

DESTINY

15¢



RALPH
TRAYBURN
PHILLIPS

the Steam Room

WHERE THE EDITORS BLOW UP

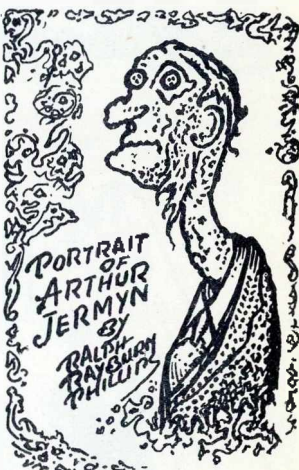
Since the last rays of the sun have passed beyond the distant hills, we find it time again to arise. The hollow voice of Jim Bradley boomed out of the silence, "The shadows are gathering Malcolm, it is time again." But not a word issued from the vast stone coffin that rested amid the silvery webs. Again Jim spoke, "Are you not hungry?" Suddenly there was a rustle like dry leaves, and a heavy body dropped from a stone aperture. The thump echoed down the dark, endless corridor.

"Seeeiiiiaaa," Malcolm screamed, "A copy of DESTINY was lying in the bottom of my coffin." He looked accusingly at Jim.

"DESTINY? Let me see it. Could this be the unholy work of those two juicy editors we, ah, dined with last night?"

"Smack! Perhaps so."

"Curses, we've been cursed; now we must carry on the DESTINY tradition."



This the second issue of Destiny is but one of many to come, (we hope). Would you like to see more copies of Destiny? Don't answer that. Anyway, here's how you can help; don't send your wife (provided your a man), send only a lousy \$.60 for a years subscription, maybe two years, (4 issues). And while were speaking of Destiny, perhaps some of you artists and writers would consent to sacrifice some of your excelent material in our behalf - please. Our next issue will also be lithoed.

We wish to express our deep thanks to the following for their added help in making this issue possible. Joe Salta, Don Day, Bob Briney, Ralph Rayburn Phillips, and those that contributed; thanks.

This ish is the first with the dept. of Questions and Answers and hope you will take advantage of this service. Please send in reasonable questions for we can print only those that will be of hope and interest to the adverage fan (just about anything, stf. of course). We will welcome any suggestions to better our zine; possibly you would like to head a dept. yourselves? Send us your idea and we'll see.

Of course and with out doubt we'll see all of you at the NORWESCON!!

Till the sun rises again,

so long from your (censored) editors.

DESTINY

EDITORS

VOLUME 1

FALL 1950

NUMBER 2

MALCOLM WILLITS
and
JIM BRADLEY

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Note: Send all subscriptions to Treasurer: Allen Keeneey, 3645 N.E. 73rd st. Portland 13, Ore.



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ALL QUIET HERE
by Malcolm Willits

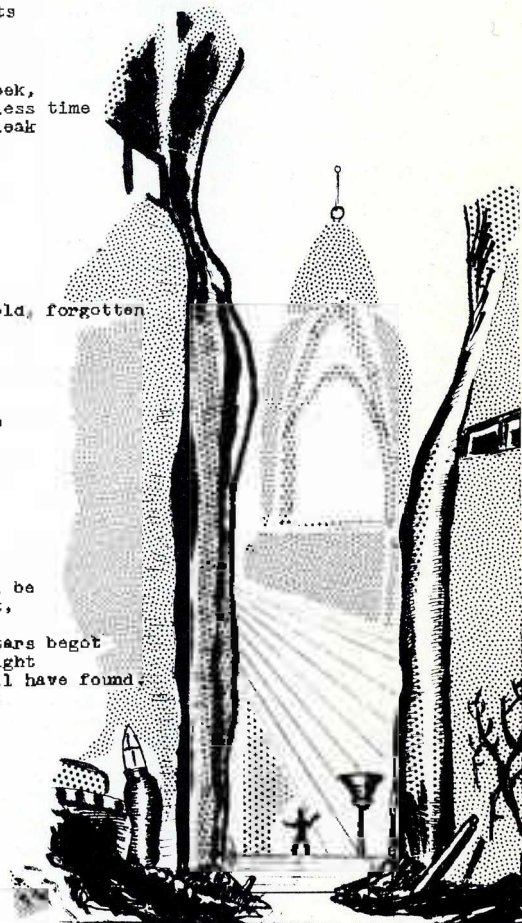
ALL QUIET HERE
The skies are dark
As twilight comes to seek,
An answer from all endless time
About this earth now bleak
Long shadows, Silent
Winds of Song
Silent Whispers
"Man was wrong."

Their broken tempels
Still stare mutely,
See them now, so
Graceful, brave.
But empty, lifeless, cold, forgotten
Soon to fall,
And mark THEIR grave.

For weary makers
Lost in vastness
Raised these structures
Built the road,
Which year by year
Swept on unchecked
ARMAGEDDON
They had sowed.

Again shall come
Another day
Perhaps when life shall be
Reborn upon this planet,
And thus Eternity.
And yet a chill from stars begot
Comes echoing near tonight
That ancient nations all have found.
CHAOS comes with might,
The galaxy now
Must learn with fear
The tragic truth
ALL QUIET HERE

Illustrated by
Malcolm Willits



TECHNOCRACY INC.

Section J. R. D. 12245

2104 Main St., Vancouver, Wash.

To Science Fiction Fans

Greetings:

If you take advantage of the education Technocracy has to offer and apply that knowledge, you will be able to solve your social problems much more successfully and intelligently than we of our generation are solving ours. You can do a better job than we—we are handing you all of our mistakes. Former generations handed us their mistakes, in much the same way, but you have theirs and ours too, as data to begin with.

You know for instance, that war is a mistake. We proved that by the biggest war that has ever been fought. You have the definite knowledge that the social cost of war is too high, for the victor as well as for the vanquished.

Only by social planning can man conquer his environment and build a social machine which is able to provide economic security for all. In order to obtain more abundant life, it is necessary to operate the machine according to the facts of the machine age; which means that it is necessary not only to discover the facts, but to train people to respond to facts instead of to the fears which are nurtured by superstition.

Will youth tolerate a social order with so many corpses—casualties of the Price System lying around? Or will youth bury the dead and turn to the building of a better world in which there will be no privilege except the privilege of participation in the forward march through the black forest of fear and superstition into an economy of security and social stability.

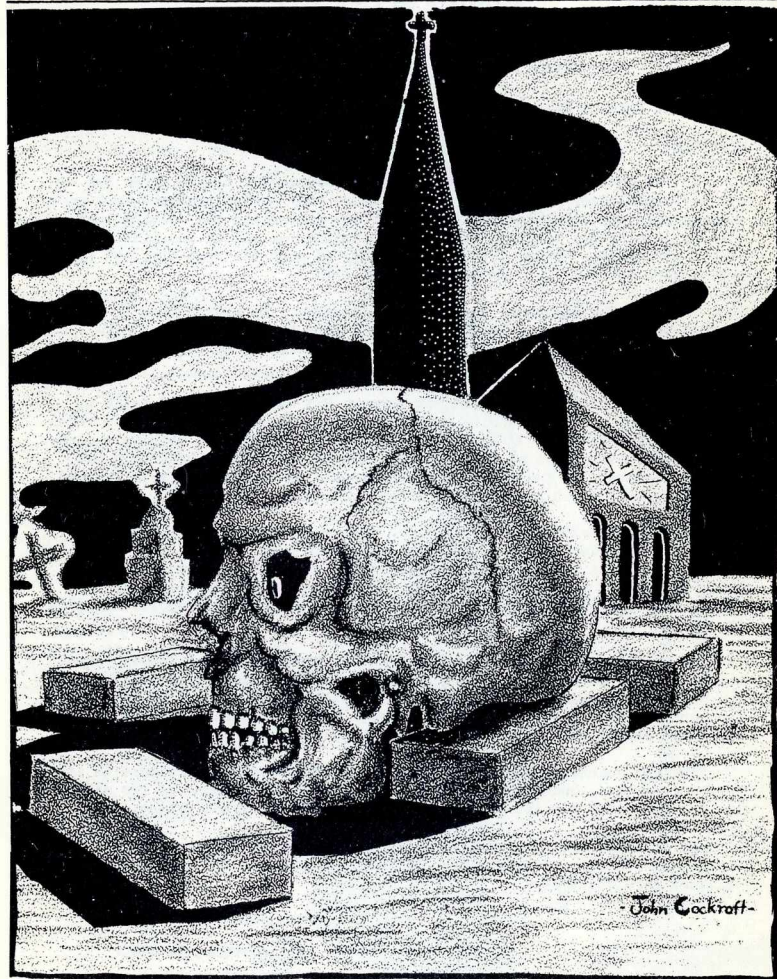
We of our generation were disciplined by work. You must school yourselves to rise beyond mere work. We have been disciplined by scarcity. You must school yourselves to solve the problem of abundance. We thought the conflict of man against man would never end. You must learn the technique for ending that conflict.

Through Technocracy, youth learns to see the economic structure in its true perspective, understanding that it should be the purpose of the machine to serve man, not the purpose of man to serve the Price System.

It is up to you, therefore, to learn a new way of life—a way of human peace—of economic security. Technocracy presents the design. Let us tell you more about it.

Yours For a New America

Chimeloir
Governor of Research



John Cockcroft

FALL 1950

7

the Church Ghost

by Geo. T. Wetzel

His face belied Michael Rhodes' real profession. At first one would have sworn he was a seafaring man from his weather-beaten tan, and still not be too wrong. For Rhodes had roamed the world, voyaging to the arctic wastes, living among savages, treading the ruins of primordial cities for the material of his adventuresome books which a mundane world read in awe. It was such a sensation-mongering book, of folklore that he worked on at the moment, gathering tales of real and fancied happenings, the fearful beliefs and black practices of the old days. England, but particularly South Wales, he found a gold mine of such folklore, furnishing him with material for a dozen of such volumes. But Rhodes lacked the background and real ability of the true mythologist to sift through the accumulated data and develop it into a coherent work. Instead his method was similar to that of many other news correspondents turned authors: to assemble a vast amount of facts or opinions, write them hastily into a booklength manuscript, and have it published before someone else "scooped" them.

At the present time, however, his belligerent efforts to high pressure the inhabitants of the small, English town in which he had spent a week went for naught. The average native he found very uncommittal with strangers, and would eye him with a double suspicion because he was a foreigner. The only persons of intellect in the town were the squire and the Bishop. But the Squire, a young chap just down from Oxford, was a boring individual who did nothing but quote Latin to display his erudition of that musty language; and when he relented on that score, he would, in turn, discourse almost fanatically on "gunning". The Bishop was equally a disillusionment of his manifest scholarly background. He was bigoted believing that it was his duty not to pass on or promote superstitious beliefs that gave credence to unseen forces other than those from heaven. All such were, he affirmed dogmatically, of an anti-Christian nature and were the propaganda of the Devil.

So it was with just disgust at having wasted his time that Rhodes, prior to his leaving, sought out the town's pub. The place was full of farmers with a sprinkling of small store merchants, all of whose conversation seemed to him to consist of incoherent grunts, blasphemous utterances and occasionally something that though understandable was a terrible elongation of the truth. But all that was before he had anything to drink.

As he quaffed more and more, Rhodes felt a sudden friendliness and generosity, and bought a round for the house. That did it. Whereas before he tried to break down their reserve with a glib tongue, beer now sufficed. In a little while he found himself swapping stories with a couple of very friendly but slightly inebriated chaps; and before he knew it, one of them was relating to him a curious incident that occurred in a nearby village a few months previous.

The name of the place was Resporden and the thing had been discovered in its church. The church, the farmer explained, was of old Saxon-Norman style and stood up well for its age, which if the nearly effaced cornerstone was true placed its beginnings somewhere in the gloomy dawn of the medieval ages.

During a recent storm, however, its long survival had ended in a blistering holocaust which had been started by a chance lightning bolt. When it was discovered and an alarm raised, the fire was too far gone to hope to extinguish. It consumed in its unrestrained hunger the entire roof and all the intricate carved, inside paneling. The villagers eyed the total destruction of their church with mournful mien: had it not been the place where their parents were wed; and brought their children for baptism; and where the final ceremonies and eulogy of a dear one had been performed.

It was with gloomy, downcast looks that they poked among the charred embers still smoking, prowled about the few blackened timbers still standing, the discarded bones on the fire's grisly meal, for they hoped that some part of their church was left with which they might salvage and utilize in the one that would spring up on the ruins of the old. Sadly they glanced at the right knave wall, the only remaining portion of the church in one piece. The remaining fragments of black ash - encrusted wood and tumble stone sprawled pellmell about the site, while the debris littered maw of its cellar and low foundation walls were nakedly exposed to view.

It was along one of the foundation walls that the eyes of the people wandered, for here the force of the incendiary bolt had spent itself, riving open a long extended crack in the masonry. Halfway along the length appeared a dark spot which upon closer scrutiny resolved into a gaping hole in the brick wall. The expression on the villagers' faces changed from dull wonderment to a confusion of shock and horror. For a human skeleton, covered with a sticky mold, dangled part way out of the aperture, free of its prison at last.

The village pharmacist - doctor, who examined the thing, shook his head at the contorted posture of the bones and their very small size: the skeleton of a child, he said. Partial disintegration of the pitiful relics indicated the long centuries of their entombment: for entombment it was, as evidence of the deliberate arrangement of the stones around the cramped space; and the doctor remarked that when the child had been committed to the wall crypt it had been alive.

For all his faults in commercial journalism Rhodes knew a good story when he found one; and that related by this thick fibred rustic was definitely the sort of "copy" that he required for his projected book. The next morning he started off for Resporden on his bicycle; the same means of transportation he had used to get about elsewhere in the isles, more for its convenience than because it was the conventional mode of the surrounding countryside. His immediate object was following up the "lead" given him by the liquorish and loquacious farmer; the Vicar of Resporden, whom he felt would corroborate a theory of his about the hideous discovery, since forming in his mind.

The countryside he passed was wild and desolate of either man or animal. As he approached the outskirts of Resporden, as was proved by his road map, he crossed the rim of a fog cloaked moor; and dimly

seen in its wet mist were the immemorial structures of the Druids. As he saw them, he shuddered; but not from the chilled and damp vapours that he cut through. Quite unconsciously he had compared them in analogy to the Egyptian pyramids. Both were the work of races of incredible ancestry, who perform bloody rites of which vague, disturbing whispers circulated yet; both were also the symbols of age old arcane lore. Rhodes had heard them all in his capacity as a foreign correspondent but had only half-believed them. At that instant midst the moorland's ghostly solitude they didn't seem so false. The Druids too, he reflected, were supposed to have known and controlled unseen forces; and like the Egyptians left macabre snares to dispatch the curious.

He was hardly out of the grey moor when he passed through the outer environs of Resporden which abutted on the fogged wastes; and in a matter of minutes the Vicarage and the ruins of the church beside it came into sight. As he sped by the blasted site, his nostrils caught both the stale reek of smoke and a musty odor as if a centuries grave had been recently exhumed. And he wondered half consciously if the ruins were haunted by the spectral image of the formerly entombed thing.

Some dire, insidious emotional residuum brooded rather than hung over the surroundings; and Rhodes was at a loss to identify it at first. The bluish-brown pigments of late autumn and early winter permeated the wet, smoky haze clinging about the drear landscape, and seemed to exude from the dead foliage like the subtle, stagnate miasmic fumes of decay. Shrunken bones of trees and withered beather crows around the Vicarage and the ruins, and by their gnarled and contorted positions mimed and mocked that which had lodged in the wall tomb. The Vicarage reflected a similar motif of the prevailing dolorous, canopic mood: its outward appearance was scowlingly puritanical, insufferable drab, and friendless, in a perfect harmony with the cold, frozen ground; and outlined in Gothic severity against the lead-colored, arctic like sky and the encroaching, dismal moor. The entire landscape, he concluded, was the ideal setting for a dark, Shakespearian tragedy.

But as he pedaled up to the Vicarage door a little gust of chilled wind went moaning over the trees and a dry fountain of dust stirred eerily above the ruins. And with unresolved fears, he knocked at the door. The bent old man who answered his summons was a deaf and dumb mute as was evidenced by his actions and motions for Rhodes to follow him into the hallway. That seemed somewhat incongruous to the journalist as how had the handicapped servant heard his knock-unless of course he had seen him approach from the window?

The room he was ushered in belied all thoughts of religious simplicity he would ordinarily connect with a clergyman's study. An orange, comfortable fire crackled in the grate, the chairs had deep and soft cushions, the walls lined from top to bottom with old fashioned bound and interesting titled books, some of which he caught at a glance: "Arcana of the Uighurs", "De Philosophia Occulta", "Liber Vexationum" of paracelsus, and the Cosmography of Pomponius Mela, all which were rather unusual to find in a library of a theologian. On a side table a cut glass bottle of ruby port reflected the firelight on each one of its many crystal facets, and sent merry fragments of light dancing on the lofty ceiling.

But the man in clerical garb, sitting in the great carved chair before the fire, seemed a discord within the friendly atmosphere of the room, mirroring rather the dreary aspects of the outside environment. His brows were knit in an unwholesome frown; furrows of bitterness turned the corners of his mouth down and made him partake much more of cruel, sadistic (or was it harshness?) tendencies than thin lips usually indicate; his eyes held the repressed and distant look of much introversion, and oddly commingled in their depths was the cold glint of erratic fanaticism; verily his entire countenance was the embodiment of all ugly sternness; and for a moment the journalist thought his quest would be rewardless.

But as Rhodes had paused on the threshold, undecided, the Vicar laid down his book and turned to face him; and a mobility of expression, quicker than the eye could follow, covered with signs of long brooding solitude, and in their stead the warmth of a sunny day shone forth. The dark frown and grim facial contortions became a merry twinkle and a gentle, kindly smile. His handshake was vigorous, revealing a virility and strength surprising for a man of his elderly aspect.

Rhodes breached at once the object of his visit, and a cloud passed momentarily over the Vicar's face; and before the Vicar's expression could hide it, the journalist thought he detected a haunted secretive look.

"A very deplorable incident," he observed, "but not an uncommon discovery hereabouts. You know, Mr. Rhodes, such horrible deeds date back to antique days; and the pitiful remains of those that served the evil designs of others. Why, Sir, they are ever and anon appearing first one place, then another."

"But," the journalist interrupted, "why should the cultist-if that's what they were - why should they choose a church, a place on hallowed ground, as the site of their demon worship, and use an altar of foundation stone on which they offered as sacrifice an entombed, living human being?"

"I'm not at all sure if any definite cult is responsible. You, see, Sir, such practices date back to biblical days are rather an old superstition of mankind then the rites of some obscure religion of course there have always been rumours of primordial survivals and the blasphemous worship of monstrous pagan deities; but they reside only in the minds of ignorant savages, non educated peoples. But to answer your question, if you will pardon me-are you very familiar with the new Testament?"

Rhodes confessed negatively, somewhat shame faced.

"There you will find the earliest records of the practices and why it was so employed - it wasn't on church property that such deeds were originally consummated." Then taking up a small and much worn Bible, he began to quote: "1 Kings, 16:34: In his days Hiel the Beth-elite built Jericho, he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first born, and set up in the gates thereof his youngest son Segub". Of course there are other passages in Scripture, such as Joshua 6:26 and Isaiah 57:15 that prove of its early origin, and the fact that it was a superstitious custom rather than a cultist ritual; a sort of talismanic magic to insure the continual fortune of a city, and in more recent,

medieval times to grant special protection to a bridge, a home or even a church. In the northern part of the Continent, and also particularly Sweden, I think you'll find that one time every church there was associated with some living thing so dedicated. 'Kyrkogrim' or 'church ghost' I think they named it. The gentry in those days would take anything that came to hand - dog, sow, goat, child, or criminal-and would wall them under the cornerstone. The ghost of the thing so entombed, they believed, would then wander about the churchyard or steeple at night, haunting those who might profane the place; grave robbing for personal gain, for medical schools, for necromantic ceremonies was very prevalent in those times and by such means they sought to thwart such ghoully outrages. So you can see that no mysterious cult is responsible for the sad affair we found in our own little church."

"and the bones you found in the church cellar, what became of them?"

"We interred the sad remains here in our own cemetery in an unmarked grave, but with proper obsequies."

"What a beastly way to consecrate a place!" Rhodes uttered in a low whisper. There was an untold wealth of agonized meaning in his spoken words; for the import of the entire matter shook him to the core. He was accustomed to instances of brutality, torture, and man's general inhumanity to his fellows among uneducated, uncivilized savages; but here, right in the center of the enlightened races of the world, such survivals were hideous. What a theme his book would have; a monstrous abnormal study of savagery that kept pace along with the advancement of knowledge and understanding amid the supposedly cultured, civilized peoples of the world.

A shower of burning sparks shot up the chimney as the Vicar started a new log on its way to a blazing martyrdom. At that second the deaf and dumb mute came soundless into the room and the Vicar engaged him in a brief conversation, by means of sign language.

"I told my man servant to get us a bottle of some exquisite brandy the mayor gave me this spring", the Vicar explained after the man had left the room. "...you do like mulled brandy, I hope...? In that case, fine. Now what else can I tell you, Mr. Rhodes?"

"I believe I've asked enough; but just one more question. Was - is the church site frequented, or rather occasioned by any unusual disturbances?"

Again there came and passed quickly that odd, secretive expression on the clergyman's face and his glance didn't meet Rhodes squarely but was perceptibly averted. "If you mean haunted," he smiled, "most assuredly no."

The conversation was interrupted at that point by the Vicar's man servant who entered, carrying two steaming, pewter mugs. Rhodes found the lip of his mug too hot at first to drink from and minutely examined the tolled designs that encircled it. Somehow the talk got around to him and he explained to the earnest clergyman the details of his solitary quest for interesting facts, the present length of his book-length manuscript. Then back the conversation turned to the Vicar and his lonely seclusion, yet retaining some vestige of city comforts here in the country. The Vicar discussed his present renovation of the church, which he declared, was not quite underway due to certain materials still needed. At that instant the strange expression that Rhodes

now knew but could not understand again flitted across the Vicar's face

The intense warmth of the room plus the specific effect of the unusually strong brandy laid a soothing veil over his mind, and before Rhodes could catch himself, he started to nod. Quite abruptly he realized his impoliteness and struggled to open his eyes. But something was wrong: for some unknown reason they would not function properly and a strange apprehension chilled him.

But then he realized that the source of illumination, the fire in the grate, had died out (he could still scent the smoky reek of cold embers) so that consequently the room was thrown into solid shadow. That is except for the portion where the moonlight slanted through a tiny section in the casement. The aspects of the window and the window and the rest of the darkened room he seemed to view through a wrong end of a telescope. Everything seemed to have dwindled into the distance.

Outside the window he saw the face of the clergyman, a pale blur in the spectral moonlight; and then he was gone. In a ferment of puzzlement at the distorted vista about him, he sought to arise and question the Vicar, but a drowsy lethargy gripped his body; and when he tried to call out, he found his vocal cords were seized, too, with the mysterious paralysis. That damnable brandy, no doubt; let's see, how much did he have? But a vague suspicion was snowballing in his mind; and the more he recalled of certain matters the worse became his thoughts.

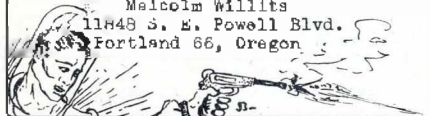
A slight sound intruded upon his reflections and he stared again at the face of the Vicar beyond the window casement, whose features were undergoing a hideous metamorphosis. Gone was the mask of benevolence; in its place were the lines of harshness and melancholia, but even they were altering, resolving into monstrous lines. The man's true character which had been submerged so long was at last dominating his facial expression; and mad fanaticism leered forth. And before the moonlight was shut out and he was left in the narrow darkness where madness proceeded the choking death, Rhodes knew: the Vicar was performing the ancient custom of insuring the untroubled sanctuary of the new church—he was walling Rhodes up in the foundation —.

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For further information;

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QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

Conducted by
Jim Bradley

By Robert E. Briney
Has Donald Wandrei written any other fantasy poems than the twenty sonnets of the Midnight Hours?

Wandrei's only other book of fantasy poems was "Dark Odyssey" (Webb Pub. Co. 1931).

By Robert E. Briney
How many titles are there in Ralph Milne Farley's Myles Cabot series; what are they in order?

"The Radio Beasts", Argosy 1925. "The Radio Planet", Argosy 1926. "The Radio Flyers", Argosy May 11, 1929. "The Radio Gun Runners", Argosy Feb. 22, 1930. "The Radio Menace", Argosy June 7, 1930. "The Radio Pirates", Argosy Aug. 1, 1931. "The Radio War", Argosy July 7, 1932. "The Radio Man Returns", Amazing Stories June 1939.

By Andrew Duane
How many Captain Future novels (by various authors) were there after "Magic Moon" in Fall 1943, what are their titles in order?

One other Captain Future story appeared in Spring 1944 by Brett Stirling; "Days of Creation". It was later revived by Edmond Hamilton in Startling Stories. This was "The Return of Captain Future". After that followed: "Children of the Sun", May 1950. "The City at Worlds End", July 1950. "The Harpers of Titan", Sept. 1950. "Magic Moon" appeared in the Winter 1944 issue of C. F. and not the Fall 1943.

By Andrew Duane
Has John Tain written any other short stories or novelettes than "The Ultimate Catalyst"?

No. Everything else he wrote was book length.

If you have a question that bothers you and needs answering, just send it in to us; and we'll certainly try to answer them. We will print as many as we have room for and the rest we will send to you on a postcard. Send your questions to Jim Bradley, 545 N.E. San Rafael, Portland 12, Oregon.

WHAT'S GOING ON

Conducted by Allen Keeney

You probably know the 8th world Science Fiction Convention is being held in Portland Sept 1 to 4. Being an avid fan, I am of course thinking of nothing else. After babbling about Dianetics, the Norwescon and fandom, all my non fan friends look at me around corners, point and whisper "My what a shame and he was really a nice fellow too."

Have got a hold of several magazines lately, some of them quite good, others; well let's not mention those. The magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction is in my opinion the best buy on the market. They at least stick to fantasy and science fiction - no sexy stories.

I bought a copy of Imagination yesterday. It's one of those mags I'd just as soon not imagine. Goody cover and the type of junk inside that makes me ashamed to admit I read Science Fiction.

Anyone who is in Portland during the convention should drop over to the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry and see the planetarium. It's equipped with a Spitz projector and is the most elaborate Spitz planetarium in the United States.

I understand there is a move afoot to hold the 1951 convention in Lahsa. At least it might be safe from an atom bomb.

Right now I am watching the editors get this magazine together. They have a crudely carved club and they are taking great delight in beating each others (brains) out with it. I'd love to make a movie of what's going on, particularly when they disagree with each other.

- Allen

Note; the above written has nothing to do with your editors.

A REVIEW OF AMAZING STORIES
by Malcolm Willits

We are glad to see that Amazing Stories is going slick. This is not the first change in Amazing's history, as most collectors know. In March of 1927 a new grade of pulp paper was introduced. A change to large size appeared in April 1928, thus the old; "large issues" which are now so rare. The founder, Hugo Gernsback left in June of '29 to establish Wonder Stories, its first competitor. The next major change came with the depression, Oct. '33, which brought forth the present format. It, along with the change of size reached a low in '36-'38 going bi-monthly.

In June of '38 the new editor R. A. Palmer introduced the trend in stories which continued to about '45 and '46.

Many smaller changes have occurred in this so called aristocrat of Science Fiction. However we feel that under the capable editorship of Browne and the slick format, it will undoubtedly regain its place among the leaders.

It is with great hopes that all of the pro mags will soon turn slick - good luck.

IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T ?

Science is built on a set of axioms and postulates; in other words if this is so then that is so. Let us say everything is anything, anything is nothing. Therefore everything is nothing. So is you is or is you ain't? -AL.

9"/7" copies of the cover may be obtained for \$2.50 each.

Ralph Rayburn Phillips
1507 S. W. 12th Ave.
Portland 1, Oregon.

ATTENTION FANS

WHO PLAN TO ATTEND THE NORWESCON.

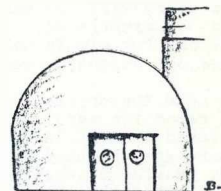
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WARNING

by Andrew Duane

There came into the court of Man
A Wizard, vending magic wares,
Gems there were for many sorceries:
Eyes to anywhere any one might please
To look, for aid in his affairs
A gem was bought by monarch Man!

Man held the crystal high in hand
And gazed its myriad facets through.
Mirrored in its flashing depths of green,
Future ages gleamed with hazy sheen;
And, fearful of what he might view,
Man crushed the crystal in his hand!

The crystal shattered in fine dust
That spilled on to the marbled floor.
Visions with meaning all to well
Thus were fashioned as it fell;
And, haunting him forever more,
Man's future gleamed in the dust!

Illustrated by Jim Bradley



Jim Bradley
JULY 1974