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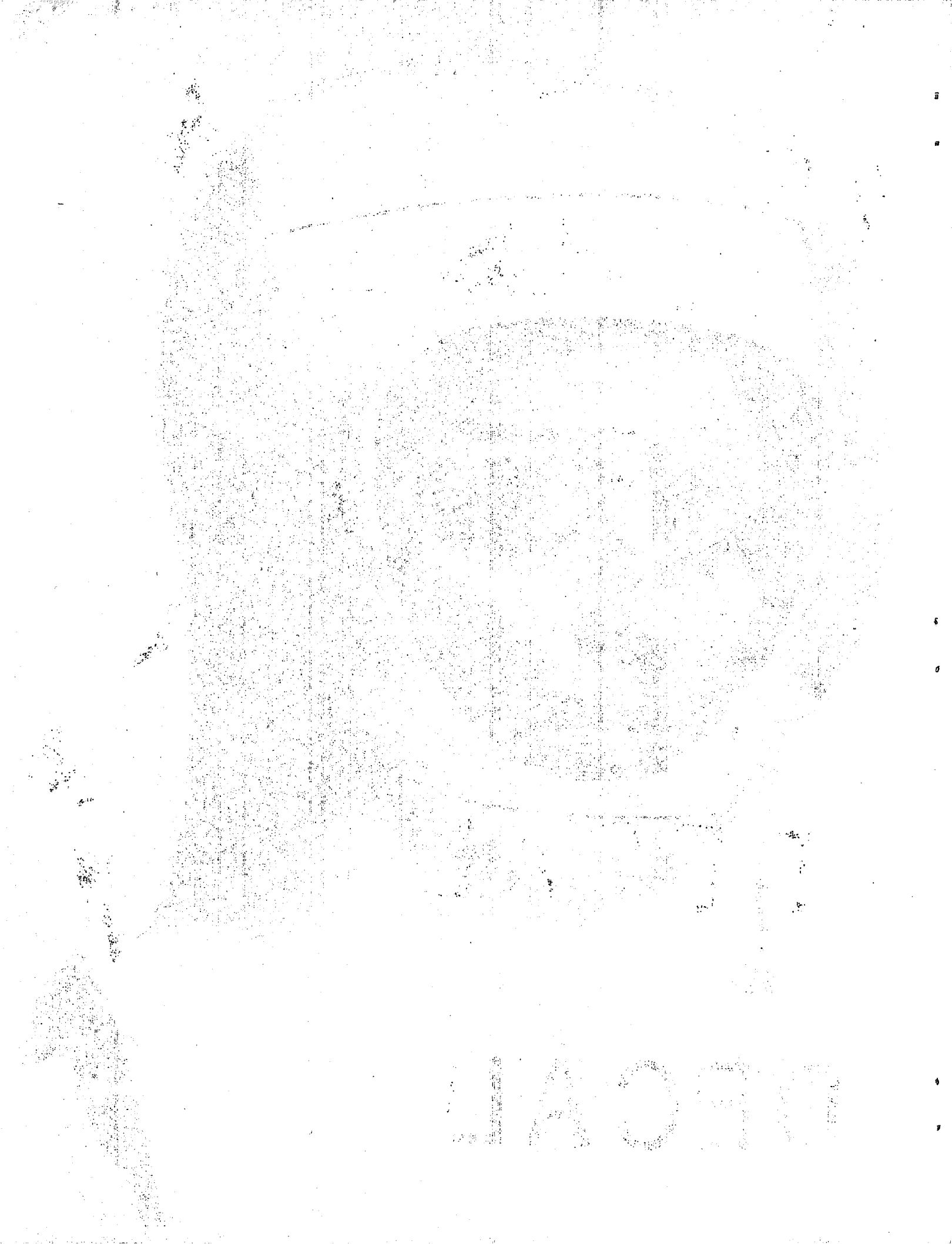

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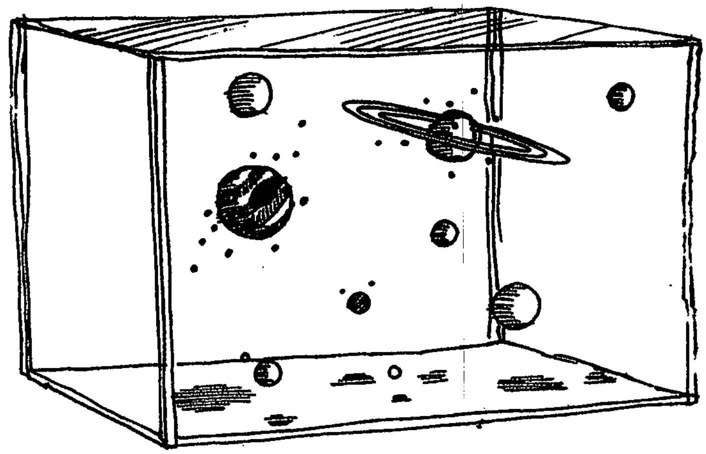

PLANETARIUM

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* *

Done this eighteenth day of May, nineteen hundred and seventy-three.

* *

When once the shielding light is gone
And Night encircles common sphere,
Then he who braves the veil of fear
Must dare the demon guarded gloom
That snares the unprotected soul
With unseen webs of arcane doom
Beyond our knowledge and control.

The shade of Night that covers all
And grips the still world in a pall
Of black confusion and dispair
Has eldritch secrets that it keeps
From he who stays abed and sleeps.
Explore the dark realm, if you dare!

THE PLASTIC CORNER OF THE TRIANGLE

BY DONN BRAZIER

When the huge crate arrived, I'M A LADY, HANDLE WITH CARE boldly stenciled on the rough wood, the museum's receptionist could hardly be expected to know that a rival had appeared on the scene. For the crate contained a full-sized plastic woman, the world-famous TRANSPARENT WOMAN made in Germany at a cost of twelve thousnad dollars. The museum was only the tenth in the United States to own one.

Perhaps you have never seen one of these plastic figures through whose transparent skin you can see the organs. Tiny wires lead through the colored blood vessels to the organs which then light up in sequence as she talks via tape recorder. The signals on the tape also make her turn around at one point so that the kidneys may be seen. Other than that simple turn she makes no other movements. Her arms are raised slightly in a proud graceful pose.

She was set up with tender care in a small theater of her own. Stage lights glistened on the curved surfaces of her shimmering transparency.

"Let's call her Diaphanie," David Dawson, the museum's director, said, his eyes shining in admiration. "What a beautiful creature!"

All the museum staff but one were smiling in agreement. Emma Borner, the receptionist, was frowning. She felt a twinge of jealousy, for never, in six years she had been setting her cap for David Dawson, had the Director shown her that much interest.

Dawson would have been greatly surprised had he known Emma's reaction. He had treated all Emma's advances as a joke. He liked his women cold, unresponsive in real life. It was only in his imagination that he made love. In real life, even though fifty years old, David was terribly afraid of women, and to guard himself he turned every overture into a bantering joke and ran. Emma was the only woman he would employ, and only because he felt that a woman was indispensable as a receptionist. Thus, though moderately handsome, he was still unmarried.

The museum staff went back to their business, and the Transparent Woman put on her show for the public who filed into the theater every hour on the hour.

There were times when things went wrong. With a tape recorder, a mansize cabinet full of electronics, and twenty-three lights inside her body, there was a good chance that trouble would develop. When Diaphanie misbehaved, the museum guard would put a sign on the theater door: TRANSPARENT WOMAN IN THE HOSPITAL.

Each time this happened David Dawson would hurry to the theater, unlock the door, and get to work. He would tinker here and tinker there. He filed relay points, checked fuses. And he would always get her back in shape again. As time went on he began to learn her every ailment, and he would cure her in short order.

Unknown to him, however, Emma Borner was becoming more and more jealous of the time he spent with Diaphanie. When it was reported to her that the transparent woman was out of order, she would not call the Director. Instead she would call Curt Simak, the education supervisor, or Jack Field, the exhibits chief. However, they often had trouble getting the repairs made and would tell Emma to call Dawson.

"The lady needs your touch," Emma would say with barely disguised sarcasm.

Dawson would come, and in just a few minutes Diaphanie would be feeling fine again.

Emma tried all manner of stripping in front of Dawson - short skirts that inched up as she crossed her legs, low-cut blouses, filmy translucent clothes. Nothing worked. He was impervious to her charms. In fact, she thought, he avoids me more than before. She tried the opposite approach by treating him coldly, disdainfully.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Got a toothache?"

Emma thought, well, at least he's speaking to me. She tried a new approach. She began to complain of imaginary ailments. If the transparent woman could get away with it, maybe she could. She wrapped a huge bandage around her leg. She came to work with her arm in a sling. She developed bruises on her thighs which she exhibited in a quasi-medical manner.

Dawson showed polite sympathy on his way to the transparent woman. It had reached the point now where Diaphanie did not have to be ailing. Almost every morning, early, he would go up the stairs past Emma's desk. She would hear the theater door open and click shut.

One morning, as Dawson came slowly, reluctantly, down the steps, Emma asked abruptly, "What are you doing up there?"

Dawson blushed. "Just wanted to see if she was all right," he mumbled.

Emma snorted.

One morning Emma tiptoed up the steps after he had gone up. Quietly she inserted her key in the door and pushed it open.

"David!" In the one word was a mixture of surprise, shock, jealousy, and reproach.

Dawson was standing on the stage, his arms around Diaphanie's waist, his body close to hers, and his face nuzzled in the hollow of her neck.

"David!" Emma repeated. Dawson turned toward her, his face dark with outraged discovery.

"I love her!" he cried with ferocious intensity. "She is the most beautiful woman in the world. And she loves me!"

Emma ran forward, crying, "David, David, can she love you as I do?" She threw her body against his so forcefully they both fell to the floor.

Her tears fell on Dawson's cheek as she clutched him, encircling his leg between her own. He tried to get away, to get up, but she was pressing him to the floor. Her lips smothered him.

"Oh, David," she moaned, "I'm a woman, a real woman." She grabbed his hand and pushed it into her brest.

Although they were wrestling on the floor, David said idiotically, "Put me down, put me down!"

All the while, he was stealing looks at the transparent woman, beseeching, "Diaphanie, I don't love Emma, can't you see I don't love her?"

He finally struggled to his feet. " Diaphanie, please, please, I don't love her. I love only you!"

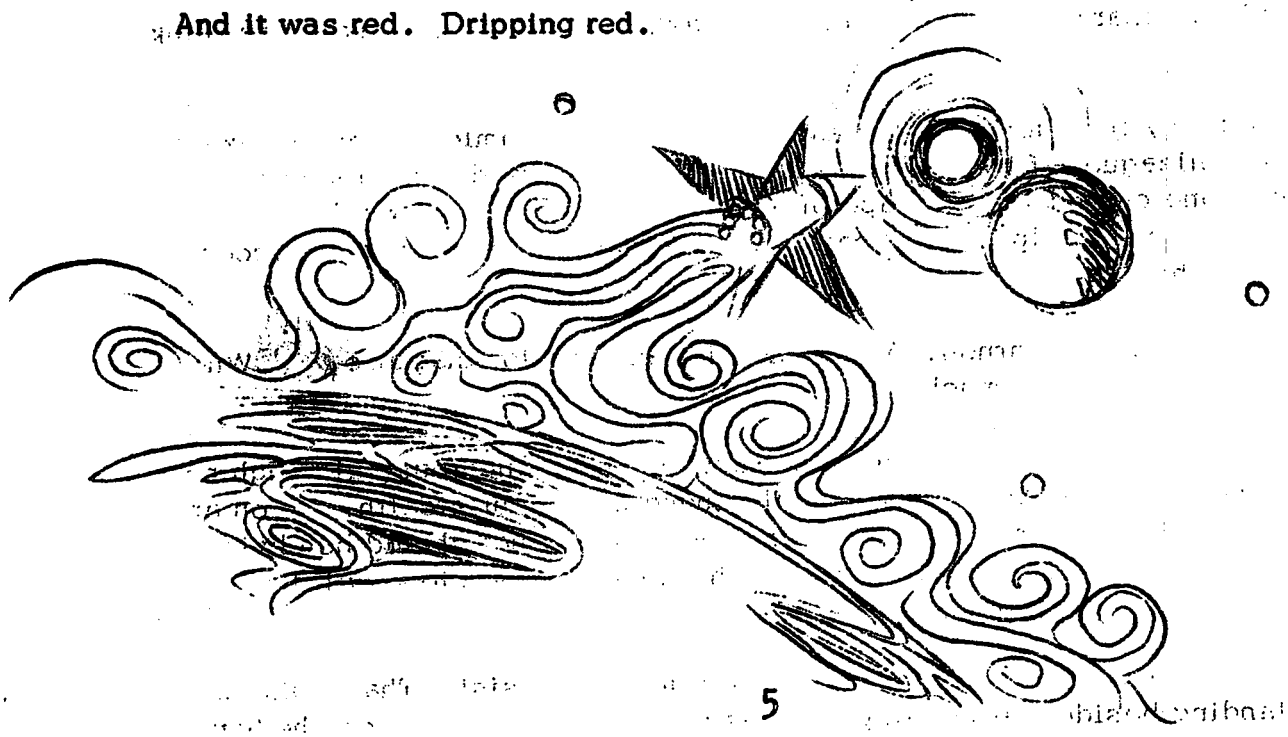
Behind him Emma had risen to her feet. She swung around between David and the transparent woman.

Dawson looked over Emma's shoulder. "No, Diaphanie, no, no!" he screamed.

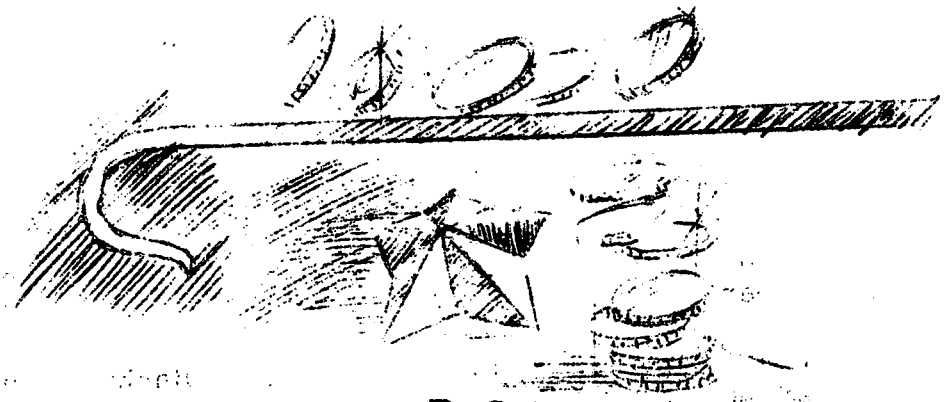
The janitor found them later. David Dawson was sobbing on the floor, his head in his hands. Emma lay in a pool of blood, the top of her head crushed and matted with blood-strung hair. Diaphanie stood above them on the raised stage, silent, her smooth skin shimmering. Her arms were slightly raised in a proud graceful position.

But her right hand was dangling in smashed splinters.

And it was red. Dripping red.



THIEF IN THE NIGHT



BY DON COCHRAN

Looking at the building across the street, Blit was beginning to wonder if even fifty gold pieces were enough pay for robbing a magician.

He had thought it more than sufficient when the old man had offered it. Blit had just come into the Sword and Sheath when he heard his name called. He looked around and spied a man motioning with a staff. Making his way to the table, he sat down. The man was swarthy and wizened with a lined face and restless eyes. The blue robe that he wore was expensive but a little soiled.

"Greetings, Blit s'Ieron. Allow me to offer you some ale."

"Gladly, if your name is included in your invitation - since you know mine."

"You may call me Darnon. It would be foolhardy for one of my profession to give his true name and, in any event, you do not need to know it to work for me. I need an accomplished thief."

"What would a wizard need a thief for?" Blit asked. "And what makes you think I am one?"

"Do not waste my time denying your trade; my sources of imformation are excellent. There is a 'colleague' of mine, known by the name of Virzed, who recently acquired a green stone carved in the shape of a star. I want it. You should be able to steal it for me - with my help. I will pay you fifty gold pieces if you are successful and if you do it tonight."

"You're going too fast, Darnon. You could hire an army for that amount. What makes stealing a stone worth so much?"

Darnon smiled slightly. "My methods are unusual and dangerous, although not as dangerous as they may appear. Success will depend upon your stealth, not on an overwhelming attack. Your courage is what I am paying for. That should be obvious. Decide quickly. Unless the attempt is made tonight, stealing the stone will be impossible. Do you agree?"

The gold had finally proved too much for Blit's greed to resist. That night he found himself standing beside Darnon atop a two-story building not far from the Sword

and Sheath. Darnon pointed to the third floor of the building opposite and told Blit that the stone was being kept in an interior room. "No being not of this world can approach the stone. Once you are inside that room, you will have only Virzed to overcome. I cannot help you do that, but I can give you the advantage of surprise."

"How can I surprise a magician like Virzed in his own house, surrounded by Zhar knows how many guards?"

"That I will show you. Attend!" Darnon placed his staff on the roof. "Follow me," he said, stepped across the staff and disappeared.

Hesitating only a moment, Blit strode forward and crossed the staff. He found himself in a featureless blackness standing next to Darnon, who held a globe that emitted a cold white light. The warlock picked up the staff and held it out to Blit. He told the thief to take it and walk forward sixty-five paces, put it down, and step across it into Virzed's sanctuary.

"Take him by surprise!" Darnon said. "Stun him if possible, kill him if necessary, but get that stone. Be sure to jump across quickly. If he is able to lift the staff before you can cross, we will be stranded here."

Blit began walking and counting. Reaching sixty-five, he put the rod down and leaped over. He saw a tall, thin man starting up from a marble-topped table. Springing across the room, Blit knocked Virzed down and than hit him again. He drew in a deep breath and, after he had made sure that the magician was unconscious, he looked around the room.

The green stone was lying on a shelf behind the table. Blit grabbed the stone, stepped back over the staff, stooped, and picked it up.

In the blackness Darnon was still waiting where Blit had left him. Blit hurried toward him holding up the stone for him to see. Darnon took it and stretched out his hand for the staff. But Blit held it away from him.

"You can keep the gold," he said. "I would much rather have the staff, and I'm keeping it. It's just the thing for an accomplished thief."

Darnon stiffened. "You do not know what you are attempting. The power you want to use is beyond your comprehension. The staff is mine. I will not let you have it. Give it to me!" he shouted and grabbed for the staff.

Blit drew his dagger and thrust it to the hilt into Darnon's chest. Darnon screamed and Blit stabbed him again. The old wizard gasped and staggered backward. Sinking to the ground, he died.

The staff vanished.

WITH PORPOSE IN MIND

BY BARBARA FERRY

It took quite a while before they managed to calm Jarvis to the point where his quaking was indiscernable, outwardly at least. Of course, he was momentarily unable to remove his own equipment; someone obligingly relieved him of his swim fins, scuba tank and mask. But once he'd gotten a few lungsful of good sea air inside him, felt the late afternoon tropic sun gentle on his face, his shock eased gradually. Now, with the familiar faces about him, their concern evident in their eyes, he smiled wanly.

"Well?" the skipper, Monteaux, asked impatiently, "What happened down there? You've succeeded in giving us all a pretty good scare!"

Jarvis' laugh was entirely unenthusiastic. Now that he was well past his initial astoniahment, the memory flooded back with redoubled intensity. From over his right shoulder someone shoved an icy-wet can of beer into his hand. Mechanically he lifted it to his mouth, swallowed once and settled the can on the deck beside him. His eyes stared fixedly into the sun-struck waters of the Caribbean. He couldn't quite believe . . . not yet . . .

For months they had been working on the translator. But unfortunately, as is often the case among scientific innovations, the theory was more easily stated than put into practice. Paul Jarvis had been working as a marine biologist since his graduation-with-honors from U. C. L. A. fifteen years ago. More spicifically, he'd devoted his abilities to the study of that mysterious intellect second only to man, the porpoise. Fascinated, to the depth of his being, with their possibilities, he had sacrificed all else in the course of studying their behavior. There were, of course, obstacles, prime of which he had had to overcome in his most recent endeavor, the translator. There should be no misunderstanding: Jarvis' theory was impeccably arrived at. It's just that he was a biologist, and quite incapable of coping with the intricate technical aspects of his marvelous undertaking. However, as fate would have it, he found someone who could do just that.

An aspiring yound scientist named Kiley transformed Jarvis' hypothetical design into reality, into a device that would - should - disclose once and for all the meaning behind the sonic emissions of nature's baffling 'water babies'.

"Will it work?" came Jarvis' hesitant whisper.

Kiley smiled. "It should. Is there no other creature which could be used to demonstrate its capability?"

Jarvis shook his head. "None as far up on the evolutionary scale as the porpoise. With any other animal, even a chimp, the results would be inconclusive. This device can only translate thought that is close to human in content - in structural patterns. Even the most intelligent chimp is still well below that level. The incoming impulses would be primitive . . . undecipherable. We . . . that is, I," he corrected, "am hoping that the porpoise is capable of at least rudimentary thought . . . in human terms."

Kiley laughed. "Now there's a thought. You'll let me know?"

"You'll know."

And that was that! The following day the arrangements were made, the boat chartered, the crew assembled. Along with many of his fellow researchers, he set sail barely days after the device had been laid in his hands.

Eagerly he readied his gear; the skipper had just spied a glistening herd of porpoises off the bow. Carefully, expertly, the crew maneuvered into position, nets ready, tension high. Within minutes they had successfully corralled a prime specimen, the full length of his nine foot back gleaming beneath the sun. And there, in the confines of his cage, he remained . . . until well into the afternoon. There had been no need to compound his immediate upset by invading his cage too early in the game. So they waited until he had calmed.

Jarvis, of course, claimed the right of first entry into the water. He carried with him the camera-like instrument, its tow cables connected, one to his specially equipped face mask, the other to an earpiece. He was more than ready. His precious device would not only translate the proper impulses, were there any, but it would record them for posterity as well.

He descended slowly, approaching with obvious respect. There was no movement made to threaten him, not that he had expected one. He hadn't. He knew these creatures with a certainty that he could not award to knowledge of his own kind. These were gentle animals, predictably so. For that reason, coupled with their intellectual capacity, he held a particularly strong affection for their species.

Well below the surface, their eyes met, both bodies floating motionless in the reflective green sea. The porpoise slowly neared him, watching curiously, and swam past. It turned and faced him from the opposite side. There, from a distance of no more than six feet, it waited.

So enraptured was he, he'd almost forgotten about the translator. Cautiously, so as not to alarm the great beast hovering before him, he readied the instrument, the porpoise scrutinizing the procedure, not missing any of Jarvis' activity.

And now, after an eternity of waiting, he was ready to know. He forced the nervousness of anticipation to take a back seat and, with a professionally steady hand, flipped the toggle.

Barely seconds later he was clawing his way to the surface, his face the color of milk.

. . . e sipped at the beer.

"Well? Do we have to guess?" Monteaux was saying, feeling frustraded.

Jarvis laughed, lightly . . . mockingly.

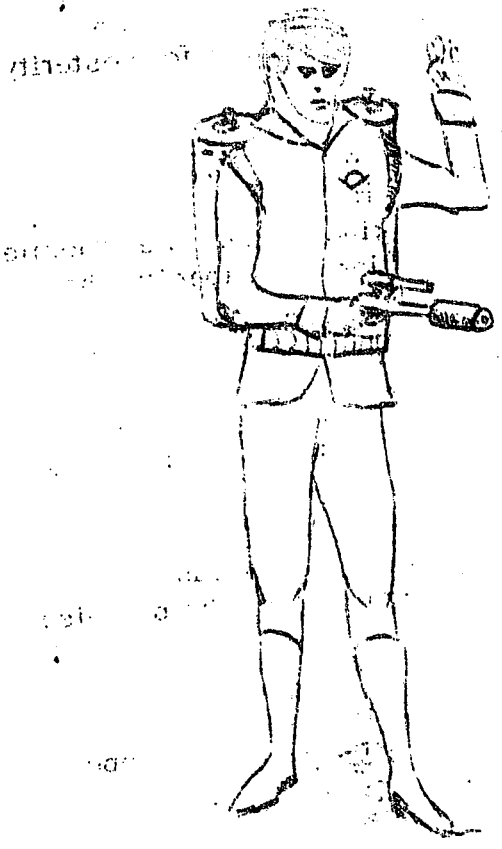
"Let's just play back his recording." Corbin, a younger biologist, suggested, as he hefted the still-wet translator in both hands. He manipulated the controls with apparent familiarity.

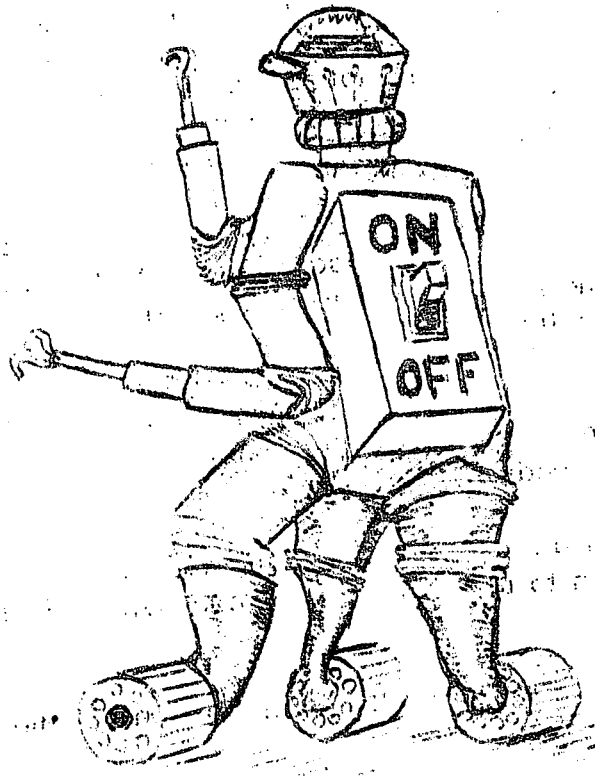
There were a few seconds of the machine's own mechanical sounds which were suddenly broken by the flat voice of the instrument as it began: "Don't be frightened. I'm trying to communicate with you - to communicate!" There was a short pause followed by "Do you understand what I'm saying, what I'm saying to you?"

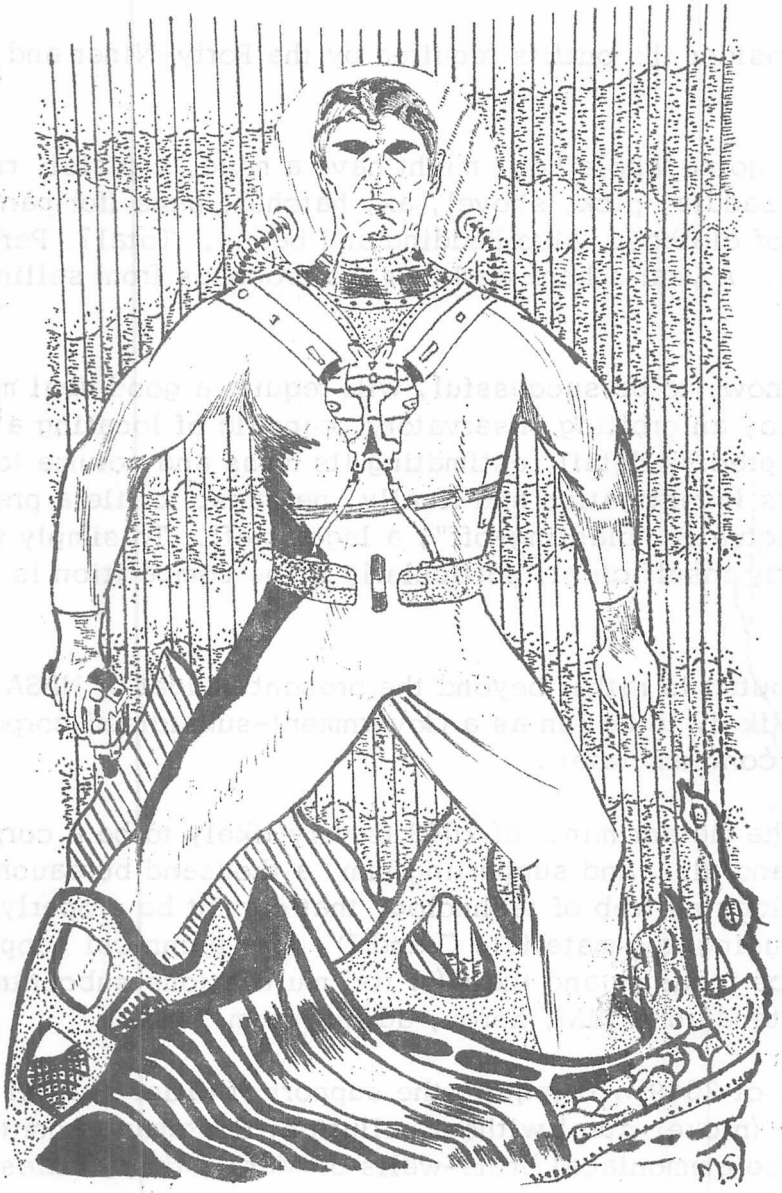
Listening to the recording, the crew realized Jarvis was staring at the speaker and smiling that same fixed smile.

Monteaux was fast approaching his tolerance level. His eyes found Jarvis'. "So why did you panic? I don't understand you. For years you live to ask that question and then you run away! Why didn't you wait for an answer?"

Jarvis looked at the translator and then back at the skipper. The smile faded away. "What do you mean 'wait for an answer'! I wasn't asking the question . . . HE WAS!"







THE MYTH OF THE METEOR MINER
by Alexis Gilliland

One of the staple characters in science-fiction is the meteor miner. Based on the ruggedly independent characters of the 1849 California Gold Rush, he is a rootin-tootin raygun-shootin ring-tailed horny-toed glassy-eyed individualist.

Let us briefly consider the outfits required by the Forty-Niner and his literary descendant.

The Forty-Niner, going whole hog, might have a mule, a pistol, rifle, 100 rounds of ammunition for each, saddle, pick, shovel, ax, hatchet, pans (for panning gold), compass, and a change of clothes. Also Bedding and beans. Total? Perhaps, in those days, 300 or 400 dollars. A year's hard work, or the proceeds from selling his inherited farm.

A meteor miner, now, to be successful, will require a good deal more. To begin with, a space ship. Also, an orbiting observatory, capable of locating a meteor, establishing its orbit in precise detail, estimating its mass and volume to ascertain whether or not it warrants investigation and finally, perhaps, to file a preliminary claim and flight plan prior to actually "blasting-off", a legal staff. To simply wander around in the general area is clearly insufficient, particularly if the competition is using long range spotting.

The cost of <u>this</u> outfit is rather beyond the present budget of NASA. If fact, the whole operation is very likely to be run as a Government-subsidized corporation, jointly operated by two or more conglomerates.

In which case, the meteor miner of 2049 is very likely to be a corporation man, grey flannel space suit and all. And supporting him, a thousand bureaucrats, a million tax payers, and an interlocking web of technology that cannot be properly defined in the sense of plants A and B using raw materials C and D. His technical support will be, in fact, the whole aerospace industry and their (or its) multifarious subcontractors. Plus the National Bureau of Standards, IBM, Xerox, ad infinitum.

The meteor miner of 2049 will require the support of cities, and if what he mines is sufficiently profitable (nickel-steel without pollution, deuterium from the atmosphere of Jupiter, copper from the ammoniacal brine-wells of Mars), those cities will be created.

Especially those cities will be created if they prove to be labor-intensive, and do not require extensive capital investment.

For example: given a nickel-iron meteor on which a "mill" has been established, very little is required to build a city out of nickel-iron except the continued operation of the mill. Trade with other centers will consist of floating raw materials around the solar system in slow, fuel-frugal orbits.

The new meteor miner is involved with mining, fabrication and trade as part of his immensely expensive operation.

And in 1849, you had free air, free (if sometimes scarce) water and a product you could pick up and carry enough of to be worth while.

The high darma of 2049 meteor miners is more likely to be congressional inquiries into irregularities of safety inspection or stock market manipulations, rather than claim-jumping varmints or pesky red-skins.

Put it another way: in 1849 it was still a six-month trip from New York to San Francisco, with communications not much faster. In 2049 communication will be at the speed of light throughout the solar system, and very possible travel will be nearly as fast. The whole solar system will be smaller than was the earth two centuries before.

For those who ask about the quality of life, we may once again consider the meteor miner. In 1849 a prospector risked all he had, and mostly he lost it, and his life as will. He had adventure for compensation. In 2049, the meteor miner is very likely to have a strong union, good working conditions and excellent retirement benefits. Adventure? Well, as Kipling put it: " ... all unseen, Romance had caught the 9:15."

From the s-f writer's point of view, the actual operation of meteor mining is likely to prove about as inspiring as present day strip mining.

Which is not to say that meteor mining might not be a Good Thing, only that meteor miners are likely to be wage board employees, rather than figures of High Romance.

THE PALAEOLOGICAL LOVECRAFT
by Donald Cochran

In his stories depicting the Horrors that were in Elder Times manifest upon the Earth and that have left remnants surviving into the present, Lovecraft was prone to utilize palaeological terms rather profusely for effect without regard for the ability of his readers to understand them. This was particularly true in "At the Mountains of Madness" and "The Shadow Out of Time."

Therefore I dicided to construct a glossary based on the terms in the two stories and a chronilogical chart of the information therein superimposed upon a chart of the geological ages of the Earth as they are today thought to be. These follow.

millions of years	ERA	PERIOD	EPOCH	
	CENOZOIC	QUATERNARY		
3		TERTIARY	PLIOCENE	Dissappearance of star-headed race
12			MIOCENE	
25			OLIGOCENE - oreodons numerous; titanotheres became extinct	
36			EOCENE - eohippus; mammals became dominant; oreodons appeared; titanotheres appeared	Flight of Great Race and destruction of cone bodies
55			PALEOCENE	
63	MESOZOIC			

ANGIOSPERMS - flowering plants, the most advanced division of the Pteropsida. They existed as early as the Jurassic period but were not abundant until the Cretaceous period.

ARCHAEOZOIC (ARCHAEAN) - earliest of the five eras of the earth's history, but even the oldest known rocks do not belong to the earth's original crust. No undisputed fossils of the Archaeozoic have been found and efforts to date its transition to the Proterozoic have been inconclusive.

ARCHAEOPTERYX - primitive bird which formed the link between reptiles and birds. Fossils have been found from the upper Jurassic.

BRACHIOPODA - phylum of marine invertebrates which are similar to the bivale mollusks and which existed as early as the Cambrian.

CALAMITES - giant tree-like horse-tails abundant during the Carboniferous.

CAMBRIAN - earliest period of the Paleozoic Era, beginning 600 million years ago and ending 100 million years later.

CARBONIFEROUS - a division of the Paleozoic Era, beginning 345 million years ago and lasting 65 million years. It incorporates the Mississipian and Pennsylvanian periods.

COMANCHIAN - the earlier portion of the Cretaceous period. The Comanchian began 135 million years ago and lasted 25 million years.

CONIFERS - group containing some 400 and the 500 species of gymnosperms. The group was more numerous in the Mesozoic Era.

CRETACEOUS - last period of the Mesozoic Era. The Cretaceous began about 135 million years ago and lasted 72 million years.

CRINOIDS - the sea lilies, feather stars, and basket stars, a class of the phylum Echinodermata. Crinoids first appeared in the Cambrian period of the Paleozoic.

CYCADS - an order of Gymnosperms which first appeared in the late Paleozoic and became dominant and almost cosmopolitan in distribution in the Mesozoic.

DINOSAURS - large reptiles that belonged to the subclass Archosauria and were dominant in the Jurassic and Cretaceous. Dinosaurs became extinct at the close of the Mesozoic.

ECHINODERMS - phylum which includes starfishes, echinoids, crinoids, blastoids, and cystoids. The first Echinoderms, small primitive cystoids, appeared in the Cambrian.

ECHINOIDS (ECHINI) - the class of phylum Echinodermata including sea-urchins, heart-urchins and sand dollars. Echinoids were present as far back as the Silurian.

EOCENE - the second epoch of the Tertiary period of the Cenozoic Era. It began 55 million years ago and lasted 19 million years. Mammals became dominant.

EOHIPPUS - a diminutive ancester of the horse which is also known as hyracotherium. It appeared in the Eocene.

FAN PALMS - the earliest known angiospermous flowering plants, dating from the Triassic.

GANOIDS - a division of the fishes (class Pisces), first appearing in the Devonian, which are closely related to the ancestors of the first terrestrial vertebrates.

GASTROPODS - the class of the Phylum Mollusca including snails. Gastropods first appeared in the lower Cambrian but were not prominant until the Ordovician.

GYMNOSPERMS - most primitive seed plants and one of the main divisions of the Pteropsida. Gymnosperms originated in the Devonian and became abundant in the Carboniferous.

ICHTHYOSAURS - extremely fish-like aquatic reptiles. Ichthyosaurs developed in the Triassic and reached their zenith in the Jurassic.

JURASSIC - second period of the Mesozoic Era. The Jurassic began 180 million years ago and lasted 45 million years.

LABYRINTHODONTS - dominant group of Amphibia of the upper Devonian.

LEPIDODENDRON - type of Lycopsida, large tree forms of the Carboniferous.

LINGULELLA (LINGUELLAE) - Brachiopods of class Inarticulata and Order Atremata which existed as early as the Cambrian.

MESOZOIC - the fourth Era of earth's history. It began 230 million years ago and lasted 167 million years.

MIOCENE - the fourth epoch of the Tertiary period of the Cenozoic Era. It began 25 million years ago and lasted 13 million years.

MOSASAURS - marine lizards (sea monitors) growing up to 50 feet long which developed and became numerous during the late Cretaceous.

OLIGOCENE - third epoch of the Tertiary period of the Cenozoic. The Oligocene began 36 million years ago and lasted 11 million years.

ORDOVICIAN - the second period of the Paleozoic Era. It began 500 million years ago and lasted 70 million years.

OREODONS - grazing and browsing mammals about the size of a goat. Oreodons appeared in the late Eocene, were very numerous in the Oligocene and died out in the early Pliocene. They were confined to North America.

PALAEOTHERES - mammals related to the horses but which in some respect resemble tapirs. They were extant in Europe and America during the Eocene and Miocene.

PALEOZOIC - third Era of the earth's history. The Paleozoic began 600 million years ago and lasted 370 million years.

PERMIAN - last period of the Paleozoic Era. The Permian began 280 million years ago and lasted 50 million years.

PLACODONTS (PLACODERMS) - flippered swimming reptiles which appeared in the Triassic period.

PLEISTOCENE - the first epoch of the Quaternary period of the Cenozoic Era, preceding the Holocene epoch. The Pleistocene began 3 million years ago and ended 10 thousand years ago.

PLESIOSAURS - large aquatic reptiles with short, flat bodies; paddle-like limbs; and long necks or heads. Plesiosaurs appeared in the Triassic, were common in the Jurassic, and disappeared in the early Cretaceous.

PLIOCENE - the fifth and last epoch of the Tertiary period of the Cenozoic. It began 12 million years ago and lasted 9 million years.

PRE-CAMBRIAN (CRYPTOZOIC) - earth's history prior to the Cambrian period of the Paleozoic Era. The Cryptozoic included the Archaeozoic and Proterozoic Eras and ended 600 million years ago.

PTERIDOPHYTA - phylum of ferns, some of which reached a height of 20 to 50 feet. Ferns first appeared in the lower Devonian.

PTERODACTYLS - flying reptiles (short-tailed pterosaurs) that developed in the late Jurassic and lasted until the late Cretaceous.

SIGILLARIA - genera of scale trees which were dominant in the Pennsylvanian period of the Paleozoic.

SILURIAN - third period of the Paleozoic Era. The Silurian began 430 million years ago and lasted 25 million years.

SPIRIFERA - brachiopods having hinged shells and a spirally coiled brachial skeleton. Spirifera appeared in the Ordovician and lasted through the Jurassic.

TELEOSTS (TELEOSTEI) - ray-finned fishes which appeared in the Jurassic and continued into Recent times.

TERTIARY - the first period of the Cenozoic Era. The Tertiary began 63 million years ago and lasted 60 million years.

THECODONTS - early, basal group in the subclass Archosauria of the class Reptilia from which the dinosaurs evolved. Thecodonts first appeared in the Permian and existed throughout the Triassic.

TITANOTHERES - rhinoceros-like mammals, some of the species attaining a height of 8 feet. Titanotheres appeared in the early Eocene and became extinct in the middle of the Oligocene.

TRIASSIC - the first period of the Mesozoic Era. The Triassic began 230 million years ago and lasted 50 million years.

TRILOBITES - swimming and groveling arthropods that developed at the beginning of the Cambrian.

XIPHODONS (XIPHODONTIDAE) - camel-like mammals of Europe during the Eocene and Oligocene.

millions of years	ERA	PERIOD	
63	MESOZOIC	CRETACEOUS - angiosperms abundant; dinosaurs dominant; mosasaurs numerous; pterodactyls present	
135		JURASSIC - angiosperms & teleosts appeared; dinosaurs dominant; ichthyosaurs & plesiosaurs common	Invasion of Earth by Mi-Go; defeat and beginning of decline of star-headed race
180		TRIASSIC - fan palms, ichthyosaurs & plesiosaurs appeared; thecodonts present	
230	PALEOZOIC	PERMIAN - thecodonts appeared	Rebellion of Shaggoths and resubjugation by star-headed race
280		CARBONIFEROUS - calamites & gymnosperms abundant; lepidodendron present; sigillaria dominant	
345		DEVONIAN - ganoids, gymnosperms & pteridophyta appeared; labyrinthodonts numerous	
405		SILURIAN - echinoids appeared	
430		ORDOVICIAN - gastropods prominant; spirifera appeared	
500		CAMBRIAN - crinoids, echinoderms, gastropods & trilobites appeared	Occupation of cone bodies by Great Race
600	PROTEROZOIC		Cthulhu spawn came to Earth
	ARCHAEOZOIC		Advent of cone race
			Star-headed race migrated to Earth

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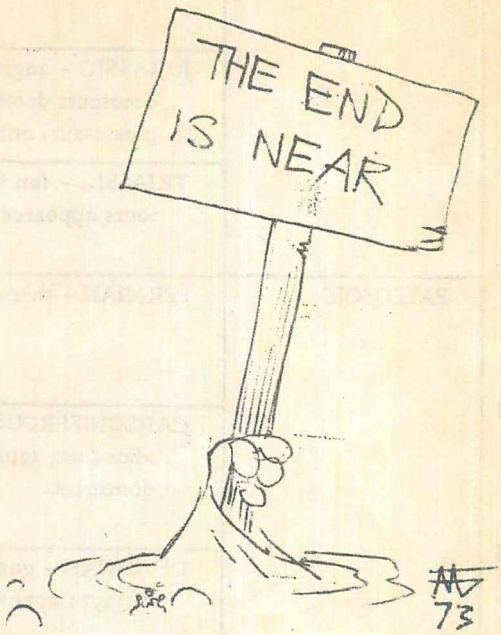

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