

WALT KESSEL'S  
COSMIC DUST

&

FRED WARTH'S  
LUNA PONO



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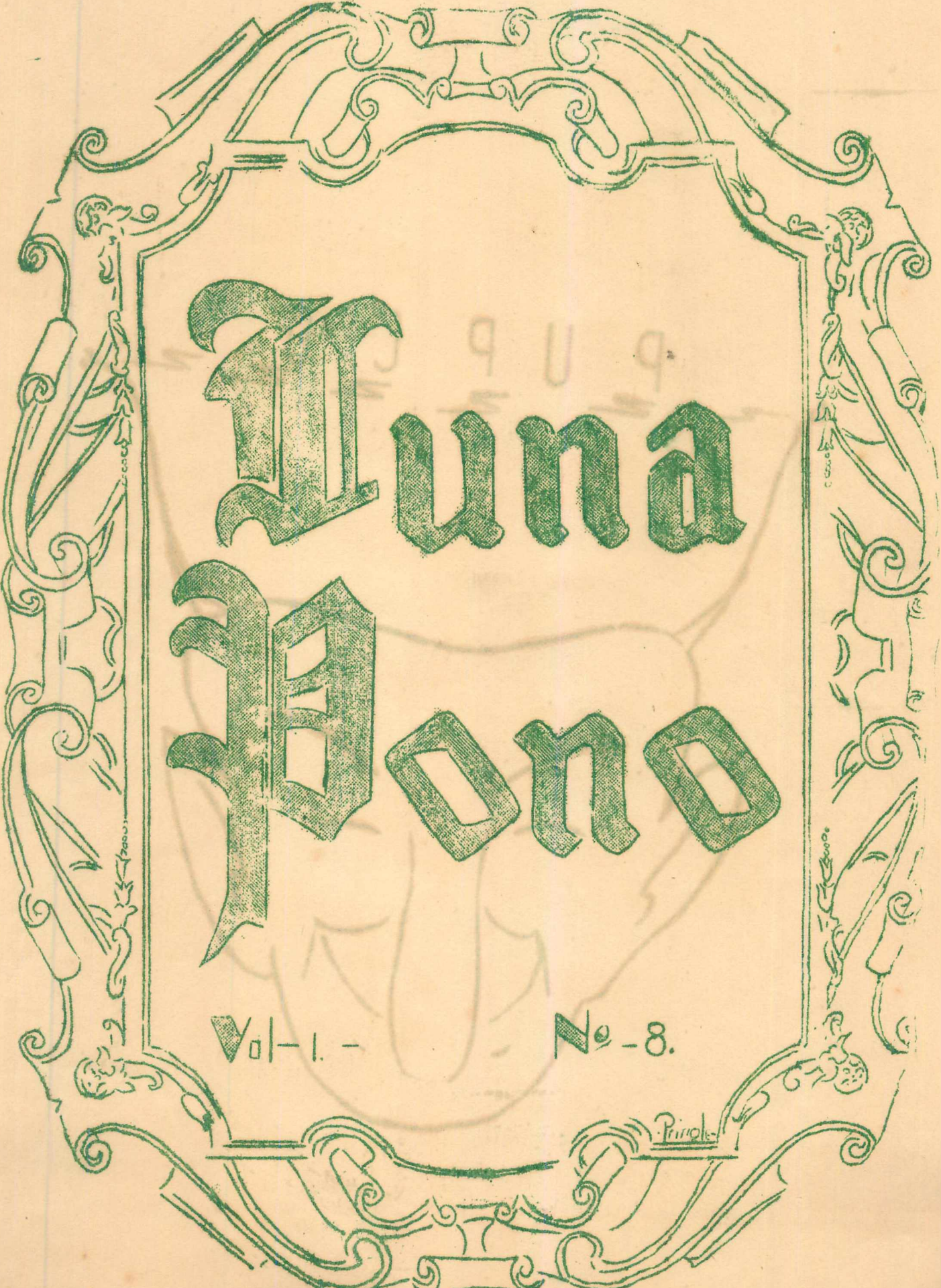
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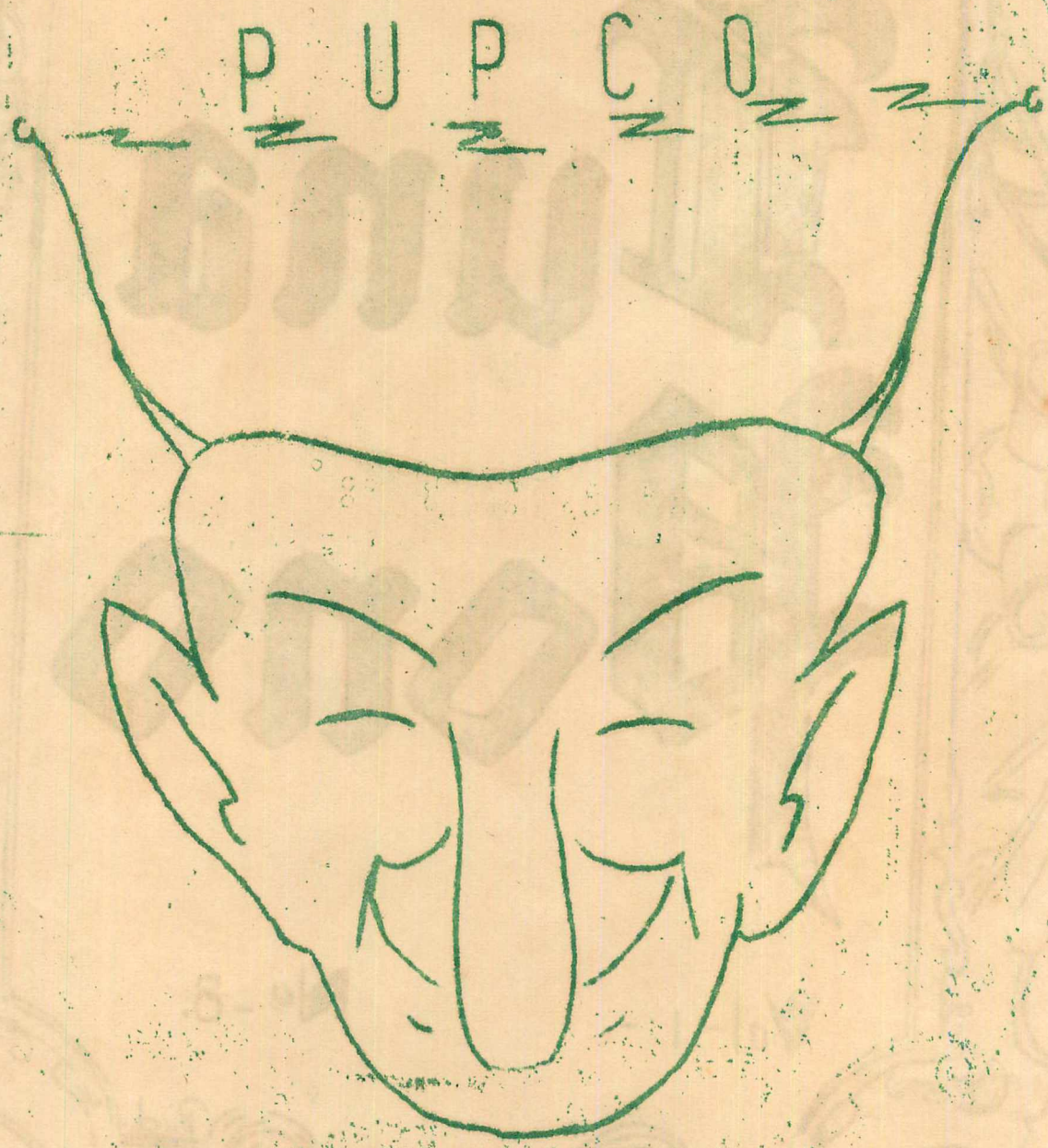
# Luna bono

Vol. I. -

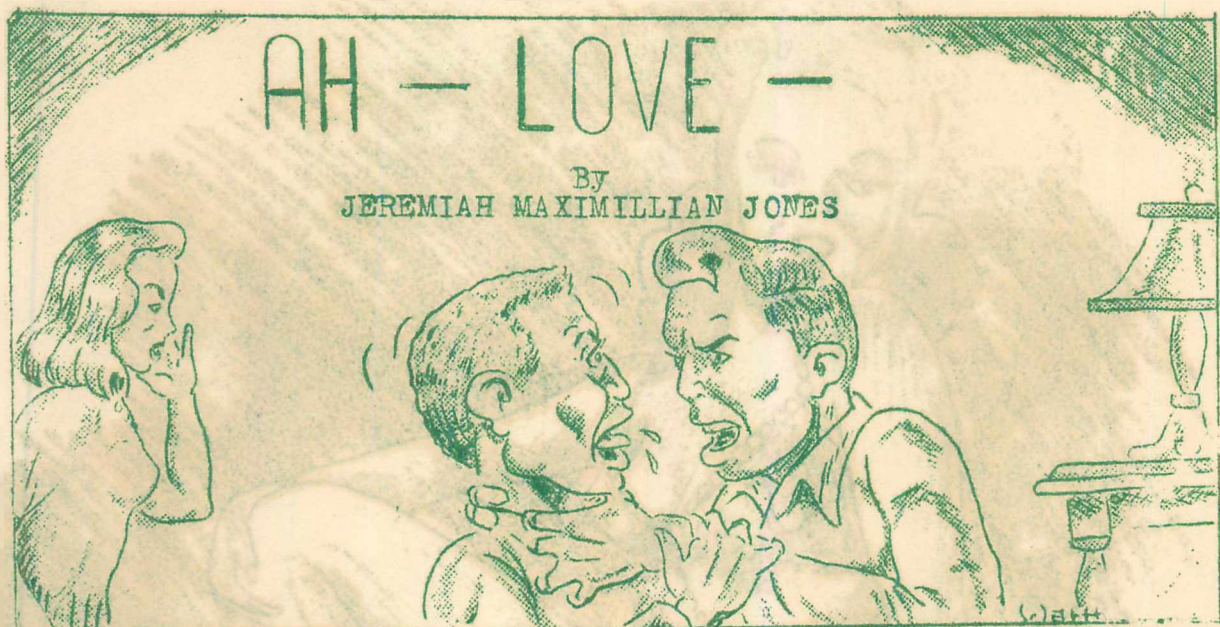
No. 8.

Printed









JCANN KENNEDY stood posed with her arms folded and her back to Walt, with an expression of boredom on her lovely face.

"You don't believe me, do you?" Walt was saying as he started slowly toward her.

"I do not....well on the other hand,(((?!)) maybe you do love me, but I certainly do not love you, a big fat bulky dopy bug-eyed ignorant peculiar like you((HE is too))!"

"Ignorant???"

"Oh, don't be funny!"

"But darling," said Walt placing his hands upon her shoulders.

"Don't darling me! You two timer! I saw you with that blonde. I think you call her-ah-Alice Weinstein!" she said turning around. The light shining down on Jo made her loveliness stand out even more. This was too much for Walt and he grabbed her in his clutches with a wolfish smile on his face, and pressed his lips to hers, thrilling to her ~~xxx~~ gasp and response. "Now then! You still love me, don't you?" said Walt drawing back from the huddle.

"Oh, yes," she gasped((Ug!)).

Then from behind them drifted a bored and disgusted "Ahem". They spun around to face the cold blooded eyes of Austin Hamel.

"So! out with my gal, oh???" cried Austin with jealousy popping out all over his mug as he dove for Walt's brawny throat. Grabbing Walt, his hands slowly tightened around, Jo's lover's throat.

Just as Walt was ughing all over the place and his head at the point of popping off, the wall crumbled to dust as Frantic Fred the Empty Head, stepped through. Stretching out his arm he cried, "Cease! and every thing was still.

Then Gerry de la Ree stepped into the room. "We shall settle this problem right now! Who do you love, Jo,??? Walt or Austin? or shall I put you into a transome and find out???" said Gerry.

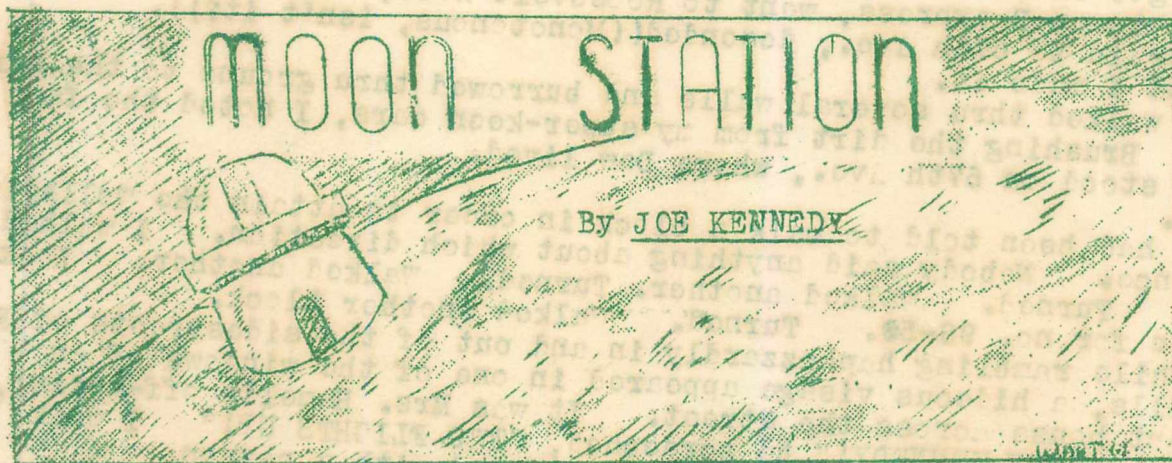
"No! No! I'll tell, it's...it's...it's...it's...it's.....Walt. that I love and I didn't mean any of those things I said about him.... I...LOVE him." said Jo. ((Can't on next page))





Kessel  
11/14





On the twenty-fourth day in the merry month of September, a slim postal-card from Don Wollheim found its way into my mailbox.

In glaring letters of black, it declared that there would be a fan-meeting at Don's upon the following Sunday. It also hinted faintly that if I were to attend, my presence would be tolerated. As I read the card over again, I felt someone tapping me on the shoulder. I turned. Before me stood a shining figure with golden wings and a life-preserver floating in mid-air over its head.

I recognised the figure. 'Twas my conscience. My conscience insists on following me all over the country and popping up unexpectedly. Every time a curvacious dame wanders in front of me and I pucker up my lips to whistle, my conscience appears before me with a sign reading DON'T DO THAT. Most annoying.

"Okay, conscience," I rasped. "Whatta ya want this time?"

The conscience fluttered his wings once or twice...spoke in a thin, squeaking voice: "Wollheim visited you recently."

"So what?" I retorted.

"So you must have revenge. Visit him."

With these words, the conscience unfolded his wings and swished out of the window.

Sunday came. I hopped the nearest train. An hour passed. I was in New York.

I yanked forth a sheaf of directions that Daw had given me. I entered the nearest subway...dropped a counterfeit nickle into the turnstile.

The trains zoomed to and fro in a faintly confusing manner. Once my super-keen ears detected a scream. My conscience happened to be standing in front of one of the subway trains.

This cheered me somewhat.

I noticed that every train imaginable was dashing by. Every train except the one I wanted.

I asked a guard.

"Dat train don't come here, buddy," he informed me. "Youse .

((Continued next page))

(THE LOVE, from page 3) /

And with that, there was no doubt about it....Justin Blew His Plumbing. So every one was happy, Walt and Jo had each other, Austin blew his plumbing and they all lived happily ever after(Except Austin)  
finis

wants to take his train over here and den youse get to West 4th St., youse gets off and changes to de train youse wants."

I got on the indicated train, went to West 4th St., descended, changed to an E express, went to Roosevelt Ave., descended, took a GG local train to 67th Ave., descended((Monotonous, isn't it?)).

But I made it.

I walked thru several walls and burrowed thru ground to the surface. Brushing the dirt from my super-keen ears, I noted the fact that I stood on 67th Ave., where Daw lived. Indeed.

I had been told to walk a block in order to attain the Wellheim residence. Nobody said anything about which direction. I walked a block. Turned. Walked another. Turned. Walked another. Locked in vain for no. 98-50. Turned. Walked another block.

While rambling haphazardly in and out of the sidestreets of Forest Hills, a hideous visage appeared in one of the windows of an apartment house across the street. It was Mrs. Hamel's off-spring, Austin. "HEY KENNEDY!" he screeched, "TWO FLIGHTS UP!" I walk into the place. I was suddenly confronted with a person.

"I'd never guess who I am," said the person.

"No. I probably wouldn't", I agreed.

"I'm Monroe Kuttner" he beamed.

After we recovered from the mutual shock, I was escorted upstairs into the Wellheim cave.

I looked eagerly for the torture-racks, bats, chains, and horse-whips.

There weren't any.

Most disappointing.

Instead, I was confronted with a large, pleasant living-room, decked with originals by Finlay and Bok, twenty-million books, and an assortment of comfortable furniture.

Donald L. Wellheim, editor of Ten DETECTIVE AGES? VERTIGO, etc., etc., greeted me. Gritting his teeth and shutting his eyes, he shook my hand, and managed to keep from shuddering.

Hamel dashed toward me and shrieked: ( quote ) "WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE LATEST STELLAR???" (unquote ). ((Ha!))

Elsie Wellheim and Kuttner helped Hamel back into his straight-jacket and he calmed down to some extent.

Russ Wilsey entered, lit a sinister-looking cigar, and related numerous droll incidents. Too droll for me to recall.

Rosemarie Riewald followed. (Or was it vice-versa?)

And Larry Shaw.

And And Bill Stoy.

Al Weinstein bounced into the gathering with an armful of Tommy Dorsey records, which he proceeded to play on the phonograph nearby. After ten or twelve minutes, he glanced around, noticed, no and fainted quietly.

Wilsey began an uninterrupted monologue while Stoy remained discreetly silent. Shaw proved himself a contortionist with a broom. He next proceeded to retail copies of his present address at ten cents per copy. Kuttner pulled a bit of magic with a table-fork. I investigated Daw's Bound fanzine collection, Lovecraft books, and demonic Gholy Ghiblic.

Elsie Brought in a tray of delightful eats and numerous quantities of soda.

Indubitably.

Conversation ran in varied veins...Peacock, The latest Astounding my proposed fanzine TERRIFYING TEST-TUBE TALES, the Philly Futurists, tobacco, and what-have-you.

By and by the time came for departure. The entire party, including the Wellheims, meandered down to the subway station once again

((Next page))



...stood there and awaited a train...drew moustaches upon the pretty lassies in the advertising posters.

The train arrived. We went in.

The train wizzed thru countless miles of dark tunnel. It finally stopped at Roosevelt Ave. We went out.

Kuttner and I were chatting pleasantly about sundry trivia. I looked around. The other slans were hopping into the gaping portals of another subway train.

"Great Ghughu!" I gasped. "Is this the train?"

I started toward it.

The train door slid relentlessly shut. I was left outside. The other fan tried unsuccessfully to pry the door open. The train gave a lurch, and rocketed away. Elsie was waving frantically. Hamel blew me a fond kiss. The train vanished in the distance. Monroe the Queer and the great Joke stood glumly on the station platform, watching the retreating cloud of dust that had been the subway train.

Kuttner waited with me until the next train came along. I bid him adieu and hopped inside.

The thing sped away. I sat glumly by myself; tried not to notice all the women standing.

I opened an eye.

Hamel and Wilsey ran past.

Ho hum.

Hamel and Wilsey.

So what?

I sat up with a start. Hamel and Wilsey! I jumped to my feet. They spotted me. It would seem that the other slans had stopped, and changed trains, for in a moment we were united once more. Thrill. They had departed. Otherwise, the party was intact.

Except for Kuttner. Yeah.

The bunch then proceeded to elect me a member of the Arisians. Be it hereby known that Jo Kenidi is the first Arisian ever elected on a speeding subway train! An honor, I assure you.

Daw attempted to squeeze \$14 out of me for dues. He gave up when Elsie reprovingly told him to stop victimizing the poor boy.

They persuaded me to have dinner with 'em at a downtown restaurant. They didn't need to persuade particularly hard.

We got out at Times Square. We walked thru the streets of dear old N'Yawk. Hamel and Weinstein drifted off in a homeward direction.

Shaw tried to convince me that QX looked better printed by hand.

Daw, Elsie, Shaw, Rosemarie, Wilsey, and myself partook of dinner in a Chinese Restaurant.

Wilsey Felix RGW-ordered a weird variety of soup which bore a suspicious resemblance to dishwater containing a quantity of cookie-dough. Brave slan that he is, he managed to swallow the evil potion.

We concluded the meal with ice-cream. RGW would have commandeered the portions belonging to Shaw and Miss Riewald. But I helped him to dispose of 'Em, rather than see him suffer from indigestion.

The others escorted me to another subway entrance. I bid them adieu with tear-stained face. The chow mein had contained a quantity of onions.

Which concludes our lecture for today.

Down.



# FIVE UNDERATED SCIENTI- FICTIONISTS -

By Fred Warth

In the 5th issue of this magazine, Joe Kennedy gave five scienti-  
fictionsists that he thought were underated, and now I have come up wi-  
th the bright idea that I can give a few. Now I don't expect this  
to be as good as Joe's, but here goes....

1. H. W. McCauley. Here is an artist that I think can compare  
with Finlay (McCauley in his own field, of course). Right now I am  
looking at one of his pix that I think is very good; it illustrates a  
story in "Fantastic Adventures" called, "Goddess of the Fifth Plane".  
The gaping, horned lion is the most stunning thing in the pic. (No I  
don't read FA). Yet I very seldom hear his name mentioned!

2. St. John. This artist has received many compliments, but I  
don't think he has received his just reward. I have just finished  
looking through some of his work and I am thoroughly convinced that  
long after he has gone, his work will remain in the minds of his ad-  
mirers.

3. R. Fagua. I do not know much about this illustrator nor soon  
much of his work, but from the little I have seen, he is. I can say  
honestly, good, and I don't see why he hasn't received more recognition.

4. Milburn. Here is a fine artist too, who deserves much more  
credit than he's been getting. If you don't believe me, look through  
some of your stf magazines; most likely you'll find him in "Amazing".

5. Boris Delgov. Usually found in "Weird Tales", displays mag-  
nificent artistic work too. I think he rates along with Bok, or  
even better, who seems to be getting a lot of praise lately. Shurely  
Delgove should get as much praise as Bok.

You probably have already noticed that all the scientifictionists  
I mentioned were artists. The reason???? Well.....I do not know  
very much about writing, so I could not very well say who was good or  
bad in that field.

Oh, oh! I just looked at the issue containing Joe's article on  
"Five Underated Scientifictionists", and there beaming proudly was  
Boris Delgov, with the same thing said about him too. So... Guess  
I'll have to call this article "Four Underated Scientifictionists".

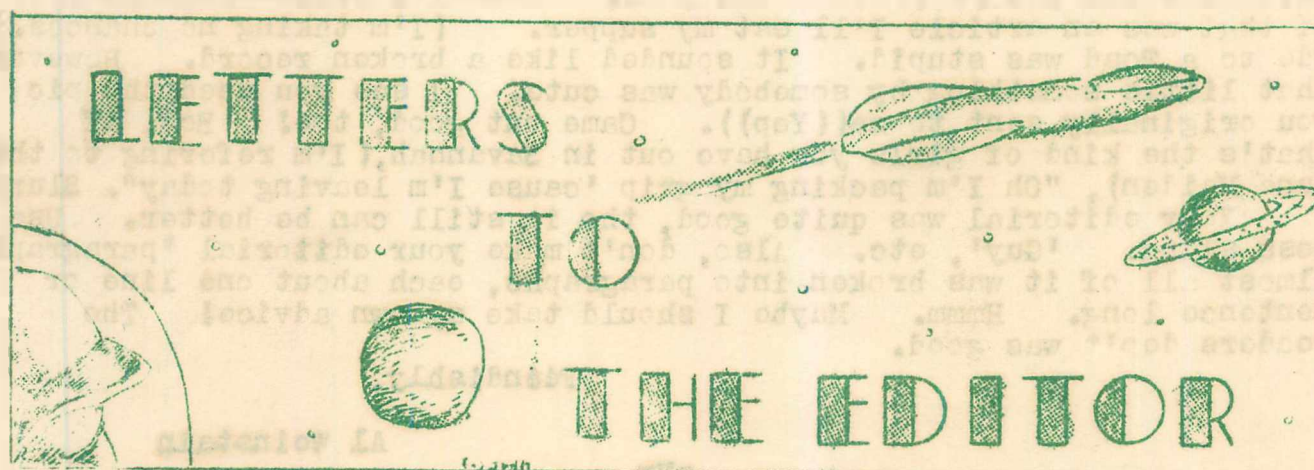
A lot of you will probably say that these artists have received  
plenty of praise... Yes, they have, but I don't think they have  
received enough. I my self think that H. W. McCauley is better than  
Finlay.

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AD





Dear Fred,

For some reason or other, I never received LP#6. However I did get #7. I didn't think much of the cover((I thought it was good)). About the best thing in the ish was Bill's article. Kennedy's column was just fair. "Into the Infante"----Gaaaaa!!!!!! The rest of the mag was just average((was it that good))((?)). Stick to the "I" in your editorials. --Selling now,,

Slanry.....

vvv

Dear Fred.

Yep, don't faint. I'm finally writing on L.P.6. Thanx for printing my poem. The cover's swell, P.4 pic. terrific, Back pic fair. The Gazin was very good. Kennedy's article wasn't worth 2 pages. 2 or 1 page o.k. but not 2. Letter section O.K. Whadayaknow. That's all. Don't do what Kessel did on C.D. 6. Alas, poor Kessel, I knew him well. Signing off.

Monroe Kuttner

vvv

Fred-

There's only one thing that's preventing me from going down to Savannah and garotting you--or rather, a couple. First of all, yuo said nice things about AD Infinitum. Or at least fair. Then I'm still expecting a story from you. Next I have no money to go down to Georgia. Next you might be bigger than me. (That's the most important one). And last, LP has improved so much, I wouldn't have the heart to strangle you when it's budding so beautifully. I see that Walt and you have finally gotten onto the idea of what it's really all about. You do the same thing I am starting to do. I take other 'big' mags and try to copy somewhat their style and polish. It's working.

Back to LP. The only thing good about the cover is that the mountains/walls in the background look very realistic. It was good, but there was nothing to it. Hamel put out a cute piece. Very original. In fact, only a Hamel could cook up something like that. Rates a good. Now blood for Fandom was good, but it was as old as



fandom itself. Problems of a three headed man was, of course, super stupendous. Of course (No thanks from the gallery). 'Kennedy's' thing was as usual. Excellent writing. He should win the Weinstein prize for the best(?) of the year. Kessel's piece--???. If that was an article I'll eat my supper. (I'm taking no chances.) Ode to a Toad was stupid. It sounded like a broken record. However, that little something by somebody was cute. I see you used the pic you originally sent to me((Yap)). Came out good, too! Boy, if that's the kind of girls you have out in Savannah, (I'm refering to the Luna Maiden), "Oh I'm packing my grip 'cause I'm leaving today". Slurp!

Your editorial was quite good, tho it still can be better. Use less slang. 'Guy', etc. Also, don't make your editorial 'paragraphy'. Almost all of it was broken into paragraphs, each about one line or sentence long. Hmmm. Maybe I should take my own advice! The readers dep't was good.

Friendishly,

Al Weinstein

vvv

I say old boy, the October issue of your sterling fms, Luna Pono has arrived. My comments: Gosh-wow fella! Am well satisfied. Rush me the next issue! Have no complaints. Everything is hyper! Thanx for exchanging. Very good issue chum! Come again soon.

Bob Tucker

vvv

Dear Fred:

Got LP#7, for which thanx. Nice enough as to cover and contents. Except that the format wasn't as neat as it might have been. But you'll hear more about this from guys not as friendly or tactful as yours truly. I don't believe in running down a fan's efforts, especially if he is improving so fast anyway that I feel we could overlook a few faults. And there is no question that your artwork is up there with the best that fandom has to offer. My pal Walt is a good artist too, tho just a shade behind you. (His cover for LP#7 is plenty good). ((See, Slanry?))

I note that you say in your editorial that you "may have an article from Rusty." Well, Rusty is ashamed. But if you understand how I'm situated.....away from home except for week ends. I have only leisure enough to write one short letter a day; then it's time to go to work. I work swing shift, 3:30 P.M. to 12:30 the next morning!

I have an idea for a column for you. Suppose I send you a poem each issue, one that has been written years ago, and in some cases has been published somewhere. I could write a few words of explanation to accompany the poem. If you don't want to do this just return my first effort and we will try to plan something else.

(Like this, for instance.) I once read a column in paradox by Raymond Washington. It was about poetry, and I found myself agreeing with everything he said. So if he can do it, maybe I can too.

I like poetry with lots of rhyme and rhythm. Perhaps that shows I'm primitive. I like poetry with a kick to it. Not that my own has a kick. But I'd like it to have. I want a poem to build up to a climax, so that when I finish reading it I can say, "Boy, that was certainly good!" The climax can be a surprise, or it can have a sentimental turn, or just be so smooth and right that I am impressed.

((Next page))

## (MOON STATION)

I like a beautiful turn of speech in a poem; a way of phrasing a thought that says to the reader, "Isn't this the perfect way to say what there is to say?"

I'm very sentimental at heart, though I often talk and act rather cynical. Here is a poem that I wrote seven or eight years ago when I took poetry, and life, much more seriously than I do now. This little effort was never published, maybe because it didn't deserve to be. But I feel it will be interesting to people who like poetry and want to compare a beginner's work with their own.

## REQUEST

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 cherry fife;  
 I am contented--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.

So come on, you poets and poetry lovers. Write in and tell Fred what you think of my ideas,. And think of all the fun you can have criticising my lousy poem.

Rusty

vVv

Dear Fred,

I, too have finally acquired a typer. It sure is a help in answering all my correspondence. It's a Remington Standard #11, and has an extra wide carriage and a lot of other gadgets. All for \$15!!

For some reason or other, I never received LP#6. However; I did get #7. I didn't think much of the cover. About the best thing in the ish was Bill's article. Kennedy's column was just fair. "Into the Infinite"----Gaaaaaah!!!! The rest of the mag was average. Stick to the "I" in your editorials. S'long now,,

Slanry.....

vVv

My Dear Fredrique:

Review of LP#7. I really shouldn't do this, tho, for U only gimme 25 words or less on TTTT. But I'm a kind-hardt sole.

Cover was excellent; one of the best I've seen Walt do. Especially like the nice morbid purple shading. Yeah, man. LP and CD deserve a pat on the back for keeping the same style of title-lettering every issue, a practise that should be followed by all fan mags...tho few bother. Contents page neat. The stuff by Weinstein and Hamel was pretty darn good, but of course the immortal JoKe has a priority on this sort of thing. Ahem. Liked Bill James' piece ver' much. Poem on page 4 sounds like something Wilsey might have written. Am I right?(???) Other



((The last part of JoKe's letter has been lost, so I can not continue with the letter section, 'cause his was the last one. Now I must think of something to fill up this page.))

## THE SAGA OF K-9

By  
Rusty Gray

I've been wanting to do this for a long time. I'll admit it isn't science-fiction. In fact, there's no science at all. But, Boy, there's plenty of FICTION.

Personally, I've always liked dogs. I get thrill out of dreaming about the first man who made friends with a dog. The dogs were savage beasts, ran in packs. And a lone man might easily be pulled down by a pack of them. Yet somehow a man tamed one of them. He took it to his cave, and I can see the big shaggy creature standing guard while its master slept.

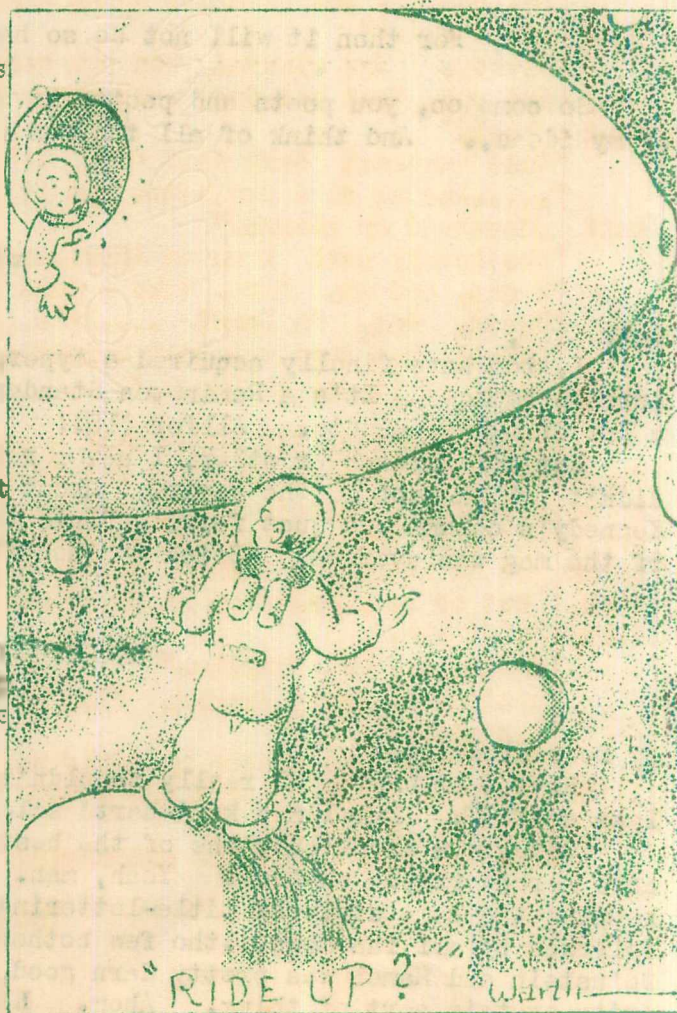
And down through the years a wealth of story and legen accumulated about dogs. Some of these stories were of the tall variety. It is with this variety that I am concerned at the moment.

I have known many men who would pass as dog lovers, but Mr. O'Kelley, in my opinion, tops them all. He raised dogs by the dozens. He uses them to guard property, to herd cattle and other farmstock, to trail wild animals, to race. He trains them with loving patience. He keeps some, sells others.

And he talks dogs. If you met him for the first time, he'd likely say howdy and it's a nice day and how is your family. And then he'd say something about dogs. He has an amazing amount of dog lore at his finger tips, and he will talk seriously and enthusiastically for hours about what food is best for them and what methods of training are the most successful. But he is full of "windy" yarns too, which he tells with a solemn face. In the last ten years he has told me about a half a dozen of these tall tales, and for my own satisfaction if nothing else, I'm setting them down on paper.

I met Mr. O'Kelly for the first time in 1934. I was doing some emergency interviewing for the F. E. R. A. I was deep in the country, thirty-five miles from the nearest town, when I overtook him walking down a dusty, tree-lined lane. He got in the car, and before long was telling me about his dogs. He didn't seem interested in the "made" work of the government agency which I represented. Presumably he was making an adequate living from farming--and maybe an occasional dog sale.

(Cont. NEXT ISSUE 13)



THE DEVIL'S DOUBLE  
By Landis Everson

"Pardon me, Mr. Wampile."

"You know my name?"

"Certainly."

"But I'll swear I don't know you, in fact I don't believe I've ever seen you before in my life!"

"I know--you don't know me personally, and this is the first time we've ever met, but you see, it's my business to know you -- and others."

"Your business?"

"Most certainly. You've heard of me, I'm sure."

"Perhaps, though I doubt it. What is your name?"

"I have many. I'm sure you've heard of...Lucifer, Satan, or even...Devil."

"Oh, come now."

"No! It's true. For you see, I am."

"But don't be stupid. This foolish conversation must stop now. The idea! Your whole attitude, sir, allows me to draw but one conclusion...you're crazy and I'm leaving!"

"It's possible, though not probable. The subject is not open for debate, as a discussion on the matter would prove highly embarrassing to one in my position; furthermore, this conversation is not foolish, it is you who seem to be, and, you are not leaving."

"Damn it, Sir! My lawyer..."

"...can't help you here. Now stop this blustering, we're going."

"No!.....Uh.....where to?"

"Hell, of course."

"No, no, no, no! I'm not going anywhere. What right have you to take me? What have I done?"

"Plenty. You started when you were a boy. Stepped deliberately on an ant one, mind you, that had done nothing on God's good earth to harm you in any way! What a heel!"

"Good heavens! Back that far? It's absurd. Besides, how was I to know?"

".....And up to a few hours ago it was the Morgan-Ziff deal. So you can now well understand my reason."

"Absolutely not! I am an American citizen. You can't do this to me!"

"I can, and am. Here, take a good look at Hell."

"OoooH. God. Oh Lord! ....It's....It's...."

"Awful? But that was only hypnotism. In a few minutes, you'll be able to be in the heat of it, so to speak."

Wilbur Wampile, III awoke with a strangle scream, gasped and then, mopping the heavy perspiration from his fat jowls, he grew calmer. Glancing at his clock, he rose from his luxurious bed, and waddled about the room as he dressed. In a few minutes he was outside the apartment and pumping heavily down the street. As he walked he noticed a strange man he was passing. The fellow was going rather slow, but as he glanced up at Mr. Wampile, he increased his pace until he was alongside of him.

"Pardon me, Mr. Wampile."

Puzzled, he swung around. "You know my name?"

"Certainly."

"But," for some reason he could not understand, his heart began to beat a little faster, "I'll swear I don't know you, in fact, I don't believe I ever saw you before in my life."

Then the first horrible glimmerings of understanding began to creep into him.

The End



THE DEVIL'S DOUBLE  
By Lenda's Davenport

"Pardon me, Mr. Wampler."  
"You know my name?"  
"Certainly."  
"But I'll swear I don't know you, in fact I don't believe I've ever seen you before in my life!"  
"I know—you don't know me personally, and this is the first time we've ever met, but you see, it's my business to know you—and others."  
"Your business?"  
"Most certainly. You've heard of me, I'm sure."  
"Perhaps, though I doubt it. What is your name?"  
"I have many. I'm sure you've heard of....Lancelot, Satan, or even...Devil."  
"Oh, come now."  
"No! It's true. For you see, I am."  
"But don't be stupid. This foolish conversation must stop now. The ideal of your whole attitude, sir, allows me to draw out one conclusion....you're stony and I'm leaving!"  
"It's possible, though not probable. The subject is not open for debate, as a discussion on the matter would prove highly embarrassing to one in my position; furthermore, this conversation is not foolish, it is you who seem to be, and, you are not leaving."  
"Pardon me, sir! My lawyer..."  
"...can't help you here. Now stop this blustering, we're going."  
"No!...Where to?"  
"Half of course."  
"No, no, no! I'm not going anywhere. What right have you to take me? What have I done?"  
"Plenty. You started when you were a boy. Stopped deliberately on an ant one, mind you, that had done nothing on God's good earth to harm you in any way! What a heel!"  
"Good heavens! Back that far? It's absurd. Besides, how was I to know?"  
"...and up to a few hours ago it was the Morgan-Gilt deal. So you can now will understand my reason."  
"Absolutely not! I am an American citizen. You can't do this to me!"  
"I can, and am. Here, take a good look at Hell!"  
"Oooh, God! On Lord! ...It's...It's..."  
"Anti! But that was only hypnotism. In a few minutes, you'll be able to be in the heat of it, so to speak."  
"Without Wampler, I'll awake with a strange sense, angry and then, nothing the heavy perspiration from his hot jaws, he grew calmer. Glancing at his clock he rose from his luxurious bed, and waddled about the room as he dressed. In a few minutes he was outside the apartment and pumping heavily down the street. As he walked he noticed a strange man he was passing. The fellow was going rather slow, but as he glanced up at Mr. Wampler, he increased his pace until he was a long way off him."  
"Pardon me, Mr. Wampler."  
"Puzzled, he swung around. "You know my name?"  
"Certainly."  
"But, for some reason he could not understand, his heart began to beat a little faster. "I'll swear I don't know you, in fact I don't believe I ever saw you before in my life."  
Then the first horrible glimpses of understanding began to creep into his









# Cosmic Dust

Nov. #8

## S.S.P.



WARTH





For want of a better term,  
we'll just call this the

Editorial

-By the editor.  
Who else?

We see we're going to have to do something about what we mail to who. The way we've been doing it we just clip 'em together and then address 'em in any order we pick 'em up. But a most distressing situation has arisen out of this. We find that some of our regular correspondents have been getting bad copies, and when they write their opinions of a certain ish, they usually have something to say about poor duplication. Where the good ones go we don't know because so many of you don't write. Hereafter, the ones who write us faithfully will be given preference in mailing. We think that's only fair, even tho some of these receive CD gratis. We must depend on these for criticism and the like, and they deserve, to our thinking, the best.

We think we should explain why some printed faintly. The mimeo we use isn't ours. It belongs to our mother's employer. As does the ink. We have to take it easy. However, if this ish is printed in color instead of black and white, it will mean we found enough money to buy a pad and a can of ink. If that is the case, then there should be no fault to find with the printing. As to why some of the pix were filled with little round holes, the present pad is old and the ink won't soak thru properly. (Since originally writing this, I have been informed that the boss has a new pad on the machine, so if I can't get the green ink, -and the pad necessary for another color - it should still print okay.)

We think we should state here in regard to the account of Degler's visit which appeared in the last issue, that it was based on what Degler told us. If there were any errors it was due either to Degler or our memory. We doubt seriously that it was the letter. Washington has written to say that he didn't ask Degler to stop by. All we know is that's what superfan told us. The article was entirely void of personal opinion. It was not intended to convey the impression that we like him. The part about his being a good sport was derived from what he said, not necessarily from what we believe. As was the whole article.

We thought we'd have a sequel to BACK TO EARTH, but Rusty informs us that he's too busy with his war work. We do have one item from him tho. Perhaps fate will grant him time for THE WEAPON MAKERS, but then again it may not. We're pretty sure we'll have it next time tho.

Rusty has found time for a little non-str bit. We're debating whether or not to print it. It's not for lack of merit, but because it isn't science fiction. At any rate, it probably won't appear this issue. If enough of you want a little off-trail tale, we'll run it.

It's tuff what a steinist has to go thru. Take our family for instance. There's not one who knows about our hobby that doesn't think we're nuts. Every time I go to see my cousin or someone, they all say, "Tsk tsk. Poor boy." It's tuff.

(Continued on page 10)

# Stuff -- and I on a ...

Assistant Ed

Dear old F.E.M. --

Do you like to talk about food, Walt? I do, and I think almost anyone does. ((I'd rather eat it.)) There's a fellow who lives in a nearby town who specializes in good food. He runs a sort of private restaurant in his own home, caters to groups rather than single customers. You have to reserve a room and make arrangements ahead of time, as with a doctor or beauty technician. He serves fried chicken that literally melts in your mouth. ((Ummmm, good.)) He is famous for his salad; it whets the appetite. Mmmmm. Olives, anchovies, french-fried potatoes, crisp and brown. And I remember a bowl of spaghetti! I mean! It had a chili sauce, and it tasted like ambrosia. Whatever that is. (Wot? No xeno?) The guy charges about four times what a regular cafe would -- which, goodness knows, is plenty these days -- but eating with him is an experience to be treasured and remembered. Come up sometime and we'll eat with Pete. (Rhyme!) ((We have a sneaking suspicion that Rusty's getting paid for this.))

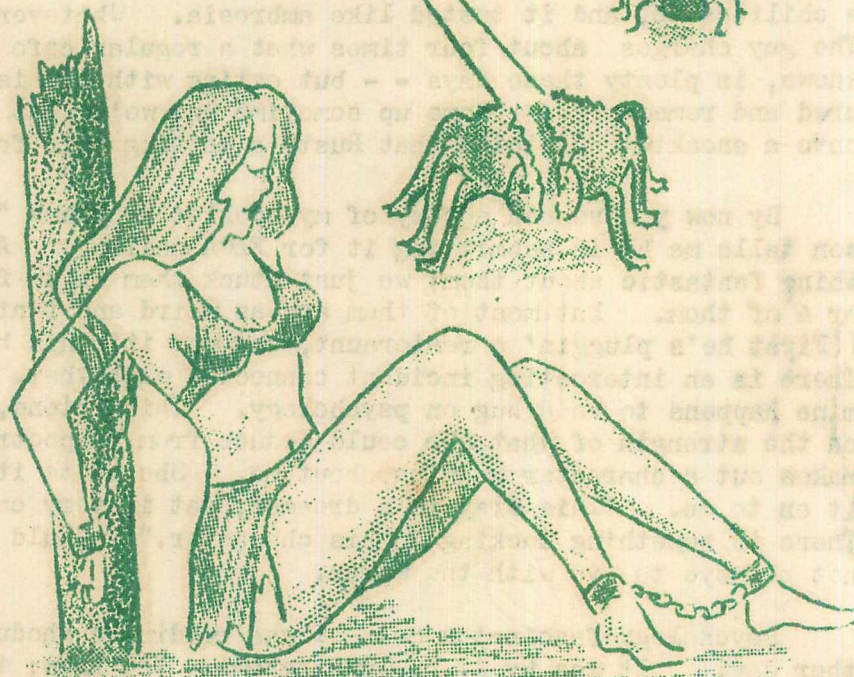
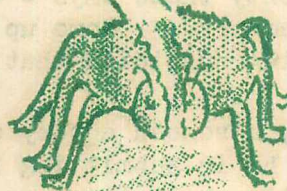
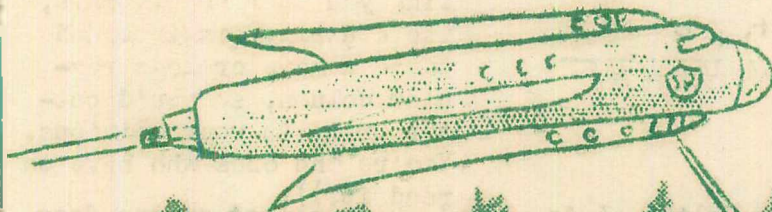
By now you've seen a copy of my booklet of poems "The Mad Muse". Bill Watson tells me he is submitting it for FAPA mailing. A few of the poems have nothing fantastic about them; we just stuck them in to fill up the book. Just 3 or 4 of them. But most of them are as weird and fantastic as I could make them. ((First he's pluggin' a restaurant, and now it's his booklet. On my paper, too.)) There is an interesting incident connected with that. A friend of a cousin of mine happens to be a bug on psychology. This friend, a woman, never saw me, but on the strength of what she could deduce from my poetry in "The Mad Muse" she makes out a character reading about me. She wrote it to my cousin, and she sent it on to me. "This Gray is a dreamer, yet is very earthly. Is too cynical. There is something lacking in his character." Could be. Though, naturally, I do not see eye to eye with the woman.

Psychology fascinates me. I was reading a whodunnit murder mystery the other day. It was by A. B. Cunningham. You know; the fellow who writes about Jess Roden, sheriff of Deer Lick. Cunningham made the statement that you can take a sample of a guy's actions and tell how he will react under all circumstances. For instance, play the guy a game of checkers; if he is ruthless in his playing he will be the same in his everyday living. And if he cheats in the game, he will cheat anywhere. A sort of miniature Callup Poll. I'm inclined to agree with Cunningham's reasoning. How does it strike you?

I remember reading a short article in LUNA PONO by Joe Kennedy about collecting. Joe said he thought a person ought not to make an effort to collect everything that has passed for science-fiction or fantasy, but just try to get hold of the more choice items. I heartily agree with this sentiment. Until the last few years I've always given my books and magazines away. If I had these items now I'd have a practically completely set of Burroughs, and hundreds of magazines. Yet, I'd do the same again -- except I'd retain about a dozen of the mags. I regret that I let SLAN slip through my fingers. I have FINAL BLACKOUT and Weinbaum's THE BLACK PLUME. I wish I'd kept all of van Vogt's stuff, and Rob Heinlein's too. I don't have a single Unknown! Yet I wish I had 'em all. I get no kick out of collecting just for the sake of possession. I want to collect only the few stories which linger in my memory as outstanding. Incidentally, do you know anyone who wants to sell SLAN?

(Continued on page 5)





FILBACK



Have you noticed how you can pick up a newspaper these days and see the dreams of science-fiction coming true? Of course you have. I remember getting rather peeved at a fellow named Hall back in 1939. He worked for the state forestry service. And he was the essence of what we mean when we say "non-fan." Intelligent, but hard headed. We were talking about the aerial warfare in Europe; the war had just started, of course. I got very enthusiastic and began to tell him what the future would bring. I said that sometime there would be giant ships in the air that would compare with the present surface battleships.

"Your ideas are impractical," he scoffed. "You'd better forget such stuff; quit dreaming and come down to earth. No known methods would lift such a ship off the ground."

"That's just it," I argued. "New methods will be discovered." Then I gave him the old routine about how people had laughed at the first steam engine, steamboat, electric light, automobiles and practically everything new that was ever thought up. But all I got was a horse laugh.

So now, Mr. Hall, I stoop to saying, "I told you so!" The super-fortress that we have been using to bomb Japan is near enough to a flying battleship to prove I was on the right track in my reasoning. And what do you think of radar, and the bazooka, and the rocket-driven, radio-controlled flying bomb? I see the advancement of science as a sort of snowball. It began to roll slowly, picking up speed gradually over the years. Now it has grown to huge size, and it is traveling like the wind. And if we don't wake up and take notice we'll be left far behind! ((You tell 'em))

I got the August ish of Canadian Fandom a day or two ago. How did it strike you, Walt? Did you see a resemblance to van Vogt's style in Mason's "The Mother?" Anyway, I thought the story was extra good for amateur publishing. It was professional in almost everything except plot. And the mine as a whole was above average.

Did you ever stop to think what we'd look like to an alien being? Sometimes when I'm in a critical mood I think people are queer looking critters myself. We get used to humans, and they seem normal and reasonable. But get to looking at me....see what I mean! I've got a plot kicking around in my mind about an alien entity that contacts earth. Or let a group of Earthmen go to an alien planet. The aliens begin to test them to see what they were put in the universe for, and are naturally not very enthusiastic when the tests are over. ((Tsk,tsk))

Well, good luck. And long live Cosmic Dust!

Rusty

☐ Sub out with this issue

☐ Sub out with next issue

☐ Owe for 1 ☐ 2 ☐ issue(s)

☐ How about a letter for column??

☐ Sample copy. How 'bout a sub?

☐ How's for a literary contrib?

COSMIC DUST, Oct. #8. CD is published by the P.O. Publishing Co. (PUPCO) 1207 E. Henry, Savannah, Ga. Walt Kessel, editor (presumably), Rusty Gray, ass. ed. (thank God), Fred Warth, staff artist (goody!). Sub. 5¢/copy, 5/20¢. CD is an amateur publication etc. Adv. rates: Full page 80¢;  $\frac{1}{2}$  page 60¢;  $\frac{1}{4}$  page 40¢;  $\frac{1}{8}$  page 20¢. Gnd! Wot cud be cheaper???



# NOTE From who wrote

(( We seem to have quite a number of letters this ish. We may not be able to get them all in, but we'll pick out the best. We appreciate your response on #7. But still only a small percentage of you are writing. If you don't feel like writing a letter, just a post card with your comments will be greatly received.))

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Walt:

The mimeoing on CD7 is quite good. It still could be improved slightly, but on the whole I've seen lots worse. Most of the pictures, tho, are somewhat spoiled-- I think perhaps you tried to get too much shading into them, and it just can't be done. (Wanna bet?) Tennyrate, the cover and the (urrrrrrr!) on page 6 were the best pieces; the others were only fair. The headings were all quite good.

Kennedy took top place among the writers, something that is not unusual these days.

Second place goes to Ed somebody's short bit on Degler. ((U're cute.)) Slightly naive, but good. ((Maybe it sounded that way, but that duzn't mean I believe wot I wrote.)) For some reason, Rusty's thing failed to go over with me. The editorial was good; and no matter what anyone says, I think you should stick to your "I". It's much nicer all around. ((Well, readers, take your choice. We used "we" this ish, which do you like?))

((Larry goes on to say the letter section was dull. Too bad. Anyway it adds a few pages to CD.))

And, in closing, I think CD is one of the fastest-improving fmz coming out these days. ((Thanx)) Don't give up the ship. ((Mmm. Sounds familia.))

Yerz, Larry Shaw

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Walt:

CD #6. Aaaaaaaaahhhhh!!!

Monroe Kuttner

((Sigh of extasy, or dying gasp?))

\*\*\*\*\*

Walt Dunkelberger's report card a la Tucker:--- (A)

Pretty G O O D, old man. RUSH me the next issue. Duplication below average. It's well worth the price. Come again soon, PLEASE!

\*\*\*\*\*

I say old boy, the seventh issue of your sterling fmz, COSMIC CIRCLE DUST has arrived. ((If I had the slightest proof that was intentional, top fan or no top fan.....)) My comments: Pretty good ole bean. Am well satisfied. Duplication below par but. Have no complaints. Thanx for exchanging. Come again soon. Goody! Now work on your inking with care and you'll have something to be proud of.

Bob Tucker

\*\*\*\*\*

Gosh, wish we

had something

to fill this

space with.

Oh well.

Dear alt:

COSMIC DUST arrived and I was pleasantly surprised at your improvement in mimeographing. The latter pages were dim, but generally speaking, you did all right. I would suggest a tighter format. Your material maintained a pretty fair average for a new magazine. Glad to hear you're getting a new pad for your mimeographs that should appreciably improve reproduction. I want to compliment you on the drawing of the larking girl in the last issue of CD. The pose was entirely natural and the body itself was luscious. You isn't presenting any better-drawn females than this one. ((Gosh, gee whizz, thanx.))

Ein freunde, Rayn

Fellow friend:

It so happens that the 7th issue of COSMIC DUST has just been received. By me naturally. That it one of the best issues yet. The editorial was rather amusing. Gerry de la Ree probably won't like the editorial. I liked the editorial. Yeah. Congratulations. To you. Especially, tho, to Rusty. For the BACK TO EARTH. It was excellent. CD is lucky to be able to print such material. Good, solid, well written off-trail stuff. Congratulations, Rusty. This is more like it. Got a laff out of Doro's visit to Savannah. Gewsh. I blush at the whole page of nice stuff about CX. Thanks, Walt. The letter column was good. And the mimeo work improved several notches. Art okay. Cover okay. That hunk of cheese-cake. Ughh. You're worse than Ackerman, Kossol.

Fiendishly, JoJo

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Walt:

Cosmic Dust number seven arrived a little while ago, giving the appearance that the Republican elephant had stepped on it and the Democratic donkey had given it a few sharp kicks. It was pretty mashed up--in the mails, I guess. ((Darn, and all that. Why can't Uncle Sam be more careful with my invaluable CD?))

Mimeographing was better this issue, but still is far from being good. Illustrations were rather difficult to make out. Front cover may have been quite good originally. The pic on page six was well executed, ((thanx)) and page seven was well obliterated. ((Much better that way.)) All of which makes me think it would be well if you were executed. ((Grrrrrrr!!!)) Only joking, of course. ((That's better.)) Inside back cover was fair.

The editorial: I-I-I--you drive me nuts. Contents of editorial were interesting enough, but I cast a dozen votes for "WE". ((Well, wot can we do? It's "we". This issue, anyhow.)) Am getting fed up with Gray's heck fan fiction. ((TUMS for acid indigestion.))

"Doro's Visit etc" was amusing. Letters were okay. Kennedy's article was good.

It's funny, I write longer letters to you, Warth, and the other new faneditors, than I do to the editors of those super duper mags. In a way I like your type of 'zine better.

Keep going, by all means.

Sincerely, Gerry de la Ree

((Thanx, Gerry. We'll sure try. Til Jan., anyhow, when Uncle Sammy takes over unless he lets us graduate in June.))

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Walt:

I've just gotten back from a furlough and found a copy of CD waiting for me.

Weinstein's article was pretty good. Could stand more of the same. Hetschel's poem was very good and Gray's opus was very welcome also.

I've seen many caricatures of the Sarge and your's is an excellent one to say the least. Weinstein's poem on the last page was a nice bit of humor and well received.

Pvt. Al Brown

(Over)



Cheer up, just one more letter

Dearest and Darling Walter Emil-

Tears to me I owe you a letter. And also a letter commenting on Cosmic Dust.

I will rate it on the animal sounds system. A sigh is wonderful, a hum is excellent, a whistle is good, a grunt is fair, a disgruntled burp is pretty bad, and a moan of agony needs no explanation.

First the cover. It rates about grunt. The mimeography is lousy. The pic is okay as far as I can see, tho. ((It was a good pic. Lousy pad ruined it))

Yer edit rates about a whistle. Pretty good writing.

Back to Earth, I'm sorry to say, did not hit the spot with me. The intention was well, but the same thing's been said time and time again. The writing is good. Rates about a grunt minus.

I liked the ads very muchos. Thanks. Will see if I can fit another ad for you in AI. Kennedy's ad was okay.

The art was swell....what you could see of it. Rates about a whistle.

Doro's visit was uninteresting. You wrote it alright, but I didn't like it. Rates about a grunt minus.

Your letter column was quite good. I deny the charge that I tried to copy Kennedy's style. I've written like that long before I knew Kennedy. Write to Karden and find out. I sent him the first piece of work I ever did, and it was almost exactly like that. He quit fandom, so I decided to do it fer you. Altogether it rates about two whistles.

Kennedy's bit was almost like the one I did in AI. It was good. Rates a whistle.

I didn't even know what the thing on page 13 was until I saw my name on the rim of the box. That's about all I did see. Tut tut. I thot that cartoon was pretty good too!

In all, yer issue was only good. Too much space wasted. I should talk.

Good buy, ((U mean CD, of course))  
Al Weinstein

# RAMBLINGS ON THE TULSA HYPERBOREAN MEETING

by Slanry

The first two Hyperborean meetings had been held very successfully and now the 3d was to be held on Sunday, October 3. The first Slanry arrivals were Soocherr himself and a reader-friend of his, Dave Miller. After a (1½ hour) Paul Miles and George McManus were also present. But as for the rest of the members, alas! James was in Ishperring (We hope that's right. This account was written and about here the writing wasn't too clear.), Fritz was up to his neck in homework, and Gil Noble had gone out for the afternoon. The meeting was started by Paul passing around pics of the East coast fen, and telling of his experiences there. A few of the as yet unpublished incidents I shall give here. For instance there was the time when Paul made two girl scouts and a boy run screaming in terror down the corridor of the fun house.....when Paul almost fell out of the car in the house of horrors and tried to pull Kennedy with him.....and about the reasons Kennedy's mimeo wouldn't work.....the arisian who said to a fan as he gave him a shove, "Get him out of here, he ain't an arisian.....the fan who said, "If Sam pulls out those bound friz again, I'll scream!.....how Sam told the story of when 3 fen went to visit Julie Unger. Julie was not in, and after waiting for about an hour one of them carved "C.C." in Julie's desk. Then they all left except Sam. Just then Unger arrived. He happened to glance down at his desk. A look of deep horror came over his face. "He's in town!" he gasped. "He came here after me! What can I do? I'll have to leave town at once!" he shrieked.....

(Continued on page 12)



# Amid the Bizarre

Larry Bassett

((It is with doubt that your editor presents this story. It came to us in two parts. The first smacked of satire. The last appeared serious. So we are at a loss as to classification. We have finally decided to leave it up to you, the reader. Take it as you will. Incidentally, this is the author's first work for fanzines. ))



The tall buildings that lined either side of a leading street in Philadelphia cast murky shadows over the late shoppers and other roamers of the streets as most of them hurried eagerly toward home. The sun would be in the sky scarcely another thirty minutes and threatening clouds hovered on the horizon. The night would be one filled with a typical Philadelphia storm.

Among the pedestrians on this hurrying street was Maria Reynolds. She seemed small and insignificant as she mingled with the crowd, but only too well did she know her importance. She clutched her handbag more tightly and quickened her pace. She thought of that seldom used alley which she had to go through and wanted to get there before the sun left the sky. She also thought of those papers in her handbag and what would happen to her - and to Bruce Brantley - and to the whole world, if they ended up in the wrong hands. They were papers from the World Fantasy Field of which Bruce was President. W.F.F. was the leading SF Organization of the world and the other and smaller clubs flourished under it. The papers were plans that had been worked on for months to revolutionize the SF world. And they had to go through to Burt Wayne tonight. Wayne was acting secretary of W.F.F. and was to put the plans into action. But if the plans didn't reach Wayne, then Maria feared that the end of Fandom was near. The reason: Carmen Weizel, leader of A.S.F. (Anti-Science Fiction), had published literature and distributed it among small SF organizations, to the effect that W.F.F. was a crooked organization and was only after the money it could get from smaller clubs. Bizarre as it may seem, the majority of these smaller clubs had come to believe this literature and gossip put out by Carmen, mainly because she was a charming and very convincing woman, not to add the fact that she was beautiful.

The papers in Maria's bag carried the truth about Carmen and the A.S.F. Club. This truth had been learned and put on paper only after months of grueling and discouraging work on the part of Maria, Bruce, and Burt. And now Maria's job was to get these papers to Burt so he could publish them tonight and distribute them to these small SF Clubs. There was no doubt that these smaller clubs would believe the facts about Carmen, for a few had already begun to doubt her and A.S.F. Nevertheless, a revolution threatened within the next 48 hours between these small clubs and W.F.F. if something wasn't done. And this something was these papers in Maria's bag. She must get them to Burt!!

By this time she had reached the alley and turned into it. But the sun had disappeared and no light penetrated the alley, although the streets were brightly lit now. A mist had begun to fall which would soon turn to rain. Maria quickened her pace again - this time almost to a run. "Don't let me be too late", she murmured in a silent prayer. It would take all night to get enough copies of these facts she carried, printed and into the mails. (con'd on page 13)

We regret to inform U that this is a continuation of the editorial...

Judging from the way things are progressing, we're afraid this issue is going to be slightly late. Or later. We're having trouble getting the stencils typed, in plain, unadulterated English, we're lazy.

Incidentally, we have an assistant editor now. Rusty Gray. We don't know what we'd do without him. Just when we were down to our last stencil, we receive a letter reading: Dear Walt, (then there was a dollar bill pinned in the middle) Sincerely, Rusty. That is the kind of a letter we like! (Hint.)

While sitting here trying to think of how to stretch this editorial out, the thought came to us that it would be better, much better, to get on with the stenciling and end the editorial here and now. If anything comes to us that's worth printing, we'll add it in later.

And that, is that.



((Note: This letter is to be read before reading Jay Chidsey's poem. Jay feels that it should have some explanation.))

Dear Walt -

The poem I'm sending you is really an allegory. It expresses in words the sentiments of a mother - or perhaps an old spaceman speaking to a youth. He sees the glory and splendor of the starways, the thrill of flaming jets...but he does not think of the human wrecks that drag themselves back to Earth after an accident in space, or of race mad maniacs, goaded into an unnatural madness by the abysmal loneliness of the trackless wastes of space, a loneliness so horrible we cannot even comprehend. Of the burned out hulks who are old from ten years in space... drunken twisted bums beaten by a decade of breathing pure oxygen, terribly burned by improperly shielded cosmoics. Conditions are better even at that than twenty years ago... You came back...in some kind of condition...if you were one of the lucky three out of five. I think this explains the last two lines of the poem.

I'd appreciate one of your superb drawings for a heading, frame, facing...or even second cover for this poem. ((We're getting Warth to do it. He's a much better artist we're sure you'll agree.)) I think CD (and it's companion LUNA PONO) are the fastest rising of the fmz field. ((Gorsh, thanx.)) Your material is good, ((Well look who contributes.)) the art often excellent - personally I like more concentrated humor than you use - but that's only one man's opinion...friend Laney would call it 'froth and bubbings'...see his fmz review in Shangri - L'Afairs #17. That's all, but above all - keep those excellent mags coming, ((Will do.)) don't try one over ten pages...more than that ceases to be fun and consequently the readers get less and not more material due to the spreading of publishing dates.

Yours sincerely,

((We think we're doing a pretty good job holding CD monthly, Jay Chidsey even if this one does appear to be late.))

The circulation of Al Weinstein's

AD INFINUTUM is limited to fifty, so

if you want it, write to

568 Audubon Avenue, New York 33, New York. Today!



# One Hundred Years



by

Dick Hetschel

A dream of tomorrow burned in his mind;  
A longing to glimpse years beyond his span;  
To witness the future glories of man;  
To watch the reel of the ages unwind.  
His firm belief that the "now" does not bind  
Slowly gave birth to a tremendous plan.  
He made a suit through which strange wires ran  
Through bits of metal and cloth, all fur lined,


He donned it and stood, breathless with his hope  
To pass through the sturdy locked doors of time.  
He pulled at a switch, sparks flew his gown;  
Then he just stood amazed, stunned by the scope  
Of the scene about him, a lovely rhyme  
Of power and light, sprung from his drab town.

He wandered the streets the rest of that night.  
Buildings rose on all sides, so straight and tall,  
Like a forest of trees, and inside all,  
Shone countless bright pinpoints of blazing white  
And the ways he walked, like rivers of light  
Of a thousand colors made him recall  
The sun flashing on a great waterfall.  
"We humans," he chuckled, "sure did all right."

He glanced at a dial he wore on his wrist,  
It told him how many years he had passed.  
To his surprise it read one century;  
One hundred years was all that he had missed.  
How much advancement mankind must have missed  
In that time to build the things he could see.

(Dragged out still farther on next pg)

Still holding up with its policy of the biggest names in fandom, STELLAR is now mimeographed !! The fifth issue is now being finished. It is not possible to secure back issues, since they were all sold out. Send in for it now, you will not be able to get it later.

Stellar 

2090 E. Tremont Ave., New York 62

DO NOT ADDRESS TO STELLAR OR AUSTELLAR 6/25c  
ONLY AUSTIN HAMEL!!!!

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS - (Continued)

As he gazed in awe down the long straight way,  
 Glinting and flashing with a thousand hues  
 That reached on so far that they seemed to lose  
 Their colors and blend into a soft gray,  
 He wondered about the folk of this day;  
 Did they give all these blessings their just dues?  
 Or did they let small things give them the blues?  
 What he wouldn't give, but that he could stay!

But now the crowds began to grow smaller,  
 The buzz of the city to slowly fade  
 To individual voices and sounds.  
 The slender buildings seemed to grow taller  
 As their lights, one by one, flicked out and made  
 Their tops seem to soar 'bove the city's bounds.

When sounds of the streets had died to a sigh.  
 Then in the shadowy arch of a door  
 He carefully pushed a small lever o'er  
 Dizziness swept him as time passed him by  
 And he returned to his own time once more;  
 Back through the years to eighteen forty four.

## RAMBLINGS (Continued)

\*\*\*\*\*

While all this conversation was going on, poor Dave was hopelessly fluttering the pages of the Fancyclopedia and the NEFF Welcom booklet in a vain attempt to keep up with the conversation.

When all this was through, we were exhausted. Then someone dragged out my fmz collection, which I had just sorted and arranged alphabetically, and they were soon scattered over the house. We analyzed several fmz, and recited mythical letters to editors, telling what we thought of them.

the

All the while I kept hollering, "When are the dues gonna be paid? The dues could have been collected at the beginning of the meeting. And now we're half way through and still no ((deleted))." Quite naturally they couldn't hear me. Soocherr was pounding the table for order with one hand, and waving a battered Acolyte in my face, telling me that I just must read the article about Lovecraft's Time Machine, or something like that.

When things cooled down, the dues were collected, and a half-baked auction was held. The highest bid was 25¢ for the Amazing ((Tsk, tsk. Not profanity!)) containing "Beast of the Island".

I finally shut Kent up by hiding his time machine - er I mean Acolyte.

We were bored. (At least that's what someone said.) Good old Soocherr came to the rescue by spilling the ink all over the table. I had all I could do to keep him from using one of the numerous fmz around for a blotter.

\*\*\*\*\*

After supper we played an interplanetary game on mine, "Sky Riders". (Next pg)



AMID THE BIZARRE (Continued)

She breathed a sigh of relief as she saw the end of the alley ahead of her. The brightly lit street she knew meant she would soon be there. She didn't know why this feeling of danger was upon her. No one was supposed to know she had these papers.

Suddenly Maria stopped. A shadow loomed ahead of her! "My God", she breathed, and a hand came down upon one shoulder, and then the other. Two sinister looking men, almost giants, had her and directly in front of her stood Carmen Wetzel. She was blinded for a moment by the flashlight one of the men turned on, but she would have known it was Carmen anyway. That sure, smug, look on her face made Maria want to stop her, even in that moment of danger, but she was helpless in the grasp of these two giants.

After stifling the impulse to stop the grinning face of Carmen Wetzel, Maria did not have to be told to walk ahead. Between the two burly companions of Wetzel, she was literally dragged along. A pain in her shoulders almost made her cry out in agony, but she held herself together and in a few moments she was told to climb a pair of dingy stairs up into an apartment house. After they had left the dark alley in the drizzling rain, she was directed through other alleys and short cuts so as not to have to travel the lighted streets. Carmen Wetzel did not want to attract attention for now she knew that she had Maria and all W.F.F. where she wanted it. Her smug face betrayed this knowledge. She knew that as soon as she got the papers Maria carried, her plans for a revolution in W.F.F. would be almost completed. After Bruce Prantley and Burt Wayne discovered that Maria was missing there would not be time to make another copy of the papers.

As Maria and her three companions reached the head of the stairs in the apartment house, a figure brushed past them going downstairs. A flicker of light from a street lamp that cast a reflection in the dusty window blinded Maria and she did not see the face of the person. She sensed, however, from his size that it was a man. She wanted to call out for help, but a tightening of the already terrible grip that her companions had on her made her keep quiet.

Maria and her party then climbed another flight of stairs and entered a dingy apartment. She (Maria) was forced into a chair and Carmen Wetzel began the pressure talk.

"Hand over the papers", she said in a voice as hard as steel, but which betrayed a triumphant note. Maria did not move. A flicker of anger crossed Carmen's face, and with a stinging slap she almost sent Maria sprawling from the chair. The two thugs stood calmly by like two robots,

"Undress her", Carmen directed the two thugs and Maria writhed. To have those two pairs of hands pawing over her was almost more than she could stand. So to prevent it Maria let her purse fall to the floor. If for a moment she could get the attention off her she might make a dash for safety. She noticed that the door was not locked. It did not matter that the papers were in her purse. If she could get back to Bruce even without them, they stood a chance of getting another copy made soon enough to prevent disaster. But Carmen stood directly between her

RAMBLINGS (Continued)

(Continued on page 14)

Kent won two out of three games.

Finally they left, (at last!) and I was able to clean up the mess and receive a dire warning from my parents that if we acted again like we did this time, some one was sure to be put out.

--finis--



AMID THE BIZARRE (Cont.)

and the door and was already directing the smaller of the two giants to hand her Maria's purse. Maria lost all hope. There was no chance of being missed for at least a couple of hours yet, let alone someone finding her in this dingy apartment.

"Ah!", Carmen sent up a cry of triumph. "Now, my girl, I've got you where I want you. Soon the whole fan world will be reading my news of the W.F.F.'s trickery and stealing." At the look on Maria's face she continued, "What if they are lies? Some people, even the most faithful fan, cannot resist a beautiful woman and what she tells them! Soon the fan world will be mine." And after a moment she said, "Now, Roscoe!" and Maria only saw a flame of red. The giant had hit her in the temple with the handle of a pistol he had been holding in his hand. And as Maria sank into the depths of unconsciousness it seemed she heard a loud noise but, to be certain, she couldn't.-----

When Maria awoke she was in the same room. But who was that chafing her wrists? She must be mistaken. No, it was Bruce Brantley. And Burt Wayne was just finishing up a nice job of tying up the two killers and Carmen.

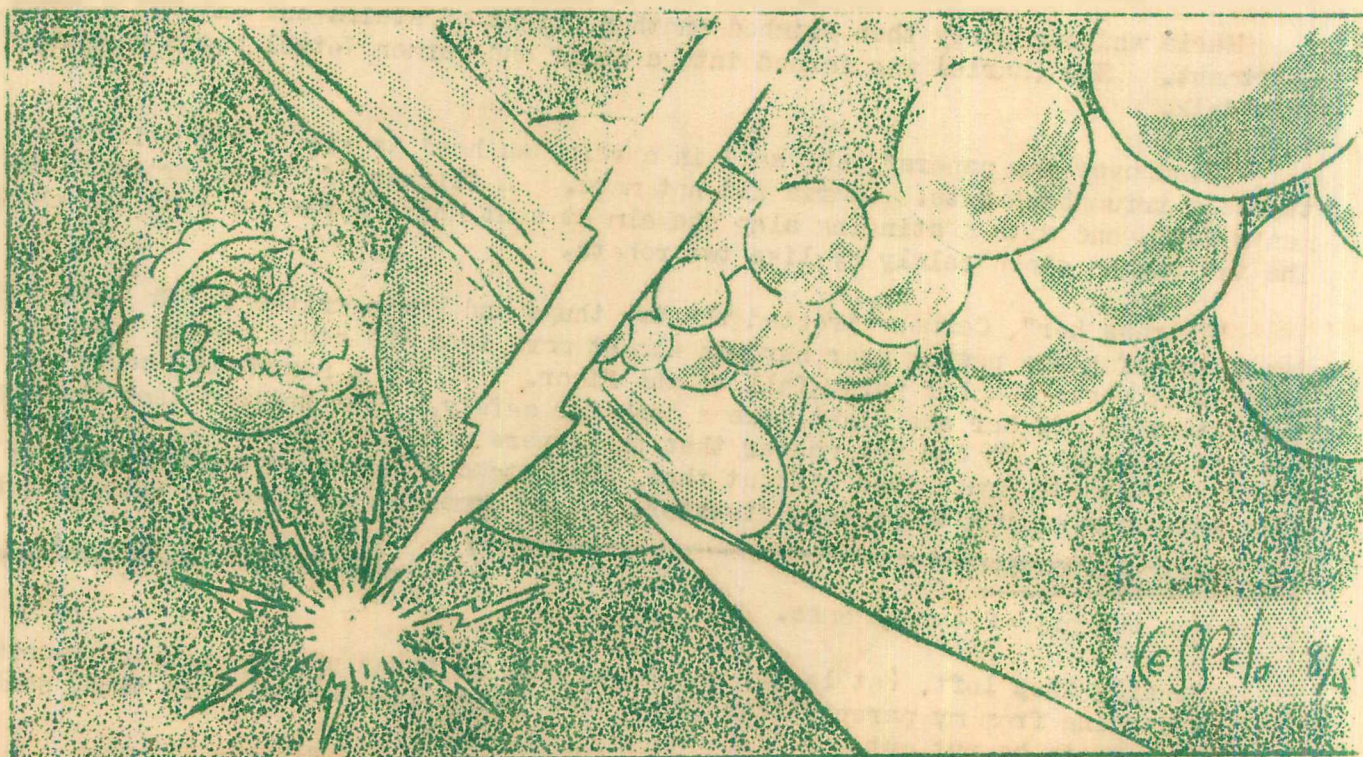
"But how - - - - ?" Maria began.

"Take it easy", Wayne said. "I'll explain it all. You see, it was I you passed in the hall a few minutes ago. Fate must have had a hand in it, but this is the place where you had started with the papers. Evidently you didn't, in the excitement, notice the number of the building as you came in."

Maria did not have to be told more. Wayne had chosen a dingy apartment here, knowing that he would not be expected to be found in a place like this, to print the papers about Wetzel for all W.F.F. to read. Yes, fate had had a hand in it. He had chosen rooms in the same building with Carmen Wetzel!

Again Maria passed out. This time with relief, knowing that W. F. F. and all S.F. was safe.

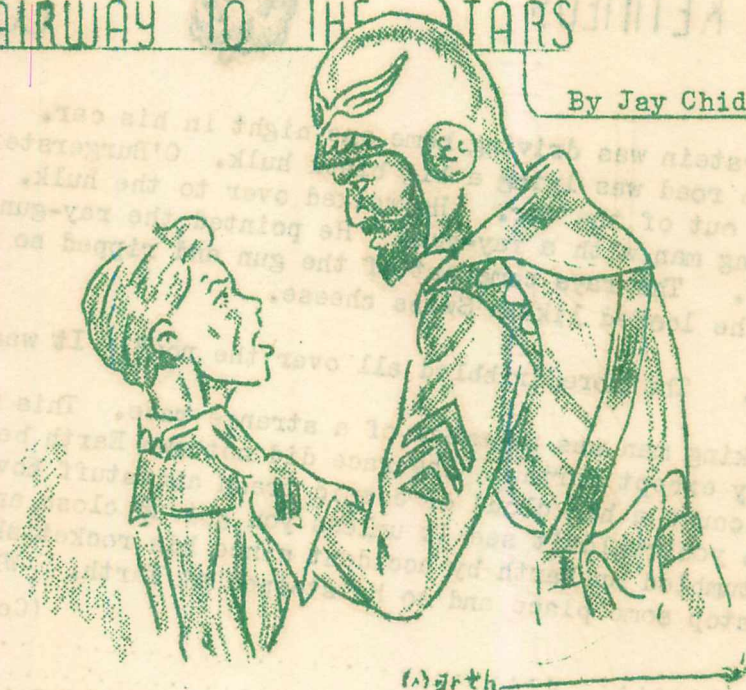
THE END





# STAIRWAY TO THE STARS

By Jay Chidsey



(Earth)

And so, my son, you wish to climb  
The stairway to the stars.  
To shake off Tellus' feeble pull,  
To blast past ochre Mars.

To breathe the waste of star-lit space  
Where cooling red dwarfs die,  
To see the matchless grandeur of  
That land beyond the sky.

Your idle dreams be futile, son,  
If you look not at the stair  
That leads toward the galaxy -  
To 'rd par(a)-dises fair.

For the stair that gleams so brightly,  
Merely mocks your dream that lulls -  
For the rails are human sadness...  
And the steps - are grinning skulls.

# VASSALS OF THE MUSTARD

BY JOE KENNEDY



WORLD

Patrick O'Burgerstein was driving home one night in his car. Suddenly he stopped. Across the road was lying a big black hulk. O'Burgerstein slammed on the brakes. He got out of the car. He walked over to the hulk. Out of the hulk came a strange looking man with a ray-gun. He pointed the ray-gun at Patrick and squeezed the trigger. The rays came out of the gun and ripped so many holes in Patrick's body that he looked like a Swiss cheese.

It was ghastly. The gore dribbled all over the road. It was ghastly.

The strangelooking man was a member of a strange race. This race owned every planet in the galaxy except Earth. The race did not own Earth because they didn't know it was here because a big cloud of cosmic trash and stuff hovered over the solar system and so you couldn't see it unless you got up close and the member of the strange race stumbled on Earth by accident since his rocket ship was out of gas and he had to stop some place and so he stopped at Earth. Wheww.

(Cont. next page)

ADV---

## STF MAGS FOR PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

If you have records by any of the following bands or singers, I will trade stf mags for them.

Duke Ellington (except late albums)

Teddy Wilson

Louis Armstrong

Jelly Roll Morton

Billie Holiday

Red Nichols (except on Bluebird records)

Bing Crosby (only on Brunswick - no albums)

Wolverines

Adrian Rollini

King Oliver

Fletcher Henderson

Joe "Wingy" Mannone

Sidney Bechet

Bix Beiderbeck

Jack Teagarden

"Fats" Waller (except late albums)

Bunny Berigan

Clarence Williams

Bessie Smith

Russ Columbo

New Orleans Rhythm Kings

Johnny Dodds

Joe Venuti

Clara Smith

If interested, list:

1. The mags you wish.
2. The records you wish to trade.
3. Condition of records. (How badly worn, etc.)
4. Trading price for records.

In my answer I will list:

1. Your records in which I am interested.
2. Which of your listed mags I have.
3. Condition of mags.
4. Trading price for mags.

Send your list to Dick Hetschel, 5531 Roberts Ave., Oakland 2, California.

When you have my list before you, you can make the final bargain, if any. No obligation, of course.

I have about 1000 mags, mostly Amazing, Wonder, Astounding, Quarterlies, late mags, some Argosies and a few weird tales.



VASSALS OF THE MUSTARD WORLD (Cont.)

In five years, the strange race had overrun Earth and was forcing the Earthians to pay tribute. It was ghastly.

By and by somebody said are we going to stand for this and somebody else said no we are not going to stand for this and they got up a club or something to overthrow the strange race that had conquered Earth and was forcing the people to pay tribute to the strange race that owned every planet in the galaxy and was forcing the Earthians to pay tribute. It was ghastly.

Before this story goes any further it might be a good idea to explain that the planet on which the strange race was inhabited by was called "The Mustard World" because the whole planet was made out of mustard. This does not matter especially to anything about this story, but we had to work it into the story so the title would fit. It was ghastly.

So they got up this club to overthrow the mustard race. And the name of the club was the BSTFGHDS TRWSVXBNJKBVDCOD of which we forget what the meaning of it stands for.

And the leader of this club was known as J. Splloofingham Splutbutton, because that was his name.

Maybe we had better go back to Patrick O'Burgerstein. His (Patrick's) son was J. Splloofingham Splutbutton. His (J. Splloofingham Splutbutton's) father was Patrick O'Burgerstein. The reader may wonder why they did not both of which partook of the same name. They did not have the same name because it was changed on account of business reasons. It was ghastly.

Oh, we forgot. The hulk in the first paragraph out of which the strange-looking man got out of was the wreckage of his (the strange-looking man's) rocket ship.

So they got up this club to overthrow the mustard race. And the name of the club was the BSTFGHDS TRWSVXBNJKBVDCOD. And the president was J. Splloofingham Splutbutton.

Splutbutton had a girl friend. She was rather pretty. But the mustard race got ahold of her and twisted her arms out of their sockets and ripped her up a bit with knives and washed her face with carbolic acid and in general caused her much annoyance.

Naturally Splutbutton resented this. In fact, he swore revenge. It was ghastly.

Gradually, the club to overthrow the mustard race assembled a super fleet of 6897 million crusiers (rocket ships), 7986 billion warships (rocket ships) and 9999 ray-bombers (also rocket ships).

They assembled the enormous fleet 2232435466768798 quadrillion light-years away from the mustard world, which was the home planet of the mustard race that had conquered Earth and was forcing the Earthians to pay tribute to them (the mustard race).

The leader spoke into the inter-ship radio system. The leader was J. Splloofingham Splutbutton. It was ghastly.

He said: "When I give the signal all ships will attack the mustard planet"

VASSALS OF THE MUSTARD WORLD (Cont.)

at once." But one of the ships was rebellious.

The captain of the ship that was rebellious said into the inter-ship radio system: "We will not."

J. Sploofingham Splotbutton said into the inter-ship radio system: "You will so."

But the captain of the ship that was rebellious said into the inter-ship radio system: "We will not."

And J. Sploofingham Splotbutton said into the inter-ship radio system: "If you don't obey I shall have you blown to bits."

So he did. It was ghastly.

Then all the millions and billions and trillions of rocket-ships attacked the mustard planet.

They were beaten. The whole fleet was destroyed. It was ghastly.

Naturally J. Sploofingham Splotbutton was slightly disappointed.

So he got together a lot of scientists. He took out all their brains and melted them (the brains) down and made one big brain out of all the little ones.

And he said to the super brain: "Think of an invention that will lick the mustard race."

The super brain thought up a super can-opener and a new kind of cigar lighter and a substitute for bicarbonate of soda.

Splotbutton said to the brain: "That stuff is no good."

The brain said to Splotbutton: "So what?"

Splotbutton said to the brain: "Think of a super-weapon."

The brain said to Splotbutton: "I will not."

Splotbutton said to the brain: "You will too."

So the brain thought up a super death ray.

Then the brain went nuts.

Splotbutton took the death ray and took it and went to the mustard world. Then he took it and swished the ray back and forth all over the surface of the mustard world.

The mustard melted.

The cruel mustard men were drowned by the melting mustard.

It was ghastly. That is, we think it was

The galaxy was free.

Which did not mean that you didn't have to pay nothing for it. (The statement) meant that the galaxy was liberated.

In other words, it was free.

All the people rejoiced.

It was ghastly.

Then Splotbutton shouted out to all the people of Earth: "Now Earth belongs to me now. And all you Earthians will pay tribute to me now. You are my slaves. On your knees, dogs!"

By and by somebody said are we going to stand for this and somebody else said no we are not going to stand for this and they got up a club to overthrow Splotbutton. The name of it (the club) was the NHJFUKNONOTHATHGELTZ. The president of the club to overthrow Splotbutton was Patrick O'Burgersheim.

But this is where we came in.

THE END ((At last))

((We ask you to pardon us for switching to single spaces between paragraphs on this page, but Kennedy's story was so long and so many short paragraphs that it would take too many pages to get it all in otherwise. We also ask for forgiveness for our inconsistency in the use of "we". We slip...er...slipped up in places and put "I". Will Sykora wants to know why all the fuss over the "I" "we" situation. To be perfectly frank, we'll be hanged if we know. It got started and so far hasn't stopped.))

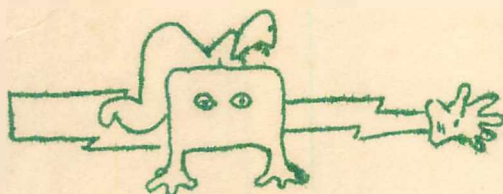


# LAST MINUT NOTES by YED



Due to recent developments, one of which is our getting a job, we're going to have to cut CD down to about 10 pages. Even when not working we find difficulty in getting out at least 15 pages a month, especially since we use the "Columbus System". (You know, we find a key and then land on it.)

We reported in the editorial that we tho't this issue would print clearly. Well, dispite this the first few pages wern't too good. Noting this fact with our Slan-ish mind, we immediately set about applying the ink with a heavier hand. You can see the results. What if it does take almost all of the ink. No sacrifice is too great for fandom. Well, almost none.



We obtained recently a post card size mimeo for \$2, 3 str nags, and carfare home for the knot from whom we bought it. We're at a lost, however, for a use to which to put it. If any of you good people have any suggestions, we will appreciate hearing from you. No newscard, tho. There're enuff of them now, and besides,

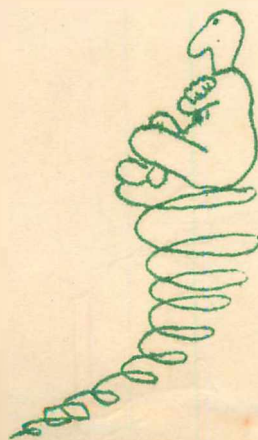
there's no news in this area.

We have on hand for any faned interested, a few nudes suitable for lithoing, in somebody's opinion. We'll be glad to contribute them to anyone who wants them. All we ask is that they be return-en when finished with. And if they can't be lithoed, they can always be mincead. (Don't all write at once.) Which reminds us, we have some stencils to cut for Wilsey. It's a shame the way we do that boy. We're way behind sched-ual with them. Tsk.



Which brings us to our new free service for faneds.

(Incidentally, this was devised on the spur of the moment while rereading the last paragraf.) We offer our services as stencil cutter for fan-dom. If you're one of those people who ruin stencils trying to cut submitted art or just too plain lazy to do it yourself, we'll do it for you. At no charge other than an extra copy of the issue in which the work appears. Or a small ad. That oughta be reasonable enuff.



And that in turn brings us to the end of the page, and accordingly, the end of the issue. We're sorry we couldn't keep our schedual, but we hope the extra pages make up for that. And please, let's have your comments on this issue,

even on a post card. We answer all letters and cards as soon as possible.

finis

