FANTASY FICTION TELEGRAM

June, 1938
Vol. I No. 5
10¢

E D I T O R I A L .....

All over you have seen ads or have heard from correspondents that the ISA, that famous club of yesterday was to be revived. The old president, William S. Sykora, is also president of the new club. The ISA was a large club having forty-some odd members. The dues were nominal and the club interesting. The club publication was called the International Observer, known be most fans as the IO. It was one of the best fan mags fandom ever had. The old club fell for several reasons, many too deep for me to understand. The new club will straighten, or try, these difficulties to make it the largest and best club in the fan world. If Mr. Sykora plans things out carefully and corrects errors that he made in the old club, I think he will succeed. At least, I hope so.

The new club will undoubtedly be run the same as the old club. Even insofar as the publication of the IO is concerned. The IO will be the fan mag for the strictly science-fiction fans and another magazine will be published for the strictly science fans. The science magazine to be called Cosmology. All of you who wish to give your support to Mr. Sykora and try to make the rejuvenated ISA something worthwhile, write to:

WILLIAM S. SYKORA
31-51 41st Street
Long Island City, N.Y.

---- The Editor

June 1938

CONTENTS

for

Fantasy Fiction Telegram

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Jack Agnew
Assistant Editor.....Robert A. Madle
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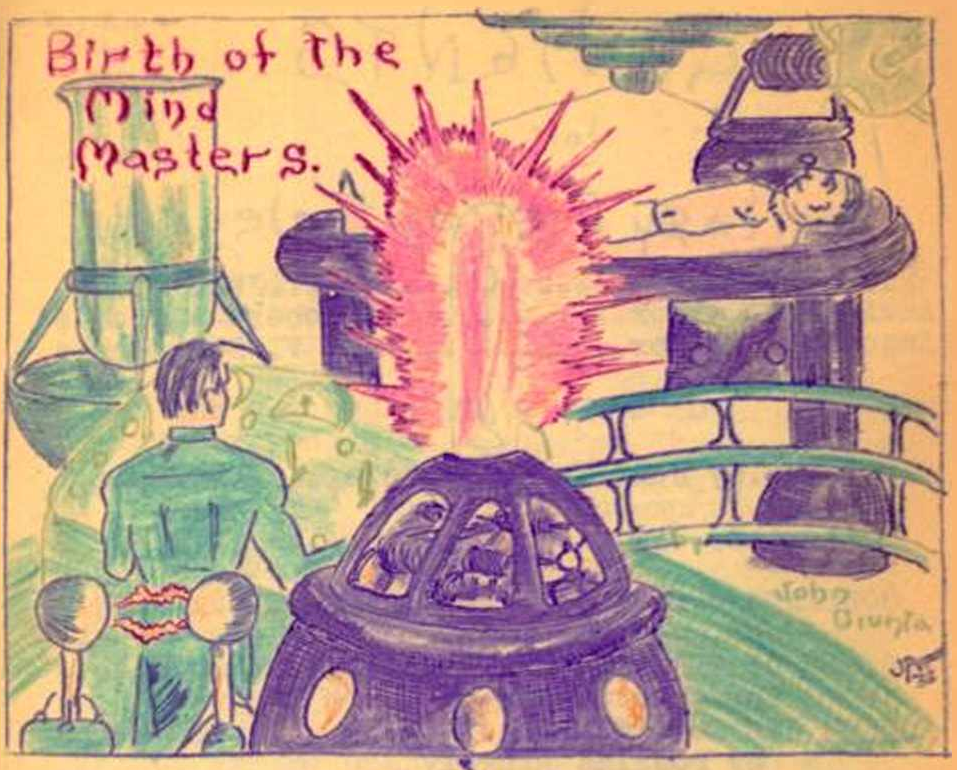
C O N T E N T S

Inside Illustrations by Jack Agnew

This magazine is published at 2308 East Belgrade Street, Philadelphia, Panna. Rates are 10¢ per issue, 3 for a Quarter.....

THIS MAGAZINE IS A COMET PUBLICATION!



Chapter I : The Obvious Conclusion

"My boy," spoke Professor James John Faro, world renowned scientist, now old and worn from incessant toil, was addressing his son; a young, clean cut man whose future promised to be as good as his father's had been. "You have here the best opportunity ever presented to any man. For you know that I have taken twenty long years on an experiment of mine, which I have just completed lately."

His son settled into a more comfortable position as the professor continued.

"The idea of my long research has been to release the brain from the aborganics of it's body. You probably know that our brain has ten different cells, and that the most ever used by man has been four cells. Now, such men as Galileo, Einstein and Newton probably used four of their

ten cells.

"My boy, I have spent many years of my life to find a way to use all the ten cells, or brain to work simultaneously. Do you realize the possibilities of that? Why? It would be one great mind, a mind over matter, capable of the will power to free itself of its body; Or, will the atoms and cells composing any matter to form one definite shape? In other words, you would be close to IMMORTALITY. Close, mind you; because no matter the ingenuity of the brain, it could still be destroyed.

"That, my son, has been my life's ambition. To know that you will be able to live on and on forever, not encumbered by an old rusty body like mine. So! you must agree to undergo the experiment, not only for me, but for yourself also. It might fail, but you will have to take the chance. So, please do not refuse, my boy."

Bill, with mixed emotions working on his face, as he realized the good intentions of his father, was startled at the giganticness of his proposition. To think, that if he accepted, he would be immortal, and.....and.....

Suddenly a thought struck him. "Dad?", he said, "If what you say is true, why have you not done it to yourself?"

The elderly man looked at his son with eyes that spoke of years of wisdom. His kind, intellectual face, seemed suddenly to grow older as he slumped into a soft pillowed chair. His weathered face, a mass of seams and creases, nodded from side to side.

Then, looking up at his son, his rheumy eyes misty, he spoke; "No, Bill, it cannot be. Even if I had had it all planned and laid out, it would take years for even the leading scientist in the world, to justly appreciate and completely understand the experiment.

My son, I am an old man that time is ready to cast aside into oblivion, were it not that I must live to see my life's ambition come true."

Still nodding his head, he concluded with "No, it cannot be, not for me but you, you are still young and full of vitality, and you still have this opportunity before you."

"Allright dad, I am with you," and with that Bill turned away as he spoke, to hide the salty tears coming to his eyes; tears for his father.

Chapter II: The Experiment of Immortality.

The smell of ozone was heavy in the air as the professor moved about the immense laboratory, stopping here and there to see if everything was in condition.

While weird lights flickered from oscillators and transformers, and the sputtering and humming of vast machinery filled the air, the professor's attention centered on an inert form, bathed in the fitful glare of hissing lightning, as it leaped from rod to rod.

"Ready son?" And with a slight nod from the prone figure of Bill, who was lying on a suspended metal sheet, held up by bars attached under it horizontally, the scientist attached a bronze band around his son's throat, and another around his head, which were held together at the base by a thin metal rod. He then slipped a wired glass helmet attached by a long flexible tube to an oscillator of the professor's own design, over his son's head, which he connected to the metal band around the throat. Satisfied that everything was in order, he offered a short prayer to the Almighty God, and then pulled the switch.

A strange whine filled the room, a peircing shriek, such as an air-ship going into a steep dive with motors wide open, but not being able to

pull out of it's doomed descent.

The cause of that whine became noticable, as from the ceiling there descended an enormous revolving bronze ball, extending from a slender tube coming from the ceiling.

Coiled around the spinning ball were metal strips, with pointed spearheads showing out, as quills showed from a porcupine.

At about a foot from Bill's head, the ball stopped it's descent, only to continue to revolve faster than before until it became an indistinguishable bronze blur.

Sharp, ear stunning shrieks emitted from it, as it spouted forth vast electrical charges, which were attracted to the coils about Bill's head, only to be held in control by the wired glass helmet.

Time seemed to stand still to the sweating professor, as his wet but steady hands moved dials, knobs and switches. Finally he let out a thankful sigh, as the shining pointed hands of the dial wavered to it's set mark. Automatically everything stopped, and a peaceful quiet filled the room.

Quickly stripping his son of the metal bands and glass helmet, the professor slumped into a dead faint from exhaustion.

Faro awakened from unconsciousness to find himself lying on a couch, and to see his son staring at him with blood-shocked eyes. Feverish intelligence seemed to probe into the very marrow of his brain. The professor began to be filled with thoughts of consternation. Had the experiment affected his son in a harmful way. Had..... Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by a powerful low voice.

"Father, the experiment has been a success,

and so it will be with you!" "With me",echoed the startled Doctor of Science.

As if he had not heard the interruption, Will continued.

"I have read your thoughts Dad, otherwise under any other circumstances, I would not have been able to understand what has taken you years to accomplish. Everything which puzzled me a few hours before, seem so simple now. As if I had known them all the while. That is why I believe I can manipulate the machinery as well as you. So, as soon as you say the word, we will be both partners in immortality. We shall be MIND MASTERS ETERNAL!"

Professor Faro just looked at his son with an emotion shocked face, and said, "Let us proceed."

**** End of Part One ****

A few words with the American Interplanetary Society.-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

The American Interplanetary Society has changed it's name to the American Rocket Society for two main reasons. Firstly, because the word 'Interplanetary', though indespensable to the average stf. fan, is inclined to be offensive to other potential members. Secondly, the club realizes that at present all hopes of reaching other planets should be forgotten, in view of the many existing problems to be solved before the rocket can even reach outer space, to say nothing of bridging the

stupendous gulf between planets. It is very easy to write of interplanetary travel, but in real life such a thing is just beyond our horizon of accomplishment.

On his return to New York after a trip in Germany, where he studiedthe progress of the GermanyRocket Society, Mr. G. Edward Pendray, organizer of the club, outlined a program for the members to follow.

The first rocket constructed after his arrival was tested in November, 1931. Because of a mishap, however, it was not launched. After a lapse of two years the second repulsor was completed. It attained the speed of 120 miles per hour and exploded shortly. When the rocket was recovered, it was found that pressure caused by the evaporation of fuel in the long, cylindrical tanks caused the mishap. The spot where the explosion occurred is shown on the right-hand tank and marked 'x'. At first it was believed that the stream of fire, from the comparatively close jet caused it, but this was not the case.

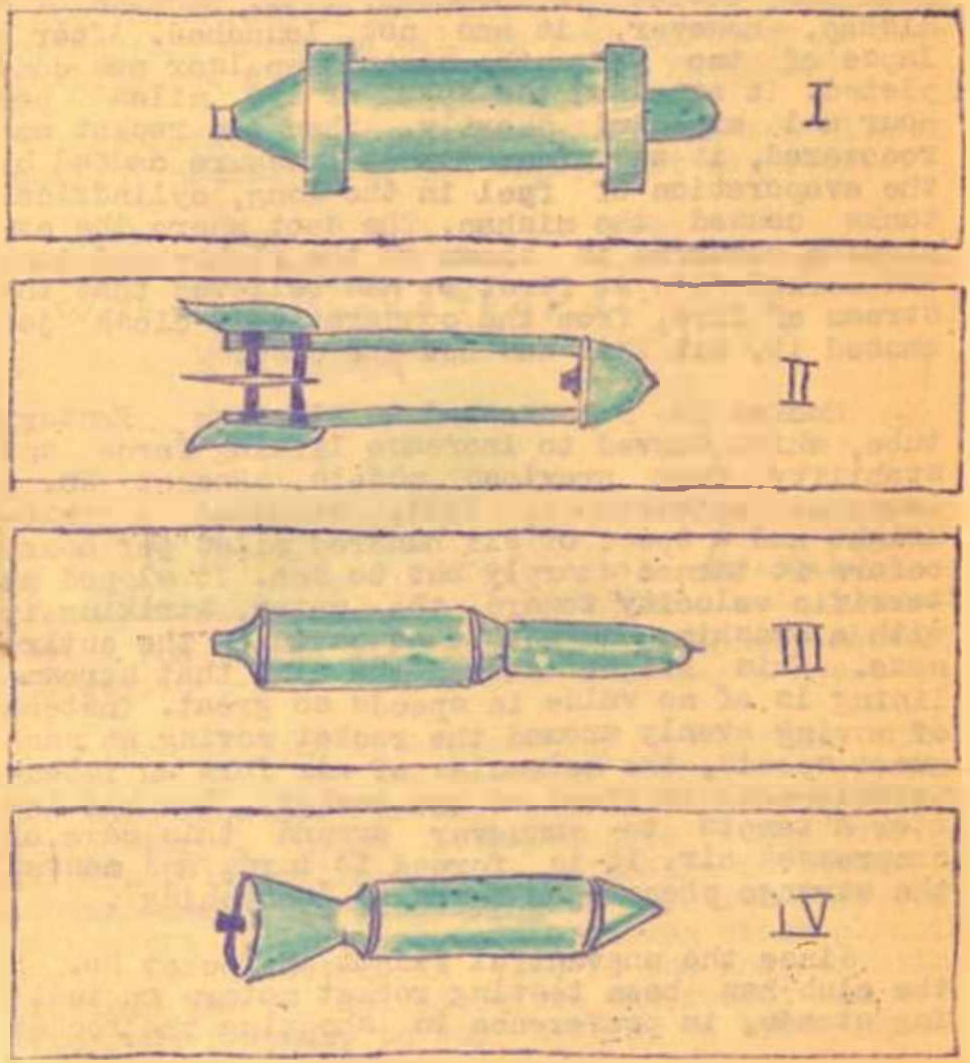
Rocket No. 3 possessed an aluminum Venturi tube, which served to increase lifting force and stability over previous models. Rocket NO. 4 launched September 9, 1934, attained a great height and a speed of six hundred miles per hour, before it turned sharply out to sea. It sloped at terrific velocity toward the water, striking it with a crashing impact that caved in the entire nose. This flight showed the club that streamlining is of no value in speeds so great. Instead of moving evenly around the rocket moving at such great speeds, the molecules of air form an impenetrable mass in front of the rocket. When the latter attempts to manuever around this mass of compressed air, it is forced to turn and causes the strange phenomenon known as "searching".

Since the uneventful flight of Rocket No. 5 the club has been testing rocket motors on testing stands, in preference to shooting the rocket

into the air. It is less expensive and, as the rockets can be observed at close range, they can accomplish more.

It will be interesting to stf. fans to know that a few science-fiction authors, among them Pat Schachner and Lawrence Manning are active in the designing, construction, and launching of the rockets.

A diagram of the four rockets mentioned is shown below, in order of construction.



From what I've heard of the affair, the last convention, held in Newark, was hot stuff! Over 125 persons were supposed tohave attended this affair at one time or another, and, at least a hundred were present at all times. So I've heard. Well, if this local convention succeeded so admirably, I can see reason why 500, or 1,000 fans shouldn't attend the World Convention. Especially since the editors of the various publications intend giving this forthcoming convention some publicity in their pages. We'll see the outcome, though, in 1939.

Speaking about 1939, it's my guess that Hollbein will probably be spreading dirt and propaganda against, instead of for, the CPA-F and Michelism at that future date, even if he is in pretty deep with them at the present time. But then, so was he with Sykora!

FAN MAG STUFF - - - - -Tom Whiteside, a Philadelphian, intends issuing a fan magazine of his own. At the time of writing, the magazine will definitely not appear for some time, as Tom insists on purchasing all his supplies at one time...and he intends getting the best, too. Here's some data about the magazine. It will be large sized, have 20 pages and will be titled SCI. That will make yet another magazine under the banner of

make yet another magazine under the banner of COMET PUBLICATIONS.....The 19th COLLECTOR will appear rapidly upon the heels of the 18th issue. Then, some time will elapse between the 19th and 20th issues.....Ye correspondent is taking an entire month off from issuing any fan mags, and will adjourn to the Pocono Mts., where correspondence will be the only thing pertaining to stf. he'll do..... Just a few months back, Milton Rothman averred to a group of fans that he would never issue a fan magazine..Yes, Milt[illegible] planning an FAPA magazine.....the only thing that is holding him back is money for equipment.

We've recently read something that inferred that Robert A. Madle couldn't be our loyal friend. Tell -- since when did [illegible] have the right to judge who our friends are. And, of all people to question loyalty!!

Poor Jimmy! His doctor advises him to discontinue issuing COSMIC TALES for his health's sake. Jimmy does this. Now, he issues [illegible] FICTION, [illegible], COLOR, COLOR ANNUAL plus many others. All put together, more work than just COSMIC TALES. Such is life!

COSMIC PUBLICATIONS -- which title seems to be the one they've finally picked -- apparently is going places. Recently, Sam Moskowitz and ALEX Osheroff joined forces(so to speak) with JIM and Bobby Thompson. The result is that thirteen or more separate titles are registered as COSMIC PUBLICATIONS.

DID you ever notice in the Wollheim-Schwartz and Wollheim-Ackerman feuds who did all the feuding? Well, if you have, what does that make Ackerman and Schwartz?

We hear that the great(?) Wollheim is on the "outs" with everyone. And, we do mean

"out!"

Just a note about the FAPA, fellows.... There are now 48 members in this marvelous organization. Two under the maximum amount. If you have not joined as yet, and intend joining in the near future, do not hesitate a moment...join immediately! Be in on the fun in the fan world (some pfun!).

This will be the second time we've written this column. The first edition became so old and out-of-date that we simply had to write another one. Of course, we should have known better than to write a news column the day a fan editor asks for it. Especially when the particular fan editor is one Jack Agnew.

Just a reminder ------ One can't possibly hope to have all One's gossip and news taken as positive data, as One's source of material is hearsay and such is never fully positive

We'll be back next issue with more news and gossip of the fan world ..... So, 'till the next,

"Balty"

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

JOIN THE
FANTASY AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION!

There are very few openings left for active fans..so join speedily. Four large mailings per annum for the minimum cost of 50¢. Of course, you can issue an FAPA paper of your own (in fact, it is encouraged) if you do not care to contribute to the others journals. Write in for particulars to:

John V. Baltadonis
1700 Frankford Ave.
Philadelphia, Penna.

WHO SAYS IT'S NOT WORTHWHILE

by

Robert A. Madle

Perhaps you have often been told by some person that there is nothing to be gained from science fiction; that it is merely a waste of time and that you are foolish for devoting the majority of your time to this stupid activity. I know that I have heard such statements, and other ones similiar to them. Although some narrow-minded fans believe this to be true, the majority of the 'sages' are mere pedants, knowing nothing whatsoever of what they speak. It is the purpose of this article to dispel such ill-founded beliefs by stating facts that cannot be refuted.

Active participation in the science fiction fan field provides one with the opportunity to express oneself. The various and numerous fan periodicals are devoted primarily to just that. By being able to give voice to thier contentions and ideas, the s-f fans are encouraged to go on to greater heights. Naturally, if a person sees his material in print in an amatuer magazine, he adopts the idea that it is not too improbable that he will someday be receiving acceptances with some regularity from the professional magazines. Among the present-day fans and fans of years ago who have received checks from professional magazines are Forrest J. Ackerman, Donald A. Wollheim, Frederick Pohl, Chester D. Cuthbert, David A. Kyle, Duane W. Rimel, Henry Hasse, Henry Kuttner, J. Chapman Miske, and many others. Probably all of those mentioned will tell you that it

it was through active fan reading or writing that prompted them to submit material to professional magazines. Two of the aforementioned show promise of becoming two of the greatest writers of modern fantastic literature. I am referring of course to Henry Kuttner and Henry Kasse. Who can deny that their fiction is good?

David R. Daniels showed promise of becoming one of the masters of science fiction, but his untimely death shattered all illusions. And Daniel's first story was printed in Fantasy Magazine! Inspired by this, Daniels devoted much of his time to writing with gratifying results. J. Francis Hatch, who also had his first story printed in Fantasy Magazine, has received checks from various magazines. As a writer of fantasy, he is comparable to many of the accepted professionals. Merely read his poem, "The Rood and the Vampire" or his lovely word picture "The Final Vision," both of which appeared in recent issues of Amateur Correspondent. No one can honestly deny that he has definite writing ability.

A good retaliation to the statement that s-f fans never get anywhere would be to refer the "know-it-all" to the various editorial staffs of the professional magazines. Mortimer Weisinger, formerly a fan columnist for the Time Traveler and Science Fiction Digest, now acts in the capacity of Editor of Thrilling Wonder Stories. Of course, Leo Margulies is supposed to be editor, but he probably has so many other magazines to attend to that he permits Weisinger to have practically all the say as to [illegible]. Charles D. Hornig, previous Managing Editor of Wonder Stories was also an active s-f fan. Unfortunately, he permitted himself to be dragged into quibblings with the IPA fellows, and in this way lost his popularity. When Wonder was sold, he lost his position. Raymond A. Palmer, new editor of Amazing Stories, has been a fan for years. Although he did have one story published before entering the amateur field, it wasn't until quite a few years had elapsed before he became a tried and true

professional. Now he too has been made an editor of a professional magazine. Here's hoping he makes good. John W. Campbell, the new skipper of Astounding Stories, has been a fan for years. He has read every issue of every science fiction magazine since the first issue of Amazing Stories 12 years back. He became well-known as an author of super-science novels, many of which have been acclaimed classics by the readers. He too has made something from science fiction. As a just reward for his excellent work in persuading British publishers to issue an s-f magazine, Walter H. Gillings was made editor of Tales of Wonder, when it appeared.

Julius Schwartz, formerly editor of Fantasy Magazine, now conducts a writer's agency, marketing stories for many of the top-notch writers. He too made something from his hobby. Conrad H. Ruppert now operates a printing shop, and is prosperous enough to be in a position to hire an assistant! He was started in this direction by printing Fantasy Magazine.

If I had entered into research I could have undoubtedly uncovered many more examples of Science fiction fans, who, shall we say, monopolize on their hobby? However, I believe the above few paragraphs will suffice, and that my point has been verified.

THE END

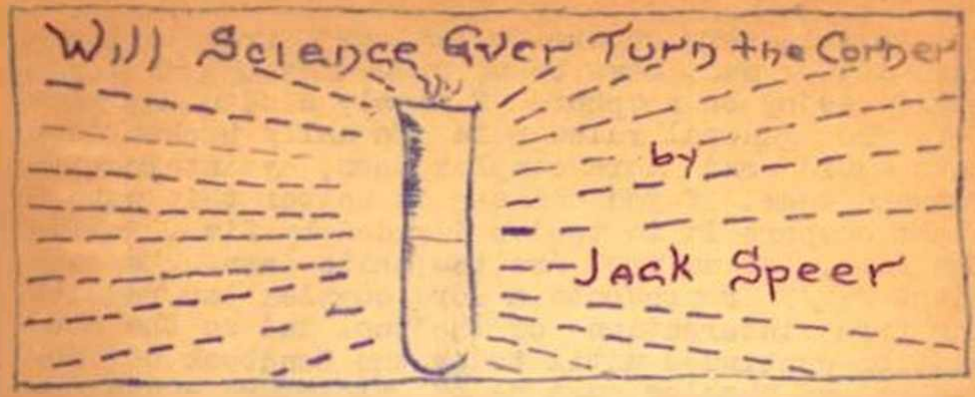
NEXT ISSUE:

'Atmosphere in Pan Mags' by
SAM MOSKOWITZ

2nd Part of;

Birth of the Mind Masters by
JOHN GIUNTA

Will Science Ever Turn the Corner



by

Jack Speer

Up to now, science has been mainly concerned with discovery and recording new facts, and determining the rules governing them. This cannot go on indefinitely. A pessimist whose identity I cannot recall now once said that the fund of knowledge would continue to grow until at last it broke of its own weight--that eventually no one would be able to learn enough to coordinate it in the normal life span, unless the life span was materially increased or some new and more efficient method of teaching were discovered--perhaps something on the order of the hynobioscope or other scientifiction-alliteaching machines (the author mentioned didn't say the latter, of course.) It was with this idea in mind that the story "The Master Shall Not Die!" was written, and there have been other superlative tales on the same idea. It is certain that the time is long past that a Roger Bacon could claim the whole field of knowledge for his province. Without mechanical aid it would be impossible---or even very difficult with mechanical teachers---for any man to store in his brain all the knowledge of science as it now exists. So, say the pessimists, the time will come when the whole thing will break down through over-specialization; men will continue to learn until they will lose in a lifetime more knowledge than they gain.

I beg to disagree. The one great duty of science is to systematize knowledge, making the rules governing it as simple as possible. I believe that everything can be reduced to a few basic rules. In the beginning there was matter and force and space

and certain very general rules, and irregularity--this latter must have been, otherwise the universe would today be a sphere of slowly condensing matter. The general rules were gradually broken down into more and more complex laws, by interaction between them. If you can see it better this way, I might compare it to twelve divided by five. Twelve and five, let us say, are two basic laws. The quotient 2-2/5 represents a more complex law resulting from interaction of the two. And so the evolution continued until today the Handbook of Chemistry and Physics must be of miniature encyclopedias proportions. That represents what science has done so far in these lines.

But let us suppose that science "turns the corner" toward reintegration of laws. For example, if the atom could be definitely probed of its secrets, a few simple rules of the interaction of the particles-----electrons, neutrons, etc.--plus the atomic number of the element in question would suffice for that entire manual of chemical or physical data. One would know what elements would combine, what the result would be; the freezing and boiling points of all elements and compounds; the susceptibility to fatigue of any kind of metal ----all these things could be figured from a knowledge of the atom's structure and the laws governing it.

And if science continued along this new path, all the bewildering multitude of facts and figures could be tracked back to the few basic laws, simple enough to carry in the memory. At least, I like to think so.

Watch!

For the next issue

of this magazine!