

OLON F. WIGGINS, Editor-in-Chief

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**T H E**

**S C I E N C E**

**F I C T I O N**

**F A N**

MERVYN EVANS, Associate Editor

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The  
Fan  
Magazine  
Of  
By  
And  
For  
The  
Science Fictionist

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# The Science Fiction Fan

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OLON F. WIGGINS, Editor  
MERVYN EVANS, Associate Editor  
DONALD A. WOLLHEIM, Contributing Editor  
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## EDITORIAL

By  
OLON F. WIGGINS

The editorial staff of "Fan" joins together in congratulating "Astounding Stories" on its third Anniversary under Editor Tremaine of Street & Smith Publications, Inc.

You have before you the third issue of "Fan." Is it any better than the two preceding issues? If it isn't don't hesitate to say so. As the editorial staff means for it to please. And with your bouquets and brickbats we will make it please. So let's hear from all of you.

A new column comes to you this month, conducted by yours truly. And while it's not exactly a new idea in columns it adds a swell touch to "Fan." The column was made possible with the cooperation of the editors of the professional sf magazines. May it please all of you a lot.

There is a four-page increase in the size of "Fan" with this copy, made necessary by the length of "J. R. Fearn's" autobiography. Whether the increase is permanent is a question which is mostly dependent on you readers (if you get what I mean). I don't like to come right out in plain words and ask you to get new readers for "Fan," but I will say that any new readers you get for "Fan" will make it possible for "Fan" to enlarge more and more as time passes.

All of you please notice the new editorial offices of "S.F.F." Send all future mail to the new address.

Mr. Wollheim, the "Fanfarade" columnist says his column is getting a good reception from a goodly number of fans. Which makes him as well as myself very pleased. Well to make the feeling mutual I think it a swell column myself. Probably one thing that makes it good is the fact that no editorial restrictions are placed on him. Anything he says he's usually pretty sure of, and anything he says has

the support of the associate editor and myself. To place restrictions on any one's writings tends to make the writings inferior. Columnist Wollheim has been accused by some people as a person with a grudge against everybody and everything. But to a person who knows Wollheim he is a firm believer in S.F. and the rights of the S. Fictionist. You didn't see any other S. Fictionist (during the big ruckus of a year or so ago when Wollheim was trying to get payment for authors who had not at that time received payment for their stories which were accepted and printed). Come out and take the case into a lawyer's hand and see that the authors received payment therefor ("Wonder Stories" under the "Gernsback" banner were the non-payers) not the new "Thrilling Wonder." So any time Wollheim is on anyone's neck you can be reasonably sure that he's not going off half cocked on something he doesn't know of which he speaks.

— EDITOR.

## FANFARADE

By  
DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

Dr. David H. Keller, M. D. has had three of his short stories published in book form by a French concern. The title of the volume is "La Guerre du Lierre" (The Ivy War). Copies may be had from him for \$1.50. . . Philip Allan & Co., Ltd., of London, have just published Festus Pragnell's Wonder serial "Green Man of GrayPec" under the title "Green Man of Kilsona." Their latest addition to the "Creeps" series is called "Tales of Death." They have also put out a "Creeps Omnibus" reprinting the first three of the series. . . . Incidentally, Pragnell never was paid by Wonder for that serial. . . . And we hear Lawrence Manning was also left holding the bag for quite a sum. . . . Still on

the subject, no paid subscriptions to WS were carried over and no money was refunded either. People who thus reposed their faith in the magazine were neatly let down. Julius Schwartz, who always opposed telling the truth about the old Wonder, revealed his ignorance of the meaning of "hack writing" in his letter in the August SFF. Does he consider H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, Hervey Allen, and numberless others as hacks? . . . H. P. Lovecraft's "Fungi from Yuggoth" are about half complete in R. H. Barlow's book he is printing. The book will probably not be finished for some time as Barlow is now living in Kansas for the next few months. . . . "The American Weekly" will have an article soon on Lu Senaren's old dime novel boy-inventor stories. Incidentally, the Franke Reade Library was the real first science-fiction magazine. Copies sell for \$7.00 each. . . . On August 31st, Aubrey McDermott married Beatrice Cordino, two fans with one heart! . . . 500 copies of the Wienbaum book will be printed. . . . H. G. Wells wrote his own obituary for *The Listener*. He will die of heart failure in 1963. He will have run-ins with Fascists in 1938 and Communists in '42. . . . Olaf Stapledon is now at work on a new book "Star Maker" concerning life on other worlds. . . . John Baltadonis now plans to issue a hekto. magazine tentatively titled "Fantasy Fiction Telegram." Jim Blish states that he has no connection with *Supra-Mundane Stories*, but that it is entirely the plan of Nils H. Frome. . . . Charles Hornig is back in New Jersey again. . . . The Headquarters of the British Interplanetary Society will move to London where it is expected things can get done better. . . . On Jan. 2, 1937, there will be a Science Fiction Convention at Leeds, England, sponsored by the SFL there. Most of the big British fans have already arranged to attend. . . . Kenneth Sterling enters Harvard this Autumn

to study for a career in bacteriological research. . . . His "Walls of Egypt" has been aided by collaboration with H. P. Lovecraft and should stand a good chance of acceptance. . . . David A. Kyle is planning to organize a "Phantasy Legion" in connection with his Amateur Craftsmen's Guild, a society of amateur STF artists. . . . Henry Kuttner, who tried at *Weird Tales* for years, has had several more stories taken by that magazine. They are "It Walks By Night," "The Salem Horror" and "The Eater of Souls." His "Well of Youth" was taken by *Fanciful Tales*, and he sold five yarns to *Thrilling Mystery* in a row. . . . Earl Pierce has "The Death Mask" and "The Last Archer" coming up in *Weird* and "The Heat Serum" in *Fanciful*. The latter magazine was listed in the September *Writer*. . . . Donald Wollheim's "H. G. Wells, Amateur" appeared in the September "Cannon Ball." . . . Wollheim and John B. Michel are buying a new press and will issue several new publications. Fred Pohl is also purchasing a press in collaboration with Harry Dockweiler. . . . The International Scientific Association has constructed a new rocket-plan and will resume mail-rocket flights. . . . Jim Blish has taken over the title rights of *Curious Stories* and will issue a magazine by that name. His *Planeteer*, proofs of which we have seen, shows signs of becoming a neat job.

### BIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISHMAN

By JOHN RUSSELL FEARN

WORSLEY, very close to Manchester, England, was not in the least perturbed on a broiling June 5th, 1908, when one John Francis Russell Fearn put in an appearance in this world of cares—nor, so far as I know (I am Fearn, by the way, now a sturdy lad of twenty-eight) is it even now interesting in my presence. Maybe, though,



that was because I left Worsley at the age of two—not alone, I might mention — and moved to Irlams O' T'Height (Irlams on the Height, to be exact). A delightful little spot, overshadowed completely by the perpetual smoke of goods yards and coal mines.

So far as I can recollect, I never liked life at all until I reached 10 years of age. My early recollections are those of rather dingy houses — though I understand they were quite up to date in those days. Having, however, a penchant for sunshine—which in these days has risen almost to an intense mania—I have only the memory of forbidding gloom.

I was also 10 years old when my writing ambitions were born. The cause of this affliction was the acquisition of a typewriter, with which I proceeded to distract the family for interminable periods. Upon this little machine, which by the way had no "e," and therefore demanded I use an "x" instead, I wrote and illustrated a masterpiece of 4,000 words called "The Planet Tracker." I had never read science fiction up to that date, but I had seen illustrations to a novel by Verne, and this I think flavored my childish epic with a certain interminable logic. Anyhow, it became a proud possession of mine and I kept it until I was 18 when, suffering an acute pain in the neck every time I looked at it, I transformed it into another state—ashes!

Schooldays I liked fairly well—except French. I never could figure that darned language out, and besides the master was always on my track. I believe I was called a "dreamer," or something equally poetic. The only honors I ever carried off were three tennis balls for winning the 100-yard sprint in the school sports.

Once bitten by the writing bug, however, it became obvious that my recovery to normal was doubtful. It led me to the next stage of the ail-

ment and I turned into an editor at the age of 14, editing a handwritten weekly paper executed on the backs of old wallpaper rools. A schoolboy friend, long, lanky and energetic, scoured the district for news and our copy appeared daily until it fell through for lack of support. Forthwith my friend took to smoking cheap cigarettes and I created a marvelous detective—Wellon Trail, I think his name was. I need hardly add that Brother Trail came finally to a sticky end.

Then my father put a temporary stop to my antics by dropping me into his business in the cotton world. Unfortunately for me, the drabness of Manchester and the laws governing cotton didn't appeal, so I proceeded to make first class mess of the cotton trade until I was 16. During this period I wrote so-called science fiction on the backs of old memo sheets. They were tripe, I know—but anyhow it was practice.

Then the family moved over to Blackpool, the leading seaside resort of England. Life, for me, began in real earnest. That was in 1925. I am inclined to think, looking back, that I was every conceivable thing between 1925 and 1931. I had to leave the cotton trade owing to my distance from Manchester and promptly became, in turn, confectioners' assistant, semi-secretary to an auctioneer, lawyer's clerk, fair ground assistant, then, after a brief interval, a lawyer's clerk again. I left finally when the firm closed down.

During all these vicissitudes, however, I was still writing, suffering now from the complaint of heavy and over-writing. John Heywood's of Manchester finally got hold of one of these epics and pronounced it good, but it wasn't in their line. Much bucked I tried again—and tried—and tried. I have written on the backs of tram-car tickets, scraps of paper, and note

books. I have typed on the top of old boxes with a blanket wrapped around my legs in winter to keep out the bitter cold of a Blackpool winter. In one place a lived there was always a confounded draft, no matter how big the fire—a delightful condition that frequently gave me the toothache and a stiff neck, and believe me writing isn't easy surrounded by rejections and toothache. Once even, in my wanderings, I had a plank over a bath and proceeded to type there; it was the only place I could find. In those days I averaged nearly 12 hours continuous work a day for nine months. It was the winter season and in a place like Blackpool there is no work in the winter.

At the end of nine months I was probably a better writer but my pile of rejection slips was much larger. Not a single darn thing could I sell!

Then, oh marvel of marvels. I landed an article in *Film Weekly* for the munificent sum of 30/0, or about \$7. Not much, but the family and I raised the roof that night. It was terrific—a monstrous and wonderful thing. I've never enjoyed anything half so much since. My luck changed. I sold several articles right off the reel, particularly one about Edward Everett Horton, the film star, whom I met personally at the Savoy, in London, in order to get the story.

Well, then came another long, flat period in which I scribbled and typed like a madman—another period of varying jobs. Somehow I kept myself going. Anyhow I was working for myself and that satisfied me. Then, in late 1931 I began to write a serious attempt at science fiction. I fondly imagined I'd sell it in this country, and evidently a Providence was behind my belief. It was called "The Intelligence Gigantic," and finally ran to 45,000 words.

Well, before I got half through with it my Mother hit on the idea of my

going nearer London in order to try and get into closer contact with editors. So we went to Sunbury-on-the-Thames, about 15 miles out. My Father stayed behind to look after his business. I found the London houses effectively locked against me.

Somewhat discouraged I pushed on with "The Intelligence Gigantic" and finally finished it. When I had done this—most peculiar thing—I happened on the first copy of "Amazing Stories" I had ever seen. That day showed me the very thing I'd dreamed about for years. A market! Promptly I shipped off my brain child to Doctor Sloane and waited results.

Nothing happened. Three months trickled by; I began to fear my epic had been sunk in the Atlantic. So I returned to Blackpool resolved to start again at something—anything, quite convinced America had never received my noble effort.

I had been back in Blackpool three months when a redirected letter reached me from Sunbury. Lo and behold! Doctor Sloane had accepted "The Intelligence Gigantic!" My first story had gone! I had to wait a year, 1933, to be exact, before I saw it in print, but never mind—something had snapped inside me. All my subdued ambitions shot to the surface. Since England didn't want science fiction I would write for America.

Promptly I wrote "Liners of Time," in exactly one month and sold it promptly to *Amazing*. Then I wrote "Zagribut" its sequel, and sold that before the original yarn had even appeared.

Following that I found that the new *Astounding* had come into being, so I tried "The Man Who Stopped the Dust." It clicked—first time out. I followed it up with a wild and woolly effort—"Brain of Light." I know now that that was a bad story, but never mind—it had an idea behind it.



About this time, luck evidently determined to pursue me, an English science fiction paper—SCOOPS—rose out of the murk and the editor asked for work. I wrote him *Invaders from Time* and he published it promptly. Then he asked me to write a series of 10. Naturally I obeyed—wrote perhaps the best yarns I ever did for an English market—then, darn me, if the paper didn't fold up through lack of support. Six weeks gruelling work thrown down the sink—Was I mortified?

I turned back to America with "He Never Slept," and "Before Earth Came." Then I went in for books, wrote three in a year, and handed them over to England. They wouldn't have them—all too scientific, so they said. Actually they're too mild for America, so you can guess what sort of stuff we authors tolerate over here.

Well, I tried to get Scoops revived—wrote three pages of single line foolscap to the editor and told him what to do to get it going. He would have taken a chance, but his Board of Directors were against it. So, that was that. I came back to Astounding with "Earth's Mausoleum" and—dare I say it?—"Blue Infinity?" I decided to change my style and wrote "Mathematica" and "Plus" quite recently, the idea coming to me whilst under anaesthetic at the dentists! Now, you critics, there's a swell chance for you. Let's have it!

Recently I wrote and sold "Deserted Universe." Naturally, in between I managed to sandwich "Subconscious" for *Amazing*. I have had plenty of rejections—sure—and shall for a while yet, I suppose—but they're getting fewer! Much fewer! I traveled plenty since 1933 when I first appeared.

Then on May 27th of this year my father died very suddenly. That put me off my stroke for a while. However, one cannot live with the dead.

I've piled into my work more than ever and have succeeded, thereby, in crashing both *Thrilling Wonder* and *Weird Tales*. Weird tales I love; I never enjoyed anything better than writing "Portrait of a Murderer." I hope to write plenty more.

And now England wants me to get busy. Science fiction is returning, in a monthly magazine, maybe in October, and the editor has already accepted 18 stories of mine provisionally. My books still miss the mark, but a sweet soul of an agent is resolutely sure that my work will click before long. In the meantime I keep going.

My delights are few and simple. I love broiling sunlight and heated rooms; I smoke like a chimney when I'm writing—always cigarettes because I can't keep a pipe going; I cultivate giant sunflowers in the summer and grow marrow plants like any other lunatic. I haunt cinemas when I get time and can't get enough of the magic voice of Claude Rains or the sweetness of Ann Sothorn. Above all, I detest much exercise. Long walks give me the pip, but I do like driving a car—which I do pretty often.

And so I come to the end of my sad story. I live now with my beloved Mother in a little villa in the heart of Sussex, 50 miles—one hour's journey—from London. To the front I have the sea—to the back and side the South country Downs. A delightful place with long gardens heavy with flowers.

But, darn it, I'm not satisfied. It's like an island in the storm. And, believe it or not I'm ready to start getting down to work. This practice has been great fun.

But I've a long way to go before I gain the place I want—a seat on top of the earth.

## TRUE THOUGHT VARIANTS

By  
DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

"Astounding Stories" has been presenting stories now and then which they label "thought-variants." They are called so because their theme contains something supposedly never used before in an stf. yarn. However, it is the writer's contention that they are not truly thought-variants in the most correct and exact sense. I refine a thought-variant as a story which sets a new pattern, opens a new field of science-fiction. Not as merely a yarn—interplanetary, time-travel, microcosmis, etc.—in which there is a new twist. The very definitions "interplanetary," "time-travel," etc., convey what I mean. The *first* story of travel between the planets was a true thought-variant. It was something never used before, it opened a field in which innumerable tales could follow. There has, at a cursory glance, been only one true thought-variant in recent years—that was Murray Leinster's *Sidewise in Time*. It opened an entirely new field of conjecture in which other stories could follow without plagiarizing the pioneer plot. As proof, *The Worlds of If* and *Branches of Time* are the second and third stories of that new hitherto untouched field. And stf. could stand many more as the new road is still hardly touched.

Pioneer stories that were true thought-variants were such as *War of the Worlds* (first of war between planets), *The Time Machine* (first time-travel), *Utopia* (first Utopian Utopian novel), *The Land Ironclads* (first to envision tank-warfare), *In the Abyss* (first of undersea-man stories), *The Star* (first of earth-destruction-from-space stories), *The New Accelerator* (first of its type), *The War in the Air* (first of aerial-warfare stories), *The Girl in the Golden Atom*

(first of microcosmic travel), and *The Man From the Atom* (first of microcosmic travel). As is to be noticed H. G. Wells has an astonishing number of such stories to his credit. In many ways he was and is the greatest science-fiction writer of all times. We wonder what will be the next true thought-variant idea discovered?

(Note:—While it may be possible that some of the stories listed were not actually the very first of their type, their predecessors never made much of a splash and (like the pre-Columbian discoverers of America) were promptly lost in the limbo of forgotten things.—daw)

Key to Ratings: Excellent, Good,  
Fair, Poor and Bad.

October Weird Tales—Excellent

Icicle of the Undead—good.  
Opener of the Way—excellent.  
The Lost Door—good.  
Doom of the House of Duryea—fair.  
The Tree of Life—excellent.  
Red Nails—excellent.  
The doors of Death—fair.  
The Secret of Kralitz—good.  
The Great Keimplatz Experiment—good.

September Astounding—Good.

Finality Unlimited—Excellent.  
The House That Walked—bad.  
A Beast of the Void—excellent.  
Little Hercules—good.  
Follow the Rocket Trail—poor.  
Song From the Dark Star—poor.  
Deserted Universe—good.

October Astounding—Fair

Godson of Almarlu—fair.  
Positive Inertia—bad.  
The Time Entity—good.  
The Saphrophyte Men of Venus—bad.  
Nightmare Island—fair.  
Infinity Zero—good.  
Flight of the Typhoon—fair.



## THE CYCLE

By  
MERVYN EVANS

## Part III

For many moments the Earthlings were too amazed to utter a word. Finally Tron blurted out, "You created this universe! But how . . . ?"

"You will understand," replied Rmat, "when you have heard our story. Listen and I will tell you the history of a people you have never dreamed existed.

"Our universe," began the Thurian, "lies in another dimension than this. It began so long ago that the number of earth-years would be inconceivable to you.

"On the planet Thuria which revolves around a triple star, our race was spawned. Originally the race had bodies not dissimilar to yours; but as our civilization advanced, the scientists discovered a means to transplant the mind or intelligence into bodies such as the ones we have. They are composed of energy of a type which is unknown to you. It can be altered in shape and tentacles can be extended at will. Light of any wave-length between the infra-red and ultra-violet, upon striking the surface of the "body" is transmitted to the seat of intelligence, corresponding to your brain, as visual images. Green light, however, is partially reflected by the surface of the body so it appears as a green sphere to you. The means of locomotion is quite different from any you know of. When we wish to move, our minds change the energy of our bodies slightly so that they become magnets which attract and collect the free energy which pervades all space. This energy is projected from the bodies at varying speeds in the direction opposite from that we wish to go. By the recoil of this, the simplest possible form of energy, against the ether of space, the bodies are thrown

forward at velocities which can approach that of thought, which is infinite. As you noticed, we have the ability to pass through the matter of this universe, but not that of our own. This building came from our universe. The elements of which it is composed do not have atomic structures. The molecules are like our bodies, spheres of energy; and these are as opaque to our passage as your elements are to yours.

"Many trillions of years ago, as you reckon time, Prexl and I discovered the existence of this dimension. At that time there was no matter here, only free energy in the simplest form.

"Soon we conceived the idea of an experiment—one greater than any ever performed. We would create a universe! After many failures we finally found the means to control the free energy in this dimension from our laboratory in our own universe. We transformed energy into matter, and collected the matter in this place, which is the center of this universe. Then, after the mass had become sufficiently large, we exploded it. You know what happened then—the great chunks that were flung off collected into nebulae and finally into suns, planets, and satellites. At the center was left one fragment of matter which became this sun and planet.

After this planet, which we named Thuria after our own world, had cooled, Prexl and I fitted the building that was our laboratory for interdimensional travel. We penetrated the etheric barrier between our universe and this one, and put the building here on this planet, where it has been ever since.

"As time went on we watched the development of a universe. Finally on several planets life began—how, we know not, as we have never solved the secret of life. On the tiny planet Earth, life advanced most easily as the conditions there were ideal. As

I have said we watched the race of human beings pass from savagery to civilization, and develop their science to a very high degree of advancement. When we saw you begin your journey we were not surprised—for a long time we have believed that eventually an Earthman would try to solve the secret of a universe.

"There is one thing that you do not know—this universe is approaching its end—For milleniums it has been expanding. The matter composing the nebulae and galaxies has been getting farther and farther away from the point of origin. In a few years of Earth time several of the galaxies will reach the end of this dimension. As you have suspected the dimension is not infinite. It is shaped like a sphere, and bounded by an etheric barrier. When the galaxies reach this etheric shell it will mean the annihilation of the entire universe! They will be torn asunder! Every atom in them will be disintergrated. The energy of the atom will be released in a terrible conflagration. This breaking down of the atom will spread throughout the universe until every particle of matter—every atom—will be totally destroyed! Unless we stop it, it means the end of the human race in a few years!

"However we do not intend to let this happen. The peoples of Earth have progressed so far that we do not want them destroyed so soon. By reversing the process by which we exploded the original mass of matter here, we can draw the galaxies back together again. The process will take as long again as it has already taken. By that time the human race will have reached the height of its civilization and will have perished and have disappeared.

"We intend to begin the process immediately before it is too late. As soon as we have done that we will return to our universe. We grow weary of

this experiment.

"As to you two—you can either join us or go back to your world and live out your span of life. If you decide to come with us, we will transplant your minds into bodies such as ours. Then, because we are deathless, you can live forever and pursue the study of science or explore the many worlds and dimensions that we know of."

The Thurian ceased his telepathic message.

Awed by the grandeur of the science that could create or destroy an entire universe, Tron and Ral could not utter a sound. They looked at each other and each read in the eyes of the other the choice he had made. At last Tron addressed Rmat, "We will become as you. We are scientists and all our lives we have sought out knowledge. Now you give us the opportunity to gain and use knowledge such as we have never dreamed existed. We accept your offer."

So two Earthmen became Thurians. In bodies practically perfect they looked forward to adventures the like of which no humans had ever known. When they had began their journey they had not expected that it would give them eternal life and knowledge so far above that of Earthmen that they had no inklings of its existence.

As Rmat had said, he and Prexl changed the atomic structure of the planet to make it a huge magnet that would attract and unify all the matter in a universe. Having done this the four journeyed to the home of the Thurians in the building that was both laboratory and inter-dimensional traveller. As it faded from sight through the etheric veil between the dimensions, there was nothing left upon the planet but the space ship of Earth. It lay on the surface of Thuria forgotten and never to be used again. The Thurians, now four in number, had gone. Their experiment was finished.



Soon changes could be noticed in the universe of the Earthmen. The galaxies were no longer hurtling onward through the void. They were slowing. Those approaching the etheric barrier never reached it. As time went on, the galaxies slowed and halted. Then they slowly began to move toward the center of the universe. Toward Thuria, the planet which was drawing them back inexorably. The human race grew old. It reached the acme of its civilization and at last, as Rmat had prophesied, went into a decline and then vanished. Nought remained of the once mighty race but the two who were now Thurians.

Milleniums passed. On and on hurtled the galaxies. Till finally one by one they reached the center of the universe. In a titanic holocaust of crashing worlds the matter was reverted to the energy from which it had come. The last galaxies, those which had gone farthest from their point of origin, came together—their world's colliding, and in the carnage of destruction releasing the energy that had been so long locked in the atom. The conflagration spread to the few atoms that remained, until they, too, were gone. Nothing remained but the free energy that pervaded space. From energy the universe had sprung. To energy it had returned.

The cycle had ended.

(The end.)

## THE FORECAST

By

OLON F. WIGGINS

Leading off the "Nov" issue of "Astounding" is N. Schachner's "The Eternal Wanderer," which we hope is better than his last one in Oct. "Astounding." . . . R. Z. Gallun clicks again with "The Path" . . . J. W. Campbell's sixth of the science discussions series follows the above. "Red Death" . . . A. MacFayden, Jr.,

has his second "Astounding" yarn in this issue called "The Last Selenite," a story of supreme power . . . "Dynasty of the Small" is J. R. Fearn's contribution to this number. A story of bacteriological evolution. . . .

"Macklin's Little Friend," by a newcomer to "Astounding," H. W. Guernsey (welcome) . . . part four of M. Leinster's "The Incredible Invasion" carries on. Followed by . . . C. Corbett's "The Thought Web of Minapar," a thought transference yarn (what again?) . . . Well outside of Tremaine's page, that's all.

## EUROPE CALLING

By

ED. J. CARNELL

This column should rightly be called "Progress" with a large query mark after it, but, having started under the above banner the title hardly matters. The last time I wrote I mentioned an "invisible ray" recently invented in Austria, this time it is a "ray" that may have a revolutionary effect in television.

For some years now many people in England have felt that television has been developed along the wrong lines. It appears that progress along the Baird system has reached its apex—yet, television is still a long way from being a universal machine of the masses. The cheapest sets in England cost £50 and only show on a televisor 9 inches by 6 inches, which is nowhere like the size ordinary folk want to look at.

Frank Manning, a seventeen-year-old electrician, living near London, recently built his own set on what he believes is an entirely new principle. As he switched the set on for the first time and knelt beside it he was knocked flat, but, managed to turn the set off before he lost consciousness. That was in June. Six weeks afterwards he collapsed in the street and was taken to a hospital. Doctors failed to diag-

nose his complaint, so he was sent to a big London hospital where several specialists have failed to fathom his mysterious malady.

Frank Manning believes that he has discovered a new combination of rays. Interviewed about his television set, which was the cause of his illness he said ". . . instead of an expensive cathode ray tube, I use two little pieces of carbon, half an inch in diameter by three inches long. Inside the carbon there is, of course, something else—that's my secret." "In my experiments I use sound, ultra-violet and ultra-red frequencies. One day I believe that I got between the three of them. I was kneeling down. The television set was switched on. Then I was knocked flat. Two or three nights afterwards, I thought I would try the same thing with a friend of mine—I stood him in the path of the rays for five minutes. When I turned them off he still stood there—he could not understand what I said nor speak or move . . ."

Undoubtedly Frank has stumbled upon something new in ray combinations, and if he manages to get better, experiments may bring cheaper television within the reach of all. At the moment the British Broadcasting Corporation are just completing the final arrangements for the first universal television station in England which will be working 24 hours a day—scheduled for this year, but, it will be a long time before every one has the privilege of "looking-in" regularly.

## ADS

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CORRECTION—in the August issue of the "S.F.F." The address of "The Science Fiction Collector" was printed wrong due to a proof-reading error. We ask your pardons. Here's the correct address: M. S. Dollens, 126 12th Ave., North St. Paul, Minn.

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