OF HIGHER ORDER

A Blue (Ultraviolet) Poem

Hubble, Hubble,
Toil and trouble,
Cosmos burn and cosmos bubble.

Around about the redshifts go.
Can they be distant, yes or no?
Do we abide in steady state?
Is matter made at even rate,
Divinely set, ex nihilo?
Around the C-field caldron go.

Within the Schwarzschild radius
Does central heating wait for us?
Or are we slowly burning out
While quasistellars wheel about?
From bang primeval do we fly,
And with a whimper shall we die?

So played, the music of the spheres
Is naught but discord to our ears.
(Or are there notes that we don't know
And themes that only time will show?)
Won't someone take our entropy
And find out what our fate must be?

Hubble, Hubble,
Toil and trouble,
Cosmos burn and cosmos bubble.

—DET

Plasma Man Saves The Power Station

It was the night of Duncan Hines's Birthday. Wealthy playboy socialite Max Boltzmann was sitting in the living room of his townhouse waiting for the fashionable hour of ten-thirty when he would depart for a dinner celebration. Max was wearing dinner clothes. As he sat in a Louis XII armchair with baldachin, he was drinking Byrrh on the rocks and reading a rare volume of erotica.

Suddenly this picture of upper-class domestic peace was violently interrupted. Max jumped up, threw aside the Byrrh and the dirty book, tore off his dinner clothes, and emerged as—Plasma Man, the tenuous terror of evil. Resplendent in his famous sheath of ions and electrons Plasma Man set out through the wall of the house on his newest mission.

Plasma Man was worried. Every day in the week he took care of ordinary evildoers by the score (zap! right in the electrode), but this mission was no ordinary one. Plasma Man had just received a secret message that the nefarious Dr. Fusione was back in town.

Fusione was the archvillain of archvillains. He was continually attempting to invent a horror device that would destroy civilization: Fusione's handy-dandy home power source. If he succeeded, all hewers of wood and drawers of oil would be put out of business, and incidentally the source of Max Boltzmann's private fortune would become worthless. Fortunately Fusione could never succeed while Plasma Man was free to sabotage his research, and Plasma Man was on the way: Faster than a speeding discharge, he hitched a ride on the solar wind and zipped around the universe in search of Fusione.

But Fusione was not without weapons. As Plasma Man coasted from star to star, suddenly—without warning—he was overcome by a dizzy trapped feeling. Round and round he went like a cyclotron. Gradually it dawned on him that he was trapped, immobilized by the slimy Fusione's most diabolical weapon—the magic magnetic mirror.

Plasma Man reacted. Flying with the speed of light, his call for help went out on a microwave beam. Deep in a lead-lined cavern in the bowels of the earth, it reached Max Boltzmann's ward, young Helium Neutral. "Help me out of this pinch!" said the cry from outer space.

Helium Neutral put aside his tin drum and took off his sailor suit. He was really too old for tin drums and sailor suits, but they tended to fool people like Fusione into thinking he was just a harmless little gasser. But now with his disguise removed, Helium Neutral revealed himself as Ionic Recombination Boy, the world-famous impartial bringer of restitution. There was really very little of him to see: just a few little sparks in the atmosphere.

Ionic Recombination Boy sped