

COSMIC

DUST

No. 10

COSMIC

FLASHES



It was just about two years ago that we were planning the "First" Annish of Cosmic Dust. Yes, we even got a load of material in and were started with the job of cutting stencils. Big plans we had. Yeah. But Uncle Sam had bigger plans. So we donned OD and headed for Sheppard Field and basic. Spokane, Wash was our next stop. We became a demo tech. Then permanent party. Then, supposedly on Operations Crossroads, we came to Calif. Hamilton Field, outside San Fran. What happened? Ha! Atom bomb? Hell no. Permanent party again. And here we sat from Feb til Nov, when we again slipped into mufti. So with the old ruptured duck roosting proudly in our lapel button hole, we gotta earn our own living again.

What's that got to do with this? Well, we happened across CD#9 and we had the urge to burst into print again. The situation as it stands is this: CD annish we yet hope to get out in some form - just for the record. This is something inbetween. We have solicited no material. We'll knock this together out of odds and ends. Who cares if it's no good? Frankly, we don't. We'd just like to sort of say "hello" to our old pals again. We don't have much to put it out on. Not half of the equipment we have at home. We're still out here in San Rafael. Using borrowed stuff.

One thing we're going to have is a poem Kennedy has politely ignored. Also another we didn't give him a chance to turn up his nose at. (You listenin', Joe?) Plus a reprint from #9 by Rusty Gray and Raym Washington. Maybe we have a few pix by Warth on hand. Remember him? What he would have done to fan art standards if he'd stayed in fandom! (We suppose he's resting comfortably back in Savannah now as we type this. We wouldn't know. He hasn't written us in months.)

We can remember the day when we used to turn out editorials pages and pages long. And while we're remembering, it seems hard to realize that it's been almost three years since we first began in amateur journalism. April, 1944 it was when CD drew it's first breath. (If we had looked ahead at the time we would have made it the first day of that month. The exact date, however, is not in the records. **As tho anyone cared.)

Memories are funny. They mellow with age. But all our memories of fandom don't need much mellowing to make them happy ons. How awed we were with the mention of such names as Tucker, Ackerman, and all the rest. (Even Kennedy caused a slight chill.) But we never got our feet very wet in fandom. And now we're wondering how big a ripple we caused in the puddle, and how many people remember us. Is CD ever mentioned in fan circles anymore? Does Rusty ever think of us?

(Cont on pg 2)

COSMIC DUST No 10 Jan, 1947 - CD is a PUPCO Publication. Published every how the hell should we know? Walt Kessel, editor - and everythig else, this issue. Address at present is 424 Mission Ave., San Rafael, Calif. Home offices 1207 East Henry St. Savannah, Ga. No subs, no ads, no art wanted, no pix wanted. Just sympathy. Correspondence should be directed to the Calif. Address.

EDITORIAL (Cont)

Or Dick Hetschell? Or any of our old subscribers and contributors? What kind of poetry is Ray Chidsey turning out these days? These are the thoughts that come to us as we think of fandom.

Well, fandom, we haven't forgotten you. You'll be hearing from us from time to time!

THE STARWARD DRIVE

Into the ether
There flashed a sphere
Bound for the heavens,
Exactly where
I cannot say,
I only saw it
That lonely day
For a moment—and the 'twas gone.

This I do know
There were some men
In that metal globe
That was there, and then
Was gone from view,
That sailed away
Into the blue
And out into starlit space.

Sometimes I wonder
Just why these men
Make these attempts
Again and again
And always fail.
What drives them on
When to no avail
It seems, yet always on.

What is there
About the stars,
From whence doth come
Their mystic powers
To draw us on?
That makes us rise
When all seems gone,
And carry on the drive?

These mystic powers
I cannot say
In words I know,
Words of today.
For there are none
That can express
This job begun - -
Tis but a feeling that is
inside,



- Kessel

May we
Take this
opportunity
to wish you
all

A VERY
MERRY
CHRISTMAS AND A
JOYOUS
NEW
YEAR!
- Walt

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN COCKROFT

The store was crowded: the noon rush had just begun. Sadie Brindlesnarb made several false starts and then attempted to enter with vigor. More than a few unlucky barriers felt the pain of her sharp boney elbows as they assaulted a vulnerable spot. Sadie was an old hand when it came to jostling through a crowd. Upon reaching the center of the store she paused momentarily, upending herself upon the tips of her toes, with, it might be said, considerably less grace than a toe dancer. Her target came into focus and down came her heels--squatly upon the toe of a smallish, rather plump old gentleman.

"Madame", he said painfully, "-----"

His voice trailed off as he received an exceptionally rabid look from an equally rabid Sadie Brindlesnarb.

"Well," he said, "Well," I never. His troubled gaze followed the wide expanse of her rather excessive broadside as she charged like a belligerent elephant toward her goal.

"Yes Ma'am, can I help you?" the pretty blue-eyed blonde queried from her perch behind the information counter.

"You can indeed" stormed Sadie Brindlesnarb her voice overly stiff with crisp formality. "Yes indeed you can".

"I'm glad to be of service to you," chirped the blonde.

"Service; hmmmph! I've come to return this package, blah, blah, blah, etc. ad nauseum!"

It was fully a minute before the now quite peeved blonde could get a word in. Sadie was a regular tour-de-force of rushing words.

"I'm sorry, madame, but that is'nt my department. This is merely the information desk. You'll have to see the complaint department...."

"Will I indeed! See here, young woman, I'll not be put off with a lot of red tape! I have a lot of things to do this lunch hour and if you think I'm going to waste all my time on a wild goose chase--well, you're pretty much mistaken! Now will you kindly take the package and refund my Mon..."

"I'm sorry, lady," exclaimed the blonde, the peeved feelings giving away to of decided annoyance and anger, "but you'll have to see the complaint department."

"Very well, young woman, VERY well, but your employer shall certainly hear about your atrocious conduct! Mark my words! Good Day!"

Sadie tramped off in search of new prey on whom to vent her insidious temper. The blonde returning slowly to normal, realized that she had, her gum.

"Shucks" she swore, "and it was my last piece too".

The complaint manager was really having a bad time. He was'nt getting anywhere at all. Sadie was in good form today and was really raking him over the carpet.

Finally in desperation he spoke up. "I sympathize with you deeply madame, but this is a special case. You will have to see our special complaint department".

"Now see here mister, I'll be d---d if I leave this room without my money! Never in my born days have I been given such a runaround!"



"Tut, tut, madame, you want this--ah--little matter cleared up don't you? I'll go down there with you myself."

Oh, OK, but it had better be quick, I haven't got all day."

How much farther is it?" demanded Sadie. "You've dragged me all the way down into the basement and we still haven't reached the d----d office."

"We're almost there. Patience; you want this thing settled don't you? Just a little ways down this corridor."

The corridor ran off from one corner of the bargain basement. It seemed little used for it was dank and dusty and little patches of mould could be seen encrusted on the walls near the floor.

They came at last to a door. "Won't you please step inside?" invited the complaint manager, politeness frothing from his thin lips.

"It's about time!" This with a corresponding display of impoliteness.

She stepped inside. "You stupid fool! This isn't the complaint office--it looks more like a closet. You've got the wrong door."

"Oh no I haven't," he replied airily as it clanged shut--him on the outside.

Sadie Brindlesnorb screamed.

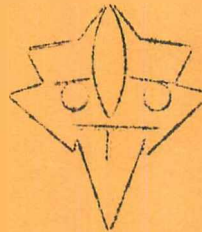
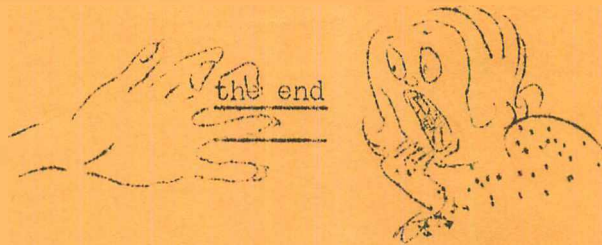
The walls were damp and crumbling and the air was rank. The smell of raw meat permeated the atmosphere.

She thought she detected a slight movement over in the dark corner. Yes, she was sure of it.

Sadie fainted.

When she came to she was aware of a huge shadowy shape crouching evilly above her. Once more her brain whirled in a deep pool of swirling darkness as a rough black tongue licked hungrily at her lips, flooding them with fetid moisture.

There was a sound of crunching bones. Sadie Brindlesnorb's account was settled in full.



HAVE
YOU READ?
STELLARIS

FIRST VOYAGER

by

W. E. Kessel

The stars look down from high upon
A man with silvery hair.
His shoulders seem a slight bit stooped,
His face is lined with wear.

They look on him with friendly light
For he is one they know.
Here is the one who conquered space,
Who touched their lum'ous glow.

He crossed the vast and empty void,
He put out shaking hand,
He felt the beat of life within
The stars he'd understand.

The vastness that for endless eons
Had known no foreign friend
Now had a visitor from Earth,
Their solitude did end.

And now they felt the kindlyness
Of this strange man from Earth.
He offered his parental care,
For him 'twas a new birth.

He voyaged forth from star to star,
He drank the fruit of heaven.
Among the stars he made his home,
To them his life was given.

For many years he wandered thus,
Around their length and girth,
Until at last he went once more
Back to his native Earth.

For like all other men he was,
Like them he must grow old,
Long years he wandered through the void
And years will take their toll.

There now he stands on native soil,
Face lifted to the stars.
They look on him with friendly light,
These stars that now are ours.

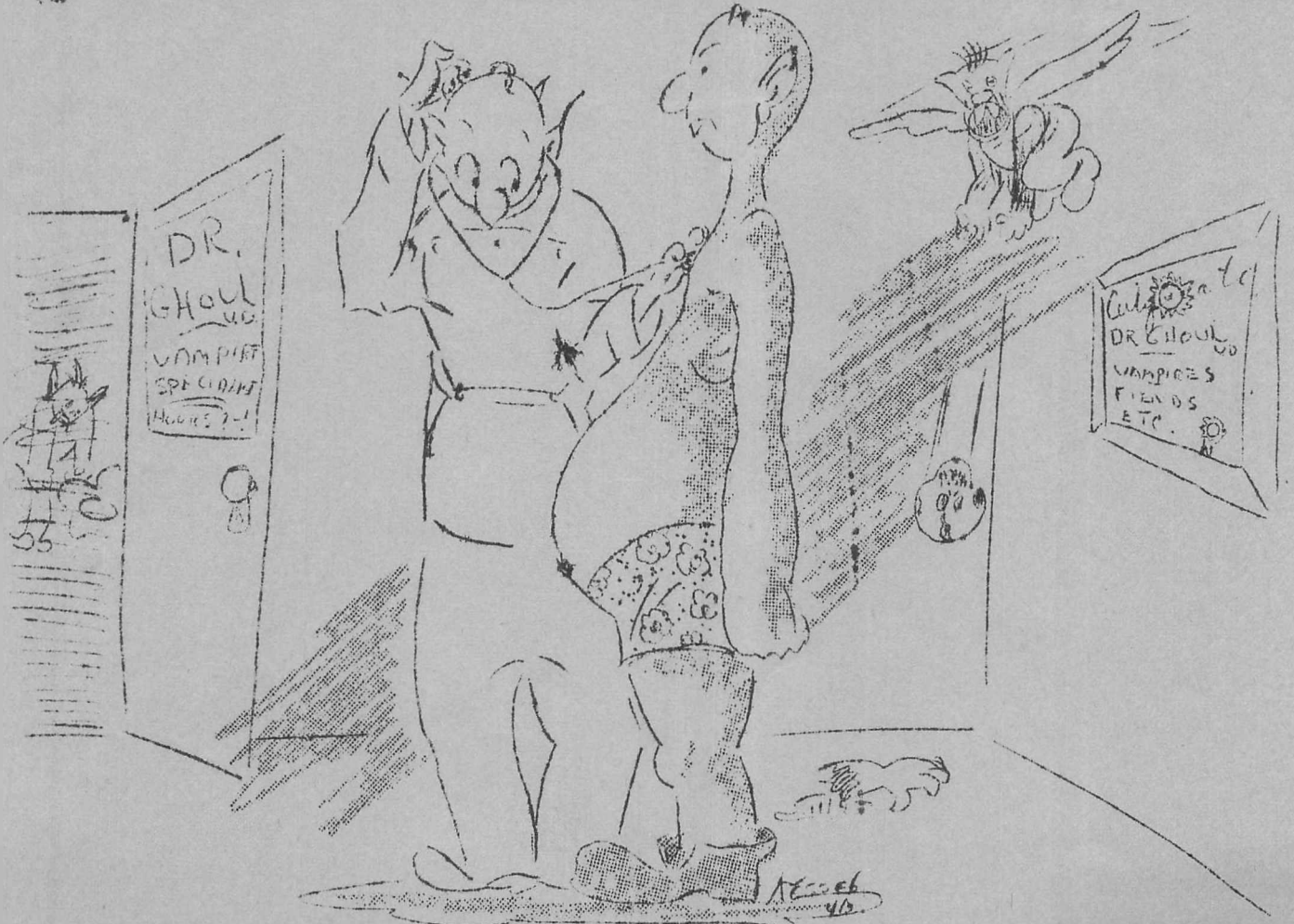
C.D. -
OFFHAND
COMMENTS
DEPT.



Big Thrill Dept.: Ran across a fellow named Cockroft out here the other day. Contrary to custom, we're not going to write an article on the affair. But, John, ole boy, if you see us coming with a suit case in our hand, you'd better keep an eye on that complete file of ASF. Yeah!

Robert A. Heinlein has a nice plan for atomic experimentation in the Jan, '47 issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It's written in all seriousness, but with the Heinlein Touch that makes it easy reading. He outlines a possible atomic disaster, and suggests a safe place for experiments in that line. The Back of the Moon!

Varga and Petty have nothing on us. We're coming out with our own calander. The exact date will be released later. Deat - pardon us, we mean details will be found in VAMPIRE if Joe will be kind enough. (Cont on page 8)



"I can't figure it out, Cartright, your heart's beating!"

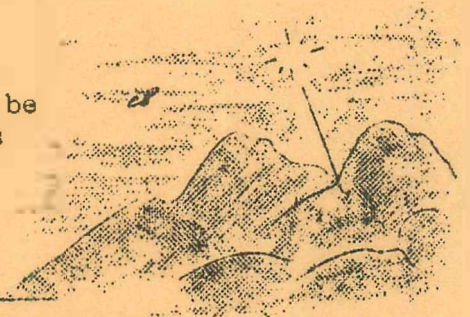
MAKO HILL

by JAMES RUSSELL GRAY

The stars look down on Mako Hill,
Where men are working in the dark,
Except that now and then a spark
Will leap up suddenly and fill
The thin, cold Martian atmosphere
With brilliant light -- Then disappear.

Atomic torches flame and glow,
The workers seem like ghosts - unreal;
They cut their way through alien steel
Put here a thousand years ago.
This hill that feels the Earthman's tread
Holds secrets of a race long dead,

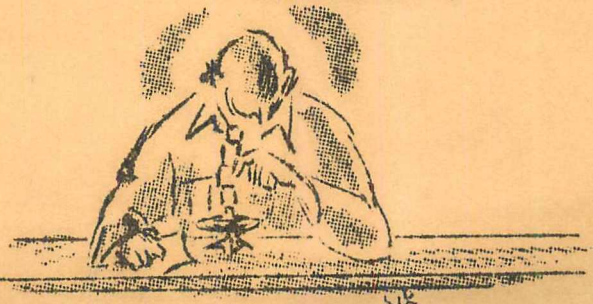
I wonder if they realize -
These men who toil so quietly,
That someday they, themselves, will be
A vanished race - and from the skies
Another kind of being will
Come to explore on Mako Hill?



((Ed's note- This poem by Rusty appeared in an early issue of CD. It was the first of his works that we published. Not having a copy of it on hand, we had to rely on our memory. We hope it has not failed us.))

Weary the path that does not
challenge. Doubt is an in-
centive to truth, and pa-
tient inquiry leadeth t h e
way.

- Hosea Ballou.



Offhand Comments (Cont.)

Well, just to show you how times they do change, here we go with a lot of corrections.

First, we take the preceeding paragraph. That won't be coming off. We just don't have the time since we're planning on going home and doing our damned-to get out of here. Which brings up the masthead. Letters should be sent to the Georgia address. (We presume that there is at least a couple of you who will write. Joe will, and maybe John, so we address this to you two.)

You can see by page two when we thought this would be coming out. Anyway, 1947 is still here, so half of it is still good. And we hope you did have a merry Christmas.

Cockroft has finally given up any hope he ever had of seeing this issue actually appear. So had we, in fact. We'll both be in for a surprise if it does. We're making one last desperate attempt right now. However distribution bothers us. We don't have a mailing list anymore, what few addresses we do have may not be up to date. Kennedy is quitting Vamp so he won't be able to send them out with it - but maybe Joe can come thru with an idea anyhow. Eh, Joe?

Anyway, here's hoping!

CD FANTASY DEPT. - - -

ONE
POETS
WOMEN
COMPANION
AOLN

NIGHT
by
ORON THORNN

Shadows - deep and crawling -
Slime,
Grime,
My heart appalling!

Noises - weird and strange -
Into
And through
My soul, I cringe!

Footsteps - slow and creeping -
I hear,
And fear
As I lay sleeping!

Hands - that rose and fell -
Unceasing,
Unreleasing,
Carry me to Hell!

((In keeping with it's policy of bringing you timely items at timely times, Cosmic Dust presents the following article gleaned from it's files of rejects from other mags.))

THE BIG SLEEP
BY
WEAVER WRIGHT

One prehistoric night a frog, tired no doubt from leaping out from under multi-ton dinosaurs all day, lay down in his cozy caliche mineral bed. This took place in Artesia, New Mexico, in the days when it was probably described, if at all, as something like Ug-Ug, Wah.

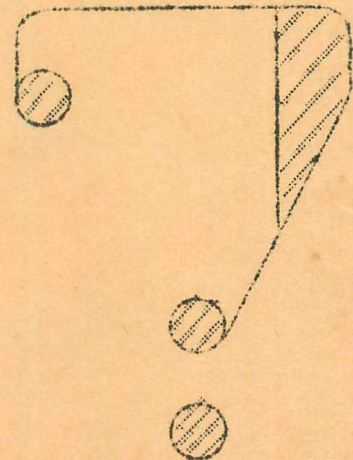
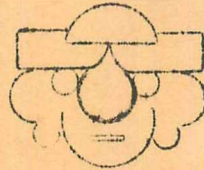
Approximately two million years later a workman, digging a cellar for a new home, unearthed the same frog. He was still sawing a log. That the greenback had lived in a state of suspended animation for 2000 milleniums was the only conclusion that Charles Ashton, consulting petroleum geologist, could come to, though he shook his head in disbelief.

The frog had been buried in a mineral bed, 7 feet underground. Because there was no crevice or opening, it would have been manifestly impossible for the frog to have entered the bed after it's formation.

The ludicrous Lazarus lived for two days after his miraculous resurrection.

Then he croaked.

((We hope you enjoyed it for all it was worth. Ed.))



!!!! HEY, JOE,

YOU'RE AN

OLD FAN-ED

FROM WAY

BACK, HOW

DO YOU

GO ABOUT

FILLING SPACE???

