



BEYOND

a magazine of creative fantasy

Rosco E. Wright, Editor

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FAPA

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BEYOND, the semiannual quarterly of fantasy, is the product of Rosco Edward Wright, HA 1/c, who lays claim to having written or drawn all items not otherwise accredited in this issue. He also pays the bills, which is something of a feat, too. The caitiff who's to be blamed for the irregularity with which this magazine appears is still Norman F. Stanley, 43A Broad Street, Rockland, Maine. It is he who struggles with the myriad details of stenciling, mimeoing and mailing. Beyond is distributed to members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and to divers others. Rosco is at present on the high seas on his way back to Japan for a few months more occupation duty. Anyone wishing his overseas address may have it, as soon as it's known, by asking Stanley for it. The seventh issue of Beyond should be out in July. This year, too!

Hey, Rosco, bet you forgot this is Beyond's second anniversary issue!

The DEVIL'S

Wife

"I'll wager my heart and soul that I could wed and tame the Devil's wife!" This extravagant statement came from none other than Sam J. Smith - the Sam J. Smith and number one ego of Kerryville.

At the boast a handful of chuckles rippled around McGinty's bar room and McGinty himself suggested, with devastating wit, "I bet you'd have a devil of a time doing it."

Sam grinned. "I'll say that neither Heaven nor earth, nor the other place, could produce a woman I couldn't handle."

"Stow that!" came a caution from "Little Dan" Danderson, who had a queer way of becoming very serious whenever the conversation turned to the supernatural. But it was customary to ignore Little Dan.

There followed a babbling conflict in which the men aired their views as to whether or not the Devil's wife could be handled with mortal hands, or whether asbestos gloves were needed, or if the Devil had a wife, or if there were a Devil.

Then a strange voice quieted the throng.

Every eye turned to a tall, grey stranger, clad in more dignity than rightly matched the humble air of McGinty's Bar. "Let's not argue, men," advised the stranger. "Mr. Smith here thinks he can tame the Devil's wife. Now whether or not there is such a woman is beside the point. But just for fun, suppose we put it in writing."

"Like what?" mumbled an expert whiskey connoisseur.

"Like this!" put in McGinty, fearing that the stranger had a less profitable idea. "Suppose we say if Sam weds and tames the Devil's wife, he will have won the customers a drink on the house, but if he comes out on the losing end of wedlock, he treats the house himself."

"Capital!" exclaimed the stranger. "My idea exactly! Look, here I already have the crazy thing written. Read it to make sure there's nothing to it, then sign it and put it on the wall for a souvenir."

"Don't do it!" said Little Dan. "Something sounds a bit wrong." But no one heard the plea.

Sam chuckled, "This is more fun than I had the first time I sneaked out of Sunday school!"

The blasphemous document was signed, witnessed, and tacked on the rear wall, much to the dismay of Little Dan.

For several days peace and quiet reigned at McGinty's establishment, and then, one evening, in blew a feminine whirlwind. Her name was Lillith -- Lillith Lawlor, her occupation unknown, but rumored (Kerryville being a very small town) to be "gold digging". She had hair of a silky blonde, eyes of demon green, a voluptuously curvilinear figure, and in general had the sort of beauty that would lure a dilapidated, life-weary saint from before the Pearly Gates to the other extremity.

This creature fascinated and nonplussed all, save for Sam J., who, to the open envy of all the other men, established an early drinking friendship with Lillith, a friendship that made folks wonder who was going after whom.

One day Little Dan buttonholed Sam to caution him about Lillith's being after the throat of one S. J. Smith, but Samuel J. laughed and said, "She may be after it now, Danny Boy, but by the time I'm through she'll be hanging around it like a collar that's lost its shirt!"

At that Little Dan turned to his whiskey without a word.

With Sam and Lillith life travelled fast, faster than the little town of Kerryville



could follow, for in rapid succession friendship begot love, love nurtured courtship, which in turn demanded that a certain knot be tied; and so a wedding day was chosen. To the ceremony came those who paid the preacher, those who paid McGinty and those who paid both, openly to envy Sam, admire Lilith and pay no attention to Little Dan, who also came. Everyone had his say, as everyone will, but principally Mrs. Smith, who tried to be original and said, "My darling daughter," exactly as mothers-in-law have said it many times before. McGinty opined, "It looks as if Sam's got some good stuff there." Little Betty Brown drew on her twelve years' experience with life to comment, "Isn't she pretty?" and Little Dan Danderson conceded, "She's a demon fair."

There came an evening when Sam sat contentedly smoking his pipe before the fireplace and mentally patting himself on the back for having such a fine home and lovely wife, both practically dropped into his lap by the warp and woof of circumstance. Perhaps in a few days he'd march victoriously into McGinty's Bar and see to it that everyone got a drink on the house. Of course Lilith wasn't exactly the Devil's wife, but Little Dan would probably swear she was, and everyone else must admit she was beautiful and dangerous enough to make a good one.

Decisive footsteps interrupted the day-dreamer. He looked up. There stood Lilith in a black velvet gown. Sam had never seen her look quite so seductive before. He commented, "Lil, you look more dangerously beautiful than ever. Where'd you get it?"

Lilith smiled faintly. "Thanks. I've had it for quite some time."

"Very lovely..." mused Sam.

"Yes, but enough of that." interrupted Lilith. "You have a job to do."

Sam chuckled and laid down his pipe. "Very well, my dear. What little chore do you have in mind?"

There was a note of taunting in the reply, "It is no small chore, Sam. It will take the rest of your life!"

Sam laughed. "That's crazy. My father left me enough money. I won't ever need to work. I'll just hire some more help and take care of that, young lady."

Lilith's smile showed mockery. "The servants can't do what you must do."

"Look, woman!" Sam was exasperated. "Suppose you quit stalling and tell me what you want. If I don't like it I'll soon let you know!"

"Perhaps this will explain." Lilith whipped a mirror from behind her back. "Look at yourself!"

Sam looked, then looked closer, turning the glass this way and that as though to catch sight of some elusive detail of his reflection. Abruptly he flung the mirror down and gasped, "Oh, God!", and burst into mirthless laughter.

Two nights later Sam walked into McGinty's and McGinty ventured, "It looks as if married life has been a bit rough on you, Sam. But then

it always is at first. What'll you have?"

Sam threw some money on the bar. "A treat for everyone. It's on me."

"In the 'dog house'?" asked McGinty in careful tones, then to the customers, "Okay, boys, come and get it. Sam's setting them up."

"Well! Well! Thanks, Sam!" "Old woman on your shirt tail? I'll tell you, you'll have to handle her." Sam ignored the queries, sympathy and advice.

"What happened, Sam?" asked McGinty diplomatically, after the crowd had quitted the bar.

"Mac, it's like this:" Sam explained unhappily. "It's plain to see that the husband of the Devil's wife would be the Devil himself. Which is all right, except that the Devil's wife is really the one with the deviltry, but it's her husband who's got to do all the dirty work, which would be all right, too, except that she keeps marrying mortal men and when they get old, why she just finds another young man to marry. And that wouldn't worry me much either, except that I married the Devil's wife. Now I don't cast a shadow any more and don't have any reflection in a mirror - and I have to do lots of things that aren't very nice."

McGinty chuckled. "Sam, you're about the best liar around here."

"Yes," agreed Sam soberly, "I'm the Prince of Liars!"

Then Little Dan broke his silence with, "Look behind you, McGinty. Look! He doesn't reflect in your mirror, either!"

McGinty looked, swore with something like religious fervor and exclaimed, "Dan! You're right! He doesn't!" And at that he spun about again quickly to see Sam disappear out the door. "Why confound you, Little Dan; you and Sam pulling tricks on me like that. For a minute I thought he didn't reflect--it gosh darned near gave me a heart attack!"

"I meant it, Mac," insisted Little Dan. "He didn't reflect!"

McGinty eyed Dan thoughtfully. "That's okay, Danny. Maybe he didn't. And maybe you'd better not drink any more tonight, either."

Little Dan knew it was that last "maybe" that carried the weight with McGinty, so he quietly withdrew to his favorite table in the rear. There he sat, pondering the situation. Something was wrong. He wanted to remedy it, but first he had to diagnose the case, sort of. It was a lonely mile's walk to the Smith mansion, just outside Kerryville, and Little Dan didn't like to travel that winding, wooded road at night, but there was the key to the mystery.

Trembling with fear, but stoutly denying that fear, Little Dan set out for the Smiths' home.

The house looked grim in the moonlight, but there was a light downstairs in one room. Bravely, Little Dan rang the bell.

Quick footsteps approached. The door slowly opened. Little Dan

jumped back, startled. For there in satanic beauty stood the black clad Lilith.

She smiled. "Come in, Little Dan. What brings you here at this hour?"

"Some unpleasant business, Ma'am."

Lilith arched a brow. "Oh, I'm sorry. But come in where it's warm and we'll talk."

In the luxurious parlor, Dan uncomfortably took a seat with, "Thank you, Ma'am. I won't be long."

"Take all the time you want. What's on your mind?" Lilith's expression suggested that she already knew, but boldly Little Dan began: "It's like this, Ma'am. Sam was a bragging fellow and he had his faults, but he was one of us and, well, we, or at least I, still feel kindly towards him."

Lilith interrupted, "And you think he's being taken from you?"

"No, Ma'am. If it were just like that it might be for the best, but, Ma'am, it's more like someone has done something to Sam so he isn't quite human any more."

"What do you mean?" demanded Lilith, her voice noticeably sharp.

Little Dan fumbled with his battered brown hat. "Well, Ma'am, it may have been the liquor, or my eyes, but I doubt it. Tonight, Sam came into McGinty's Bar -- he came in without his shadow, and he didn't reflect in the mirror!"

Lilith was silent for a moment. At last she spoke. "Little Dan, you drink too much and you think too much about that piece of paper tacked on McGinty's wall."

"But still, Ma'am," persisted Little Dan, "if you'll excuse me for saying so, you don't have a shadow, either."

"Little Dan," Lilith's voice again became slightly sharpened, "maybe you'd better go home to bed and stay away from McGinty's. And maybe tomorrow you can figure out a way to give me a shadow."

Little Dan trudged back to McGinty's, but on the way he made one other call.

Preacher Cartwright peered at him curiously as Dan stood in the little study of the parsonage. "Mister Cartwright," asked Little Dan, could I ask you a question?"

"Why, sure, Little Dan. What is it?"

"You're a preacher an' know about the supernatural. Now say, supposin' someone was sort of sold to the Devil and become a sort of devil themselves, would there be any way a guy like me could free him?"

"Well, now, let me think." Cartwright removed his glasses, polished them and perched them back on his nose. "Oh, I see -- yes. Well, Dan, there are old accounts of destroying evil contracts with ceremony."

"What are the ceremonies?"

"Oh, I don't remember." admitted Cartwright. "But I reckon it's mostly in how a person is inside when they do it. Ceremony doesn't mean much, anyway. But look, Dan, why don't you go home and go to bed?"

"I'll go to bed pretty soon, I reckon." mumbled Little Dan as he made his departure.

Back at McGinty's the crowd was still there as Dan entered unobtrusively and retired to the rear of the room, there to contemplate the evil document tacked high on the wall. He mused, "I wonder what would happen if I destroyed it?"

Reaching a decision, Little Dan secured a pair of pliers and a step ladder from the back room.

He mounted the ladder and pulled the first tack. Nothing happened. The second tack came out. The ladder trembled. Voices began to shout: "Little Dan, what are you doing?" "Hey, come down!" "He's taking it down." "Damn you, Little Dan! I own this place!"

Little Dan pulled the third and reached for the last tack. Then, suddenly, the image of Lilith was before him. She gently shoved him backward.

Little Dan grabbed at the document, clutched it, then over and down he went, to land with a sickening thud. The room dipped and swayed and the lights kept dimming. With an effort he reached in his pocket, removed a match, struck it and held it to the paper. A flicker of flame ran along it, but somehow it seemed reluctant to burn. Dan rolled on his face, raised a little and held the smoldering document under his breast.

"Stop him! He's trying to set us on fire!"

Hands and feet tugged and prodded him mercilessly, acrid smoke choked him and he suddenly realized that the flesh of his hands was searing. But he kept the paper burning, till it was but black cinders. Then he was aware of an intense silence.

A gentle hand rolled him over and he looked into the face of Lilith. He smiled as the shadow of her hand fell across his face. "You have a shadow -- you look -- more -- like an angel now!" Then he closed his eyes and never stirred again.

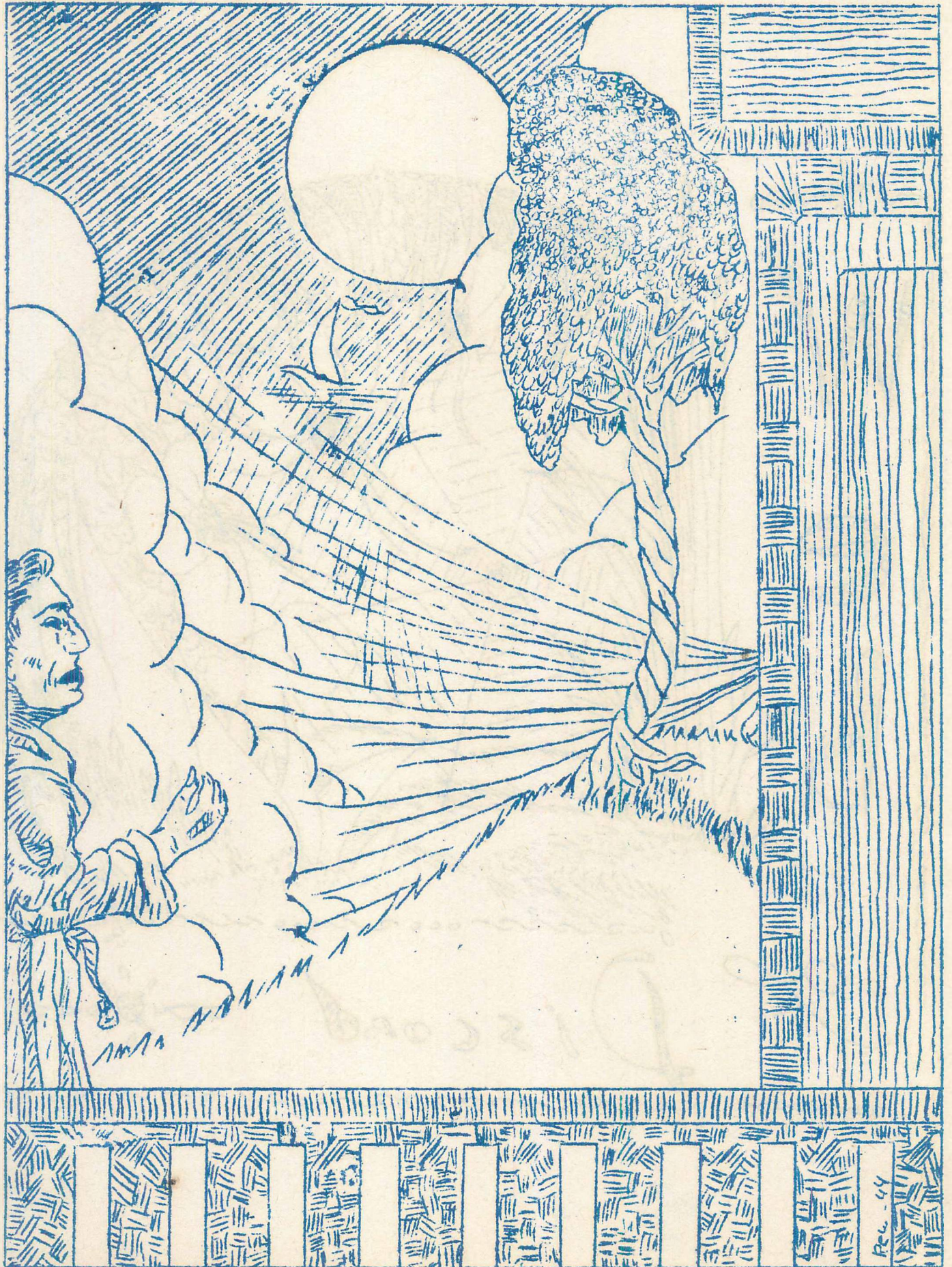
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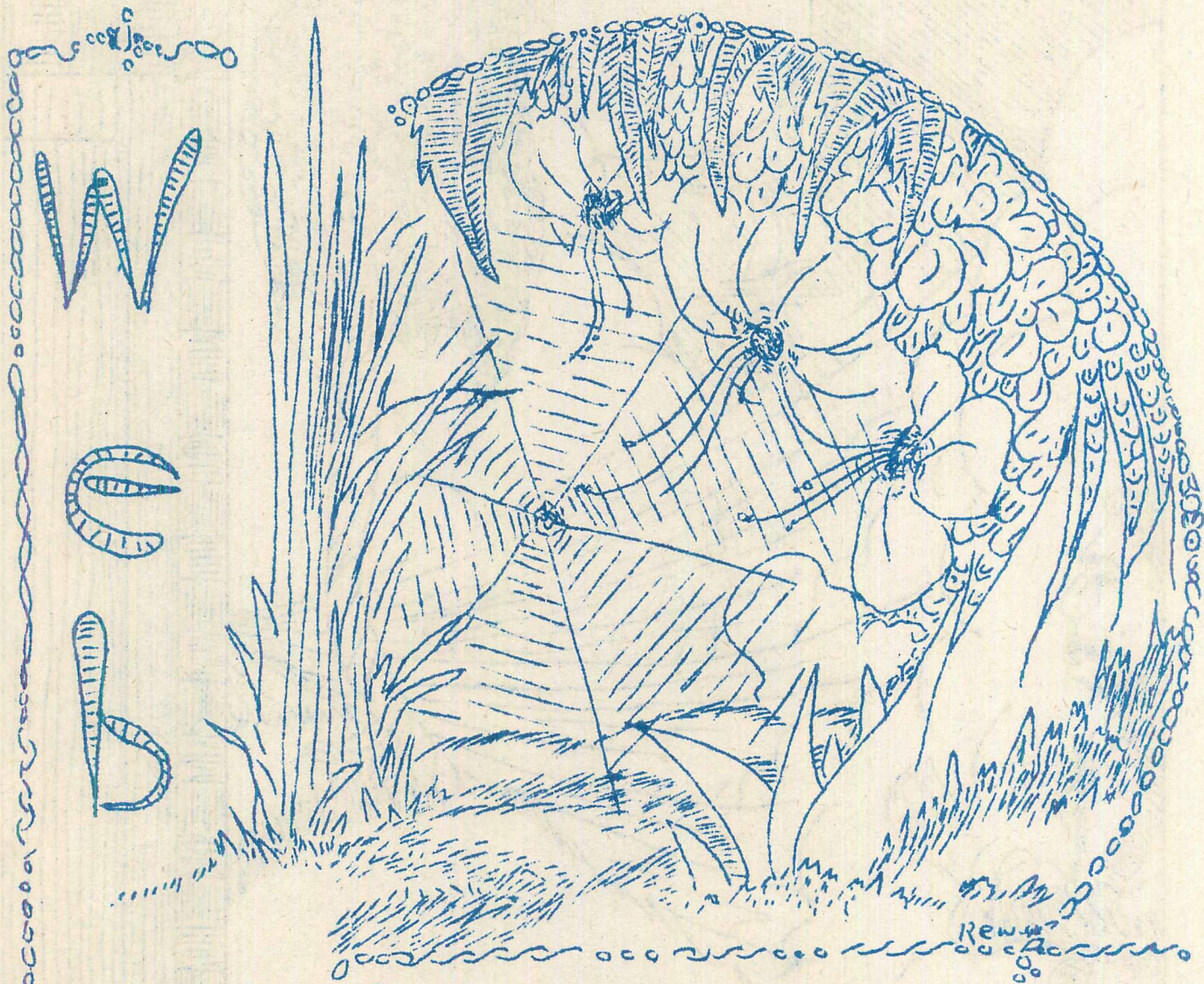


WHISPER, WIND

Whisper, Wind!
Whisper in the night;
Whisper in moon light.
Whisper tales
of dark sails
Over olden ocean lanes
Where the death tide ceaseless strains,
Where the silent creatures sleep
Forever locked in briny keep.
Whisper, Wind!
Whisper with night wings;
Whisper of strange things.
Whisper low
things you know
Of romance beyond this earth,
Of a demon's frightful mirth...
Whisper, while the moon is stark;
Whisper softly: I will hark!







W
E
B
Discord



W E B O F D I S C O R D

another fable from the Book of Amerk

"Archeological investigation of the red planet has thus far produced no evidence of a Martian race preceding that of the humanoid Martians. Yet the references to an arachnoid species abound in the literature of Mars to such a degree that it is difficult to categorize them all as mere romancings." -- d'Herelle, Martiographie.

-oOo-

Long ages ago, in the early days of Mars, there dwelt in the forest of Kadar a race of giant grey spiders.

One day Ziss, eldest of his clan, assembled his fellows and spoke unto them thusly: "A strange thing has come to pass: Daily the Za Rada bird flies in the forest of Kadar, near our valley.

The clan hissed in wonderment and sat back on their haunches as their leader spoke of the wonders of the strange bird. "If we capture it," cried Ziss, "we shall become rulers of all the world. For whoever possesses the Za Rada will obtain infinite wisdom from its eyes and great power from its wings."

The crowd hissed with glee.

Ziss called for silence. "My children, the news may sound good, but it will take more than enthusiasm to capture the Za Rada."

But though the irrepressible spiders were silent at this for a brief time, their hissing soon rose again to a veritable roar and the jungle trembled at the sound of the spiders arguing over how they might contrive to capture the prize. The issue soon was being settled by a violent process which manifest itself in a rapid decrease in the spider population of the Forest of Kadar.

When the din lessened for a moment Ziss at last shrilled, "Cease!"

The word of the Eldest was law, when it could be heard.

Battered and bruised, the throng stopped to listen to its Eldest. "It is plain, my children," said he, "that you will hardly capture the Za Rada, for, alas, you need the wisdom it imparts ere you are wise enough to capture it and procure that wisdom it gives to all possessors."

The spiders bowed their heads at this rebuff, and their leader continued, "There is but one way to capture the Za Rada. We must set

watchers to observe its habits and then we may better set a trap for it."

Two of the quieter spiders were forthwith selected to study the bird's actions. At length they learned that every day at about sundown the Za Rada came to sip nectar from a certain giant flower. It was there that a trap was set.

On the morrow the caged Za Rada was brought to the assembly of the spiders.

It was not long until each spider was hissing with glee and loudly proclaiming how he or she was the receiver of the most wisdom and therefore should rule the clan. Whereupon there followed an impromptu contest to see who had received the most power.

The contest terminated with the survival only of the non-participating Ziss, who, head bowed, freed the Za Rada that a more worthy race might pursue it.

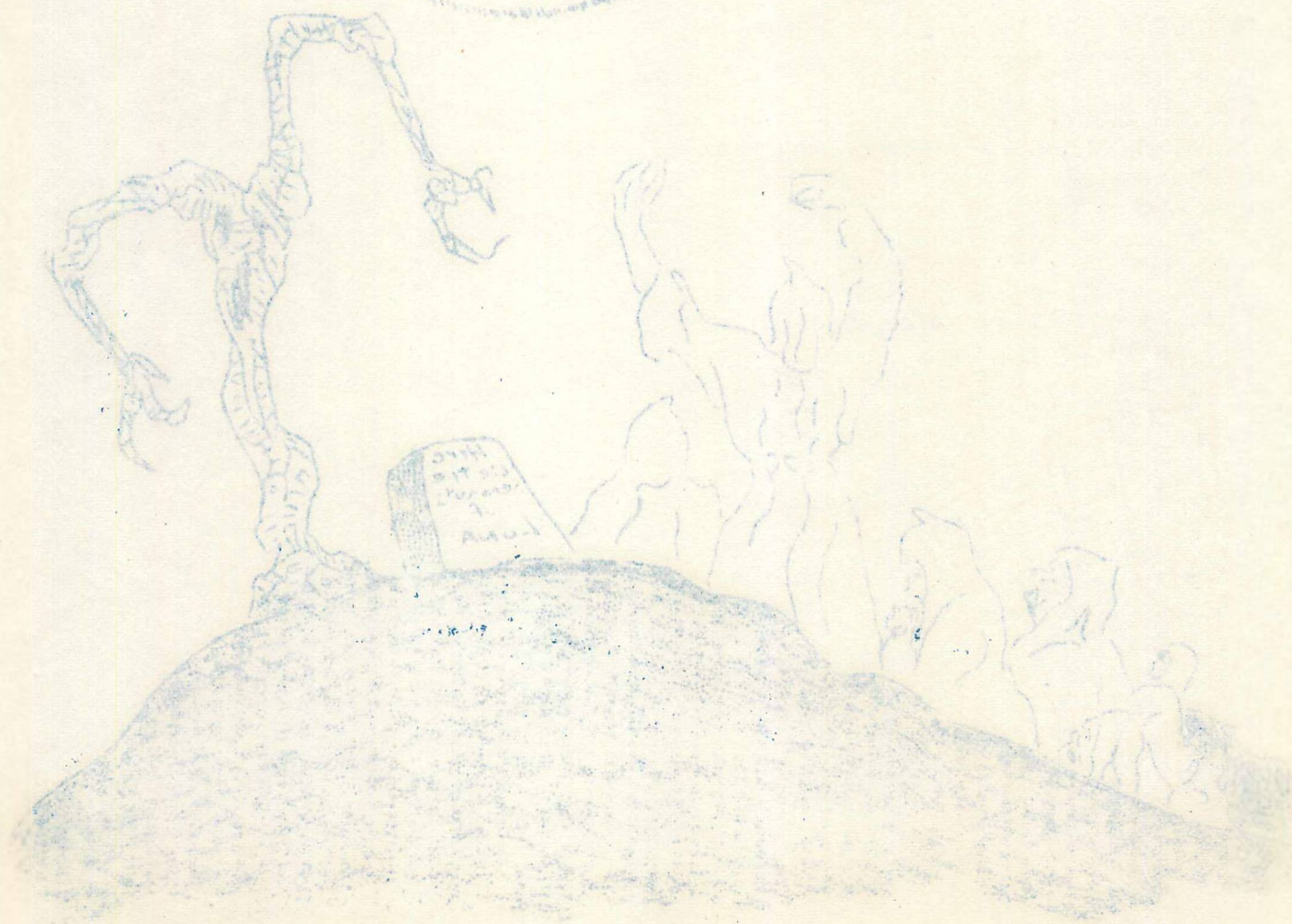
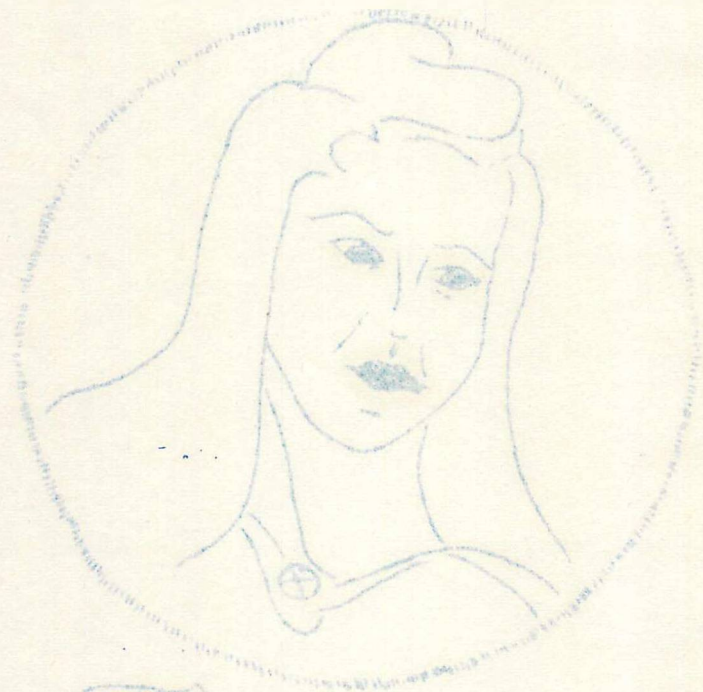
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There Came a Soldier Home

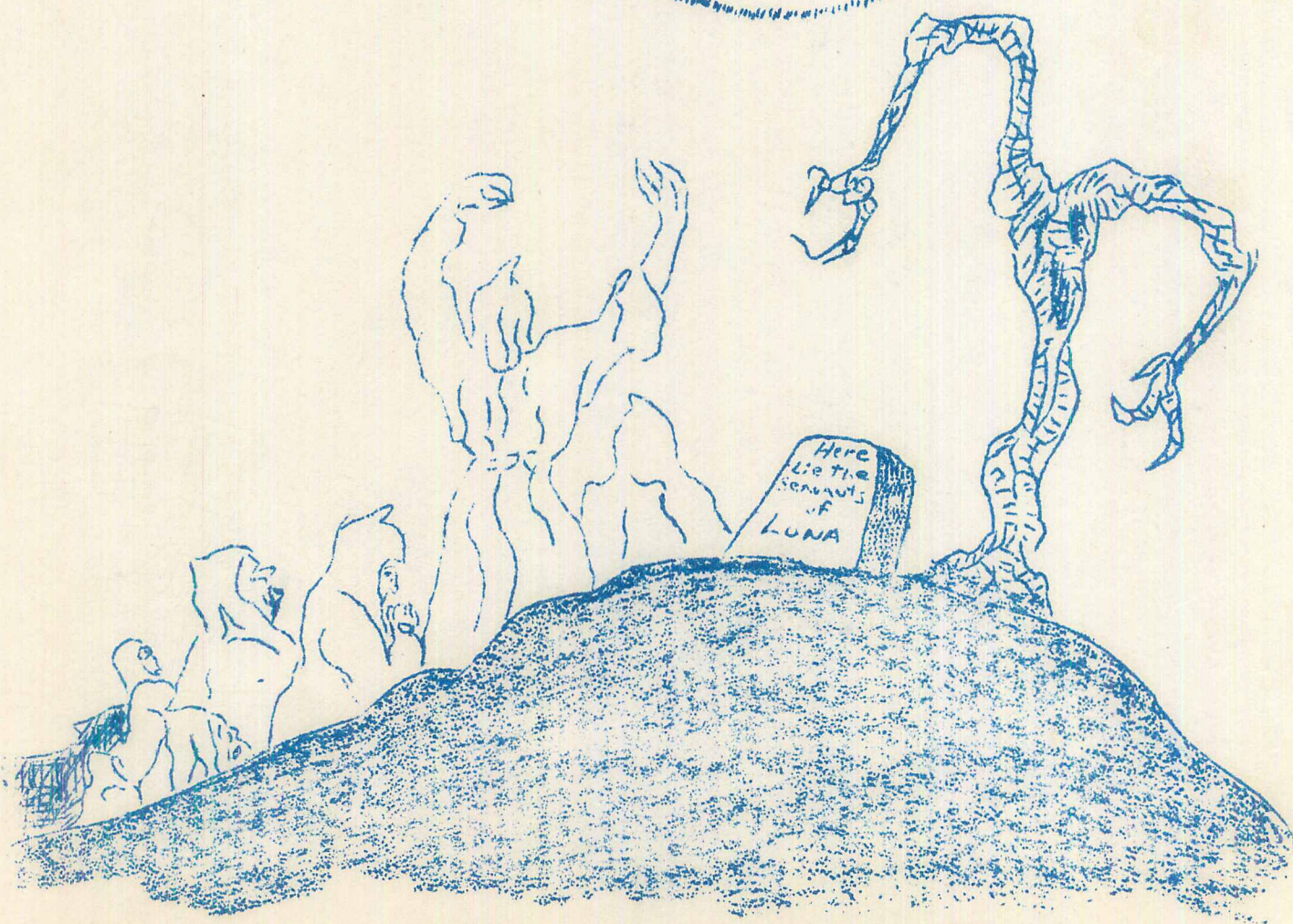
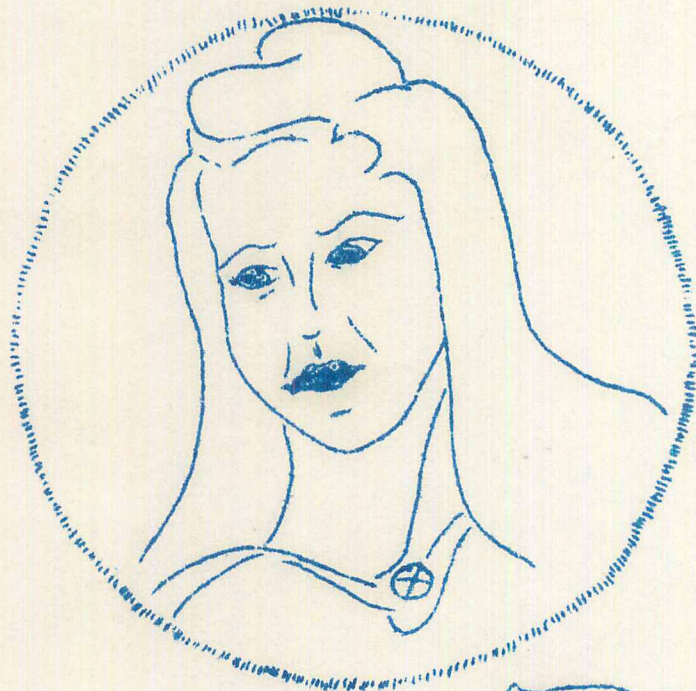
Sea Call

From Battle's crimson loam
And bloody strife,
There came a soldier home
And sought his wife:
He met her at the door
And called her name,
His bosom's throbbing sore
As on she came.
But yet no smile was seen,
No voices heard;
She passed and saw him not,
Nor spoke a word.
The bitter reason came
And smote him cold,
And gave his saddened soul
New pain to hold:
To know the tide of war
Had bid her wait--
For what? That lonely ghost
Who found her gate?

I laugh with lashing waves
And sing with drunken knaves
And go where oceans moan
On Neptune's salty throne.
And when the trumpets call
I dive to seadom's hall--
Beneath the sea!
Beneath the sea!
Where waits a feast for me,
Beneath the pounding sea!
With merry, merry mirth
I plunge from dingy earth
Down, down beyond the foam
To Neptune's ocean home
Where magic caverns ring
As fairest maidens sing
Beneath the sea!
Beneath the sea!
Where waits the one for me,
Beneath the pounding sea!



1840-42



PEW-45