

# POWER



THE PURSUIT INTO POWER

# THE PLANETEER MAGAZINE

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## YELPS FROM THE EDITOR'S END

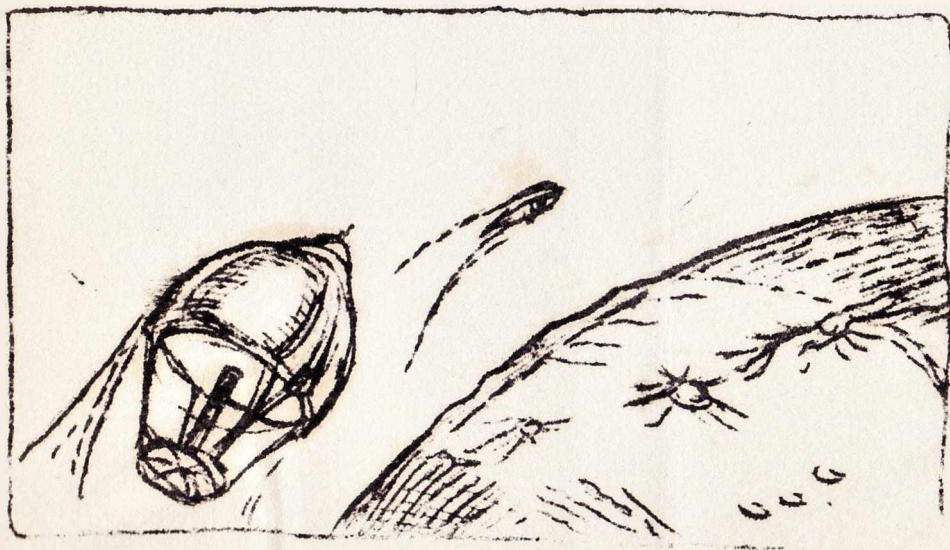
As you can see, the promised mimeographing went through--and the new artist is here, too. Unfortunately, Nils Trome could not get a drawing to us in time, so that Miller did the cover too. I don't think you'll object!

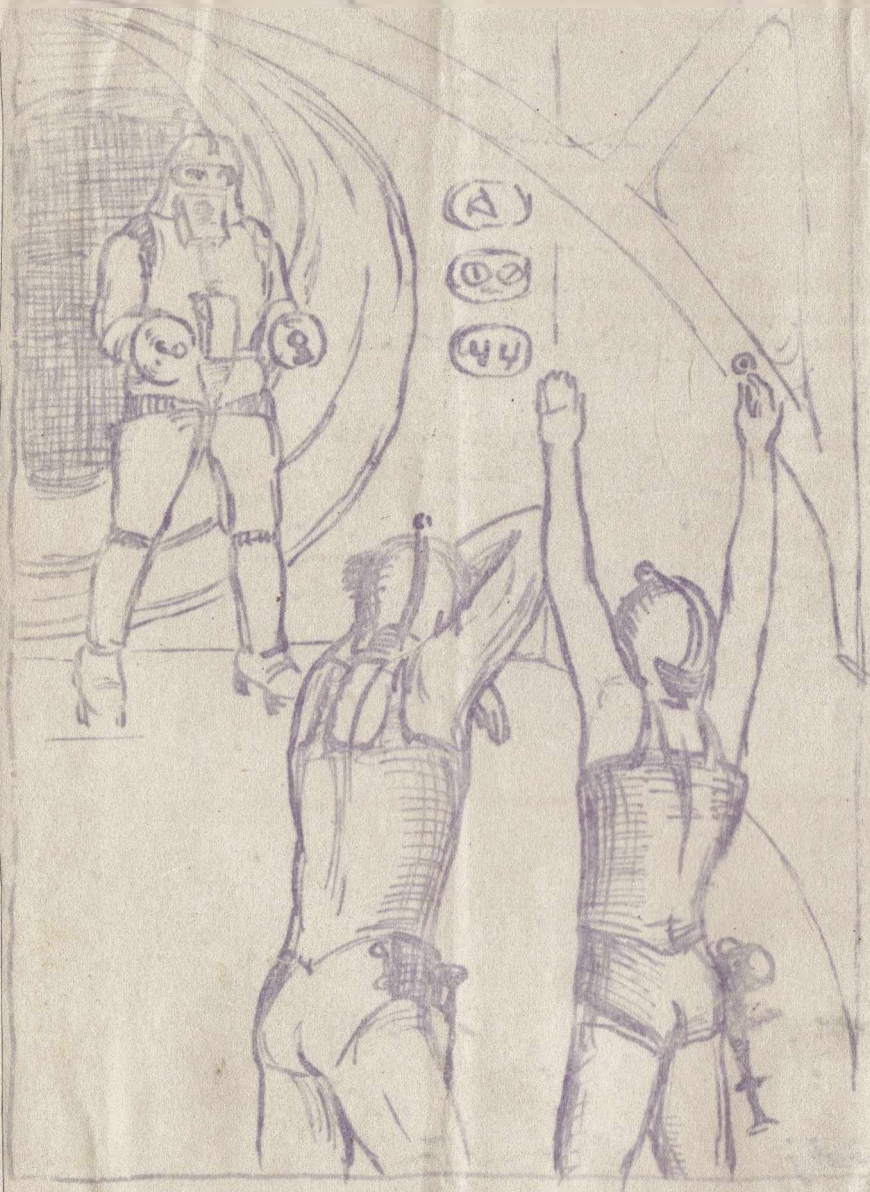
Next month, also, the first prize contest comes out. Read your back issues carefully--you'll need all the facts you can glean from them for this and forthcoming contests.

Another new department graces this issue--"THE READER SPANKS"--gleanings from our correspondence. Don't hesitate to contribute to it.

Watch for next issue. Until then--

--THE EDITOR





his fingers slid stealthily along towards  
the fatal button.



PURSUIT INTO NOWHERE  
Adapted from the annals of the space  
patrol by  
JIM BLISH

I.

Navigator Tuvqxz-jk looked furtively around him, then swung quickly on his heel to the radio table and flicked his four-fingered hands over the controls. There was a breif hum, and the screen began to glow.

The Ganymedian licked his red lips and watched as a deeply-chisled, cruel-cut, rather youngish face focused upon it. His fingers were working nervously.

"Well?" the Planeteer asked sharply.

Tuvqxz-jk cleared his throat. "I'm on the 'Dog Star' and we're headed for Uranus," he said quickly. He spoke rather indistinctly anyhow, for the Ganymedian tongue is nothing like English and never could be, but now his words were over-slurred, "I'm under pressure," he went on hastily, "and I can't call you again for a long while. There's a guy here--Earthman, I think, but he wears a cape and hood--and he's after you--"

"SO's half the system," the Planeteer grinned icily.

"Do Illook scared?"

"NO, but this bird's scouring the fleet for me--Greg Halnson has disappeared, and he just missed me by about the distance you can throw Jupiter!"

The Planeteer emitted a low whistle.

"He's starting out well--" he began,--

Then the Ganymedian saw his hard eyes widen, and his voice utter a clacking noise--a warning in Tuvqxz-jk's native language. He spun around.

Standing behind him was a figure in a blue metal cape, his head covered with a hood of the same material, and a pair of coldly glowing blue eyes stared down at the Planeteer's man.

"Death to the enemies of civilization," this apparation bit out in a ruthless, domineering voice, and a heavy-looking, glass-muzzled pistol appeared suddenly from the glittering folds of the cape. A dancing spark crackled abruptly and flamed around the platinum electrode at the mouth of the gun, which began to glow...

The platinum electrode spawned a cone of intense blackness that enveloped the terrified figure in the control seat. The cone vanished, and Tuvqzx-jk was gone...

The Planeteer looked abruptly away from the screen to a dancing meter, invisible to the figure in the "Dog Star's" control cabin, then his eyes returned again. The glitter in them seemed to bridge the inter-spacial gap with destroying flame- a lightning bolt that broke from the speaker in short, clipped sentences cold as the boiling seas of Neptune.

"Enjoy it while you can- enemies of civilization don't tolerate avengers!"

The Planeteer clicked off the radio and glared at his powerful assistant.

"What a guy like that would be doing in the "Dog Star", I can't imagine," he snapped savagely. "He ought to know he could never catch us in that plane with the start we've got now. I'll bet he's got a ship of his own."

The Asteroid remained staring at the blank screen. "That gun--what on Pluto- "

"Time ray," the Planeteer growled, striding across the room to the control panel. "Shifts a person forward a few seconds in time--leaves 'em stranded in space when the spot they were standing on- planet or space-ship- moves on without them."

"How did you know?" pursued the other.

His companion gestured toward a dial set beside the radio panel.

"With that," he explained, "I can classify any beam into three classes, Catalyst, Energy, or Warp, and the sub-divisions enable me to tell almost exactly what its nature is. See, my ignorant friend?"

The Asteroid nodded. "Yeh," he said, "I see. Well, shall I try and raise Greg?"

"Try if you like. I'm going to the last place the long arm of the law will think of looking for us- the Prison Planet itself."

The Asteroid nodded and turned to the radio. Soon

his call was going out- "BC77Y to A- BC77Y to A- "while the Planeteer's nimble fingers flashed in rapid zigzags over the control boards, setting a course for the lifeless cold of the system's farthest outpost.

Abruptly the screen began to swirl with light, and a humming sound came in through the earphones. "I'm making a connection," the Asteroid shouted excitedly. The other nodded. "Good," he said.

The humming resolved itself into a background of sounds, as if of a space interior at full speed, and the glow coalesced to form, not the slim shoulders and bitter, hard face of Greg Halnson, but a glittering chain mail cowl! "Good afternoon," the Avenger greeted the Asteroid purringly.

"What's good about it?" snapped the other. Turning from the screen, he yelled, "It's that Avenger guy!"

"Sorry, mister," he told the figure on the ground glass "I guess I've got the wrong number." He reached over to switch off the machine.

The Planeteer cut the "Flaming Arrow's" acceleration with flying fingers and fairly leaped across the room. "Put a finder on that ship, quick, before you turn that off!" he shouted desperately- but too late- the screen paled and died. The Asteroid punched the finder button.

"Sorry," he said, "but at least we can still locate it. Seeing it isn't so important, is it?"

"Naturally, fool," his companion gritted, "I wanted to see what we're up against. If I'm right, that guy didn't start after us until he was sure he had a ship that could beat ours."

The Asteroid shrugged. "Sorry," he repeated, "but there isn't anything I can do now. Wait, here comes the tape. Short one, too- ". He seized the strip of paper that the finder had ejected, and the Planeteer read it over his shoulder.

"What did I tell you!" exclaimed the latter. "Right off from a sun-stop to that speed--why, that ship must be a flying powerplant!"

"Two bits the finder's wrong, at this distance," replied the Asteroid.

"Probably," agreed his companion, "but not very much. Well, we'll see how good he is at hide and seek, before

we find out first-hand how much power he's got. I'd feel better if we didn't have to try his stuff until I could rig up some stuff of my own. Maybe we won't."

## II.

But they did.

The "Flaming Arrow" was hovering in space where the faint light of the star of the sun was hidden by the racing sphere of the Prison Planet, when the Avenger caught up to them.

The Planeteer was finishing up a device in the ceiling above the airlock when a shout from the Asteroid sent him jumping across the room to pull up in back of him and look over his shoulder out a port.

Streaking like a misshapen meteor around the shadowing bulk of Pluto came a rounded, bumpy cone, pointed nose first, with four girders growing from the base to meet a flat disk which terminated the odd apparition. The disk seemed composed of many radial shutters, with a central hole through which the flame of the rocket blast was reaching. The hole was apparently connected by means of a long tube to the ship proper.

The Planeteer was already at the controls, hurling the "Flaming Arrow" toward its adversary, which immediately opened hostilities in an astounding manner.

While still over two hundred miles away, a brilliant bolt of white lightning flashed around its slimy pointed nose, and the stars were momentarily blanked out by an expanding rod of blackness which spread out and enveloped the pirate battleplane. There was a sickening wrench and strain, and abruptly the Avenger's strange ship was just off the port bow, spitting red dinitron flames into the meteor screens of its enemy!

The Asteroid stared goggle-eyed at the other ship, stupified by its sudden appearance in such an impossible place, when the Planeteer's voice jarred him.

"All right, guns, mister! Don't be skeered, wittle boy; he just shot us with a time ray and then got in while he was waiting for us to appear. Supposing you try hitting him one, before he blots us out with a disintegrator."

The Asteroid jumped for the gun controls, and in the



port gun turret a rocket rifle drove smoothly back on its recoil carriage, spitting redly at the strange shape as it swept swiftly up.

The shot was well placed, and so short was the distance that the flashing shell penetrated the screens of the Avenger's ship without detonating. The conelike rocket spun like a top upon its long axis, glancing the shell off just as it exploded, and, for an instant, the ship was sheathed in smoke, before it diffused into space.

The "Flaming Arrow" executed a dime turn and blasted after the zooming ship, an emerald beam of instant disintegration flaming from it in a whorling vortex of destruction.

The Planeteer expertly dodged a similar beam by the narrowest possible margin, and a second sheared a plate of the outer hull from the tail. This told much to the men in the battleplane- that the enemy was equipped with two disintegrators; for the individual guns took ten minutes to recharge.

"Try the heterodyne!"

This, -a vibration below the wave-length of matter, which heterodyned with it, and dampened or nullified it, thus effecting its utter annihilation, - blasted out with all the power of the "Flaming Arrow's" tremendous generators, but it flamed and stopped at the magnetic barrier of the screens. The Planeteer nodded grimly, No luck as a weapon- but he would bet the outcome of the battle that evry television eye on the ship of the Avenger had been blown out by the burst of cosmic-ray energy from that contact.

Thus began a conflict as mad as ever two ships had staged. The topline rocket proved agile for its shape, spinning and plunging and twisting like a deadly wasp, firing its guns in continuous broadsides. Its meteor screens deflected or detonated most of the Asteroid's barrages, and the few hits that he made just smeared themselves over the hull, barely denting it. The screens had taken all the velocity out of the shells.

But the Planeteer still had a resource.

Swinging the "Flaming Arrow" upward abruptly, he fed a surge of power into the rocket engines, sending the



battleplane hurtling into the feeble glow of the sun. Then he slipped on a pair of rubber gloves and grasped the control wheel more firmly...

He spun it suddenly in an unbelievable direction, a direction totally indescribable--and it disappeared! Vanished utterly in a direction which could not be perceived by the untrained eye, and his hands also vanished from the wrists up!

Immediately the roar of the rockets increased to a tremendous crescendo. The black, star-pricked arch of the sky began to swing slowly around them, then faster and faster, until the stars were streaks of vari-colored lights, interspersed with sudden flashes as a fusillade of rocket slugs burst about them.

The Asteroid clung to the butt of the disintegrator and sent one last sizzling green memento as it flew past his port, then shouted over the thunder of the engines, "What in Hades is going on! Can't you fly a ship in a straight line yet? How'm I supposed to shoot when the guns are never in line?"

His companion howled back an explanation. "Remember the Ice-Beings and their dimensional control--and our televisor? I found out from our cold friends just how to move four-dimensionally--and I'm doing the same thing to the ship! Surprised I didn't think of it before this--tremendous advantage in fighting!"

The spinning grew so swift as to blot out all outside view, and a tremendous vertigo and nausea gripped them with a sickening hand. A horrible sense of extrusion--of being buttoned through a small hole--tore at them.

And in the midst of it, the radio buzzed, and the Asteroid risked life and limb to open it.

"Queer gyrations, gentlemen," it proffered suavely. The screen showed that glittering cowl. "Ready to give yourselves up?"

The tearing progression into the fourth dimension was ripping at the Asteroid's reason. He was sick.

"You go swat flies!" he screamed at the figure, and drove the beam of a hand-ray through the holster into the ground glass with his free hand. The ground glass shattered, but the Avenger's bitter laugh still rang

from the undamaged speaker.

Abruptly the horrible pressing sensation ceased, and a feeling of relief almost as unbearable flooded over them. Far beneath them stretched the incredibly vast sphere of the universe they were leaving--and the sky was black and filled with what appeared to be stars, but which the Planeteer knew were other similar universes. Mind-staggering panorama! A view which science had predicted,--but a space pirate the first to see!

The Planeteer set the course outward (four-dimensionally) and set the engines at half speed, slow acceleration, and left his seat exuberantly.

"Now that you've seen the fourth dimension, you can use it," he told the Asteroid gleefully. "I've been able to see and move in it for a long time--now you'll be able to, too. The only two men in the system! We--."

He was interrupted by a loud clang.

The Asteroid paled and swung to the port. "Good Lord! Is that ship still here! That was a hit--"

The Planeteer gaped at the spinning top of the Avenger's rocket. The disk was glowing and hot, and the shutters were flicking back and forth, sending beams in all directions...

A fear-inspiring sound echoed suddenly in the room. The hiss of air...

"But that's impossible!" the Planeteer cried, staring into the other's eyes. "Impossible! That shot couldn't have punctured both hulls!"

A louder clang rang in the room, an unmistakable sound of the inner airlock door opening--and the radio bit out coolly, self-confidently, "Correct. Raise your hands high, gentlemen!"

The Asteroid gasped, spun around, his hands reaching toward the ceiling. The Planeteer did the same, slowly.

The inner door of the airlock was wide open, and planted solidly upon both feet in front of it was a spacesuited figure, two wicked-looking guns of unknown design aimed unwaveringly at the two pirates, two icy blue eyes glaring from a glassite visor!

"Well met, gentlemen," the radio spoke pleasantly. His blue eyes took in everything interestedly--everything, that is, except one tiny stud behind the supporting beam, a stud that the Planeteer's reaching fingers were al-

most touching. The Planeteer kept his eyes sharply upon the Avenger, while his fingers slid stealthily along toward the fatal button...

Abruptly the Avenger shifted his gaze to the Planeteer's cruelly-lined face. "Take your hand away from that button!" he snapped savagely, waving his queer pistol--but too late--too late!

A tiny spark leapt half an inch from the ceiling, then a cone of blackest darkness flooded down upon the menacing figure in the spacesuit...

"Now," said the Planeteer, racing to the controls, "is our chance. From the fourth dimension we can plop right down on the moon itself if we want to, and he won't know where we've gone because we'll have disappeared by the time he reaches his ship."

"But how did he get his ship here in the first place, anyhow?" the Asteroid wanted to know. "He didn't understand the fourth dimension did he?"

"NO--he got here by creating spacestrains with that disk in the back of his ship--but now, unfortunately, he knows the secret too. Well--too bad--nothing we can do, yet. We'll be able to avoid him easily now."

"Next stop--the moon!"

And the "Flaming Arrow" flashed down and away for a distant, yet at the same time near, sun, leaving behind it a ship temporarily minus a commander...

THE END

## THE PLANETEER'S TELEVISOR

### Part One. Hand Weapons Of The Period

#### No. 2. THE DISINTEGRATOR

The weapon disintegrator must not be confused with the tool used for mining, which has prodigious power but a range of three inches. the weapon gun cannot keep up a continuous blast, since reinforcing the blast chamber would make it too heavy to be practical.

The weapon smashes the atoms of the atmosphere--any atmosphere--and sends their component parts along an ionized pathway, and during the transit they reform into complex atoms which are each a projectile in the stream. They strike the atoms of any substance with



sufficient electrical and mechanical force to completely disintegrate it. Element 93, which is of highly complicated atomic structure, is the only substance which remains unharmed under the beam.

The great disintegrating rifles on shipboard are projectors of electronic energy only, which is condensed by a mechanism on the outside of the ship from the energy of the space-permeating cosmic ray. These apparatuses take ten minutes to re-charge a rifle.

Next Month--HEAVY ARTILLARY--THE MOON-RAY

### THE READER SPANKS

Dear Mr. Blush;-

You seem to have grasped the idea of the PLANETEER that I outlined to Astounding Stories rather fully. But I still hope--vainly I fear--to see the real PLANETEER that only S & S could do come out. Meanwhile however your pleasing little publication will do to keep up the good work.

*Donald Wollheim*

(Thank you. It won't be long before we start printing our mag, and S & S couldn't get a better artist, anyhow.--Editor.)

Dear Editor,

I got my PLANETEER this morning, and feel that it is a very commendable effort on your part. You really have something there to be developed.

A little more detail in your stories would help. Hope you tell more of "The Prison Planet" and other features later on.

*Clifford*

Editor, the SCIENCE FICTION  
CRITIC

(Thanks again. More detail will come in as soon as we get the room.--Editor.)

PLEASE WRITE US A LETTER--WE WON'T BITE YOU!

NEXT MONTH--

Flashing swiftly and silently in from the fathomless emptiness of space comes the "Flaming Arrow", plunging unseen and undetected into a gigantic crater hidden in the desolate wastes of the dark side of the moon. Great tractor beams ~~issue~~ out, crashing Titan ramparts which had lain undisturbed since the dawn of creation...

Strange machines rear themselves starkly against the bleak landscape; and for a brief interval they labor on the lifeless plain--then silently they vanish, part by part, into the ship that spawned them, and the Planeteer lifts his ship and sends it in a swift arc to the Earthward side--and far behind him slips the strange rocket of the Avenger, waiting for the Planeteer to strike...

With what new and terrible weapon does the Planeteer, super-pilote and rocketeer extraordinary, threaten the commerce of civilization?

How can the Avenger terminate his plans?

Don't miss

## Threat From Copernicus

A Thrilling PLANETEER Tale  
Adapted From The Annals Of The Space Patrol  
By  
JIM BLISH

Also--the new prize contest, next issue!

The BROCKLYN SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE, Chapter No. 1  
announces the resumption of the publication of the

BROCKLYN REPORTER,

The Science Fiction Fan Magazine With A Future!

For the Science Fiction League Member, News Reviews  
and activities of the League

For the Esporantist, articles, news, reviews, etc.  
right from the most prominent fans and associations.  
Vocabulary lessons included

For the Rocket Enthusiast, news, reviews, articles  
etc. concerning the activities and phases of the field

For all Science Fiction Enthusiasts, the latest news  
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world

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above-mentioned nature, of interest, plus the chance  
for publication of Science Fiction Short Stories of  
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