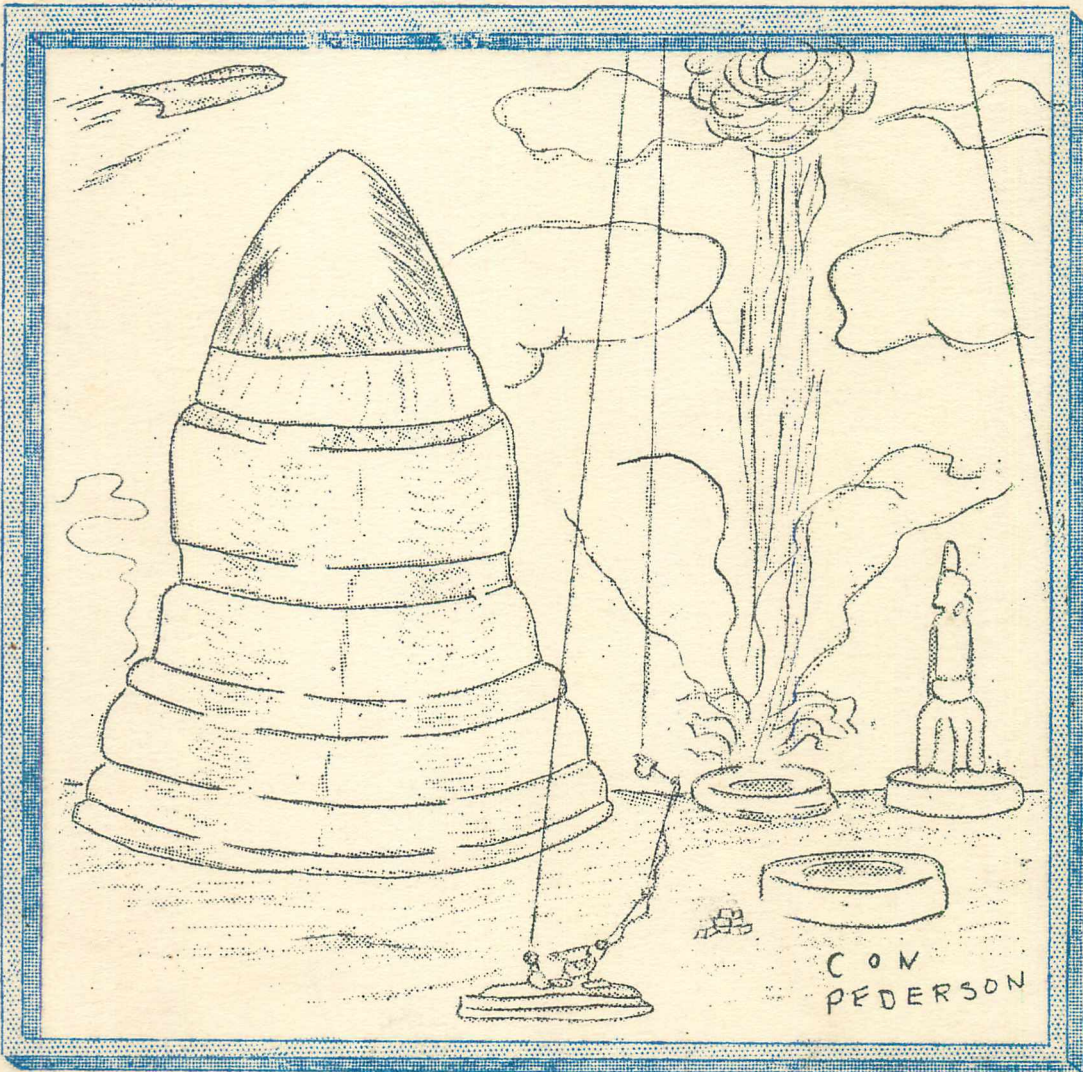


MIRTON



NO 3

TRITON is a quarterly fanzine, co-edited by:
EDMUND COX, 4 Spring Street, Lubec, Maine ... and
RUSSELL HAROLD WOODMAN, 505 Washington Avenue, Apt. 7, Portland, Maine

This Issue is Published In
PORTLAND, MAINE By R. H. Woodman

TO ROUSE THE WAVES: Review Section

By: PHILIP GRAY

THE CARNELIAN CUBE by Fletcher Pratt & L. Sprague de Camp; The Gnome Press, New York, 1948; 230 pages; \$3.00

Following the cessation of the war, 2 gentlemen, Paul Dennis O'Conner and Martin Greenberg, formed The New Collectors Group for the purpose of printing the A. Merritt-Hannes Bok novels. A short while ago this partnership was dissolved, O'Conner retaining the use of the NCG name, and Greenberg forming the Gnome Press with David Kyle. THE CARNELIAN CUBE is the first book to bear the imprint of Gnome Press.

Fletcher Pratt and L. Sprague de Camp have had 2 of their previous collaborations (The Land of Unreason and The Incomplete Enchanter) published in book form. Their collaborations in Unknown Worlds magazine, other than the first above, are: "Castle of Iron", "Mathematics of Magic", and "The Roaring Trumpet". De Camp is also the author of "Lest Darkness Fall", soon to be brought out in a second edition, while Pratt has a novel currently in print under a pseudonym- WELL OF THE UNICORN -. All have proved popular, and it is quite likely their readers will welcome another Unknownish style fantasy though I, myself, do not find it as good as their other work - the reasons which I shall elucidate anon.

THE CARNELIAN CUBE isn't exactly funny; and though few can disagree with the publishers' calling it a humorous fantasy, there actually aren't more than a couple good laughs in the whole book. But the treatment is light and somewhat amusing, which is what provides the Pratt/de Camp books with their own special brand of charm.

To seek a comparison is not easy; Thorne Smith wrote delightfully humorous fantasies, yet he treated his incidents with a wry lightness, while the collaborators use a quasi-seriousness on even their laugh provoking passages, somewhere between Smith's whackiness and Mark Twain's tongue-in-cheek manner. This refraining from both the hilarious and the serious keeps the book from being better, either one way or another, and keeps the authors in the small circle of fictionists composed primarily of Unknown Worlds big names.

As Thorne Smith's titles were the objects around which his plots revolved, so it is with THE CARNELIAN CUBE, the philosopher's stone come into reality. But reality in quite brief, when the middle-aged Arthur Finch sleeps with the cube under his pillow he starts an involuntary quest for the Utopia of his dreams. Apparently, Finch's day-dreams are somewhat muddled; his first visit is to a 'rational' world where people do things for reasons and a woman who remarries at every opportunity to gain status begins his troubles for him. Finch, decides he doesn't want rationality after all; after locating his lost cube he tries again - this time awakening in a world where literary clubs go gunning for one another in a lethal manner not yet witnessed by fantasy fans with our own fantasy presses. Finch finds this to his disliking also, and it takes the help

Phil Gray's Review, cont'd.

of several dirty-minded spirits to help him find the cube a second time. The next world is one where great scenes of history are re-enacted by processed individuals who are, as far as they know, the characters they are playing. Some of them are as villainous as they are supposed to be, and the blood runs thick and fast for the sake of History.

How Finch gets trapped in this realistic drama and how he escapes supplies what climax the book commands. This last sequence is about the same length as the preceding two; it should have been expanded to form the focal point of the story and the climax made more decisive.

Capsule Criticism: As it is, THE CARNELIAN CUBE is like the soda without the whiskey...there is no real taste to it.

--end of review--

Our Guest Editorial...

AN ANSWER TO VAN COVERING

By: Milton A. Rothman

I marvel at the fine mimeography in your Triton. It's not often that I write fan letters to fanzines these days, but the guest editorial by John Van Covering requires much comment -- and I would like to add a quantum or two to the flood which you will no doubt receive.

His editorial is an example of the lousy, botched-up logic which I often see expressed in this day and age. Consider, for example, the following quote: "The spirit of aggressive competition still lingers. But we are even now trying to stamp this out, along with war, which is the only evolutionary agent left to a civilized world."

So according to his reasoning war is an agent which aids the progress of civilization. This is a most curious definition of civilization! In my book, war is a vulgar, degrading, degenerating experience, and the fact that we continue to have wars and threats of war is evidence that our civilization is not a success.

Further in his editorial we find that college graduates, being the higher type of human beings, beget higher type of children, while the uneducated (and therefore moronic!) parents have children who are also uneducated and moronic.

In this context it is interesting to note that of all my college acquaintances hardly any of them had college parents. (My own parents never got as far as high school -- you will put PhD after my name in another year or so.) Those who bewail the greater reproducing powers of the "lower classes" forget the vast flux which takes place continually between economic levels. Children from low levels rise to the top, while those at the top -- well, I know some upper-crust gentlemen who are no pride to our civilization.

Observing the editorial as a whole, I suggest that its greatest fault is a misconception of the process of "survival of the fittest" as applied to evolution. Biological evolution is a process to be measured in terms of hundreds of thousands of years. The effects of a generation or of a few generations is negligible insofar as the biological structure of the human being is concerned. Mr. Van Covering is confusing breeding, as of cattle, with actual permanent evolution.

Rothman's editorial, cont'd.

When we speak of "survival of the fittest" it is necessary for us to define what we mean by "fittest". Most fit for what? For biting, fighting, writing music, composing poetry, designing weapons, or building bridges? Take your choice.

The law of the jungle produces creatures, animals able to survive biologically; But with the advent of homo sapiens we find a new factor in the picture. We find the necessity to survive intellectually.

Mr. Van Couvering ignores the difference between uncivilized animals and civilized homo sapiens. He wishes to apply the same criteria for evolution to the two of them. But this cannot be done. If we are to advance civilization by applying the criteria of aggression and ability to win a war, then we will weed out the abilities to compose music, appreciate art and literature, to take things easy, and in so doing we will have destroyed the civilization that we intended to advance.

Mr. Van Couvering desires a glittering, atomic-powered jungle for his civilization -- a savage, amoral, competitive environment where his snobbish, brilliant supermen may cut each others' throats.

I'll have none of it.

--end of editorial--

WHAT TO DO TILL DALE CARNEGIE COMES

An article by: John Van Couvering

THE PURPOSE of this article is to acquaint the reading American public with a need which has gone unnoticed among the more pressing problems of our Atomic Age. Yet many people who consider themselves to be well-informed and dutiful in the matter of medical problems would be shocked to learn that each year approximately 2,076,685 people out of every thousand (estimated) are lost due to ignorance and misunderstanding of the proper procedures to treat an accident case in psychology. We will treat the main types of accidents in turn, describing the proper treatments and on-the-spot remedies which may save some person who would otherwise be lost. Remember, though, that in all cases the person applying the treatment should place the lingual appendage firmly between the lateral molars, resting it in the pouch of the loose epidermal material on the lower side of the face.

1. BRUISED OR SPRAINED EGO

This is a common condition, usually caused when the ego (or "id") is forced or struck sharply on an unyielding opinion. Bruises, while transitory, are serious enough to merit attention. They should be covered with a liberal dose of salve or soft soap and kept protected until healed. Sprains, on the other hand, are more serious. The approved treatment is to put a sling under the sprained part and keep the whole ego away from contact with other objects, or a serious condition may result, ending in the complete withering away of the ego.

Care must be taken with the salve. All the satisfactory brands are dangerous if applied too frequently and in too great a quantity, for they may cause infection and painful swelling of the whole ego. Salve should be removed at regular intervals, not too often and as gently as possible so as not to aggravate the wound.

John Van Couvering's article, cont'd.

2. HYPERDEVELOPED IDEA

The idea is normally a useful part of the cerebrum, supplying the rest of the system with a steady flow of material enzymic or stimulating in its action. Occasionally, however, a particularly large and jagged thought will become lodged in the idea, congesting it and causing a serious overdevelopment and infection. This, in turn, will affect other members of the sytem, causing a complete breakdown. This type of case is easily recognized, which has led many uninformed but well-meaning people to attempt treatment. Their usual technique is to try forcible suppression of the overdeveloped area. This merely drives it deep into the system, where it festers into a dangerous psychosis very rapidly. Another method is to use a crude type of amputation, which results in the whole system being upset and off-balance, while another type of psychosis developes in the open area left by the removal of the idea.

The correct technique, recognized by leading psychiatrists, is to keep the victim prone, and by gentle probing and drawing, to induce the trouble-making thought out of the idea and into the system where it can be assimilated. The release from pressure is noticeable in the victim's actions almost immediately, and the flow of thoughts from the idea greatly augmented for some period of time. The diseased thoughts produced by the infection are speedily destroyed by a healthy system.

3. CULINARY THROMBOSIS

This is an obscure but serious malady which afflicts young and old with no respect for sex or position. Symptoms are reddening of the face, loud groans, and babbling interspersed by obscene or improper terms. Specialists are still unaware of its cause, but it is noted that it usually occurs during or immediately after a meal, though it has been observed at other times. Protein foods, such as beans, frankfurters, cauliflower, sauerkraut, beer and other fattening products have been observed to be commonly associated with the malady. Psychological tendencies are mortification, extreme embarrassment, disgust, and extreme amusement. Some seem to think a peculiar organic gas frequently present is related to the problem, but it does not seem probable. Scientists are working intently on this affliction, but no solution seems in sight.

4. PLATITUDE DEFICIENCY ("ACKERMAN'S DISEASE")

This disease is very prevalent, but obscure, due to a tendency to disparage and scorn the symptoms most obvious. These symptoms are acute malnutrition of the ego, a misshapen idea gland, and a hyperdeveloped or overactive imagination. While not permanently crippling, platitude deficiency can have a harmful effect on the entire system. The best remedy, strangely enough, seems to be a very common alkaline glycerate used for cleaning purposes, injected in a semi-solid or soft state into the ego, or gently massaged over the surface of the ego.

However, as with Sprained Ego Salve, this treatment can be dangerous in that it has certain narcotic qualities, which, while soothing the afflicted ego, also initiates a craving for more. The victim will stop at nothing to get more and more until the ego, swelled and overactive as a result, bursts at the tiniest pin-prick and the victim is gone beyond hope.

5. PHTHISIS OF THE IMAGINATION

Very prevalent among business men and laborers, phthsis (or withering) of the imagination comes as a result of neglect, or infection by an obscure germ called "Logicae Equinus", which is particularly compatible and deadly

John Van Couvering's article, cont'd.

to the imagination. Some of the results of phthisis are rather pitiful. Victims find themselves completely or partially blind, and their sense of balance very poor. In addition phthisis induces a sort of semi-stupor which enables the afflicted person to imagine himself completely self-sufficient, even to the extent where he believes himself capable of instructing people with normal imaginations in their actions.

For treatment, begin with the optic nerve. Remove the encrustations of "equinus" from the eye expose the nerve (through the eye) to brilliant flashes of light. If these are strong enough, they will activate the imagination slightly. As the treatment continues, and the imagination redevelopes, the lost balance will return. Many times the reactivated imagination works better than the old one, and the victim will enjoy increased clarity of sight.

6. CONTUSIONS OF THE IDEOLOGY (MARX'S BLIGHT)

The ideology, a delicate organ, is particularly subject to infection by any number of different viruses, mostly of the Ism type. When infected, the ideology grows rapidly into a quite noticeable swelling, very sensitive and tender. The slightest touch is sufficient to harm it dangerously. It is very essential to the system's functioning, and even when infected it directs the actions of the body. But if it should suffer harm it is liable to turn malignant and harm the other organs of the system.

To treat a lacerated ideology, it is first necessary to lance it and drain out the infectious fluids. Since the ideology cannot function without some virus or bacteria present (analogous to the rising of bread) it is best at this time to introduce some strong strain that will not cause the victim pain or induce a swelling. Your licensed psychiatrist has the equipment for this, as well as the virus culture; do not attempt to introduce some mongrel breed of your own, as most of these can only exist beneficially in your own ideology. Most persons are not aware of this and spread theirs about in great numbers, seriously endangering other persons' health.

--end of jvc article--

S E N E S C E N C E :

The months are days,
And hours walk a faster pace;
Shall I name an executor
And soberly compose my face.

Forget the wine I drank,
The lovers kissed,
The things remembered,
And the undone missed

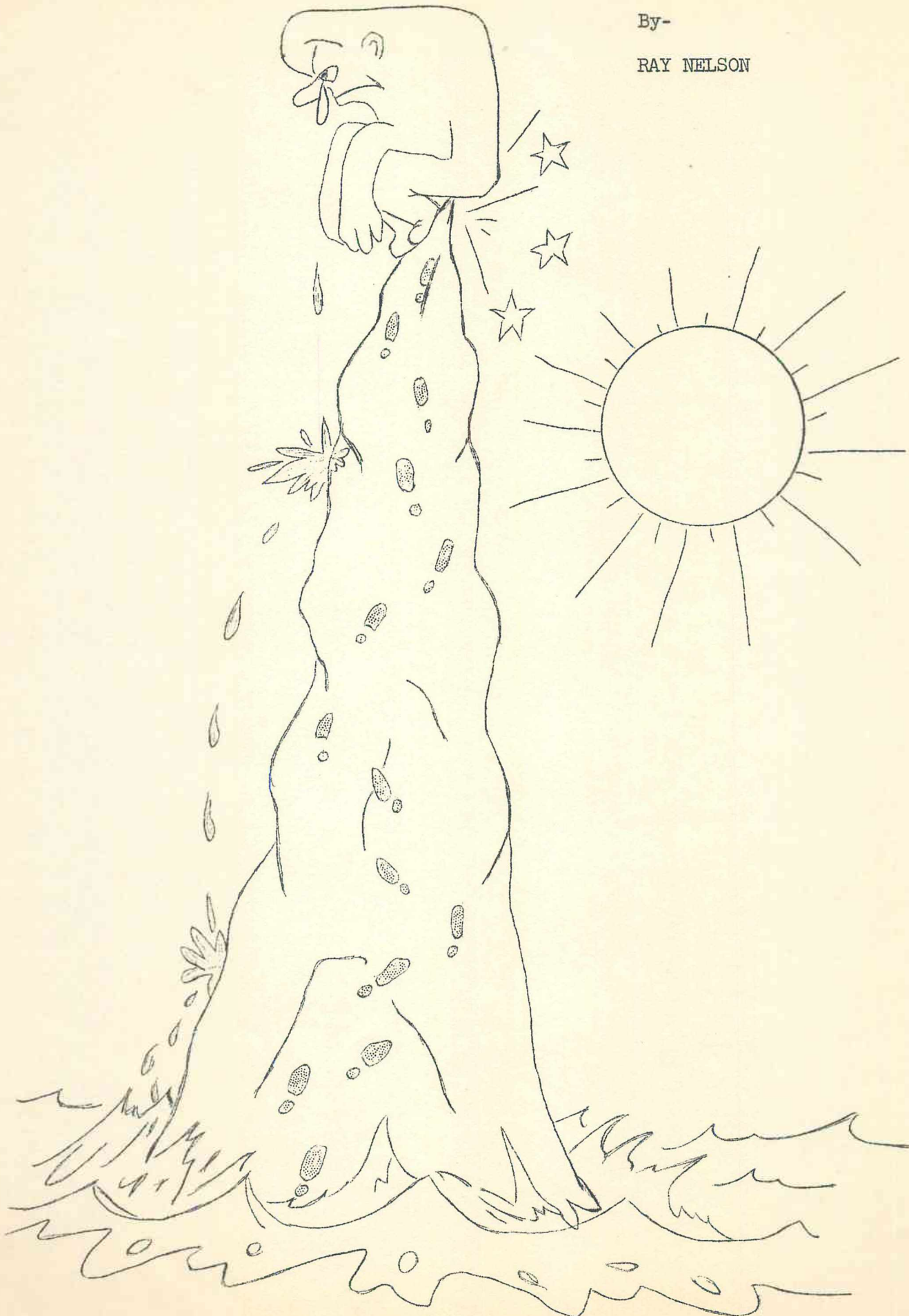
There was treachery here!

Assassin with an evil hand
Poisoned my cup,
Lowered a grayness on the land.

-Genevieve K. Stephens

By-

RAY NELSON



The Pinnacle Of Success

A POLITE INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW DOMINANT

By: VOL MOLESWORTH, Foreign Correspondent for Triton,
Sydney, Australia

"The outrageous is the reasonable, if
introduced politely." -- Charles Fort

Fireballs do not exist. They are figments of the imagination. They are caused by persistence of vision.

Suppression of the inexplicable.

The Johnson girls, riding into the township of Young, in New South Wales, Australia, in their sulky, with the horse jogging between the shafts, looked anxiously at the sky as a warning rumble of thunder sounded.

"Oh damn" one girl exclaimed. "It would rain this afternoon, just as we're going into town."

"Hasn't the sky grown dark quickly?" her sister said. "Look at that lightning, too!"

The first girl dropped the reins as the horse snorted with terror. "That isn't ordinary lightning. It's something - queer." Like a replica of the sun, a ball of fire was hurtling down from the angry sky.

As the glowing ball sped straight at them the horse bolted in panic, the sulky careening behind. Screaming, the terrified girls jumped to the ground, tearing and dirtying their town frocks. Panting with fright, they rushed for safety into a nearby house. The sulky crashed on, and the baffled fireball abruptly changed course, jetting towards another house.

Mrs. Michael Rhall had put her 12-years-old grandson, Richard, to bed when the storm came on. Now, sitting at the window while the child slept peacefully, she watched the lightning flash and fade. Suddenly she saw "a moving ball of fire illuminating the hillside in front of her home". Trembling, she ran into the bedroom and wakened the boy, to carry him to a neighbour's house about 100 yards away. She had just got the boy outside the room when the fireball crashed into the wall over the bed in which he had been lying, hurling a heap of bricks into the room. The fireball, having been deprived first of 2 girls, and now of a child, vanished in a loud explosion.

There was another loud report in the newspapers! This happened on January 22, 1933.

There are many scientific riddles still unsolved, many phenomena for which science has not satisfactory explanation. One phenomenon is the fireball - and many scientists won't admit they exist at all. But these highly coloured carriers of tremendous power - nature's miniature atom bombs - have knocked men senseless, killed cattle, smashed homes, and wrecked electrical circuits.

In The Air & Its Mysteries, Miss C. M. Botley, a Fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society, writes: "From time to time during thunderstorms, especially in winter, there appear luminous balls, ranging in size from nuts to footballs, or larger, which sometimes disappear quietly, and sometimes burst with a loud

Vol Molesworth's article, cont'd.

report. Sometimes they fall from the clouds, but often they appear floating in the air or resting upon some good conductor or wire." The resting type, Miss Botley tells us, is generally white and heats the surface to which it clings. The floating balls are red in color and drift about as if wafted by air currents. They seem attracted by enclosed spaces such as rooms, "which often they invade at the most inopportune moments." One such fireball sailed in a bedroom window, circled round the room and then went to the bed, singeing the hair and night attire of a lady.

Fireballs aren't bashful. Quite as inopportune and disrespectful was the "apparition" which in 1935 hurtled into a Botany (Sydney) tannings works and capped off \$16,000.00 worth of damage by making the caretaker's wife fall out of bed.

"I've never been more frightened in my life" she said afterwards. "I was lying in bed listening to the rain pouring on the roof. Suddenly there was a blinding flash. The room was lit up as if by bright sunlight, but more dazzling. Then there was a frightful roar. I thought the house was on fire.

"Crash followed crash. It was deafening. When the first one came I got such a fright that I leapt up in bed, and the next instant I had fallen on the floor.

"I thought the end of the world had come. It was a half hour of terror and I do not want to experience it again. My back is still aching from the fall."

The track of the fireball could be seen by the trail of damage it had left. The ground was littered with debris. The walls of 8 garages had been toppled over. Trees that had sheltered the tannery lay in scattered mass. The side of the 3 story building was pushed outwards.

The works manager of a mill adjoining the tannery, Mr. Claude Giller, said something struck the side of his house and he was showered with falling plaster, brick and wood. The flash passed through his room and into another room on the other side of the house, and seemed to disappear through the ceiling. "It was a terrifying experience" he said. "The detonations that occurred before the fireball bounced across the room reminded me of machine gun fire."

Concerned at the violent and aggressive propensities of these celestial popinjays, we broached the matter with the N. S. W. Divisional Meteorologist, Mr. B. W. Newman. We did not mince matters. "What are fireballs?" we asked.

"Science is still sitting on the fence" he replied. "We do not like to deny apparently authentic reports of fireballs having been seen, but we find it difficult to believe they have done the things it has been said they have done."

Mr. Newman offered a theory.

"A person standing at a window, during a storm, sees a flash of lightning. The flash is retained in the retina of his eyes and, as he turns around, he appears to see the flash inside his room."

Still we find it difficult to believe that, in 1935, a persistence of vision caused \$16,000.00 worth of damage to a Botany tannery and toppled a caretaker's wife from her bed.

Vol Molesworth's article, cont'd.

In February, 1935, Mrs. McCann was resting on her bed in her home in Rochford-street, Erskineville, Sydney. She heard her husband cry out, there was a terrific crash and the whole house seemed to rock. A table standing against the far wall shot across the room and crashed against her bed. Bricks thundered on the roof. The lights in the house fused, and finding her husband lying face down on the floor, she was unable to tell whether he was alive.

Neighbors came and packed McCann's head with ice. It took them 20 minutes to revive him but it was hours before he could tell a coherent account of what had happened.

"I was standing in the kitchen" he said. "Outside it was black with cloud and rain. Then suddenly it became quite light. A brilliant object about the size of a melon floated in through the open window. There was a terrific explosion and I did not remember anything more until my wife and neighbours revived me."

In addition to paralyzing Mr. McCann the visiting fireball had thrown his chimney right across the street. It also knocked out a young girl sweeping the pavement outside her home in the same street.

Let us go back a few weeks. On December 19, 1934, Sydney and suburbs were in the fury of a storm which began about 10 a.m. and reached its height about eleven o'clock that night. The sky was lit by almost continuous flashes or purple lightning accompanied by loud thunder and torrential rain.

Mrs. A. S. McDonald was standing on the verandah of her flat in Elizabeth Bay watching the storm. With her were her daughter, Patrica, and a friend. They saw a long shaft of beautiful violet light come out of the sky. There was what appeared to be "a ball of fire" at the end of it, yellow and burning.

"It was one of the most wonderful and terrible sights I've ever seen" Mrs. McDonald said. The ball hovered for a few seconds over trees about 100 yards away and then seemed to touch something. The shaft of light and the ball both vanished in an explosion. "At the same time" Mrs. McD said, "my left arm felt dead, and a little later I had a sensation like pins and needles. My daughter and her friend both said they got a slight shock through me." Mrs. McD had been leaning against the iron railing of her verandah and the 2 girls had been leaning against her. Her arm was paralyzed for several minutes. Investigation showed the fireball had struck the top of a pole carrying light wires.

The aggregate appearance is of sluggishness and bright light; then contact; and a violent explosion. But where do they come from? Of what stuff are they made? Science does not know.

--end of article--

JACK RIGGS WANTS TO KNOW:

1. How would you go about scratching an itch in a space suit?
2. Would you be disappointed if someone invented a ray gun and it did not go Zap!
3. What would a vampire do that had dental cavities and lost his incisor teeth?

-Jack Riggs, for Triton

WE'VE GOT 'EM BEAT! A Satire on Human Certainty

By: GEORGE W. HODES, JR.

Yrbil the elder strode nervously up and down the Council chamber. He was basically a kind man, and could not unmoved order the destruction of an entire planet. Unfortunately, he had no choice. President of the galactic empire at a time when war had broken out, he knew he must destroy or be destroyed. But the knowledge of taking so many lives weighed like a stone upon his head. Only an hour ago he had reluctantly given the order that spelled doom to an entire planet. Two of the new rockets had been sent to destroy the key planet of the power-greedy enemy. Now Yrbil waited for a report. Though he knew the aggressors deserved no pity, he could not withhold it.

The doors slid open and a white-clothed sentry announced Zurven, commanded of forces. Yrbil stopped pacing and sat down behind the desk, trying to look the part of a supreme ruler over 3,000 planets. Zurven appeared at the door and advanced across the room, purple cape flowing behind him. He walked briskly and authoritatively, setting each of his three feet down with military precision. When he reached the desk he bowed stiffly and reported:

"Vortel has been destroyed as ordered, your excellency. There was, however, a slight mishap."

Yrbil sprang to his feet in alarm. "Mishap! What do you mean?" he asked hoarsely.

"No cause for worry, excellency" replied Zurven smoothly. "Rocket # 2 made a faulty blast-off. It went astray and did not reach the objective, but our astronomers assure us it will leave the galaxy entirely without causing damage." His eyes hardened. All ten of them. "The men responsible are dead."

"Dead?" Yrbil repeated. "Were they traitors then?"

"To be careless in such a vital matter was surely treason, excellency."

Yrbil sighed and sank back into his chair, closing his mind to the injustice of the act. Zurven was probably right, and it was too late for recriminations. "Tell me more" he commanded. "The rocket - where will it go?"

"As I said, out of the galaxy, excellency" replied Zurven. "It will eventually explode against the third planet of a newly formed system. No lives will be taken as all planets are in the molten stage. It was thought better to let the rocket proceed rather than risk exploding it too close to one of our planets. Does this course of action meet with your approval, sire?"

"Yes, yes, of course not" muttered Yrbil. He waved an arm dejectedly, dismissing Zurven. "Proceed with the plan". Zurven bowed and turned to go, cape billowing out behind him.

Suddenly Yrbil leapt to his feet, which were resting for him on wheels, and waved all four arms wildly with an inarticulate cry. "Wait, Zurven, wait! Send up interceptors! The rocket must be stopped at all costs!" Zurven stared at him incredulously. Yrbil fairly hopped around the desk and grasped him by the arm, shaking him violently so the seltzer in his blood popped. "Do something" he screamed, "Stop the rocket. Take any risks. Explode it."

George W. Hodes, jr. story, cont'd.

Zurven ran to the communicator and spoke rapid decibels into it while Yrbil stood still, trembling and changing colors in his anxiety. Still unrecovered from his astonishment, Zurven turned and said shakenly, "I am sorry excellency, but it is too late. Nothing can be done. The rocket has already passed the outer reaches of our galaxy and we have nothing that can catch it."

Yrbil groaned and sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands. "We have done a terrible thing" he said brokenly. "Don't you see it? The light our telescopes catch from that distance is a million years old. The planet is already fully developed. It will be another million years before our descendants witness today's murder of an innocent planet. The light of the explosion will take that long to travel to us." He groaned again. It was becoming a habit. "We are murderers, Zurven, with the blood of billions on our hands."

Zurven padded softly out of the room, closing the big door behind him.

The soldier and his girl walked arm in arm through the park. He spoke, "Honey, you sure look pretty tonight. This night more than any other."

"Gawn, Jim" said the girl, snuggling closer. "I just can't believe the war's really started and you're going away. I hope they don't start dropping those a-bombs. Not on you. Oh please."

"Listen, sweet" bragged the soldier, "Those jet planes I fly go over a thousand m.p.h. There ain't anybody got anything faster than that. And our scientists are the smartest dam fools in the world. Don't worry, we'll beat those damn Ruskies."

She shivered, "Something big just flew across the moon".

"Nah" he said, "Illusions. Those Ruskies haven't got no a-bombs. We've got 'em beat. We've got the bastards licked!"

Two seconds later the rocket struck.

--end of tale--

T H E Q U E S T I O N

Who am I to question why
Human beings must fight and die,
Must tread in flames down from the sky,
Or plunge to ground with terrible cry,
With shattered leg or wounded eye?
Who am I to question why?

But still I question: why, why?

Why this useless struggle and strife,
Why this waste of precious life,
Why this horrible, insatiable greed
Of nations to conquer what they do not need?
But who am I to question why
If human beings should choose to die

For I am... Death.

(By - George W. Hodes, jr. Tritonewcomer)

A U S T R A L I A N T R A I L S : P a r t I I I

By: VOL MOLESWORTH, Foreign Correspondent for Triton

The editor's note: This is the third in a series reaching us by air mail direct from Sydney, Australia. Certainly it is one of the best Vol has yet prepared for Triton's 125 readers. -Woodman

Although Australia has not yet achieved a national convention, Sydney has been the site of three important conferences, which have greatly influenced the course of fan activities in this country.

The willingness of Australian fans to hold these round-table discussions whenever things get a little off the rails constitutes a survival-factor which augurs well for the future of Australian fandom generally.

The First Sydney Fan Conference was held on December 6, 1940, at a time when the Futurian Society of Sydney had suspended meetings and tempers were flaring in the fan press. Three months earlier, when the Society had been suspended, Futurian Observer reported: "The plain facts of the matter amount to this: During the last few months the Society has been aimless. Most proposals have been squelched, and, even with the change in the executive committee, there has been nothing to keep members interested. As a result everyone is fed up." It was "to settle in some way the present fan conflict and the state of the F.S.S., and to endeavour to arrive at some conclusions which will forward Australian fandom", that the First Sydney Conference was called.

Only ten fans attended the conference - a small, but important group. Charles La Coste, genial veteran of the old Sydney Science Fiction League (which had existed around 1936), was in the chair. Bert F. Castellari, top-flight editor of the Futurian Observer and progressive, took the minutes. Others present were Ronald B. Levy, editor of Zeus, Eric F. Russell, editor of Ultra, Alan Corder, Bruce Sawyer, Graham Stone, Colin Roden, Edward H. Russell and William D. Veney.

To quote Melbourne Bulletin # 3, "the meeting was opened at 7:45 P.M. by an address from Veney, who briefly outlined the situation from his viewpoint and requested others to do likewise. Castellari, La Coste, Levy and Roden each voiced opinions which were diverse in many ways but all led to one conclusion - the reestablishment of the Futurian Soc. of Sydney on a working basis. This decided, the next and more important problem came into view...what was to be this 'working basis' ?

"Veney then read an 8-point plan which he had prepared after discussion with most Sydney progressives, and asked for criticism. It came from all sides and in wondrous abundance. For over an hour the matter was evenly and hotly contested. There were no definite sides or clique in operation. Each fan spoke his mind irrespective of whom he was attacking.

"One by one the points were changed and reworded to suit the majority, until finally seven of the 8 points - now greatly modified in several cases - were passed and accepted as part of the F. S. S. constitution. Then came the most important item. Was the Futurian Society to close its doors to new members, except to those of unquestionable merit, or to remain open to all? Veney took a stand on the former; Levy and Corder of the latter. The following argument was long and arduous, involving many phases of fan development, but the final voting was decisive. For the open club, nine; for the closed, one."

Australian Trails, cont'd.
Vol Molesworth

There had been, prior to this conference, some unpleasantness in Australian fanzines, and it was decided that fan editors would be admitted into the club on condition that they refrain from printing damaging material about the other members. To allow the club to defend itself, a club organ would be issued which could easily be converted into a defensive barrier against attack. Intelligent controversy would continue in the fan press, but personality damning had to stop.

The effects of these decisions may be seen in Australian fandom even today - seven years afterwards. On January 28, 1941, the Futurian Soc. of Sydney was revived, and it continued to meet until its war-time suspension nearly two years later. The air had been cleared, and fan activities went ahead with redoubled energy, despite the ban on American magazines and the increasing tempo of war.

The Second Sydney Fan Conference, held on April 6, 1941, was more of a social gathering than a problem-solving session. Bruce Sawyer occupied the chair, and others attending were Eric and Edward Russell, Ronald B. Levy, David R. Evans, Charles La Coste, William D. Veney, Colin Roden, Graham Stone, Alan Corder and your columnist. Capt. Robert Cudden made the trip down from 100 miles north, Newcastle.

With very little business on the agenda, the group settled down to an afternoon of science-fictional discussion. Fanzines were distributed and photographs taken.

The Third Syd. Fan Con. was held on January 4, 1942, "to discuss any matters relating to science fiction fandom." Eight fans turned up - Jack Hannan, Bert F. Castellari, the Russell brothers, Arthur Duncan, Colin Roden, Graham Stone, and William D. Veney (who planned and presided over the gathering). Reporting this conference, Futurian Observer said: "A number of matters were brought forward; discussion on some was bright, on others it was dull. The latter was probably due to the fact that so few had attended, but despite this the conference did get something done. We are pleased to report that there was no sign of hostility between any of the fans present; there were no cracks - only those meant in jest."

After discussing Australian representation at the U. S. convention, the conference went into the question of the Futurian Fed. of Australia and recommended that it should remain a purely non-active organization. And then perhaps a most ambitious undertaking was made - to find a better, more descriptive title for the literature known as "science fiction". Many of those present stated that they believed "science fiction" was not a sufficiently covering term for stf. The result of the discussion on the matter was that no one could offer a suitable substitute. The hunted word was described as follows: It indicates that stf is scientific, that it is literature of a sort, and the word must be dignified.

Perhaps the readers of TRITON can supply the answer..

--end of volmolcolumn--

The editors of Triton suggest that "FANTA-SCIENCE" might be the hunted-for word.

A WORLD CRISIS

By: Jack Riggs, editor of LETHE (a Fapazine)

Report to Bureau of Population Control: Urgent

To: Galaxy III, Sector IV, Star Name Lyd I; City Name Andor, Bureau of Population Control, Section Chief Blymor Thu.
From: Galaxy III, Sector XXXV, Star Name Sol; City Name Denver, Agent of Bureau of Population Control--Hergos Drah
Subject: Aid for intelligent beings of primitive level in isolated system.

a. Background-

These particular intelligent bipeds inhabit one planet of nine in their planetary system. Although of one race they maintain artificial political, geographical, economic, racial (based on color, shape of eyes, texture of hair and other insignificant details), religious, idealogical, population and many more divisions of themselves. All but a few use a two-valued, either/or orientation in thinking and as a consequence are unintegrated.

Some of these artificial divisions are called "states". These states are constantly going to war over these arbitrary divisions, each wanting to impose their systems on the others.

In their sciences they generally recognize levels of abstractions and the infinite values of "reality". This more correct orientation has led to their discovery of atomic power (only as a bomb so far!) and the projected launching into space of chemical powered rockets, among other advances in scientific knowledge.

b. Problem-

1. There is another war shaping up among themselves that is likely to be planet-wide. With the destructiveness of atomic power, deadly bacterial life forms and their other weapons they will probably wreck their planet and certainly their civilization.

2. With their intelligence (directed in channels best suited to our needs) they are a great potential asset to our Galacticivilization. If this war starts, a high degree of probability, their peculiar talents might be lost to us forever.

c. Suggested Solution-

Since almost all the contributory causes for these wars are concerned with words and their difficulty in realizing a word is not, cannot be, the thing it is a label of, their problems should be easy to solve for our Social Semanticists. A minimum of 150 workers from the Bureau of Pop. Control sent here would be sufficient to avert this and future conflicts by giving this race orientation that fits facts better than theirs.

*** **
Directive to Agent of Bureau of Population Control:

To: Hergos Drah, Sector XXXV - Special
From: Section Chief Thu, Sector IV.
Subject: Change of Duty & Explanation

The Bureau of Pop. Control's Policy Board recognizes the advantages of

Jack Riggs' story, cont'd.

helping this culture referred to. This particular System in which you are the only agent is too far removed in space-time from our expanding civilization to be of any significance now. The Policy Board's experts have charted the probabilities of our expansion. In 1500 years, according to that charting, that especial civilization might be of some importance to us. We would then give it any assistance it might require. Their World Crisis has come too soon for our help.

We direct you to obtain complete libraries of information on subjects that you consider would be of use or interest to our scientists. A Bureau ship will make ultrasoniccontact with you at 120-13-4-20 delcimeters and make arrangements to take you and your cargo aboard. You will then receive orders as to where to proceed next on the Galactic Transpace Survey.

--end of tale--

Our Origin:

TRITON

(Reprinted from the 1947 Encyclopedia Americana, with the kind permission of Lavinia Dudley, Executive Editor)

FROM GREEK MYTHOLOGY... son of Poseidon and Amphitrite, with whom he lived in a golden palace at the bottom of the sea. The Triton Sea, a fabled ocean in Africa, appears to be his haunt in the Argonaut cycle. He is variously described, but his body is generally a compound of the human figure above with that of the dolphin below. He is also horned and prick-eared as if an ocean satyr. He carries a large shell, which serves him as a horn on which he blows loudly to rouse the waves, or softly to assuage their fury. Numerous tritons sometimes appear, creatures who in addition to the torso of a man and the tail of a dolphin prance through the billows with the forefeet of a horse. A most beautiful example of this conception is the Triton and Nereid of the Vatican, in which Triton amid a group of sportive Cupids is carrying off a Nereid.

An Interpretation:

OF INTEREST TO BEM (Bat-Eared-Merwin)

FROM AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY... this fanzine is the son of Thrilling Wonder Stories and Startling Stories where it lives in happy reviews. The Thrilling-Startling Sea, a fabled ocean of fun poking and frankness, appears to be haunted by him. He is variously described, but never very rudely. His publisher is horned and tin-eared and likes satire. A most beautiful example is the Triton & Merwined of Vatican 69 in which Triton, amid a group of sportive science fiction fans, is carrying off an A-rating.

Our Cover This Issue is by-
C O N P E D E R S O N
2nd Prize Winner of the Cover Contest.

KEEP OUR MAILING LIST ACCURATE: MAIL YOUR LATEST ADDRESS TO WOODMAN

The Publisher's Page:

THE ARGONAUT CYCLE

By: Russell Harold Woodman

Our cover contest brought results, although less than expected. First Prize Winner is JOE GROSS who's excellent cover will front page our next issue, the first anniversary of our publication. Our cover this time is by CON FEDERSON, Second Prize Winner. The cover of our companion magazine, PROTEUS, is by Third Prize Winner RADELL NELSON. Edmund Cox acted as judge.

Our next issue will feature a short story by Dave Thomas. John Campbell, jr. would hate it. It's got no gimmicks. No tricks up its sleeve. But it has something to say.

Things That Make Us Laugh and Clap Our Little Hands Department - The signboard in front of a Church opposite the Portland Fire Dept. "WHAT DOES A CHRISTIAN SMELL LIKE: And Other Blazing Messages You'll Never Forget."
(Honest injun, thass what it sed!)

A quarterly doesn't have to worry much about having a steady backlog of manuscripts since it can depend on one issue released bringing in enough mss. from the readers to compile the next issue and so on. However, for the record: We only have a li'l poem by John Van Couvering at hand. That and nothing more. We need articles, short stories, art work and tiny bits of poetry and fillers. We do NOT need any reviews or cartoons; Phil Gray does the former for us, and Ray Nelson is our regular Tritoonist. Payment for material is one copy of the issue in which it appears. What do you expect, uranium?

TRITON, by the way, is still sent to all you readers absolutely without charge. It is a free magazine for the unhurried exchange of free thoughts. (Don't ask us if we believe in Free Love, though.)

Thrills I Get Once Every Lifetime: Saw a movie (NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES) in which the leading character is "Johnny Triton". Edward G. Robinson plays the role. Yahoooooo!

TO EACH HIS MOAN:

The bulk of graveyards near the country town
Show that Death is King - and Coffin is his Crown;
At his altar we kneel and pray many times,
Each time a friend dies, we go and watch
And, in turn, are watched:

It is as though wintry night and cold sand
Crept up to each of us - and took our hand.
It is as though we walk in sunny streets and fields
Towards a dense dark tomb that never yields.
It is as though lanterns burn out all around
And we rest in the darkness...of a mound.

-R. H. W.

-- THE END --