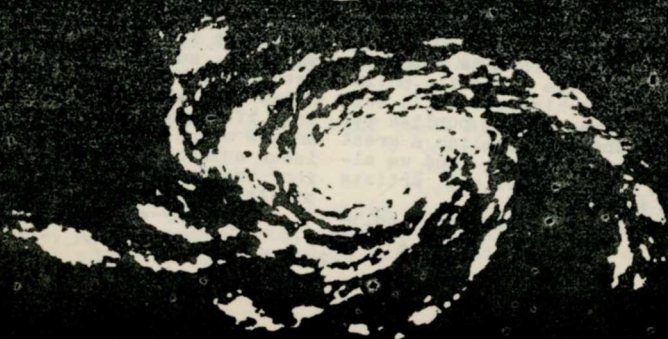
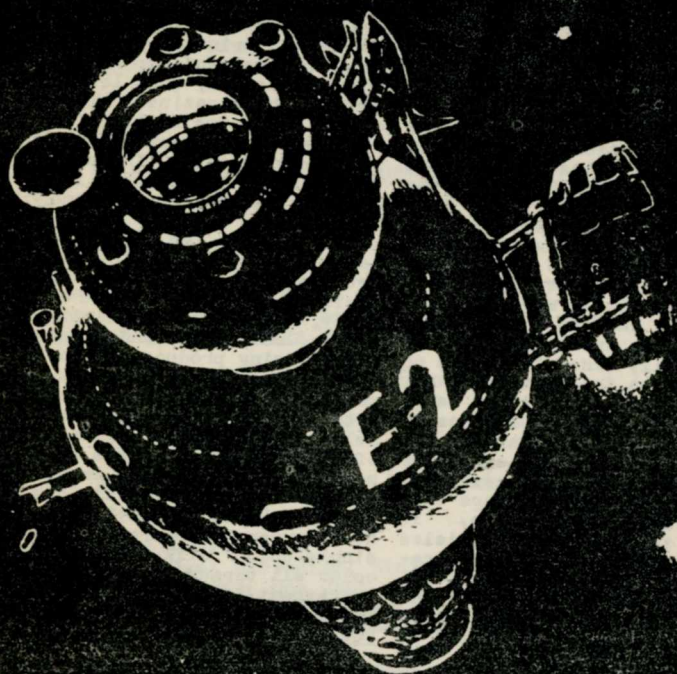


# Magnitude

WINTER 1955

VOL. 1, NO. 1 10¢



KONCOBB



# INTRODUCTION TO "MAGNITUDE"

With the first issue of **MAGNITUDE**, Horizons Enterprises, in cooperation with the Chesley Donovan Science Fantasy Foundation, starts its first publishing venture. As to what Horizons Enterprises is, it must be mentioned that it is not a fanclub, and therefore does not compete with GD. It is but an organization of several individuals, with Jon Lackey and I as founders, who are interested in working together on various science-fictional projects, mostly along the audio-visual line. There will be more about the organization in our next issue.

In a way **MAGNITUDE** is a successor to **SPACEWAYS**, which I published for the last year, but **MAGNITUDE** will have much better material, authors, reproduction, etc., than **SPACEWAYS**.

All subscriptions to **SPACEWAYS**, unless not desired, will be converted to **MAGNITUDE** subscriptions (dollar for dollar, of course, instead of issue for issue, as **SPACEWAYS** cost 5¢ per copy more than does **MAGNITUDE**).

As you can see, this issue we have a 16-page photo-offset magazine. We hope to get larger and larger each issue, as well as improve in quality every time. Some people may feel that in this issue we have an overly large amount of fiction in contrast to articles, especially since there are no articles listed on the contents page. But one must remember that the regular features listed there are really articles, except that they appear regularly. A count shows six pages fiction, five pages features, two pages of poetry, plus one page each for the cover and contents page. It is our intent to give good articles on science-fiction, space travel, related sciences, fandom, conventions, etc., a priority over fiction. The fact of the matter is that this issue is devoid of articles only because we had no suitable ones to publish. Also, we shall try, in future issues, to publish a great deal of good science-fiction poetry, as there is no large professional market for this material. We try to specialize in poetic, philosophical, and highly scientific science-fiction when we do publish it. We also intend to publish a great deal of amateur sf art, and we already have some excellent artists doing work for us.

Having stated our editorial poli-

cies, we now ask you to consider contributing. We can offer just about the best layout, format, etc., in the amateur science-fiction field. So, we hope you will send us those articles, poems, stories, columns, features, samples of your artwork, etc.

We are very indebted to Forry Ackerman for his column. It will appear every issue, as will "CD News." We hope you will send us your letters on what you think of this whole first issue. Please rate the stories, articles (none in this issue), features, and artwork separately in order of preference, as these results will be published in a reader reaction column every issue starting with Number 2. We shall print only the letters of wide interest and importance (although not necessarily just letters of comment on the magazine), if any. In other words, we shall follow just about the same policy as **ASTOUNDING** in regard to letters. In fact, our long-term goal as a magazine is to try to become in actuality a "Fandom's **ASTOUNDING**."

Next issue we hope to present at least one article on the Frisco, an article on either the Pacific Rocket Society or the Reaction Research Society, at least one article on the slides, movies, sound recordings, etc., being produced by Horizons Enterprises, our regular features, plus more stories, poetry, articles, and artwork. The semi-pro authoress, Helen Urban, has promised us some of her work, and we are also getting more fiction by Paul Arram, Anthony Jason, Jon Lackey, Tad Duke, and others. We should have a full-color silk-screen wrap-around cover, plus single-color silk-screen work to add color all through the issue. Also, we expect to be larger next issue. There is but one question left: Will your work be in our next issue?

In closing, we might add that the success of this magazine depends upon you, that is, whether you send in your material, and, even more, whether you feel that the magazine is worth the price and send us your money for it. So, if you want this magazine to go on, how about sending us 50¢ for a six-issue subscription, or at least a dime for the next issue. Remember, our success depends upon you, the readers.

-----Ralph Stapenhorst, Jr.



winter 1955

vol. 1., no. 1 10¢

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# FIRST LESSONS IN COSMOGRAPHY

by  
clifford alexander  
and  
ron cobb

"Yeah!"  
"What d' ya' think we'll find?"  
"Where?"  
"One-five seconds...."  
"On the Moon."  
"You know as well as I do."  
"But..."  
"One-oh seconds...."  
"...I mean, do you think it'll be like they told us?"  
"Nine seconds...."  
"Why not?"  
"Eight seconds...."  
"Maybe they were wrong..."  
"Seven seconds...."  
"Oh sure..."  
"Six seconds...."  
"Everything might be different."  
"Five...."  
"You pick the damndest times...."  
"Four...."  
"Maybe...."  
"Three...."  
"Shut up!"  
"Two...."  
The fuel pumps whined to life.  
"One...."  
The gyros flicked on, the lights dimmed....

"Zero. Fire!"  
From the base of the rocket a new star blazed forth into the night, illuminating the desert in a false dawn. All the niagaras, all the earthquakes, all the atom bombs in the universe thundered forth in one tremendous burst of sound. The earth heaved; a searing ocean of fire spread across the concrete apron to the nearby concrete blocks and washed them and bathed them in breaking waves of liquid light. The ship shuddered and slowly.  
—(Cont. on P. 44)

The grotesque servicing gantry hovered over the rocket like a spider over its prey, feeding its empty fuel tanks, filling its barren life chambers with oxy-helium, populating its rooms with men—five men. Overhead the timeless stars crept by, biding their time, watching the happenings on this tiny globe of Earth with cold aloofness. Their turn would eventually come, and they knew it. But tonight the moon was the target, the first step in the great conquest of space.

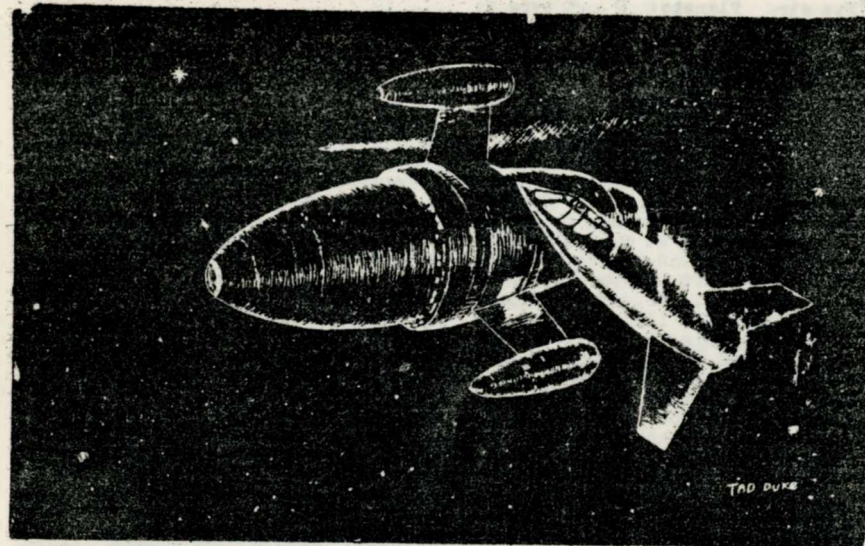
With the ponderous rumble of steel on stone, the great framework slid away from the ship, leaving it alone and proud, a silver spear aimed at the stars. A brilliant red star-shell burst in the sky, giving every desert bush, every square concrete bunker, a brilliant reddish hue. The signal. A sired wailed, and men scattered to the shelters and disappeared inside. Around the rocket was a ring of utter emptiness—not a plant, not a man, not a building remained.

From a loudspeaker came a voice, stabbing through the hushed night like a red-hot blade.

"Three-oh seconds...." The sound echoed through the desert and was lost in the darkness.

Amidst the ship, the crew strapped down.

"Hey, Marty." The voice was tense.  
"Two-oh seconds...."



# STARS...

ARRAN

Commander Verkna Horud of the Third Valdranian Exploration and Colonization Division, stared at the chilling nothingness outside the viewport and then back at the clock in front of him. The numbers flashed 8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1. A slight shudder passed through the ship and, like a sudden clearing of the clouds, the stars flashed into existence, myriad sparks of white, yellow, blue, red, and even green, hard and constant, beautiful and terrible, frightening, yet comfortingly becalming.

But to Commander Verkna, they were welcome and familiar. He heaved a great sigh of relief; even with all the modern safety features, ships had been known to disappear forever in the almost unknown hyperspace continuum. The gyros cut in and automatically turned the ship to face the blazing yellow disk of the nearby star known to the Captain as Alanbra, his destination. He made a few sightings, punched the data on the keyboard to his right and pressed the bar at its base. Somewhere in the ship—he didn't have the slightest idea where—a hidden calculator digested the material, adjusted the motors and turned them on. The stars drifted by the port and the yellow star adjusted its position slowly. Finally, the throbbing hum died out and all was silent.

The flagship was in her orbit: her crew would study this system with instruments and finally with the tiny scoutships she carried in her womb. And then...well, that all depended...

Captain Verkna cut on the intercom and dictated the customary orders that were expected upon entering a new star system. Then, weary from tension and lack of sleep, he removed his outer uniform and slipped into the cot in his cabin for a well-earned rest.

Hardly had he shut his eyes when the intercom buzzed impatiently. He rose quickly, forcing himself into instant alertness and snapped the button vigorously. In the efficient but amicable tone he reserved for crewmen, he said:

"Yes."

"Report ready, Captain." The sound was tinny, with no semblance to human tone.

"I'll take it now."

"Star—type 50762-Ag, proper name Alanbra, designation Alpha Rubrum. Catalogue data accurate except in diameter. Change 0.02 V. U.'s to 0.0138—that is again 0.0138 Valdranian Standard Units." The voice paused.

Captain Verkna brought out his catalogue and neatly inked over the erring figures.



"Change recorded. Thank you. Proceed."

"Yes sir. Planets: 9. 5 type S; 251, 182, 184, and 185. 4 type D; 1D1, 1D3, 2D4. Planets II, III, and IV show colonization possibilities. That is all, Captain."

"Very well organized. You may place your name and rank on the record for later commendation."

"Thank you, sir. Sylva Torad, Astrophysicist Second Class."

"That is all, Mr. Sylva." Captain Verkna out off the intercom for a moment, then switched it on again, this time flicking one of the four green levers to the left of the speaker. "Scout cruisers I, II, and III proceeded to Alabra II, III, and IV. Explore for possible intelligent life and colonization sites. Follow plan 7-9. That is all." The Captain snapped off the intercom just in time to keep his voluminous yawn from being broadcast throughout the ship and moved gratefully toward his cot for another snatch of rest before the regiments returned and reported. He hoped they would find something; Valdra needed colonies badly.

From where he lay on his cot he could see a bright reddish star shining through the viewport above the control bank. He knew immediately it was home; after only seven years in the Galactographic Corps he could recognize its familiar and wonderful color from almost any distance. He wondered what the inhabitants here, if any, would call his star. The beautiful name given his star by one of the civilizations he had encountered passed through his consciousness—unpronounceable but beautiful. That was the mission that had won him his commander's commission. After seven years he was a commander. And in another seven? Perhaps Valdra would be his star then. After all, somebody had to be Coordinator....

Scout cruiser I pierced the encircling mists of the cloudy second world of the star and cruised over the lush carpet of vegetation that clothed its flat surface. On the shore of a shallow blue sea, they found a city. The first cruiser returned and reported. The planet had requested annexation and a treaty of friendship was signed immediately.

Scout cruiser III slipped down through the sparse atmosphere of the sandy red planet and cruised over its arid deserts toward the great green meadows they had seen from space. At the junction of two magnificent water-filled canals, they found a city. The

third cruiser returned and reported. Valdra gained another voluntary ally.

Scout cruiser II reported by radio, as per plan 7-9, that she had encountered an orbital space station and a group of sleek, chemically-powered craft bearing a barred white star emblem. None of the members of the party was ever seen again.

Captain Verkna stared incredulously at the intercom, shocked into disbelief by what he had heard.

"Will you repeat that, please....," he said, some of the starch steamed out of his voice.

"I said, Captain, that when scout cruiser II was overdue, we checked the planet with scanners. All we found was a heavy cloud of highly radioactive debris at the last reported position. It was—"

The Captain sank onto the stool, stunned. If he slipped up here, it could mean a demotion. And a demotion turned strongly away from the coordinator's desk. He must be strong! He must be great! He must prove by his efficient handling of a delicate situation that he was worthy of his post and perhaps another promotion. He had come too far up the ladder to slip now.

There was only one course of action. A personal inspection. To show the men he was on their side, personally concerned with the safety and well-being of corpemen; to show the Empire Expansion Commission that he was conscientious and personally concerned with his job. And when the time came to campaign for coordinator, he could use this as an example of his unselfish devotion to the well-being of the individual. Yes, a personal inspection seemed wisest. Very satisfied with his brilliance, he began punching appropriate buttons.

The flagship moved toward the third planet in ever-tightening spirals, Captain Verkna at the controls. There was no sign of the white barred stars or of the chemically-powered ships. He was disturbed, but then again vaguely relieved. Perhaps this changed things; maybe it hadn't really happened at all. Perhaps it had been an accident; the cloud might have been some natural phenomenon. How could he know what peculiarities this neck of the galaxy possessed? But the lie was not believed.

The surface of the planet below was strangely quiet. The azure seas, the lush jungles, the jagged white-tipped peaks were all reminiscent of

home. But as nearly as he could make out, there were no cities, no extensive civilization at all. Around the limb came a massive continent bordering upon almost a hemisphere of water. Its shape was strangely like a certain gaseous nebula in the galactic plane, its surface silent as the stars. Then he noticed something else—myriads of tiny round pock marks dotting the coasts and river junctions. A war! An atomic war! But only a few rotations ago, ships, presumably from this planet, had attacked a peaceful exploration ship and utterly disintegrated it. It must have been a surprise attack, completely unsuspected, or the battle would have ended another way. But why then the war?

Silently, a brilliant white star slid over the rim of the world and approached the flagship with unnatural speed. The Captain changed course to intersect its trajectory. The star grew brighter and larger and finally began to show structure of some kind. An orbital station. And like the planet below, it was a lifeless bulk, scarred and battered, twisted and mangled until only its bare shape remained. On its side, nearly blasted from the metal, was a bold white star bearing two white bars and the inscription "USRF." The barred star! Had the cruiser done this after being attacked? Had it been destroyed in the battle and the planet below demolished in the same manner? But a cruiser did not carry that much ammunition, and his men would surely not attack a whole planet unarmed. No, the explanation lay on the surface of the planet itself, down there, amid the rubble and devastation. The ship headed downward toward a cluster of the sinister craters at the end of a great curving inland sea.

Captain Verkna dispatched his men to search out an alien who could tell them the story of the war. While he was waiting, he walked to the rim of the nearest crater, picking in the debris as he went. Most of it was

fused glass and metal. He came upon a blood-spattered arm draped limply over a mound of rubble, blasted and parched by intense radiation, and turned away disgusted. Then his eye caught a tiny slip of yellowed white material fluttering in the breeze. It had been buried and later uncovered by a small landslide into the crater. Kneeling, he carefully extracted the fragile paper from the mass of rubble that had sheltered it. He held it up and looked at it in the light of the sun. Cryptic as the symbols were, he studied them, the first clue to the mystery. They read:

#### RUSSIANS ATTACK SPACE STATION! Soviet Government Denies Incident War Imminent

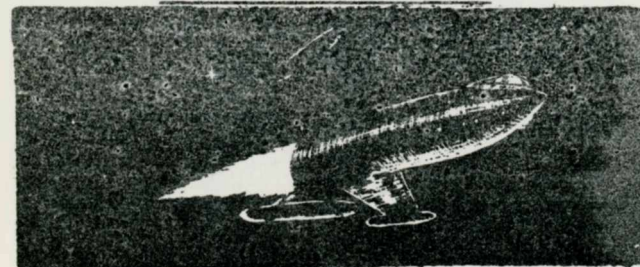
This afternoon at 2:43 p.m., New York time, a ship of radical new design and bearing the Soviet emblem approached the space platform at an unsafe speed. The ship was plainly armed and ignored four warnings to halt and enter orbit. At 3:02 the station opened fire on the ship, which returned the fire. The Soviet ship was destroyed and the station badly damaged.

The White House demanded an apology and restitution for the incident, but Moscow denied any knowledge. The United Nations condemned the breach of the Treaty of Moscow as an act of war. An exchange of bitter notes between embassies the rest of the afternoon led to a breakoff of diplomatic relations at 7:00 p.m. E.S.T. The world prepares for war.

Could this be the answer? He folded the paper and carefully slipped it into his pocket. Then, hearing the shouts of his men, he turned and walked back toward his ship. A twang of pride shivered through his body upon seeing his flagship poised, strong and perfect, on the scene of such terrible destruction. The long silver ship and its beautiful emblem, the red pentacle, the symbol of the Valdranian Empire, the object of his everlasting loyalty and love—

The great red star of Aldebaran.

THE END





# The Face of Infinity

The burning sparks of the myriad stars,  
The red-orange flare that we know as Mars,  
The moon upon high, glowing soft, like a pearl;  
The delicate tracery of the Milky Way's swirl—  
On the verdant green globe that is home to my race  
All these wonders shine down from the black, endless face  
Of Infinity....

Through the ages they've watched, as silent as Time,  
Since the bosom of GOD made the first living slime,  
Since the trilobites moved through the primeval sea,  
Since the mosses and ferns climbed in lush filagree;  
Since the great thunder-lizards shook the ground with their  
tread,  
Since the warm-bodied mammals developed and spread,  
Since the glaciers crept down from the deep Arctic night,  
And intelligent life walked the forests upright.

Man looked up at the sky and he saw from afar  
The glimmering light of the first evening star;  
The yearning began, an insatiable hunger,  
To know, to understand the breathtaking wonder  
Of the far sacred place, the eyes in the face  
Of Infinity....

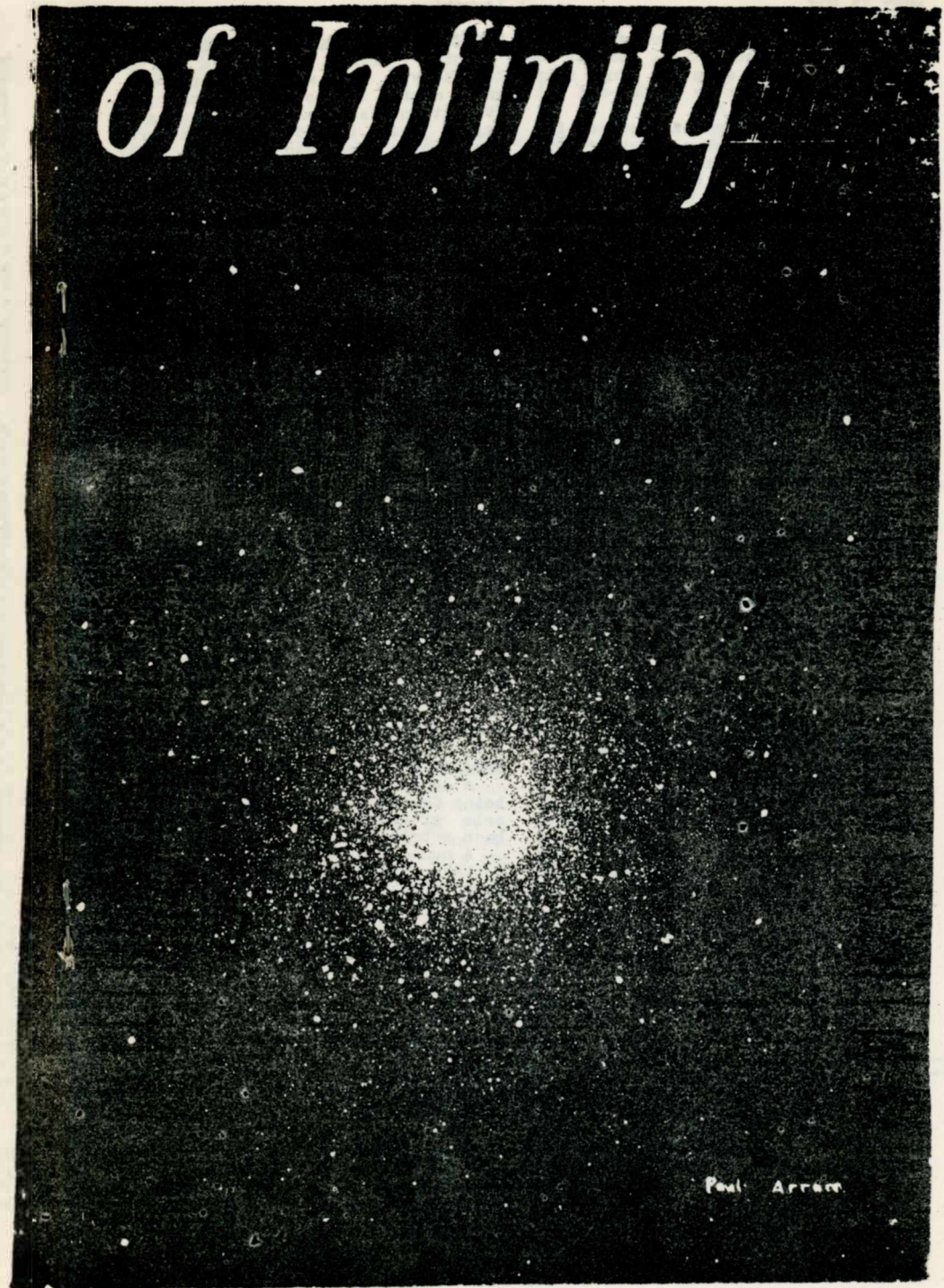
So man looked and he sighted and he measured and found  
To his awe-struck amazement that the world was round.  
His cities climbed higher; his voyages went long;  
The inventors made leisure and progress and song.  
The knowledge store grew, the culture rose true,  
Man dared the thin air and the Wright brothers flew.  
The models hurtled skyward on wings of searing fire,  
Up, always up! rising higher and higher!  
One hundred, two hundred, three hundred miles;  
The scientists shook hands, their faces tired smiles.

And now as I write this we're up here in space  
And outside the viewport I look face to face  
With Infinity....

And far up ahead, a silver crescent of light,  
Hangs the dazzling orb of Luna, shining so bright,  
The goal of Mankind since the very first night.

After the moon feels the taint of Man's being,  
The patient stars shall all soon be seeing  
The ships of Man riding on wings of blue fire,  
Climbing on! forever onward, higher and higher!  
The Legions of Man pervading all space,  
Ending the toilsome, hardwon race,  
To the far sacred place,  
The eyes in the face  
Of Infinity.

BY ANTHONY JASON



Paul Aron



## WHAT IS CD?

Some of you may be wondering just what is the Chesley Donavan Science Fantasy Foundation, and how to join. We will skip the long, many times related history of CD--and get to the point.

Our organization was founded for the purpose of grouping together science-fiction enthusiasts who pool their knowledge and talents in creative projects. Our members and associates range from the guy next door to internationally bright stars in the sf sky. With the single exception of Mr. Polesland, who has not yet joined, this entire magazine was written, illustrated, and edited by members of the Foundation.

The Foundation is composed of five classifications of membership--made to order for the individual convenience of our members. Corresponding membership is the suitable type for out-of-towners or those who are unable to attend meetings. It is open to anyone sincerely interested science-fiction, science, or fantasy. Privileges of corresponding membership include a membership card, member stationery for personal use, as much participation in Foundation business and projects as is possible under the circumstances, and receipt of all official Foundation publications--including MAGNITUDE. Annual fee for corresponding membership is \$1.50--feel free to write for further information.

For the benefit of those corresponding members who are rarely in the Los Angeles area, the Foundation offices are open to all upon written appointment. You are invited to visit the offices any time and enjoy a friendly talk with other members. The offices are located in the heart of the San Fernando Valley--only a short drive to Griffith and Mount Wilson Observatories, the Pacific Ocean, Hollywood, and ideal desert

## launching areas.

### PROJECT NEWS--PROJECTS COMPLETED

This takes in quite a lot of territory, as we had completed great number of projects when the Foundation was organized. Consequently, we shall include only those projects which have been completed within the last few months.

"Remember Us," an original play written by Paul Shoemaker and Tad Duke, members of the Foundation, was adapted for tape and recorded with the addition of an excellent musical score.

A new system of weights and measures, linking astronomical distances with laboratory measurements in simple decimal relation has been worked out by one of the members, Paul Shoemaker. The basis is that of the present metric system, but the units are more nearly those of the American system.

The Esperanto language has been reworked to make it a fuller, richer, more beautiful language. If you're an interested Esperantist, write for details.

In addition to the above, several of the members have worked on personal projects such as scientific paintings of very good quality by Ron Cobb and Tad Duke, stories, poems, scripts, and other literary works, addition of several good-toned speakers to the sound system, building of telescopes, and a host of other interesting and intriguing projects.

We must not forget MAGNITUDE, of course, which we are very proud of.

### PROJECT NEWS--PROJECTS IN PRODUCTION

A completely synthetic language is being devised. Several alphabets and sets of symbols and punctuation have been submitted.

A number of equations have been worked out by Paul Shoemaker and are being checked for the purpose of plotting

## FANTASY FANS

### Youth to Send Saucers Into Spin at Forum

Glendale Frontier Forum will drop discussions of saucers and similar phenomena and turn their eyes toward a group of teenagers with parallel interests, the Chesley Donavan Science-Fantasy Foundation of Burbank, during the Wednesday, July 21, meeting.

Samuel J. Rifkin, director of the forum, has invited the club headed by Tad Duke to air their views on the fields of science, fantasy, and science fiction, and to exhibit art work done by them dealing with outer space.

According to Paul Shoemaker, secretary, the 17 members of the club have collected more than one thousand books and magazines on subjects relating to their field of interest.

The club is also in the process of producing a motion picture, Rifkin said.

The functions of the organization will be explained to interested teenagers and parents.

Forrest J. Ackerman, promoter of science fiction organizations, will be guest speaker at the meeting, which is open to the public. No admission will be charged.

### Young Fantasy Fans Set for Forum Visit

Teenage fantasy fans from Burbank will be on hand at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday in the Arts and Lecture Room of the Glendale Public Library to give the gamblers in ideas of Glendale Frontier Forum their views on pioneering philosophies, according to Samuel J. Rifkin, forum director.

Headed by Tad Duke, the youthful members of the Chesley Donavan Science-Fiction Foundation will explain the functions of their club to parents and teenagers with parallel interests.

Guest speaker for the evening will be Forrest J. Ackerman, promoter of science fiction organizations.

## Fantasy Club Youths to Be Forum Guests

Members of the Chesley Donavan Science Fantasy Club, composed of 17 young men between the ages of 14 and 18 will be guests of the Glendale Frontier Forum on Wednesday, in the Arts and Lecture Room of the Glendale Public Library. The meeting will be at night.

Samuel J. Rifkin, director of the Forum, will be master of ceremonies. Guest speaker will be Forrest J. Ackerman, promoter of science fiction organizations.

The Fantasy Club members will exhibit art work and explain the aims of the club. Head of the club is Tad Duke, while secretary is Paul Shoemaker. Rifkin stressed that admission will be free and that a special welcome will be given teenagers.

"The creative field in the arts is never too crowded," said Rifkin. "When young men such as the Fantasy Club members organize to express themselves more fully in this field, they should be spotlighted as an example to encourage others."

Above are three publicity releases about the Foundation's recent appearance at the Glendale Public Library. From left to right, they come from: The Glendale Independent, 7/16/54, The Glendale Independent, 7/18/54, and The Glendale News Press, 7/17/54.

ting the night sky from Sirius.

Miniatures for a color science-fiction movie being done by Ralph Stenhorst and Jon Lackey under the banner of Horizons Enterprises are under way. An extensive library of stock shots (mostly in color) has been gathered together for use in this and future films.

A tesla coil is being worked on by several members.

A 10-inch reflecting telescope is being made by member Monty Barker.

Several basic designs have been submitted on a sub-sonic machine to produce interesting effects during our movies.

The complete installation of a high-fidelity unit is being planned for the near future. The system will consist of about seven speakers in excellent cabinets. The frequency range will be 20 to 100,000 cycles per second.

The Rocket Research Sub Group is buying some micrograin fuel for planned rockets. They expect to have

their first firing within a month.

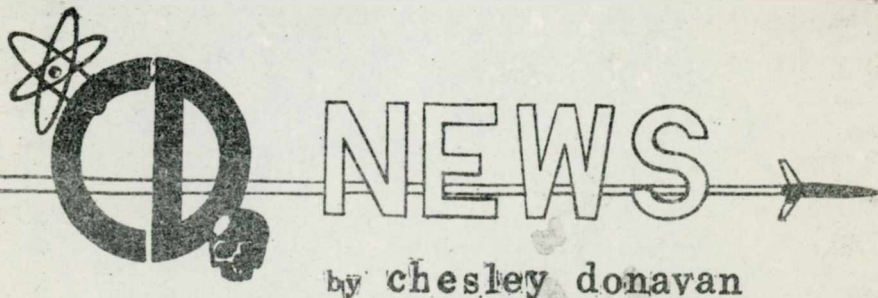
Several short sf film subjects are also in consideration for future projects. Many slides of special effects subjects on Kodachrome are planned as a continuation of an effective experimental group of transparencies which were taken early last May. Double exposures and many very effective new ideas for trick shots were used.

Where the Linguists are concerned, plans are underway for a separate group to study Esperanto and Interlingua. Also, many of the members are quite excited on getting started to translate science-fiction into Esperanto.

If you are interested in any of the above projects, or would like more information concerning them, do not hesitate to write.

### FOUNDATION NEWS

The new membership cards have arrived and they turned out to be very nice. Plans are being made for business cards for each member to distri-



(Pseudonym for the Board of Directors of the Chesley Donavan Science Fantasy Fnd.)



bute to those who are interested in the Foundation. this will probably take place soon after we move.

Yes, we are planning to move. The Foundation office has become too small to accommodate the equipment, library, furniture, and membership. The new office will still be in the Glendale-Burbank area, and of course, it will be much larger.

To those of you who are members, do not forget, you are entitled to personal member stationery--use it!

We are proud to welcome as new corresponding members, John Johnson, 835 Holland, Springfield, Missouri, and Gary Labowitz, 7234 Baltimore, Kansas City 14, Missouri. We also welcome Mr. Samuel J. Ricken, 454 Stocker, Glendale 2, California, as our second honorary member for the outstanding things he has done for the Foundation in the past, and continues to do each day. Monty Barker, 235 Western Avenue, Glendale 1, California, is our latest active member. We are honored to have all of them with us. With the addition of the above members, the membership now stands at 22.

Something has been added; look in the lower left hand corner of your membership card--you will notice a series of numbers, dashes, and letters. They aren't there just for decoration. For example, if you were classed as K-426-4-66-AC it actually would mean that first, your last name begins with K, that you were the 426th member to join, that you joined in April of 1966, and that you are an active member.

On July 21, the Foundation was honored by an invitation to the Glendale Frontier Forum. The meetings

are held to discuss the outstanding topics of interest of the present day. Mr. Samuel J. Ricken, Director of the Forum, and honorary member of the Foundation, handled the publicity. Mr. Forrest J. Ackerman, also an honorary member of the Foundation, was on hand to give a very effective talk on the history of science-fiction and youth in science-fiction. Slides were shown and several other interesting speeches were given. We wish to thank the Glendale Public Library, where the meeting was held, and the Glendale Frontier Forum for the opportunity to put on the program.

Color slides of the latest public launching of the Pacific Rocket society were shown at the Foundation meeting of Tuesday, August 17.

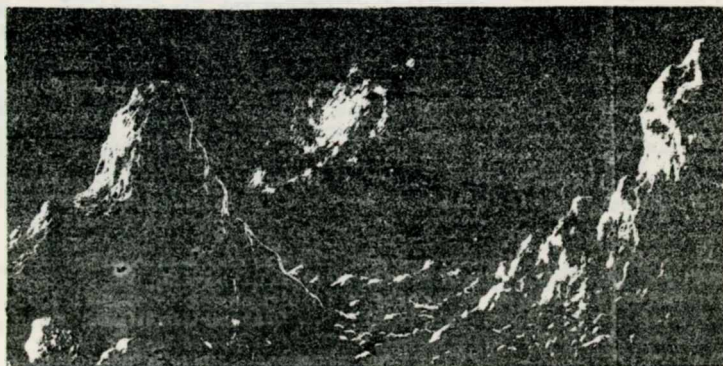
At the previous meeting of August 3, a 400 foot reel of color stock shots was shown. One of our members, Bob Burns, who works at CBS-TV in Los Angeles gave an interesting talk on publicity and theater billing of recent science-fiction and horror movies. He brought several original props from movies such as "The Wolf Man," "King Kong," and many others. He exhibited a number of advertising sheets and press books, along with numerous stills.

At our September 8 meeting, we had the program devoted to the 12th World Science Fiction Convention, from which many of the members had just returned.

We hope you have a desire to join CD and get in on our projects. At least, let's hear from you.

Send all membership applications and money to The Chesley Donavan Science Fantasy Foundation, 1028 West Burbank Blvd., Burbank, California.

---Chesley Donavan



# Unknowning Hero

BY

PAUL

POWELL



He waited for the feeling to come. Somehow he knew it would although he had never experienced it before. Not even during the long period of psychological testing and reasoning barrages had he felt this peculiar tenseness.

"GOOD LUCK JOE." The voice came out of the dimness of the small room. What did it mean?

He tried to fit the pieces of the puzzle together in his mind: his suddenly enforced captivity, the numerous tests, the hushed tenseness of the small room in which he was an unwilling prisoner, the voice....

It came.

It pressed him into the couch like a giant hand. He struggled hopelessly to breathe. There were cold, hard, unyielding bands strapped to his arms and legs. His mighty chest heaved, trembled, sank hopelessly. Blackness.

The orange and black checkered rocket rose from the silent desert bearing its precious cargo, spewed fire scornfully earthward, hovered for an instant silhouetted against the blue sky, and then darted upward.

The multitude of people watched on their television sets, hoping the flight would be a success.

"Click." A meter said.

"Bzzzz." A gauge replied.

"Whirrrrrrrrrrr." A tiny flywheel clicked incessantly.

"Tik-tik-tik-tik-tik-tik."

"Bringssssssssssssssss." A bell out through everything.

Gradled in the thickly padded

couch, he awoke. He tried feebly to shake loose the bands which were pulsating rhythmically on his arms and legs.

Where was he? It wasn't his land. The white-walled rooms? The arena? The room faded and blurred.

His body tingled. Prickly heat swept over him. He began to sweat. Was his blood starting to bubble? Perhaps this strange prison caused it.

Vaguely, he remembered a land where he had been free. The green grass and the white clouds floating lazily in the clear blue sky, and the cool, soothing darkness of the jungle and the rich, brown earth. He and his mate had been running away from something, someone.

And they had caught him.

He had been trapped, whisked away to a silent land of sterile white-garmented forms scurrying through an endless labyrinth of depressing white walled corridors, and the strange, unfamiliar odors and the immaculate white buildings...and the testing.

The band on his arm jerked suddenly. It seemed to be forcing him to give up information, his reactions to different stimuli, and relaying it to some distant point.

His body bounced on the couch, seemingly growing lighter, as if a strange new force were pulling him in a different direction.

He pondered the reason for his being held here. Would it help or hinder the human race? Suppose they were going to kill him?



That was the first time that fear of death had crept into his mind and somehow he knew that the trip could not end in death.

The temperature in the room rose steadily.

A steady whine seemed to be coming from somewhere outside the room.

GOOD LUCK JOE. What had the strange words meant? Attempts to reproduce the sounds resulted only in a futile tightening of his vocal chords.

A red light blinked furiously on and off.

He tried to rise from the couch.

An alarm went off as the room tilted crazily and hit something with a solid BLAM.

Instruments at the proving grounds registered sharply as the ship, borne by a parachute, plunged into the lake and disappeared beneath the surface. Shore patrol boats sped to the spot.

He awoke to the sound of a multitude of voices calling, "Yea, Joe !

You did it. You're a hero. Yea ! The cheer rose to a feverish pitch as he got slowly to his feet and blinked at the crowd outside of his cage.

Footsteps.

He cringed, covered in a corner as the heavy door grated open.

"Good work, Joe." The voice said.

It was the same voice that he had heard when he was in the room. He looked up at the white-garmented form. Its hand reached forward, patted him on the head, then drew something from its pocket, unfolded it.

"It's about you, Joe. You're a hero." The voice said.

Meaningless black symbols appeared on the sheet before him: "JOE ROCKETS INTO SPACE—Trained Chimp Paves Way for First Space Trip."

He blinked up at the white-coated form. What did hero mean?

THE END

#### FIRST LESSONS IN COSMOGRAPHY (Continued from Page 4)

painfully near above the ground, trailing its burning plumage behind, up...up... until it became a point of light and blended with the stars

....

The ship coursed through space, a thousand miles above the Earth, through a fairyland of delicate wisps of nebulae, occasionally skirting the sparkle of a star. Saturn drifted by, ten feet from the polished sides of the ship, a globe barely twenty feet in diameter.

"It's not at all like we thought!"

"The whole universe...Lord!"

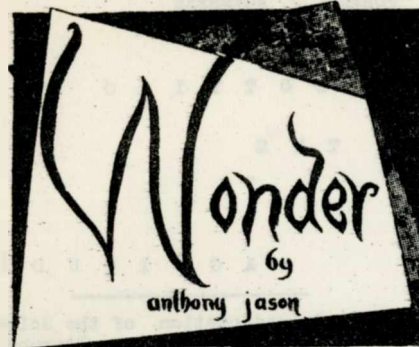
THE END

#### THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER

This issue's beautiful Ron Cobb cover depicts his idea of an intergalactic space ship. The ship, assembled in an orbit, has left our Solar System, accelerated to near the speed of light, and is heading for the Andromeda Galaxy. Although billions of years pass on Earth while they traverse the distance between the Milky Way and the Andromeda Galaxy, only years will pass for the crew because of the time-dilation effect. When the ship is in the desired position, it will turn end-over-end, decelerate, and, after looking around the new galaxy, its crew and passen-

gers will found a colony on a planet of one of the galaxy's stars. This will be done by setting the ship in an orbit about the planet and using the small atmosphere ship fastened to its hull and others which will be assembled in the orbit to ferry the people and usable parts of the ship to the surface of the planet. Part of the ship will remain in the orbit to serve as an artificial satellite and a fueling place for smaller ships which would explore the other planets in the new solar system, and eventually settle other systems in the galaxy.

—The Editor



The trees whispered.

In the center of the clearing at the peak of the hill he stood, face raised skyward, his soul drinking in the wondrous spectacle that met his eager eyes.

Cool and clear was the night; a soft wind from the south stirred the trees so gently. In the wide valley below spread the lights of a city, flashing in rainbow colors, a close-knit netting of strung jewels. Garlands of dancing reflections trailed in the slow river water as it wound its ponderous course to the sea. Overhead were the stars.

And such stars! The night in a thousand when the sky is spread with uncountable points of unbelievable brilliance. Alive, yet aloof and mysterious, they filled the bowl of the heavens to the horizons, the delicate star-tangled veil of the Milky Way hanging in misty splendor across the night—a night filled with magic! The trees murmured.

The stars—great, searing globes of incandescent gasses, pouring impossible quantities of radiation into space at temperatures transcending all measurement, existing in space in numbers beyond the counting of a thousand lifetimes. The stars—billions of times the size of the largest city, yet less than insignificant in the infinite scale of the universe. The stars—possessing planets.

And the planets....

He wondered just what were the planets. Had they green forests? Did endless miles of grey-blue seas cover their surfaces? Were there moist oceans of oxygen-rich gasses surrounding them?

Had they...life?

The trees sighed.

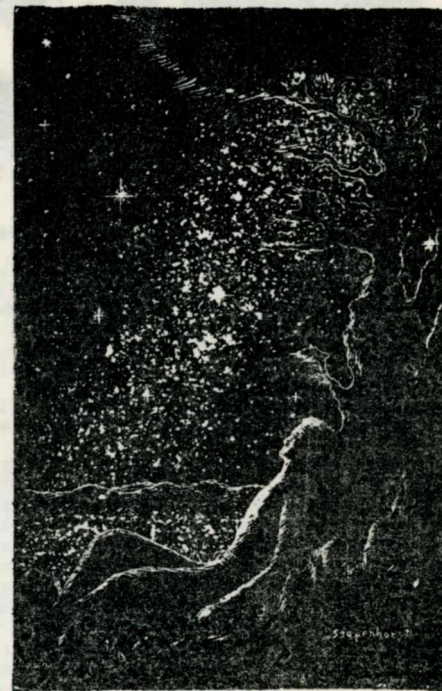
From arrows to slaves to horses to

machines—to the stars. Space travel would soon be a living fact. Soon, he would know.

But the question still plagued. On a fertile planet, on a high hill, under a clear night sky....was there anyone else—anywhere in the whole magnificent universe—doing as he was doing?

Standing under the stars; and, perhaps, wondering?

Overhead, the east lightened, driving the stars back farther and farther into the dark recesses of infinity, spreading a warm, pink glow over the sky. The brightness increased until the last star, a brilliant nearby planet, faded into invisibil-

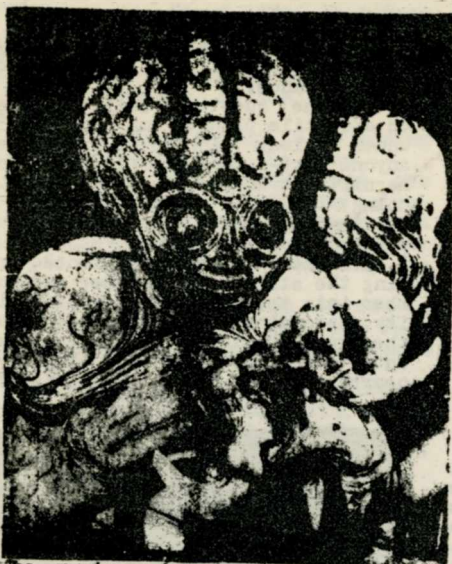


ity. The first rays of the morning touched the peak of the hill; every shrub flashed and sparkled in a new galaxy of golden stars. Disappointed and still wondering, he spread his wings and soared into the valley toward the floating city below, filling the world with a warm glow, the red sun rose majestically into the cloud streaked sky.

The trees sang!

THE END





The creature above is "The Mutant" in THIS ISLAND EARTH. He was created by a Universal-International make-up artist.

---Universal International Studios

(Editor's Note: This professional column was written on order for the 4th issue of ORBIT SCIENCE FICTION, from which it was--fortunately for us--crowded out. Mr. Ackerman has agreed to supply us with this column every issue. Also, we hope regularly to have many stills to reproduce from forthcoming movies.)

A course in writing science fiction is now in progress at the High School of Commerce in New York City with well-known sci-fi personality Sam Moskowitz (the man with the hi-fi voice) as chief instructor and Isaac Asimov, Hugo Gernsback, Willy Ley, John Campbell, Sam Mines, and other leading professionals among the guest speakers. Last year, here in Hollywood, a similar seminar was held, with Ray Bradbury, Henry Kuttner, Gordon Dewart, A. E. van Vogt, myself, and others lecturing. The Students' Pocket Library has issued, in soft cover form, Stories of Scientific Imagination. The first official anthology designed for distribution in high schools! A far cry from 1929, when pioneer fans had a tough time getting an English teacher to even let them give a book review of an sf title.

THIS ISLAND EARTH will be the next scientific spectacle, an expen-

FORREST J. ACKERMAN

P L O T T I N G

T H E

S F

M A G N I T U D E S

live cinemaadaptation of the Science Fiction Book Club novel by Raymond F. Jones, starring a humanoid from the future called The Mutant, and filmed by Universal International. Completed for Allied Artists release is TARGET EARTH, taken from the lead short novel in the March 1953 IF, "Leadly City" by Ivar Jorgenson. Jorgenson is one of the penames of Paul W. Fairman, who is prolific under half a dozen nomdeplumes. Original screenplay was written by James Nicholson, "veep" of the Boys' Scientific Club of the early 30's, and Wyatt Ordung, author-actor-director-producer who plans "IF--I" as one of his future productions with myself as Technical Advisor. I have also been approached to be Technical Advisor on a still-budgeted at \$800,000, FORBIDDEN UNIVERSE. Curt Siodmak has completed the script for THE CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN, sci-fi horror about amygdala stimulations. Ivan Tors telephones me that he plans a sci-fi-video series titled BEYOND. Ray Bradbury tells me Warner Bros' thermometer is rising over the possibility of doing FAHRENHEIT 451. In England, "1984" has been optioned, and Charles Eric Maine (Esperantist author of SPACEWAYS) is turning his TV success, TIME SLIP, into movie material.

Tomorrow and Other Places is a bookscript Kris Neville has put together of 17 short sci-fantasy yarns, including his popular "Old Man Henderson," "Underground Movement," "It Pays to Advertise," and other published works, plus such brand new stories as "Power in the Blood" and "Invasion." Ballantine will release Chad Oliver's original Shadows in the Sun this Fall. Mari Wolf has completed her first booklength novel, a fantasy. The best of Charles Beaumont has been gathered together as Black Country: Tales in a Minor Key. Watch for I SCIENCE FICTION, the first candidate of prozine!

---Forrest J. Ackerman