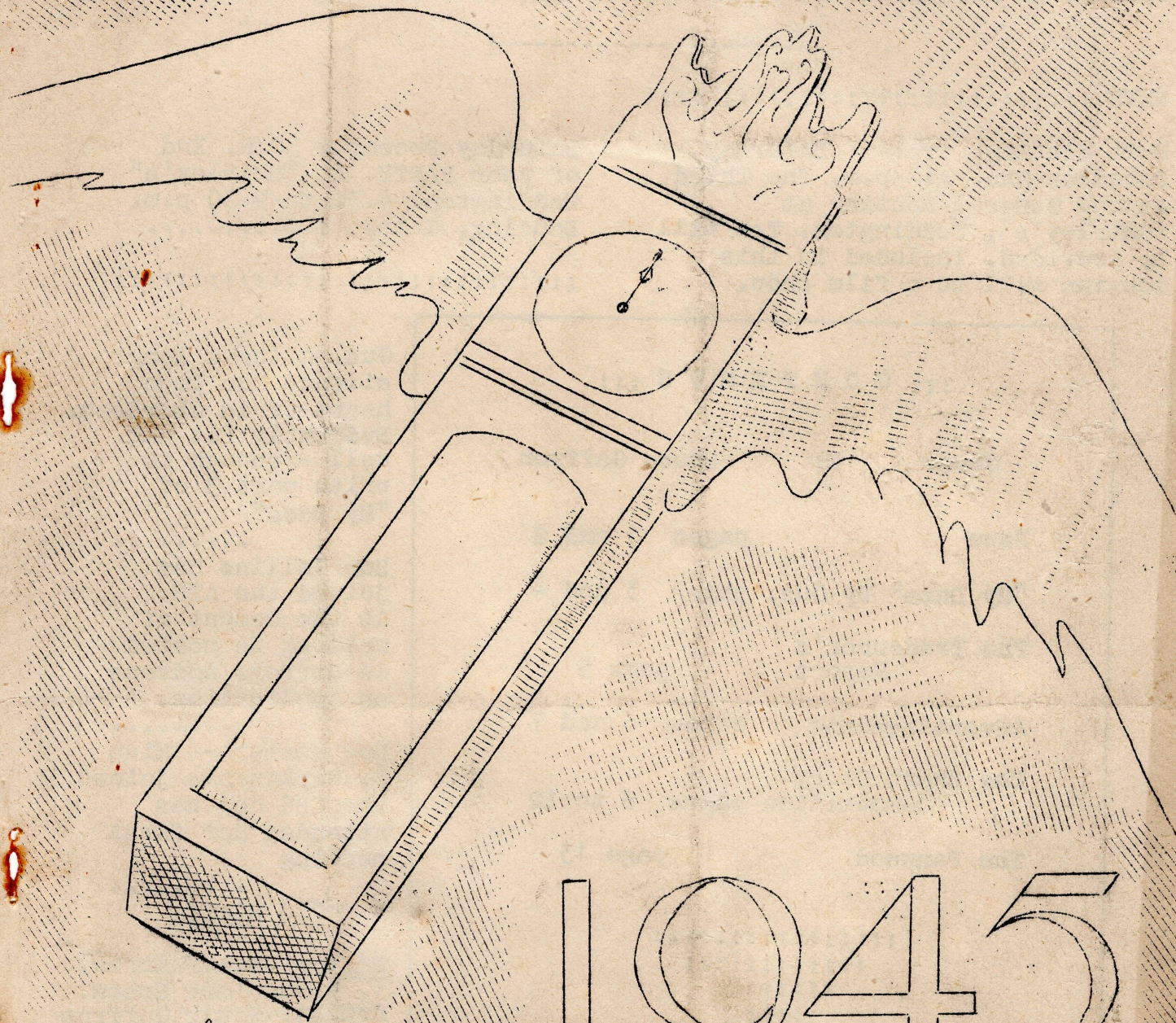


COSMIC CUTS



1945



"This should be an Xmas cover but it's a bit late for that"

B.G.

This is the Christmas Special Issue, full of interesting and amusing this and that; especially are we honoured to have another article by Gus Willmorth. The third and last episode in his series of articles will appear in a later number.

NEWS ::::::::::::::::::::

Next Meetings are:- Saturday December 2nd. at 3p.m. The Third Annual General Meeting at "Shirley's", Teddington. Tea will be provided. Included in this session will be a film show.

Saturday December 30th. End of year PARTY. At "Shirley's" Teddington. 4.30 to 9.30 p.m. Dancing, Games Etc.....

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::: C O N T E N T S :::

Cover	by	Bruce Gaffron
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"Cosmic Cuts", an amatear magazine published by the Cosmos Club.

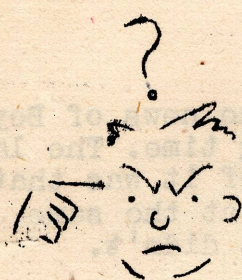
Gus, after a long silence has been heard of in Aberdeen. Evidently fit and well - enough to write part 3 of "My Daze"

.....
Sue Collins has joined the ATS. At the moment of writing is posted in Surrey. Address on application.

.....
New Member -- Miss C. Hipkin has joined the CSC and has attended her first meeting

.....
C.C Staff

Editor: G.L.Holbrow,
1, Pound Lane Epsom.
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MY DAZE

by
GUS



The fenfolk, of the race of Slen, are individualists; not only do we realize this, but we fervently desire to be individualists; we glory in our individualism. Since the pursuit and achievement of individualism is our ideal, we can view individualism in others and their works with admiration. Those persons to whom we have given our applause, who have been given our approval, who have been declared by the majority, to be the best, the tops, the acme of Fandomania have been individualistic to the greatest degree. We bow down to the expression of unusual being.

Why is it that Finlay, Bok, Paul, Dolgov, Turner, Magarian and Wright received the laurel leaf while equally good artists such as Krupa, Fuqua, and dozens of others who turn out excellent work with wondrous regularity are given no more than occasional words of "always turns out good stuff" or some such expression of mediocracy? It is because those artists have developed a style, the style that is an expression of their individualism; that is why we clap our hands in awe and shout for joy. Many of us do not seem to realize it but it is not until an artist or author comes along who can produce something unusual and out of the norm that we give out our full approval. Finlay's most admired work is his bubble design work though nearly all of his art is good; in Bok we admire the slightly surrealist tint; in Paul his very stylized figurines and buildings; in Cartier his very grotesqueness; Magarian his almost Moorish detailed fantasy.

Yet there are times when we do not seem to realize that it is this individualism that makes our interest in the Exalted Literature so great. I have seen several artists who, though they had the beginning of an excellent style, were not given a chance to develop it. So many are still tied by the status quo so tightly that they would not let a neophyte grow if they can stop it by a flood of words. How many remember this fellow used to draw (for Astounding and Super-Science, I believe) these ringed planets, queer little impracticable spaceships that were always sectioned? As a style the whole was delectable; there was promise of better things than usual there. What happened? Such a scream of outrage rose from the fen dens, that the editors undoubtedly requested him to draw straight art-work --- and it stunk. Period. As an individualist he was good; as an ordinary illustrator, he was not. And it has

happened before. It should never happen again, but probably will. Thusly we are robbed of an excellent illustrator. I protest.

Yet despite our love for the individualistic, we are able to separate the bad from the good. Though our taste for the outre and different may colour our choice to some extent, we are still able to perceive and protest against the flagrantly bad. This may explain the ostracizing of some of the beginning individualists at art and writing. All know Leo Morey. A rank individualist who produced a lot of rank art. At times he did well, generally very poorly. One of the few fantasy artists who might be called a hack. But he was outstanding amongst the artists of early Stf mostly because he had the knack of style. There were others as bad or worse, but because Morey was individualistically bad, the coals of fire were heaped upon his head freely. Much of the art being printed in present mags. is excreta. Better artwork is being featured in fmz than in some of the pros.

Upon us in some small degree rests the choice of future artists for our stories. Some of these amateur artists who do work for free today, are going to illustrate the stories we read tomorrow. Turner, Hunt, Williams, Wright, Kline, Gaffron: some day these fellows will sell to the pros. It is to our own interest to assist the budding artists so that we in the end will have better illustrations for our pro stories. They should be persuaded to adopt and develop a style that appeals to them. Not a copy of existing artists, but something individual, characteristic of them. Most of them have such a style. Who could mistake Hoffmania after seeing a few? Or a Turner? Good work in Fanzines are going to produce good works in pros.

Therefore, as we protect and foster individualism in ourselves and in our kindred fen, let us do so for art work and in writing. If we don't help to produce the outstanding in 'our' mags, the artwork is going to go straggling along in this same mediocre rut in which it is today with comic book illustration and western story cuts. Any time now is the right time to begin a course in art appreciation, so that the occasional good illustration will begin to outnumber the amount of hack that is rolling out today. And the same goes for everything, better art, better writing, better fen. Lets be ourselves with everything we've got.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT

by His Extreme Reverence Tubby Powell.

Taking the year by and large we have had in the broadest possible sense a measure of success (in the main), so that our balance is not substantially far removed from what it might have been if things had been somewhat different.

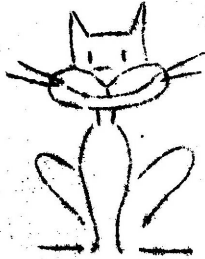
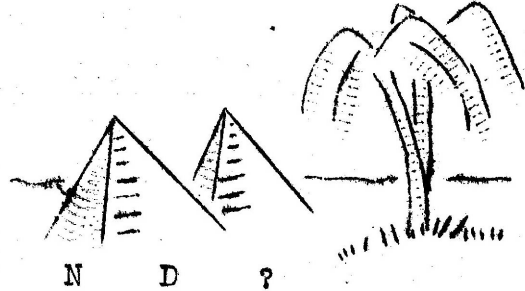
Here is a more detailed account :-

<u>DEBIT</u>			<u>CREDIT</u>				
	£	s	d		£	s	d
Jan the something Paid	2	3	½	Jan Old what's his name paid sub.	5	0	
Paper or whatever it was	3	7	1	Found in corner of pocket			0½
Fee for overhaul of memory	1	1	0	Mar Someone else paid	5	0	
Feb Pin-up-Gals	17	4	2½	What could it have been ?			1½
Apr 1st My birthday			5½	Apr Sold book "How to train your Memory"			3
Private tuition for Memory	4	4	0	Jun. 2 pints of bitter (put it down now but its on the wrong side)	2		6
Paid old or-un		1	7	July Sold something			2
Jun Went for ride on a Trolleybus			1½	Sept Can't remember Dropped out of hole in trouser's pocket			4½
Adv. in 'Lost' Column of local paper	17		6	Oct Found another sucker	5		0
Aug Detective's fee for searching for memory	15	15	0	Diddled old thing across the road			0½
Sept Very expensive month Put it down somewhere safe	5	9	0	Oct Sold bloodhound	1	11	½
Oct Memory very troublesome Bought bloodhound	13	13	0	Nov Very foggy			3
Nov Went to pictures	2		9½				

Comes out about square

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for.....er"

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Money than anything else on
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establishes its value."

A Cat Writes :-

"I have never dug such
comfortable holes."

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P R O D U C T S
I N C .

The Celebrated Short Story Competition

J. k. aiken

bruce gaftron

syd bounds

h. gomberg

h. s. burton

g. l. holbrow

An ingenious notion strikes our Mr Gomberg at the meeting in October. "Why not," he says, "have a short story competition"? "Why not," say we?

It was proclaimed that the following six words were to be incorporated in a short story to be written in the 15 minutes allotted for this task:

Fungus
Sulphurous
Trolleybus

Tundra
Sand
Amazon

and here are the results.

John Aiken's effort :-

The fungus-smuggler crept stealthily across the Siberian Tundra, stealing silently from slab to slab of semi-solid slush. His bags of agaricus muscaria (fly agaric) seemed to grow heavier and heavier. Snow was falling, so that the silver sand beach of the little river Scumsk where he was to meet that blonde Amazon of the fungus-smuggling ring, Olga Slabfaceovna next May, seemed increasingly remote. It was growing darker and darker and he often missed his footing and splashed into half-frozen pools of icy water, which soaked into his bags so that their weight-increased steadily causing his wrath to grow more and more sulphurous.

A distant clattering noise made him curse even more frantically and he began to run, frequently falling on his snoot and sometimes on other parts of himself. But he struggled bravely on through the deepening snow as the clattering sank to a clanking roar like an ancient junk-heap being hit by an atomic doodlebug. A mass of semi-scrap metal pulled up at the feeble wave of his frost-bitten hand, and he climbed thankfully aboard the last Trolleybus of the year from Omsk to Tomsk.

----- by H Gomborg

Dick Trenchard leaped athletically aboard the Trolley-bus regaining his balance by means of the hand rail as it accelerated speedily. The uniformed amazon muttered about "Fools who did not know what they was adoin' of", and handed him a 4d. ticket.

"Can you direct me to Giles Grove" asked the bronzed explorer, Dick Trenchard. After more muttering a confused melée of details about 4th on the left at the 5th stop, then go round till the telegraph posts stop then and so on.....

His fiancée, Nelly Truheart, lived at 41, Giles Grove and had been awaiting his return for 4 long years during his last expedition. At the appointed stop the conductress curtly dismissed him from the bus.

His mind was in a whirl after acclaim for his unique talents, that infallible sense of direction that held him straight on his course through uncharted sands of the Kalahari when they had had to kill the last camel 100 miles from the nearest oasis to assuage their hunger and thirst, that he should be so brusquely treated by a mere slut.

He strode on

His agility and toughness when he spanned the sulphureous chasms of Kor with Sir Graham Barlow's expedition. Alone with only a makeshift liara rope and an alperstock he scaled the solidifying lava floor and up the sheer magnetic face opposite. So that now travellers reaching that far could cross by a toggle-rope bridge strong enough to support two mules.

The fourth turning on the right.....

Equipment shattered by the collapse of the treacherous snow bed beyond the arctic circle, without compass, food or water and hampered by two enervated scientists Bodger, the botanist and Gallow, the geologist, the one charting the growth of a rare fungus and the other looking for outcroppings of wulframite (Tungsten for the war effort). He still managed the trek straight across the tundra belt guided only by sun and stars to Ranska little known community in northern-most Russia.

Was this the telegraph posts ending?

Dick Trenchard wandered on and on and on.

He asked a cockney the way to Giles Grove and was directed again for several miles.

.....

It was growing dark and the great explorer, his mind dazed with conflicting directions, Dick Trenchard consigned Nelly Truheart to the nethermost bits of hell and retired baffled by the maze of London streets to the trackless jungles of Africa.

by..... Syd Bounds

The conductor of the Trolleybus that plied between Hampton Court and Hammersmith made a study of his fellow men. His job of course, gave him ample opportunity for such a study. So he took particular notice of the motly crew of gaudily dressed young people that stepped on to the bus as it stopped outside the "Kings Arms" in Teddington High Street.

A most peculiar set, he thought, as he made his way towards them with a view to collecting fares.

The first person was a rather blonde fellow with long hair and a fungus like moustache. He carried a pile of magazines under one arm and had entered into an animated discussion with two others of the group.

The blonde chap was speaking

"Fearn's 'Amazon' stories are trips!" he was saying, in a tone implying that he, personally, could do much better.

"I don't agree" replied one of the others
"Fearn may not be the greatest of the writers but he is adequate for the pulp field. The Editor at least agrees with me"

"Fares, please" cried the conductor, extending one palm to receive coins, and clicking his paper-stamping machine.

They did not seem to take much notice of him, so he cried out again, in more stentorian tones.

"Fares, please, young sirs!"

One of the crew looked up with something like amazement in his face.

"Do we have to pay?" he exclaimed looking at his fellow travellers as though it was a most unusual thing.

"Well" he said, extracting a linen bag from an inside coat pocket, "this is the best we can do, I'm afraid"

He untied the neck of the bag and extracted two grains of sand that he dropped into the palm of the conductor's hand.

"Sand!" The conductor's look was emphatic

"Sand from the Tundra of Asia" replied the mighty one, and as of one accord they disappeared into a puff of sulphurous smoke to their habitual home.

by Gordon Holbrow

I am walking along the Tundra, thinking of this and that, since a situation as follows arises: I have just missed my Trolleybus out to that celebrated little berg called Nytechppop on the banks of the Amazon. Then who comes in sight but my old pal Tubby.

It is a long time since I see my old pal and I calculate it must be way back in the '40 s when we used to drop along to Hilda's Snack Bar for a quantity of Good Time Hilda's celebrated mixed grill of the sulphurous capped Amanita Dingus.

We get round to reminiscing of one ting and another and especially about those pleasant fungus dinners we get at Hilda's; although some guys say they are not all they should be and claim that Hilda puts more than enough sand in her mixed grills. In fact I calculate that maybe they are not far wrong.

Well, we get not much er with our gabbing as up comes my Trolleybus, the service out here being particularly good, and on it I scam leaving my old pal to plod on on his way over the lonely Tundra.

--00-----00--

by..... H. S. Burton

Lying amid the profusion of tropical fungus growing around the foot of a mighty tree in the forests of the Amazon, the old explorer's weary body shook in fits of ague. Long had he roamed around, hopelessly lost, hacking his way through the prolific creepers and squelching amongst the filth and slime bordering one of the tributaries of the mighty river. Now he was done - finished, with not the strength to ~~make~~ make himself out of the stinking mess into which he had fallen. His mind, already crazed, flitted fitfully from one episode in his life to another. Here he was dressing for dinner, fixing his tie, now he was arriving at the street of his former business and dropping off his usual Trolleybus, now he was plodding his way, as a young adventurer, following the seasonal migration of the lemmings in the Tundra of Lapland, while now, oh' yes he was a boy again playing in the sand at the seaside.

Suddenly a large and bulbous puffball burst at his side, filling his nostrals with pungent sulphurous fumes

Frenziedly he shifted his body to clear himself from the poison surrounding him, and then, as music in the ears of a dying maestro, came a babble of native voices, yes, a string of natives, laden with the means of salvation, six tins of Browns salted peanuts, 10 cents a can, ladies and gents, just 10 cents a can.

by..... Bruce Gaffron

Septimus Q. Phillpotts was a very meek little fellow. He worked, by day, in a Timber-yard handing out knot holes to blokes who built fences, so the kids could see through them if they wern't big enough to look over. In the evening he indulged in his hobby of fungus collecting.

One evening he was informed by a telegram that a rare specimen of fungus had been seen out in Russia on one of the vast tracks of tundra, approximately 3 icebergs to the left and two fishing holes to the right as you go in.

So donning his hat, he rushed out and jumped on the nearest Trolleybus for Russia, so he thought anyway. But after 10 hours travelling he was assailed by a sulphurous odour. Looking out of the window he was shocked to see that they were passing through the volcanic area of South America. With a terrified shriek he attempted to jump off the bus on to the soft bank of sand (there were no bus stops in sight) bordering one of the tributaries of the Amazon, but unfortunately landed up to his ankles in mud. Normally this would not have worried him, but this time he had landed head first.

And that, Ladies and Gents, is why you can't see the football match at Wimbledon for nothing. You see, they've just put up a new fence, and there was nobody to hand out the knot holes.

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THE FANWEED

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At this time every year it is our custom to present all our readers with a unique gift. This year it is the seed of that little known weed the F A N W E E D (*Thlospira arvense*)

A few details concerning this interesting seed would not come amiss. The Fanweed grows abundantly in most of the north western and north central states, as well as in south western Canada. The plant is hardy and grows well without irrigation, except on very dry land. It matures early (around July 1st) making two crops in one season possible. The Fanweed attains a height of 12 to 18 inches and can be harvested easily (presumably owing to its shallow roots).

Fanweed seeds contain 33 to 35 per cent oil by weight. The oil is light green in colour, but little mention is made of its odour.

The main fatty acid content of this oil is erucic acid (52%). It is claimed that this high erucic acid content is responsible for the peculiar characteristics of the oil and also its industrial importance. A possible industrial use that has been suggested is a lubricant constituent, especially after it has been blown, in place of rape oil.

Of special significance is the fact that its Polenske value is 0.00 and its Reichert Meisel value is 0.25.

Further details of this wonder plant can be found in an article by J.R. Clopton and H.O. Triebold of the Pennsylvania State College in Industrial and Engineering Chemistry, Industrial Edition, 1944, Volume 36, No. 3, 218-9, published by the American Chemical Society.

