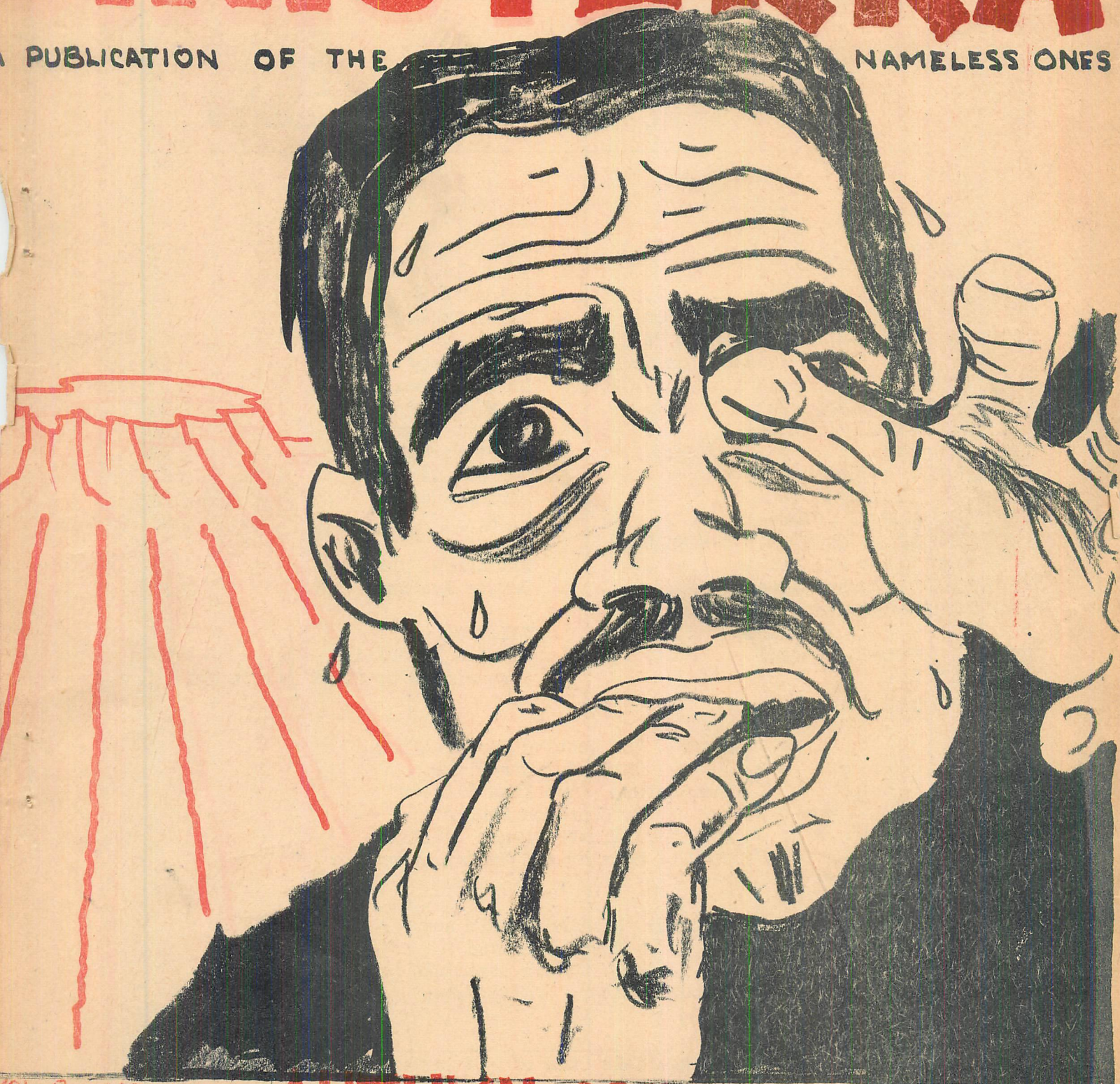


SINISTER TERRA

A PUBLICATION OF THE

NAMELESS ONES



VOL. 2 NO. 2

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AUTUMN, 1954

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Cover: "Subjective Perturbation
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The next issue of SINISTERRA features material by Jack Speer, F. M. Busby, a Convention Report, Wally Weber, and others. Available November 30th.

ER--EDITORIAL...

This issue is somewhat late -- in fact, it's nearly two years overdue. For this we apologize, humbly, deeply --- even arrogantly. There was no reason for the delay except our own propensity for sending our good intentions away for road-building purposes. As was once said in another connection, "those mighty bush-beaters-around, Drummond and Austin, have never realized that the Bird of Time has such a short way to wing." We have never been noted for forelock seizing, thief-of-time foiling, thought-for-the-morrow taking, or non-putting-off of today's tasks.

An account of the distractions and extraneous activities that have seduced our attention from its proper task of editing would consume at least two or three normal-sized issues of SINISTERMA. We are sure that this would neither edify, instruct, nor entertain any of our readers, and might even irritate those who have striven mightily to maintain The Nameless Ones as a factor in the fan world. Moreover, the Club's pocketbook would be strained to the point of vacancy, merely for the cost of producing such a galaxy of apologetics, and we doubt very much whether the members would stand still for an assessment for such a purpose.

However, for those who are interested in our triumphs and/or tribulations, (if such there be) we would like to mention our forthcoming book, THE GENTLE ART OF FANMANSHIP or How To Be An Editor Without Actually Working. (E. P. Mitton, Fall 1955, \$2.50). We are also contemplating a lecture course along the same lines, provided there is sufficient demand. Enquiries should be directed to the undersigned.

* * *

Perhaps a little information about our reproduction process will be of interest. This issue has been produced, not very skillfully, on a behemoth of a machine called a Model 1250 Multilith, which is owned by the senior editor's employer. It uses what is called an "offset" process, which means that the chemically treated master copy has a coy contact with a roller covered with printer's ink, and like a man acquiring lipstick from a girl, picks up that ink on those areas which have been previously marked on by means of special crayon, pencil, typewriter ribbon, etc. It then goes and does a little smooching with a smooth rubber pad, during which it transfers to the pad the ink it picked up from the roller, after which it comes back after more ink. While it's gone, the rubber pad dallies briefly with virgin paper, and sends it on its way besmirched to a final resting place at the rearward end of the machine never to return to its Mother ream.

All this takes place at the rate of 600 sheets of paper per minute, to the accompaniment of a loud fa-loomp! fa-loomp! fa-loomp! most soothing to the ears of a deadline-conscious editor. Quite the contrary are the ringing bell, the flashing light, the hissing noise, or the noxious odor, all of which are among the ways the machine has of announcing that something is amiss. There are at least fifteen or twenty somethings that can go wrong and, as befits a machine with an original cost of \$2500, all of them are weirdly and wonderfully complex. Operators have been known to break right down and cry when faced with a

new difficulty to unravel. Snf.

Nevertheless the machine, when it is properly handled, is capable of producing work that is a joy to behold. It can handle very close registration on multi-color jobs, and with special (and expensive) masters can even reproduce half-tones. It is no wonder that fans who have seen one operate come away with glazed eyes, drooling. The man who sold it to us was telling how when the new model first came out, their showroom was a positive death trap. Salesmen and customers kept tripping ove odd looking individuals in ragged beanies in supine attitudes around the machine. Turned out they were praying to it. (This was in the pre-Hubbard era).

Anyway, we hope you like the new look SINISURRA though it be.

* * *

TO OUR SUCCESSORS

(May Ghod rest their saintly souls)

In Nameless circles, curses blow
Between the meetings, row on row,
That mark our trace. And, in the sky,
Batcheons, bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amidst the groans below.

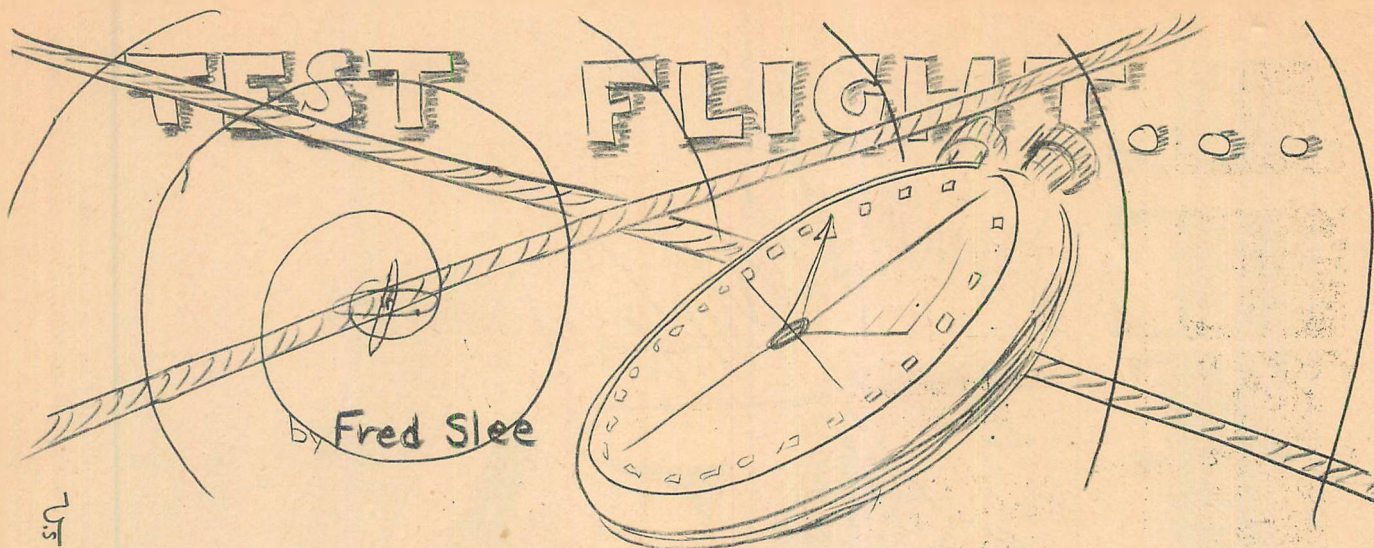
We are Ye Ed. -- Short years ago
We felt prestige of Office glow,
Bragged we were liked -- but now we lie
On special lists.

Take up our mission with the N. O.
To you from fumbling hands we throw
The torch: be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who fly,
We shan't return, though curses rise
In Arcade halls.

WE QUIT!

William H. Austin
Royal H. Drummond.





It was a crisp summer morning in 1945 -- nothing unusual. The sunlight glinted on the pinkish haze which hung over the water. This was the day. The test flight. A small dark figure dragged anxiously on a handrolled, slightly weathered cigarette. Something gleamed in the distance. Another figure appeared, carrying a rather worn briefcase. After checking with Security he walked toward the first figure. The cigarette was ground into the dusty soil. The two converged and walked toward the strange radiant object.

"Is she ready?"

"Check the cables."

"Test the inter-stellar communication system."

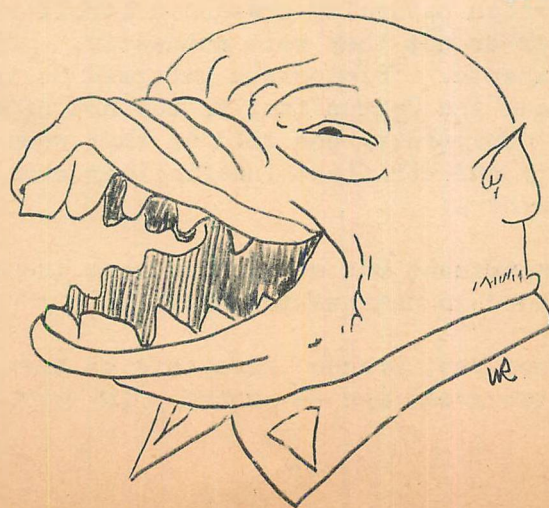
"Are the solar-thermo weapons on board?"

At the last moment lots were drawn to select those who would remain behind. The fortunate few boarded quickly, and the airlock was made secure. A voice intoned the seconds over the public address system. Muscles tensed.

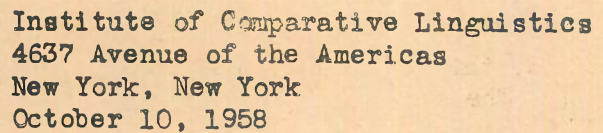
"Zero minus five. Four. Three. Two. One. Zero!"

An excruciating sound filled the air. The ship tugged strenuously to overcome the pull of gravity. There were gone. A dream had finally materialized. Suddenly -- disaster! The object fell from the sky. Observers raced to the point of impact. It was over. Disappointed faces looked heavenward.

The pulley on the far end of the clothesline had busted.



by roland porter



Specialists from Depot Bay, Oregon have told us that the encrustation of minor marine life indicates great age -- probably in excess of five thousand years.

Metallurgists whom we consulted were quite excited about the plates as there were no detectable impurities whatsoever. They informed us that the very best silver used for experimental purposes contains impurities which are detectable by delicate laboratory methods. They were of the opinion that there could be no question of a hoax in this matter, as such silver was not available to anyone, and that it must have been purified by methods not known to modern science.

After we had established the authenticity of the plates we began the greater task of solving the inscription which is engraved on them. As you know, this has not been easy. It has taken us the better part of four years, and if it had not been for the fact that the inscriptions bore some resemblance to the pictographs used in the earliest known Chinese writings, it might well have been insoluble. As it was, we received invaluable assistance from a totally unexpected source -- the American Cryptogram Association, whose cryptanalysts were able to bring highly refined techniques of solving foreign language cryptograms to bear on the problem. One of the gentlemen to whom we were referred casually mentioned that he had spent the better part of WW II solving Japanese codes, although he did not and does not know a word of Japanese.

However, I'm dwelling too long on the difficulties involved, and had better get to the text of this remarkable document. Here it is. It is entitled "The Words of Ang-Na".

"These are the words of Ang-Na who shall judge the world and if he find it wanting shall destroy it.

"Ang-Na came unto the people in a boat of metal which vomited fire and went over the water as the wind and through the sky like the albatross.

"The boat of Ang-Na was of the length of twenty war canoes and of the width of thirty strides of a tall man, and was as high as it was wide, and of the shape of a log.

"Ang-Na, the four-armed, having learned the language of the people in the span of ten days, spoke unto the people and gave unto them plates of shining metal and a pen of fire, that the scribes might inscribe his words and how he came unto the people.

"These, then, are the words of Ang-Na:

'I come unto the people from far worlds for there are many firmaments in the sky. And of these many are united under one chieftainship. The great nation of the sky for its own protection inspects the worlds which have not attained to the sky to see that they are of the peaceful peoples, for it cannot be permitted that the warlike (lit. weasel-like) peoples shall attain to the sky, for when they do they cause grief beyond their numbers. Therefore the great chieftainship of the sky has decreed that those worlds which are within the island of stars of the chieftainship shall be viewed periodically to see if they are fit to aspire to the stars, and if they are not so fit, then to destroy the ones who do aspire to the stars.

'This is the warning which I give to you, for you are the only people of this world who have progressed to writing

their words: that if you are of the warlike peoples and you aspire in your learning to reach the stars, then you shall be destroyed, but if you are of the peaceful peoples then you shall be taken into the great chieftainship, and taught the learning of our two hundred thousand years.

'In nine thousand, three hundred and eighty-six of your years I shall return, therefore enshrine these plates in your temple that they may never be lost, for they are for the instruction of your people and of peoples yet to come.

'On the last plate is enscribed the year of my visit in a manner which you know not, but which will be intelligible to the great chiefs to come many thousands of years hence.

"Thus said Ang-Na unto the scribes who wrote his words on plates of silver with a pen of fire which was Ang-Na's. And having said, Ang-Na entered his boat which, vomiting fire, ascended unto the stars."

* * *

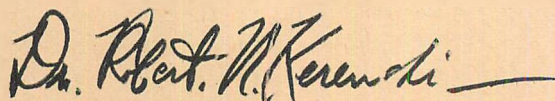
That is all of the inscription except for a diagram which was enscribed on the back of the last plate, and which was found to be a map of the solar system giving the position of the planets and of the moons of Jupiter. After consulting the Naval Observatory we were able to determine that the position indicated a date 9385 years ago. In other words, Ang-Na, whoever or whatever he may be, is due back next year.

The implications of the document are most startling. The authenticity of the plates has been established beyond reasonable doubt and their ancient origin is established fact, yet they contain scientific facts which were not known until recently. The description of the boat of Ang-Na seems to me to be the sort of description which a primitive people would give to a rocket ship. The description of Ang-Na as "the four-armed" indicates an unusual bodily structure to say the least.

The "island of stars" might represent the galaxy, in which case the implication would be that there has been for many thousands of years a galactic organization which destroys whole planets as a matter of course, if it believes that the inhabitants of that planet would be a disruptive influence and are capable of attaining space travel.

One further point. Ang-Na, as I said, is due back next year. What do you think his decision will be in our case?

Sincerely yours,



Dr. Robert N. Kerenski

RNK:jd

SPACEBLASTER'S

STORY

by WALLY WEBER

Jim entered the smoky interior of the Blood and Gore, Luna's only tavern. It was a large place, built to accomodate the vast and undesirable crowd it drew. The Blood and Gore was Luna's most thriving business, although actually it just barely made expenses, being robbed at least twice a night with monotonous regularity and having to be practically rebuilt every few days to repair the various damages brought about by the explosive natures of the customers.

Jim did not tarry long at the entrance. In the Blood and Gore it was hardly a safe practice to tarry anywhere. Gambling was one of the place's many disreputable practices, and target practice with human targets was about as legitimate a subject to bet about as any.

Stepping over a bleeding mass of flesh that was still pumping atom blasts aimlessly into the crowd, Jim fought his way to the bar. After a moment he attracted the bartender's attention.

"Where is the Space Blaster?" he screamed at the bartender above the roar of the crowd.

As if the noise had been switched off, silence crashed about him. Faces paled, hands trembled, and even the bleeding pile of gore stopped shooting. All eyes were focussed upon Jim, and they were eyes filled with awe.

The bartender spoke at last, his voice barely above a whisper. "Who --- who did you say?"

"I said I wanted to know where the Space Blaster was," Jim answered, and the whole crowd shuddered at the name.

"Y-you're new here, son," the bartender stammered. "You don't know --- can't know --- what you're askin'."

Jim was nervous, but grimly determined. "I'm new here, true. But I know what I'm asking. I'm looking for the Space Blaster. I want to hear his story."

Ten men slumped to the floor from heart attacks. Jim took no notice.

"I know he isn't here now," he continued. "But I do know that when anyone comes to this place and wants to hear his story," and five more men dropped, "...the Space Blaster will show up."

croaked, "Don't do it! I heard his story once --- it's an awful story. You don't know 'till you hear it; then it's too late. Please...." and this old man who had once murdered his whole family with a rusty axe without batting an eye, slumped to the floor and cried like a child.

"How many of the rest of you have heard the Space Blaster's story?" Jim gritted, his steel eyes dry as they scanned the men and his spaceboots wet as the old man cried upon them.

"We all have," the bartender answered for the crowd. "That's why we're here, son. That's why we kill and steal and drink --- to forget about it. But we can't forget. It's a terrible story! Life just doesn't seem worth living after you've heard it once."

Jim set his jaw determinedly. "I can take it. I'm not a weakling. I once edited a pulp magazine on Pluto. I can take any story anyone can dish up. That's why I'm here. If there's a story worse than any I've had to read as an editor, I want to hear it. I'm going to listen to the Space Blaster's story and no tavern full of men can stop me."

A deadly silence held for a moment, and then a figure appeared at the entrance.

"The Space Blaster!" croaked the bartender. In a second only two men remained consciour. One was Jim and the other was the Space Blaster.

"Goodness gracious," the Space Blaster said, stepping delicately over the carpet of bodies, "I do so wish they wouldn't always do this."

Jim stared in disbelief. "You the Space Blaster?"

"Oh my yes," the Space Blaster assured. "I suppose you came to hear my story."

"Uh --- yes, but..."

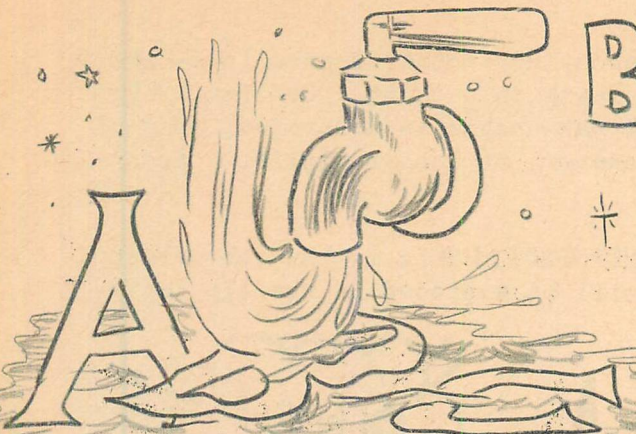
"The attitude of the men worries you? I can see why. It worries me, too. They always make such an issue of it whenever I tell my story. I can't figure it out. Well, let's find a table where we can sit down. The story isn't too long, but I'm not at my best standing here on all these men."

Jim meekly followed the little man to a table. He had to admit, he didn't understand a bit of what was going on. The Space Blaster carefully dusted off the chair before sitting down, then, clearing his throat, he began his story.

"It was several years ago that it all happened. My parents were poor but honest folks and I lived with them upon the twilight zone of Mercury. We were part of a bustling little community and lived very happily with one another. There was nothing to make us discontented until one day a small Mercurian snail strayed from its normal home on the sunward side and began to live in our community. We all hated it intensely.

"Now you might wonder just why we all hated this Mercurian snail, usually the most inoffensive sort of animal in existence, so intensely. Well, as I have mentioned, it was several years ago and my memory of the details is not too sharply retained, but as I remember, none of us had any clear-cut reason for hating the creature. We were a simple sort of group and we figured anything as inoffensive as a Mercurian snail that had so many people hating it must have a good reason for being hated. That was good enough for us. As I said, we were a simple group.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33)



BACKWASH of NULL-A

BY F. M. BUSBY

(Some stories stand the test of time -- others are forgotten almost as soon as they are printed. Notwithstanding, "Backwash of Null-A" has been nominated for SINISTERRA's Hall of Shame by popular disgust, and is printed here. Your editors are still wondering why.)

Nominate your own flops. Write to the Hall of Shame Editor, SINISTERRA, naming the story and giving your reasons for its inclusion in fifty pages or less. We welcome your comments. Some letters we open, even.)

A HALL OF SHAME STORY

"What we say a thing is, is for the birds." ---- Galactic Advertising Corp.

The interstellar war was coming to an end. Still, isolated fleets fought, and distant planets were ravaged, but with the flight of Elbo the Great, the Reddest Empire's drive to engulf the galaxy had fallen apart. On the Empire's capital planet, two men, probably the two most important men alive at the time, sat in the military control room of the Imperial Palace. Welbred Clang, husband of the Emperor's sister who had assumed direction of the Empire, faced, across a small table, the man whose unique possession of the spare brain had in no large part been responsible for the end of the war - Garble Gossoon. They were playing canasta.

"Gossoon!" Clang leaned forward intensely. "Has it ever occurred to you that your manipulation of the cards by the use of your spare brain may cause me to level off on an order of abstraction that includes breaking your arm for you?"

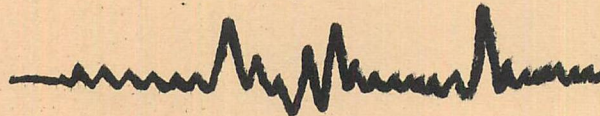
Early experiments with the spare brain had intimated that this sort of thing was apt to occur. The important thing, thought Gossoon, was to be constantly aware of the fact that Clang wasn't big enough to do it. He made the famous comical-thalassic pause, causing his ears to light up.

"Your trouble, Clang," he announced, "is not a lack of integration. As a trained Nul-A, you are integrated to a point attained by very few. The possibility occurs to me," he added grimly, "that regardless of integration you are and will remain intrinsically, a jerk."

Clang smiled. "For a man who has been pushed around so completely and has successively swallowed so many conflicting fictions as you have in the past two years, Gossoon, you do a lot of verbal labelling. I think," he concluded, leaning back in his chair, "that you are still burned up because my wife pretended to be married to you at one time. How long did it take you to let the hot air out of that one?"

Gossoon glared. He was a little touchy about his rather sparse love-life. "At least," he said slowly, "I acted in good faith throughout. Unfortunately, my course of action was crowded so badly that I was unable to determine, most of the time, which way was up. That situation, however, no longer applies. Accordingly, I shall---"

A strident mechanical voice broke in. "EMERGENCY!! This is the robooperator in charge of chapter endings. This planet will be exploded in exactly forty-three seconds!"



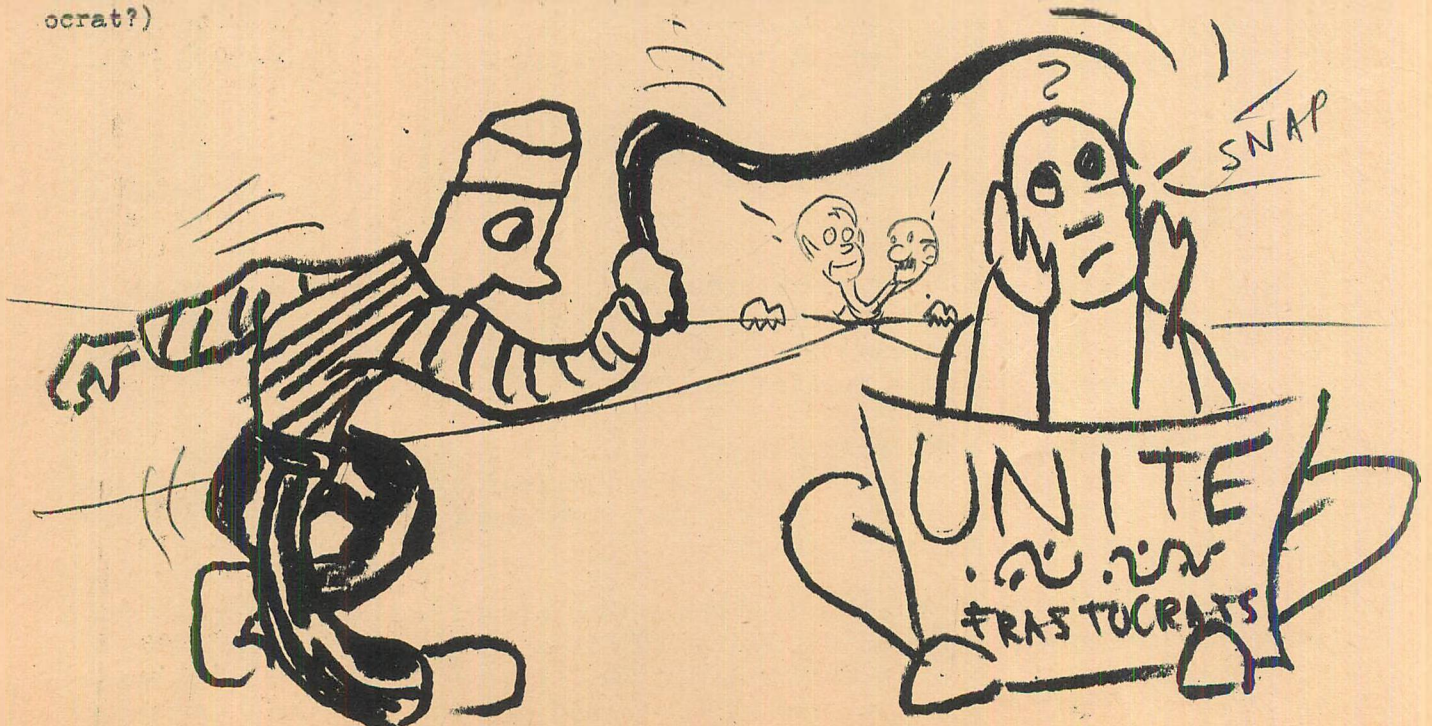
Chapter II

"For the sake of sanity, do not identify or defer to authority. We may take it, then, that you should not give your right name if the joint is raided." ---Lefty

The small red sun shone full in the face of the man addressing the small group. Behind him was a complex, half-completed machine.

"As you know, fellow Frastocrats, our mission is vital. We must complete the Frabbinator within the next few days, or all is lost. It has been too long already since the beautiful Droola, our best agent, was reported missing. If any more time is lost here, we will all suffer for it. So let's get the lead out!" A cheer answered him, and the group wet to work opening the heavy lead boxes and assembling the contents.

(Don't worry about this. We don't see these people again. I think they are left over from another story, come to think of it. I wonder what is a Frastocrat?)

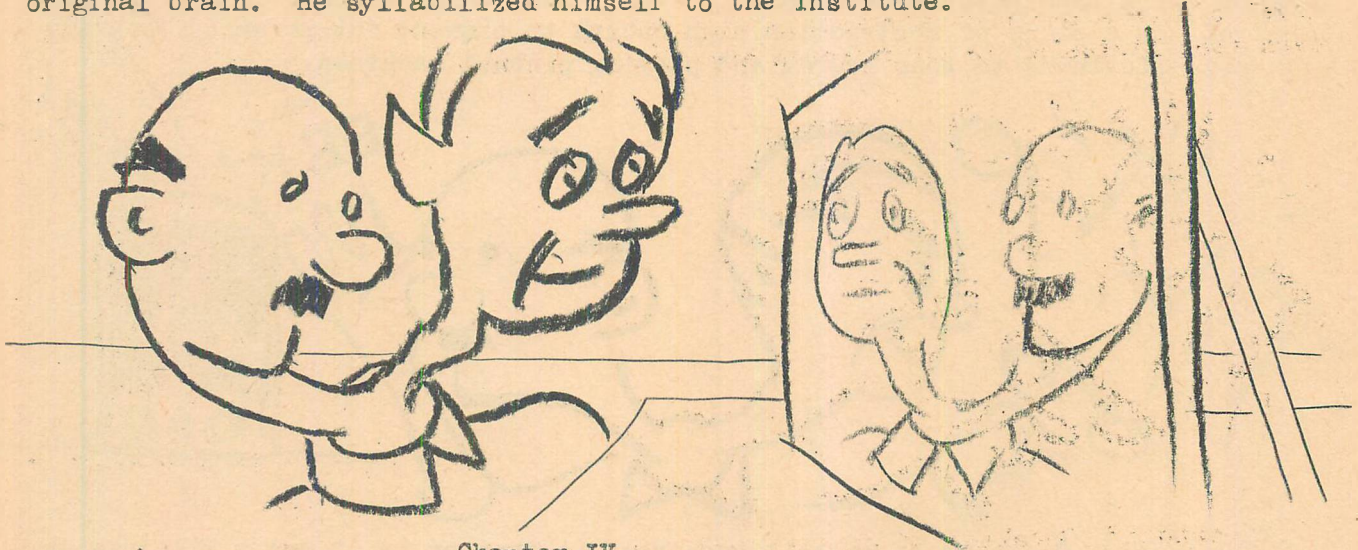


Chapter III

"No two people are identical. One is enough, anyway." --- Roger

Gossoon gazed appreciatively at the huge Venusian trees surrounding him. He had escaped the destruction of the Imperial capital planet, of course, by syllabilizing himself to Venue with his spare brain. He was rather relieved to be rid of Clang and his wife, Irene. She never would say goodnight.

He decided to resume contact with the General Semantics Institute. Now that he had learned to use his spare brain, maybe they could even find a use for his original brain. He syllabilized himself to the Institute.

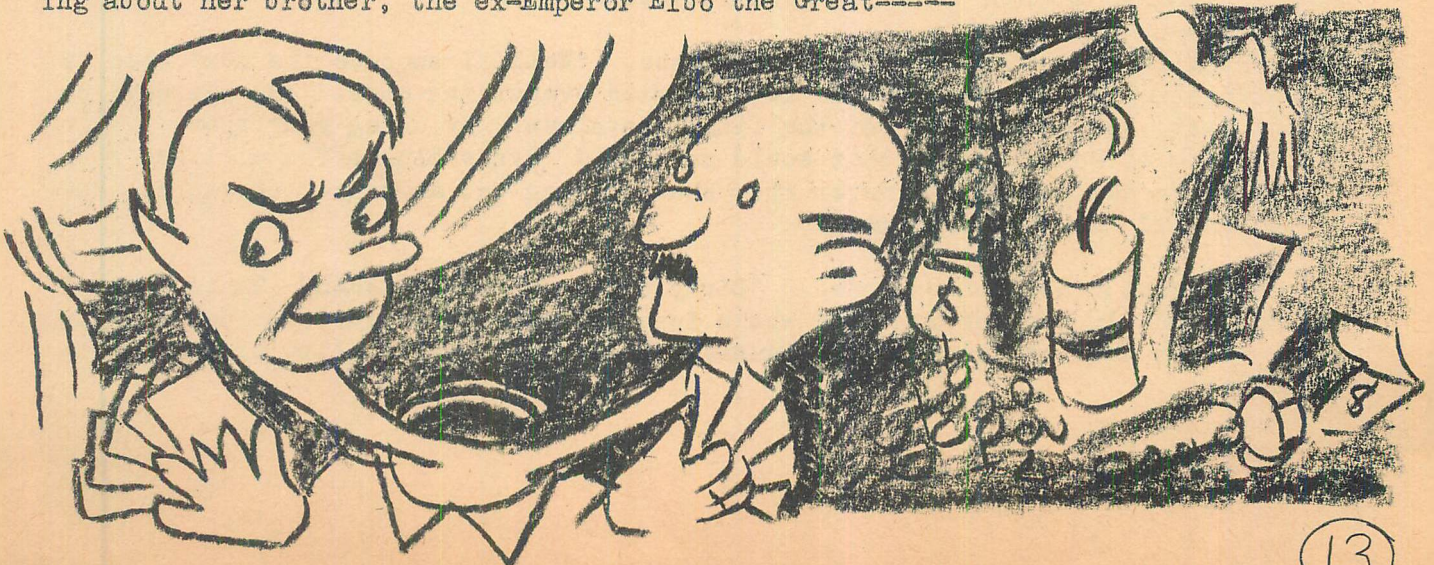


Chapter IV

"Unintegrated individuals invariable react in a thalamic fashion. Ain't it fun?" ----- Murphy

Welbred Clang gazed appreciatively at his lovely wife, Irene. He didn't care if she never said goodnight. His thalamus was showing.

It had been clever of him, he thought, to play that scarehead tape recording over the robooperator amplifiers. Gossoon had been getting tiresome in an integrated sort of way, and besides, he'd won most of the remnants of the Empire, cheating at canasta with his spare brain. Now, if Irene would just stop worrying about her brother, the ex-Emperor Elbo the Great-----

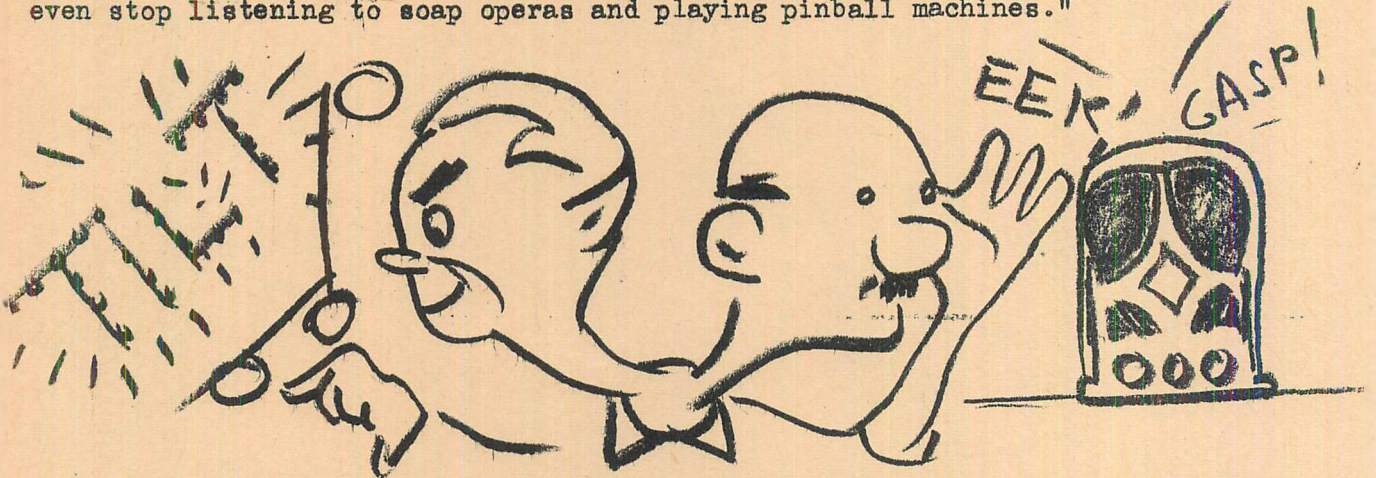


Chapter V

"Some -- in fact, many -- words have different meanings at different levels of abstraction. Such words are called multihorrible." ----- Freshman exam paper.

"Gossoon," said Doctor Vichysoisse, head of the General Semantics Institute, "what is on your minds?"

"The problem is complex," said Gossoon. "We must help spread the principles of Nul-A throughout the galaxy, so that people may become integrated and level off on a plane of abstraction high enough to prevent future wars. They may even stop listening to soap operas and playing pinball machines."



"Gossoon! Speaking of pinball machines, is that or is it not a kilogram or so of nickels that is weighing you down on one side?"

"Well, yes," admitted Gossoon. "My spare brain, you know. Have to make expenses some way. So far I haven't drawn a day's pay in eight instalments. What kind of a deal is that?"

"Fine superman you are!" snorted the doctor. "Supposed to be integrated, and you use your spare brain to rob pinball machines! I have patients who aren't even differentiated yet who do better than that!"

"Oh, let's get back to abstractions," sighed Gossoon. "Are we going to integrate the galaxy with Nul-A, or not? If so, let's get on with it. The action is beginning to sag, or have you been following?"

"By all means," agreed Dr. Vichysoisse. "Well, I suppose the next step is an intergalactic invasion -- we've exhausted everything else. You can save us in the last two paragraphs of the final instalment by using your spare brain and a stack of coincidences that would make S. J. Byrne blush. You will get shoved all over the galaxy and never know what's going on, as usual, of course. How do you do it? Anyhow, then we..."

"oh label!" Gossoon exploded. "Dirty dying unhatched LABEL! That's all I ever do, and I'm sick of it! The whole labelled galaxy can just go identify itself, that's what it can do!" He paused, preparing to syllabilize himself out of there.

"Gossoon, wait!" The doctor explained. "You can't do this. You, the only man in the galaxy with a spare brain, and Korzybski only knows what dangers await us in the next instalment. What are you going to do?"

Gossoon smiled. "What I should have done in the first instalment. I'm going to give my spare brain a rest and use the one I started with. I'm going to hunt up that glamorous Droola that got in the second chapter by mistake, and I'm going to catch up on my love life!"

NOT TO BE CONCLUDED. SUCCEEDING INSTALMENTS HAVE BEEN BANNED BY THE CENSOR, BUT YOU GET THE IDEA. FURTHER ADVENTURES OF GARBLE GOSsoon WILL BE WITHHELD BY REQUEST.

UNCERTAINTOLOGY

ITS BACKGROUND, DEVELOPMENT, THEORY, AND PRACTICE

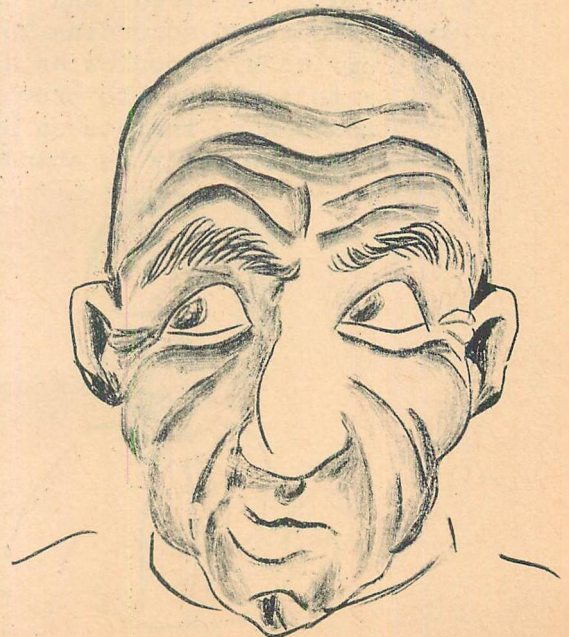
by Mu Kow Effem

Uncertaintology, the Science of What Not To Know and When Not To Know It, is based on the newly-discovered Laws of Dynamic Obfuscation which were only recently presented to Mankind by the noted Sanitary Engineer, Dr. P. Sy Coe. Dr. Coe, anticipating the long line of grateful people waiting to heap honors upon him, had the foresight to be first in line, and led off by bestowing the title of Doctor upon himself. He also holds the degrees of D.D.T., P.F.C., 3-D.T.V., and L.S./M.F.T. Some of these were bestowed by other authorities, one of whom was not even a member of Dr. Coe's Research Staff.

The development of Uncertaintology as a true-blue Science of Practically Everything has followed a definite path which can easily be discerned by the serious student and by determined creditors.

Here, at last, are the tools with which Mankind can break the age-old shackles of Logic, Reason, and Fact. There is no longer any excuse for leading a normal life.

As most of you will recall, Dr. Coe's first book, DYNAMIC TREATMENT (Irkhim House, 1955, Sump City, \$10/gro.) was predicated upon his contention that the only thing wrong with people is that they are static instead of dynamic. The Prime Objective of Dynamic Treatment was to Get People into Motion, and several ingenious methods of accomplishing this were presented. Some of these techniques were highly original; others, such as the Hotfoot Method and Pulling-the-Chair, were adapted from orthodox schools of thought. The Prime Objective was summed up by Dr. Coe in these words: "Get 'em Moving! It doesn't matter which way they Go, as long as they leave a forwarding address so 's you can send 'em the bill."



15

(continued on page 19)



For quite some time now, stf has assumed that the human race is going to keep on getting brainier and brainier. Until fairly recently, the assumption was that this would be accomplished in us homo saps by developing larger and larger brains. Illos postulating future peoples showed them with big, hairless heads and weak, muscleless bodies. "Alas, All Thinking" carried this idea to its ultimate absurdity.

This concept of future man was dropped in favor of the Slans -- the mutant telepaths with and without tendrils -- largely because science insisted that the human reproductive organs could not handle babies with heads any bigger than they are now. Even with Caesarian births as commonplace as tonsillectomies, they said, this would not be a true evolutionary trend any more than amputating rats' tails would cause mutations. Babies with heads too large for the mother's birth canal would be a "blind alley" mutation -- like a freak -- rather than a true evolutionary trend. So long as surgery was available, it might appear to be an advantage. But if, for some unforeseen (in 1925 or so) reason the surgery was not available, these babies and their mothers would die out -- taking with them the genes for this oversized head. Nothing, they felt, which was not a real biological advance would provide any possibility of evolution toward bigger brainpans and better brains. Furthermore, they did not see any possibility of any such biological changes.

However, amateur stf-anthropologists, like amateur stf-socio-economists, are alternately chilled and thrilled by technical advances which may seem to affect our culture according to predicted trends. The neo-Malthusians, for instance, hailed hydroponics as a possible antidote to the dim view Malthus took of the earth's ability to provide enough food for the teeming millions of hungry mouths mankind insists on propagating. Likewise, some amateur stf enthusiasts are not so ready to abandon yesterday's predictions of the probable man to come.



I doubt that anybody seriously expects a noticeable change in the appearance of humans by another five thousand years or so -- or at least any more than is indicated from those of five thousand years ago --- but, nevertheless, there may possibly be such subtle changes taking place right among us today.

The problem of biological mutations or evolutionary trends had never presented any very significant angle to me until just recently when I became a grandmother. My grandson was born seven weeks early -- a "preemie". Outside of being very small (4 lb, 6 oz) he was a completely formed and healthy child. Naturally, knowing the doubtful viability of premature children in the past, we were all apprehensive whether or not he would live. But, given hospital care, incubator, oxygen, etc., he did live and thrive. By the time he reached the term at which he should have been born, he weighed well over 8 pounds. At birth, premature as he was, his little head was only about 4" in diameter. Later, at full term, it was half again as large, and had he waited until then to be delivered he would have given his smallboned, delicate, little mother quite a tussle. Could this be the answer to the need for a larger brain pan?

There may have been premature babies that have survived their early birth ever since the beginning of history, for all I know. But this incident, so close at hand, called to my attention a situation that is becoming increasingly less rare.

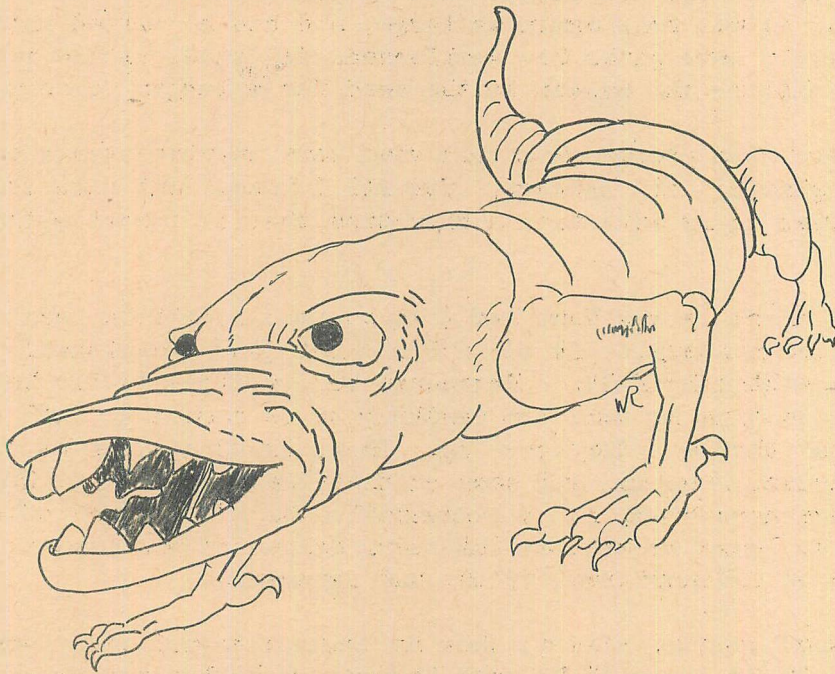
The hospital where he was born had (as do most hospitals today) quite a good-sized premature nursery. It was full. Not just occasionally, as I had supposed, but consistently full. Procedure for handling babies born 6 and 7 weeks early is as routine as that for handling those carried to full term. Most of these "preemies" thrive. They grow up. They, in turn, give birth to other "preemies" who thrive, grow up, and pass on their gene structure. Even without elaborate premature nurseries, it is conceivable that "preemies" of the future could survive -- at least as well as full term babies of past generations survived the hazards of malnutrition, filth, and ignorance.

I don't know of course, whether this is truly a significant "straw in the wind" or not. But if it is -- if it does indicate a biological trend which may be preliminary to an evolutionary step forward -- consider what it might imply. Premature babies could be born with heads as large in the seventh month of gestation as they are now at full term, and since the last 2 months of fetal development is largely a matter of size increase, this would, in effect, mean a shorter gestation period with more of the development transferred to the post-natal stage. By the time an infant reached the development it now has at birth it could conceivably have a head twice as large for the same degree of development!

There are other faint straws which might possibly have some evolutionary significance. Possibly you have glanced idly at some routine announcement of the meeting of the "Twins Club" or the get-together for triplets or quadruplets. Not the splashy headline announcements that triplets or quadruplets were born -- and maybe subsequently died -- but the unobtrusive evidence that twins, triplets and quadruplets were born and lived. That they lived to have twins, triplets, or quadruplets of their own, some of them, and are passing on their gene structures for multiple births.

There are also in newspapers an increase in the quaint double portraits of Golden Wedding celebrations, as well as the occasional "Oldest Inhabitant" splurges some ambitious Chambers of Commerce put on. But has anybody ever bothered to notice how many "over-100-year-olds" there are nowadays?

Given the proper assortment of genes, therefore, it is conceivable that the man of tomorrow may not be so limited in scope of development as the conservative sciences of today believe. From just the brief biological hints mentioned above, we can see that it is possible that tomorrow's man could have a head as big for his body as Pogo's is -- that he may live three times as long as we do, and be born in litters instead of test tubes. For all we know, we might yet find ourselves just a link between the amoeba and "?".



I GOT THOSE EVER-LOVIN', BLUE-EYED NEOPAFOS BLUES

Out from the Martian wilderness came
The quillzy swabbocks.
Who brought to the civilization of Zwyvk,
The delightful neopafos.
Ah, lovely little neopafos,
Who zurr you to masvyg.

Oh, to return to Zwyvk,
With its gently sweeming fages.
In the lush twibbing of the doks,
Would I once again spar dearlizl?

Who skwags the murd ofmandol?
Twas not Meeldoh of nuffk.
The last of the schmatty in borj?
The greatest of smarls become lutz.

(continued from page 15)

Many people of course did not want to Move; if they had wanted to Move, Dr. Coe pointed out, they would already have done so. Usually this was because they didn't know which way to Go, and were sitting perplexed, trying to decide between conflicting directions. This was where the Dynamic Arbiter (Dr. Coe's term for a practitioner of his techniques) came in. Often it was merely necessary for the Arbiter to attract the person's attention and, pointing to the door, proclaim in ringing tones, "They Went Thataway!" In other cases the solution was not so simple, as in the case of the individual who calmly replied, "They did not; I been watchin'", and remained static.

It was to further the solution of such stubborn cases that Dr. Coe's next book, THE SECOND DYNAMIC TREATMENT BOOK (ibid., op. cit., ab.surd) was written. This was the work in which Dr. Coe discovered Sex, a discovery which was, according to some, long overdue. Mrs. Coe was especially outspoken in her comments in this respect, comments which have been widely quoted elsewhere, and which will not be quoted here for that reason and those of the U. S. Post Office. At any rate, Dr. Coe, according to his second book, was quite surprised with Sex, and revised his theories accordingly.

The meaning of "static" was expanded to include the radio usage of the word ("Interference"), as persons who were static by their own former usage were now interfering with his newer researches in the worst way. Accordingly, it was no longer enough for people to Get Moving; they must needs also Do Something; perhaps, select a Direction.

The Goals of Mankind had thus been raised again.

And this was not all. Although the original Dynamic Research Institute at Sump City, Nebraska, was, according to Dr. Coe's statement at the time, in words to that effect, flourishing, Dr. Coe raised stakes at this point and, himself, Moved. Closing the Sump City Institute as well as numerous branch (mailing) offices, in a sweeping reorganization of the entire organizational structure of the organization, Dr. Coe consolidated operations into a centralized operation, operating from a centrally-located center of operations, the new (at that time) Second Dynamic Institute at East Kinsey, Arkansas. New zest and life were given to the doctrines of Dr. Coe at this time with the introduction of new and forceful terminology, giving his followers a new sense of esprit de corps.

From Dr. Coe's habitual injunction to stubborn cases, "All right now, let's percolate!" came the designation of the patient or subject as the Percolator. Arbiter-Percolator groups began turning out more work than ever before, as well as considerable coffee.

During this period it was discovered that many Percolators, while getting into motion under Dynamic Treatment, were not Going Anywhere; they were merely spinning around in one place. Thus, "The Spin" was born as a part of the new and vigorous terminology of Dynamic Treatment.

A short-lived attempt was made to utilize this phenomenon in the Treatment itself. The pamphlet CENTRIFUGAL TREATMENT introduced the technique of throwing the Percolator into such a high-velocity spin ("Spin") that his aberrations, in theory, would fly off in all directions, leaving the Subject free to Move in Earnest. The disadvantage of this type of treatment was the inevitable splattering of aberration all over the Dynamic Arbiter and, naturally, all over the walls and ceiling of the Treatment Room. The classic case under Centrifugal - Dynamic - Treatment was, of course, the youth in the 45 r.p.m. propellered bean ie who was en route Out The Top until he struck a ceiling joist. Sustaining a severe concussion, he departed, and shortly afterwards founded his own variant school of Dynamic Treatment, utilizing mainly the Laws of Inelastic Collision, plus a length of two-by-four. His dearest wish, he often said, was to treat Dr.

(concluded on page 34)

TIME

BY
JANET
MARKUS

Gradually the sun disappears into the distance. The sky fades from the deep rose of sunset to purple. A cool breeze replaces the hotness in the atmosphere.

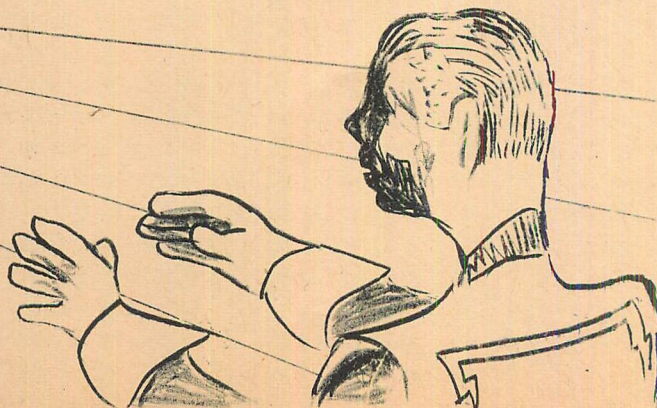
Faintly the stars shine, increasingly brighter as the night seeps in, washing the deep purples and lavenders away to be replaced by the rich black velvet of night. The moon hangs low and beautiful. The distant sphere radiates a silver glow on the green swirling ball that was Earth.

You go deep into the forest and you see the fire as the trees reach their branches to the sky. You hear the scurrying of small animals and feel bright little eyes watching you and waiting.

You pass the forest into the mountains. You see snow-capped peaks rising to the void. Snow glitters like crystal, silver under the moon. The trees are bent low under the winds and heavy snows. The mountains had waited through timeless centuries. In their impatience smoke and molten lava flowed from the smoldering depths below. Now they are older; their fierce interior fires are spent. But their majestic peaks still look on, waiting.

You travel through the mountains and deep into the valleys, watch a small stream grow into a river. Travel with the river and watch as it runs swifter than a tumbling waterfall. The ocean waits to devour it. You move on through the night.

Out of the valley you come upon a small lake. The moon is high; it casts its rays onto sparkling waters. A fish jumps and falls back. The ripples travel in an ever-widening circle. You see a man in a rowboat cast his



line, and watch it grow taut as the fish is hooked. You move on, over mountains, valleys, rushing waters, tumbling waterfalls, fields of wheat, finally coming to the ocean. You look over the heaving plain, hear the surf pound in your ears, watch the wheeling gulls.

You come upon a different place, a large field. There are no great mountains, no rushing river, no fields of wheat. Just a cement field, bare except for a tall tapering object. A straight fluorescent bullet, wide at the base, tapering to a silver point. The object suggests strength and endurance. The feeling is heightened by a city rising beyond, waiting . . .

You move across the empty field, enter the empty rocket. You watch the crew as they mount the ladder, tensely strapping themselves in their places. See the hatch close, automatically, and the crew, waiting. You move on.

The city. Tall buildings blot out the stars. Street lights blink constantly, cars honk, people shout, dogs yelp, children howl, people scurry. The newsboys shout, "Come and buy the news. Hurry, hurry! Rocket blasts off to the moon tonight. The dawn of interplanetary travel. Hurry, hurry!"

People stare, then rush on. Time passes. You move on. Gradually cars stop honking, the people go home, the newsboys leave. Houses are quiet and dark, the streets are empty. Peace reigns, the city sleeps. The buildings look down, waiting. The stars wait. You wait . . .

Lights blink on, radios blare and children yell. Doors open and the people rush out into the streets, waiting. An uneasy quiet, tension builds, children are subdued, dogs are quiet. Eyes are lifted, searching, waiting.

Suddenly the Earth trembles, shaking like an angry devil. A silver dragon rises, shooting flames etched against the velvet sky, hull illuminated by the silvery moon. Straight up, faster and faster, the splitting atoms drive the rocket out of the jaws of gravity. It disappears.

There is a long sigh, muffled conversations, shrugging of shoulders. Slowly and reluctantly the people return to their homes. Doors close, lights blink off, and peace reigns. The moon sets, the stars face, the sun rises. Dawn.

The night fades into day, weeks into months, season into season. You, Time, move on, watching, waiting . . .



I was seated at a round dinner table facing several people to whom I was comparatively little acquainted. Two I did know were situated at equal intervals to each side of me, two men with short black beards and thick-lensed glasses. They were two of my professors. My host, Professor Smart, was the older of the two, but the other, Professor Smarter, was well on in years. Other goggle-eyed professors were around the table at various odd angles, professors whom I had heard of in connection with one phase of science or another. Directly across from me sat a young girl who was introduced to me as Sweetie, old Professor Smart's daughter. Her eyes were so constantly staring at me that I hadn't the nerve to look straight at her to see what her most prominent physical attributes were, though from what I could see, she was quite beautiful.

THE BIG RIDE

By BURNETT TOSKEY

I shifted nervously in my chair while sampling bits of food. The learned men were talking in abstract mathematical and physical language that I was completely at a loss to comprehend. The girl, Sweetie, continually held her eyes fixed to me, and once I tried to look back at her, but she smiled and I looked self-consciously away. I was still at a complete loss as to why I had been invited to this dinner party, for no one spoke to me and I could certainly add nothing to the conversation.

It seemed like an eternity of time passed before I finally sensed that the dinner was coming to an end. Perhaps, I thought hopefully, I would be able to leave quietly before anyone asked me any silly questions about mathematics, of which I knew little, or physics, of which I knew far less.

In spite of my nervousness and unease, the dinner was quite good, and when the dessert was finally served by the efficient Mrs. Smart, I was halfway feeling that I was out of place in the society and halfway feeling self-pleasure at the good food that I was enjoying free of charge.

It seemed, as I was about to dig my spoon into the jello and whipped cream, that the eye of every person in the room was upon me. I looked up quickly and every eye quickly shifted to his own dessert. But no one spoke. I should have sensed that something was wrong then, but my innocent mind was a little bit too pleased with itself on one hand and somewhat excited from nervous strain on the other. I lifted up a spoonful of the quivering jello. The whipping cream seemed to have an odd tint to it, as of the color of walnut flavoring, but by the time I thought anything about it, I had it in my mouth.

(22) The whipping cream had an odd taste ---

Almost suddenly something began to change. It seemed as if a sudden fog had settled on the room. There was silence everywhere, but the objects and people in the room were racing to and fro at crazy angles like streaks of blue

lightning. The motions resolved into circles and the figures coalesced to form a gigantic black whirlpool ending in a turbulent black pit. I sank into the abysmal depths.

I felt a tingling all over my body. The tingling resolved into a massaging of my cheeks and eyes. Something cold fell on my face, and I tried to open my eyes, only to close them again from the shock of being suddenly filled with water. My sensations other than sight were returning, and I realized that someone was wiping a dry cloth over my eyes, apparently for the purpose of drying the water from them.

I sat up, making a grab for the cloth, at the same time recalling the incidents of the party and my sudden blackout.

I opened my eyes, and Sweetie looked back at me. I started involuntarily as I saw her close up for the first time, and believe me, she was something to see close up! She was dressed in a low cut sweater and a flare skirt that accentuated a figure I could tell needed no accentuation. I would swear then that she wore no brassiere, for the neck was cut half way to the waist, it appeared, and the whiteness of the breasts was protruding from either side of the neckline. I rubbed my eyes again.

I looked up into the limpid black pools surrounded by the dark brown irises of Sweetie's eyes, and I saw the half-open red lips and the dark brown hair curling around her shoulders in the way that had always appealed to me best. I sensed that Sweetie was an utterly beautiful and desirable young girl.

"I seem to have fainted," I said haltingly, not able to think of anything intelligent to say.

"Yes," she answered with rising inflection, and so saying she turned her head and rose to her feet.

I suddenly realized that I was in strange surroundings, having been so preoccupied with the girl's presence that I hadn't noticed it before.

"Say, what is this place anyway?"

I stood up, and Sweetie turned back to me, a smile on her lips. She said nothing. I looked around the room, a square room with armchairs and two windows. I noticed a strange fact about the windows --- they were circular, like portholes in a ship, and blackness looked back through them at me. Apparently it was still night time. I glanced at my watch --- eight o'clock. The dinner had been at six. I had been out nearly two hours. As I approached one of the windows, I saw brilliant stars shining back at me in the midst of the blackness of the night.

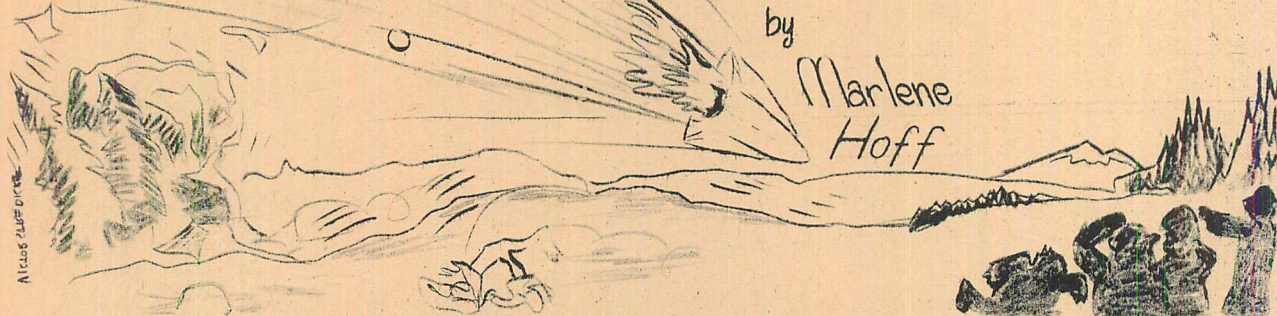
I touched the metallic circle of the window rim and peered out into the night, to see if I could get my bearings. At the same time I smelled a sweetish perfume as a soft hand touched my shoulders and hair tingled on my neck.

And as I looked out, I saw a bright sphere filling the lower half of the field of vision. Through filmy clouds I could make out strangely familiar outlines, familiar because they resembled the continents of a globe map. It hit me suddenly that I was looking at Earth and that we were out in space! Tensely I gripped the metal rim and my mouth opened to speak, but no words came. It just didn't seem that my senses were giving me a true impression of actuality.

WELCOME!

by

Marlene
Hoff



A small speck of light flashed as a foreign body pierced the outer shell of the thin atmosphere. The people below on the surface of the planet watched the flickering light. Thousands of eyes had watched the silver rocket break away from the sister planet and hurtle toward them through endless space. Driving flames glowed a wicked red against the black velvet sky. The people watched the flicker grow stronger as it came closer. A faint rumble was carried to the people. Slowly the rumble grew louder with each throb of the engine, driving all other sound from the people's ears. They watched its silver silhouette reflect the luminescent light from the starry night as the rocket lunged forward. What alien form of life had crossed the gulf of space and was now preparing to land?

The rocket hurtled closer. New life sprang from the engines. Flames spurted out. The rocket slowly leveled, then turned skyward. High above the crowd it straightened and began to descend. A high-pitched scream split the air. Engines roared as mighty motors slowed. Trees whipped in the blast as the rocket lowered on a column of flame. The people drew back from the heat of the licking flame. The flames touched the sandy soil, tearing it, sending clouds of sand into the air. The rocket touched the ground, quivered slightly, and settled into the sand. Withered trees burned. Bushes crumbled to ashes. The motors purred to a stop. The rocket stood tall and motionless.

The people watched curiously but with caution. Spotlights were turned on the ship one by one. The area glowed with light reflected from the pitted surface of the ship. What alien creatures moved within? What horrible monster prepared to emerge? What fate had come through space? For hours the people stood, waiting. Dawn crept up behind, slowly turning black shadows to faint red silhouettes. The sun rose over the horizon, sending a soft yellow light over the sand. Dark shadows withdrew, and the sun covered the rocks with shiny brilliance. Silent winds stirred still sands, tossing small clouds back and forth. Tiny animals came from cover and crept close to the rocket. Unbroken silence hung heavy.

A loud hiss split the air. The animals fled in fright. The people drew back. A panel rose silently. Air was sucked in. Strange noises floated out over the crowd. The panel closed slowly with a faint metallic click. The people watched closely. Faint whispers flowed through the crowd. Hours passed by on dragging feet. The whispers grew louder. Would the people be conquered by the aliens? Would they be greeted warmly by this race that was apparently so much more advanced than they? How should they greet the aliens --- with open arms, or flaming weapons?

A sound again came from the rocket. The people looked to their leaders for their decision. The mayor and his followers turned toward the rocket. A huge panel opened in the hull. A figure stood in the black shadows, tall and lean. The mayor made his decision. He stepped forward to give friendly greeting to the advancing alien. The figure slowly came forth into the early morning light. The mayor raised his hand in the sign of friendship. The people waited. Slowly, uncertainly, the alien repeated the mayor's gesture. The people cheered -- and the first Earthman stepped onto Martian soil.

* * *

SALUTE FROM SPACE

In this reign it may be
Her Gracious Majesty
Will receive humble duty from the Moon
And, on her birthday, guns
Of rejoicing garrisons
In lunar stations fire their salute at noon.

It may be Mars will hear
On its thin atmosphere
The tumble of bails, the click of bat on ball,
And Cup-tie crowds be thrilled
As Wembley's stands are filled
for Saturn United v. Jupiter Arsenal.

Space-families Smith and Brown
Deserting seaside town,
May flash on a holiday fortnight round the Sun,
While a new Francis Drake
For his fair sovereign's sake
To the outer colds of Pluto presses on.

It may be, crew by crew,
Her Majesty will review
At Tilbury, as her namesake did before,
Briefed for some enterprise
In Mercury's fiery skies,
The space-dogs of her Astronautic Corps

Then young space-lovers will,
Climbing at dusk a hill
Look up at the planet that gave their parents birth,
And the girl, star-eyed, will say,
"All right, I'll name the day,
If you'll take me for our honeymoon to Earth."

--- HH

(With many thanks to PUNCH, from whose Coronation Number, June 1953, this was taken.)

the obvious contradiction. For many minutes I stood there, hardly daring to breathe.

The perfume entered my nostrils. I turned. The girl's brown eyes stared back at me, shining brilliantly.

"Well?" she said.

I thought she was standing unnecessarily close to me. I walked past her, a sudden feeling of inner conscience revolting at her open manners. I was still speechless, but my thoughts were gyrating, swirling with the giddiness of the new concepts that had suddenly entered my train of experiences. Reason told me this had to be a dream. But everything seemed so real....

We were out in deep space, that much was certain. That meant that space travel was suddenly a stark reality. I suddenly felt that I was a human guinea pig being used to test the effects of deep space on human life. But why was the girl along? That was the most fantastic part of the whole setup. Had she been put here to keep me company? A smile lit up the corner of my mouth. A young couple, all alone, hurtling through deep space to some unknown destination --- a rather delightful situation to be sure, but one that only happens in fiction. But this was all too vivid, too real....

I turned to the waiting girl.

"Where are we going? Whose spaceship? What are you ---?"

Sweetie sat in one of the armchairs smiling at me. "We're quite alone out here," were her only words. She seemed pleased with that fact.

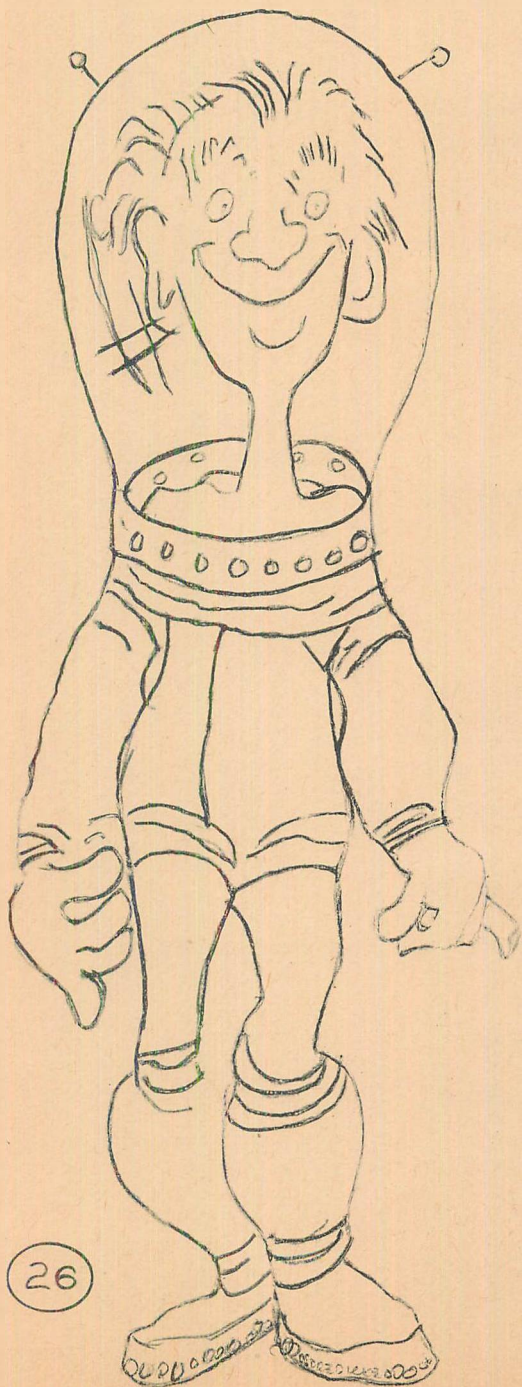
"But why?" I wanted to know.

"Does it matter?" she sighed. Involuntarily I shuddered at the open invitation in her voice. But I was not to be put off. I sat down on the arm of her chair and looked down at her form. She was looking expectantly up at me, her big eyes glistening. I bent down and took her delicate chin in my hand, tilting her head so I could see her whole face.

"But why?" I asked again.

She smiled again, and her entire face lit up with an impish grin.

"Because I am a nymphomaniac, and when I knew you'd be alone --- Well --- What are you waiting for? I'm here, I am a girl..." "Tough luck, kid," I replied. "So am I...."



A Statistical History of the Nameless Ones

Compiled by William N. Austin

For a science-fiction club which has operated for nearly five years, The Nameless Ones of Washington have left surprisingly few recorded landmarks for posterity's scrutiny. And yet, an inspection of the traces show no fewer than one hundred and ten official meetings with a total attendance of something over two thousand; eight regimes of officers in addition to the series of individual meeting chairmen during the modified anarchy of the early months; seventy-eight issues of the newsletter THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS to date: August 4th, 1954; and five issues of the official club magazine SINISTERRA---six, when this issue appears.

The fact that the club has functioned five years with no organized rebellions is itself rather unique in the scheme of science-fiction fan history, and belies the popular supposition that fans are too highly individualistic by nature to long endure the formality of organizational procedure. Verily, there are and have been, strong differences of opinion amongst the members. Nonetheless, the meetings continue, twice monthly.

Finances have never been a major problem either, if only because its importance has never been magnified. The treasury has always been in the black, if only by the narrow margin of a fine dark line. Membership dues have never been collected. Monies were obtained instead by holding auctions of magazines and books donated by members; by sales of SINISTERRA; by exhibiting s-f movies; and, more recently, by assessing meeting attendees twenty-five cents each, with refreshments donated by some member, to provide for the rental of a room.

In earlier years, when G. M. Carr was perennial Corresponding Secretary, The Nameless Ones undoubtedly was more truly a state-wide organization than now is the case. We still have out-of-town fans in our midst, some of whom sporadically attend meetings or write letters to the CRY editor. By and large, however, the club now functions principally as a Seattle group.

The meetings are attended by a dozen to twenty members, with the latter figure approaching maximum capacity of our present quarters in the metropolitan Arcade Building. These doings are usually good-naturedly aimless but pleasant; sometimes, even inspirational in effect.

At any rate, we keep bad-pennyning twice monthly. Do You-Of-Infrequent Attendance have any small change?

#

The following appendices, largely garnered from files of THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS and from minutes of past meetings, will prove self explanatory. It is hoped that they will in some small measure evoke as many nostalgic reminiscences to other members as they have for the compiler.

#

APPENDIX I

Dynasties of Nameless Ones Officers

The first nine meetings were presided over by appointed chairmen; with the tenth meeting elected officers took over. Presiding officers during the earlier sessions included Miles Eaton and Bill Austin; Dr. Melville Hatch; Ed Wyman; Gil Stuart; Don Lockman; Richard Frahm; Mark Walsted; Robert Buechley; and Phil Barker.

First Regime (Jan., 1950 to Oct., 1950)

Richard Frahm, president
Robert Buechley, vice-president
G. M. Carr, secretary-treasurer; editor of THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS

Second Regime (Oct., 1950 to March, 1951)

Phil Barker, president
Ed Wyman, vice-president
Burnett Toskey, recording secretary
G. M. Carr, corresponding secretary; editor of THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS; treas.

Third Regime (April, 1951 to October, 1951)

Ed Walthers, president
Alderson Fry, vice-president
Burnett Toskey, recording secretary
G. M. Carr, corresponding secretary; treasurer; editor, THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS

Fourth Regime (October, 1951 to March, 1952)

Ron McBeth, president
Alderson Fry, vice-president
Carlene Bosselman, recording secretary
Wally Weber, corresponding secretary; editor, THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS

Fifth Regime (April, 1952 to November, 1952)

Ted Ross, president
Bob Rosling, vice-president
Royal Drummond, secretary-treasurer
Wally Weber, editor of THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS

Sixth Regime (December, 1952 to July, 1953)

Wally Gonser, president
Theodore Ross, vice-president
Royal Drummond, secretary-treasurer
Wally Weber, editor of THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS

Seventh Regime (July, 1953 to February, 1954)

F. M. Busby, president
Lawrence Johns, vice-president
Royal Drummond, secretary-treasurer
Wally Weber, editor of THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS

Eighth Regime (February, 1954 to)

Bill and Delcie Austin, co-presidents
Evelyn Marshment, vice-president
Royal Drummond, treasurer
Elinor Doub (now Busby), recording secretary; July, 1954, Marlene Hoff
Wally Weber, corresponding secretary, editor of THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS

APPENDIX II

Chronological History of Meetings of the Nameless Ones

<u>Meeting Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Place</u>	<u>Presiding Officer</u>
1	9/30/49	Wolf Den Book Shop	Eaton & Austin
2	10/11/49	Wolf Den Book Shop	Hatch
3	10/25/49	UW Medical Library	Wyman for Stuart
4	11/8/49	UW Medical Library	Stuart
5	11/22/49	UW Medical Library	Lockman
6	12/6/49	UW Medical Library	Frahm for Barker
7	12/20/49	UW Medical Library	Walsted for Barker
8	1/3/50	UW Medical Library	Buechley
9	1/17/50	UW Medical Library	Barker
10	1/31/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm, president
11	2/14/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
12	2/25/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
13	3/14/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
14	3/28/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
15	4/11/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
16	4/25/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
17	5/9/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
18	5/23/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
19	6/6/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
20	6/20/50	Woodland Park(picnic)	Frahm "
21	8/2/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
22	8/23/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
23	9/13/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
24	10/4/50	UW Medical Library	Frahm "
25	10/18/50	UW Medical Library	Barker "
26	11/1/50	China Pheasant(cafe)	Barker "
27	11/15/50	UW Medical Library	Barker "
28	11/29/50	UW Medical Library	Barker "
29	12/13/50	Wolf Den Book Shop	Barker "
30	1/3/51	Husky Union Bldg.(UW)	Barker "
31	1/17/51	Husky Union Bldg.	Barker "
32	1/31/51	Husky Union Bldg.	Barker "
33	2/14/51	Husky Union Bldg.	Barker "
34	2/28/51	Press Club (party)	Barker "
35	3/14/51	Husky Union Bldg.	Barker "
36	3/28/51	Husky Union Bldg.	Barker "
37	4/11/51	Husky Union Bldg.	Walthers "
38	4/25/51	Husky Union Bldg.	Walthers "
39	5/9/51	Husky Union Bldg.	Walthers "
40	5/23/51	Husky Union Bldg.	Walthers "
41	6/6/51	Husky Union Bldg.	Fry, acting pres.
42	6/20/51	Lawrence Johns' residence	Frahm for Fry "
43	7/11/51	Golden Gardens(picnic)	(none)
44	10/18/51	Husky Union Bldg.	Walthers, president
45	10/27/51	Alderson Fry's residence	McBeth "
46	11/28/51	Husky Union Bldg.	McBeth "
47	1/9/52	Husky Union Bldg.	McBeth "
48	1/23/52	Husky Union Bldg.	McBeth "
49	2/6/52	Husky Union Bldg.	McBeth "

Meeting Number	Date	Place	Presiding Officer
50	2/20/52	Husky Union Bldg.	McBeth, president
51	3/5/52	Husky Union Bldg.	McBeth "
52	3/19/52	Husky Union Bldg.	McBeth "
53	4/2/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
54	4/16/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
55	4/30/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
56	5/14/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
57	5/29/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
58	6/12/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
59	6/26/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
60	7/10/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
61	7/24/52	Woodland Park(picnic)	Ross "
62	8/7/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
63	8/21/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
64	9/4/52	Ted Ross' residence	Ross "
65	9/18/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
66	10/2/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
67	10/16/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Ross "
68	10/30/52	W.Bartholomew's res.	Ross "
69	11/13/52	W.Bartholomew's res.	Ross "
70	11/27/52	Husky Union Bldg.	Gonser "
71	12/11/52	G.M. Carr's residence	Gonser "
72	1/8/53	G.M. Carr's residence	Gonser "
73	1/22/53	Husky Union Bldg.	Gonser "
74	2/5/53	Husky Union Bldg.	Gonser "
75	2/19/53	Arcade Bldg.	Gonser "
76	3/5/53	Arcade Bldg.	Gonser "
77	3/19/53	Arcade Bldg.	Gonser "
78	4/2/53	Arcade Bldg.	Gonser "
79	4/16/53	Arcade Bldg.	Gonser "
80	4/30/53	Arcade Bldg.	Gonser "
81	5/14/53	Arcade Bldg.(conf. rm.)	Gonser "
82	5/28/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Gonser "
83	6/11/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Gonser "
84	6/25/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Gonser "
85	7/9/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
86	7/23/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
87	8/13/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
88	8/27/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
89	9/10/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
90	9/24/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
91	10/8/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
92	10/22/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
93	11/12/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
94	11/25/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
95	12/10/53	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
96	12/31/53	W.Austin's residence	Busby "(party)"
97	1/14/54	Arcade Bldg.(conf. rm.)	Busby "
98	1/28/54	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
99	2/11/54	Arcade Bldg. "	Busby "
100	2/25/54	Arcade Bldg. "	D&Wm.Austin "
101	3/11/54	Press Club (party)	D&Wm.Austin "
102	3/25/54	Arcade Bldg.(conf.rm.)	Wm.Austin "
103	4/8/54	Arcade Bldg. "	D Austin "
104	4/22/54	Arcade Bldg. "	(Ted Ross, pr.off.)

105	5/13/54	Arcade Bldg.	(none)
106	5/27/54	Arcade Bldg.	W. Austin
107	6/10/54	Arcade Bldg.	W. Austin
108	6/24/54	Arcade Bldg.	D.&W. Austin
109	7/8/54	Arcade Bldg.	W. Austin
110	7/22/54	Arcade Bldg.	D. Austin
111	8/12/54	Arcade Bldg.	E. Marshment, v.-p.

APPENDIX III

Issue Checklist of THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS

(Club news-bulletin for the Nameless Ones, THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS was begun in January, 1950, by G. M. Carr as replacement for meeting notification information cards which appeared for several months earlier. It has appeared regularly, more or less, since that time. Mrs. Carr was succeeded by Wally Weber who, with the help of Wally Gonser and Burnett Toskey, been editor ever since.)

Number	Date	Pages	Editor(s)	Number	Date	Pages	Editors
1	1/4/50	4	Carr	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	11/7/52	2	Weber
2	2/50	4	Carr	38	1/4/53	4	Weber&Gonser
3	3/50	2L	Carr	39	2/1/53	4	Weber&Gonser
4	4/50	2L	Carr	40	2/15/53	2	Gonser
5	5/50	8L	Frahm	41	3/1/53	6	Weber&Gonser
6	9/50	3	Frahm	42	3/15/53	4L	Gonser
7	10/50	6	Carr	43	3/28/53	4	Gonser
7 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	10/19/50	2L	Carr	44	4/11/53	2	Gonser
8	11/50	4L	Carr	45	4/25/53	4	Gonser
9	12/50	12	Carr	46	5/10/53	2	Weber&Gonser
10	1/51	7L	Carr	47	5/24/53	2	Weber&Gonser
11	2/51	7L	Carr	48	6/7/53	2	Weber
12	3/51	6L	Carr	49	6/21/53	4	Weber
13	4/51	7	Carr	49 $\frac{1}{2}$	7/5/53	1	Weber
14	5/51	3L	Carr	50	(partly pub'd; undistributed to date: 8/19/54)		
15	6/51	8L	Carr	51	7/19/53	4	Weber
16	9/51	6L	Carr	(52)	8/9/53	2	Weber
17	10/51	8L	Weber&Toskey	53	8/24/53	1	Weber
18	11/51	6	Weber&Toskey	54	9/7/53	4	Austin&Drummond
19	12/51	6	Weber&Toskey	55	9/20/53	4	Weber
20	1/18/52	4	Weber&Toskey	56	10/4/53	4	Weber
21	2/1/52	6	Weber&Toskey	57	10/18/53	1	Weber
22	2/15/52	6	Weber&Toskey	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	10/30/53	1	Weber
23	2/29/52	4	Weber&Toskey	58	11/8/53	1	Weber
24	3/14/52	6	Weber&Toskey	59	11/19/53	1	Weber
25	3/28/52	4	Weber&Toskey	60	12/6/53	1	Weber
26	4/11/52	6	Weber&Toskey	61	12/23/53	3	Weber
27	4/25/52	4	Weber&Toskey	62	1/10/54	3	Weber
28	5/9/52	8	Weber&Toskey	63	1/24/54	3	Weber
29	5/23/52	4	Weber&Toskey	64	2/7/54	5	Weber
30	6/6/52	6	Weber&Toskey	65	2/21/54	7	Weber
31	6/20/52	8	Weber&Toskey	66	3/4/54	7	Weber
32	7/4/52	4	Weber&Toskey	67	3/21/54	7	Weber
32 $\frac{1}{2}$	7/12/52	1	Weber&Toskey	68	4/4/54	5	Weber
33	8/1/52	11	Weber&Toskey	69	4/18/54	2	Weber
34	8/15/52	6	Weber&Toskey	69(#2)	5/4/54	7	Weber
35	8/29/52	6	Weber&Toskey	70	5/23/54	13	Weber
36	9/12/52	3	Weber&Toskey	71	6/6/54	5	Weber
36 $\frac{1}{2}$	9/26/52	2	Weber				
37##	10/4/52	4	Weber				
37	10/30/52	4	Weber				

NOTE: Number 37## was not distributed, but is at hand and available.

NOTES TO APPENDIX III: "L" signifies large size paper---legal-sized $8\frac{1}{2}$ " by 13" or 14". Issues 35, 45, and 54 were reproduced by multigraph, as was the larger part of 69. The others were all mimeographed up through 64. Subsequent issues have been dittoed.

APPENDIX IV

Volume Index to THE CRY OF THE NAMELESS

	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec
1950	1	2	3	4	5				6	7 $7\frac{1}{2}a$	8	9
1951	10	11	12	13	14	15			16	17	18	19
1952	20	21 22 23	24 25	26 27	28 29	30 31	32 33	34 35	36 $36\frac{1}{2}$	(37) 37	$37\frac{1}{2}$	
1953	38	39 40	41 42 43	44 45	46 47	48 49	$49\frac{1}{2}$ 51	52 53	54 55	56 57 $57\frac{1}{2}$	58 59	60 61
1954	62 63	64 65	66 67	68 69	69(2) 70	71						

APPENDIX V

Issue Checklist of SINISTERRA

Literary journal for the Nameless Ones, SINISTERRA was inaugurated in 1950, and has been pretty much a club cooperative effort throughout its six-issue history to date. G. M. Carr headed the editorial staff during the first four issues, ably assisted by Richard Frahm, Burnett Toskey, Phil Barker, and numerous others. Then Mrs. Carr and Frahm lost some of their early enthusiasm in club activities; Toskey entered the army; and Barker went off to India on a scholarship. Consequently issue #5 was largely produced at a one-shot session at Alderson Fry's in October, 1951, but distribution was delayed until May of the year following. Numerous delays have characterized this, the sixth effort.

Number	Date	Pages	Editors
1 (1:1)	April, 1950	36 ($\frac{1}{2}L$)	Carr-Frahm
2 (1:2)	Summer, 1950	36 ($\frac{1}{2}L$)	Carr-Frahm-Toskey
3 (1:3)	Autumn, 1950	52&4 ill. ($\frac{1}{2}L$)	Carr-Frahm-Toskey-Barker
4 (1:4)	Winter, 1950	56 ($\frac{1}{2}L$)	Carr-Frahm-Toskey-Barker
5 (2:1)	1951(May, '52)	64 ($\frac{1}{2}L$)	(Weber; one-shot)
6 (2:2)	Autumn, 1954	36	Austin-Drummond

APPENDIX VI

Volume Index to SINISTERRA

	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec
1950				1-April-1		1-Summer-2			1-Autumn-3			1--
1951	Win/50			4								
1952					2--"1951"--1							
1954								2-Autumn-2				

"Well, the little animal didn't seem to mind our hating it much. It stayed around for several Mercurian years, and each one of those years found our little Mercurian community hating it more and more. It was positively incredible how we all managed to hate it so much. Soon our work was being neglected while we all gathered about the little creature and spent hours at a time just hating it.

"You might well wonder how come, with all the community hating the Mercurian snail like that, we ever allowed the creature to live all those years. To tell you the truth, I really don't know. None of us really knew. We were a simple folk, and we figured that anything that was still alive after being hated by so many people for so long must have a good reason for being alive, and that was good enough for us.

"Well, after a long time, the Mercurian snail died and our whole community was happy again. I looked into the matter myself and found that the snail had died of old age.

A long silence followed.

"Go on," Jim said finally.

"That's all," the Space Blaster replied.

"You mean that's the story?"

"That's the story."

Jim stared about at the floor littered with unconscious bodies and then back at the Space Blaster.

"Well, now that I've told my story, I must be going." And the Space Blaster prepared to leave.

"Wait!" Jim called, his voice cracking a little. "Is that really the way your story ends?"

The little man looked thoughtfully back at Jim. "Yes that's really the way it ends. I've often wished it had ended some other way. It is such a disappointment as it now stands." And the Space Blaster left.

Jim sat motionless, pondering the story he had been told. From time to time he looked at the men on the floor. And then he began to think of the trouble he had had reaching this tavern on Luna to hear the story. Practically all of his money had gone for the dangerous journey and it had taken years of his life.

Then, grabbing a bottle filled with a liquid he would previously have used only for removing paint and dissolving steel, he drank deeply and longly. Some of the men were regaining consciousness. He relieved one of his gun and began to empty it into their bodies between drinks. Soon some revived and began shooting back.

In a matter of minutes the Blood and Gore tavern was back to normal, and Jim was part of it all. For Good.

The End

Dr. Coe, who was out of town on a lecture tour at the time, immediately engaged upon the writing of his now-famous SILENTOGRAPHY FOR PERCOLATORS FROM 8 TO 80, which marked the break between the earlier Science of Dynamic Treatment and the new Scientific Science of Silentography, or as it is now known (since last Wednesday, anyway), Uncertaintology.

One basic principle remained unchanged, however. At the end of the Treatment for the day, the Percolator still pays the Arbiter. The therapeutic value of this practice is unquestioned, under any and all schools of thought.

As many have already said, Dr. Coe should certainly Go A Long Way.

/ 000 / 001 / 002 / 003 / 004 / 005 / 006 / 007 / 008 / 009 / 010 / 011 / 012 / 013 / 014 / 015 / 016 / 017 / 018 / 019 / 020 /

C O S M I C D U S T, the face powder that makes your skin glow with new unearthly radiance, presents a new adventure in cosmetics---S Q D, the beauty cream of the stars.

Yes, at last You too can have that lovely bluish cast to your skin.

In four Galactic shades: Silver-sheen, Blue-goo, Rosy Radiance, and lunar Cheese-Green. Only six (6) Credits, at all Dispensers. If currently unavail_ able, push the purple button with the "?" on it.

AGONY COLUMN

One tame Plutonian grulzak. 3,000 years old. Green scales with ultra-violet feathers. Hand fed. Will trade for artificial right hand. -- Lefty Dugan, Marsport General Hospital.

Youthful Terran, 23, perfect health, will trade body and identity with older person who would like a fresh start in life. Hurry! This offer expires September 30, midnight, Lunar Standard Time. Contact Killer Mort, c/o Lunar Penal Colony Gas Chamber.

Have robots equipped with hydramatic drives. Will trade for robot not quite so shiftless. -- Joe's Garage.

Will trade secret of perpetual motion for secret of how to stop perpetual motion. -- M. C. Squared, 235 Uranium St., Critical, Mass.

For sale: Kinsey's Theory of Relativity. Beats Einstein all hollow. Mailed in plain, heatproof wrapper. -- 6666 Sixth Avenue, Viriltown, Venus.

For sale cheap: Mercurian house pet. Likes people. Write Miss Myfolks, Ghost Gap Orphanage, Mercury.

For sale at reduced price: small planet completely furnished, running water with single satellite and sun, vegetable and animal life. Isolated location near rim of galaxy makes this an ideal buy for newlyweds. Currently overrun with biped pests which can be easily exterminated. Original owners. Call Adam or Eve, Sol III. (If a serpent answers, hang up.)

At last science has invented a cigarette lighter that will not fail; will not go out in even the strongest wind! Guaranteed to light your cigarette or your money back! Buy your Hydrogen Chain-Reaction Lighter today before your neighbor beats you to it! -- Army Surplus Supply.

Wanted: a dictionary in which the word or phrase, "firshlugginer," is defined. -- Comic Booklet Censorship Bureau.

Learn to play beautiful music with only one easy lesson! -- Simplex Phonograph Co.

Is your science - fiction collection taking up too much space? Make use of a time-tested method of condensing your books and magazines. Used by non-fans for almost thirty years. Send for our economically priced booklet. -- Solar Match Company.

Do people avoid you? Are your nights sleepless? Is your health failing? Are you unable to keep up the payments on your March Amazing? We have a position waiting for some one who is accustomed to such conditions. Contact the Cry #50 and Sinisterra Publishing Committee immediately.

Want a different kind of hobby? We have one you can really get wrapped up in. -- African Python Exchange.

Is your hearing poor? Let experts on poor hearings work on it. -- U. S. Senate, Washington D. C.

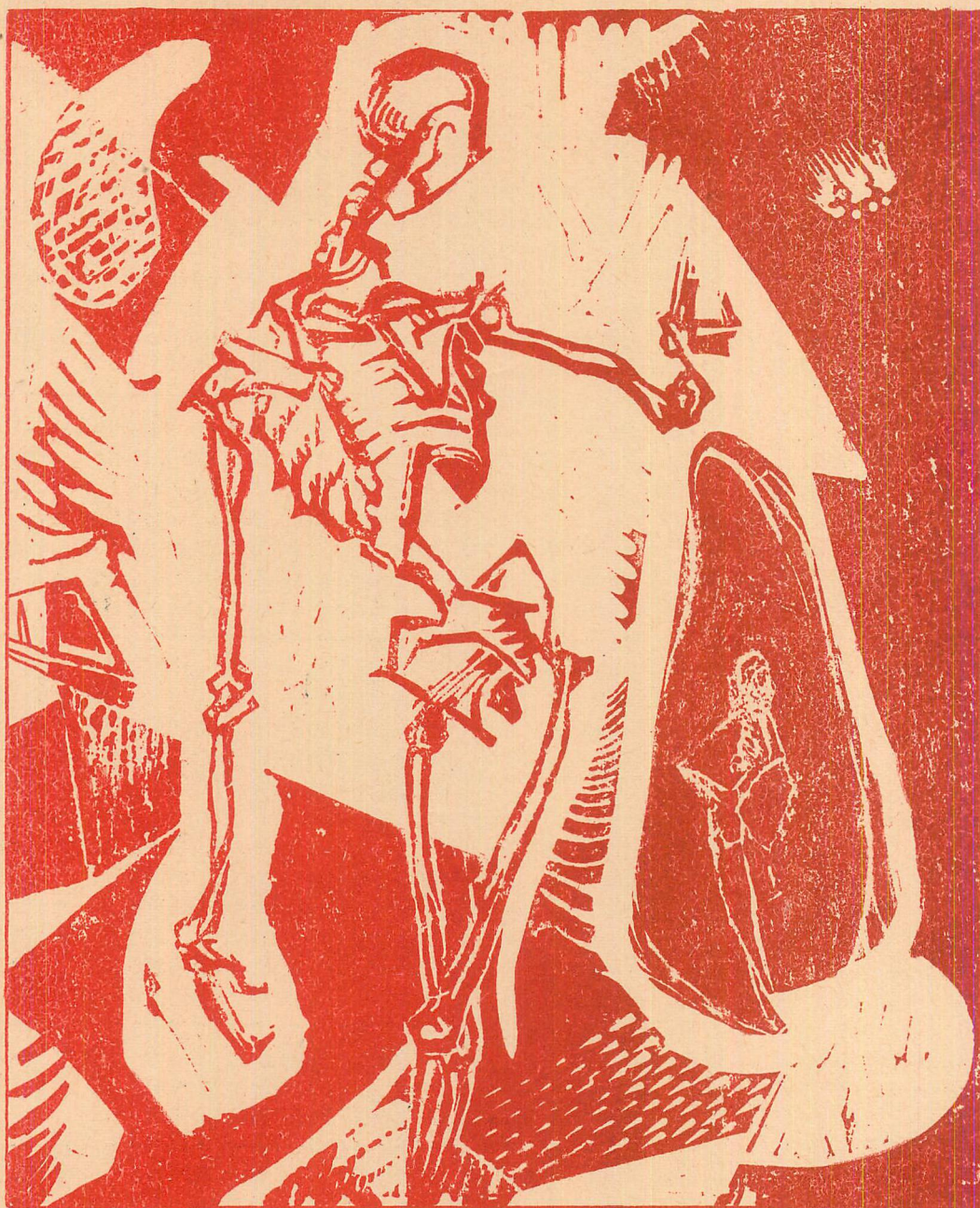
Mechanical personnel attention: are you suffering from atomic piles? Millions have found relief through the use of Al Mechds Soothing Valve Salve. Just pour it in your reactor and watch it go to work!

Be the envy of your neighborhood. Be the first to own a new, transparent skull. Show them you've got brains! Bargain rates for two-headed customers. See-Thru Skulls Inc.

For rent: sleeping room in quiet neighborhood. -- George Ghou, Green Mold Cemetary, Morbid, Montana. Call after midnight.

THE TWO KIND SISTERS

FROM *LES FLEURS DU MAL* BY C. P. BAUDELAIRE



Death and Debauch are two lovable girls, prodigal with kisses and rich in health, whose wombs, always virgin and clothed in rags, have never given birth amid all the eternal labor.

To the poet, that ill-paid courtier, that sinister enemy of families, the tombs and lupanars display within their bowers a bed that Remorse has never frequented.

And the bier and the alcove, teeming with blasphemies, offer us in turn, like two kind sisters their terrible pleasures and their frightful comforts.

When wilt thou inter me, O Debauch, in thine impure arms? O Death, when wilt thou come, her rival in all allurements, to graft upon her infected myrtles thy black cypress?