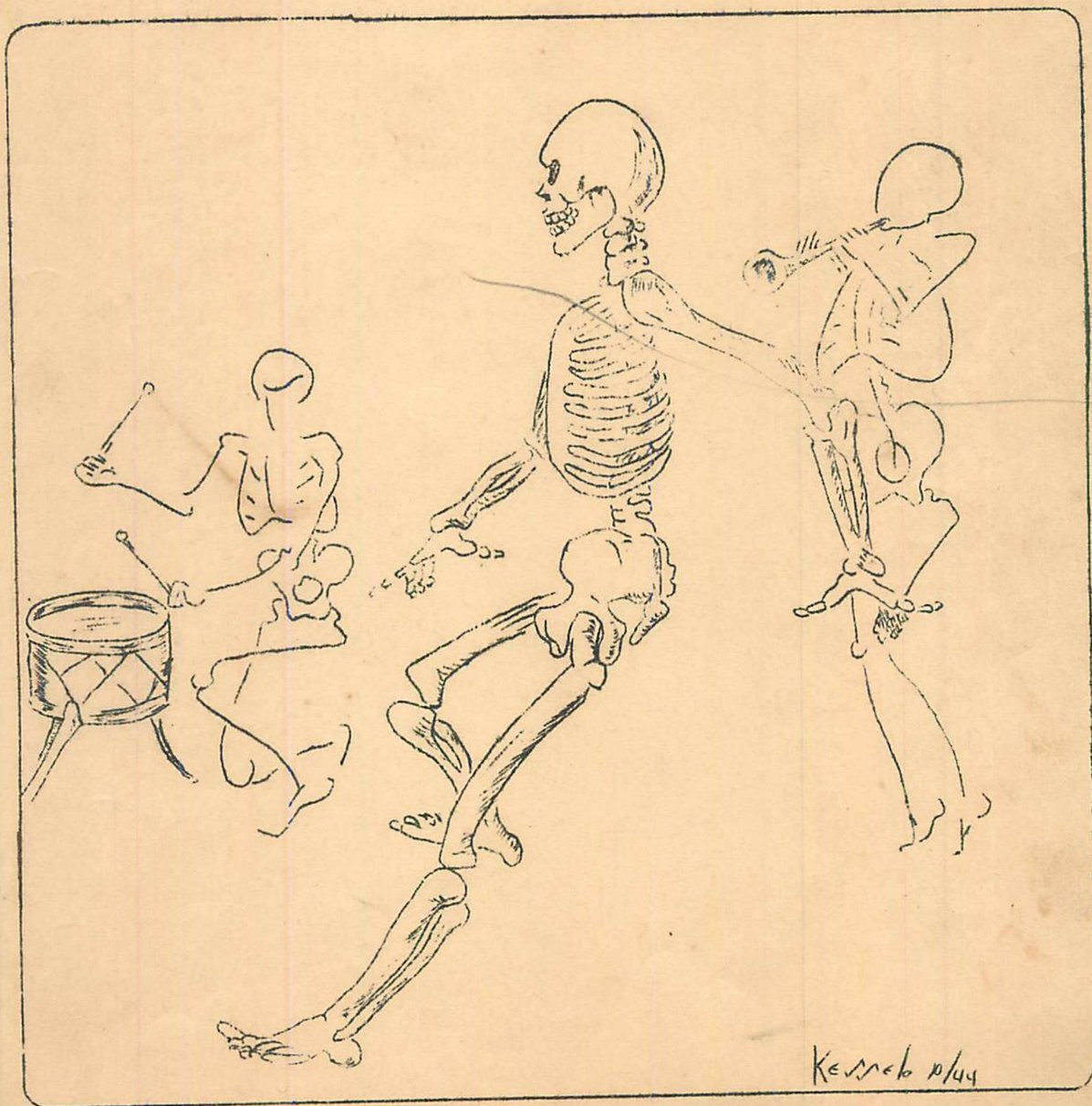


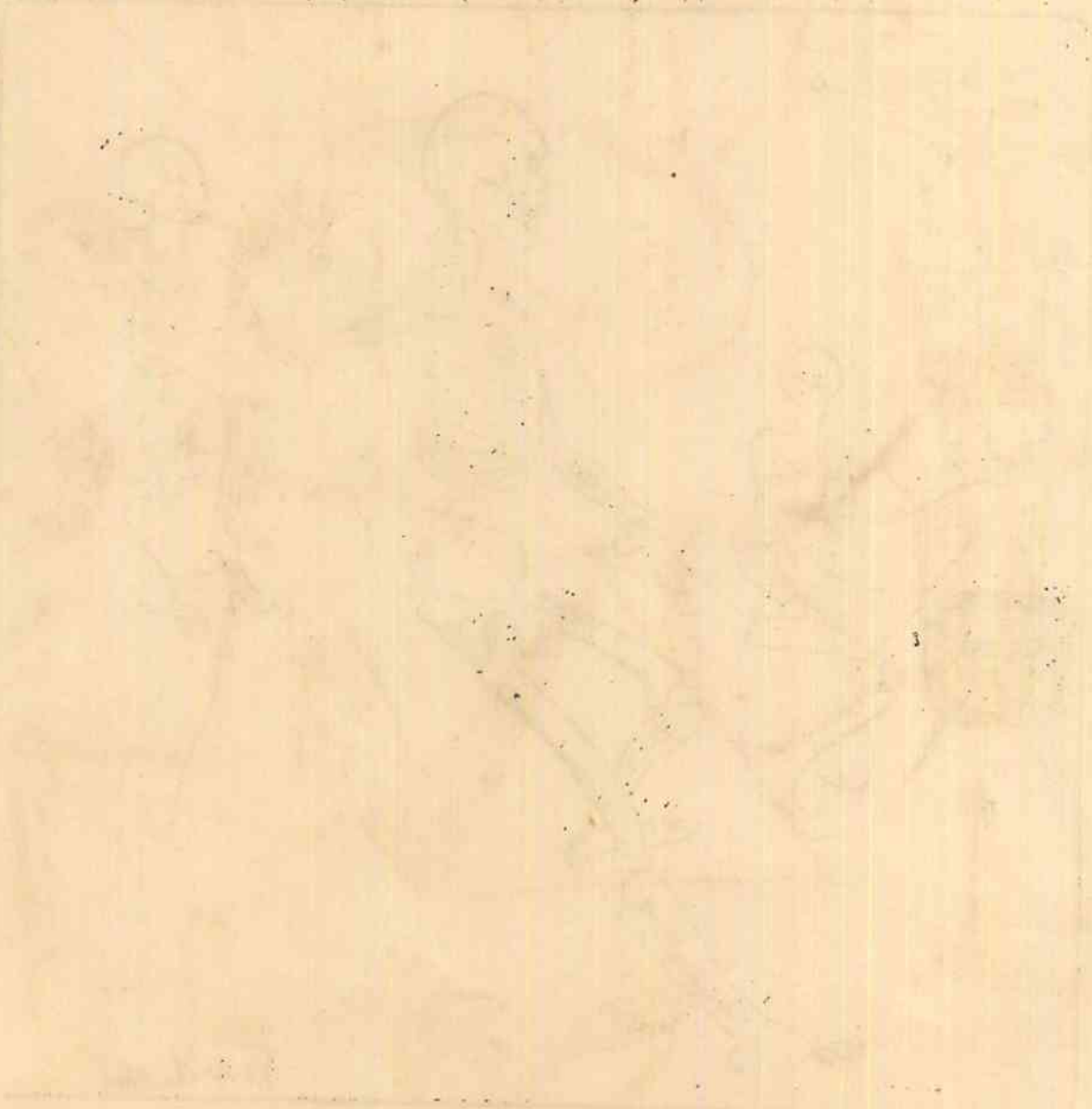
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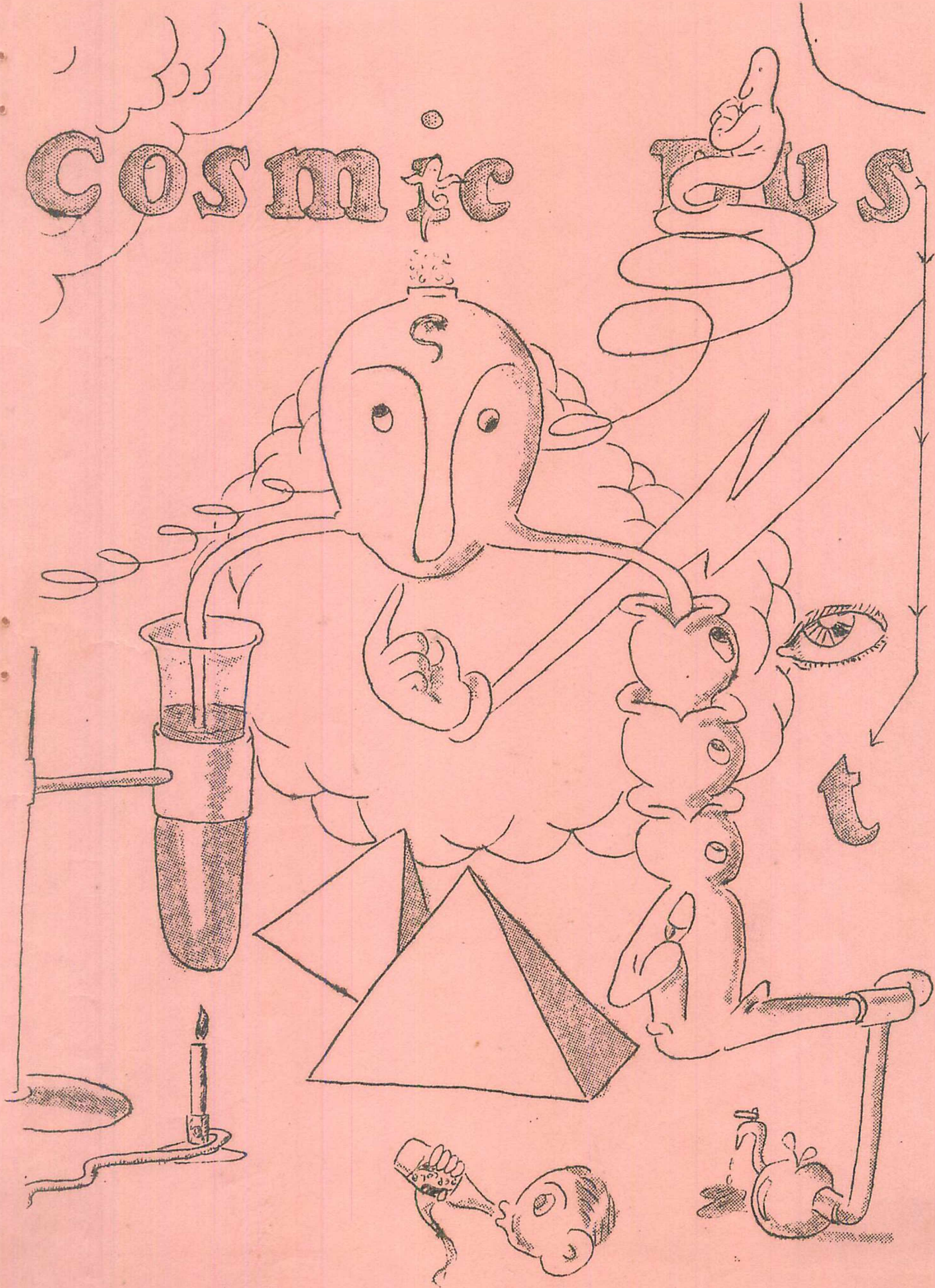
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Cosmic

Plus





# COSMIC FLASHES

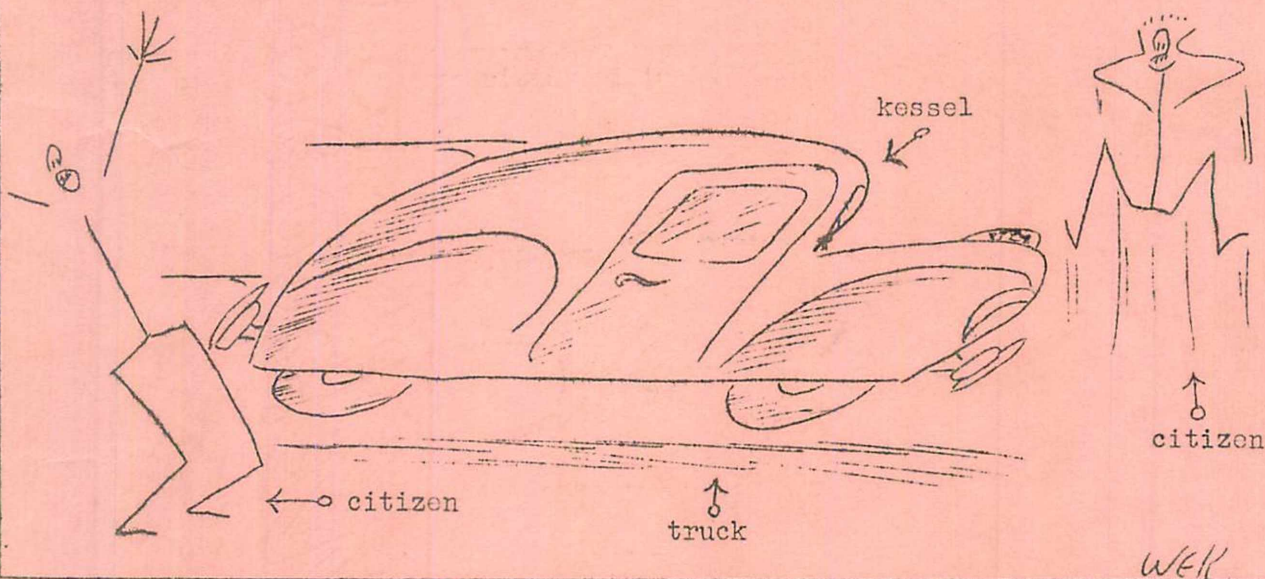
BY THE EDITOR



This issue sees two more changes in CD, that noble fanzine. (Or is it ignoble?) First, we're having the mag done professionally, and second, we're changing to a gratis basis. However, contributions, especially stamps, will be greatly appreciated. One thing tho, you can't get CD just by asking for it. There has to be a good reason for a new subscription.

We may not be able to hold to a monthly schedule. In all probability we won't. But at any rate, you'll get CD when we get 'er out. Next issue we'll probably go regal size so as to get more material in our ten pages. And to fill those pages we'll need material, so if you have anything handy, or can dash out anything, and we don't happen to ask for it, send it anyway. We really need it.

NEWS FLASH: Kessel now terrorizing citizens of Savannah!



We feel rather guilty for not writing you faneds who are swaping. We ask for letters commenting on CD, yet we don't comment on other fmz. This is a situation that must be remedied, and we promise to take steps to do so. We ask your patience, for as de la Ree says, "our interest in fandom seems to wax and wane with the months." At present our interest has waned. We hope it will wax again soon.

Contradictory to our policy of long editorials, we're letting it go at this. Maybe it's an improvement.

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# INTANGIBLES

James Russell Gray

((The following is taken from Harry Loren Sinn's NEW CONCEPT with the kind permission of Mr. Sinn and Mr. Gray.))

\*\*

Joe watched the workers hurry out. He went around the big room, checking to see that the floors were swept and the windows closed. He looked at the machines which were used to stencil the primed shell cases; they were turned off. He gave a quick glance at the priming machines; they were dead. The conveyor belt was still. His watch said fifteen minutes after midnight. The bukl-t-up tension of nine hours began to relax slightly. Joe took a deep breath. The shift was over.

Joe got his coat and hat and went outside. He crossed the railroad track. A sign on a boxcar said, "Assigned to Naval Armmunition Depot." When he entered the cat-walk he was almost running; he could hear the area buses roaring for the turn at Building 1C2.

Five minutes and a quarter of a mile later Joe reached the end of the cat-walk. His wife was waiting impatiently. "I thought you were going to work all night. Since you've become room foreman you're always late."

The buses stopped in front of the area cafeteria, and Joe and his wife got in line beside one. They showed their passes to the driver and climbed into the bus. Joe counted the passengers; fifty-two. He got to thinking about the latest copy of Astounding, and before he knew it the four mile trip was over; they had reached the gates.

Hundreds of people streamed off the area buses and flowed toward the gates. Joe and his wife took their places in the stream. They showed their passes to a Negro marine and went through. Half a dozen big buses waited outside. A sign on one said, "City Bus Lines". Another said, "Tone River Bus Company." Joe and his wife got on the latter.

"How was inspecting today?" Joe asked his wife, but his mind was far away. While she chatted about projectiles, tracers and paint jobs, his thoughts soared in a spaceship. He had the germ of an idea about a planet where the only living things were plants; there was even a race of plant-men. Ought to make a good story for some fanzine.

Joe's home town was about thirty miles away. He and his wife got to bed a little before three o'clock. Joe dropped off to sleep trying to compose a line of poetry about a haunted forest.

Joe didn't get up the next day until noon. It was Sunday and he didn't have to work; production was up to quota, for a wonder. In spite of nine hours sleep he felt awful.

After a sketchy breakfast-lunch, Joe's wife wanted to go out to her mother's. It was a mile and a half; they walked, breathing deeply of the fresh country air. Joe's wife talked about the autumn leaves, and said, "How cute!" when a calf galloped across a field of cornstalks. Joe felt half asleep.

Joe hung around his mother-in-law's a while; he ate some roast beef and corn-bread and drank a glass of milk. Then he wandered off into the woods nearby.

His feet felt swelled. His shoulders ached. There was a cramp in his stomach; Joe was subject to acid indigestion. Walking was too much effort. He lay on the grass and looked at the sky.

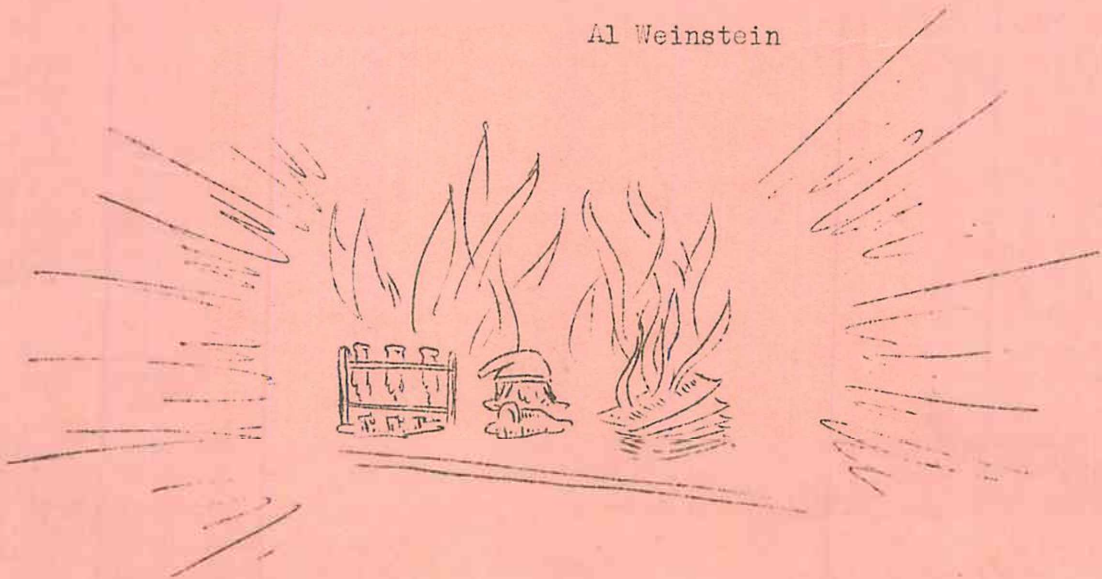
A flock of wild geese came over, their honking drifting down to Joe as they flew south. Joe shut his eyes and imagined that he was flying with them. And all at once he felt a very peculiar sensation. Remember in Stanley Weinbaum's "New Adam" how the six-fingered mutant lay on the grass by a stream, and the planet seemed to revolve beneath him? For a few moments Joe felt that way too.

It was afternoon now, and the sun was dropping into the west. The light came to Joe through the brown and yellow leaves of a thicket of elms. Beside him was an oak, its leaves still defiantly green. To his right was a sumac bush, flaming with red. All about him was a riot of color. (Continued on page 9)

- LOOFE -

Weird shadows play back and forth  
Along a row of test tubes.  
A scientist bends  
To closely scrutinize his work.  
Suddenly he straightens up,  
His face, a mixture of emotions.  
Awe, surprise and horror, all  
Blended into one.  
He walks slowly to the desk  
Where his notes lay,  
And sits on a small chair  
Before it.  
And thinks.  
The years of experimentation;  
The hardships; the near successes;  
The heartbreaks.  
And now it is his!  
The long-sought secret of life!  
Power at his fingertips! Power  
That can create living things!  
And he, the only possessor  
Of this marvelous new toy of nature.  
Another item  
On the list of man's accomplishments.  
All this he thinks,  
Turns slowly toward the bench,  
And recoils in horror!  
For the bench is illuminated  
With a strange, blue-white radiance!  
Slowly the test tubes dissolve  
Into nothingness.  
And by his side his notes are burning!  
His head spins, his senses reel  
And through the approaching blackness  
A voice roars,  
"Thou shalt not know!"

Al Weinstein





# QUOTE - FROM THOSE WHO WROTE

Lionel Innman



'Likes mushy scenes'

Cosmic Dust received by this creature, and enjoyed quite a bit. Your mimeoing - especially the art - have improved considerably.

Art rates an 8. The cover takes the prize (I like these mushy scenes) with the drawing on page 4 coming in half a neck behind. Those little doo-dads on the last page were good too. Warth seems to be a pretty good fan artist. ((Whadda ya mean, 'prteey good'? He's one o' the best!)) More of his work wouldn't hurt CD.

Editorial rates 6. This is not bad for an editorial. I like your choice of the plain title. "Most editors work up a bad case of nerves in an attempt to invent a catchy or droll title. ((So did we.))

Stuff - and Nonsense - 7. I don't object to discussion of non - stf subjects at all. I think it's a good idea; but try to get Rusty to polish his column up and not write as if he is writing a personal letter.

Quote From Those Who wrote - 5. I want to give you some advice on your letter section. Cut out as much as possible the short letters and postal card comments like Tucker's and Dunk's. Try to get your readers to write long interesting letters. (I'm setting a helluva example, ain't I?) ((On the contrary.)) Try to convince them that they don't have to try to be funny to the point of being ridiculous. ((Okay readers, take heed!))

Amid the Bizarre - 6. One Hundred Years - 8. This packed a punch despite the faulty construction. Ramblings - 5. Henry's writing style is improving, but gad! doesn't he realize how ludicrous a writer with limited literary abilities sounds trying to be humorous. Needless to say, I didn't hold my sides and shake with spasms of uncontrollable mirth. Stairway to the Stars - 9. I liked this because of both the theme and the effortless way the iambic meter flowed. More from Childsey wouldn't harm CD, if it is in a par with this.

Vassals of the Mustard World - 2. (And I'm generous at that.) My vocabulary and syntax contain insufficient derogatory adjectives to convey my disgust at such tripe. Kennedy evidently wrote this as a satire on "Vassals of the Master World", a story with certain structural faults, but nevertheless of decided merit, as evidenced by its popularity. This satire was intended to be funny. It was not. It was ghastly. (I have no grudge against Kennedy, contrary to all evidences.)

One more suggestion: make your magazine have more general appeal. It is centered too much around a few individuals. Assimilate more into the fields of the "name" mags, and CD should go places.

Al Weinstein



'Knows who carved CC'

Fella, you've got me beat. I concede (or concede) defeat. CD is better than AI. Definitely. You win. ((Oh come on.)) After that combined issue of yours and Fred's, I have no hope. Excellent stuff. ((Blush blush. Seriously tho, thanx.))

I see what you mean by a 'startling' cover. The art was excellent, as Warth usually is. I rather liked it, though it was slightly out of place. Maybe Fred can get a job with the Love Affiances Company.

Editorial is much better. Except that almost every para started off with 'we think'. More like 'er.

Rusty's bit was entertaining. I'm glad that you aren't one of these 'pure STF' bugs. More like that would be appreciated.

The only thing I liked about Flubacek (?)'s ((Hubacek)) drawing were the beautiful shallow busts on the girl. Otherwise it (including the girl) stunk.

Slarry's thing was amusing, especially since I was with the fiend who carved 'C.C.' on the table. It happens to be Harold.

Amid the Pizarra, was, I thought, a hunk of tripe. Not that I don't like Bassett; he's still as assy as ever; but it just stunk. I didn't see any plot at all, and no point to it was discernable. (Continued on next page)

Dick Hetschel's poem was surprisingly good. It started off like the run-o'-the-mill type, but the ending was clever. More from that gentleman.

Stairway to the Stars was also excellent. Chidsey writes pretty good stuff when he gets started.

I never cease to marvel at Kennedy's uninterrupted stream of new ideas. His thing, of course, was a light, readable, bit of back, with a definite flavor. Three cheers for Joe.

Those last minute things were cute. I especially liked those cartoons, which came out very clearly.

In all, CD is taking on a very definite professional appearance. Keep it up, Walt, and you'll soon find it on the top-ten list.

Fenson Perry



'Staples won't hold'

Nice mag this COSMIC DUST. Enjoyed it verily. La libroj estas pli bona. Hmmm. Must of slipped out. Sorry.

First the idea of binding yrs and Fred's mags together. The staples can't hold twenty odd sheets and the last ten pages just drop off. Tsk. Discouraging. ((It was rather unfortunate that a few didn't staple so good, but 'twill not happen again. Never fear.))

In the editorial you state that all good copies go to yr best friends. Looks like I will have to cultivate a friendship here. ((From now on all copies will be clear. Dun professionally.))

The worst thing you printed was that fullpage thing on p.4. Yaaaaaaahhhhhh! No more please. Ten thumb Perry could do a lot better than that.

The next worse appears to be AMID THE BIZARRE. Ugh!!!

The rest of the material was good, very good. STAIRWAY TO THE STARS is top-notch. How did you get Chidsey to do it?

As a matter of fact the material is of pretty good quality but I still advise you against being monthly. Fen had much ther see one high quality mag every two or three months than a frequent but back ridden mag. Verily.

Dick Hetschel



'Visit to Planet best yet'

I'm sorry to hear that you're going to limit CD's circulation. The thing is really beginning to look good. ((Since I can get 100 copies done as cheaply as 50, there won't be a limitation; but stamps will be appreciated.))

Editorial. ((He's on the 'I' side. Too bad.))

Rusty's article. I disagree with para. 3. His next to last para. is interesting. I've sometimes felt the same way.

Amid the Bizarro. Not so good. The writing wasn't bad. Put the plot!

I suppose it's rather late for me to answer Kennedy's question as to whether my poem in CD-6 was my first fan-mag contrib, so I'll simply state that the one in CD-8 is my second.

Chidsey's poem was quite fine. It didn't need his explanation, though. I read it before his letter and found it self-sufficient.

Vassles by Kennedy was very interesting. The high spot of the ish. Incidentally, Joke's visit to planet is the best item you've run to date, in my opinion.

Pics were excellent, as usual.

RAYBLINGS (cont.) I can remember the bare skeletal plot of them, the mood, and occasionally characters, but usually find it difficult to say/just which issue they appeared. Have you ever read "Mind Out of Time", by F.P.Long, in a TWS circa '39 vintage(possibly '38)? ((We want to hear from you readers more often, even if we can't promise a prompt answer. We'd like to know how our new features are going over. A postal will do.))



## The Far Call

Siren Space - -  
Your Lorelie call  
Makes of listening man  
Mere thrall.  
Call without words;  
Lure with the power  
To set him a'dreaming - - -  
Inspire Bable Tower  
In imagination, to span  
Reachless skies;  
To measure infinite distance  
With Star-latused eyes.

Siren Space - -  
You are the lure - -  
The promise 'morrow  
That helps man endure  
The slow death of today.  
You keep his hopes aglow.  
Will you, too, disappoint him?  
- - Some tomorrow, will know.

M. J. Nuttall

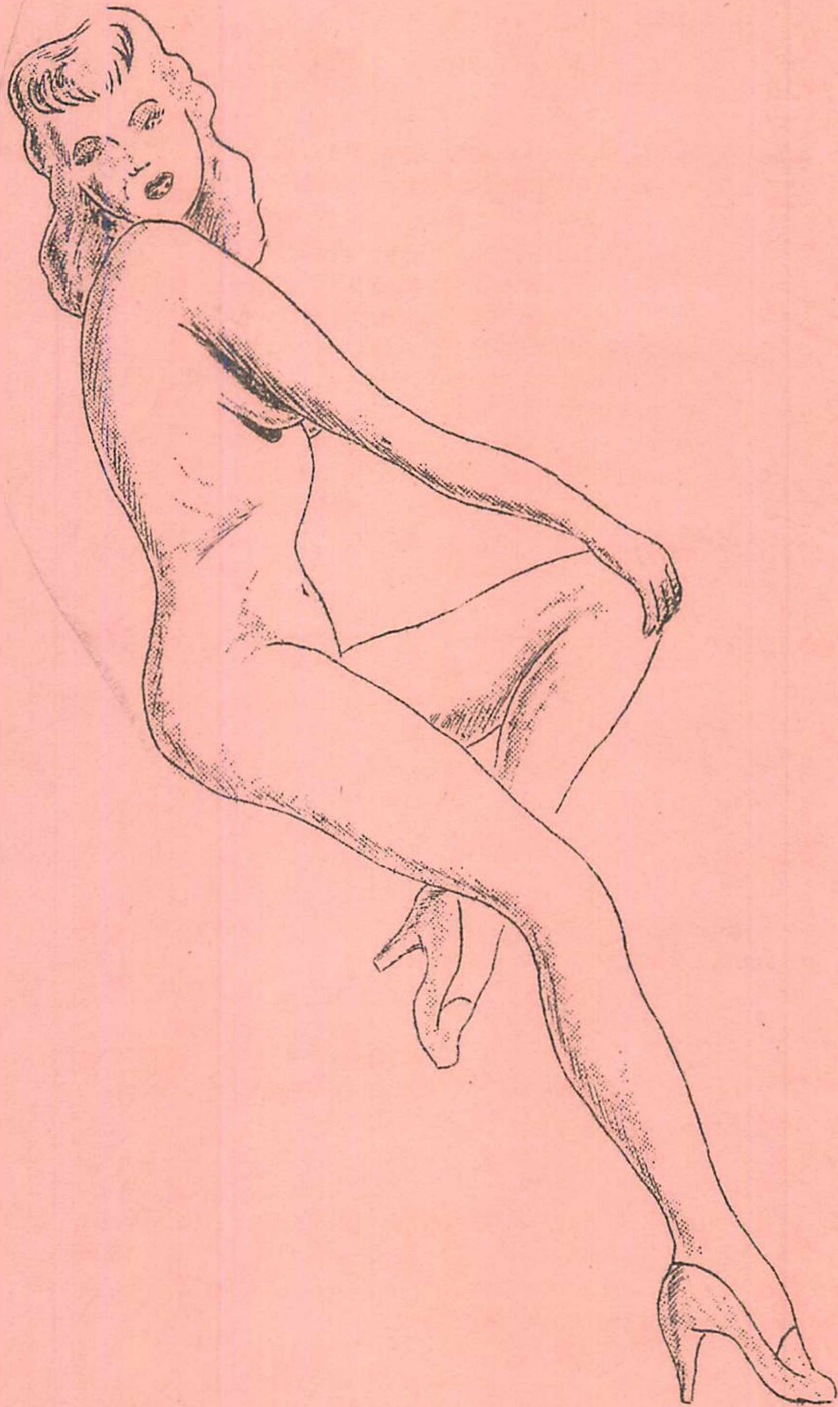
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## RAYMBLINGS

The idea in Startling you described about a planet traveling so fast that no light can escape from it does seem to strain my credibility, but I would not declare that it was flatly impossible.

What's the old mass-energy law about anything with infinite speed (that of light) having infinite mass? One of the most imaginative stfyarns I've ever read concerned a space-ship carrying an intrepid band of planetary explorers beyond the speed of light. I believe that darkness blacked them out for awhile, and then they looked out of the ports and saw the stars receding - dwindling - growing smaller, miriads of them seeming to coalesce into brief flares of brightness that winked out. This went on a long time and eventually there were no more stars, and then the dreadful truth was revealed by a clever physicist or someone; since they had exceeded the infinite speed of light, they had achieved infinite mass, expanded beyond imagination, and destroyed all the island universes simply by occupying all space in space! Mind staggering, some of those concepts, but those are the kind I love best. Science-fiction's chief attraction for me are those stories that deal with the theoretical probabilities of actual applications of natural laws - applications which we are unable to achieve here. I only wish that I'd carefully marked and filed away separately all of those stfyarns of this typed that appealed to me so much. ((Guess we'd better turn the page.)) ((Back to page 6.))

((We recently tried to get an article out of the Rayn, but instead we got permission to publish any parts of his letters that may be of interest to you readers. So as the first of a quasi-regular feature we present the following excerpt from a recent letter.))



Kesselb

((What gets me is why the shoes?))



Joe heard a flock of crows cawing back and forth to each other. A woodpecker gave a guttural squawk. From far away came the call of a yellow-hammer. Then Joe heard the strident voice of a bluejay. And there was an unceasing background of noise from insects.

A covey of quail approached Joe, and then they whirred away in startled flight. Through the trees Joe could see a distant pasture; he saw cattle grazing and heard the mellow tinkle of a bell.

In spite of the noises about him, Joe thought there was something very soothing and peaceful about this rural scene. Something inside him reached out hungrily toward it. He mused drowsily, "There are certain intangibles in life that make it more pleasant and livable. Life isn't a thing you can grasp the way you do a loaf of bread; it slips through the fingers like sand. But there are experiences which seem more satisfying than others."

Joe looked up at the fleecy clouds and the deep blue of the sky beyond. The wild geese were gone now, but the echo of their passage seemed to linger in the air. And Joe felt that he was on the verge of some important discovery, something fundamental that kept eluding his grasp.

"Some day I'll die," he thought. "We all have to do that. If I'm able to look back afterward, I believe my viewpoint will be radically changed. Values will differ. And I wonder - will the hurry and strain of accomplishment seem wonderful then? Will the memories of office and factory linger in my mind? Or will this scene of rural peace and quiet outweigh them ALL?"

And in his heart Joe knew that the latter was true.

finis



((In the letter section of LUNA POND last issue was a poem by Rusty. Raymond Washington worked it over into a sonnet and sent it to Rusty. Rusty has sent the new version to us. It is reproduced below.))

# REQUEST - by RUSTY & RAYM

I hope that it is springtime when I die,  
 And all the world is gay with waking life.  
 I want to see the wild geese winging high;  
 I want to hear the blackbird's cheery fife.  
 I wish to see a world of warmth and light,  
 When darkness starts to creep across my eyes;  
 Before the dawning of abysmal night,  
 I fain would see once more blue summer skies.  
 I want to hear young lovers laugh and sigh,  
 I want to dream of sunshine, not of snow -  
 I am content; life has not passed me by;  
 I've thrilled to dawn, I've watched the stars burn low -  
 But still, I hope it's springtime when I die,  
 For then it will not be so hard to go.

WANTED - By your editor to complete (at least partially) his collection: ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION prior to July 1943. PLEASE, will anyone who has any in a decent condition, and wants to sell or swap them, please get in touch with us?

