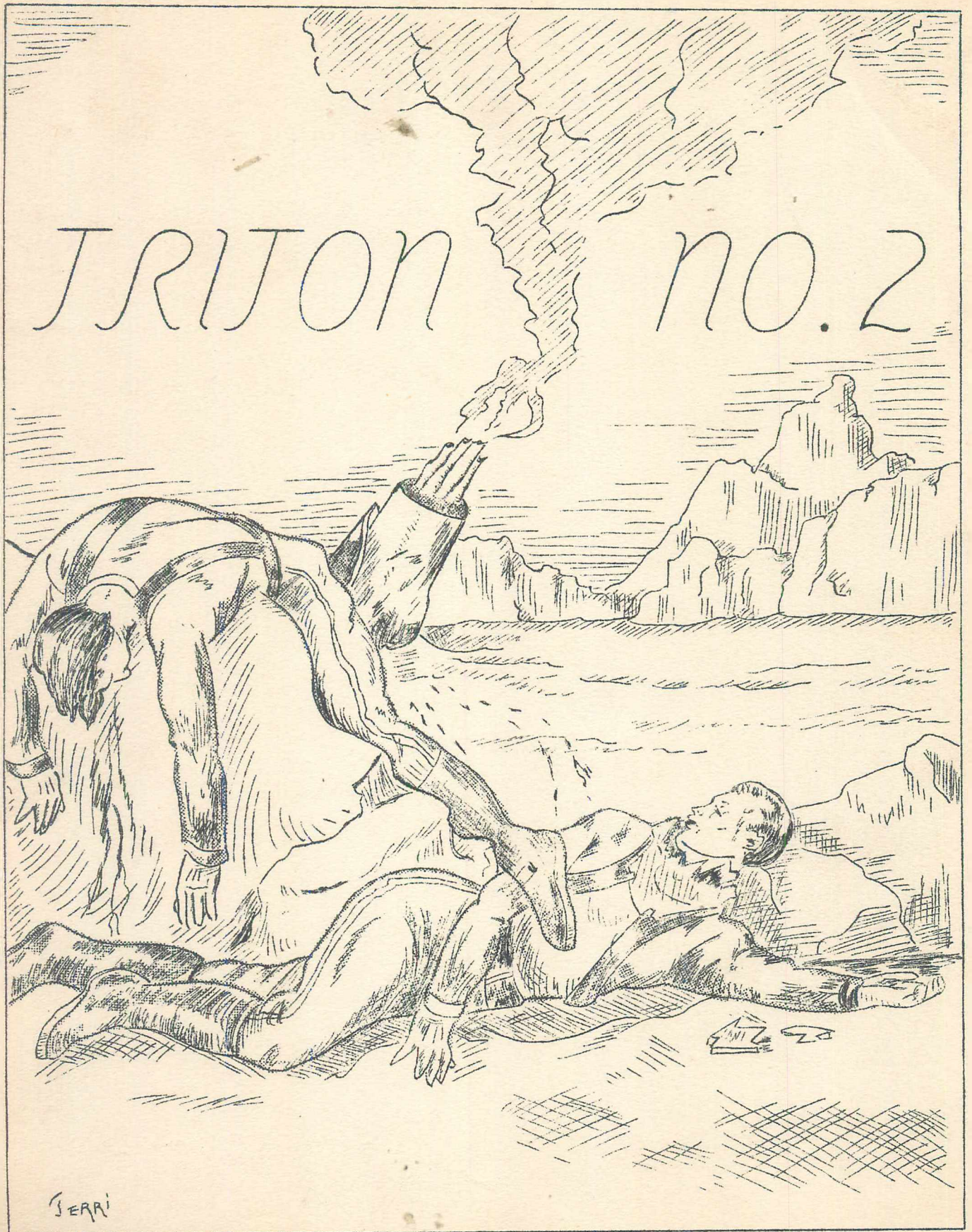


# TRITON no. 2





TRITON (Number Two)

TRITON is a quarterly fanzine, co-edited by:  
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This Issue is Published In  
PORTLAND, MAINE By R. H. Woodman

E M      C E E  
By- Ed M. Cox

The Art Cover Contest missed fire, with not enough entries to date; the rules are: Send us a drawing about the size of the cover of this issue; the winners will be notified and awarded shortly after this December 25th. First prize is \$3.00; Second prize, \$2.00; Third prize, \$1.00. The winner will have his or her sketch published as the cover of our third issue; and the two sub-winners will appear inside the third issue. If you're art minded, come on, mail your submission to EDMUND COX at his address above before Christmas.

We begin a series by Doc David Keller in this issue; they fit in with the modern draft-threat very well, and the Doc says "Many fans will soon be in the army and the case histories may prepare them for the new life." We hope after reading the advertisement prepared by David Keller and going briskly over his four cases, you'll be a better soldier for your country in this desperate era.

"If you introduce them", says the Doc, "by a short caption that I am an authority on such matters it will add to their value. In the last war I served in every capacity from induction of soldiers, head of a school for illiterates, one years service with the Veteran's Bureau on a rating board to determine amount of pensions and nearly one year in a veteran's hospital."

Our reviewer is now Philip Gray; our guest editor is John Van Couvering, and we'll let you find out the rest for yourself. Since our third issue won't be out till January, TRITON wants to wish its readers a very Merry Christmas! And, while we're at it, HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

Our cover this time is by: MISS JERRI BULLOCK, a member of the newly formed Fantasy Artisans Club.

- e. m. c.

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A CITIZEN OF ROME

Through talk of slaves  
A citizen of Rome  
Heard garbled versions  
Of prophets and Salome

Wished mightily for tabloids,  
Unknowingly for news reels,  
Prophets were many  
But not Salome's light heels.

- Mrs. Genevieve K. Stephens

## TREE CLIMBING TAUGHT BY MAIL

Veterans Only--

There is a new and uncrowded profession open to you! Why not get in on it before it is too late? Right now trees are growing all over the world faster than we can find men to climb them.

LEARN IN YOUR OWN HOME!

We are giving you a chance to enter this fascinating profession at reduced rates, as we are making a big drive for new students. By 1955 we expect to have one of our graduates in every tree now growing.

Our course of 50 simple lessons will teach you all the secrets of the world's greatest tree climbers. To all students who enroll within the next 10 days, we will give a uniform, six trees and a supply of bushes for practice work.

REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU.

You can take orders for birds' nests, recover boys' kites and pick fruit. In addition, think of the fun you can have by dropping things on people and also peeking in windows.

YOU CAN DO WHAT THESE MEN  
HAVE DONE!!

A. B. Cedar of Mustardville, W. Va., writes: "After your first lesson I started climbing, and earned \$20 after supper getting pussy willows."

"My wife and I are taking your course, and have enjoyed it so much that we are going to take it all over again as it keeps us out in the air together a lot." --Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Geives, Ohio

TRY THIS TEST FREE:

Hold up 2 fingers of one hand as shown in the omitted illustration. Now look at them with the left eye closed. Open the left eye and close the right. How many fingers do you see each time? The correct answer is TWO.

REMEMBER: YOU ARE ON YOUR HONOR WHILE TAKING THIS TEST!

- David H. Keller

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A T O M I C   A G E

The pessimistic bone cries "Done!"  
Feeling a dead earth circle the sun;  
And even the heart crying "Maybe not"  
Trembles as it passes a graveyard lot.

- Genevieve K. Stephens

The first in a series by: DOC DAVID H. KELLER

CASE HISTORY OF LEON PEDRO, PVT.

1. Receives notice to appear before local Board.
2. Board put him in 4 F. "States he has irrigated beds since age of 6. Calluses, hands, bilateral, severe from picking squash. Not married. Has 12 children. Disqualified because of Enuresis."
3. Squash season over - Reclassified - Enuresis N.D. Calluses will improve in Service. 1-A.
4. June 1-43. Taken to induction center at 10:00 A.M.
5. June 1-43. Taken to Induction Hospital at 2:00 P.M.
6. June 2-43. Examined by 1st Lt. Simon Simpleous - (who, having completed a 6 months internship is commissioned, given a 3 weeks course, and has become a specialist in Neuropsychiatry.)
7. June 2-43. "After 5 minutes examination I find Private Pedro to have Dementia Praecox, Paranoid Type - Reasons:
  - (1) Last night talked in sleep and made peculiar hand movements.
  - (2) He states he has heard strange noises and seen strange sights since induction.
  - (3) Says he is not married but has 12 children.
  - (4) Gives these children names of the 12 apostles.
  - (5) States he has irrigated beds since age of six.
  - (6) Would rather pick squash than die for country. E.P.T.I. No. Line of Duty- Yes. If this soldier is treated by psychoanalysis for 10 years he may improve - If sent home he will recover in one week. Competent-".
8. C.D.D. discharge soldier. "Anxiety Neurosis, severe, competent."
9. June 10-43. Soldier files claim for compensation - States "I have irrigated beds and picked squash since age of six - worse since coming to army."
10. HDQ issues orders that soldier be sent from Bangor, Maine, to his home at Los Vegas, N. M. in care of Medical Officer and three enlisted men (these four live in Los Vegas) to be given into custody of his wife.
11. June 14-43. Rating Board # 1st Area Office, Boston, writes. "Sound and accepted medical principles indicate that correct diagnosis is constitutional psychopathic State, Enuresis - Callus on hands not found at time last examination. Not a compensable defect since existed since age of 6."
12. June 24-43. On advice American Legion Veteran appeals case to Central Office.

13. June 30-43. Decision Central Office:

1. Sound and accepted medical principles cannot be used in psychoneurosis.
2. Diagnosis made by C.D.D. cannot be changed.
3. All doubt should be resolved in favor of Veteran.
4. Red Cross investigation shows that beds irrigated by Veteran were squash beds and not Beauty Rests.
5. Board is ordered to rerate Veteran's claim.

14. July 1944 - Board rerates claim:

(Anxiety Neurosis 100%)  
Competent.  
A Vocational Handicap Exists.

15. July 1944. Decision Vocational Board.

"In view of occupation of squash picking from age of 6 years this Veteran is to be sent to Agricultural College at Los Vegas, N. M. for 4 years."

1 Aug. 1944 - Mrs. Pedro writes husband, "The Priest has blessed our union and we are now married. All our children have been declared feeble minded. The check I receive every month is fine. Our wash is now being done in laundry and I have 3 Mexican women doing the cooking."

1 Aug. 1948. To Chief Veteran's Bureau-

"I want to thank you for sending me four years to college. I have a better job now and am making \$1.00 a week more. Instead of picking squash I am now able to pick watermelons. I thank you for your kindness to a Veteran.  
- Leon Pedro, Bazooka Post, A.L."

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THE NIGHT MOST SILENT

The night was warm and silent;  
The stars filled the heaven above,  
And the moon was a great flame  
That burned in softness above the earth.

The sea was calm to its depths;  
The sands were still with sparkle,  
And the trees beside the road  
Stood tall, swayed gently with the wind.

The sky was an endless ceiling of blue.  
The clouds were like feathers floating through space,  
And the night passed on; passed on  
Like the slowness of sleep...

- Miss Geraldine Alex

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Geraldine Alex writes, "Perhaps you'd like to know a little about me: I am 20 years old; single; hazle eyes; brown hair; 5 feet 3 inches; weight 122 lbs. I love classical music; art; long conversations about how the world began; about the supernatural; the natural; I love the theatre; shows, stage, and so on. Just a bum, that's me". (A very sweet bum--editors.)



Our Guest Editorial...

CAN WE EVOLVE ?

By:

- John Van Couvering

The Science pubs, slicks, and others, media of periodical literature have been filled with fanciful accounts of huge-headed super-geniuses, supposed end-products of the long evolutionary sprint of Homo, sapiens and all. Stif has carried this trend to extremes. Yet it may be that even the mildest of predictions will be unfulfilled as the human race stumbles on into the dim, bloodshot centuries.

Evolution is aptly explained as the "survival of the fittest", which is the most self-explanatory explanation possible. The constant competition for food, mate and all leaves only the best-fitted to perpetuate and improve the species. BUT HOW CAN WE EVOLVE IF WE CONTINUALLY STRIVE TO ELIMINATE THIS BASIC COMPETITION: We actually encourage misfits--actual born misfits, regressions, subnormal types--to perpetuate themselves, dragging down the standards of the entire race.

I do not speak of one race, or any mixture of races--I merely say that the human race, as we know it now, is the END PRODUCT--our much-lauded humanitarianism forbids us to weed out the worst and allow only the superior to reproduce. There is no superior race--superior types are to be found in all races. The Nordic-Caucasian strain owes its present supremacy to the merest chance of location, which was severe enough to weed out the weak without actually starving out the main population. 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.

The tiniest percentage of the world's population is fit to inhabit our brave new world. The rest are intellectual, morons, emotional slaves, and mental children. But they have a strong sense of self-protection, and self-preservation which, in case of a holocaust which reduces the world to savagery and the basic conflict once more, may well produce another civilization superior to ours --but still at a halting as soon as humanitarianism makes its reappearance with the sensitive intellectual.

The individual is, with his short life span and infinitesimal importance, fantastically overbalancing the scales in his favor against the entire race. Hitler had the right idea, but his scope and methods too narrow and sudden. No one man can live long enough to set the clockwork of evolution to going again. It will take something overwhelming as an act of God to push us back to where we can advance. A paradox which seems destined to destroy the dreams of man for a brighter future--or any future at all!

The trend is actually downwards, in some respects. Our complex environment is destroying those who do not have the shell of all encompassing ignorance and disinterest. College graduates, the higher type of human beings, hardly ever have more than two children; while the more uneducated, moronic, and childish the parents, the more children they have who almost exclusively retain their progenitors' characteristics.

Neither you nor I will live to see any change, in all probability--but there's no telling what our inverted Darwinism may lead us into! There is nothing anyone can do--just let Dame Nature follow her course. The old lady's cruel, but she's just and fair. ANY LAST WISHES, SON OF ADAM?

--30--

The editors of TRITON are pleased to present the FIRST appearance of a vivacious poetess, Mrs. Frances Becker of Wisconsin.

#### STRANGE EXILES

The strangers came from out of farthest space  
Where passed the earth in eons long gone by--  
Exiles of an ancient starbourne race  
Now far beyond the reaches of the sky.

Strange beings, they, whose lives are without end  
That live and move among us all unknown,  
Their substance such as we cannot comprehend  
Tis not of muscle, sinew, blood or bone.

Of cloud or mist? No even less than these,  
And yet their presence brings uncanny chills.  
Their passing ripples calm and tranquil seas  
And rustles trees atop the windless hills.

When nights are long and dark-- go out alone  
And there beneath the silent starlit sky  
Listen as they endlessly intone  
Their oddly haunting wordless soundless cry.

You hear not with your ears but with your soul  
And sense the aching loneliness that burns  
Within the hearts of those who seek parole--  
Who live in exile till their star returns.

When time at last has made its circle whole  
And the end and the beginning are as one,  
The lost dark star will once more near Earth roll;  
The strangers lonely exile will be done.

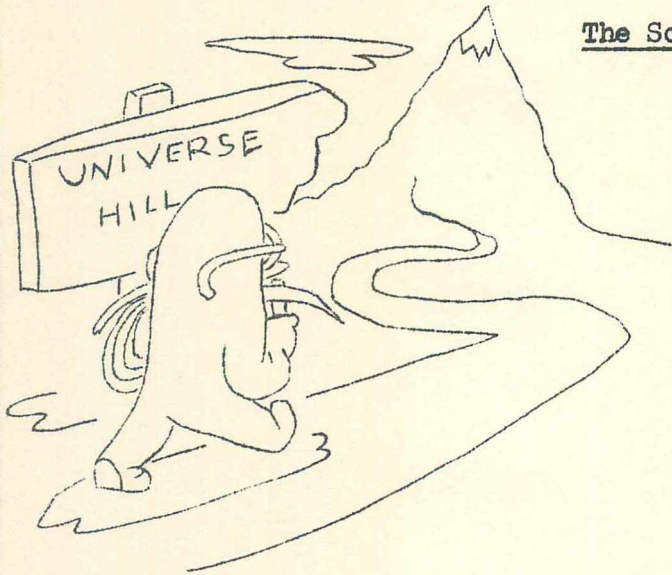
-Mrs. FRANCES BECKER

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# The Globlies

By RAY NELSON

## The Scientist





TRITON presents the second in a series, reaching us by air mail direct from Sydney, Australia--

## A U S T R A L I A N   T R A I L S :   Part II

By: VOL MOLESWORTH, Foreign Correspondent for Triton

The editor's note: Vol's next column will center around and describe the three important conferences in Sydney relating to stf. -woodman

Whenever 2 or 3 fans get together, sooner or later someone is slipping a stencil into a typewriter, and someone else is slapping ink on a duplicator.

Australia is no exception to this general rule of fandom. It has seen 17 fan magazines, of which at least two sat their second anniversary issues.

The boom year in Australian fan publishing was 1941, when no less than 8 fanzines were going through the mails. Today, there is only one, THE SYDNEY FUTURIAN, regular organ of the Futurian Society of Sydney, edited by Graham B. Stone.

Looking back, publishing honors must be given to Eric F. Russell, editor of ULTRA (no relation to the author of Dreadful Sanctuary, however), Bert F. Castellari, main editor of FUTURIAN OBSERVOR, and Colin Roden, main editor of FAN REPORTER.

Excluding hand-printed, typewritten and hectographed efforts, Australia's first fanzine was the one-shot AUSTRALIAN FAN NEWS, produced in May, 1939, by William D. Veney, Bert F. Castellari, and Eric F. Russell. This was a 12 page foolscap journal, featuring fiction and articles, and very clearly duplicated.

Following it came Russell's ULTRA, which appeared October, 1939, and saw approximately bimonthly publication until early in 1942. In all, fourteen issues were produced. ULTRA featured serials, short stories, articles, poetry and cartoons; it averaged about 20 pages per issue, although the second anniversary number contained 48 pages. Rivaling ULTRA in the 'magazine' field of fan publishing were AUSTRA-FANTASY, published in Victoria by Warwick Hockley from June 1940 to Sept. 1941, and ZEUS, published in Sydney by Ronald B. Levy from August, 1940 until late in 1941.

AUSTRA-FANTASY had the benefit of first-class duplicating and stencilwork, while ZEUS occasionally managed a printed cover.

In the 'newspaper' field of fan publishing, the two outstanding publications were Castellari's FUTURIAN OBSERVOR and Colin Roden's FAN REPORTER. Starting on January 15, 1940, OBSERVOR continued publication until early in 1942, seeing in all 57 issues. Generally it consisted of one foolscap sheet, printed on both sides; occasionally it expanded into three such sheets stapled together. FAN REPORTER has the distinction of appearing every week for 34 issues, from August 12, 1941 until March 31, 1942. It consisted of a blue quarto sheet, folded, so that one read a miniature four-page magazine.

Space does not permit full descriptions of the other fanzines. Briefly, however, there were LUNA (Dec. 39 to Feb. 40); COSMOS (Apr. 40 to Jan. 41); MELBOURNE BULLETIN (Oct. 40 to Aug. 41); PROFAN (Apr-June, Sept. 41); and the short lived: HERMES, FUTURE, FAA BULLETIN, SPACEWARD, TELEFAN, and FUTURIAN SPOTLIGHT.

Glancing back through various issues of these fanzines (and recapturing some of the excitement they caused at the time) one notices that excellent series of articles "Rambling in Science Fiction" by William D. Veney; that astonishingly-long and analytical article "Creatures of Imagination" by Charles S. Mustchin, which took three issues to publish; the "Time Travel" series by Eric Russell; the fiction of David R. Evans, including the stories "Reflections", "Gloria", "Dr. Howard Thurston, M. Sc."; and the oblique humor of L. Vague Le Damp (otherwise Bruce M. Sawyer); and the poker-faced humor in the poetry of Colin Roden.

Special mention must be given to the two-part serial by Veney, "Time Immemorial", which appeared in ULTRA; to the story "So Be It" by Hockley (in which a character had to choose between death and immortality), also in ULTRA; to the hilarious round-robin serial "Futurians in a Fix", serialized in ZEUS; and to "Levy Goes Interviewing" in FUTURIAN OBSERVOR.

Majority of the illustrations in the fanzines was done by Ralph A. Smith, Bruce Sawyer, Edward H. Russell and Warwick Hockley, all of whom, within the limitations of stencil reproduction, did fairly well.

Circulation of the magazines averaged fifty copies per issue, of which about half went to the U.S.A. and the U.K. (If any of TRITON'S readers are inspired by this article to obtain an issue or two for their collections, I must remind them, however, that six years have elapsed, and the chances of getting even single issues are small.)

In conclusion, your columnist is forced to admit that he edited 4 of the above-mentioned fanzines, and was a liberal contributor to the others.

Whatever else may be said about the fanzines that have in the past emanated from Australia, there is hope for the future in that considerable experience has been gained.

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#### SEASONAL CHANGES

The sweet hush of Spring,  
The expectant surge of Summer;  
And then the glaring loneliness of Autumn,  
Followed by the gentle death called Winter...  
And we are by ourselves again.

-Russell Harold Woodman

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D O G   G O N E

By: K. Martin Carlson and Walter A. Coslet

Mars knew Tellus had intelligent life. They had tried to communicate with the Tellurians for generations but there had been nothing but failure until the discovery of a controllable subspace warp which would transmit sound through vacuum. Now it was believed Tellurians were aware of the effort, if only from the enormously bright flashes that result when vibrations are forced through subspace. So it was only a matter of continuing the efforts until communication was accomplished.

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Carl Martinson had, for many months, noticed a series of light flashes out from Mars at certain hours and on certain nights. Evidently Mars was trying to signal Tellus. But try as he might, there had been no way to contact Mars through light beam or radio. He had just about given up in despair, when, one night, he noticed his dog, J-9 (J-9 was his name because Kay being a girl's name just wouldn't fit him) woke up and looked around. Carl had moved quickly to the telescope and saw that Mars was busy flashing signals again. J-9 acted strangely for some time and when he finally settled down, Mars had quit sending.

Naturally, Carl had been curious to know what effect the signals were having on J-9. Investigation through the months just past indicated that Mars was really flashing supersonic vibrations through hyperspace, the fourth dimension, or something that could bypass the vacuum between Mars and Tellus. The dog could hear the sound. But what did the light signals mean? Were they just to attract the attention of Tellurians?

By now, Carl had rigged up a head-unit for J-9 with a special amplifier, to which was added a frequency reducer which would convert those Martian signals into audible sounds, and a stimulator which might activate the dog's brain into understanding the signals. These were so connected that there was no interference. He had received a current jumble-mumble -- nothing that could be understood, but by using more current and so stepping up the amplification of the new units, plus some tuner adjustments, he hoped to achieve success.

So, this night, many of his friends and fellow scientists were gathered to wait for the signals to start from Mars. It was almost time...

"Now!" Carl, who was at the telescope, snapped the starting switch on and looked at J-9. Yes, the dog was acting up and all was working O.K. Everyone crowded eagerly around. J-9 began to prance back and forth, and words came, clear and distinct, "Open the door! I want out; hurry!"

The command caught Carl by surprise; but he quickly pulled out the connecting cord and opened the door. J-9 rushed out...

TO THE NEAREST TREE!!

"Another failure" sighed Carl.

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REALM OF ETERNITY

By: Gerry de la Ree

A faint whisp of white vapor silently snaked its way Heavenward from the gaping crevice atop the gracefully rising peak. The deep blue of the sky was often obscured by the haze veil of misty breath that the ancient, but still active, volcano belched forth.

Like tiny ants on the surface of a prehistoric monster, a group of three men and three women laboriously made their respective ways up the rugged incline of the mountain. Picking their way carefully over the once-molten lava, the group slowly neared its goal. With each upward stride the heat became more noticeable.

A backward glance from time to time revealed the magnificent bay, with its azure waters and small, seemingly top ships in the harbor. An early-morning sun was creeping into the Heavens, as the tiny fishing boats slipped quietly from their moorings, guided by the steady hands of their capable skippers.

Like the Gods of the Ancients, the six simple people gazed out across the vast city that lay at their feet. From this distance nothing could have looked more inviting. The golden shafts of sunshine reflected vividly off the myriad panes of glass, sprinkled generously throughout the city like a thousand glittering stars.

From this vantage point, all was serene and peaceful. In the distance the blue of the sea turned to a purple haze as it joined with the canopy of the sky.

One would never guess that beneath the gleaming surface of this modern city lay a heart of hate and corruption -- that the small, insignificant bodies that populated the place were hard and cruel and maddened with hate.

The men of the city were typical of the men of the world. Earth, populated by war-loving creatures, was out to destroy what little natural and man-made beauty still remained on its pitted surface. The flaming face of the sun and the cold visage of the moon daily looked down on the men of Earth, who were pushing aside peaceful progress for the more stimulating game of war; a game at which mankind was becoming most efficient.

Looming high above the city and the sea and the world, the great volcano belched its pleas to a silent Heaven and on its craigy exterior six simple people of the Earth continued their upward journey.

The group finally attained its destination. They looked down into the yawning crevice past clouds of white heat into the bowels of their native planet; the air was torrid, but their faces remained placid, untouched by emotion. A final glance back - back at all they had long endured and despised - and one by one they stepped into the peaceful realm of eternity . . .

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TO ROUSE THE WAVES: Review Section

By: PHILIP GRAY

LIFE EVERLASTING By David H. Keller; Avalon Company; 1948; \$3.75

Were we to strip the last 3 or 4 calendars from the wall, we would find but scant mention of David Keller. And yet, going back some two decades, we see Keller as one of the spotlights illuminating the stage of Amazing Stories. Today, nearly every publishing house devoted to fantasy material contemplates one or more books by this old time and prolific author, while on every hand there seems to be a company to print a Keller book and lapse into oblivion. One wonders why this sudden interest - will it be the Lovecraft mania told over again, or will the passing of several years prove it as just another publisher's race? Time alone can accurately tell; but surely Keller's popularity, announced in no quiet terms by an apparently endless array of friends and followers, and augmented by his own numerous fan magazine articles and stories, has not yet reached a zenith.

But let us call this what it is -- a hypothetical question; and look into LIFE EVERLASTING, keeping the author's background to a minimum since we are primarily interested in the book as such. For with each written word an author draws a portrait of himself, speaks in subtle accents his own past and, certainly, leaves therein clues to any possible posterity.

LIFE EVERLASTING is Keller's third published book; the other published in this country and in any appreciable quantity was THE DEVIL AND THE DOCTOR, which never received the popularity it might have had, due greatly, perhaps, to the fact that it was frowned upon by certain classes of people who felt their precepts injured.

The former, which we are concerned with, is a rather large collection, nearly 400 pages, containing much of the author's best and, unfortunately, doubtful prose. Better for all concerned had the compiler selected, not a representative cross section of Keller's work, but only such material as merited reprinting in book form. I believe it would have furthered Keller's fame if some of the contents of this book had been forgotten and left in whatever publication they first appeared, since second rate work never rebounded to an author's advantage and in this case it will show readers Keller's weak spots - something which they will not be prone to soon forget.

Of the 11 stories included there are 7 that are quite excellent, each having its respective qualities, and these we shall look at first.

The later order of fantasy readers may remember THE BONELESS HORROR from the November 1941 Startling Stories Hall of Fame reprint. Assuredly it justly deserves a place between hard covers. In the same classification, which is a cross between make-believe science and fairy tale, is THE THIRTY AND ONE.

Of HEREDITY it is said that no editor would publish it - not because of poor quality but because it was too much of a horror story. However this may be it bears reading at least once. Keller's often simple style is utilized to effectiveness here, but had the simplicity been greater no climax could have saved it from being relegated to an amateur effort. The reader will not soon forget it.

THE THING IN THE CELLAR has been tagged as one of the best horror stories in the English language, and tagged erroneously so. To the neophyte fantasy reader, perhaps, THE THING would be a horror story, but to the hardened connoisseur the end is foreseen from the start while beneath the leisurely flow of narration runs an undercurrent of expectation and fear. This, I believe, makes it a terror story - and a master one! A study could be made of this one story alone but this is not the place for it. It has seen print seven times; that is how good it is.

The climax of THE PIECE OF LINOLEUM is a masterful stroke; it, together with the not too subtle vein of satire on hen-pecking women, elevates it from the category of one of "those grisly psychological things" to something worth being in a Modern Library anthology of short stories. If it is not literature, from the view of those who profess to know, it is still a classic. Also claiming honors is the gem of fantasy THE FACE IN THE MIRROR, a beautiful example of what can still be done with the William Wilson angle. One wonders why this is the first time it has seen print.

I am faced with the dilemma of calling THE DEAD WOMAN good without caring overly much for it. The reasons derive from the fact that I, personally, do not like stories that use hallucinations caused by insanity as both theme and climax.

NO MORE TOMORROWS has an original plot, but is one of those often encountered Keller yarns that can claim little more than being different. The use of first person is a mistake; undoubtedly such narration will cause some head scratching and the revival of questions which Lovecraftians pounded into the ground.

The short novel LIFE EVERLASTING and UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN are both psychological assumptions of what people would do with a given set of circumstances. The 1st half of the title tale reads well and maintains the interest built in the first chapters but after that it fails miserably and is almost ludicrous in spots. Had more tact been used it might have been a suitable satire on man's fickleness. UNTO US A CHILD had a plot too dated and trite to impress me; more than any other story is a product here of its time.

An inventive genius for unique "gimmicks" is the only good thing I have ever found in the Taine of San Francisco series. The odd title THE CEREBRAL LIBRARY suggest the plot gimmick. Of all detectives of fantasy fiction, Taine is surely the most droll; he is the poor man's version of Sherlock Holmes; or the rich man's Fearless Fosdick.

In a magazine the critical analysis of these 11 stores would have been more or less lenient, according to editorial policy. But we are considering this



book for what it is - an experiment, a feeler testing the reactions of those people who at this time can do the most to spread the author's popularity. The majority of the contents rightly deserve a permanent niche and those who have not hitherto read Keller have an interesting experience ahead of them. Had the last 2 stores mentioned been dropped with the editing - for they are so many wasted pages - or had any of dozens of better ones been substituted there would be very little fault found with this collection.

Sadly, it cannot be undone. We can only hope that other books of his will contain only good material. LIFE EVERLASTING, in an edition of one thousand and with the plates melted, will become a collector's item as Keller becomes more widely known. The binding is sturdy and the cover jacket by Russell Swanson, illustrating an abstract premise in the title story, passes, but just barely. The book contains, besides a bibliography, a photo of the author, and an excellent introduction which nearly becomes an essay, on the author's life and works by one of the editors, Sam Moskowitz. The other editor is William S. Sykora.

--End of Phil Gray's Review--

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HUNTING DEER IN THE (W) AISLES OF WOOLWORTH'S  
By: Bring 'em Back Any Old Way Woody

The word sped like wild fire up and down Congress St., and of course the roving truck driver, Any Old Way Woody, responded to the alarm. The word was that a wild beast, a deer, had crashed into the Woolworth five and dime store. Police, animal men, deputy sheriffs, firemen and Woody ran to the scene at once. The posse, armed with a sardine fork, fathoms of cable, sawed off shot guns, pistols and whatnot approached the beast warily. Mr. Deer leapt over a counter loaded with table lamps and charged the width of the store. The posse gave tongue and rushed after the beast. Over the lunch bar and into a pyramid of serving glasses crashed the fleeing miscreant. There was no escape here, a cul-de-sac! A flying tackle by a detective brought the critter to rest. Soon, pinned and bound, Mr. Deer was carried from the store by the conquering forces with much fanfare and flashing of news bulbs.

- Harold Nathan Woodman/written for  
TRITON exclusive.

NOTE: H. N. Woodman, father of the publisher of this zine, did actually eye witness the described event which took place in Portland, Maine on July the 7th, 1948 at around 8 in the morning. He was photographed standing close to the deer, and it was published in a Boston paper, and an enlargement of the photo hangs in the Woodman parlor for all visitors to admire.

- Russell Woodman

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The Editor of TRITON

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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.

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TRITON

As Conceived By Miss Jerri Bullock

