

- B E Y O N D -

F A P A

c o n t e n t s

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--- unless otherwise stated, all interlineations are by Norm ---

WOULD YOU like to see Fandom soar to greater heights than ever? Would you be willing just to do yourself a good turn to accomplish that? Then buy a bond (or two --Norm) and do that and much more!

--- buy bonds and help get Rosco out of the Navy ---

C O W A R D ' S F L I G H T

by Rosco E. Wright

It was all the fault of the eccentric old gypsy hag who sold me two boxes of pills, one for dreams and one for nightmares, and then foolishly admonished me not to take more than one pill at a time.

"And why not take several?" I asked her.

"Because," she replied with a smirk, "you would never awaken from your dreams."

Now I'm obstinate and headstrong; so, on reaching my home, I seated myself in a comfortable chair by the fireplace, downed all twenty of the pills and immediately fell into a deep, dream-choked slumber.

Titanic ruins lay in chaos about me and fearsome, unseen presences seemed to lurk in the deep shadows. A large, bluish moon shone in a strangely starless sky, casting grotesque shadows among the tumbled blocks.

Something detached itself from the darkness and slinkingly moved toward me. It was a scrawny, androgynous, cat-like creature with the caricature of a human face surmounting a large, white, flowing beard. Something in the back of my mind kept telling me that this was all a stupid dream from which I presently should awaken, and, though I should perhaps have been horrified by the nightmarish creature, something about it seemed so alienly familiar that it amused rather than frightened me.

"Good day to you, Felix." I flipantly greeted the unique creature.

"Good night to your weakness!" replied the cat, agilely leaping on to my shoulders. Grotesquely enough, all this seemed perfectly rational and natural to me, though a subtle uneasiness somewhere in the back of my mind strove to arouse me.

"You're an ill-mannered, unorthodox creature," I complained wincing, "and I don't like your claws gouging my shoulder, either!"

The cat began to purr. "They are fully an inch long and must extend deep into the nerves beneath your skin. I presume that you are in pain?"

"Pluck it from your shoulders, weak one." advised a new voice, as, appearing from nowhere, a little gray-bearded gnome with a philosophical expression on his repulsive face came floating toward me seated cross-legged on a small cloud.

"This is a nauseating situation." I observed inanely, and knocked the cat sprawling from my shoulder.

"It is all of that --- but it is entirely your fault!" snapped the cat angrily, as he disentangled himself from his beard.

"Come, let us not, like certain unnamed others, gain nothing by tarrying along the way." pleaded the gnome. "Rather let us continue our course, for approaching us from behind is something this poor, dumb creator of ours would hate to face."

"Creator?" I demanded. "What....." I felt an alien and evil presence behind me, and, breaking off in mid-sentence, tried to run. But it was as though I had turned to stone; my legs absolutely refused to move.

"Let us away." said the feline anomaly, beckoning to me. Suddenly we all began to glide forward with no muscular effort whatever, floating along about six inches above the ground.

"You're a poor dreamer." remarked the cat as we drifted through the tumbled cyclopean blocks of the ruined city.

"How slovenly, yet how magnificent are the idle fancies of the lazy coward." added the gnome.

"And the fool takes to poison like a fish to a baited hook!" put in the cat.

The fantastic pointlessness of the grotesque conversation of these entities had gradually worked my whole being into a frenzy of mingled loathing and terror. Our awesome surroundings in themselves were nerve-wracking enough --- then to cap the climax I discovered that neither of my strange companions were flesh and blood, at least from normal, mundane standards. If I glanced casually at them they seemed all right in their vaguely disquieting way; but if I looked steadily at either of them I noticed a certain fluidity and plasticity that I did not like -- a tendency of their forms to waver through various fleeting changes of shape, as though definitely unearthly bodies were, by an arbitrary edict of will, partially altered to conform somewhat to earthly standards. I could somehow sense that much of their bodies was invisible to me -- vaguely I felt that I saw but one facet of many-dimensional beings; that they stretched on and on, through various unmentionable angles and manifestations, clear to Ultimate Chaos.

I shrieked frenziedly. "Who and what are you?!"

"Strictly speaking, we are animations of your conscience," explained the cat calmly.

"Then leave me; for God's sake, leave me!" I screamed. "This place by itself is bad enough!"

"The greatest struggle one can have is with his conscience." muttered the gnome ominously.

"You want to be rid of us?" asked the cat. "The only way would be for you to deceive yourself into the belief that we don't exist."

"The fool thinks he has no conscience." sniffed the gnome as we left the last ruins behind and started gliding across a desolate plain.

The feline entity then ventured, "Hadn't you better accept our company? The perils ahead are unpleasant, and we are delightful companions."

"Besides," said the gnome, "inasmuch as we are manifestations of your own mind you cannot possibly leave us. So why not enjoy our scintillating presence while you may?"

I sobbed inaudibly.

The region grew more desolately forbidding and rugged as we proceeded, and the unwelcomed invisible presence behind us drew steadily nearer.

"All things must end," remarked the gnome sadly.

"I fear that soon we shall die," sighed the cat.

"I hope that you do," I said, shuddering. "But let us continue. The way before us cannot be much more dismal than the black pit itself."

The gnome philosophized, "How bravely the coward fights on. To escape the bitter truth at the present, he drifts aimlessly toward an ultimately worse fate."

"Cease your infernal reasonings," advised the cat. "Let us, if we must, pass on in peace to limbo."

"Can you not leave me be?" I demanded weakly.

"A lady draws near," cautioned the cat. "Guard your tongue."

"Right, my dear friend," replied the gnome. "Truth is a fair lady and a fearful one, but don't fear to offend her--she knows all, is all, and can withstand all, good or evil. In fact, to her there is not good or evil -- merely being and not being."

"I am sad," lamented the cat, "for soon I must cease to acquire and distribute facts."

"And I," lamented the gnome, "am sad for soon I must cease to ponder and enlarge upon those facts."

Ever the unseen presence drew nearer, and I strove to tell my companions to still their chatter and begone, but terror held me silent.

"But wait!" cried the cat. "Turn about. Face the truth and we will not perish!"

"I'm content," I answered with difficulty, "to allow inertia to carry me on -- you may turn back, but I do not care to."

"All the days of mine appointed time shall I wait in my grave," quoted the gnome in a melancholy manner.

"Let us face it like men," said the cat, and then the gnome revived his spirits with, "For that which we would not face yesterday has grown greater, and, passing us by the way, awaits to spring upon us in the future."

It was then that I saw, far ahead, rushing at us, a beautiful but terrible woman. Fearsome though she was, she was welcome to me, for she at least appeared wholly mundane and human.

Then the momentary relief vanished as complete revelation burst upon me. She was no longer wholly woman; she was no longer even female; she was a million outre shapes in one; she was but a presence, a thought Truth! This being was the all-in-one and the one-in-all. In the back of my mind boomed a thunderous name ---

"Yog Sothoth!"

At last I knew.....

"For all things must end." intoned the cat and the gnome solemnly as they and all else vanished.

There echoed then, upon the eternal nothingness, the exactness of the cat and the philosophizing of the gnome -- but it irked me not, for already a playful wind was tossing my ashes about.

IaIaShubNiggurathgoatofathousandyounggoshIaIaShubNiggurathgoatofathousa

SKEPTICS AT SEA

FUTILE LOVE

Waves green --
Toss on the lee;
Dragons --
Play in the sea;
Meanwhile
Doubters laugh at tales
Spun beneath full sails.

Darkness --
Creeps in with stealth;
Skeptics --
Out for their health;
Tensely
Watch the seas half dark;
Watch sea dragons lark.

-o-

I'm dreaming
Of moon's soft gleaming
Of eyes' bright beaming
In the night
With a light
Shining low for love,
Tender, lasting love.
While my flaming heart
Seeks its counterpart.

I'm striving
With shrewd contriving
Toward arriving
In the night
Of love light
Glowing low for love,
Tender, lasting love.
While I vainly seek
But to touch her cheek.

-o-

dear f a p a e r s.

The method by which BEYOND is created is perhaps a bit unorthodox. For example: On the writing end, the material is written as your editor finds time, and as it is written it is sent to Norman Stanley for placing in the files of BEYOND. When I'm satisfied with the amount and contented with the nature of the accumulation the kind mimeographer begins to organize it in magazine form and, on the side, to set aside material for future issues.

My intentions are to keep the written material in this publication at around fourteen pages. However, the exact size will be somewhat of a mystery until it is all over.

As for art work - there is a slight inconvenience to hinder that element, but time will decide the issue. I'm trying experiment 1 this time. If it fails experiment 2 will be tried --- by the time I figure out a third way the war will be over --- I hope.

At this point I should discuss the last mailing, but since it has been conspicuous around here by its absence, I'll save the comments till later -- if they are to be made at all.

The Navy isn't like home and it cramps my style, but I haven't anything to really kick about. For that matter I'm not much of an authority on Navy life, having been in Boot Camp around a week, on schedule three days and in the hospital since the 29th of November - with pneumonia for a bed partner. It is all more fun than anything else and the nurses make things all the more interesting. All in all I would conclude that the Navy is the ultimate medium for creating wolves and housewives from American men.

January 15, 1944

All of the mailing I've seen so far is Lowndes' "Agenbite of Inwit" so I can't do much commenting, but I do have another load to remove from my torso, anyway.

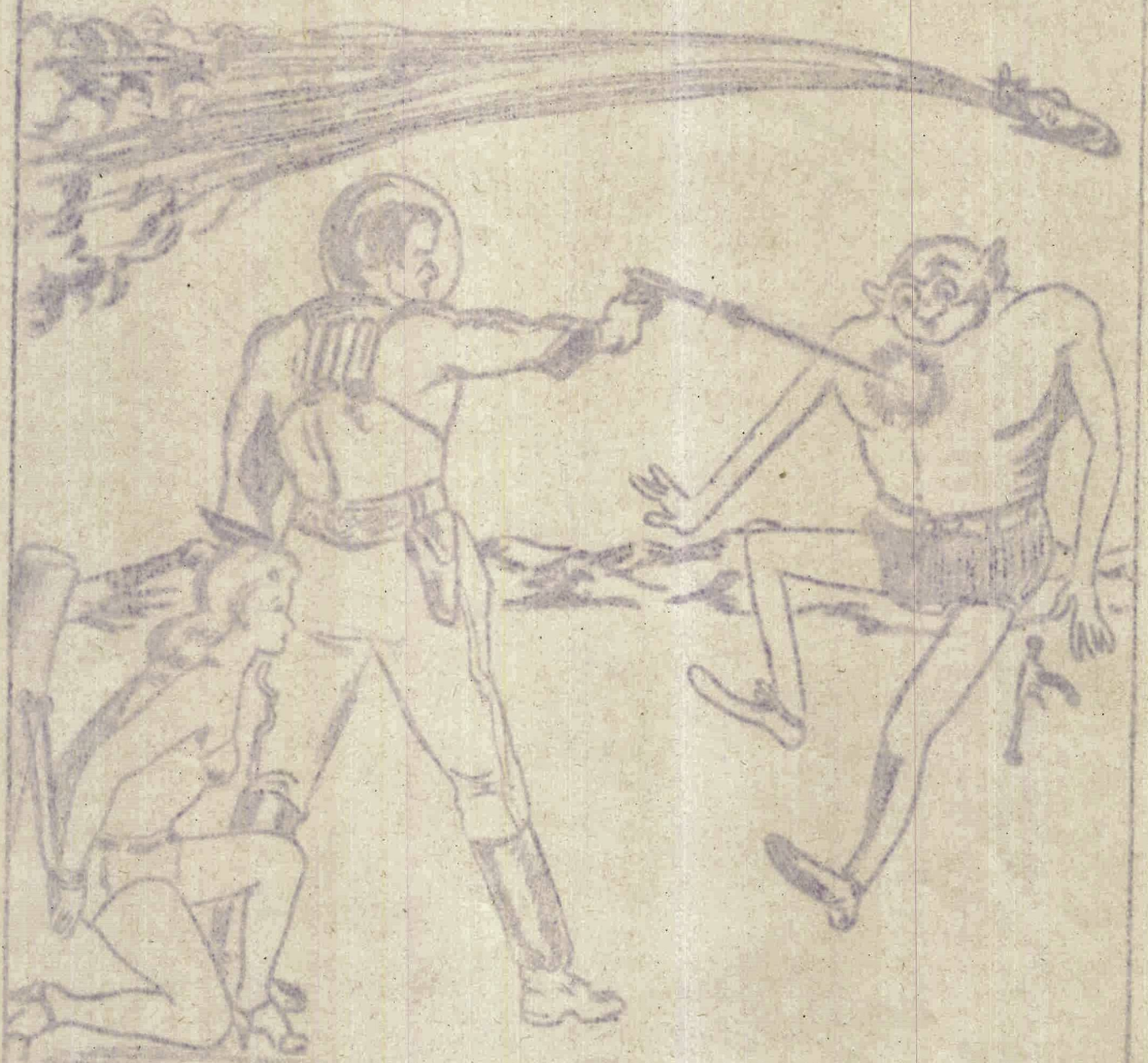
People who lose interest in fandom have interested as well as saddened me, and so I have some ideas to express in regard to those unfortunates.

Let us take John O. Grind, editor of Super-Duper Science Stories, published by Jip publications. Jip has a fairly large chain of fairly successful magazines. John O. loves to be called an editor, but not of SDSS, for Jip publications' moneybag doesn't give him much backing for stories, so Grind must pay one-half cent and down. Re-printing stories from the defunct mags of yesteryear's faltering mill is necessary to fill up the space between advertisements. Despite editorial tears and sweating Super-Duper withers and the striving author does his best for it, but as he must eat he has to write detective tales and westerns most of the time. The editor can't help but be bored and dismayed at what he publishes and nauseated by the mummified or putrefied rejects that come to him as the last resort. No wonder John O. Grind blows his brains out or says to stef -- "I'm through with you!"

(more about John O. Grind on page 9)

SUPER-DUPER

SPACE STORIES



SCANK



THE ROSE AND THE ROBOT

a Martian tale

S O I S L I F E

Birth on the Earth:

And vibrant is the life
Of peace and love and strife
That marks the way of man,
That marks the path he ran.

And throbs the clock:

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

While time is flying by

Without a warning cry.

Age on the stage:

The heart now growing faint
Is pumping pain's dim taint
And dies the man's poor will;
His life has drunk its fill.

And throbs the clock:

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

While time is flying by

Without a warning cry.

Death's frigid breath:

The heartless reaper came
To make his fateful claim.
A hand now lies quite still
No more the soil to till.

And throbs the clock:

Tick-tock! Tick-tock!

While time is flying by

With not a tender cry.

-- Rosco E. Wright

THE ROSE AND THE ROBOT

a Martian fable

[Publisher's Note: One hundred fifty thousand Martian years, it is conservatively estimated, have passed since the once-great culture of Mars slipped permanently into oblivion. Today, while we have learned much of these ancients, thanks to their penchant for recording their rather voluminous literature on imperishable metal and equally to the pertinacity of our martiologists, it must yet be said that there are many puzzling aspects of the Martian civilization and mentality that we do not, and perhaps can never, fully understand. Not the least of these mysteries is the Martian's singular "moral sense" (if the term be appropriate), a trait which is most aptly exemplified in his devotion to, and reliance for guidance upon, the vast complex of Martian philosophy as expressed in the form of the fable, parable or allegory. Of these the so-called "Fables of Amerk", have hitherto received little attention, though they are among the most interesting (to the Tellurian viewpoint) specimens of the genre. While accredited to the individual, Amerk, Philosopher of Mars, these tales are believed to be the work of a number of philosophers representative of nearly every period of the long Martian history. Certainly they have been many times embellished and polished in their manyfold of tellings. It is not surprising that anachronisms can frequently be pointed out in them by the discerning student of the historical development of Martian civilization. With these thoughts we present herewith the first in a series of these fables, selected from a group recently uncovered and translated by that eminent student of extramundane philosophy, Dr. R. E. Wright. --nfs/

-0-

On a gray, endless plain, out of space and time, a rose and a robot were obliged to dwell. and, as the case usually is, mutual confinement bred familiarity, which begat contempt, which spawned antagonism, which ultimately gave birth to competitive opposition.

Boasted the rose to the robot, "What are you but a mass of tin and electric cells, composed in an ungainly fashion to further contaminate the blighted plain. Behold, abominable machine, my delicate petals of saintly white and enticing pink. They are the one spot of beauty in this barren expanse of infinity!"

At this the exasperated robot retorted, "Oh, thou unbecoming compilation of fragility! What is beauty but friction in opposition to practical progress? Can you build a tower, run a mill, pack a load or till the soil? These are the things that keep the universe going and allow your useless beauty to be."

The rose curled its petals into a contemptuous smile. "Aye, alone I cannot do these things, but I can bring forth a smile, draw a tear, foster peace, lighten a deathbed, reveal love and beckon hope. These are things that bolster the soul of man and give him imagination and courage to build such as you."

"It is enough!" snapped the robot. "The time has come for a contest to end this long argument."

"That is fitting," conceded the rose. "But what may we contest on this eternal gray plain?"

To which the robot replied, "There is naught to contest save seeing who can return us to the natural universe."

"So the bargain shall be!" exclaimed the rose. "If I succeed the artistic is superior to the practical; if you win, the opposite shall be true."

So, indeed, it was, and the robot situated itself beside the rose to ponder the baffling problem.

At last the robot leaped to its feet: "I have it! This plain is infinite, therefore it has no beginning. Without a beginning it could never have come to be. Therefore it can't exist!"

"Therefore," paraphrased the rose, "it doesn't exist!"

Immediately the gray plain vanished from sight, but still the rose and the robot hung suspended in midair, above the rolling hills of Mars. For though the robot's logic had banished the plain, its power still held them. Immed-

Below, on the way to market, rode a Martian and his daughter. The daughter beheld the rose and cried, "Father! Father! A rose hangs unsupported in the sky!"

The practical-minded Martian snorted and chided the child. "Hush, little dreamer. That is impossible."

"Yes, impossible," murmured the daughter, who was, after all, dutiful, as befitted a female offspring of tender years, and knew her father to be a man of sound sense.

They rode on and heard not the thud as the robot landed on the ground. The rose floated down beside it, and the robot picked the blossom up, held it in its hand and gloated, "So it takes a mixture of both elements to achieve! Now I have the beauty and am practical; therefore I may accomplish great things!"

Gloating thus over the rose, the robot essayed to rise, but, being somewhat battered from the fall, succeeded only in stumbling and falling on its brain-case, to rise no more.

But the rose took root in the Martian soil and in its lifetime many a passerby smiled upon it.


--- "Knowledge is a shield and a weapon and a peacemaker" --- --Amek--

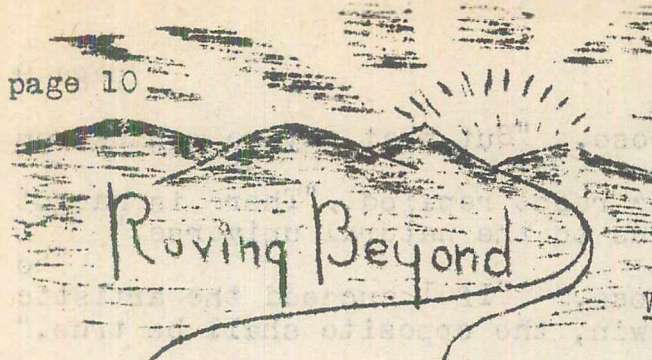
dear fapaers, (continued from page six)

Even Astounding must tire Campbell, or FFM put Miss Gnaedinger to sleep with its continuous artistry. Astonishing was the only 'zine that never became monotonous at times, even with poor issues. Perhaps it was the frailty of the mag. Someday I'll be an editor and really find out, but in the meantime I'll say to all fantasy editors: Variety stays the deadly sting of monotony.

Good reading, shipmates

Rose





Roving Beyond

Part II:What does curiosity avail the dreamer?

Throughout most of my dreams an immense amount of curiosity possessed me and, by virtue of the unorthodoxy of that never never land, my curiosity would likely as not pitch me from the frying pan into the fire. Once upon a time in a dream I found myself walking along a dependable looking highway which ran through a fascinating countryside. Each new sight promised more alluring views beyond the next turn in the road.

Thus, like Goldilocks, I went on and on, admiring beauty and gluttonously rushing on to devour the next stage setting, and all the while a gradual change was going on: The mountains crept stealthily toward the road and the road itself slyly deteriorated beneath my feet.

At last I realized that the road was now only a crude gravelled affair winding up a painfully narrow creek valley into an ominous forest.

With a sense of impending disaster I turned to flee back the way I'd come. A cow trail winked out and a wilder forest frowned at me and drew closer and closer to offer me no escape from the small clearing save a spider-to-the-fly invitation of the dark forest. My power to move was taken from me and the forest swallowed me up -- and then... I quit dreaming.

Another dream that lingers in my memory from the state of semi-infancy is a dream that unequally combined fear with curiosity:

I found myself standing in an old barn and confronted by a strange man whose face so offended my taste that I felt impelled immediately to attend to very distant business. However, as the case usually is in such dreams, I couldn't move, but there occurred to me the following philosophy: "If you don't like my face, look the other way."

It never occurred to me to turn my head, so, instead, I began to grow tall, very tall in fact. I observed that the barn roof never scratched when my head shot through it. Upward and upward I sprouted and when my head passed through the first stratum of clouds I beheld a fascinating new world, not unlike the one below. In any case curiosity and fear of the ugly face combined to propel me on up through cloud world after cloud world.

At last I burst upon the last world; an endless cloud plain sweetly frosted with a layer of beautiful women.

I was too young to be interested, and, besides, just then old ugly face sprouted from the plain.

I hastily reversed my growing process and returned to my own dream world. But ugly face must have gotten stuck on the way down. The poor fellow never appeared again!

(to be concluded)

A TALE OF EDEN

Rosco E Wright

The dark fellow rose, flashed a scintillating smile at the members of the Probability Zero Club, and began his tale:

"Gentlemen, the account of Adam and Eve and the fruit of knowledge of good and evil is old to you. Nevertheless I do not believe you have heard of the effort that was made to change the incident that fostered the tale.

"In any event I once had a friend who was somewhat of a scientist and who invented an entropy-reversing machine. As a method of celebrating this accomplishment he immediately proceeded to reach a glorious state of alcoholic inebriation.

"It was in this mellow state that my companion proposed to reverse the entropy of the earth (much like rewinding a motion picture film at high speed) until everything had evolved back to the Garden of Eden, at which point my beloved acquaintance anticipated our preventing Eve from plucking the forbidden fruit.

"Well, there was no hitch in the accomplishment of the mission to the point of returning the earth to the pristine state of Paradise, and once there we both set out to find the mother of all men.

"But by strange coincidence it so happened that the Serpent chose to appear upon the scene just as we sighted our prey. Evidently the Serpent was wise to our racket for he immediately sank his fangs into my friend, who then proceeded to imitate a rose that had just remembered it was left over from the summer before last.

"Of course that foiled the effort to keep the earth free from sin."

The dark man took his seat and after the polite applause ended an exacting member of the club demanded, "How about you? You were there. Why didn't you keep Eve from eating the apple?"

The narrator smiled, like the cat that had devoured the canary, and replied, "Why should I defeat my own purpose? I was the Serpent."

Whether the dark man spoke truth or whether he lied blasphemously remains to this day the perennial subject of discussion at the Club. For when the thunderclap had ceased ringing in their ears and the brimstone fumes had cleared away it was evident to all that their guest was no longer with them. There remained only the two hoof-marks, seared indelibly into the high-piled nap of the Persian carpet. You may see them there today.

Ruorehtafohwtraninevaehdewollahabyhtemanyhtmodgnikemocyhtlliwelenodniht

