TRITON

"SO MANY OF THE BEST DIE SO VERY YOUNG" -David H. Keller, M.D. from a letter to us

TRITON: (Number Four)

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Our First Guest Editorial:

THE STING OF DEATH

By: Al K. Hall

"From the dust wast thou created, to the dust shalt thou return"

Amen.

But it is a long, weary road the worms must travel before the Scripture is fulfilled. Man has done his utmost to delay the natural laws. And for what purpose?

To perpetuate the body beautiful in pagan glory? To give solace and comfort to the bereaved that they may know their beloved ones are safe and warm -- in a cold tomb?

Death in this world is permanent. No one has yet been able to show proof to the contrary. Yet the purring embalmer's work is less enduring than the art of some of the world's great painters. His fees however, put the masters to shame.

An artist in this inflated period of history, might work six months on exquisite oil paintings which when completed would command a $1,500 to $10,000 price tag. At the end of six months he would probably succomb to the pangs of hunger and sell for the initial figure.

Ah, but consider the funeral director.

"My, doesn't he look natch-ur-al", he murmurs to the wet eyed relatives. The bereaved nod sadly, their tears obscuring the waxen, mummified features of the decreased. Superstition and fear prevent them from touching the cold stiff hands folded neatly on the dead chest.

The shock of bereavement off-sets the shock of the funeral director's bill slipped unobtrusively into the saddened relative's hand.

Regular service (including making the deceased look so "natch-ur-al") $400; use of chapel, $25; clergyman, $10; hearse, $15; flower car, $10; three extra cars for family attending funeral, $15; casket (bronze, satin lined, guaranteed

to withstand the elements) $1,500. Total, $1,975 -- plus $500 for a cemetery plot with a nice view, plus $300 for an appropriate marble tombstone for a grand total of $2,775.

Unhesitatingly and even gratefully, the bereaved writes out a check for the full amount on funds provided by a life insurance policy for which the dead person probably sacrificed worldly things to keep up the premium payments.

Not until the numbness caused by the shock of death wears off and the stark reality of the past, present and future stirs his fevered soul, does the little voice in his subconscious scream "SUCKER!"

The voice soon changes its tone to "SUCCOR" for that fat insurance check, which gave promise of sustenance to the dependents of the deceased, has been milked dry.

The dead one has been buried. The tomb is cold despite the best and expensive efforts to foil the Scriptures, the body which was created of dust shall eventually return to that state.

The sympathetic funeral director, the casket maker and the monument manufacturer wax fat and wealthy. For their's is a business which knows no depression and guaranteed by millions of dollars in life insurance policies -- but the widow and her family struggle on, she managing only to maintain life in her weary body and soul long enough to set her brood on their own paths of life. If only she had acknowledged the inevitable -- "to the dust thou shalt return". The white hot flame of the crematory would have provided quick, efficient fulfillment of the law of God and nature. -- No expensive casket, no embalming, no cemetery plot, no marble monument.

Just a white hot flame. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

O Death, where is thy sting?

In the undertaker's bill!

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Woodmanote:

Mr. "Hall" did not care to have his true name published as he is not a science fiction fan and has never been one. - Cremation was good enough for Damon Runyon and Ghandi. We wish more people would set orders in their wills following the example of those two great men. - Here's mud in your eye, buster! (Or ash)

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TRITON PRESS HAS PRESENTED 850 FANZINES FREE TO THE MEMBERS OF FANDOM ! ! ! ! ! !

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E P I S O D E O F W A R

By: Dave Thomas

"In the center of the master panel, a red light flashed on; the war had begun! Instantly a dozon screens lit up, recording the process of the attack for the defenders. In the immense underground room, men sat before huge organ-like banks of controls, calculating, planning, and setting into operation the complex mechanisms of defense. And throughout the country, interceptor rockets rose from concealed bases, to meet the enemy's guided missiles in a struggle to the death, a monster Armageddon in which not a single human being would directly participate."

"Shut up, for God's sake!" said Harlow, rolling over and burying his face in his pillow.

"Okay, okay," Burton closed the book. "I just thought you might be interested in hearing what the Third World War was supposed to be like. Nice, neat little push-buttons, you know - hidden caverns, for geniuses to work out master plans of strategy, and remote-controlled..."

"So they were nuts!" said Clark, sitting up on his bunk. "So what? Will that help us? You're always trying to get under our skin. Shut up and let us sleep."

"All right, all <u>right</u>!" Burton lapsed into a sullen silence.

Lying on his bunk, Harlow thought: If only the lights could be turned off, things might be better. If only we didn't have to sleep with the lights on. It wasn't really important, compared with the other inconveniences of the bomb shelter, but it was incredibly annoying. Why hadn't they installed lights in the shelters that would turn off? But of course nobody had expected that the shelters would ever be used this way; nobody dreamed of cities paralyzed by radioactive dust attacks, paralyzed so that the survivors would have to take refuge in bomb shelters, eating concentrated food and breathing chemically purified air, waiting for the winds outside to gradually blow the dust away. Nobody - least of all he - had anticipated that, and so he had no real right to kick. But, damn it, how could you sleep with fluorescent lights on all the time? He sat up again.

"We oughta bust these lights", said Clark, staring at the ceiling. "Get a good sleep for a change."

"Yeah, sure." Burton snorted. "And feel our way around for the next six months, or however long we're going to have to stay in here. No, thanks."

"I wonder how long we <u>will</u> have to stay", said Harlow. "Must have been two months already."

"I quit marking the days on the wall after a while", Clark frowned. "Seems like more than that to me. Anyway, if we have to stay much longer, I'll go nuts. No kidding."

"Well, it's a cinch we can't go out yet", Harlow remembered the heavy green clouds that had drifted through the streets the day of the attack. Oily, dirty looking things. Thank God he had seen pictures of the dust before and recognized it in time to get to the shelter. Other people hadn't been so lucky.

Dave Thomas, cont'd.

In dreams, sometimes, he could still hear the frantic pounding on the shelter door, the screams...They hadn't dared to open the door. Even a little of the dust would mean days of long torture and final death. They had just had to keep the air pure; taking chances had been out of the question. But keeping that door locked had been one of the hardest things he had ever had to do. Sometimes he wondered whether he had really been lucky to escape death in the attack. That would have been final, at least. This just dragged on forever...

"Jesus", Clark said, "what I wouldn't give to be in South Africa right now. I was there, too, just a month before the attack. Like a damn fool, I took a job on a ship going back. Wanted to see the U. S. again. This is what I got for my trouble." He shook his head.

"You told us all that." Burton was unsympathetic. "This could be worse. We've even got something to read."

"Yeah, that book!" Clark's laugh was high and hysterical. "That thing! Written in the forties. After what we've seen!"

"You said it." Harlow remembered the confusion, the panic, the trampled bodies dirty with blood and slime. A small girl with a crushed, bleeding hand had asked him if he had seen her father; he had told her, she said, to stay there, not to move, that he'd be right back, but that had been hours ago...Panic-stricken, with the sound of the rockets still in his ears, Harlow had paid no attention, had plunged on. But he had not forgotten, and he could not forget now; the incident seemed to sum it all up, to contain within itself all the noise and horror, all the fire and blood. "Damn book" he said. "Push-button war!" He rolled over.

I wonder how much longer we'll have to stay here, he thought. At least six months, probably. Maybe a year, maybe two years. I wish I had the guts to kill myself.

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N I G H T W I N D ' S W A N D

Fresh and cold the Nightwind blows, and sings above the plain,
And whistles in the sleepy groves, and prods the driving rain,
And screams above the city streets, and sings along the lea,
And thunders in the polar wastes, and howls upon the sea,
It whispers in the forest aisles, and rustles thru the leaves,
And shrieks around my house tonight, and mutters in the eaves.

And in the singing of the wind, I hear the trumpets call
That led a mighty Caesar through the battlefields of Gual,
I hear the clank of chariots upon the Roman Way,
And Alexander's armies, as they thundered to the fray,
The rumble of a falling Troy before the Grecian might--
The sounds of gloried ages past, are singing in the night. . .

O! Is it true, as some men say, that heroes never die,
But ride the rushing Nightwind to their glory in the sky?

- L i n C a r t e r

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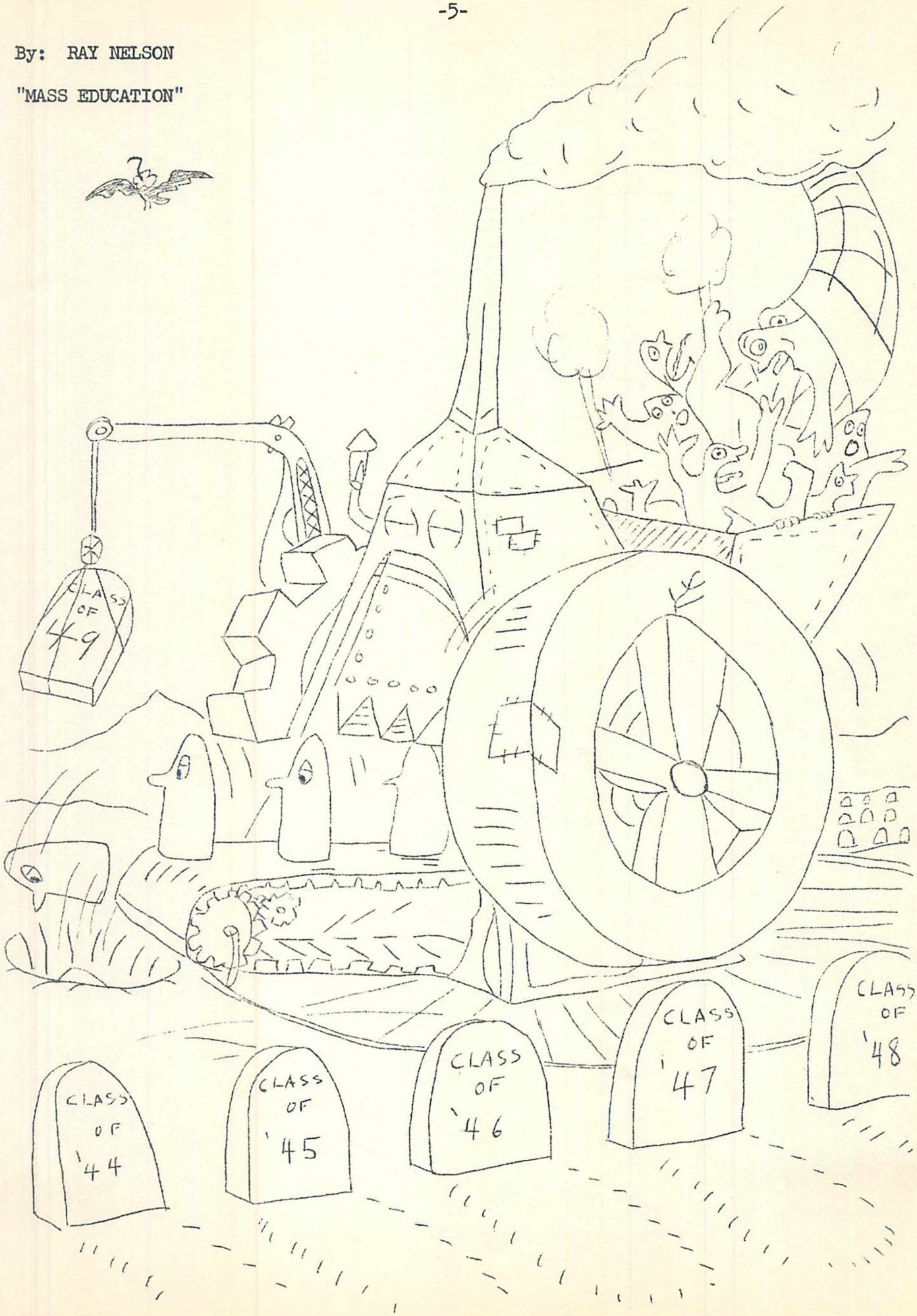
By: RAY NELSON

"MASS EDUCATION"



P I O N E E R O F P L A N E T P U

By: Jack Cuthbert

This is a story of those Pioneers of the Space-ways, back in those old days before the year 2049. The story, a classic in its field, is being printed in this publication due to many requests. (All received from the author.) (Author's Note- "Shouldn't that be 'by the author'?") -- (Editor's Note: "No") -- (Author's Note- "Oh!")

1.

Odd Bodkins, intrepid pilot of the mighty ships that sail the spaces, sat before the complicated instrument panel which controlled his silvery space liner "GLUG" as it slipped faster and faster away from his home planet, the rocket jets whisshing rhythmically. Glancing at an indicator and tossing aside his gleaming chrome Shock-helmet, revealing a mass of wavy blond hair, he switched off the rockets and adjusted a dial to "Free Wheeling". (Author's Note- The old time rocket atomic space ships had very complicated instrument panels which bore countless dials and levers, many of which would seem queer to we who live today in the period of One Control Super-Ionic Space Liners. I have in my hope chest, a photo of one of those old control panels and one may note various quaint markings on the dials such as "On" and Off", "Hot" and "Cold", "Chocolate" and "Vanilla", "Scotch" and "Soda", etc., etc. - all very interesting.) (Editor's Note: I don't think so) (Author's Note: Nobody asked you.)

The giant rockets blew off, one by one, and Odd listened to their periodic cutting off. "Whooosh---Whooosh--Wishhh--Whoosh--Burp!"

"Um", mused Odd to himself, being along in the Pilot's cabin, "Where did that 'Burp' come from--one of the tubes must need relining." Reaching for the Intercomm. phone, he called the Engineer, one K. C. Jones--called Charley for short. He and Odd were the only humans on the liner, Charley being located down in the engine room, shoveling atoms into the boilers.

"Hey, Charley, you old horse", shouted Odd into the phone, as he unbuttoned his Shock-proof Double Breasted jacket, (Odd was prone to be what used to be called 'a trifle corny') (Ed. note: It still is), "You better re-line Rocket Tube # 6 -- it seems to have a slight digestive obstruction."

"Right, Chief", returned Charley, through a mouthful of Salami and onions, "the engine's O.K."

"O. K. Charley." said Odd, returning to his panel and, after pressing a button which lowered the main sail, he decided to switch to the Robot Pilot. Turning a few dials and buttons, he left the panel and headed for an easy chair in one corner of the spacious bottle lined cabin.

"Where the hell are we going?" inquired the Robot Pilot, turning its metal head toward Odd.

"Opps" ejaculated Odd, glancing at the weird figure seated at the dual controls "I forgot to set the course." Going to his desk, he got out his slide rule, a book of logarithms, a pad of paper, an abacus and took off his shoes. After several hours of figuring and throwing away papers, he turned to the Robot and dictated his instructions.

Jack Cuthbert, cont'd.

"370 Degrees...40 Minims west. 679½ Inches...37 Grams south. King's Bishop to Knight's Pawn 3...Queen to Rook's 4...Black, that is. East to East and West to West and never the twain shall meet."

"This ain't no twain, this is a rocket ship", cracked the Robot, "Yuk, yuk."

"Oh, brother" snorted Odd, "I'd like to know who made that thing. Look, tend to the course and leave off with the jokes- and I use the word loosely."

"Yassah, yassah, Massa." said the Robot. (It had been manufactured in the South) turning buttons and bows.

Observing that things were Okey Dopsy, Odd settled back with a glass of Phleep, (A beverage brewed in Venus from the waste products of the Venusian slaughter houses) and thought over the task which lay ahead of him.

Odd was independently wealthy and space piloting was more of an avocation than a profession in his case. He was thrilled by the unpredictable events that transpired in the worlds above and below the earth and by the thought that he might have prospects of adventure on other planets and furnish material for Science Fiction writers of the future. He and Charley had designed and built the liner GLUG from material he had found lying around in the cellar and was now headed, with twice the spoed of light, toward the little explored planet PU which had been discovered some 200 years before by a lost pilot of the SPCTROSF (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Reader of Science Fiction -- a little known, in these days, organization) Due to an uncertain climate, atmosphere and terrain, PU had never been settled -- in fact very little was known of its FAUNA and FLORA. (Ed. note- I knew a bar-maid named Flora once) (Author's Note: No doubt). Just recently, by means of spectroscopes, seismographs, light meters and color charts, scientists had discovered that PU apparently was filthy with an undeterminable amount of Orthoneium, a rare and greatly useful mineral which was in great demand, being used in lining false teeth. Ever since the atomic age, the use of false teeth had increased greatly - in fact, by leaps and bounds, for, as you know, certain rays sent out by certain radioactive minerals had caused the teeth on earth to drop out - a condition which prevailed universally, even in animals, fish and birds- in truth, even the carpenter's saws showed evidence of losing their teeth. (Ed. Look, bub, get on with this thing)

So it was Odd's project to land on the dangerous surface of PU and to find and lay out a claim for a future Orthoneium mine to be developed later, and to bring back samples and such data as might be useful to future settlers -- a true pioneer -- and this he was to accomplish before certain other nations and settlers could get there first. (Ed. Seems I read something like this before) (Author's note: Certainly - you must remember that this is an old story and has been copied countless times) (Editor's note: Why?)

Odd glanced out of the window, raising the Venitian blind and observing the Moon as it flashed by. "Racing with the Moon", sang the Robot in a raucous voice, as he had also noted the lunar body.

"Sherrup" ordered Odd as he switched on the Aurivisido. (Author's note - This was the 2049 type radio which projected three dimensional, true color images with full sound which were so realistic that one was almost tempted to touch the image) (Editor's note: This was especially true when young female performers appeared) (Author's note: In your case, no doubt. To continue, it was said that these programs were so real that they did everything but smell.) (Ed. I could say something here, but damned if I will!)

Jack Cuthbert, cont'd.

The instrument rattled and cracked and Odd reached over impatiently to adjust it just as a siren blasted forth from the panel. He rushed over and looked through the Viso Screen. "Ha-ho" he ha-ho'd, "Meteor field ahead!" Grabbing the intercomm. phone he called Charley and warned him of the coming menace. "When I say go" he snapped, his blue eyes sparkling with vigor and Phleep, "switch on the 'M' controls--we're approaching the field--ten seconds--five seconds--now--"

A clashing and grinding was heard, coming from the sides of the ship and, just as they entered the path of the meteors, a series of metal arms sprang from the sides of the liner--gleaming arms, almost human in appearance, one side of the ship blossoming with arms bearing catcher's mitts, each one paired with an arm which terminated in a human appearing hand--each mitt and hand being fashioned from a super-solid metal. On the other side of the ship, other pairs of arms sprang out, these pairs bearing a metal club resembling a baseball bat, which they flourished angrily. And as the ship arrived in the field of flying meteors, the hands bearing the mitts reached out and caught the smaller pieces, depositing them in the other hand which wound up and hurled the portions away, while on the other side of the ship, the mighty metal arms swung bats, smacking the meteors with gusto (a stowaway), and sending them far away from the gleaming sides of the ship. It was really an imposing sight, watching the arms extending from the ship, catching, throwing and batting, although now and then, one of the arms would muff one, at which point the repeller took over, catching and spitting the meteors away from the danger points.

"Butterfinger!" commented the Robot, as one of the arms missed an easy one--the arms were visible in the Pearascope.

"I suppose you could do better", said Odd, rather annoyed, as he had designed and constructed this amazing protective device. "I wish I knew who the hell has been messing with the sound track in your head. I think I'll take over" he added, switching off the Robot and silencing its no-doubt witty reply.

2.

Days later, the space liner GLUG approached the hilly surface of PU, and Odd sat, tense and watchful at the controls, his flashing eyes observing the dangerous surface beneath, as well as 37 dialevers, his fingers busy at the controls as he switched on the back-washing rockets-- (Author's Note: These were not rockets used to wash onos back...their purpose being to set up an opposing force which lessened the speed of the drive, which enabled it to land without crashing) (Editor's Note: We know- we know. Hi, Mort!) -- and adjusted his shockproof helmet and small clothes.

"Here we go, Charley" he shouted through the Intercomm, as the ship settled down in a lush, heavily vegetated valley between 2 rocky, uneven hills. The liner quivered and shook for a moment, like a dog shaking water from its coat after a bath, then it stopped with a jerk -- two jerks, if one includes Charley.

Stretching for a moment, Odd donned his air-conditioned helmet with three propellers and ordered Charley to remain on board.

"Duh-" returned Charley, his mouth full of garlic and salami--which may explain why he remained in the Engine Room during the entire trip.

Unbuttoning the escape hatch, Odd stepped from the ship, his hand on his Blister. (Author's Note: A Blister is a smaller weapon than a Blaster which entirely demolishes its target. A Blister merely raises blisters all over the

Jack Cuthbert, cont'd.

skin of the subject--these swell and burst, spreading the resulting fluid all over the place- and sometimes drowning the unfortunate victim.) (Ed. A nasty sounding thing) (Author's Note: Honi swat key Molly's paunce)

Odd stood silently for a moment, motionless as he marveled at the scene spread before his eyes. All the vegetation, trees, bushes, and grass were of a brilliant red color--red as the hue of an overripe tomato (a vegetable known in those days). The ground under his feet seemed unsafe, as it was soft and porous, like walking on the corpses of ten thousand worms. (Ed. Egad what a mind) Kicking aside a thick red branch in his path, he strode ahead but halted suddenly as the red branch reared up and bit him viciously on the right thigh, raising a lump the size of a golf ball. (Spalding--Paid Advt.) Turning, he sprayed the monster with his Blister and smiled with satisfaction as the Thing swelled and rose from the ground, floating away over the hill. Turning again, he made his way cautiously toward the opening which separated the valley from the surrounding mountain--and again he halted, his face pale with emotion.

"Ghod!" he breathed, "What is that?"

AUTHOR'S NOTE: -- I must hereby apologize for the Editor's narrowmindedness and his biased opinion, for, at this point, he has heavy handedly cut out 387 pages of mss., stating that he was A.) Not publishing Amazing Stories Quarterly, and B) He would like to have something else in his mag beside this (A poor excuse) and C) For God's sakes, - what do you think this is? -- and so, my readers, through no fault of my own, you will be unable to thrill to the adventures of Odd Bodkins on the Planet PU, or read of his struggles with the winged green apes, the hairy Dipssaurs, the two headed Megolithams-- or of his meeting with Ooohoo, pretty Princess of PU- of his adventures in helping her to regain her throne from the evil hands of her wicked Uncle Kzulch. I cannot tell of his discovery of the fertile Orthoneium fields, not of his exciting return and his aerial battles with the Pirates of PU and his epic fight with Black Bugled Bart, the infamous Scourge of the Airways. In fact, I can tell you no more. Not even how, upon a homeward voyage, the protective device suddenly suffered a fit and batted the spaceship to shiny bits, catching the pieces as they fell. I continue--but if enough of you readers write in--say 5,000 of you, perhaps his heart will be softened and he may be persuaded to change his mind--and you, too, may read and learn of the epic adventures of Odd Bodkins, Pioneer of the Spaceways.

EDITOR'S FINAL NOTE: You should live so long.

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T W I L I G H T

By: Joe Schaumburger

When black wings cleave the evening sky
And glowing embers slowly die
The rose-tipped cloudlets seem to say
"We are the blood of the fresh killed day,
"And the night his shroud."

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ABOUT OUR COVER: A view of Baxter Boulevard, Portland, Maine -- near the publisher's residence -- photographed for this magazine by RUSSELL HAROLD WOODMAN.

OUR BACKOVER: First Prize Winning Entry by JOE GROSS.

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K A L

By: Edmund Cox

Kal crouched behind the tumbled wall, his eyes squinting as he peered sharply into the shadows across the long, narrow place. He heard the noise again. His super-sensitive ears didn't lie. There is food over there. Now Kal must get over across the long narrow place without being seen. There were some shapes in the narrow place that he could run to and hide behind. A long narrow one in the middle of the passage and some smaller ones near the edges of the long narrow place. Kal always wondered what they were. They were all through the many, many narrow places that run into each other.

Kal scuttled across to the long one. He looked around in quick furtive jerks of his neck and scrawny body. He scanned expertly, the places behind him where he could hide at night. There were so many of them, all tumbled together and so many hollow ones. He knew that he could hide in them and move from one into another through the tunnels which had been made and tracked through by so many of his ancestors. Kal came around the end of the long thing and scurried over to a smaller one. Again he looked all around and made sure nothing had noticed him. As he listened to see if the quarry was still around, he saw some of the magic metal on the ground near him. The funny, hard black ground that was different. He picked up a piece of the queer stuff. He could see right through it and at the same time it flashed and shined in the brightness of Los in the sky. He put it down and moved away from it. He had cut himself on a piece of it once. He knew it had something to do with the squat thing he was hiding behind. There were pieces of the queer metal on the top part of the thing.

Kal had now determined the place his quarry was hiding. He drew his weapon, a long shiny piece of metal, sharp on the end. He peered out around the thing with the queer metal in it. He saw his food. It was prowling around one of the places where he could hide at night. Quickly, Kal circled around the thing in the narrow place. He was behind his quarry now. Quickly and quietly he went up out of the narrow, open place and attacked his food. Before it could realize what had happened, Kal plunged his weapon into its vitals. It was one of the big, black six legged ones Kal liked so much. Looking around to see if anything had been aroused by his attack, Kal grabbed his food and made for one of the places with a swinging wall in it. Sniffing and listening, Kal made certain there were no creatures already in there.

He went in and dropped the food on the ground. He then went to the moving wall and pushed it back so the space was closed like his parents had taught him to do. Then he went back to his meal. He sat down on the ground. Still a different kind of ground. Sometimes he could lift layers of the ground up and there would be still a different kind under it. Different from the black ground in the narrow places and the shelters and different entirely from the ground where he had burrowed for food. Kal was oft-times puzzled by all those varied kinds of ground.

But he was hungry now. He tore off a leg of the creature and hungrily sucked the juices dripping from it. Then he bit into the meat and ate. He had to pull off the hairy skin-covering first though. Kal always had wondered why the skin-covering was different from his. But he was hungry and he ate.

Finishing his meal, Kal threw the uneatable part away from him. He then started looking for the opening of a tunnel-way into this place. It was dark

Edmund Cox, cont'd.

in this place and there were many things still inside of this shelter-place. He finally found an entrance through a wall and followed it sniffing and listening for any sounds. Out through the wall, under other walls, in through other walls, down under the shelter-places sometimes, Kal made his way. Soon he came out of a shelter-place and found himself confronted by another long narrow place. Kal was angry and wondered why so many long narrow places kept dividing up the areas of shelter places. It was dangerous to cross them. But Kal crossed it. And others. Then to his own shelter place where he made his sleep shell. He slept with one eye open in case something might come out of his tunnel-way.

When Los had again risen, Kal went out to hunt. He was hungry.

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THE FORTRESS WITHIN

By: John Van Couvering

I float in velvet darkness;
Using not my eyes or troubled reason,
Wonder fills me as I drift
Through starry corridors of eternity.

I glimpse the brown earth slowly rolling down below
And on it my dusty corpse;
Possess'd of fate's blind gropings
As I soar. Logic, reason, forgotten habits.

In many forms I know myself:
In adventures glimpsed fleetingly
Through environments adamantine gossamer
Which binds the futile crawler.

And so, reaching out, soaring among air-borne
fantasies of soul
Which die in nascency, or grow in be-
wildering psuedopoda
Through dark-lit glowing paths, unfolding,
I race on wings a speck of dust destroy.

And reality beat upon the portals of my
secret soul
I fold upon me like the sea-anenome;
Disappointment transformed, a wondrous
thing now,
Which restores a certain fragile shield
of self-belief.

So, too, do the empty wrinkled phials of vanished
life,
Drained of vigor, thrown aside by avid time,
Live in hazy days of youth
Which is Forever left behind...

Dreaming - - - for that is man.

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By: RAY NELSON

"A FRIENDLY LITTLE CHAT"

Our Second Guest Editorial:

E T H I C S

By: Rick Sneary
(the spelling is Sneary's.- editor)

"the science that treats of morals and right conduct"

- Winston Dictionary, Colleges Edition

Fandom, like any other group, has it's own ethics. The things we don't do, and hope no one else will do, but of course being human we do. There are some that cheet, or mearly go gafia at in-opertune moments.

The un-ethical things fans can do can be devided roughly into two groups. One: failure to produce what is expected. This runs from the miner crime, as not writting that article you promised Joe Fann last Fall; through, folding a zine with out returning the sub-scriptions; up to thos Secretary or Chairman of Committees that fail to turn over to the proper people funds intrusted to them.

The second group is un-ethical action.. examples of which are, the fan that spread word that he had comitted suaside, or the more resent case of a club editor who insisted on following a policy contrary to that of the club. And of course the crowning example, that of Claude Degler, whos Cosmic Circle and it outlands ideas and tactics will long stand for crack-pot-ism in fandom.

It has been suggested by fans from time to time that "Fan Court", "Boards of Censors", and "Better Business Bureaus" be set up to try and controle the un-ethical action of other. It has been suggested they be given power to kick fans out of fandom (an imposablity), remove them from clubs, or just publasize their miss conduct. All such idea have fallen before the way size when confrunted by the logic of the older fans. Fans are not united enough to follow the directives of one small group of fan, even if they had voted for them. Fans very seldom do "what they are told". An even if it were pos#able, it would probablly be over done. For though fans talk of semantics, law, based on the eveadence of one case, are generally based on two-value logic. In other words, if Fred J. Arthur brings Frank T. Long to court for libal, they would have to judge the case athand, and not Long's past record as a good and helpfull fan.

"So" you ask, "then what can be done?" Well I'm not able to give you all the answers. I know that social pressure can do a lot. If fans feal that a thing is bad, it, or the person responceable, will feel it's wate. This is what happen to Degler, fans just got fed up with him, and refused to have anything more to do with him or his ideas. This can happen to anyone whos actions are contrary to the general welfair of the majority of fans.

This is something that each of you can and should support. And it is nothing that takes money or time.. Just add your weight to the tide of public openion.. If a book dealer cheats you, don't do business with him any more. If some Ron Swift turns out to be slow in sending you a promisted article or drawing, you best be#t is not to depend on him again, and gentally hint to other that he isn't to reliable. --- Their usually isn't much you can do about fanzines folding, as the editor usually leaves fandom. If he is still active though, remind him.

There have been and are fans that pass of un-etical conduct as hummor. When hummor becomes injurious to a person, or group of persons, it stops being funny, and becomes propaganda. If fans would realize it for what it is, and not incurage it, it could not last.

Rick Sneary, cont'd.

People can not be changed by words alone. Reams of paper have been spent in explaning way Dave Bohunk thinks Sam Flathead is a "communist", "bigot", "crackpot", "quear", "#lier", "profiteer" and a million other charges. (I have, and nodoubt will# added my say many time.) Whilo this all makes for exciting times and interesting reading, it seldom moves anyone from the spot he was on when it started... there is just more ill will, and bad feeling, and both sides have probably done things as bad or worse than that which started the whole case.

There for you# should----- No, to many people go around telling others what to do.. Let me tell you what I do. If it gives you any worth while ideas, this writing will be jusafide.

First of I neaver expect to much of any one. This is a falt many young or new fans fall into. Fans are as a whole good relyable people. But fandom being a hobby it apt to suffer as such. And being people to, fans are not perfict. When this does not afect fandom or me I over look it. A fans personal life and beliefs are his own. It doesn't hurt to be around people that drink as long as they don't try to make you drink..as an example.

I shun thos that in my mind are guilty of un-ethical conduct toward me, and in small ways pass on my tail of woe to others. I also try to impress on others what I think is ethical, and of course try to live by them myself.

To lay down a list of fan ethics is of course out of the question, as eash persons picture of right and wrong are different. One might think having sexual relations with another fans wife was QS, while an other played the horses with club money.. (To give to exagerated examples.) We each must deside what is ethical, and stick to it. And stay away in droves from thoughs we find acting contrary to our #### ideas...

Finished 5:30 p.m.- PST-Feb.
17th, 1949. Thank God! - R. S.

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H O R S D ' O E U V R E

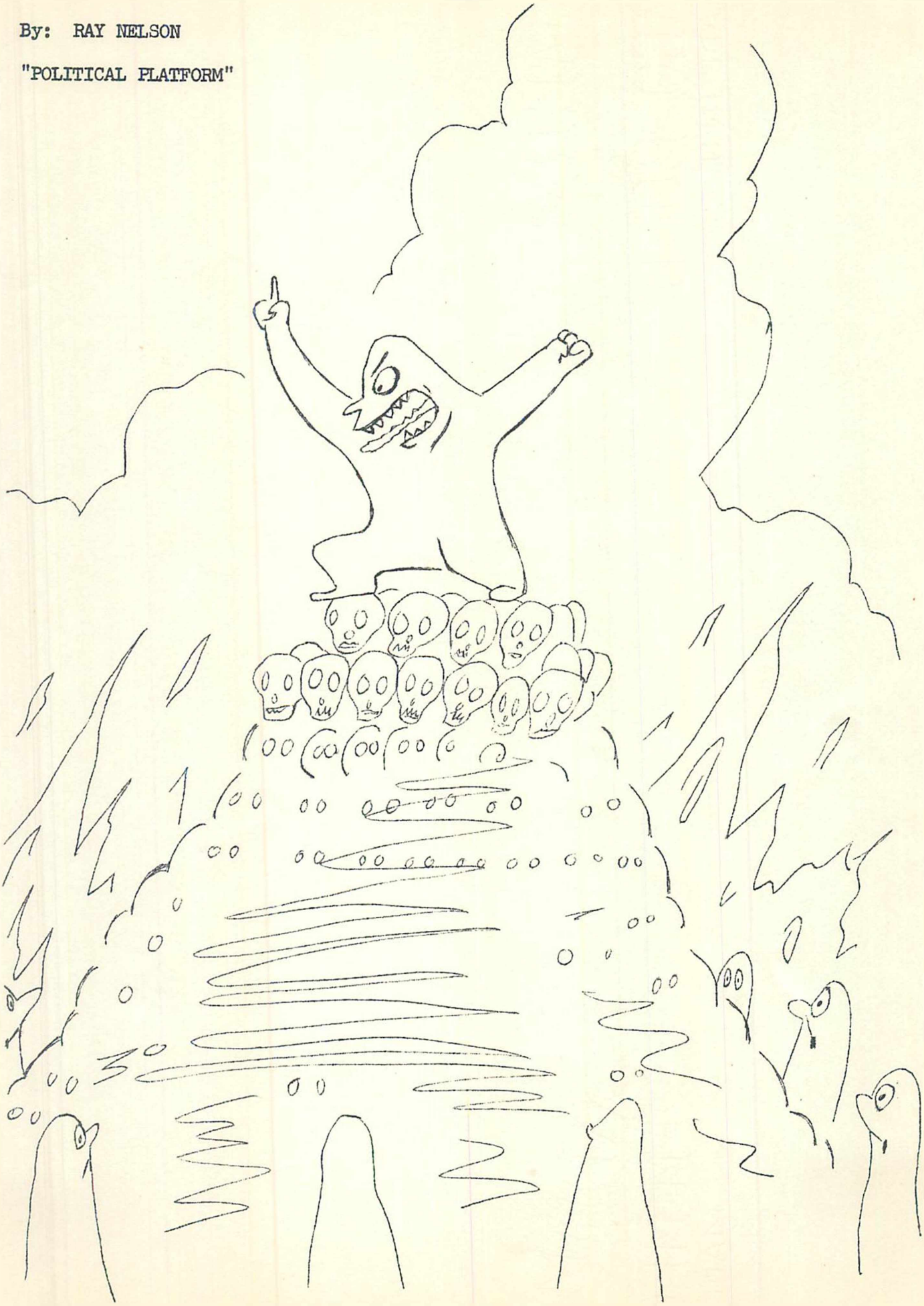
By: Stan Woolston

Illium squirted some catsup from the bottle until a scarlet mess covered the pile of steaming pancakes and stuck a many-tentacled hand into it contentedly. Food was the avocation of his race; he could eat at any time. The stuff was warm and stimulating as he ingested it. The meal was, he told himself, the best he had had since reaching Earth.

But he had been telling himself that for a long time now. His dumbbell-shaped spacer had first circled the world near the middle of what the bipeds called their twentieth century; radar had found his ship almost at once, and an escort of ships had started in his direction, and escorted him down when he came to meet them. It was likely they couldn't have climbed as high as his orbit anyway.

By: RAY NELSON

"POLITICAL PLATFORM"



M I S T A K E

By: Russell Harold Woodman

Catherine fastened her skirt, slipped into her blue blouse, and gleefully skidded down the bannister, landing with a plop at the last step. She got up, and ran to the kitchen, calling at the top of her youthful and thoroughly tomboyish lungs, "muuther! Oh, Muuther!" But there was no response.

This was crazy because she knew mother was outside on the kitchen porch shelling beans. She always was this time of year, this time of the week. Everyone knew that.

"Oh, Maw" Cathy called, approaching the porch much as Frank Buck might have approached a wounded lion. If mother didn't answer this time something must be horribly wrong.

There was no answer.

And now Catherine Caleb was standing right out in the sun, her bare legs shining, her blue eyes blinking. And there was mother, half-sitting on her usual chair, the shelling knife still in her right hand, her glasses tipped down over her nose. But her lower extremities were bleeding and badly mutilated. It looked as though a powerful blade had been swung across her torso. She never knew what hit her.

Catherine burst out in anguished tears, crying and crying. Then the little girl went over to the porch railing, swung lightly up to the roof, and glared at the machine of wires and a motor attached to a sharpened but old fashioned sword. She stamped her foot as tears began streaming again, "Ohh, I didn't want it to kill mother", she sobbed, "not alone. It wasn't supposed to work until later tonight... when she and father sat here together..."

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TO ROUSE THE WAVES: Review Section

By: Philip Gray

WITHOUT SORCERY by Theodore Sturgeon; Prime Press; 1948; $3.00.

It seems quite awhile ago that I first ran across Sturgeon in a short story entitled "Microscopic God"; considering the swiftness with which early years pass, it probably was. I thought it was a semi-classic then. After re-reading it in this collection I found some doubts arising apropos of my earlier opinion. Perhaps that opinion wasn't very accurate that long ago, and perhaps I've read better stories since then, a lot of them. That was back in the days before Bradbury got into full swing and then petered his ingenuity out on a Space-Messiah complex; the time when I was just beginning on Merritt and Haggard, and Wells was better known to me for his "The Time Machine" than for "A World Set Free'; during

Phil Gray, cont'd.

the time when I read one of Keller's extraordinary horror stories, lost the magazine, forgot the title and author, and finally had Keller himself tell me who wrote it. During that time it is understandable if some stories fell from their pedestals, a lot have. Yet I refound some of the "God" flavor, some of Sturgeon's uniqueness and his bruskness in this re-reading.

But I still don't care for his style. His "I'm a bumish sort of guy so I'll talk like one" first person narration doesn't pay off on every story like it did on "Kill-Dozer", one of the best science-fiction pieces ever written. In fact, that style becomes decidedly boring when one reads straight through a 355 page collection with the majority of the pages employing this "tough guy" approach. Nine of the 13 stories in WITHOUT SORCERY are told in this style. Of that number at least two thirds weren't helped by the tough guy narration, though several of the later number wouldn't have been helped by anything except exclusion and substitution.

Yet I wonder how often one finds a finer story than "It"? Admittably not often. A recent issue of a science-fantasy magazine carried a few words by the editor concerning the scarcity of "alien beings" stories. "It" is one he missed a long time ago, though that fact doesn't distract from the excellence of the tale.

The half-screwy, half-genius plots behind such high-lights as "Poker Face", "Shottle Bop", the two "Ether Brather" stories, and "The Ultimate Egoist" are worth the price of the collection on the current yard-stick of contemporary quality. The rest of the collection should be enough to dispell any doubts for the reader who has tried Sturgeon and liked him; those who haven't have some fun ahead providing they don't over-stuff themselves on the author's style; while those who may have read, for example, "Kill-Dozer" (not included here, a pity for the buyer, and a mistake for the publisher), "It", "Poker Face", etc., and not liked them probably wouldn't be able to appreciate good science-fiction and fantasy anyway.

Capsule Criticism: Whatever Raymond Chandler did for the detective story, Theodore Sturgeon certainly hasn't for the science-fiction technique.

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Triton Commends Mr. Theodore Sturgeon for his yarn "Prodigy" which appeared in a recent issue of "Astounding-SCIENCE FICTION". It seems to wander around like a minstrel, and is beautifully written (not in the brittle & brawn style which Phil condemns) and has a surprising punchline . . . . . Triton also commends Ray Bradbury whose tale "I, MARS" in the latest Super Science Stories is most unusual. No atom ray guns, no nude girls held captive by King Ducpan, no mysterious jewel. If Ray suffers from any complex, we suggest other writers do likewise.

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N O N F A N G A B : A Sequel to Fangab

By: Playwrite LEN J. MOFFATT, Recording Devil

Time: 8 March 1949
Place: Len's Den (beer-splattered typer surrounded by shelves of fanzines, pro-mags, record albums, etc. A multi-autographed copy of the first issue of THE OUT-LANDER lies placidly under glass. Plugs for FIRST PERSON SINGULAR adorn the walls. MOONSHINE beams in through the windows...)
Enter: Pistachion, Vranduski, and Zankowitz. Zankowitz picks up a fanmag to dust off a chair, sits in chair gazing abstractly at the fanmag. Pistachio goes immediately to the ice box, opens the door, sticks in his head and shoulders, hands beer out to Vranduski, a can at a time. Vranduski leans against the walls, thus staining his immaculate white shirt with mimeo ink, passes a can of beer to Zankowitz and yawns. Pistachio emerges from the ice box, a can of beer in each hands. Bites it open and drinks.

Z: "What is this..a phamplet? Is Moffatt handing out religious tracts?"
V: "Who knows? These what-you-call <u>science fiction fans</u>, they do many strange things. Who's got a can opener?"
P: "Who needs one?"
V: "I do, and amigo mio Zankowitz..."
P: "Weaklings. But wait, I'll look in this chest of drawers..."
Z: "Oh. It's a fanmag...POR...uhh...PROTEUS...sounds like a contraceptive... find a can opener yet?"
P: "Noo...not yet...lesee...there's some old postcards...broken stapler...applo core...a piece of knotted string...some sort of ancient mss. from Sam Mos-kowitz...a copy of How To Live On A Desert Island...old coins...stamps...a picture of Stan Woolston pointing a gun at his head...a copy of ODD TALES... hmmm nice cover by Bok...two no, four cockroaches playing pinochle...a slice of minced ham..."
V: "But no can opener?"
P: "Here's a shoe horn...these cans have caps on 'em...try it..."
Vranduski prys off beer can, foam sprays his moustache...he sips...passes shoe horn to Zankowitz, who is reading the fanmag with some show of interest, swallows shoe horn, drops can of beer to floor.
Z: "Look at this...you gentlemen are in print or rather in ditto..."
V: "Hah?"
Z: "Look, here - Fangab, a play..."
P: "Lemme see...(he and Vranduski read over Z's shoulder)

minutes later

V: "A curse on the fiend, a curse I say!"
P: "Defy the foul fiend!"
V: "A thousand tortures to his body and soul!"
Z: "But why? What's the trouble?"
V: "Look at it! Just look and then <u>dare</u> to ask why? See what he has done to us?"

Len Moffatt, cont'd.
(Ahh, me. The play must go on!)

Z: "You mean you're mad because Moffatt and Woolston 'alias Hannon West' wrote a play with you guys in it..."
V: "A play? No, it's a what-you-call it actual record. He and that fat fellow from Garden Grove took turns sitting at the typing machine and writing down everything they heard..."
Z: "So?"
V: "So this..this fiend, Woodamn...Wodd..ahh, Woodman...cuts, odits, rips out, rrrrrrripes out, almost all of our lines! Eh, Pistachio, did he not?"
P: "That he did. Defiend the fy foul!"
Z: "But it is a nice looking magazine..and the letters are interesting.."
V: "Pah!"
P: "Defoul the fiend fy! burp..."
Z: "He has a note in here too..."
V: "Who?"
Z: "Burb"
P: "Burp-the fould fein"
Z: "Oh he's not so bad..."
P: "Who? Burp."
Z: "Yes, him"
P: "But who? Who's not so bad? Burp!"
V: "He just told you so. You said it."
P: "I said what? Burp.."
V: "That's right"
Pistachio screams, chews up his empty beer can, bites open others.
Z: "Who's on first?"
V: "Hello, Mort"
P: "Hello. What are we going to do about Hussell Roodman.."
Z: "Forget...after all we aren't fanz so why should we get our names in fanmags? But lookit this letter by Rick Sneary..."
V: "You should care. It wasn't your lines that got cut out. It was us who was cut, expurgated, as it were! Wait till I see Moffatt..."
P: "Deburp the file fynd!"
Z: "Sneary says fans should not all gather in one spot - even to avoid an a-bomb."
V: "How can we avoid an a bomb?"
P: "Avoid in the hand is worth two in the bomb"
V: "You're spilling beer on the typing machine..what color will the ribbon type now I wonder?"
Z: "Hey, look out the window. Here comes someone..."
V: "Moffatt?"
Z: "Yeah, think so. Anyone save a beer for him?"
Pistachion quickly drops his can. Zankowitz turns his can upside down. A single drop falls out, hits Pistachio's first (empty) can with a quaint tinkling sound, then both drop and empty can roll to the floor.
Z: "Just like life..."
V: "I suggest we make our departure..since we have left no beer for amigo mio Moffatt, he may be irked..."

Len Moffatt, concluded

P: (picks up PROTEUS...thumbs through it...tosses it into a cobwebbed corner... spider scurries over, roars with tiny laughter at the cover pic) Burp...
Z: "Let's go...it is Moffatt.. we must return later and sooth his ire with beer on us..."
V: "But first we got to get the money to buy the beer."
P: "Join the Galactic Amateure Press Association...A Gal for every Actic...!"

(exeuant)

Seconds pass. Enter: ljm

Len: "Somebody has been drinking my beer...ah, let us see if I can reconstruct the crime...two cans bitten open...Pistachio, of course...one can with tiny black specks around the hole...Vranduski always makes Pistachio look for the can opener...Pistachio never finds it but comes up with something else to pry with...so...Vranduski was the other culprit...and someone else has been sitting on this chair...not Pistachio or Vran...they wouldn't have bothered to dust it...Who?? Hmmm...an unopened can under the chair...Holy Jumpin Blue Blazes! Was Speer Here???"

Enter: Rascal, the weredog

Rascal: "No, it wasn't. It was Zankowitz. If you don't believe me, ask the spider..."

Len takes can opener off hook, opens beer, Sips. Presses hidden key on typer. It begins to clatter rapidly, madly.

FAST CURTAIN

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OUR READERS PLEASE NOTE:

With the mailing of this issue, The Triton Press dissolves its bonds and the editors disperse, perhaps, as Lin Carter would phrase it, to ride to their glory in the sky. Publisher Woodman will remain in fandom for a solid month following the mailing TO ANSWER YOUR NOTES AND TO SEND YOUR OPINIONS OF THE CUTHBERT STORY OF THE YEAR ON TO MR. JACK CUTHBERT. Ed Cox will stay in Fandom indefinitely. We regret that this ceases the publishing activities of Triton Press. We thank all contributors for their generous support.

- R. H. W.

- E. M. C.

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BACKOVER PAGE:

"There may be volcanoes in a land of the sky, so close to this earth that, if intervening space be not airless, and most intensely cold, an expedition could sail away in a dash to the stars that would be a bold and magnificient trifle."

- Charles Fort (from "LO!")