



(Illustration by Marchioni)

He saw that a deep mist filled the inside, obscuring the walls that enclosed the rabbit.



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# THE MAN WITH THE FOUR DIMENSIONAL EYES

By **LESLIE F. STONE**

● Professor Emmett Gaylor looked up from his figures with a scowl. Who in the world was knocking at his door? Few persons ever came to disturb him in the finely equipped laboratory set up for him by young Gordon Fellows in a small building on the edge of the Fellows' estate.

A physicist of not very much renown, Gaylor had had reason to wonder in the first place at his patron's interest in him. A year before, following the publishing of Gaylor's short paper concerning his theories upon hyper-space in an obscure scientific periodical, young Fellows had sought him out, offering him this excellent workshop and an unlimited supply of money with which to carry out his experiments. For that the youthful millionaire had merely asked that the scientist send his secretary a monthly report upon his progress.

Not once in all this time had Gaylor seen Fellows, although his various demands for money for equipment were supplied without question. And he had dwelt in comfort such as he had never known before, in a cottage a hundred yards or so from the laboratory, administered by a most efficient man-servant. But it was over six months since he had had a caller, and that one had been a farm-equipment salesman who had lost his way.

Grunting now with disgust at the interruption to his toil, Gaylor drew himself to his feet and shuffled to the door. He was not the type of man one could place in any set category; nondescript of hair, eyes and features, stoop-shouldered with

● Science-fiction fans have always liked stories of other dimensions—they stimulate vivid imagination more than any other type of fantasy story, and yet they are based upon logical theories and sound science.

However, you have not seen many stories of this type in *Wonder Stories* during the past year or so because our new policy demands that stories be brand new, and most of the fourth-dimensional tales that we have received have been so nearly like others that have been published during the past decade, we would not even consider them.

But here, at last, is a really original story of the *Other World*, co-existent with ours, yet unperceived by any of our senses.

Leslie F. Stone, one of the top-notchers in science-fiction, hereby adds one of the brightest feathers to her literary cap. If you like this story well enough, as we are sure you will, a sequel will be forthcoming.

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a narrow esthete face and a small puny body, the scientist could have fitted a half-dozen different walks of life, as school-teacher, bookkeeper, or clerk. His most interesting features, oddly enough, were his hands, thin, narrow-tipped, hands capable of working with the most delicate precision instruments.

Turning the key in the lock of the laboratory's only entrance (Gaylor always locked it), he blocked the doorway with his slender five-foot four body, peering nearsightedly into the shadows of the vestibule.

"Who's there? What do you wish?" he demanded in a high rasping voice.

The answering voice was as dry and meticulous as his own. "It's Mr. Fellows, Professor. He desires to see your appa-



tus." It was Jan Darrow, the millionaire's secretary who answered. And at the mention of his patron's name, the professor became obsequious, bobbing his head servilely as he stepped aside to allow the pair passage into the chamber.

"Come in, come in—this is indeed a pleasure, Mr. Fellows."

As he spoke, he was eyeing the young man who was entering, one hand resting on the elbow of the secretary. Gordon Fellows was a handsome young man, standing four inches over six feet, with the beautifully proportioned body of an athlete. Bronzed by the sun, his lean face topped by black hair and pierced by dark eyes gave one the impression of an Indian, an impression that was heightened by an unsmiling stolid stoicism that was his habitual expression. As on that first visit when Fellows had come to him, Gaylor wondered at his interest in hyper-space, what it portended. Perhaps, now, he was to learn.

Gordon Fellows was saying: "Thank you, Professor Gaylor; I trust that everything here has been to your liking—that you've not wanted for anything?"

"Oh, no—indeed no. You've been most generous, Mr. Fellows, most generous."

"Good!" stated the other with little enthusiasm, but his voice brightened as he said, "I've come to see your apparatus. I understand you have successfully completed it!"

Gaylor shook his head. "Oh, not completed. Really, it is in its crudest state. Actually, the work is only begun. We know that the second dimension of width is at right angles to the first dimension of length, and therefore the third dimension, breadth, is necessarily at right angles to both. Going further we say that the fourth dimension is simply a figure at right angles to the first three, in other words, the extension of . . . ."

"Enough, professor; you've explained that to us already. I seem to have misunderstood, however. Your report stated that you'd succeeded in transmitting a rabbit into hyper-space and . . . ." Fel-

lows' voice was sharp, blamefully accusing, but Gaylor had interrupted him.

"Oh, that . . . . Why yes, I have translated a living rabbit into hyper-space, but that is actually only the beginning. There is much to be accomplished before the experiment can be called complete. I . . . ."

"I'm not interested in further details, professor," stated the millionaire somewhat peevishly. "You will be so kind as to procure a rabbit and Mr. Darrow and myself shall watch you repeat your experiment . . . ."

Suddenly apprehensive, Gaylor scurried about to carry out his patron's orders, a violent trembling seizing him as he plucked a rabbit from one of the small rooms built into one side of the chamber. He was deeply fearful that his wealthy host was ready to call an end to the work, deprive him of the laboratory when his work was just about to bear fruit. "I could kill him for that," he averred to himself vehemently.

Glancing sidelong at the man standing straight and stiff in the center of the floor, he deposited the frightened bunny into the large glass receptacle of the machine that half-filled one end of the room. One wall supported a large control bank covered with dials, levers, wheels, switches, meters with innumerable wires that connected in turn to a heavy cable that crossed the floor to the tall glass chamber, eight feet high, that was bell-shaped standing on a low platform a foot from the floor, four-feet square. It was on this platform that the scientist placed the rabbit, lowering the bell over it by means of a crank.

Nervously, Gaylor turned to Fellows and the secretary. "As you see, I have placed the animal in the chamber. According to my report, I . . . ."

"Wait . . . ." It was Fellows speaking. "I want to see if you've placed the chamber exactly as I directed. Darrow . . . ." He had turned to the secretary, and as if in speaking his name he had given him explicit directions, Darrow walked toward the chamber in which the rabbit was placidly hopping about, its pink nose wig-



gling inquisitively. But Darrow did not walk alone. With him went Fellows, a hand upon the secretary's elbow.

● And there, for the first time, Gaylor understood that odd stolid expression in the youthful black eyes—the unseeing eyes of the blind! For Gordon Fellows, the millionaire, was blind!

As they reached the receptacle, Darrow stepped aside, and Gaylor saw by the feeling hands that his sudden assumption was correct. Fellows was using hands instead of eyes.

Then the sharp voice of the young man called out. "Professor!"

Gaylor hastened to his side. "Yes, Mr. Fellows. Is something wrong?"

"You've failed to carry out my instructions, Professor. According to the placement of this chamber, the rabbit will materialize within a stone wall—as your previous animal did. You must move the chamber at least a foot north . . . ."

Gaylor's mouth fell agape. He recalled those original directions given him by the secretary. He stammered. "I—er—found this position better for my work, sir. I'm sorry if . . . ." As he spoke he was looking wildly from millionaire to secretary.

Darrow spoke. "You must do as Mr. Fellows recommends, Professor. He knows of what he is speaking . . . ."

"But I do not understand. He—he talks of a stone wall as if—as if . . . ."

"Go on with the experiment, please. That is, after the receptacle is moved. Darrow, give the professor a hand, if you will . . . ."

Pulling and pushing, the two men strained to shove the bell into the new place indicated by the blind man. Several times they paused while Gaylor looked to his cable, gazed at his dials to make certain nothing was disturbed. At last the chamber was in the indicated spot.

Again Gaylor looked to Fellows, hoping for an explanation, but the young man was gazing unseeingly into space. It was Darrow who gave the sign for the experiment to commence, and the physicist turned a switch that activated hidden mo-

tors into a wild pulsation, filling the room with their steady, high-powered roar.

At the control bank, Gaylor anxiously toyed with several controls, twisting a wheel here, tripping that lever, bird-like turning from one dial to another to catch their readings. Only once he glanced at the bell, giving a contented little sigh as he saw that a deep mist filled the inside, obscuring the walls that enclosed the rabbit. Again there was the twirling of a wheel, the release of several levers and the inside of the chamber cleared, revealing its emptiness. The rabbit had disappeared, dissolved into nothingness.

Rubbing his hands together, Gaylor spoke. "It is done, Mr. Fellows. As you—er—see, the rabbit is gone. Is that not correct, Mr. Darrow . . . .?"

But it was Fellows who answered. "Ah, it is a success. The little beast now stands in a bright sun-kissed garden, entirely unperturbed by his experience. He nibbles a blade of grass. What a pretty little creature he is!

"Excellent, professor; your experiment is undoubtedly a success, a complete success!" His tones rang with triumph, as if the experiment were his own.

Gaylor gulped something down his throat, looking frightenedly from Fellows to Darrow and back again. What was the man talking about? Was his patron, perchance, out of his head . . . .?

He dared not show that he doubted the other's sanity. "I'm glad that you find everything—er—satisfactory, Mr. Fellows. Of course, as I've explained, the work is but half completed. Even now I'm at work on a four dimensional screen whereby I hope to 'look through'—to determine the real success. As far as I know, I may only have succeeded in inventing a dissolving ray, you know, and I . . . ."

"The machine is a real success, professor, as I've already told you. I am quite satisfied. Tell me, Darrow—the receptacle is sufficiently large enough to contain a man—is of the dimensions I ordered?"

"It is, sir, exactly."

"Good! You will now carry out the instructions I have given you, Darrow. Pro-



fessor—do not touch a thing—leave it exactly as it is—you understand? Do not touch a thing!”

Professor Emmett Gaylor was worried. “You mean, Mr. Fellows, that I’m not to go on—not to complete . . . .” His voice was complaining, pitifully so.

“What you do afterward—means nothing to me. I have bequeathed this laboratory and all it contains to you—with a substantial sum to be placed in trust for your future work. You will see Darrow about that, but for the present, sir, I insist that nothing is to be touched until . . . .”

“Until?”

“Until—I ‘go through’!”

“You—go—through . . . . ? Good heavens, man, surely you do not intend to—to follow the rabbit?”

Fellows nodded his head. “I do. Just as soon as such effects as I shall require are brought here. I shall need them on the other side, you know, for They use money—jewels—‘over there’ . . . .”

“Oh, no. No, Mr. Fellows, you daren’t do that.” Gaylor was suddenly panicky, fearful that the man really intended carrying out his plan. “Why, even if it is true that I’ve succeeded in translating the rabbit into hyper-space, you don’t know what you’ll find there. Besides, sir, there’s no means of returning. If you go ‘through’ you’re marooned—you won’t get back . . . .” As he spoke, the little scientist was appealing with his eyes for Darrow to interfere, to aid him in preventing the young millionaire from taking this wild step.

“I don’t care about that,” declared Fellows. “You see, I have no intention of coming back . . . .”

“Not coming back—but, Mr. Fellows, that’s—that’s like suicide. Oh, Mr. Darrow, help me! Convince Mr. Fellows that this is a crazy, irrational idea. Why—why I won’t permit it. I can’t. I—I refuse to be party to this wild scheme!”

● Drawing himself to his full height, Fellows demanded, “Do I understand that you would prevent me from doing what I

desire?—that you would not work the controls, professor?”

“I do!” emphatically.

A sigh escaped the young man. “Well, I suppose I’ll have to tell you the entire story. Possibly, you won’t believe me—few people do. I resolved once never to speak of it again to anyone, but you must be my ally, along with Jan Darrow. Come, let’s sit down somewhere. Might as well be comfortable while I tell you the story of my eyes . . . .”

“Your eyes, Mr. Fellows?” queried Gaylor when the three were seated to the best of the laboratory’s capacity. “You are blind . . . . ?”

“NO!” declared the man explosively. “Unseeing as far as the people and objects of this world, but blind—no!”

Gaylor fidgeted uncomfortably, half guessing at what the other was about to say next. “You mean, Mr. Fellows, that there is another world—which you do see?”

Fellows nodded. “I mean just that. Doctors told my parents that I was blind—from birth. Every test proved that I was stone blind to the things of this sphere. My parents spent fortunes trying to give me sight, but they never succeeded, for I already had sight!

“Even as I sit here, I am gazing into this other Place, Professor Gaylor. It appears to me that we sit in a woodland, beside a small stone building that contains a power generator used to carry motion beams through the air. The machinery is wholly automatic, having no need of human supervision. Half a mile away I can just see through the trees a house of low rambling walls, small round towers, long wide window, open to sun and breeze . . . .”

Unconsciously, as Fellows was speaking, Gaylor had twisted about so as to look through the laboratory windows. Half a mile away lay the Fellows’ mansion, a huge imposing building of gray stone, in imitation of some English castle, its roof parapeted, its narrow casemented windows reminding him of a man with close-set eyes.



Fellows was continuing. "Some freak of nature has given me the power to see into this strange world, attuning my eyes to its form and shape while denying me the right to see that of my own natural world. That, professor, has been my life—moving in one world, seeing in another!"

The professor did not answer immediately. He was thoughtfully turning this information over in his mind. At last he spoke. "Your description, Mr. Fellows, bears out my contentions concerning hyper-space. It has long been my belief that two objects can and do occupy the same spot, that the fourth dimension is simply an extension of matter into the realm of invisibility, that frugal nature is not content with having produced one type of life, but hurries on to fill the same place with another. Assuming as we do that the atomic and electronic structure of all matter, be it organic or inorganic, is identical, as, for instance, this piece of wood is composed of the same atoms as the skin composing my hands, differing only in appearance and quality because of the manner in which the protons and electrons are 'hooked' together, it is reasonable to suppose that two different objects whose atoms are *hooked* together differently again, can and do occupy the same space at the same time. It is likely, also, that telescopic vision has been given you, permitting you to see this 'other' arrangement of particles ordinarily invisible to the rest of us."

"Then you believe in me? You do not consider mine a form of insanity?"

Gaylor was caught there, for if truth be known, he was none too certain that young Fellows actually did see into hyper-space. He firmly believed in the possibilities of a fourth dimension, it was the rock upon which he stood, but for him to say that the millionaire was actually attuned to this plane was something different again. His answer was really an evasion. "Tell me," he said, "more of what you 'see' . . . ."

"As it happens," said Gordon Fellows, "my home is superimposed upon the

building I now see through the trees. No, its lineaments do not follow exactly those of my house; some of it juts into the garden, and because it stands on a low rise, its first story is placed in juxtaposition to our second story, and there are parts of my neighbor's house that I cannot enter because it lies ten feet or so above my garden, out of reach, but I am familiar with a good part of its rooms and—its tenants.

"I was scarcely three years of age when my mother grew frightened because I had commenced to speak to her of those things I saw around me. Her bedroom was in part the bedroom of a baby girl, the nursery. I recall the day when first *they* brought little Majis home—yes, I know her name. My ears, of course, aren't attuned to the voices of the people of the Other Place, but by watching their lips, I've managed to learn the language to a certain extent, though I know the written language better. The latter accomplishment came easily—since all I've had to do was to lean over Majis' shoulder as she learned to read and to write.

"Well, blind though I am to the things of this world, my interest lay entirely in those of Calda (that is the name They give Their World). And as I began to speak casually of our 'neighbors,' of the sights I saw around me, my own parents became alarmed, believing that I was having hallucinations, especially as I spoke of the girl baby occupying part of their bedroom.

"At first Mother tried to persuade me that I was imagining these things, then she attempted to keep me from coming into her room, thinking I'd forget. But I had only to stand outside to see Majis in her crib since the walls of this world were no detriment to me.

"Our family physician was consulted and he ordered me to be taken away. For several years we traveled through Europe, but that did not keep me from mentioning the scenes I saw, for practically everywhere we went I was able to look into Calda. And that was not all. Unless someone was at my elbow, I would walk into the walls around me, since my eyes were



upon sights containing no walls; oftimes I avoided those I did see when there were none in the place I occupied. And as I grew older, this failing grew more and more embarrassing, since, unlike ordinary blind persons, I did not develop that sixth sense that warns of obstacles in the way, simple because, though I lived and walked in one world, my eyes and senses were trained upon another, confusing it with the one holding me captive.

"Only when we sojourned in Asia I was not bothered so, for Calda doesn't extend that far around our globe; instead my vision showed me empty space, star-rimmed. On discovering that fact, my parents decided to take up their abode in Hongkong, but that became impossible, for I all but went mad with the sights before me. Seeing the nothingness around me, I refused to take a step unaided, and fearing for my reason, we returned home.

"Here again I turned to Majis, glad to find that she still lived in the same house. She was a toddler by now, mouthing her first words, learning about the things of her world. I followed her day by day. I adored her, yearned over her, cried when she cried and laughed when she laughed. As I have mentioned already, I stood behind her when she learned her lessons, studying her books at her elbow.

● "My parents did not know what to make of me. They'd find me standing somewhere looking vacantly into space or laughing delightedly at the sights they could not see. Finding that I was incurable, they discouraged visitors who could only think me mad, and servants were taught to disregard my 'idiosyncrasy.' Only my tutor, Jan Darrow, was willing to believe that the things I described to him were not figments of my imagination, and he would allow me to talk of Majis to him by the hour.

"So I grew up learning about our own world by sound, knowing the other by sight. Majis, likewise, was growing up. Then, one day she was sent away to school. Discovering what was about to take place, I contrived with Darrow to

follow her, to discover where she was going. We found that her school was superimposed upon a tenement in the slums of Philadelphia. As my parents were both killed at that time in an aeroplane wreck, I would have taken up quarters there, to be near my love, but Darrow advised a different course, and instead we went on a tour.

"Though he could not see those places I described to him, he willingly went with me as I investigated, more fully, the world of Calda, looking into all its odd places. In the streets of Vienna I attended a lecture on astronomy, learning from a chart the arrangement of their solar system. I have been a silent spectator at their great outdoor meets, for they are an athletic people, paying more attention to the body than do we. I have stood in their government chambers, learning the system whereby they rule themselves. Occasionally, we took flying trips to Philadelphia so that I might ascertain how Majis was progressing.

"An unnatural life, you must admit, living in one world, my heart centered in another. Jan Darrow alone knows how I have hated this world of ours, yearned to enter Calda, and that is why he has aided me in arranging for my escape from my prison.

"Prison! That's what my life has been—a prison. I am captive in my native world, wanting and longing for the things just out of reach, a starving spectator at a feast of plenty . . . ."

With that the young man grew silent, his eyes growing reflective. Almost willing to believe that he was actually seeing into hyper-space, Gaylor twisted in his chair, his slender hands rubbing its arms nervously. He had more questions to ask, however. "This—this 'other place,' Calda. You are familiar with its dimensions? How does it coincide with our world? Does it have the same sun? What exactly are the people like? Do they wear clothing? What are . . . ."

A smile entered Fellows' dark eyes. "One at a time, Professor. Calda is smaller than Earth, but does not follow Earth's



lineaments very closely. Part of it I've never explored, first because it overlaps our world at one point, and secondly, I can't traverse that part, which due to the curvature of our world lies toward Earth's center. It has a diameter of about six thousand miles, I should say, and I've explored it from New York to Vienna, north as far as Edinburgh, south—into the Sahara Desert.

"But how am I to describe Calda to you? I should say it is fair—lovely. I am told our sun is yellow, casting white light upon Earth. Calda's sun is saffron, its light golden; that is the morning sun is such, but Calda has two suns, the second sun being purple. It shines when 'day' is half over, tinting everything in soft pastel shades of lavender . . . ."

"How can *you* know color?" the scientist wished to know.

"How can I know? That is simple. There are also rainbows in Calda, formed of the seven primary colors. Darrow has aided me in giving them names, yet we are not certain—I, of course, may be wrong in my designations. At least the colors of Calda are lovely to me who knows nothing of Earth color . . . ."

"Well put. Naturally, there is a question, but we need not bother with that. What of the people, Mr. Fellows? Are they like ourselves?"

"No, not exactly. Their skins are what I call yellow, and they are covered with a fine golden fuzz of hair that grows half an inch long. Their eyes, for the most part, are blue, but some have golden eyes, and others have eyes of purple. Majis has purple eyes, deep dark wells of purple that are as soft as velvet. Ah, if I could but describe Majis' beauty to you. She was always beautiful, but each year has seen her grow more lovely—and to think—soon I shall come to her—face to face." The young millionaire forgot his audience, lapsing into silence.

● Gaylor had to recall him to the present.

"Their manner of dress? Since they're fuzz-covered, do they wear clothing, Mr. Fellows?"

He came back to the moment with a start.

"Clothing? Oh yes, they dress themselves, but not as we dress. Clothing is simply a means of decoration to the Caldans; they wind scarfs about the body, drape squares of cloth about themselves in graceful folds, arranged so the breezes may pick them up, toss them about. Shoes they do not wear but cultivate grasses everywhere, of various colors, to walk upon, keeping it short and soft, while the floors of their homes are covered with thickly piled rugs."

"What of architecture—furniture?"

"For the most part, their homes are open to the skies. I've never seen snow there, nor does the temperature drop very low—windows are unshielded and walls are used merely as a means of upholding the house, not to hide the tenant, nor to protect him from the winds which are gentle. Part of the house is left unroofed to admit the sun.

"As for furnishings, everything is made for bodily comfort, ease. Chairs, divans, conform to the shape of the body. They use decorative vases, mirrors, pictures, but do not set inconsequential furniture about merely for show." Fellows sighed, and Gaylor guessed he was thinking of the hundreds of times he had stubbed toes or barked shins against unnecessary ornamental furnishings.

"About these beams of motion of which you spoke. What are they used for?"

"Transportation and to carry power lines. The Caldans fly odd-shaped boats without wings or propellers that carry them about their world at, to us, unheard of speeds. I should say they're a far older race than ours; their mechanical genius surpasses ours by a thousand years at least. Their mode of motivation is of a principle altogether different than anything known to us. It is so radical that, though I've spent hours in their shops, I can make neither head nor tail of their machines."

"And you are determined to 'go through,' sir, to enter this unique world?"

(Continued on page 365)



# THE MAN WITH THE 4-DIMENSIONAL EYES

By Leslie F. Stone

(Continued from page 293)

"I am, with your help. For years Darrow has been searching every scientific periodical, studying every paper that would lead us to the end of our quest. Your paper, Professor Gaylor, appeared most logical to us. We decided that you were the man to send me to Calda if it were humanly possible. You have found the way. The rabbit has gone through safely; there is no reason to suppose that you can't do the same for me and such worldly goods I desire to take with me."

"And you've considered what this will mean to you—this passing through? Have you stopped to consider what it will do to you—what it will make of you—that in Calda you will be a freak?—that possibly these furred people will find your smooth, hairless skin detestable, your black hair and eyes ugly—that you may be ridiculed, despised . . . .?"

Gaylor was surprised at the reception of his words. Fellows had jumped to his feet, turning blazing, though unseeing eyes upon him. "No—NO," he cried with fire. "That is not so! It can't be so! They are a good, kind, civilized people. They will accept me for what I am, welcome me—and there is Majis . . . ." His voice softened on the name. "Majis won't despise me. And I can no longer live in a world that does not contain her! I intend to make her my wife!"

"But what makes you believe that she will have you—that she will not dislike you?" demanded the logical professor.

"No—no, she can't. I've not told you this before, professor, but you see—Majis knows me!"

"Yes, that is true. She knows me. When we were children I used to bend over her, whisper into her ear—and she heard me! Oh, I don't say she actually heard, but somehow I managed to impress my personality upon her. She feels my nearness. She has reached out to me, looked to me where I have been standing. I know she

yearns for me, even as I yearn for her . . . .

"And now—when her family would mate her with one of her kind, she is waiting—waiting for me, refuses to consider the other. And I must hurry—hurry, before they wear down her resistance, before she becomes desperate. I must go to her, I tell you—I must without further delay . . . ."

He got to his feet, began to pace the floor, uncaring that he bumped into an occasional chair.

Gaylor turned to Darrow, a question lying in the depths of his near-sighted eyes. But the secretary did no more than lift his shoulders in a shrug, his eyes going to the young man, filling with sorrow as they rested upon him—in pity. Gaylor realized that he could not expect the man to aid him in preventing Fellows from doing the thing against which he had recommended him; knew that it was up to him to do his part.

Later, as Darrow helped him in the last minute preparations, the secretary said: "Even if I knew it meant his death, I should make no attempt to stop him, Professor. With all his millions, Gordon is the most unhappy of men. What if Majis and her world are a hallucination that does not exist? What if your machine means his death? Gordon Fellows, to use his own words, is a captive. Would you not free a trapped bird, send it out of the dark—into the light—even though you knew it had a dozen enemies that would kill it sooner or later?"

"No, Professor Gaylor, as much as I love him—as if he were my own son—I could not stop him from going."

He sighed and was silent, but only for a few moments. Suddenly he turned sharply upon Gaylor to declare something in emphatic terms. "But *I do believe!* I *do* know that Majis waits for him. And tonight—he goes to meet her . . . ."

THE END