid of selling any book for fear that it might have an unsuspected value. When you enter his shop you never get further than ten feet inside before he blocks any further progress and you must then 'fess up what you want and pay the price or get out. Ordinarily I would never patronize him but my friends insisted that we try.

He was wary of every comment, refusing to commit himself on whether he had a desired book. Cagily, he asked how much we were willing to pay. Knowing me from before he handed me a list of books that he needed, asking me if I could get any of them. Heading the list were "any books by Lovecraft?".



Questioning revealed that he had already ordered 'Marginalia' from Derloth and that he knew that the 'Outsider' was worth twenty five dollars. Also that all the books we asked for came under the category of 'Hot Stuff'.

While Searles was trying to get information out of him I was attracted by a weird book jacket under my elbow. It was a nicely illustrated job for Merritt's 'Dwellers in the Mirage' and underneath was a copy of Burn, Witch, Burn. Both were British editions brand-new with jackets. I picked up 'Dwellers' and asked Witter, "Isn't this the book that just came out in pocketbook form?"

"Why-er, yes, it is," replied Witter with his eyes bulging. I handed him the copy of 'Burn, Witch, Burn'.

"That came out over a year ago," I said.

"Don't you want it?" he questioned.

"No. Junk." Suddenly I discovered that the book had larger type than the pocketbook. Avid by this discovery I was considering purchasing 'Dwellers' when the book-seller suggested that I could "read it a chapter at a time--- even that's too much." Reluctantly we made the purchase -- 'Dwellers' for \$1.35 and BWB for sixty cents. I received a sort of grim satisfaction out of the transaction. Previously I had given another Newark dealer the pocketbook treatment and had obtained a first edition of the 'Moon Pool' for 75 cents. Litterio B. Farsaci was partner to that crime.

Questioning revealed that this latter dealer had no fantastic stuff. He said he sold all his fantasy to New York dealers for more than he could get for them retail. I decided to get something for my sister to read at some future date. With Searles I picked up a copy of Cutcliffe Hynes' 'Lost Continent' for a quarter. Later I returned and got the man in animated conversation. He knew all about Lovecraft and that guy from Wisconsin "whose got all these dumb yokels buffaloed?"

I wandered about picking up a few books for my sister and, on completing the run I asked him if he had any books by Algernon Blackwood.

"I told you I have no fantastic stuff," he said. "I pick it all out and sell it to New York dealers."

Very chagrined I walked out with two copies of the "King In Yellow" by Chambers; 'In Search of the Unknown' by Chambers; the tremendously rare 'Ideal Commonwealths' containing four great Utopia novels by Bacon, Campanella, Moore and H. Morison; Vice Versa by Amstey; 'In the Beginning' by Douglas; and 'The Island of Dr. Moreau.'

.....

Politely I turned down an offer by a New York book-seller to sell me a copy of Merritt's 'Ship of Ishtar', autograph and all for \$12.50. I had just picked up a copy without a cover (in fact it had never been bound) for ten cents and for a lot less than 12.50 I could put a binding on it that would know your eyes out.

.....

In a semi-suburban New Jersey town I had for some time kept my eye on a deluxe, superbly bound and elaborately color illustrated edition of Kipling's beautiful short story 'They', a tale of the little children just beyond the ghosly pale who may be seen only by those who have



"borne or lost" called into being at will by blind women. Undoubtedly it is one of the greatest short stories in the English language. Tho I had the story in various omnibuses I thought so highly of it that I badly desired the slender exclusive volume. The dealer knew it -- so the price was \$1.25.

Finally, one day I broke down and bought it.

"You cant fool me on fantasy," the dealer needled. "If you guys want the goods, you'll have to pay for it."

"How much is that copy of 'From India to the Planet Mars'? I asked by way of changing the subject.

"\$3.50".

"No, thanks."

"But do you know what's in this?"

"Yes, a semi-spiritualistic tract. I've turned down several copies at a dollar. I thought if you'd wanted a quarter I'd take it."

"Not from me fellow. I know my stuff. If you want good fantasy you've got to pay the price. I've got plenty of customers for it."

"Oh, well," I said, casually extracting a thin little volume from the ten cent rack. "I'll take this."

And that's how I obtained a copy of 'Jimbo' by Alernon Blackwood, the rarest of all Blackwood books and, according to Fred Shroyer, the best fantasy he's ever read, from a man who "knew his stuff".

For ten cents!

JAY F. CHIDSEY .....

### C A T A S T R O P H E

Rivened, seamed, and twisted,  
Split apart by Thor ...  
Staggering in her orbit,  
Shaken to her core.

Hills and mountains leveled,  
Oceans steamed away  
Damaged like a toy  
Of cosmic gods at play.

What the mighty force, then,  
Loosed upon this sphere ?  
Atomic power, you tell me ?  
Mankind once dwelt there ?



"Itzad tutebluv Johann Crude  
Hugottin dellf intua ferd.  
Twazze z n butkum n owt  
Wilbea lyftym jobbno dowl."

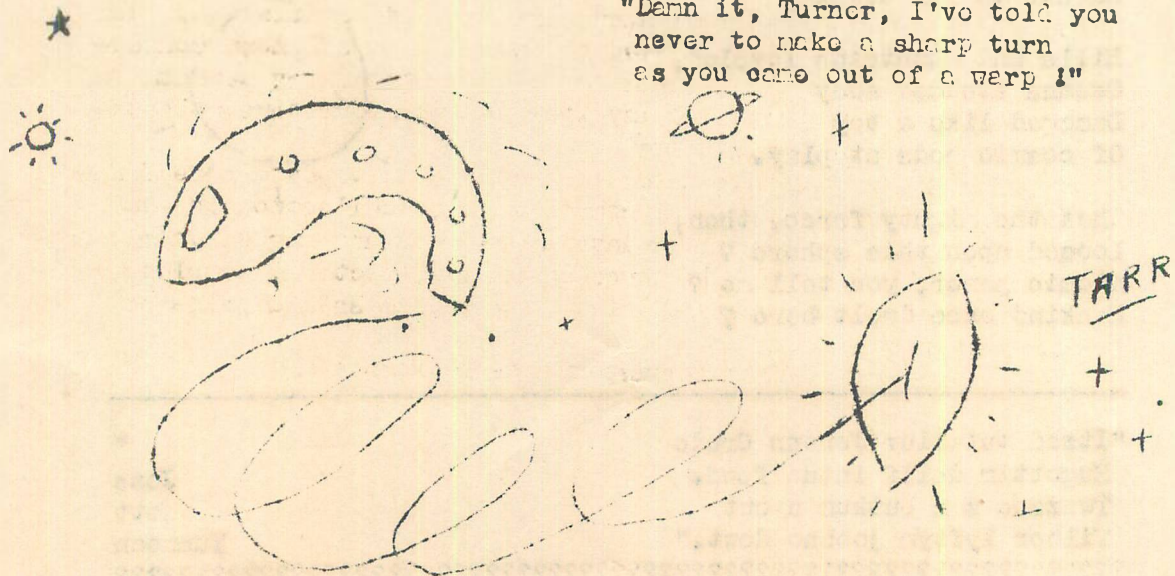
??

\*  
Joss  
Matt  
Yummean





"Damn it, Turner, I've told you  
never to make a sharp turn  
as you came out of a warp!"





A PAID ADVERTISEMENT ..... by Walter Coslet.

"Hello. How's everything?" The speaker was a lady I'd never seen before.

"O K, thank you," I replied, surprised.

"How are you coming with your music?"

"Music? I'm afraid you've mistaken me for someone else."

"Why! -- You're Donald, aren't you?"

"Donald? No, My name's Coslet. Walter Coslet."

\* \* \*

That's how it all started. We each went our own way but at various times I met others who thought they knew me yet were total strangers.

Also there was the matter of the missing prozines. The dealer at the second hand store knew I collected the stuff -- not only because I always bought all the old mags he could dig up but because he once asked me why I didn't bring the mags back for resale.

"You must have over a hundred by now," he said.

I informed him that I had over three hundred (that was quite some time ago of course) and that I saved them as a reference collection. But about those missing prozines: there had been some which I delayed getting and when I finally got around to it they were gone. The dealer was obstinate in his belief that I had bought them. Was there another fan in town? One who looked like me? I puzzled about the matter for several years while such incidents duplicated themselves over and over. But never did I find anyone who looked like me or until lately, find the solution to the mystery.

The puzzle is solved now. Completely. And with the solution has come a marvelous opportunity and a new service to fandom. Would you like a complete collection of the prozines? And at a reasonable price?

Please don't let this offer fool you. I said a 'complete collection' and I mean just that. I can now supply any number of sets of the prozines in mint, newsstand condition at only twice the original price. (Of course those few magazines which did not appear on the newsstands are likewise available.) For those of you who cannot afford to buy such an enormous collection arrangements can be made for buying whatever you want. In no case will the price for any item be over four times the original price for a mint copy.

For those who have their collections up to date here is an unparalleled opportunity to complete their collection in one fell swoop: You may never have to add another mag to your prozine collection! The price of this collection, complete is just twice the newsstand price plus the newsstand price of all past issues.

Your correspondence is invited.



ODD BITS.....

.....Editor.

Cincinnati vicinity fandom may be looking up in the next few months. Stanley Skirvin has come back from the Navy and is desirous of becoming an active fan having already contacted Tanner and myself. Then, too, there is Robert A Bradley, aut hor of a couple of letters in the Planet stories reader's section who has yet to be contacted. There are also a few other entities around town who are 'possibles'....

Skirvin reports that on his tours he received word that the lamented Unknown Worlds is actually in process of production.... He is working on some ideas for SFW.....

Recent novel presented by Mystery Navel of the Month (25¢) was Patrick Quentin's Puzzle for Fiends. Recommended to mystery readers. Quentin also writes good yarns under the name of Q. Patrick.....

Fargo passed on, and, enroute to the heavenly city, was very disturbed by his unfamiliarity with the knack of finding his way in a multi-dimensional continuum which had no directional referents. He had just come to the agonizing decision that he had somehow missed his way when, rounding a warp, he spied the eternal city just ahead.

Hastening forward he was about to knock for admittance when he chanced to look aloft. There, on the top of the wall, Seattle sat smiling, feet swinging. Fargo cursed under his breath.

"Damn it. I knew I was lost." .....

It seems World of A spirred many fans to the reading Korzybski's Science and Sanity. I went down to the library and obtained the book some months ago and gave it a superficial reading. One thing sticks out in my mind and that is what Korzybski calls the "is" of identity."

It seems to me that if there is any one thing which has been used so loosely as to cause it to assume an identity which may be very unreal it is nothing but the word 'time'.

To the SF fan along with others time has assumed an identity out of all proportion to our knowledge of it. We think of it concretely as -- a stream, a fourth dimension, a field, something really tangible which can be reversed, moved through and otherwise dealt with in many plausible ? ways.

I ask you to give me a good definition of time. Have you ever done any serious thinking as to the nature of time ? When we measure 'time' we do nothing other than to measure the realitive positions of moving bodies; that is we find some naturally repetitive occurrence such as the motion of the sun about the earth and using such occurrence from-a as a base, we measure 'time'!

Isn't it possible that somewhere along the way we've allowed our thinking to be muddled ? That time has no identity, no concreteness; that 'time' is a statement of position. Suppose there were no periodically recurrent motions. The measurement of time is merely the measurement of location with reference to moving bodies. The bodies are real; time is an abstraction, a term which has become confused with the reality; has acquired the 'is' of identity.