

EMNI



Beyond the Editor:

For this issue of BEYOND a great deal of thanks is due to Norman Stanley for publishing it with only the manuscripts I sent him to go by. And some of them were in my awful handwriting! A great deal of thanks is also due to Harriet Hendrix for looking over the original manuscripts and seeing that they were improved.

As your editor is now in the United States Navy that organization comes first---but BEYOND will receive what attention I can give it, and I promise that though the next issue may not have so much art it will improve in quality.

I can't promise an issue every mailing, but I will do my best to produce one for my FAPA friends and those few special friends outside of that organization.

It is my aim to develop BEYOND into something different; to feature creative rather than commentative material and to make it a presentation and discussion of the unusual. How well I succeed as time goes by is up to you to decide, but I'll try to do my best.

Resco E. Wright

----- comments on the material should be sent to Resco -----

""""BEYOND""""

Number One

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----- done on the diabolic duplicator -----

RESCUE THE DEAD

by Rosco E. Wright

The sun sank leisuredly behind the western ridge of mountains, as if reluctant to leave its advantageous view of the daytime activities of man. Morse Marten moved cautiously amid the intricate mechanisms in a uniquely furnished room of a large old house that seemed to be forever lost in profound thought. A note of gladness seemed to lessen the lines of premature age upon Morse's face and brighten his deep brown eyes.

Complying with the demands of a habitual reflex, he ran a hand through his greying hair and reflected that ten years had been a long time to concentrate on one objective, but he willingly conceded that it would have been longer, perhaps forever, had it not been for the slightly eccentric Dr. Saria and his practical, if slightly unorthodox, knowledge of physics.

Morse fastened some wires to a switch board, plugged them into a series of lines that ran to a set of mechanical diaphragms, and smiled with relief.

With that accomplished, Morse turned to the lank, bespectacled, rather homely, but genial Dr. Saria, who was standing nearby, and remarked, "Tonight we are finished." He paused a moment as if pondering the matter, then continued, "With the passing of this great moment of my life for a greater one, I think it time to express my belief that I owe you considerable."

Dr. Saria chuckled warmly, "Not at all, Morse: you and your resources should be thanked, for without them, I could never have indulged in such pleasant research."

Morse interrogated, "You mean that you expect nothing for all that you have done for me in the last seven years?"

"I have been paid."

"And you don't want any more?"

"No, assuredly not, but thanks just the same."

"That is too bad," Morse asserted, "because I've already willed all my property to you at midnight tonight, regardless of my fate."

"But," Dr. Saria interposed, "isn't that a bit irregular and taking a lot for granted?"

"It may be somewhat irregular, as regular things are generally termed, but it is only taking practically established facts for granted."

"Thank you, Morse, but aren't you paying me too much?"

"Not a bit. With me friends come first and I always intend to make the best retribution possible for their services."

"But, Morse, shouldn't your ----?"

"My relatives? No, not them; they are some of the necessary evils of life and to avoid friction with them one avoids them. It is bad enough to have them for kin; to have them for beneficiaries is adding insult to injury."

Dr. Saria returned, "Though I don't altogether agree with your banter, I'm glad to hear it, for it indicates that you must be feeling better than you have been lately."

"I am," Morse said, "To at last realize the dream and only hope I've had for the last ten years means more to me than you could fathom."

Dr. Saria placed an affectionate hand on Morse's shoulder, "I know, old fellow, and I'll do all in my power to see that you achieve your aim."

"Thanks, Doc." Morse extended a hand which Dr. Saria readily grasped, for it was nearing the time when friends must part; when one gets a taste of the true value of friendship and the anticipation of separation spawns an aching void in one's heart.

At length Dr. Saria ventured, "Morse, there are a few matters concerning this whole endeavor which I have yet to disclose."

"Yes?"

"There are a few principles or rules governing the whole affair, which it might do for you to know. First: Remember that the basis for the existence of all things is nothingness set to vibrating, creating the illusion of existence which is set awirl creating the illusion of matter with all its accompanying phenomena. Now for anything to function properly, as the Universe does, it must be balanced by an exact opposite. A mechanical or three-dimensional opposite would really possess the same fundamental values, hence there would be no counterbalancing weight. So, as we found, to balance our universe there is one like it on the opposite tone of the vibratory scale, which possesses reverse time."

Morse, having a vague conception of the whole subject, finished for Dr. Saria with, "In that case I assume that the super-sonic vibration machine in this house alters the vibration of my Time-Raft to coincide with that of the reverse-time universe, then when it drifts with the backward-time current to the appropriate instant, you will alter its vibration to again match that of the normal universe."

Dr. Saria smiled, "That's it, Morse, but remember that once you are back in orthodox time this basic vibration machine will instantly lose contact with you, as it can't very well reach back to the past of a time branch in the future of which it does not exist."

Morse smiled thoughtfully, "I assume that that separates us for good. Are there any more catches?"

"One! The robot controls on your Time-Raft will stop you and halt the entropy suspender in time for you to prevent the tragedy you seek to avert. Then, if for any reason you desire to travel to the future, you may just turn on the entropy suspender, which will cause all things within the Time-Raft to 'exist' at a slower rate, so that time outside will seem to fly by at a terrific rate; the catch is that you can never travel backward in time again unless you construct a station like this one."

"As long as I'm able to save Elizabeth I'll consider my mission successful," assured Morse.

Dr. Saria turned away pretending to check some switch connections, though in reality he was trying to swallow the lump in his throat. At last he turned back to Morse and said, "You may climb into the Time-Raft any time. I'll be ready to get things going in a few minutes."

They shook hands and Morse began, "Doc, I wish I could tell you how much I really appreciate your---."

"Forget it, please. It was no sacrifice on my part." Dr. Saria reached into his pocket and brought out a white metallic object. "Here," he said, "is a bracelet. All I would care to ask of you is for you to wear this for your own good, and unless you understand and think it best, never remove it."

"I'll certainly wear it." assured Morse, wondering what the real reason behing the request was.

Dr. Saria closed the sphere door and with the ominous sound of its closing there still swelled within Morse a feeling of joy at the dawning of the realization of his great ambition. With half-formed thoughts cruising through his mind, he saluted Dr. Saria.

An inaudible, yet evident, roaring burst upon his mind; the normal world vanished and through the transparent sides of the sphere Morse saw a flickering grey nothingness with darker portions around and below him and a cream-colored arc of light stretching across the lead grey heavens above.

With each flickering and wavering of the tonal elements and contours of the greyness, the assurance of success within Morse grew stronger.

Suddenly the grey cosmos vanished to be replaced by the mundane world; the fresh green and blossoming atmosphere of an Oregon spring.

Morse opened the Time-Raft's door and let some of the memory-reviving fragrance flow in.

It was late in the afternoon when Morse, more hopeful than ever, standing beside the Time-Raft, carefully surveyed the old familiar environment: Up the small river valley a ways was the Faust farm and there, on a vacation from college, was Elizabeth, the object of his labors, the one for whom he longed. A glimpse of her, if not a word with her, would mean much, but he denied himself the privilege, for there must be absolutely no flaws in his precarious play against fate. Every move must be executed as previously planned and he must constantly be on the alert for the intervention of foreign elements.

For a moment longer Morse lingered by the Time-Raft and meditated on his past; the past that was the future he hoped would never be.

As he remembered that grim future: Three hours hence, out of the evening sky would thunder a gigantic flaming meteor which would strike the Faust home, nestled so peacefully amid blossoming trees, and leave it a smoldering assemblage of ruin and death. About ten minutes later, or ten years ago to his reckoning, he would drive to visit Elizabeth, but there would be no Elizabeth, just ashes, smoldering ruin, death and sorrow.

Then would vanish his dreams of a literary career to be replaced by a radical, half-practical vision of altering history and retrieving that which had been lost. This dream had evolved into a nebulous conception of a time machine; providence thrust the sympathetic, though slightly eccentric, genius, Dr. Saria, upon the scene and Morse's fantasy had assumed the aspect of reality.

Morse, at that, departed from the vicinity of the Time-Raft, skirted the woods at the base of the ridge and thus began his painstaking following of the details of the carefully formed plan.

Old familiar trails, streams and contours of the land revived fond memories at every turn, and ultimately Morse rounded a large Blackberry bush and came up behing his immediate objective; an old tool shed about four hundred yards across an expansive, rather open part of the orchard from the house. Morse recalled that the old tool shed contained several smudge pots ready for use, a precaution against frost, and some highly-valued plum trees awaiting an early setting out.

Morse, entering the building, found things as he had expected to find them.

Carefully he bolted the door and two of the three windows on the inside, connected two specially prepared time fuses to each of the five smudge pots and lit them.

If the smudge pots began smoking fifteen minutes prior to the catastrophe, Morse reasoned that it would draw Mr. Faust and Elizabeth far enough from the house to insure their safety, or if that failed it would give him ample time to remove them from danger. An unloaded automatic secreted under his arm was a last resort.

Morse scanned the immediate surroundings: Nearby were buckets and an old watering trough full of water, which should keep Elizabeth and her mother near the tool house until the meteor had fallen. At the time of the tragedy there would be a lull in domestic activities at the Faust's, so without much fear from that angle, Morse posted himself in an old hollow stump along the road by the Faust house -- his watch before him in case the smudge pots proved a failure.

The moment arrived; Morse tensed and strained his eyes, beads of perspiration forming on his brow as the palpitating of his heart seemed ominously to chant: "Won't burn! Won't burn! Won't burn!"

Suddenly from the cracks in the building heavy smoke billowed, and Morse leaped to his feet and ran toward the house, shouting, "Fire! Fire! In that building over there!"

Mrs. Faust appeared almost immediately at the kitchen window. Morse pointed and shouted: "Fire! Over there!"

Mrs. Faust comprehended almost instantly and as she turned from the window, Morse heard her call, "Elizabeth, get an ax and get out to the old tool house quick!"

Managing to reach the fire a fraction of a minute ahead of the others, Morse "found" that the door was bolted and when the others arrived, he took the ax from Elizabeth and, while she and her mother threw buckets of water on the building, he began methodically hacking at the fortunately tough door.

The ax swung with apparent rapidity and efficiency, but appearance here was artfully deceitful, for Morse was skillfully wielding the ax to accomplish the least possible work in the most possible time. So intent was Morse on flawlessly playing the life and death drama that the activity about him for the next few minutes hardly registered on his consciousness.

A low hum filled the air and Morse, sighting a speck of light high above in the evening sky, leaned on his ax and turned to the two women to say, "There is no fire here -- just smudge pots. Watch that meteor and you'll see why."

The two had hardly had time to grasp what Morse had said when the intense brilliance of the meteor attracted them and the pseudo-fire was momentarily forgotten.

Mrs. Faust watched the spectacle entranced by its unusualness, Elizabeth with extreme curiosity and Morse with the radiance of ultimate joy on his face.

The roaring of the meteor through the atmosphere became deafening, almost smothering Elizabeth's cry of "The house!", and then with a final demonic roar it struck -- struck the Faust home and exploded with a concussion that nearly upset the three.

A dread silence followed in the wake of the catastrophe, and a streamer of smoke curled up from the ruins which smoldered ominously as if angered at having been denied its victims.

Morse's years told on him as he stood trembling with excitement and emotion, but in a moment there seemed to return to him a fraction of the youth the grim fate of a darker history had so ruthlessly wrested from him.

Mrs. Faust stood stunned, and then, with thankfulness and incredulity combined, she inquired of Morse, "You-----You knew that this would happen and you saved us?"

"Yes -----" Morse decided not to try explaining anything at that time.

"Why did you, a stranger, go to so much trouble for us?"

"Mrs. Faust, do you think anyone would stand by and see good people perish if they could prevent it?"

"If it would inconvenience them, a good many people would." remarked Elizabeth, "But who are you that you know so much? An astronomer? I never heard of such magnificently accurate calculations before."

Morse smiled and replied, "I never made the most essential calculations myself."

"But, never the less, you saved us."

"You are worth it and more than welcome. However, anyone else could be expected to do the same under the same circumstances."

Elizabeth insisted, "But no one else did do it. You saved us and we'll never forget that -- or you."

Morse was warmly thanked. As for questions concerning his identity, he avoided the issue, all the while endeavoring to subdue within him the mounting fear of something he had failed to enter into his calculations.

"Come." Elizabeth invited, "Let's go over to the front gate and wait. Morie will be here in a few minutes and if he doesn't see us around, he is going to be very alarmed."

Morie? Morie!! That was it! He hadn't thought..... Morse swallowed and in a voice that was suddenly stricken toneless said, "I have done my work; I must be on my way."

Elizabeth glanced quickly and puzzledly at him. "Oh, won't you stay and see Morie? I want you to meet him. Besides he's a would be science-fiction writer and would be greatly interested in how you predicted the meteor's course and saved us."

Morse frowned thoughtfully and at length replied, "I will see him."

Mrs. Faust made a last effort to learn the identity of her benefactor with, "Won't you please tell us who you are?"

Morse countered with, "I am glad to be of service to you, yet I merit no extra credit. I only did what could be expected from anyone under the circumstances."

"And you did a marvelous job," Elizabeth added, "but who are you?"

"I'm sorry, Elizabeth, but I'd like to conceal my identity at least until Morie comes."

"O.K., mystery man." Elizabeth returned. "You seem to know who we are and you look familiar, so I'll place you soon anyway."

Morse smiled good naturedly and the two remained at the gate while Mrs. Faust went to put the stock in the barn, for the chores could not wait despite the accident.

During a momentary lull in the conversation after Elizabeth had exclaimed, "Here he comes!" Morse found, carved upon his bracelet, an intriguing inscription which he finished reading by the time a dark blue coupe pulled up and a very excited young man leaped out demanding, "Was anyone hurt?"

"No." replied Elizabeth, "Thanks to this mysterious stranger here who got us out of the house in time."

After a moment's thought the young man stepped forward to remark, "I don't know who you are, but you have done the world a service. May I have the honor of shaking your hand?"

Morse accepted the offered hand and the young fellow inquired, "May I ask who you are?"

Morse replied quietly to the query. "Morie, this is going to be a hard thought to digest but you have shaken hands with what you would be ten years hence had that meteor killed Elizabeth and her mother."

Morie looked puzzled. "I don't get it." he said. "You do look like me and have my voice, but what you claim sounds fantastic. What are you trying?"

The older Morse smiled knowingly and began fumbling with his bracelet. "Don't let that bother you, Morie." he advised. "If I have reasoned correctly, in a few minutes you will know all or you will never know."

The two were looking with perplexity at Morse as he fumbled with the bracelet and explained, "This bracelet was given to me by a friend, one who knowing of my mission and being an accomplice in it, inscribed upon this these words: 'When your mission is finished you may recognize an embarrassing and previously overlooked situation. Removing the bracelet is the easy way out.'"

"You are going to remove it?" asked Elizabeth, some instinct arising within her to create a note of fear and sorrow in her voice.

Morse looked at the two; his interest centered on Elizabeth. His choice seemed a hard and bitter one, but it was the best way. He reasoned that his other self before him was young; he was old. The other self had a bright future; Morse had fulfilled the primary objective of the best ten years of his life. Elizabeth's blue eyes, light hair, freckles and friendly alluring personality were the best in existence and Morse admitted to himself that he desired them, but they deserved something better than a derelict who had slaved away the prime of his life in a nervewracking scientific pursuit.

The conclusion was inescapable.

With a lump in his throat, Morse stated slowly, as if with an effort, "Yes, I will remove it, for it is the logical thing to do. But if there is a particle of it left after what will happen, keep it. Keep it to remember a Morse Marten by, a Morse Marten of another time and world who is glad to have made this one possible for you."

Dear Fapaers,

This effort to entertain owes what correct spelling there is on its pages to Harriet Hendrix, who, unlike me, can spell, and so any spelling errors found herein are utterly inexcusable copying and typing errors on my part.

Your September Mailing, my friends, was quite good in certain respects, fair in others and poor in one respect. The worst feature is the reproduction which, I believe, Milty Rothman correctly attributes to war time stencils. The subject matter was fair - no classics, but just good reading - and the En Garde cover was exceptional as usual.

On Dreams of Yith I will not comment, but rather I would listen, for obvious reasons. I do hope all of you will express your opinion of the same.

As to the subject of Dreams, which was in the process of being masticated and digested by you follows - I'm no critic, but I know what I like in a dream. However, I don't always know how to get it, but in any case "Roving Beyond" should contain some pointers on 'dream control', though I expect that each individual must work out their own method of Dream-Control*, as no two mental processes are, to the best of my knowledge, exactly alike. Though perhaps several are near enuf alike to base their technique on that developed by their pioneering fellow man. All of which brings us to the fact that, perhaps, Arkham House should compile all the FAPA notes on dreams and their control, and print a two-bit book, Dream Control**, which should find a larger audience than some other books.. Then they could make money to print their good books or, if they wanted to violate tradition, they could make a good book out of Dream Control.

As for Slan Shack, it just occurred to me that science-fiction missionaries should be all over the earth, not in one little center. Think how easy it would be for us to be exterminated by some fly spray company's demonstrator! Then, too, every once in a long while you can create a new fan from one of your neighbors, if he is naturally bent that way, is interested and doesn't shoot you first.

However, another answer to that would be to appoint a STF Fan Missionary Society with Don Rogers, "The Jesus of Fandom," as Field Manager, and please, dear people, don't ask "Why?"

The Cosmic Circle Monthly is almost as gloricus an idea as Odd Tales, and I really got a kick out of the STF Fanny and so did a lot of other people when I took it to school. Oh yes, I still have it!

* Note: Dream control is not to be confused with birth control.

** Note: I suggest said book be subtitled: "How to Control your Other Life and How to enjoy yourself and Get Away with Murder every night."

Anent what you did in the September Mailing, I have this to say as I review the various publications:

GUTETO: I'm ignorant of the virtues and faults of Esperanto, but if I can learn how to swear in Esperanto I'd appreciate someone telling me how. Those half-dozen words of Peon Spanish I know are rather boring at times.

FANDOMANIA: I especially liked the cover cartoons.

INSPIRATION: It is my opinion that "dressed up" science-fiction is the best type to share with the new-comer, if the fiction is good. If it is good the most important thing will be the people, their hopes, loves and ideals in a super-scientific setting. Thus the newcomer sees that things in STF are human and the ultra things that are different aren't nearly so apt to grate on his nerves. After all, despite our new trends, changing styles, and births of ultra modern conveniences, we are hard creatures to accept something that is really different.

I doubt if fans are more intelligent than other persons -- it's just that their enthusiasm makes them "think" more and do more. Thus they seem more intelligent -- or less intelligent -- depending on the whim of the spectator's palate.

FAN-DANGO: I quote: "Any prozine which goes out of its way to help fandom deserves not only fan recognition but support from all of us."

As for Sid Dean: I don't know "most fans" well enough to say whether they think about intellectual matters or not. In any event, the little fellow within my heart protests that of the fans I know directly or indirectly: D. B. Thompson, Milty Rothman and even Francis T. Laney can think about intellectual matters and do. To the best of my knowledge I never did any thinking, and if I did you'll have to get evidence from a witness -- I can't prove it. Enough for that -- to accuse anyone of thinking, from the general appearance, is sacrilege, and to say they don't is blasphemy.

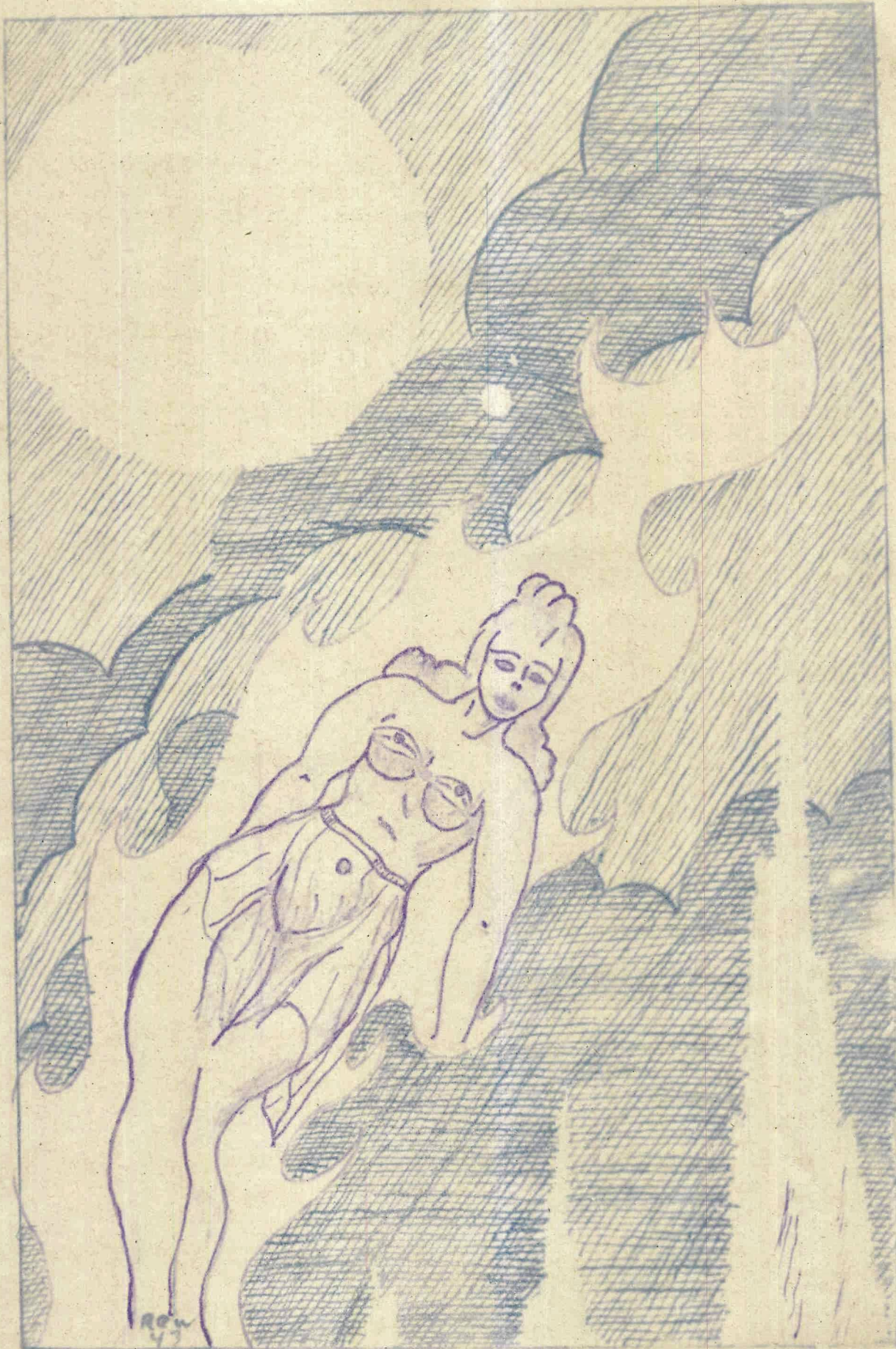
FANTASY AMATEUR: Make it four fans ((five --nfs)) who want to see Spaceways back. I'll draw some "pichers" for you, Harry!

GOLDEN ATOM: Beyond a doubt the best thing in the mailing. But who the heck took my spheres, tentacles, cubes and prisms robot out and put a feminine element in the cover pic? If I remember right I used a flashlight lens on the second dome and a protractor to draw the first (as a balcony!). Anyway, the pic is better than I had it. As for the first poem inside, I quote Hannes Bok: "I did not like your Venus poem in Golden Atom, (I wrote a nasty paraphrase of it which I sent Farsaci) but I do like your art-work."

WALT'S WRAMBLINGS: The abnormal sheep tickled my funny bone a little, and how I did drool over those books I wish I could get!

WUDGY TALES: The picture didn't cover the whole cover, but it did cover the subject. Have a tombstone on me, fellows!

YHOS: Yes, Art, that's a good idea for having the slan shack in the country, as it will be farther from mob and police violence and the



R O V I N G B E Y O N D

There are realms beyond the ken of reason and convention, realms where all things revolve around you, and to these realms each normal man may go, and of these realms and my adventures in such I speak.

In the days of my infancy, or a little past that stage, I, on a ticket, doubtless procured by indigestion, journeyed off to a gross misrepresentation of my more mundane life. For there my companions, of an equally tender age, did play with cumbersome vehicles. These vehicles were grotesque patterns of wagons and pedal cars from the realm of reality.

A highway was in sight and below us a little. The large yellow square house by which we played was situated on a table land above the highway. Suddenly our playing ceased and involuntarily our eyes turned to the road where a strange procession made its way.

Winding along the road was a strange "city": A whole city of closely-spaced little buildings.

They were innocent enough outwardly, but their movement along the highway spoke of nightmare evils within. We turned and fled. Fled toward the house, which was now oddly sustained at a 45 degree angle by some nebulous props and blocks.

We clambered up into the abode, whereupon the mistress of the same did dish out "medicine", of a sweetish taste, from a large bottle which by rights should have contained vanilla extract.

This "medicine" was to put us to sleep so that we need not suffer the horrors of the city on the road, for, verily, in dreamland what you don't know won't hurt you; but for a moment think of the devil and he will come with a horde of horrors.

Darkness came.

After a manner of speaking I thought of the devil and he came.

I was on all fours in the darkness, crawling, crawling against a great force that sought to suck me back into an utterly dark abyss.

Ahead on the porch of some house a public candle flickered, and within the house I sensed, rather than saw, familiar people either not caring about my struggles against the darkness or else thinking that I should work out my own destiny.

I did, but quite unsatisfactorily, for I thought I lay awake in bed and out of the darkness above hung horrors, beside my bed were shadows, and under the bed, pressing up into my back and causing a terrible sensation, was some other gnomish creature. Some unknown being pulled my hair, and as I lay paralyzed with fear the bed with strange vibrations began sliding toward the ultimate horror in the darkness at the foot of the bed.

Several efforts to awake and an equal number of false awakenings finally provoked me to cease my efforts to move, whereupon, by some freak of the unnatural, I imagined myself in a better environment and at last found myself there, or in what could pass for such.

Before me was situated a dog house that reached about to my waist. With a bang the roof opened and a small dog leaped up with a sharp yelp.

I felt a sudden dropping sensation, as if the cosmos had dropped a few feet and I, remaining "up", had suddenly fallen to my proper relation to the universe.

The shock awakened me.

As the years went by those dreams of fear also went their leisurely way to limbo and new dreams came. Dreams of gratification.

The first that I have the pleasure of recalling was the one of the garden of fantasy. It was a vision of sheer beauty and comfort untouched by mundane factors.

A soft greenness and natural symmetry prevailed and was becomingly accompanied by a feeling of complete relaxation and comfort. This feeling, of course, couldn't endure forever because my thoughts would wander and whither they wandered I followed.

After many adventures and journeys through nightmareland, which can best be dealt with at another time, I ended up at a news stand.

There was an Astounding with a neat picture of pink gnomes and hippopotami by a bathtub in a glade. There was a magazine called Valiant with a good Morey cover displaying a tower in the background and a rocket ship streaking through the sky above two uniformed men who were running from something. What, I do not know.

There was another magazine advertising a story called "The One-Dimensional Man" and boasting a man in space suit on a green and yellow cover, the style being a cross between Don Lynch and Hannes Bok. Then, too, there was a weird mag with a Brundage cover which had two lovely feminine profiles one against the other on a deep blue background.

So it went, and those and other dreams have convinced me that what you don't think of in a dream might happen anyway, but if you think of something you don't want to happen the little "dream gods" are certain to see that such soon transpires.

Also, don't try to walk across the continent in your dreams for you're certain to get side-tracked into a nightmare or something which does not interest you. The easy way is to find an object in your immediate environment which bears a resemblance to something in the locality to which you wish to go. Concentrate on that something and the place about you will evolve into a "recognizable" semblance of what you wish to see.

In life all things come to those who slave and strive; in dreams, to those who wish and wait.

----- "Chuang Chcu in dream became a butterfly" -----

The Associated American Artists Company calls Hannes Bok the "discovery of the year". In our opinion he is the "discovery of eternity."

"Rescue the Dead" -- continued from page eight...

As Morse slid the bracelet from his arm the cosmos reeled, flickered and twisted. Pandemonium reigned in his mind and the world was so warped that his consciousness seemed to fly haphazardly between his body, young Morie's and an oblivion. One moment he was his old, tired but strangely elated self; next he was Morie with an arm circled protectingly about Elizabeth, or he was a disembodied consciousness in an eternal oblivion.

At last the confusion terminated and the body of Morse Marten flickered into nothingness. But the young man at Elizabeth's side, now suddenly endowed with ten years of a future life he would never really live, crushed the girl to him as if she had suddenly become infinitely more precious, and the more mature countenance of the young man gazed, with the hopes and dreams of Morse Marten, into the eyes of Elizabeth who seemed to comprehend and approve.

t h e e n d

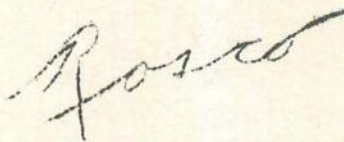
"Dear Fapaers:" -- continued from page ten...

fans aren't quite so apt to get put in strait jackets. Milty's bit was interesting, but then, so is Milty.

I enjoyed the rest of the mailing, too, but lest I become too monotonous (pardon the optimism) I shall not discolor it with my comments.

Good reading to you!

yours,



(-a-gob-of-a-stf-fan-)

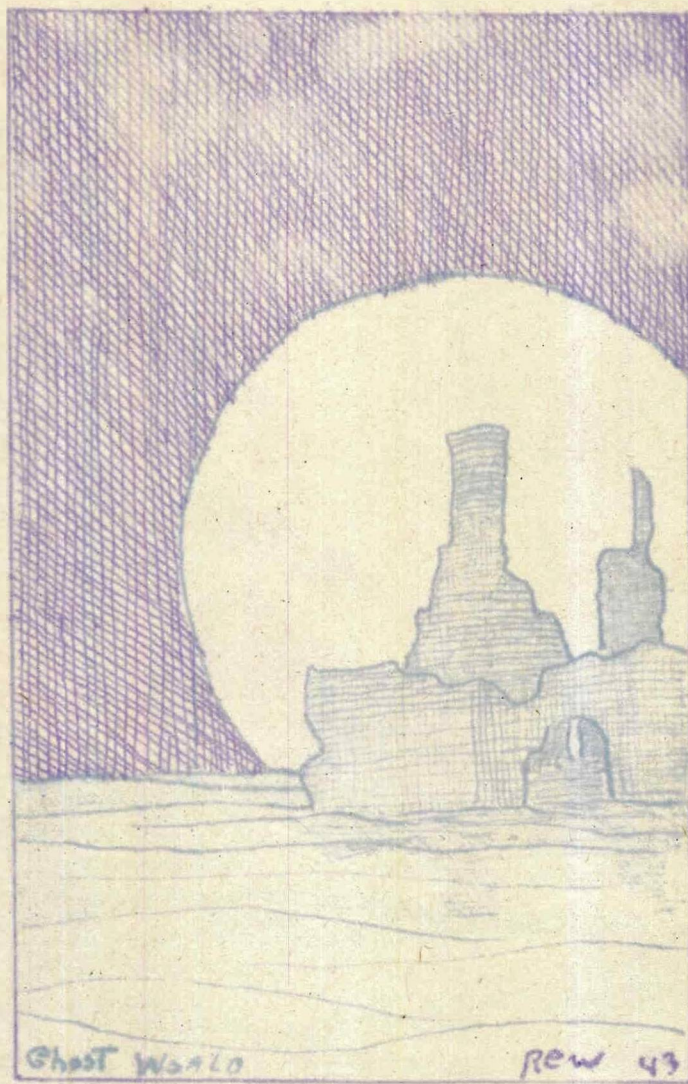
----- shoot the fapa to me, papa -----

L U N A C Y

History Professor: "How do you account for the fact that the first rocket-ship to reach the moon was found years later deep under the surface of the moon?"

Student: "Well, sir, when it landed the moon was in the last quarter (with the horns pointing up). The captain feared the ship would fall off if he landed on the outside of the quarter, so he landed on the upper surface. While they were there the moon came in full and buried them!"

----- "the Tagnati--creatures of the Moon" -----



VISION

