

Oct. No. 7



STUFF BY YE ED

Last issue I started off apologizing for the previous one. This time I feel like doing the same. In #5 it was the printing. In #6, material. I'm disgusted.

Gerry de la Ree has been insisting that "we" would sound better than "I", and I promised to try it for this issue, but I'll be damned if I didn't forget. Next time, Gerry.

Perhaps many of you have been wondering what James Russell Gray, that famous poet of fandom, is like. Well, Rusty has come across with an auto-biog. In "Back to Earth" you will find what makes the poet tick.

Well, I've finally got some mimeo impression paper. You know, I've been using regular typer paper. Cheaper, but not as good. This page, 'fya'll notice, is typer paper, the rest tho, is mimeo.

Can't give you any forecasts about next issue, don't even know what's going to be in this one, except for Rusty's contrubutinn. I expect something from Kennedy, tho. Woops! I just noticed. I indented 5 spaces too far. Heh! Perhaps I should turn the radio off. One thing I can promise you for this issue, tho, is a letter column. And if possible, more pages. The latter depends on the amount of material received before we wind up this ish.

Back once more to the subject of paper. Lots of fuz's don't print on the back of the front cover, but seeing as how I waste enough paper anyhow, I'll have to conserve this way.

I see I'm going to have to change my adv. rates. Why? Excerpt from Joe's letter: "By the way...Ad rates: Full page: 75¢... $\frac{1}{2}$ page: 30¢. The more you buy the less you get. Guess I'll buy 2 half pages and thus get a full page for 60¢!" Well, you've got me there Joe.

I have just discovered some notes I had made for this editorial. One note was to ask you to write sooner about CD so that your letters may appear in the next issue. Now all I've got to do is think of a name for said dept.

I mentioned in #5 that Don Rogers was by on July 9th. I've been asked by several people what happened. Therefore I have tried to put down without prejudice either way just what transpired. I am endeavoring to stay strictly neutral in the matter of the CC.

This is a hell of an editorial. I keep forgetting part of I want to say about a certain subject. And I know I'm going to get a lot of complaints about this editorial, but I believe in being friendly, and you can't say this one isn't. Yeh! Therefore I would like to take up a subject of a previous paragraph. Namely Rusty Gray.
(Con't on page 5)

BACK TO EARTH ~~BACK TO EARTH~~

by James Russell Gray

Once there was a guy named Joe. He liked to read science fiction and fantasy. In fact, he considered himself a FAN. He wrote letters to prozines. He wrote articles, poems, and stories for fanzines. He did a bit of collecting -- novels, magazines, fanzines, original drawings. He wrote long letters to other fans.

He had a peculiar outlook on LIFE. That is, peculiar from the viewpoint of the average citizen. He had a pretty good conception of the universe and his place in it. He thought of TIME as a stream, past and present and future all existing at once. He'd notice conditions and customs, and he'd think, "In fifty years things will be different." And he'd try to imagine that world of fifty years ahead. This way of thinking gave him sort of a detached feeling; he was like a bystander watching life go by, instead of a person actually living a life.

And you might say that, in a way, his reading of science fiction kept his head in the clouds. Or rather, in the stars. He dreamed of spaceships and alien beings. Of strange and thrilling adventures on worlds at galaxy's rim. Ordinary living was flat and humdrum, something to arouse tolerant amusement and be endured as a necessary evil.

He knew that there was a war on. He read newspapers and listened to the radio. He wasn't so star-struck that he couldn't realize the vital necessity of the Allies winning.

Joe was getting along in years and his health wasn't too good. So the war wore on, and he wasn't called up. He lived in a small town where the major industries, if any, were farming and a bit of coal mining. Conditions seemed about the same as in peace time, except that there was maybe more money in circulation. Joe used to think, "People ought to be doing something to win this war! I don't know what, exactly. But I'd think they ought to do something, not just go about their business as if the whole world wasn't in flames."

Then one day he got to talking to a fellow that worked at a place called a WAR PLANT. It was an ammunition depot, controlled by the Navy, where materials were assembled into loaded ammunition. "Maybe that's what I've been looking for," Joe told himself.

So Joe went up there. The place was out in the country, about thirty miles from Joe's home town. It was bigger than anything Joe had ever seen before. The reservation consisted of thirty square miles of land behind a heavy wire fence. Joe had to admit he was impressed.

He'd got up early in order to catch the right bus. So now he had a couple of hours or so to kill before the employment office opened. It was five o'clock in the morning and the day shift was going to work. Joe sat there, just outside the gates, and watched them stream in. He saw old and young, all sizes and shapes. There were a lot of men, mostly crippled or up in years. But the majority of the workers were women. Women in dresses, in coveralls, in slacks. Fat women, skinny women. Short women, tall women. Women. (Con't on next page.)

BACK TO EARTH (Con't from preceding page.)

Joe watched them come. There were dozens, hundreds, thousands. And this was only one shift. There was a swing shift that employed just as many. And a graveyard shift that was quite a bit smaller but still took care of a lot of workers. Joe began to think that maybe something was being done about the war after all.

When the employment office opened Joe went in and told them he wanted a job. He was given an application blank to fill out. Then he was loaded onto a truck and taken to a hospital, called a dispensary, where he was given a thorough examination. A young fellow in a sailor's uniform took a lot of Joe's blood to be tested, and another young fellow did things with an eye chart, and another employed a gadget to check on Joe's blood pressure. And there was a doctor who prodded about on Joe's anatomy and asked innumerable questions.

After that Joe went back to the employment office. They told him to come back in three days.

He went back in three days and had some more forms to fill out, and there was a messy session with fingerprint ink. Then his picture was taken. He rode on another truck, and ended up at a desk where a guy gave him a hard look and told him where he was to work.

From that minute he was on the payroll. He went outside and caught another truck, and by ten o'clock that morning was stacking some empty boxes in a warehouse. Someone told him loaded ammunition was to be packed in those boxes in time.

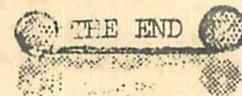
Later on, Joe was transferred to another building where small caliber anti-aircraft ammunition was being assembled. Joe was put to work operating a gauge. This gauge was just like the breech of a gun, and if a loaded shell fit into the gauge it would fit a gun.

So Joe put shells into his gauge and took them out. He worked as fast as he could move his arms, and this went on for nine hours at a stretch, with only thirty minutes off for lunch. He went home at night so tired he just knew he couldn't make it another day. But he always got up the next day and went back for more.

Little by little Joe began to notice a change in his attitude toward LIFE. The old lady next to him on the assembly line asked if he were tired, then she showed him a picture of her son who was a marine in the Pacific area somewhere. And the mechanic who kept the machinery going stopped to say, "Well, how's it going?" Then the two of them got into a discussion of how the concrete floor made their feet hurt. And Joe dropped a loaded shell on the floor and almost had heart failure; those babies have explosive noses!

Yes, Joe's attitude began to change. He was living in the time stream now, not standing outside and watching with amusement as it went by. He had his aching feet on the ground, instead of having them ankle deep in the clouds. And his head--it no longer floated among the stars. It was five feet and ten inches above the aforementioned feet.

But Joe knew that he was doing something to help the war effort. He was living in the PRESENT, and liking it. The interplanetary voyage was over; Joe was back to Earth.



Continuation of Ye Ed's Stuff - Yeh!

A bit of Rusty's personal appearance taken from his booklet, THE MAD MUSE.

"I am thirty-five, married eleven years come September. No children. If you want a description - - five feet ten, weigh 140. Brown hair and eyes. I started reading stf about twenty years ago." And I may add, a darn swell guy.

The cover this issue is another Warth. But the blame mimeo insists on printing it with holes all in it. And the "D" in Dust is supposed to be the same shade as the "C", but for the aforementioned mimeo. And please don't ask me what happened to the "t". Otherwise, I like it.

And with that I shall wind up the editorial for this issue. Now if this ish will just turn out like I want it,

Your ed would like to obtain the following stories and mags:

Ast. S.F. - Aug. '43. Any ASF prior to July '43.

Slan - van Vogt

The Black Flame - Weinbaum

Final Blackout - Hubbard

Rust - (?)

In the Day of the Cold - Kelleam

The Crestor - Rocklynno

Dawn of Flame - Weinbaum

They - Heinlein

Thirty and the One - Keller

Please do not send books before writing.

Listen you, I'm gonna give you a tip, see. There's a guy in NYC named Al Weinstein wot's publishing a fuz called



AD INFINITUM

You miss it and you be soooooo!!!!!!

(568 Audubon Ave. 10¢/copy)

COSMIC DUST, Oct. #7. CD is published by the P.U. Publishing Co., 1207 E Henry, Savannah, Ga. Walt Kessel, practically everything. Sub. 5¢/copy. 5/20¢ CD is an amateur publication and only a complimentary copy of the issue in which the author's work appears can be given for material. Adv. rates: Full page 80¢; $\frac{3}{4}$ page 30¢; $\frac{1}{2}$ page 40¢; $\frac{1}{4}$ page 20¢; anything less 15¢. Fred Warth staff artist.



K288-1 9/44



Doro's Visit to Savannah by Ye Ed

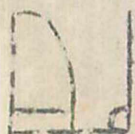
Sunday, July 9, I was summoned to the phone. After convincing the party I was Walt Kessel, I was told the caller was Don Rogers, stopping by on his way from Live Oak to somewhere. The Raym, with whom I had previously corresponded, asked him to stop by. He told me he couldn't contact Warth and wanted to know how to get to my house. I told him I'd come to the bus station and pick him up. I was completely oblivious of the fact that Doro was also Degler, and I was all enthused. (Not that I wouldn't have been anyway, this being the first fan I have met.) I picked him up and on the way back I asked him if he had anything to do with the CC. (Remember I didn't know who he was.) He said he did, but didn't mention Degler, even when I asked if he was nuts. We stopped at Warth's house, and found him around the corner. After introductions, we retired to Fred's house for a spell. There Warth showed him his art and old LP's.

But to get on to Don. (Tho some insist he is really Degler, and that DR is a pseudonym, he came as Doro and some CC literature he left said that Degler is the false name. Therefore I will refer to him as Doro.) When asked about the CC, he insisted it was here to stay. Said NFFF was circulating propaganda, that CC was combating it with their own. Said NFFF tried to discourage joining the CC but he said that they didn't knock NFFF. Told us that it was a good organization, that CC tried to merge, but NFFF was against it.

Don insisted that he laughs harder at jokes on him than anyone else. That he was thinking about making a collection of them. All in all, he seemed like a good sport. This is from observation, and not prejudice.

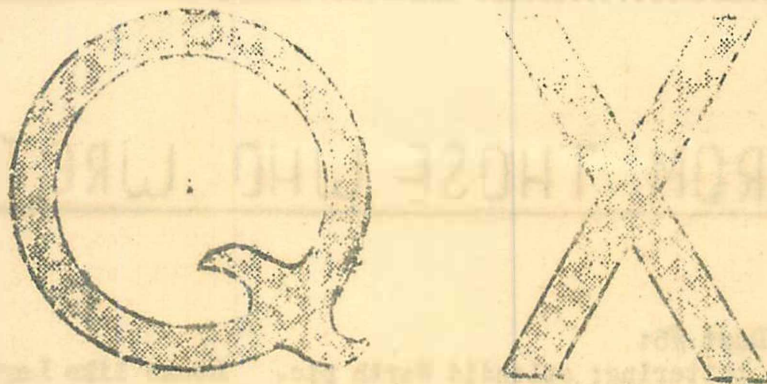
Around three o'clock I had to leave for work. (I have a job that occasionally calls for Sunday work, tho not often. At least at this writing. When you read this I may be working elsewhere. But that is off the subject.) We caught a ride in front of my house (to which we went soon after finding Warth.) and they got off near Fred's and I went on to work. Nothing worth recording happened after this. Don caught his bus for wherever he was going. I forget where. Thus concluded Doro's Visit to Savannah.

Being a persistant chap, I fain would remind
you that everyone is reading



Infinite





THE BEST FANNINGBOARD JUT

QX THE CARDZINE #??
 Actual size (No kiddin')
 FLASH!! QX is published by him
 other than Joe Kennedy, 84 Park
 Ave., Dover, NJ. Not naz flash-
 es. And humor that only Kennedy
 can dish out. Unless it's clear
 U, sud U want? U just
 heeting and neat format. U just
 can't ask for more and expect to
 get it. It can't be dun. !!!!
 Therefore, I hearby declare that
 QX is the only cardzine for U.
 (Oh of course U may buy another
 now and then. I won't be too
 demanding.) But U must, U sim-
 ply must, get a sub today.

I guess that sounds a little strong. Well, to be perfectly honest, it's just
 passably TERRIFIC!

QUOTE FROM THOSE WHO WROTE

Sir Walter:

Review of Cosmique Dust #5:

First page: A. Nice lettering; splendid Warth pic. Looks like Leydenfrost.

The Last Laff: B. Shows fine workmanship but needs much more space to develop such a plot convincingly. Thus it reads without the concrete basis that Rusty has strived for. Events follow each other too fast in the latter half, despite Rusty's skill. But I admit being prejudiced against fanz fiction, especially in a small fan mag. ((I'm limiting my fiction content to a very small number.))

Editorial: C plus. Too much repetition, unfortunately. Proz notes lack specific interest. U can do better, Walt. ((No more pro reviews. They're too old by the time CD comes out.))

HLPS: No comment.

Back page: A-. Nice pic, well tabbed ads.

So ends the butchering of pore ole CD.

Horribly,

JoeK

Dear Walt:

CD #5 is very good. Cover pic was very good. The Last Laugh was very very good. Editorial and Mako Hill good. Kennedy's thing very very good. (Monotonous isn't it?)

Monroe Kuttner

Dear Walt:

Thanx for Cosmic Dust Number 5. ((Speaking of which, there are plenty of copies still on hand. Ditto #6.))

Art work in this ish by Warth was quite good, but I'd like to see some of his work lithoed and see what it would look like then. ((Sorry, no dough. Heh!))

Gray's "The Last Laugh" was a typical bit of fan stf. It had no "punch" whatsoever to it, but wasn't too bad as fan fiction goes. Kennedy's article was humorous and not over long.

I found your editorial of average interest, although I dislike the double column setup and the use of "I" instead of "we". ((Since I wrote the editorial I have definitely decided on "I". For one reason, I'd forget and put it anyway, another, "I" lends the fanzine a friendlier quality than "we".))

In all, the hectoring was quite clear and I had no trouble in reading the 'zine. ((How did that happen?)) It wasn't bad at all, and I think that after one or two more issues you will have gotten used to the whole idea and will begin to turn out some really interesting numbers.

Sincerely,

Gerry de la Ree

Dear Kessel:

This latest issue is excellent. The short story was quite good. Sort of on the O. Henry side, Gray's on the ball. ((Cheer up Rusty. Somebody likes your stories.))

History Lesson by Kennedy was equally good and a welcome satire on fans.

Pvt. Al Brown ((More if more letters come.))

a trip to PLANET

By JOE KENNEDY

"Well," said Hamel, "it won't hurt to try."

So, with infinite courage, the three of us--Austin Hamel, Paul Miles, and myself--made our way up several flights of stairs to the offices of Fiction House, Inc. This epic takes place on the fourth floor of an office building located over an antique shop on 670 Fifth Avenue, N'Yawk City, in case you're interested. Of course you're not.

The girl at the desk carried our message out to WSP and in a short interval the great man walked in to greet us. We shook paws, were introduced, and followed Planet's editor back into his cheese-cake covered office.

He's a rather lanky chap, with sandy hair, glasses, and a faint but unmistakable drawl. We liked him immediately.

Peacock parked himself in a chair facing his L.C. Smith typer and lit a Kool, cork-tipped. There! Shows how observant I am. He dragged forth a Wallace Smith portfolio and began admiring it.

Then Hamel demanded - but politely - the line-up of the Spring '45 PS, which Unger needed for FFF. WSP dashed off a list of the authors and lengths of their stories. We asked him if he received triple F. "Sure do" was the reply. "Like it. Always right up to date." (Okay, Julius, where's that buck?) I later noticed that he keeps large notebooks listing all the stories yet unpublished that are available for the Fiction House mags.

He edits five magazines: Planet, Jungle, Northwestern, Action, and Football, in order of his preference. Quote: "Don't give a damn for sports stories. They're all the same. And you have to know the latest rules by heart. If the rules change and you don't know it, you're out of luck."

"When," said Hamel, "are you going to put Joe in the Feature Flash?"

Being a modest guy, sometimes, I told him to shut up.

"Haven't I asked you yet?" asked Peacock of me.

"No," I confessed.

"Write 300 words about yourself, send it to me within a month, and we'll run it in the Spring issue."

"Okay", I stammered, trying to look unconcerned.

We asked him if the famous Planet hero-heroine cover would ever be changed.

"Huh!" he replied. "That cover guarantees a circulation of 10,000 copies right off the bat!"

Peak thumbed through a copy of Weird that I had just picked up....expressed opinion that current WT issues were slightly inferior to previous....Admired ASTOUNDING; thought it "top-heavy with science, though." (Don't on page 12)

A VISIT TO PALMER (continued)

He showed us some magnificent Gifford cartoons-- originals -- slated for future issues. And a proof of a Giff double spread scheduled for Spring. I told him he'd sent me a kinger family original.

"Y'know," he remarked, "of all the originals I've been sending out as prizes in the Vizigraph, only three or four have taken the trouble to say thanks."

"Did JoeK ever thank you?" inquired Hamel innocently.

Not remembering having done so, I held my breath.

"Yes, he sent me a thank-you note," said Peacock. "But for that reason I mentioned before, certain letter-writers are on my own personal black-list."

Other of ye ed's opinions: The system of writing stories around illustrations is poor. FS artist Doolin ranges from good to mediocre. And so on into the nite.

"Planet prints mainly the old fashioned type of scientifiction," WSP confessed. "The rocket ship and raygun sort of thing. Frankly, of late it's featured more stories about people than science. It's something like Amazing when it first appeared. I have most of the early AS in that book case over there. It had a certain atmosphere that's hard to duplicate. Now, Planet is the best SF Pulp for an amateur to break into. Our stories are the kind that an amateur can write convincingly."

He told us that Planet was second only to Palmer's mags in circulation figures. Third was ASF and fourth TWS.

We saw some lay-out roughs for future issues, also some good art by Anderson (now in the navy) and Ron Clyne (who will probably have even more pix in the 'zine soon).

Asked him how an artist breaks into pulp illustrating. Learned that one submits a half-dozen drawings on varied subjects and if ye ed likes, gives the artist the go-ahead signal for some illusts.

Hamel wondered how a fan becomes a prozine editor. WSP informed us that 'tis necessary to have sold a large number of stories first; then to wait patiently for an opening, and tackle the publisher.

"I used to free lance a lot," he recalled, "sometimes in a detective pulp containing 15 stories, I'd have 7 or 8-- all under pen names. It has always amused me to get a bunch of fan letters screaming that so-and-so stinks but that his pseudonym is a marvelous author...we should buy more from the pseudonym and not from the author himself!"

He warned us not to become editors.

Ha.

As for the Vizigraph, Peak expressed dislike for mere listings of tales. Prefers letters with some meat to 'em.

A frantic individual rushed in with a page of cartoons strips for a Fiction House comic book. He took time to explain that the artist draws a page of
(con't on page 13)

A VISIT TO PLANET (Con't from page 12)

comics from the writer's manuscript. Then the page, in pencil, is checked for errors. The artist next inks the page and finally it gets a last minute check-up before the cut is made. Faintly interesting.

M'sieu Peacock showed us a pseudo-science article he had written for Planet Comics. Miles asked how much he was paid for it. He answered, "I did it free. Only took me a half hour." Having read a couple of them, I can readily believe it. ((I've often wondered just how anybody cud write those things.))

At last the fatal moment came. "Well, I hate to rush you boys, but we're kinda busy here y'know...."

So we left, happily, tho.

We went to the Hayden Planetarium to witness an imaginary flight to the moon... ..but that's another story!

---VVV---



Once again we

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QUOTE FROM THOSE WHO WROTE

Dear Walt:

CD in. In your edit you appologize for last ish, and then we take a look at No. 6, and it's worse, if anything, than no. 5. ((Yes, #6 was quite embarrassing. 'Twas muh first stap at mineoing. I think you'll agree that this one is better.)) Either learn how to mineo, or return to hecto. 3/4 of the issue was all but impossible to read. Also, there was too much so-called art. ((Well, an editor's gotta do something when he doesn't get any material.)) Weinstein, trying to be Kennedy, did not hit the spot. Your front cover was pretty fair, altho not fanzine material. ((I agree.)) Sgt. Saturn will probably like the issue, what I think you failed to improve over No. 6. Try again, tho.

Gerry de la Ree

I protest:

I received COSMIC DUST which for the first time was mimeographed and did you take a look at what you sent me? It was just about readable. #&#&# Darn! Well, congradulations for a swell issue anyway. What I was able to read, of course. Especially Ergumh and Jerkeleech and Fry, Sorderer, Fry by Weinstein. Yours is the talent that can't be matched. Your cover of course, wasn't drawn so well. Hmhmhm.

Love,

Norman Kagen

!!!!!!

Review of New Cd ...errrr..CD. Pretty good art, ((see, Gerry?)) Weinstein's material VERY good. No serious fiction...Thank God. Not a bad job of mineoing except for last of Al's article. Tsk! Hetschel's poem: above average. Is that his first fanzine contrib? ((Cudn't say.)) Rusty can do better 'n the latest one. Foo. And I like his stuff. Editorial scattered thru pages any ole way, and prone to use word I too much, as I sometimes do. Try the "we" system. Sounds more slick. ((Oh well, le's take a vote on it. How many want "I", and how many "we"? Cum cum, write. And soon so I'll know wot to use next issue.)) Nice job, tho. Improve editorials, will be first rate.

Slancerely,

JoeK

((Well, that winds the letters up for this issue. Write soon so we can get your opinions of this ish in the next one. WK))

-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)

"Fats" Waller (except late albums)

Teddy Wilson

King Oliver

Bunny Berigan

Louis Armstrong

Fletcher Henderson

Clarence Williams

Jelly Roll Morton

Joe "Wingy" Mannonne

Bessie Smith

Billie Holiday

Sidney Bechet

Russ Columbo

Red Nichols (except on Bluebird records)

New Orleans Rythm Kings

Bing Crosby (only on Brunswick-no albums)

Johnny Dodds

Wolverines

Bix Beiderbeck

Joe Venuti

Adrian Rollini

Jack Teagarden

Clara Smith

If interested, list;

In my answer I will list;

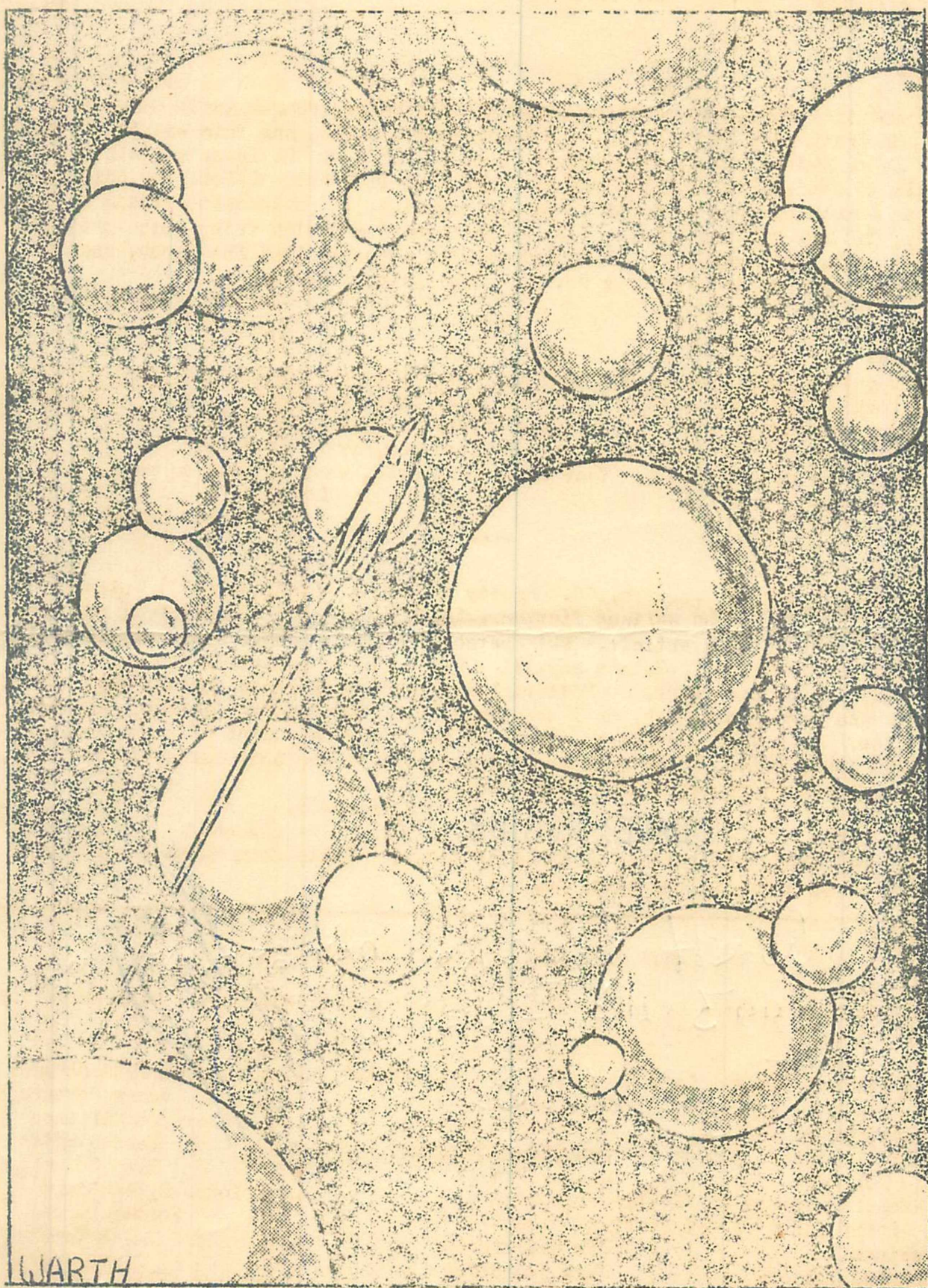
1. The mags you wish. 3. Condition of records 1. Records which I am interested

2. The records you wish to trade. 4. Trading price f' rec. 2. Mags I have. 3. Condi-

For more details write Dick Hetschel, 3531 Roberts Ave.

tion of mags. 4. Trading price mags.

Oakland 2, Calif. No obligat 5531



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