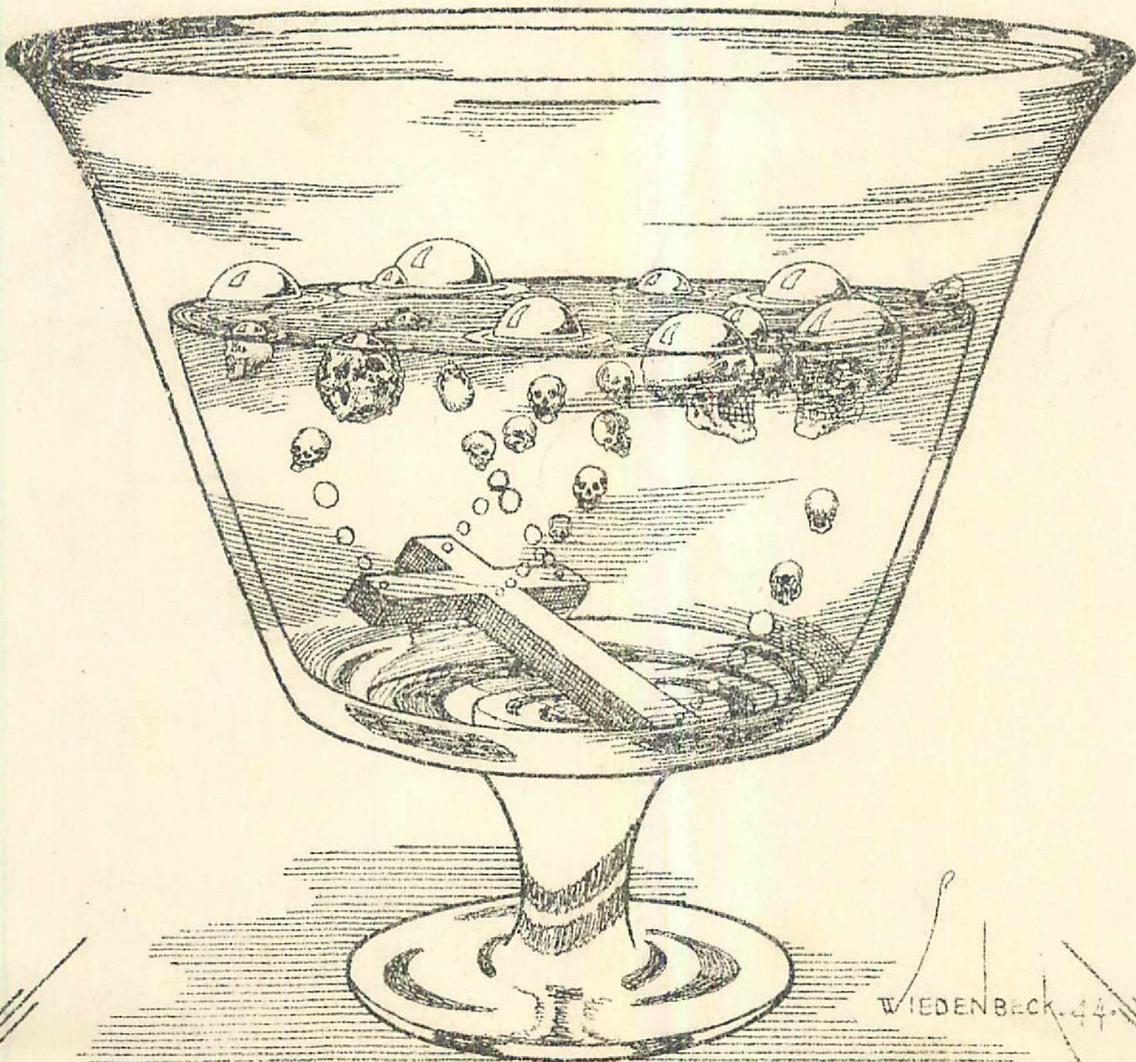


BEYOND



B E Y O N D

a magazine of creative fantasy

FAPA Rosco E. Wright, Editor Number 3

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Our heart overflows with gratitude to Jack Wiedenbeck, fan artist extraordinary, who not only drew the front cover of this issue but also photostenciled and mimeographed it for us. Thanxalot, Jack!

Unless otherwise accredited, all material in this publication is editorially written.

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THE IMPROBABLE ONES

by Rosco E. Wright

The lean and senile apparition, clad in a walrus moustache and a billowing night shirt and bearing a shotgun, planted his feet firmly on the limbo about him and addressed the fat deity seated upon the throne of premature conceit flavored with an unliterary background.

"O God of Fictitious Beings," the apparition appealed, "lend thy drunken ear and hear now my protest at the indecencies to which we-who-are-not are subjected by the eccentric whims of fiction writers. This is my woeful tale, O Drunken Deity:

"Margaret, my wife, jabbed an elbow between my ribs and hissed, 'John! Get up! I hear someone in the kitchen.'

"I don't." I mumbled and rolled over in bed vainly endeavoring to pick up the loose ends of a dream about a cute blonde. But my efforts were soon terminated, for, due to the fact that Margaret was no mean athlete, I suddenly found myself unbecomingly deposited on the bedroom floor.

"Having ventured as far as the floor I decided to face the pointless ordeal, and, incidentally, on my way by the closet I paused and fetched out OLD FAITHLESS, my trustless shotgun, which, as usual, was not loaded.

"I plodded downstairs in my characteristic attire of moustache and night shirt which did not prevent me from shivering like a willow branch supporting two love birds at the meeting point of the four winds.

"At a table in the kitchen I beheld the unanticipated burglar laying waste to some of my most strictly rationed groceries, and, after a fashion, I was most happy that for once my burglar-hunting excursion had not been in vain.

"I beg your pardon, sir." I said as I drew a bead on his cranium.

"Don't mention it." politely replied the burglar.

"At this I pulled the trigger and, much to my consternation, the unloaded gun blasted out a gunnish oath.

"That is profoundly uncivil." commented the burglar as the shots bounced from him.

"Oh, excuse me! I didn't know it was loaded. Shall we talk now?"

"Fire your wordage." directed the burglar, as he expertly stowed away a man-sized portion of corned beef.

"How did you gain entrance to this house, Mr. Burglar?"

"Easily. I fell up your laundry chute."

"Crazy." I observed. "This incident is positively fantastic. First, my unloaded gun discharges, which is funny; second, the shots bounce off, which is not funny; third, you fell up our laundry chute, which is odd in that we don't even have one to fall down; fourth, and fifth, the light in this room has no source and you look too ridiculous to be a living creature. In fact you are -----"

"I beg of you, don't say it!" implored the burglar. "I don't want to go back to Limbo."

"Limbo? What and where is that, Mr. Burglar?"

"That is where all are that really are not."

"Then, Mr. Burglar, that is where you belong in that you bear an abominable resemblance to me."

"I am you."

"You are impossible!" I retorted, whereupon the powers-that-be agreed with me and banished the burglar to nothingness.

"Now, believing full well that I had priority on the victuals in my own abode, I sat myself down to follow the good example of my late, uninvited guest.

"I sank my teeth into a potentially palate-pleasing morsel, and thereupon a walrus-moustached result of misdirected nature, bearing a striking resemblance to my own offensive self, confronted me with a shotgun and a few words that offered no warning, and at that the afore-said creature shot at me, though I must admit he showed his kindly human nature by flinching when the gun discharged.

"Now, as the author of these things hadn't anticipated my being shot, he hadn't allowed for it, so consequently the shots bounced off and there followed an argument of a metaphysical nature at the conclusion of which my assailant retorted, 'You are impossible!'

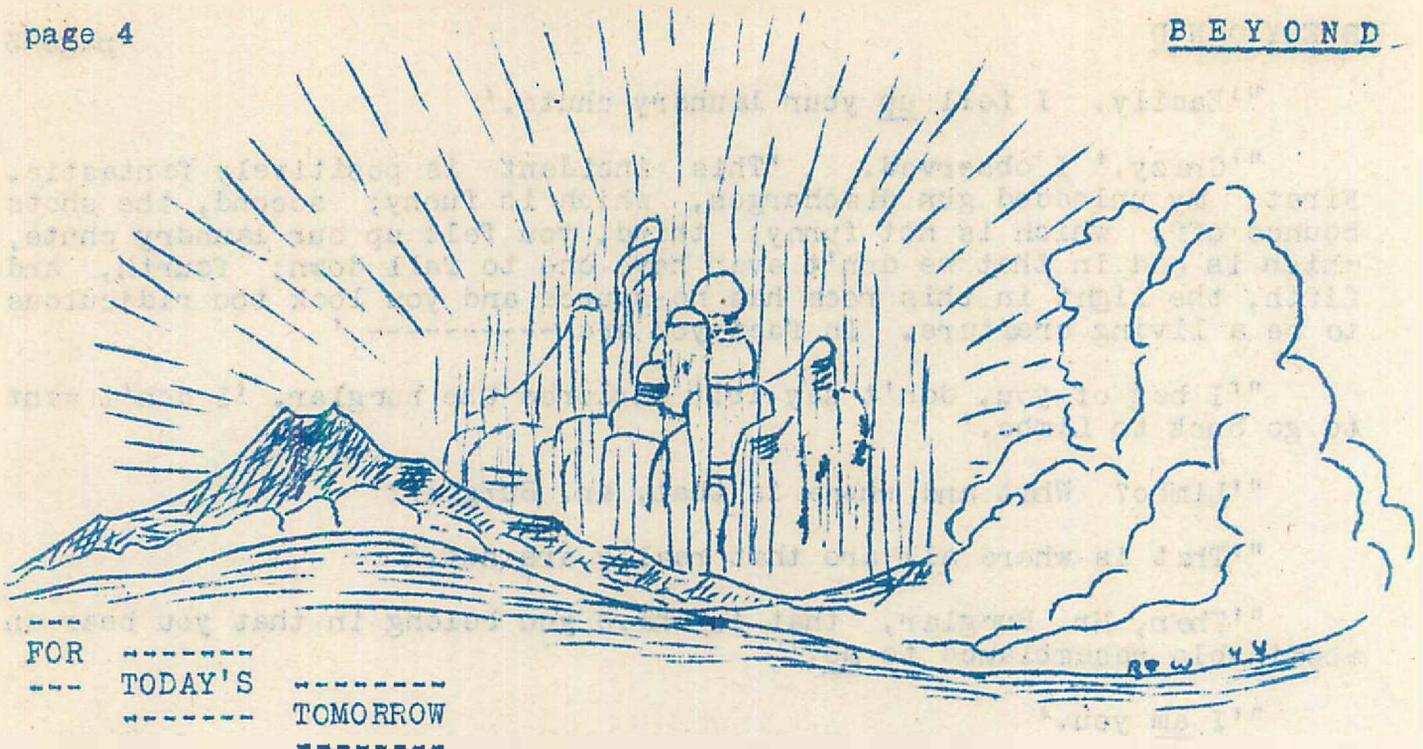
"The author then humored my skeptical simulacrum by banishing me to Limbo, where I now stand before you.

"And now, O Drunken God and Judge of Fictitious Beings - judge me. Must I forever endure the fate of a slave bound by the childish whim of a fantasist's pen, or shall I be forever free to roam nowhere nowhen?"

At this the Drunken God and Critique of Fictional Entities leaned forward on his throne of unbased assumption and arrant reading and judged:

"Hear me, thou unreal blemish on literature, thou with the gun, moustache and night shirt. I judge thee unworthy -- Therefore Thou Shalt Not Be."

Thereupon the one clad in the walrus moustache and billowy night shirt declared, "If I shall not be, because I am not worthy, then neither shall you!" And at that both were whisked from Limbo to Ultimate Oblivion.



FOR -----
 --- TODAY'S -----
 ----- TOMORROW -----

Wielding destruction today, the earth remembers a little of yesterday and dreams much of tomorrow, and a big influence over the fate of tomorrow is religion. If not for religion's own sake it is for the sake of what religion can do when craftily controlled.

Yet it seems odd that religion can be controlled so ruthlessly when it is supposed to be of the heart, and not everyone is like his fellow man at heart. It is the general theory of religion that the heart must be in it or it doesn't count - and that theory seems logical. And yet how true it has been that churches which advanced that theory did not hesitate to force unbelievers to join their faith, or at least attend and make an offering! If the unbeliever could not be forced to swallow the church as the truth, the power and the glory, that unbeliever could be removed from society or from life.

It would seem to me that any church forcing "membership" or "coöperation" upon a conscientious dissenter would be mocking its own religion. Either that or accidentally contradicting itself, or perhaps making religion a paying business.

It was yesterday that such things were and it was yesterday that courageous men and women suffered and died that such conditions might be brought to an end.

Today it is a shame that we still have those who would thrust us back to barbarism in order that all might conform with them.

If people will remember more of yesterday and work a little less selfishly today, a brighter tomorrow will be assured.

the editor

SPAWN of the Gods



Publisher's Note: Due to the Martians' traditional reliance in matters of the spirit on the counsel of their philosophy rather than on appeal to divine power, it has been assumed by many students of Martiology that this long-dead race was without a religion. This, as the recent investigations of that notable scholar, Dr. R. E. Wright, F.A.I.M., are beginning to reveal, is less than true. The Martians were a polytheistic race; their gods were many. Yet it is a unique, and indeed perhaps the most fascinating, aspect of the Martian psychology, that though these ancients had their deities there is no evidence to support the notion that the Martian religion (if it may so be termed) ever included the concepts of reverence or of worship. It is likely the concomitant of the harshness of the environment of a world prematurely grown old that its inhabitants regarded their deities as hostile, or at the best indifferent, rather than as benevolent entities. Yet, surprisingly, one does not find more than a trace of the fear-motif, so common to the primitive notion of divine wrath. Rather, the Martian's attitude toward the quasi-demonic beings of his legendry was one of fatalism curiously intermingled with stolid defiance. If Arok of the Wintry Night shrieked and flung the desert sands about our Martian laughed. For were not the walls of his wullah a shield against the like of that? It was typical of the wry, oftentimes sardonic, humor engendered by his philosophy that he interpreted the howls of the Mad God as those of baffled rage--and laughed.

It is in the following bit of Martiana, a freely translated version of the legend of the fall of Martian Man, that we find an expression, and what perhaps in the Martian mind was a rationalization, of this curious attitude. --nfs

-o-

Once in the ages past the Gods reigned alone over the hills and valleys of Mars, drank from the crystal clear streams and ate of the golden, glowing Life Fruit.

One day the chief of the Martian gods and a goddess sat conversing beneath the spreading foliage of a Life-Fruit tree.

The chief, Soaris, spoke: "It must have been a generous will that spawned us."

Vell, the goddess, replied: "Yes, it was. I see beautiful green forests, bent with age -- forests that long ago should have been hewn

into abodes. But we have no need of abodes. We are the Gods who may create mansions of thought."

"Aye." Soaris agreed, "But what of the rolling fieldlands, and the grainlands? Do we not rest in them?"

"Chieftain, we rest in them - but what good do we accomplish? All this world is lovely, but it is not necessary to us!"

Soaris frowned. "Little goddess, why must you be so obstinately practical? With our supernatural powers we need not accomplish good. For as we are lords over the laws of nature, we are supreme."

"Nay, Chieftain, the greater power that spawned the Gods of Mars - that is supreme. We are not supreme over nature; we are the supremacy of nature."

"But, Goddess, what has that to do with the state of affairs concerning us?"

Vell asked: "Does not the greater universe function perfectly about us as it has for long ages?"

"Aye."

"Chieftain, on this world we are gods; in the outer universe we are not the gods. Yet it functions perfectly while here our life is decaying as we pass through the ages, enjoying eternal ease."

"That is true..." admitted Soaris, though after a long pause.

Vell continued: "Perhaps it is because the greater powers have lesser elements in their charge. If we had lesser creatures to care for and guide upward our life would be justified and perhaps would cease to decay."

Soaris lost himself in profound thought, but at last his face lit up and he smote his palm, crying: "You have a worthy idea! I shall bid the Gods to council and it shall be done. We will make creatures like unto gods but without the god-like power!"

At that he lifted a silver trumpet to his lips and blew a mighty blast that on the instant brought the Gods to a historic assembly.

Soaris made the plan known to his audience. Immediately there rose a stentorian clamor from the great throng and in one voice they cried:

"We are the Gods! We are supreme! We will have no lowly creatures plundering our Garden! Down with Soaris! Down with Vell, who has corrupted him! Down! Down! Down with them!"

And there rose above the chaos the thunderous voice of Arok, God of Night:

"Harken ye! As Gods we must have our sport."

Arok had the will and the ears of the angered deities and he continued: "Let us not destroy Soaris and the temptress, Vell. But

let us make them lowly creatures such as they thought to create and then we will torment them and their children till the ultimate hour."

Whereupon the assembly of the Gods became a great darkness and this closed in about the condemned ones.

Powerless, but unshaken, the two dethroned Gods faced the ebon forces pitted against them and Vell cried out: "Fight us forever, an ye will, O Evil Ones! We tillers of the ground and reapers of the golden harvest fear ye not, for we have a greater God."

To which Soaris, the man, added, "A God whose throne is in the hearts of those who seek him."

And for long ages the noble sons and daughters of Soaris and Vell have sown and reaped in the hills and valleys of Mars and laughed in the face of night.

In the beginning there was Jordan thinking his lonely thoughts alone in the beginnin

d e a r f a p a e r s . . .

January 31, 1944

As I write this I'm enjoying my sixty-third day in the Naval Hospital at Farragut. The nurses are nice and I'm getting fat and lazy not doing much.

Time goes by: The first issue of Beyond is out, the second is coming out and I'm fostering the third, all of which makes me glad it is only a quarterly as long as I'm in the service.

-o-

February 6, 1944

On the fourth of this month I was permitted to bid the hospital farewell and return to Boot Camp. I'm temporarily on light duty but that still counts and I have hope of getting out of boots in not too many weeks. In the meantime I'm doing inside guard duty and in general readapting myself to "Boots".

-o-

February 8, 1944

Well, gosh! I'm back in bed again. Well I can have fun writing, anyway, tho' I do occasionally wonder who is getting the bum deal. I or Uncle Sam?

May I say a few words in regard to Astounding? It seems to me that you fans who complain about Ast. being a "mass of technical technicians" have a chance to remedy the situation. Campbell is more than willing to publish fantasy in Astounding, if the readers will say "Yes!" To me, fantasy is an excellent contrast to the average dish Ast. puts out. It is like icing on a good cake.

Fantasy will give Ast. a wider appeal and hence will make it more successful. That would mean a better circulation and thus better art, better pay, and better stories and special features. Why don't all of you write a letter to Mr. Campbell? I have written two!

(overside, mates!)

My being a fan in the Navy reminds me of a rhyme a fan wrote when in exactly the same predicament. Here 'tis:

A Fan's Lament

```

In the days of yore
  At the soda store
    There was no restriction
      On my science-fiction!
        Its odd tales of Mars,
          The romance of stars,
            Wonders of distant spaces,
              Lure of alien places
                Now they're gone away
                  Far from me today.
                    For I'm in the Navy,
                      Fed on beans and gravy,
                        With the science story
                          But a distant glory!
  
```

Fellows, the foregoing is sad but true, and there is little I can do except have a lot of fun "writing my own" in my "spare time".

It is a big adventure for a fantasy fan to find a fantasy book he has never read before. I know from experience that such is the case.

One of the most interesting books I was privileged to happen upon was The Demigods, by James Stephen. It is a fantastic classic and quite Irish. It is a tale of extraterrestrial complications, both celestial and infernal; it is a humorous story, a love story, an adventure story, and not at all what you would expect it to be. I highly recommend it.

Another book is Jurgen by James Branch Cabell. This is a magnificently wild allegorical fantasy covering everything from Hell to sex in an entertaining manner.

Still other books I especially recommend are:

Captain Stormfield's Trip to Heaven, by Mark Twain

Islandia, by Austin Tappan Wright

The Wonderful Visit, by H. G. Wells

A Dreamer's Tales, by Lord Dunsany

And any more books you can find by the same authors that are along the fantastic lines.

This issue of Beyond bears the conclusion of the article "Roving Beyond". Several seemed to like the series, so far. However there are other reasons for discontinuing it--at least temporarily. Repetition spawns monotony and most of my other dreams are either very similar to ones I've described, or are dreams that are passive or just moods that would be difficult to put into comprehensible writing, let alone interesting writing. The subject has been covered but it is still wide open for discussion. But I don't expect to write up any more of my own dreams for some time yet.

-----"You ain't playing on the square, Sheriff..."-----

Fellow fans, here is a chance for you to accumulate some ammunition to overcome those opponents of science-fiction. What I want to do is to compile a group of arguments or, shall we say, statements to defeat any argument that may be made against science-fiction. At least any unjustified argument.

For example, how would you reply to the man who says: "I can't take science-fiction; I want something I can believe."? To the person who asserts: "Science-fiction is a pack of lies, consequently no one should read it."? Or maybe the objections will be that there is no future in reading it, or that it doesn't make sense. You have heard scores of such objections and now's your chance to advance the cause of stf by giving your rebuttal to those arguments.

Remember that in such cases the most you can say in the fewest words, the better off you are. All worthy submissions will be published with full credit to the writers.

My FAPA mailings are being sent home, I think, and I'm not seeing them so far. But in the meantime if you more fortunate fans are willing to drop a letter or a card, expressing your opinion of Beyond, I'll be very grateful to you. Any criticisms or suggestions will receive the utmost consideration.

And now, here's to the day the war ends!

Ever yours

Rosco



[Rosco sent me a pen-and-ink self-portrait, which is a wonderfully good likeness of him. I only hope this stewed reproduction does it justice. — wfs]

withnothingbutgingerbreadsoggybrowngingerbreadnothingbutgingerbreadleft

BEYOND, of which this is the third issue, dated September 1944, is an amateur publication, distributed through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by its editor and sponsor, Rosco E. Wright, HA 2/c, U. S. N. Hospital Staff, Unit #3, Shoemaker, California, to whom comments and criticisms (and he'd like lots of both) should be addressed. Complaints on the poor quality of the mimeographing should rightly be addressed to Norman F. Stanley, 43A Broad Street, Rockland, Maine, who's the lug who does the publishing. Be ye warned, however, that he is utterly unregenerate and likely will take no heed of your admonitions.

--- "I..that ain't the hand I dealt you!" ---

" O U R B O K "

Fantasy fans are somewhat inclined to call Hannes Bok "our Bok", yet all of us must admit that he is too great an artist to be just "ours". He is an artist for all the world to enjoy.

Hannes Bok has a stupendous creative imagination, as is shown by his works. As a man he claims to possess a weakness for smoking, candy bars, movies and collecting records. Our friend Bok is five feet eleven, 160 pounds, brown haired and brown eyed, and with an intelligent face.

In his own informal way he says of his career as an artist:

"As for how I got started illustrating, 'tis a long, sad story. For years, while living in Seattle, I mailed paintings to the big editors. But no go. I lived too far away. Editors wanted you at hand so they could call you in for last minute revisions and overnight 'rush' jobs.

"Mr. Wright, of Weird Tales, said he liked my work, back in 1937, but no jobs resulted.

"Finally Ray Bradbury, a Los Angeles fan, took some of my stuff to New York, and the editors liked it. On the strength of that I came to New York because I was out of a job and I figured I could starve as easily in N.Y. as Seattle.

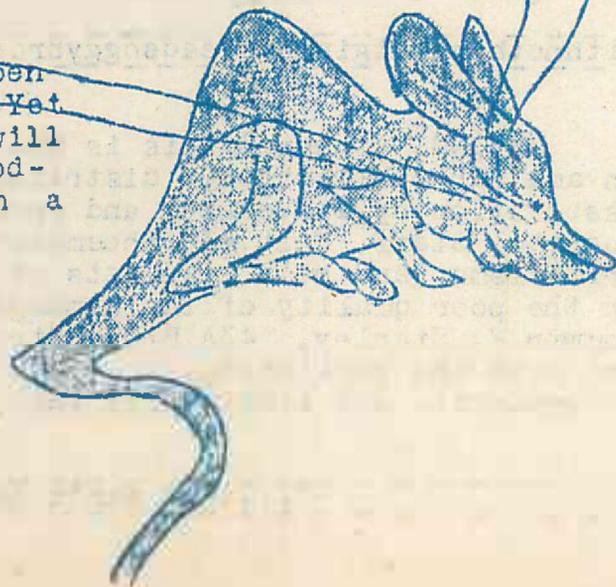
"I found illustrations to bring only \$5 each and as I took 3 to 5 days per picture I struggled on at \$45 per month.

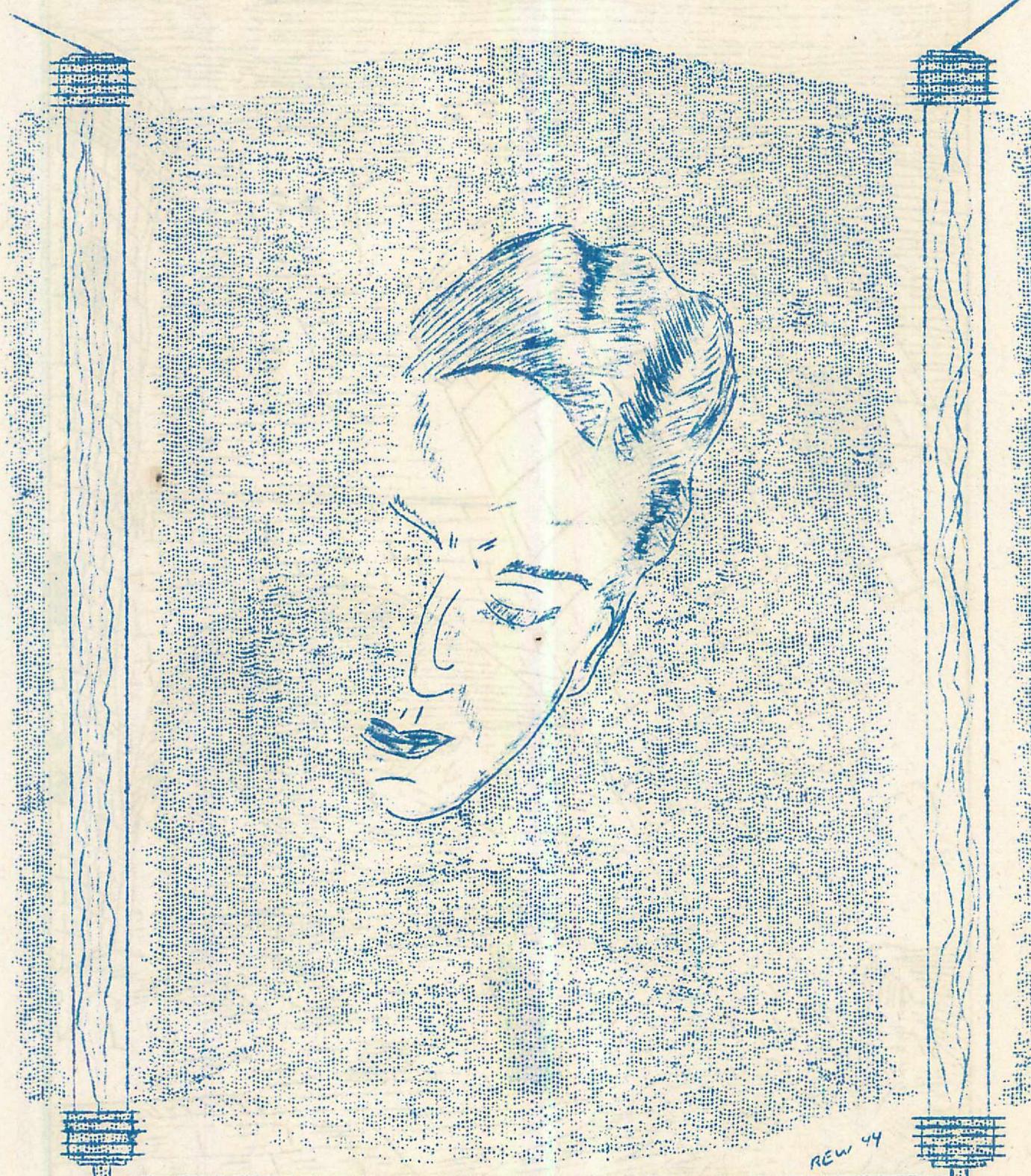
"Occasionally I got a cover, which was \$50, but not often."

Bok writes that he loves cats and likes dogs, but is shy and hates crowds. At present he is working hard producing large paintings. These will go into his art gallery which he hopes to open in New York in November.

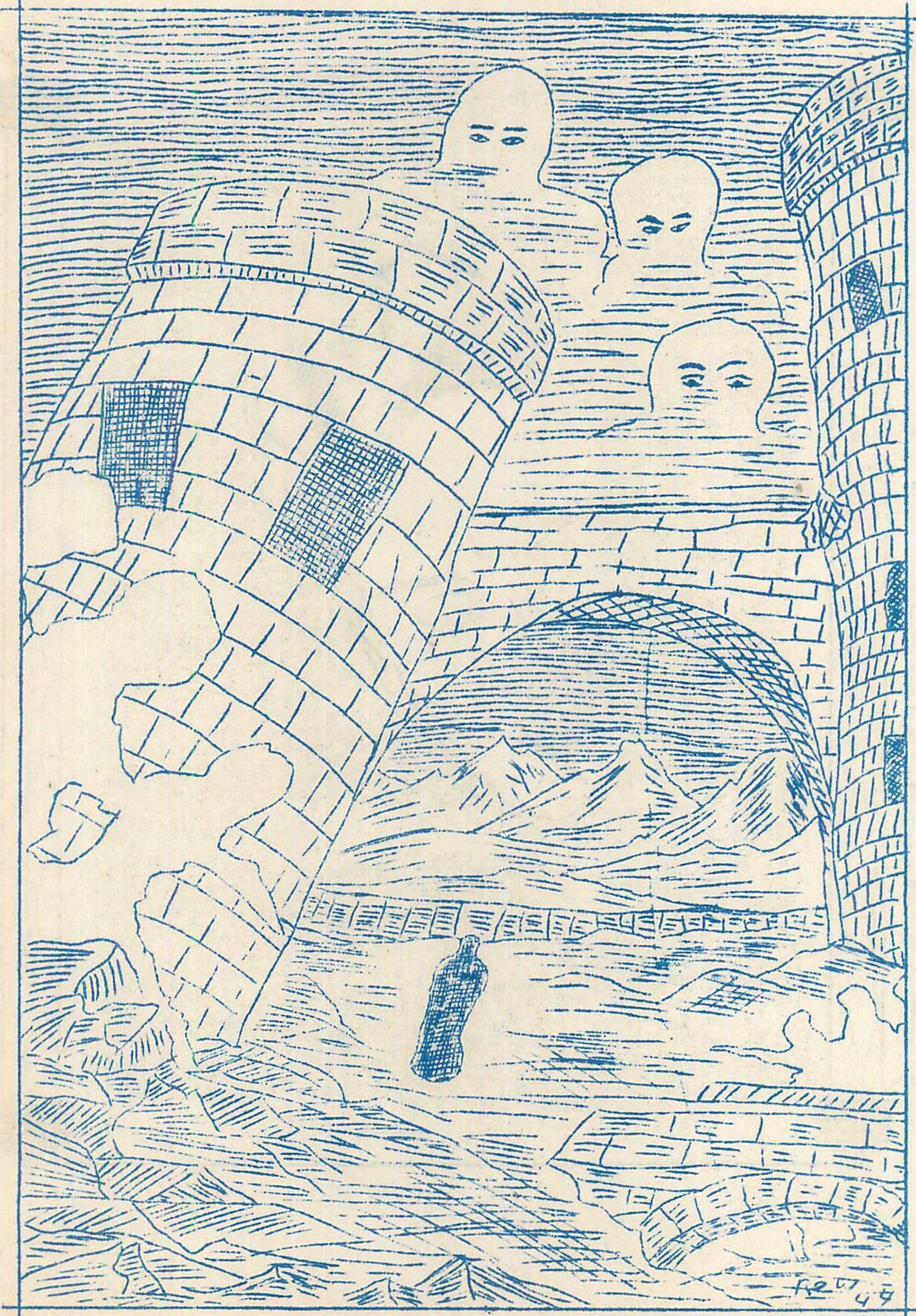
This gallery, when opened, should make artistic history. Yet we can be assured that Hannes Bok will remain the same genial genius who modestly says: "My ambition is to own a farm and a piano."

-oOo-





REW 44



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IN MOONLAND

Over the moonland,
Strange moonland,
Stands a line of mountains,
Bubble hidden fountains,
Under the princely height
Of towers reared in night,
Looming ahead
Over the dead,
Where I wonder,
Walking under
The shades,
Deep shades,
Of the moonland,
Eerie moonland.

Over the moonland,
Strange moonland,
Where the shadows stalking,
Where my soul is walking,
And bringing creeping fear
Of strangeness waiting near,
Looming about,
Giving no out,
As I creep
Over the keep
Of shades,
Dark shades,
In the moonland,
Eerie moonland.

Over the moonland,
Strange moonland,
Looms the death I'm courting
While I flee their sporting.
For changeless is the rule
Of that dim phantom crew
Counting my head
With the dead.
So I sleep
In the deep,
In soil,
The spoil
Of the moonland,
Eerie moonland.

-- Rosco E. Wright



Part III - conclusion: The God of Nightmares must have his lark, so let's dwell on the works of Roke, robust master of the "scare-you" art.

-o-

ONE NIGHT in my land of never-never I strode down a long, winding road through a dusk-darkened countryside. I was intent on reaching a human abode before the irresistible darkness swallowed the world about me.

Upon rounding a curve I ran abruptly into a compact little village. An assemblage of neat little houses peeked from hollows and from behind trees and knolls, while quaint pathways beckoned me to the silent buildings.

I stared the houses in the eye and the hungry invitation of those ebon panes thrust me back. I backed off but in a moment coarse brown walls grew out of the dusk and closed about me.

I stood nonplussed. In a short while I was completely enclosed by four ugly walls of brown planks, which, I observed, artistically allowed for weird cracks.

On either side of the room was a heavy door. I chose the nearest and, passing through, found myself in a duplicate of the first room.

Again and again I vainly repeated the process, until at last I gave up and stood to defy whatever might come.

Gradually a change came over the room - it changed from a place of fearful inhospitality to the cordial comfort of a well-furnished home. The atmosphere brightened and with it my attitude. But at that moment a prankish dream stole the show and inserted a note of nebulosity and a deeper dream goddess lulled me off into a dreamless slumber.

Again, as I lay one night in the Naval Dispensary I seemed to have awakened to the tune of the unsteady roaring of planes in the night. The loud chatter of machine guns added to the din. A plane swooped over the Dispensary and then came winging back and I trembled at the ominous smack and zing of the bullets slashing through the walls about me.

Nearer and nearer lashed the deadly missiles. I slid down from my bunk and crept out into the sooty night.

Dimly I saw groups of men, like murals painted on the air, struggling in deadly hand-to-hand combat, and in the faint light the olive green of many apish faces left no doubt as to the identity of the attackers.

Strangely, all was now silent and I glided, like an unseen phantom, into the battle. I trailed two of the enemy over to the brink of a canyon from where they sought to safely pick their targets. Drifting behind them I hooked a finger into their belts, hooked a thumb at a convenient point a little lower down. Then I flipped the two over my shoulder into the canyon and at that I woke up quite happy.

Nightmares are the chief sport of the dream gods, but for all the agony they may cause they are fairly well summed up in the following satire called "The Nightmare":

"In the still night I stood before a winding, dark tunnel that stretched through the mountain from timberland to timberland. In the darkness I stood, a trembling soul, fearing right ahead, fearing evil to my rear.

"Suddenly a jolting flash of fear blasted through my soul and madly I plunged into the tunnel - rushing faster with each new surge of fear - a monster behind and blindness before.

"Through the warped passages I fled, with stark terror pounding in my heart.

"Out of the tunnel and into the timberland I rushed and the forest swelled about me. There was a trap before and a beast crashing behind.

"Into the jungle maze I fought my way and vines wrapped around me, bushes grew above me, the fir bent her bows to hide me and the ivy beside me wound its foliage around me.

"The pursuing creature thundered on by and knew not that the nearby clump of foliage was I."

-- from Land O' Beyond, by I. C. Erie.

As for dreams, they are bright and they are dark, they are punishment for gluttony, bliss for the weary, joy for the sad, and adventure for the young. What they may be I know not - but gladly have I dreamed and gladly will I dream more.

Hail, then, to dreams, but never farewell, so long as there is one honest man to tread earthly sod or so long as there is aught of mystery and romance left beyond the horizon of here and now.

Dreams are a candle light to a better tomorrow for all who have a clear vision.



