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REVIEW OF "PANTASIA"

By ARTHUR F. WILLIAMS.

"PANTASIA" is terrific, and don't you dare miss seeing it! It lasts about 2 hours and one part is particularly good. You see the screen pitch dark and slowly a nebula forms in the bottom left hand corner - it gets more distinct and you suddenly realise you are looking at the Universe from an awful long distance away. You approach it and see hundreds of Galaxies, which in turn you see as separate stars & planets. You see a huge sun, close up, with prominences etc. etc. and finally you see a brighter speck, with a smaller one alongside it and you sense it's the Earth, and Moon; you approach it and see a mud coloured ball and the scene fades out until you see the landscape - huge belching volcanoes, terrific great bubbling fields of lava, terrific thunder storms, earthquakes, tidal waves etc. etc. .... Then great rains of boiling water, and seas form and then later you see amoebas and protoplasm etc. in the water, deep deep down. These evolve until they are actual fishes and crustacea (crabs etc.) and you see one essay to climb onto the land (tree climbing fish Xist 2day) to later make the first land animals. Then later on you see the huge Dinosaurs, Tyrannosaurus Rex, Brontosaurus's, etc., and you witness a death... struggle between the T. Rex and a Brontosaurus, the former victorious..... Even later on you see the last trek of all the surviving animals in search of water, then the earth is nearly all one huge desert. You see them die, one by one, of thirst, and later their footprints in the now hard rock, and further on, their hundreds of bleached skeletons on the sand dunes. THEN occurs an eclipse of the Sun, and as you see the Earth grow dark, the terrain cracks and huge land masses slide down. There occurs a period of terrible earthquakes etc. and you finally leave the surface of the Earth when it has calmed and only small islands are seen, breaking the surface of an endless sea..... All this is scientifically accurate (as is explained behind) and takes about 1/2 of the length of the film. Other items are "The Nutcracker Waltz" and "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and three or four more including a smashing one - "Flight on Bald Mountain" which U will like if U like UNKNOWN! But the whole film is stupendous, and well worth going to see. DO NOT FAIL TO SEE IT! (Don't worry, Art, no one will miss seeing the film after reading your description)

IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT :-

1. Oct. F.T.F. has a lovely Finlay cover, and contains PALOS OF THE DOG STAR PICK by J. U. Giesy, and THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE by H. P. Lovecraft. (Courtesy photo from F.T.F. News Weekly).
2. AMAZING STORIES Sept. has a swell Fuqua cover illustrating the novel "Enchantress of Lemuria" by an old favourite Stanton A. Coblentz. Back cover - JUARTZ CITY OF MERCURY by Paul - another lovely piece of eye-pleasing art work. Stories look much the same as usual (very poor) but it is worth having for the back cover alone.
3. ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION for Sept. has a lovely Rogers cover illustrating Asimov's EIGHTH ILL. In terrior illustrations are moderately good, and JUC himself has an article on HUMAN MUTANTS that



FOR SALE :- (all post free from the editorial address) WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY - Spring '32 (slightly battered) 1/6; SCIENCE FICTION No. 1. (fair) 9d; MARVEL No. 3 & No. 1. (both fair) - 9d each; PLANET No. 1. (fair) 1/3; F.F.M. March '40 (fair) 1/-; WONDER Nov. '33 (coverless) 9d; T.W.S. Feb. '37 & Oct. '38 (both good) - 9d each, and March '41 (perfect) - 1/6; AMAZING Dec. '34 (poor) 6d, Dec. '36 (fair) @ 6d, Aug. '37 (fair) @ 6d, Nov. '38 (fair) @ 6d, Aug. '39 (fair) at 6d. First come, first served; and if I do not receive requests for them within a fortnight of the publication of this, they will be disposed of elsewhere.

LONG EDITORIAL :- I have no material on hand, but I am determined to make this first new issue a 4 page effort - so I will have to find something else to reprint though what it will be I haven't the faintest idea as yet. "CONNIE" will have no definite policy, and will be issued monthly as far as possible. However I will not accept material of a controversial nature unless it deals with science fiction purely and simply, and I will not accept material of an EXTREMELY libellous nature on any subject. Slightly libellous pieces are usually enjoyable, and will thus be allowed. At the moment our only set policy is to entertain, but subject to your approval, I will continue with magazine reviews (especially reviews of ASF seeing that TT is no longer with us), and I will be glad to print articles by anyone regarding the Heinlein controversy that Don left simmering. If American fanzine editors will send me a copy of their mag., I will be glad to review it in these pages and send them some TOW's or whatever they want for their trouble. In fact, any fanzine will be more than welcomed by me. Get your mag. reviewed over here, and send a copy to the Editorial address. Thank you. I think that is all for now, but I want material and criticisms of a constructive nature. Especially material as if I get a lot of that I may issue an independent subscription fanzine besides "CONNIE". I don't know yet, but I want material in any case. How about you : - Bulmer, Carnell, Doughty, Holmes, Houston, Morgan, Parr, and Art Williams?? Or how about some articles or stories from America?? Well, whatever you do, DO IT QUICK!!!

AFTER '59, THIS?

by WALTER SULLIVAN.

(Reprinted from SLIDE (the thud and blunder mag.) No. 1. without damon's kind consent ----- wouldn't like to send me a copy of SLIDE 2 would you, anybody???)  
 Over and over again I ask myself why? why? what did I ever do to deserve a fate such as this? How did I know when I became interested in science fiction that I would become a hunted fugitive, an outcast forever? However, I cannot escape it, I am branded forever as a full-fledged scientifiictionist. I wonder if I can be the last of my queer kind? THE YEARS HAVE passed in quick succession since that fateful year of 1959. Perhaps I need not hide here alone. It has been years since I went out among men. It may be that in all those lonely years things have changed. Maybe we have been forgiven, and science fiction has been revived. I might be able to answer these questions if I left these monstrous mountains, but I dare not risk capture and possible torture. Forty years is a long time to spend alone, but I have my science fiction mags. to keep me company until I am called. HOWEVER, IN SPITE of all the privations and tortures I have suffered, I can still cherish those happy, joyful years before the great science fiction convention of 1959 which turned out to be a Frankenstein. If any old science fiction fan should read this manuscript (which I am tattooing on my chest for want of paper) he will remember the carefree days before the convention. However, he will remember also the dark aspects of the convention itself and the days that immediately followed it. He will undoubtedly remember the break-up of the authors and editors over who

(AFTER '39, THIS? contd.) should be the honoured guests, which was settled by the committee's picking an author and editor who had passed on to their just rewards. He will also remember the tragedy of the beer and sandwich' stampede, (in which I got two beers and five sandwiches) when twelve fans and numerous spectators were trampled to pulps. Then there was the "Bloody Battle of Science Fiction" which took place between the Michelists and the Anti-Michelists. It was stirring to see the opposing forces rushing to the fray, the Michelists carrying their blood-red flags and singing their anthem, "Onward Michelism", and the Anti-Michelists carrying their flag with the likeness of Moskowitz on it and singing their song of victory, "New Fandom Triumphant". I distinctly remember wildly waving a loaded copy of FANTASY NEWS as I rushed forward and let out a Cherokee war whoop, and being answered from across the hall by Dan McPhail with a Choctaw battle cry. I remember seeing Dan's lifeless body lying amid the wreckage after the battle, his head crushed in by a volume of FUTURISM NEWS. It was horrible to see the bodies of familiar fans lying in gruesome pools of blood. After the battle many fans who carried pictures of themselves were arrested for carrying deadly weapons. As if it were not bad enough to have battles between the two factions of science fiction, the surviving fans who returned home were startled to hear of a great upheaval in the directing ranks of New Fandom. It seemed that while preparing for the convention, Taurasi and Sykora had signed Moskowitz's name to numerous cheques. Moskowitz was mad enough when he received a bill for three hundred dollars for the... convention, but when he received a bill for \$150 marked "incidentals", something.. seemed to snap. He suddenly remembered rumours of wild parties at Sykora's on the nights when the committee was supposed to meet. (I ought to know, I was there.) Fandom awoke one morning to read in FANTASY NEWS that Will Sykora had been killed by Moskowitz and that there would be no more issues of FANTASY NEWS, as the editor found it expedient to leave for parts unknown. That was the last we ever heard from JVT. It was rumoured that Moskowitz caught up with him in the wilds of the Flushing dumps while mulling over a volume of FANTASY NEWS - but I will not go into the ghastly details. HOWEVER, THE FINAL and decisive blow had not been struck. When it did come, it came with a shock that rocked the world of science fiction to its very base. News of the goings-on at the convention had reached the ears of the Government (and what big ears you have Uncle S.), which immediately appropriated \$10,000,000 to be used to investigate sfn. in the U.S. After two and a half years had passed and seven government investigators had gone mad from reading sfn., the govt. swung into action. Sfn. was outlawed in our fair land. All sfn. literature was confiscated by the Gov. and destroyed. The fans were told.. that they must forget all about sfn., but they had been infected. Secretly, they organized themselves and continued to publish their fan mags. All went well until one fan who had indulged a bit too deeply (as is often their custom methinks) told all he knew. All this valuable information fell into the hands of the govt. (and what big hands you have, Uncle S.) and it was decided that the fans must go. From then on it was a relentless search all over the country for the poor, Innocent (?) fans. Like the Christians in Rome, they were hunted down and destroyed like wild beasts. But, in spite of the govt's. purge, as late as 1946, a few true and loyal souls remained to preserve sfn.. In that year there were just about 6 of us left and to celebrate the 20th anniversary of sfn., we decided to hold a convention... Somehow the govt. heard about it, and got on our trails. Just as I was about to leave my house, I noticed 2 men standing in front of it, and I immediately knew them to be Federal agents. From then on, it was just one jump after the other to keep ahead of them. After being hounded for months, I found my way into those.. mountains, where I have been ever since. I WONDER IF there can be any fans left in the outside world? Do the Michelists rule the world? Alas, I do not know and I am getting too old to venture outside. I fear that I shall never know ----- never know. (Gosh, I thought it wasn't going to fit in!!!! Cheerio, JER.)