FANTASCIENCE DIGEST

The Editor's Message

Finally, after months of delay, the FANTASCIENCE DIGEST appears. We had originally planned to have FD appear in a very attractive printed format, but later developements forced us to forget those elaborate plans. A printing press, type and other essentials were purchased, but after various experiments we reluctantly were compelled to forget our extensive plans. Not desiring to give up the entire affair, we had a choice of publishing FD by mimeograph or by hektograph, and due also to the fact that a large number of copies is not required, our present mode of reproduction was chosen.

The FD is published bi-monthly for the time being. Perhaps in the future we MAY be able to issue the magazine on a monthly basis, but this is very indefinite, to say the least. If the required reader support is obtained, the forthcoming issue will possibly contain a few more pages.

We were forced to publish two stories in this issue because we had no other material available. We planned to have only one story, but due to the circumstances it was necessary to print two stories to fill the magazine. Therefore, if anyone has any material which they consider worth publishing, will they kindly send it along to us for our consideration? Thank you.

How do you like the artists featured in

CONT. ON PAGE 18

FANTASCIENCE DIGEST

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JACK AGNEW.....ART EDITOR
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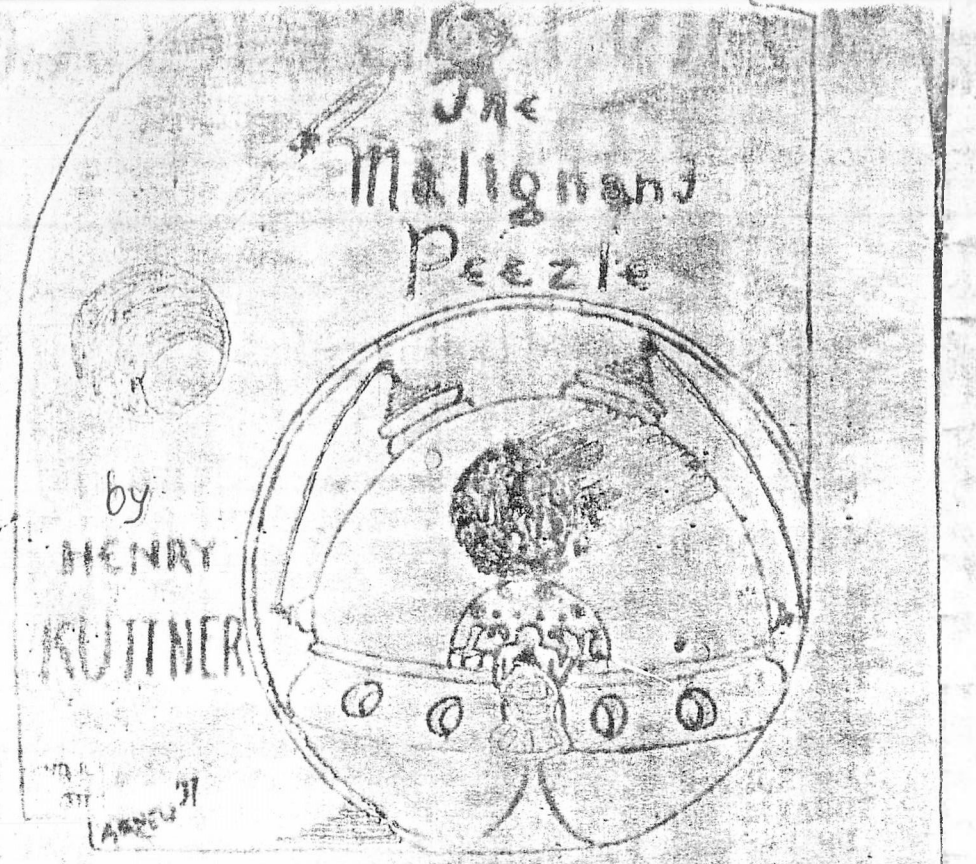


I had cleaned my typewriter. Consequently, it was with a considerable shock that I noticed a tiny bald head protruding from the innards of the machine, and I though for a moment it was a bug of some sort. It wasn't, though. I stopped typing my yarn, "The Inside Out Galaxy," which was to tell about the desperate attempt of Professor Peezle to save the earth from the attack of marauding vacuum-men——and I stared at the bald head. It rose higher and a tiny, whitebearded face was peering at me from the keys.

"Hello, fathead," it said in a squeaky voice. "I'm Professor Peezle."

I had always expected something like this ever since the night, after ten hours of typing, I had seen my typewriter abruptly recede into the fourth dimension. I leaned back in

the chair and shut my eyes, breathing deeply. When I opened them the bald head was as large as my fist, and it was perched on top of a scrawny body which sat on the edge of the desk. The little man was fumbling with a drawer, trying to open it.

"You might offer me a drink," he said reproachfully.

Dazedly I opened the drawer and handed the little man a flat brown bottle. He fumbled with the cork, cursed, and suddenly shot up until he was nearly six feet tall. That done, he extracted the cork and shrank again to his former size. "Handy trick, this atomic compression," he said absently. "Makes the liquor last longer." But at the rate he was drinking, the flat bottle would soon be emptied.

I took it away from him. "Listen," I said, "Are you real?"

"Yeah," he said, eying the bottle. "Why not? You've been writing about me long enough. Lousy writing, too. I could do better myself."

That stung. "I may not be a Wells," I told him hotly. "But just the same if it hadn't been for me you'd never have existed."

He sneered. "Existed! Do you call that existence? I was bored stiff. Nothing to do but save the earth, save the earth, save..."

"What's dull about that?"

He expanded to six feet again, snatched the bottle, and drank greedily. "Plenty! I haven't had a drink in years, except when I was on the opposite page from a bottle

No fun. Nothing. The only thing a scientist is good for is to save the world. I can do it with my hands tied."

"But you're supposed to be a serious old scientist—"

He leered at me wickedly. "Say, maybe just try putting me in a love story. I'd—"

I broke in hurriedly. "Never mind. What would the readers say?"

He let out a strain of oaths. "I hate their insides. I hate yours, too. A character never has any fun. Why, I've spent whole days looking through my laboratory, thinking you guys here put a bottle of whiskey on the shelf by mistake, but no—not you. Never a taste. You're just a stingy, fat-headed—" He made several uncomplimentary remarks.

"The hero never kicks," I told him.

"Why should he? He gets the girl. I help him out, do all the work, save the earth—and I'm supposed to be satisfied with my laboratory. In a dozen of your stories about me the hero gets the girl, and I get a test-tube. Scullions to that." He watched me furtively and then said, "Lousy style you've got anyway."

"Why, you sassed-off little swine," I said hotly. "What do you mean, lousy style! I'd like to see you try your hand at my job—in fact, I'd like to change places with you just to watch you squirm!"

His face lit up with a malicious smile. "I was waiting for that," he chuckled. "You've done it now, mucker. And Lord Help you, for I won't. You just bet we'll trade

places!"

With that he began pounding from key to key of my typewriter. As a line of type began to grow on the paper an amazing phenomenon took place. I felt myself grow hazy, unreal. Like a cloud of smoke I was sucked into the typewriter!

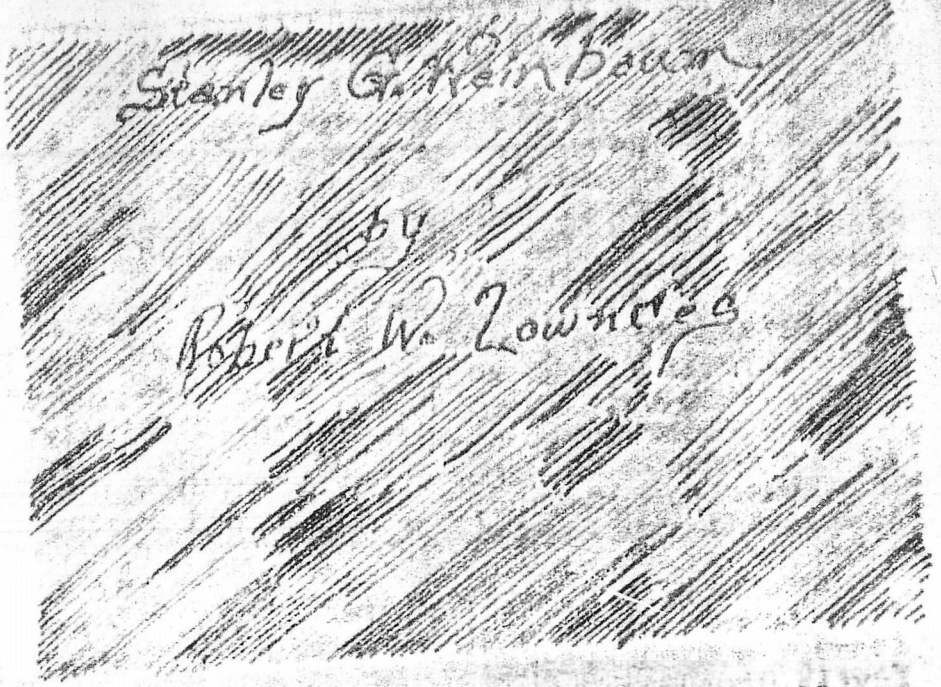
Blackness took me. When I recovered I found myself in the story I'd been writing, "The Inside-Out Galaxy." It was an utterly amazing experience. There I was, a character in the yarn—and at the typewriter, pounding away busily, occasionally swigging a drink from the bottle—was Professor Peezle.

It was diabolically clever. H e l f w ay through the story Peezle mysteriously vanished, and a stranger appeared from the fourth dimension. That was me. I could only squirm and curse as Peezle typed the story.

I wasn't even the hero. Just a scientist, and I commenced to understand what Peezle had suffered. Test-tubes, machines, gadgets—what did I know about them. I had to stay in the story, watching impotently, as Peezle raised the dickens, drinking my liquor, flirting with the maid, and, worst of all, writing nasty letters to the editors.

But that isn't why I'm sending out this appeal for help—this desperate S O S. I can't get out of the story—Peezle tricked me too cleverly for that. The worst of it is that those vacuum-men are descending upon the earth, and I don't know how to stop them. Peezle knows; he always saved the earth. But I'm no scientist, and I can only sit and suffer as the vacuum-men pour down in ever-increasing hordes. Earth is doomed—

Or it will be, unless somebody does something about that guy Peezle.



The late Stanley G. Weinbaum will, we think, have had as much influence in the shaping of future science fiction, as well as today's science fiction, as the great poet Charles Baudelaire had upon the entire panorama of continental and much of American poetry. Just as Baudelaire brought new blood, perspective, and consciousness, to a new movement in literature, decadence, which had already been set in motion by Edgar Allan Poe in this country, Weinbaum brought to perfection a different, refreshed type of fiction which had been set in motion by a few scattered writers like Dr. Edward Elmer Smith. And again, like Baudaire, Weinbaum was infinitely greater, broader in scope than his predecessors.

What are some of the qualities that set Weinbaum apart from his fellow science fiction writers? One was humanism. His people were alive, vivid, real- the problems he set them against were understandable, human problems. One Editor said that Weinbaum's stories

were just good adventure tales on a fantastic stage; we disagree - they were a great deal more than that. A very great quality in Weinbaum was one of scientific appreciation. He approached science without blindfolds, without sentimentality; he did not fall into the error, as so many others, of thinking science either a god or a demon, looking upon science as something which would save humanity or doom it. He realized that science, in itself, was incapable of being either benevolent or malignant, that knowledge was neither partial to human beings nor adverse to them, that science was amoral. Science could merely show a multiplicity of courses man was able to follow; it could not choose among them. Not science, but man is responsible for the machine age. Science showed man how to build metal monsters, but man chose the building thereof; science showed man how to construct horrific engines of wholesale demolition, but science did not choose man's use of them or decree that they should be used for the benefit of a few at the cost of billions.

Weinbaum had, again, imaginative appreciation. He did not invest Mars, for example, with lovely humans, gorgeous heroines for earthmen to conquer; he used appreciation of Mars' alienage and evolved thereon a logical form of life and a logical psychology for that life to follow. Whether or not his basic factors were absolutely sound is irrelevant. Science fiction is imaginative, creative literature of escape. It is based, true, upon what we believe to be exact science, but if an author takes a few liberties, that is permissible. Because we know very little and of what we know, much is indubitably false. It is very doubtful that if any of the science fictionists can ever give an accurate picture on what man will find on

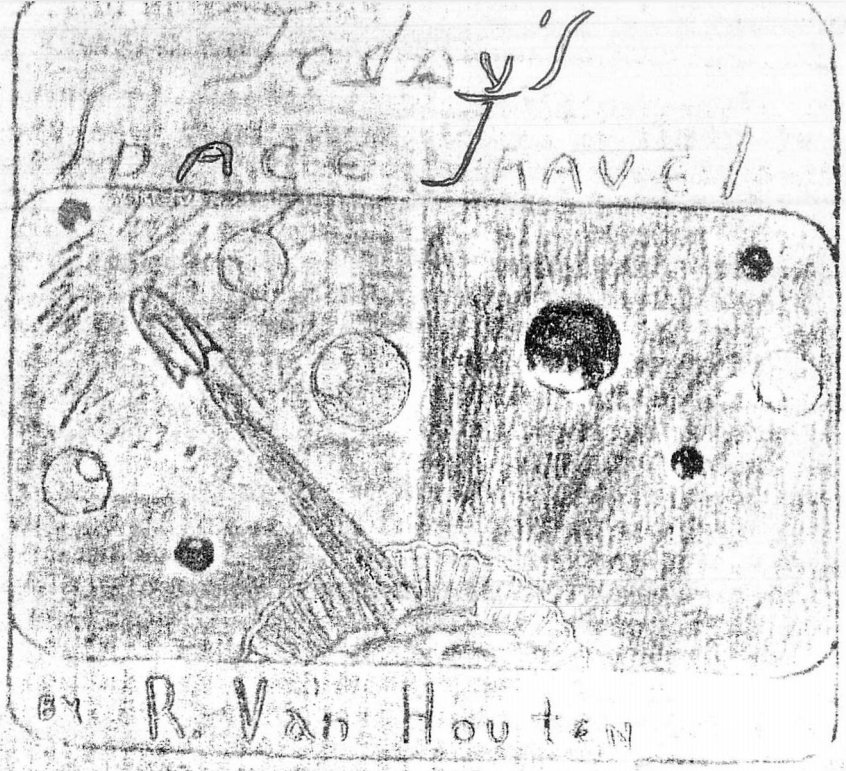
an accurate picture on what man will find on

Mars if he ever gets there, what his reactions and the reactions of the Martian phenomena to man will be.

Another quality in Weinbaum was his ready and keen sense of humour. He did not let his discoveries overawe him; he never took himself too seriously. Because of that, he was able to dive deeper, stay there longer, and come up dryer than any of his contemporaries. He was acute, philosophical, and prying, almost to the point of mediaevalists, who were like young birds, opening their mouths wide and gulping down every bit of intellectual nourishment their gullets could hold. That they necessarily had to swallow a good deal of sand, debris, and refuse didn't discourage them a bit.

It is still early to judge properly Weinbaum's effect upon science fiction. We can see a few results, and, with optimism as our guide, make a few prophecies; we can feel reasonably certain that science fiction has gained immensely from Weinbaum's influence and that it has, now, greater possibilities than ever before. But to be worthy of him, we must not ignore his example and fall into the errors he brough to light: we must not deceive ourselves into thinking, we who love and believe in science fiction, that science fiction is, in itself, a panacea for the world's literary illness, that it will succeed by itself and, by the magic of its own voice, become the superevolved creative literature that we desire it to become. Better to face facts and say science fiction will NOT rise to great heights, will NOT be the literature of tomorrow unless we make it so.

FINIS



" I don't like to "pouf" air-castles as a general rule, but I'm afraid that atomic energy will never be used for space travel. To a stf. fan that is like saying that space travel is impossible, because, if he has probed beneath the surface of the subject, he has gained the impression that rockets are clumsy, inadequate things of weak power and low efficiency. So, to bring nearer the bounds of possibility those immensely powerful and speedy dreadnoughts of the void that are pictured roaring through the pages of stf. magazines, he holds up the hope that great gobs of energy will result from the destruction of matter. Probably his hopes on this score will be upheld and his dreams trebled. I do not gainsay that. However, granting that the energy release from this source will be tremendous, there is still a fly in the ointment.

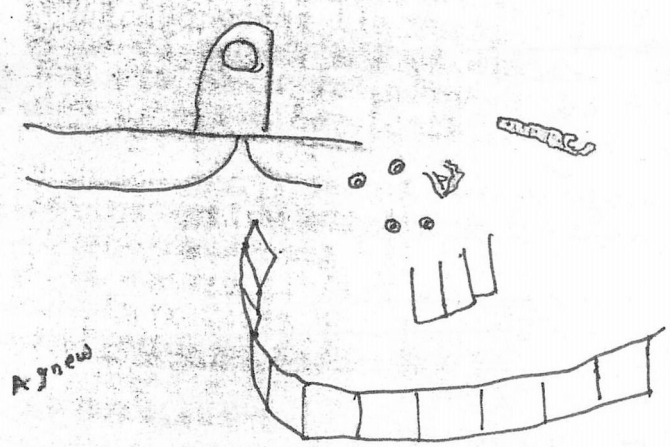
Pure energy is non-existent; it must

HAVE a manifestation. If it didn't, it would be of no use to anybody. Energy must take the form of light, heat, electricity, or reaction to be even detectable. Therefore, of course, innumerable wave-lengths it can choose to dissipate itself in, and plethora of forms it may assume outside of the few I have mentioned, and one of them MIGHT be some kind of repellent ray or radiation, but the chance is slim indeed. Therefore, of what use would the energy be if it took any of the known forms as it was released? It would have to take one, nor a thousand or all of them, and the energy would be a total as far as our purpose is concerned. Heat has no repelling power, and would fuse the space ship in a split second in any cosmic quantity; electricity would not push the ship along itself; and reaction, or motion, or mechanical energy, must have something to react against. Ah, but, you say, if it changes to light, we will be alright! Even light must have something to press against, and any reaction that takes place in a space vehicle must press against something that results from the releasing of the energy. In a rocket, this is the gases emitted by the combustion of the fuel; in our case, it would be the mass of the light itself, which would be precisely that of the matter annhilated, and this, if great enough to produce in our ship a respectable, nay, feasible, speed, would take away the only advantage of atomic power, small weight and bulk of fuel for enormous energy output. And, mayway, the chances of ALL the disintegrated matter transforming into the same kind of radiation is terribly small. Heat, which is involved in almost every action we know of, would inevitably be produced, and heat is dangerous to a block of fusible matter surrounded by the most perfect vacuum that exists, a gigantic thermos bottle. Only worse!

So, that just about relegates that to the limbo of lost whatnots of science.

THE END

Epilogue: The trouble with modern mechanics is that 99.9999% of the energy designed to produce motion is used to turn wheels! And turning a wheel isn't worth the oil to lubricate it with in driving a mass of matter through a vacuum. Present-day science is lost when it comes to powerful machinery in which something doesn't go around. The wheel and its hundreds of variations have done much to aid the progress of mankind up to now, but the next step is off into space, and if we're intending to step, we'll have to learn from the beginning a system of machinery that does not center itself on the inevitable wheel. I may be wrong, but I think it's going to be a rough road before we get there.



SONNETS IN MEMORIAM, TO DAVID R. ~~HARRIS~~ DANIELS

1. To Supernal Day

I knew him while upon this sun-tied sphere;
A friend, perhaps the greatest that I knew,
A friend, so loyal, understanding, true;
Now, we shall nevermore see each other here.
For that my heart is heavy, cries, is sad;
But in the infinite where all is light,
I hope that all things now are quite all right
For the friend I loved so well, a fine young lad.

Without a stellar ship he crossed the space
Where more than one rebels, their spirit weak
With happiness upon his radiant face,
His spirit going without fear, nor meek.
(For behind the scheme of things there is no night
'Tis there he goes to find supreme delight.)

2. To Glorious Reunion

Unchained from mortal, mundane hampering throngs,
He follows time and space unto their end
As among the macrocosms his ways wend,
A-setting right, reforming all great wrongs
That tend to paradox all space and time,
Finding answers to the things he asked
While here on Earth, but these are now unmasked
For his perusal, displayed correct, sublime.

I hope that we shall meet again somewhere
Out there where all the universes roll,
And of Eternal Day the greatness share
As I, to him, his worldly praise extol.
(There, we shall view the greater glories now...
"Our father, . . Thy will be done,". . .)

—J. Francis Hatch

(Dedicated to Mrs. Nellie P. Daniels, his mother)

Many science fiction stories have brought up a fascinating subject which is slightly difficult to comprehend at first, but which is one of the most interesting phases of the Einstein Theory. This is the matter of the Shape of the universe.

One of the statements which scientists use to baffle the layman is the one "about the universe being infinite and at the same time bounded. This statement, as with too many others, is open to interpretation in various ways.

The best way to look at it is to consider the universe as being the surface of a sphere. But the universe is three dimensional —how can it be a surface? A sphere, which is a three dimensional solid has a two dimensional surface which is curved in the third dimension. Just imagine a flat piece of paper wrapped around a sphere and you can see what I mean by a two dimensional surface curved in the third dimension.

Now expand everything one dimension. In

agine a four dimensional sphere covered by a three dimensional surface which is curved around by the fourth dimension. Or rather don't try to imagine it. Just consider it. Now, the universe is this three dimensional surface. It is not the sphere itself, but the surface, and everything on it has the geometrical properties of lines on the surface of a sphere, just expanded one dimension further.

On the surface of a sphere there are no such things as straight lines. You have, instead, great circles, which are the circumferences or sections which go through the center of the sphere, just like "parallels" of longitude on the earth. And incidentally, the term "parallel" is not so bad, because although the lines meet at the poles, spherical geometry is different from plane geometry and on the surface of a sphere these lines actually are parallel.

It is obvious that on a surface of a sphere a point which moves in a straight line (along a great circle) will come back to its starting point. No matter in what direction it moves, it will come back to the place it started from.

The same is true of the universe. Since it is to be considered the surface of a sphere all straight lines on it are sections of great circles, and an object which sets out in any direction at all will return to the starting point. It will seem to have traveled in a straight line, according to all the tests you can impose upon it, but lo and behold it is back from where it started.

An objection can be raised here. When an object travels around the world its curve can be measured. Why not in space? This is because although we occupy a two dimensional surface,

we are really three dimensional and thus can see the curve which is in the direction of the third dimension. If we were two dimensional beings we could not conceive of the third dimension and thus could perceive no curves.

It is really that way with us. We are three dimensional and can conceive of no curve in the direction of the fourth. Thus, the universe seems to us unbounded in every direction, although really, when you go far enough you curve right back to the starting point. And that is what is meant by infinite and bounded. The universe possesses a definite volume just as the surface of the earth has a definite area, but travel as far as you want you cannot reach the end of it.

The Cry is raised: What is beyond the universe? If it has a limited volume, there must be something occupying the rest of the Cosmos. But there really is no beyond. The universe is total, complete. There is no continuance of the plane of the earth. It curves back upon itself and leaves no place to hook another plane on.

But there are other planets. Yes. However, in order to reach them you must travel in a direction, perpendicular to the plane of the earth's surface. A flatlander could not conceive of this.

There may be other universes in the Cosmos, but in order to reach them one must travel in a direction perpendicular to all three axes of our surface. This direction is called the fourth dimension, and it is this motion which authors speak about when mentioning "travel into the fourth dimension." This quotation has no meaning, as a dimension taken alone is not a space into which one can travel, but by moving in the direction of the

fourth dimension one can, according to the above theories, reach other universes.

Before closing, and allowing you to enjoy your headaches in peace, here is another idea to toy with. First: let us recapitulate: We have two dimensional surfaces curved in the third dimension and separated by the third dimension. Secondly, we have three dimensional surfaces curved in the fourth dimension and separated by the fourth dimension. Can we have a third step? The four dimensional cosmos curved in the fifth dimension and separated from other cosmos by the fifth dimension! And can we go yet higher? . . .

Notice, however, that all of this does not take any consideration of people with a four dimensional existence. It merely regards universes and higher universes separated by further dimensions, and dividing and subdividing by themselves

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EDITORIAL---continued from Page 2

this issue! VII and Rothman require no introduction, but our art editor and partner in publishing FD certainly does. Arnew's drawings in this issue are his first attempts at illustrating with hektograph inks. Therefore, if you do not consider him equal to some of the more experienced hekto-artists, keep this fact in mind. We realize his drawings can stand some improvement, but for a beginner we consider him very good. What do you think?

At any rate, lets hear from all of you. We will probably inaugerate a reader's department next issue, and the best letters will be printed therein.

What happens to magazines when popular writers edit them. Personally, I don't know but some of us will have long to find out, for F. Orlin Tremaine has vacated the Astounding Stories offices, and the new editor is none other than John W. Campbell, Jr! This may not be news by the time it breaks into print, for news in the fantasy world has a speedy metabolism, but it is offered here in hopes that the as yet unenlightened may learn of the transition taking place in Astounding's editorial elements.

Will popular Campbell continue publishing his own stories in Astounding? And, if so, will they appear under his own name, or will "Don A. Stuart" break forth in sudden fruitfulness? How about the Fenton-Blake series in Thrilling Wonder Stories? Would the editor of a science-fiction magazine contribute regularly to his competitor's publication?

At any rate it is certain that Campbell

who has seen science-fiction rise swiftly and fall hard since Amazing Stories first peeked grotesquely from the newsstands, will make Astounding truly outstanding in one way if not in another. He may even change the title to Popular-Paper-Science, featuring one piece of fiction and a dozen fact articles in each issue. The newest

It is supposed that Campbell is negotiating with Virgil Finlay, leaning-post of Weird Tales, to illustrate the revamped magazine—though the information is, at best, most, uncertain.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mention of Virgil Finlay renews pleasant thoughts of the enjoyable week your correspondent recently spent with the Finlays in Rochester, New York.

It was fascinating to watch Virgil at work, for he is a most painstaking limner—limner carefully placing each tiny dot in the desired position, not jerking the pen all over the paper, as young imitators often do. Time means little to Virgil. He spends as much as three days on a single drawing, usually working all night and all day to meet a fast-approaching deadline.

A semi-biographical personality sketch of his life and interests appears in the reader's department of the December Weird Tales, on the stands tomorrow. You'll recognize the issue by the nude on the cover, which Virgil has painted to illustrate Nictzin Dyalhis's first story in four years, "The Sea Witch."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Esquire, which in the past year has

featured work by Donald Wandrei, Richard Vaughan, Frank K. Kelly, Mark Schorer, and Fletcher Pratt, has in its November issue (now on sale) a fantasy by Howard Wandrei, Don's artist-brother, who writes under the name "H. W. Guernsey"—and an article by Thomas Olivert "Rebirth" Mallary. The contributors' page presents a photo of Wandrei and a brief outline of the lives of both him and Mallary.

If the regular fantasy magazines ever go under, Esquire may be our salvation. Yeah—at fifty cents per.

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We happen the Philadelphia S-F Convention—a sort of preview of New York's 1939 WORLD Convention, is well attended this joyous 3rd of October. That might be termed an unofficial convention was held at the home of Mort Weisinger, on June 5th. Present were s-f notables Weisinger, Jack Williamson, L. Sprague de Camp, Dr. John D. Clark, Frank Belknap Long, Edmund Hamilton, Otis Adelbert Kline, Otto Binder, Manly Wade Wellman, and Julius Schwartz.

It didn't rain either. Less fortunate were those attending New York's Eastern Convention earlier this year; it will be remembered that a gorgeous drizzle kept motion-picture takers and snapshot fiends from recording the wild faces of representative fandom.

But, rain or no, I'll see you in Philly!

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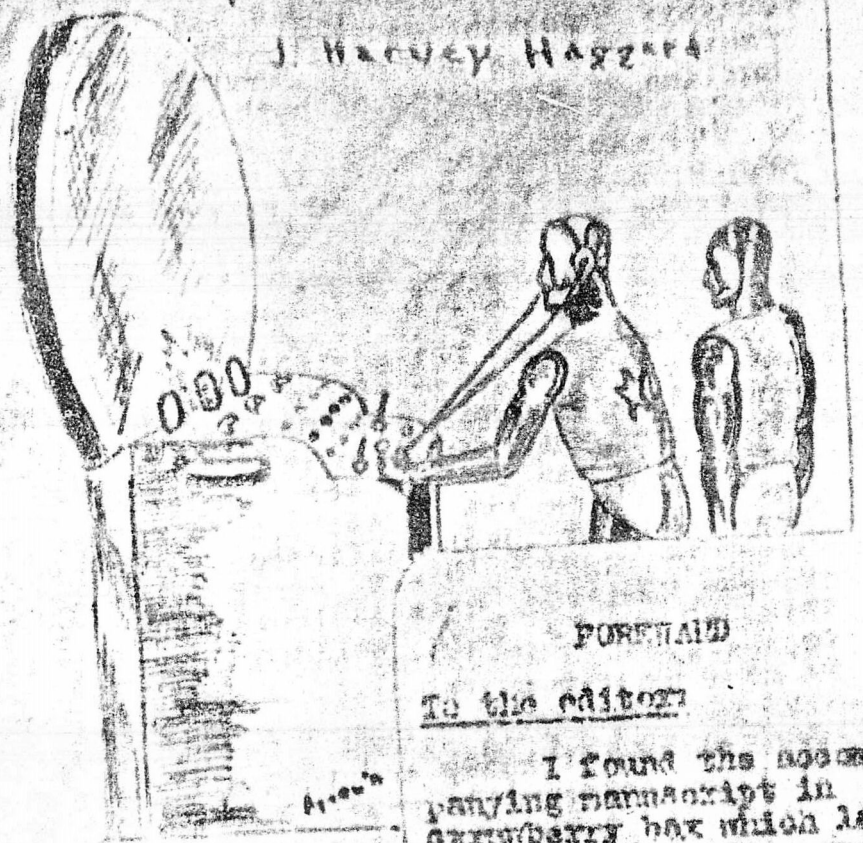
Professor Oggleswog Invades Space.

By

J. Harvey Haggard



FORWARD

To the editor:

I found the accompanying manuscript in a strawberry box which lay far back in a cave over a precipice high in the Rocky Mountains. How many centuries it lay there, unheeded by man or beast alike, none can know, so why guess, although I will say this much, that there was a stain in the bottom and it wasn't blood. This I know.

Calling S. S. Flounder.
Calling S.S. Flounder!
It's the Earth-Guard
Shouted Captain
Daimond plugged in

In presenting this tale in its unadulterated form for publication I would like to point out a fact which must necessarily be overlooked, which you will quite likely notice yourself anyhow:----The man who wrote it was quite obviously not a writer; he was a liar. Haggard

J. Harvey Haggard

" I invented a machine so terrible that I have been paid a million dollars to take it out and dump it into space! "

The space-ship swerved (pat. pending str. story beginning No. 6) and I found myself oscillating near the control board, one finger doing a St. Vitus dance on a button,- while my eyes could have been knocked off--- with a stick. We were in the control room of the S. S. Flounder, a smutty warped little vessel,- bound for a lonely six month's voyage among the Asteroids. And there beside me was Captain Diamond, his long handle- bar mustaches vibrating and his thin hands tangled up in his belt and pocket as he tried to draw a ray-gun, while standing there calmly as if nothing had happened was---the amazing little Professor Ozzie Oggleswog!

Clad in the loose-fitting purple tunic affected by the scientists, his billiardbald head was accentuated by goggling and a blazing display of red whiskers radiating from his ambushed lower face. Gawd!--those words ---could we have heard aright?

"Gentlemen," repeated Professor Ozzie Oggleswog again calmly, brushing a crumb from his purple tunic. "I mean it. I invented a machine so terrible that I was paid a million dollars to take it o u t and d u m p i t ---

into space."

The space ship righted, and we floated gently into equilibrium again. Captain Diamond swallowed his adam's apple and finally managed to extricate his ray-gun from the tangle. He had been suspicious of the queer little professor and his fat little black boy Sammy, who had signed up as extra passengers, ever since we had left the earth globe. Ostensibly on a scientific excursion, Professor Ogglesweg had awaited this opportune moment in mid-space to apprise us of his purpose.

"Keep it away!" screamed Captain Diamond. "Keep it away!" His ray-gun swung up.

"Drop it!" came a shrill voice, and Black Sammy, the scientist's fate little negro boy shuffled out from behind the Professor, holding a bomb in his hand. "Don't shoot, white mans!—or we all go up together."

Tense situation! I'll say it was! Sema colon and two exclamation points! And we stood there, Captain Diamond and we, Hooch McGooney, joint owners of the trading vessel, Flounder, as staunch a little vessel as ever rattled across space..... watching.....and the Captain's gun rattled to the floor....we were beaten.

The Professor smiled.

"Good boy, Sammy," he breathed. "These men might be dangerous—to themselves. Gentlemen, I'm going to give you two an opportunity of a life-time. This machine I've perfected can rule the United States. With it, nations will become millions of maniacs. You can rule earth, Mars, and al-

vancing out might take in Neptune and Pluto. In fact, you could be Solar Dictator of the Universe. Isn't that a title for you?—I've never heard it before."

Captain Diamond licked his parched lips. His hands were up, but when the grinning Sammy gestured with pineapple, he answered a dry choking "Yes-s-"

And with us standing there reaching for celestial daisies, the little scientist began calmly to strip down a suitcase, and slowly to our view came the most amazing contrivance of wires and bulbs and levers and switches and buttons and coils and condensers and rheostats. Perking up from a main artery of the weird conglomeration were two antennae-like wires from which hung two green jewels which glittered like snake-eyes and gave a strange insect-like appearance to the antediluvian conception of a master maniac's dream.

Ozzie Ogglesweg breathed deeply and sighed, fondling his brain-child proudly. and for a moment all I could hear was the hissing breathing of Captain Diamond and myself. Then he reached into his tangling camouflage of red whiskers, drew out a tiny coil, and proudly, with a sigh of exultation, he inserted it into the machine's tangle.

"Ahhh!" he cried. "Amazing! Unbelievable!" For the machine had come to life. Bulbs blazed, coils winked, sparks glittered, and rainbow emanations gleamed everywhere. It gave a sort of a bounce and quivered, coming to life with a shrill hum of speeding rotors. Twin beams of green shot out like scythes from the two

green jewels suspended from the antennae, and these two "eyes" seemed alive, turning the beams this way and that.

"Ah ha!" cried the Professor Ogglewog in rapture. "Look at it! See that! Do you know what that is?"

No, there wasn't any chance of escape. Two of us, locked up in a space-ship in mid-space, staring after the scientist's pointing finger at that ghoulish contraption leering glitteringly from the table.

Captain Diamond, great man that he was, was subdued. He knelt to the floor and begged for his life. "My ship—anything—is yours—only—spare—my poor unworthy life."

"Answer!" howled Professor Ogglewog. "You know what that is?" "Once I read science fiction," said Captain Diamond meekly, kissing the floor before Ogglewog. "It was they said to be in a state of evolution, and if I had three guesses, my first one would be that that thing is the final state!—"

"Wrong!" cried the Professor ecstatically. "That—this—is the Maniac-Maker. It reproduces the nerve commands which originally come from the brain, transmits them along the green rays to a human being! The nerve commands are vibrations! I know them all!—and my Maniac Maker can send any command—through any portion of the body—and the body obeys—instantly.

It is a Maniac-Maker!! Whole nations can be made into maniacs, a universe of creatures must obey, when the artificial nerve commands paralyze the brain and connect with the muscle tissues. Look!—I'll show you why I was paid one million dollars to take it and throw it into space. Here, Sammy!"

"No, no," screamed Captain Diamond, and I too was aware of babbling and shouting, for the horrible creature was about to experiment upon the poor colored boy. Oh, horrible scene—that I must live over it even in retrospective—my typewriter staggers and moans. Terrible, indescribable scene. Weird! Barbaric! Terrifying! Bloodcurdling! Four asterisks and seven exclamation points. (Why be unexpressive, anyhow?)

But even then those horrible green rays swung around, and the machine hunched forward and breed, those terrible rays concentrating upon the body of Black Sammy.

For a moment the black features contorted, the he—screamed—screamed—SCREAMED!

His muscles knotted up, like bumble bee stings in a process of ultra—swift evolution, and he SCREAMED again!

And all the while Professor Ozzie Ogglewog was manipulating the dread machine, manipulating, manipulating.....

"Not believe me, huh?" he was panting. "Not believe me! Well, we'll see. Watch this—I'll give the command through this keyboard—" which was visible in the lower part of the Maniac Maker, "the command—he must obey it. There—to wrench

that huge cupboard from the wall. There——"

It was a giant, a metal cupboard built into the wall, and it weighed—tons—but Sammy....obeying impulses...not not by his brain....but a mechanical keyboard——a command....he must obey. He hopped to it!

Strange he was, like a little black bug at the base of the huge structure. He grunted, gasped, something ripped, it was his coat splitting—and a huge muscle rippled through the raveled fabric which fell off revealing his hugely distorted—ugly—black—naked body. There!——unbelievable!——Ununderstandable—Uncomprehensible—Uncredible! The giant beams bent slowly—tons of metal shifted—and the huge safe splintered out from the wall and hung in one of Sammy's hands as he turned smilingly to Professor Oggleswog——a maniacal face——fanatical.

"There you see——" began the scientist, but suddenly the naked maniac gathered himself and sprung——straight at Oggleswog——There was a flash of purple coat-tails and Oggleswog had dodged, darted out of the corridor.

"Frankenstein!" howled Captain Diamond in horror, regaining control of his muscles and climbing a brace toward the ceiling. And me—well, I couldn't stir, and sadly lacked air. SCREAMING horribly, the maniac had turned on its maker, and the black horror vanished in a streak along Professor Oggleswog's trail.

Horror——screams! Terror——Screams! Fear——SCREAMS! Flailings down the corridor. The thing was there. The THING!——destroying its master.

Now, I fooled you, this isn't the Henry ending. It's life, it's what happened so help me Hannah, little Princess of Mars, if it didn't, to me, McGooney, and Captain Diamond, out there in the midst of space. You see, some five minutes later we had heard nothing more and the Captain said slid down and we ventured out where all was quiet.

Well, the simply life-boat of the S. Flounder was gone, and so were professors Ozzie Oggleswog and Black Sammy. But more than this radio-phone began to buzz and we hastened over to take an emergency space-gram.

"Calling S. S. Flounder. S. S. Flounder.

"This is the Earth-Guard. The Space Police! shouted Captain Diamond and plunged in.

"This is the Flounder's and the Captain's face materialized on the televiso. "What's the matter? We received no response from you for an hour. We sent a space-gram an hour ago."

"That spacegram howled Captain Diamond and yours truly together.

"Just this. Two interplanetary criminals thought to be aboard the S. S. Flounder! Disguised probably as a scientist and a black servant. Detain them at once. Earth-Guard calling Detain for identification, Solar Sam the Scientific Swindler and Slippery Pete, the Pickpocket Prince."

"They was but they're gone," cried Captain Diamond, his handle-bar mustache setting sadly, and he explained just how it happened.

"That's just an old ruse," said the Earth-Guard Captain, smiling, as he despite himself. "But in a new way. Those rays you saw flashing from the Maker no called, were probably disintegrator rays

which cut around the heavy cupboard when you weren't looking! Too, they probably degravitized the structure, so it weighed comparatively nothing to Black Sonny——pardon me——of course——Slippery Pete. Oh, you have to watch those boys, but we're on the trail, and I think we'll pick up the lifeboat. That show they put on was just a ruse to get your lifeboat and make away. They probably received the first spacegram themselves, and knew they had to get away quickly——and saw no other way of doing it. But it seems they had nearly a million dollars worth of radium along with them."

Yes, we were palpitating when he cut off. Just the same, Captain Diamond picked up what was left of the Dent Maniacs Maker contrivance with a pair of long insulated tongs. And as it was, it reached its presumably foredestined fate, for at the price of a million dollars——worth of radium—— it was flung through a port-hole and out into the blistering space upon a solitary orbit.

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