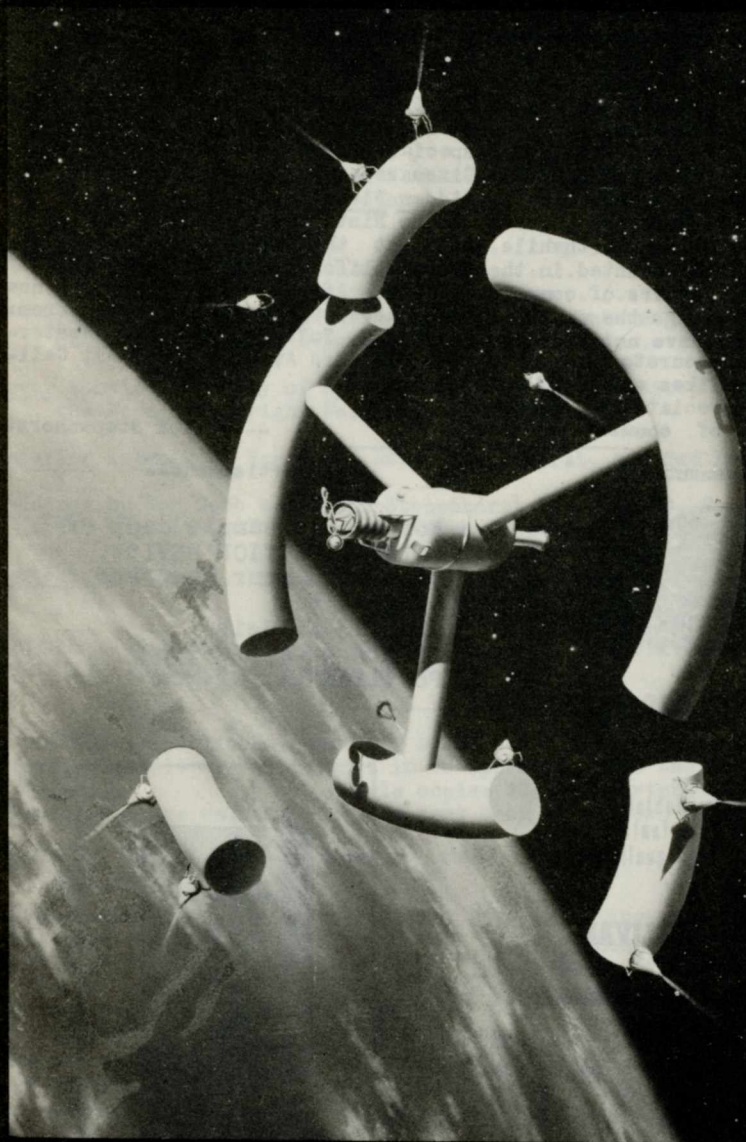


Magnitude

10¢

SPRING 1956

VOL. I, NO. 3



Well, here we are at last with the third issue of Magnitude. We realize we're late, and all our readers have our sincerest apologies. Many obstacles kept us from meeting the original publication date, but the main one was simply lack of time. We are now back on a regular quarterly schedule, and hope to be able to meet it.

We're still on the lookout for material. Our needs include articles on science fiction, space travel, and related subjects, good science-fiction short stories, poetry of a science-fictional nature, etc., and, to a lesser extent, artwork. We'll be expecting your contribution.

Quite a few people have complained of the lack of a letter column, but the main reason for the situation is simply that we have received too few letters to make the column worthwhile. Even if they are not printed in the magazine, however, letters of comment are necessary to gauge the wants of the readers, and we have not received enough to get an accurate picture of our readership's likes and dislikes. Therefore, we'd appreciate you sending us your letter of comment on the

magazine, or on any subject of interest to our readers, for that matter. Subscriptions are still only 50¢ for six issues, giving you six issues for the price of five. If you haven't already, why don't you send in your subscription today?

LAST MINUTE NEWS AND NOTES

We have received word that Jose Ferrer will direct and act in a motion picture version of The Demolished Man. The author, Alfred Bester, is writing the screenplay.

Also, it is to be noted that Walt Disney Studios is realistically animating the monster and some of the special-effect sequences in MGM's Cinemascope Technicolor effort, Forbidden Planet.

The Ninth Annual Westcon will be held at the Lake Merritt Hotel, Oakland, California, on June 30 and July 1, 1966. Advance memberships are now being accepted for \$1.00 apiece from Marilyn R. Tulley, Chairman, Westcon, 432 23rd Avenue, Oakland, California.

----Ralph Stapenhorst

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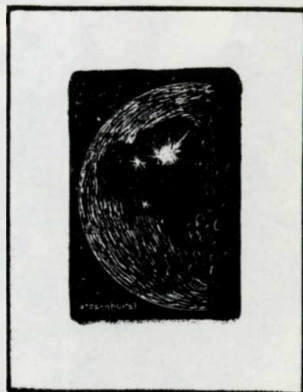
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Magnitude

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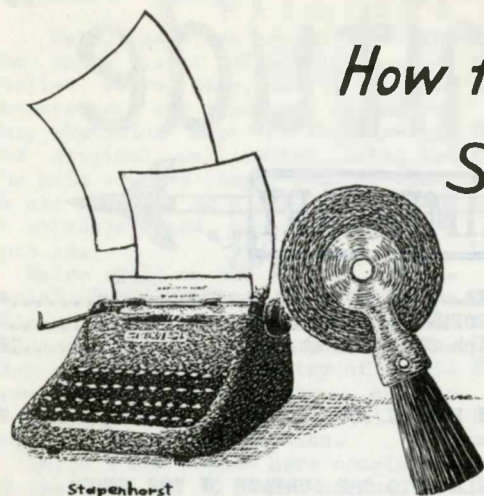
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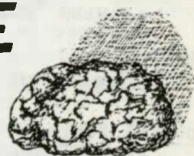
Stepenhorst

How to Become a Science Fiction Writer—

LIKE ME

by

Ed M. Clinton, Jr.



You have no doubt noticed Ed Clinton's novelets and short stories appearing in recent professional science fiction magazines. However, this usually serious new writer also has his lighter side--as this hilarious article, adapted from an address given at the 1955 Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society Fanquet, clearly shows.

----The Editor

There is one subject on which I am certainly the world's greatest living authority, and that is HOW TO BECOME A SCIENCE FICTION WRITER--LIKE ME. Those of you who are not interested in becoming a writer like me, but would rather become some other kind of writer, can at least learn from what I am about to say how to avoid the pitfalls that have made me the kind of writer I am.

I shall divide my discussion into three sections: First, The Tools of the Trade; Second, Writing the Story; and Third, Do's and Don'ts.

The basic tool of the trade is a piece of blank paper. Now, this may seem obvious to you; yet I have known an astonishing number of writers who have never even seen a blank piece of paper. I remember that for a number of years I was that very type--a type I shall call the sanspaper writer, as opposed to the more journalistic type known as the newspaper writer, who suffers from a surfeit rather than a lack of paper.

You will readily recognize the

sanspaper writer; he talks a great story. He is a regular H. G. Wells, full of significance. When asked what his work is, he will say, "Oh, right now I'm filling time at a service station. But," he will add, "writing is really my game." When asked to show some of his literary wares, the sanspaper writer will indignantly reply, "Really, Old Man, there's more to writing than just writing!"

Well, he begins to find age and decadence creeping up on him and this either cures him of the sanspaper malady or entirely aborts the whole urge to write. If you are fortunate enough to overcome the sanspaper stage, I recommend to you as the second tool of the trade a typewriter.

A typewriter may be defined as an instrument in which to insert a piece of blank paper. They come in three basic types: portable, standard, and the electric, or friend-fascinator. I have observed a startling thing about the electric typewriter and the sanspaper writer. Ridiculously enough, they seem to go together. It is as

though the possession of an electric typewriter, with its intestinal rumble and its crashing carriage return, its scintillating efficiency, must prove to the sanspaper author himself and to his fascinated friends that he is, he must be to possess such a machine, a writer. I have a horrible suspicion that my friends think this every time they come to my house to visit my electric typewriter and eye the microscopic stack of my published material.

Tool number three is the eraser. You would be astonished at how useful a device is an eraser. If I had sold all the words I have ever erased, I could collect them all into a sizeable anthology which I could call, with justice, Erasures in Time and Space. This concept of the usefulness of the common eraser probably comes as a shock to those of you who have always believed that these mighty masterpieces of the creative intellect have sprung into being in full-blown, pristine perfection.

We come now to the fourth tool, which, sadly, is the most commonly missing one. This important bit of equipment is--a small piece of brain.

Do not misunderstand. Of the four tools, it is actually the least essential. I have read a lot of stories which I am sure were written without its use. Apparently, too, it is the tool most easily misplaced, more easily even than the eraser. I'd say it was practically impossible to lose a typewriter, and even if you did manage to do it, there wouldn't be any story; and while the blank piece of paper may be more losable than a typewriter, its absence just as readily precludes any writing. But the eraser and the small piece of brain are in a class by themselves--stories can be written without either. I have never seen a sentence with a wrong word in it, or a misspelled word, that a clever writer could not write around and into his story. As a matter of fact, some of my most cherished efforts have been born out of typing around mistakes I made when I could not find my eraser.

But the small piece of brain which most of us have, many writers seem to misplace regularly. And the sinister part of it all is that, unlike an eraser, or a blank piece of paper, or a typewriter, you are often never even aware you are getting on without this

important tool.

But let us move on to the second part of my trilogy, Writing the Story. Our would-be writer is seated at his desk. He has before him a typewriter, with a blank piece of paper neatly rolled into it, and a nice new unrubbed eraser to his right. He has his small piece of brain in hand, and is ready--nay, rarin'--to go.

This is where we come to ideas. There must be an idea to put on that blank piece of paper. Again, don't get me wrong. There are an appalling number of stories that haven't any ideas in them. It is this fact which gives me hope when I send out a new story; somebody else got away with it, maybe I can too. (Incidentally, this has proved to be one of my least successful ideas.)

After sitting for five minutes in front of the typewriter with a piece of paper in it that remains mysteriously blank, you may discover that you have no ideas. Well, where to get one?

There are several ways of getting ideas. One of the most common methods is to go to the nearest bookshelf, pull out an old issue or two of the Magazine of Fantasy or Astounding and read them. As a result of this, you are bound to come up with a few ideas. Incidentally, the older the issues you read, the better chance your ideas will have of selling; editor's memories are, like a salamander's tail, remarkably long. This method, which I have used on many occasions, has one great advantage over all others; old ideas, like bargain merchandise, seem to possess a great resale value.

One of the best methods I know of for getting an idea is observing. Many of my most interesting ideas have come, for example, from observing pretty girls walking by the counter where I work. This art of observation must be cultivated, however. I have learned that within the bosom of many a pretty idea there often lurks great disappointment. You have to be discerning to pick out those ideas which will get you some place and those which you can never sell.

Talking to interesting people is another fine source of ideas. Certain literary snobs refer to this as brain-picking, but I think this is a callous and unfounded viewpoint. After all, the difference between you and the fellow who thought up the idea is

very significant: you write it down.

We come now to plot, also known as story line. None of the sources mentioned previously is of much use in working up a plot, except that of rereading old issues of the magazines; though this is somewhat perilous, it is often done, particularly by certain writers who apparently spend a lot of time rereading their own old stories.

A familiar method of developing a plot is to take an old story and invert it; some people prefer the use of the word pervert, but I think this unkind. For example, we have the simple plot, boy meets girl. What a world of difference if we make it girl meets boy! Or take, for example, typical youngster robs bank, meets girl, and reforms; reverse that, and you have typical youngster meets girl, reforms, and robs bank. You see what I mean? In science fiction, the best example of this that I can think of is the one where the mad scientist is about to destroy the world but is stopped by his young assistant who has fallen madly in love with his daughter. In the inversion of this, the daughter has fallen madly in love with the young assistant who then goes to the mad scientist and helps him destroy the world. After all, not all daughters of mad scientists can be beautiful.

Character is another problem. Time was when there were two kinds of stories: stories with good characterization, and science fiction. Popularity has kind of broken down that rather artificial distinction, and nowadays we find all sorts of characters in science fiction. My observation on this, and my advice to you, is to put into your stories characters with these three qualities; 1) Unpronounceable names, preferably spelled without vowels and with as many X's and Q's as possible; 2) Lovability, also known as charm. If you can convince your reader that this eighteen-tentacled, seven-eyed critter with the loathsome body odor would be the most titillatingly delightful living-room guest imaginable, you have your problem one-third licked; 3) Regardless of his biological construction, he must regard all good-looking human females as irresistible.

I think you will agree that an idea, a plot, and a lot of screwy characters should at least get you started. The only problem left is

putting these elements together properly. In approaching story construction, you will find it helpful to use the following suggested outlines: 1) beginning; 2) middle; 3) end. An astounding number of people I have talked to are utterly unaware that a story has these three parts. Unhappily, though, not all stories do--I've read an awful lot of obscure middles lately, and some pretty long beginnings, and a number of dreary endings tossed off by some harried writer between cocktails and supper one night.

You're on your own from here on in. There's not much more advice I can give you on how to become a writer (like me), except to point out a few do's and don'ts that I have encountered in my experience.

The most important don't of all is, don't ask your mother if your stories are any good. I used to do this, and for ten years I proceeded under the misguided assumption that I was a young Hemingway being neglected by stupid editors. This all ended when I acquired a wife, whom I finally talked into reading one of those stories that a callous and short-sighted editor had sent back. "He's right," she said. I was sick in bed for a week. She was the first person who had had the courage to tell me that editors are paid, not for being wrong, but for being right. I am happy to say that I recovered from this shock, and in the period since have managed to find a couple of editors who agreed with me--or maybe it's the other way around.

The second don't is, don't quit your job and rent a cold-water garret the first time you get a personal rejection from John W. Campbell, Jr., that says, "However, I rather like your style of writing and suggest you try us again." I ran a fever and had spots in front of my eyes for three days the first time this happened to me. Happily, I held onto reality and my job. I know that phrase by heart; every personal rejection I have received from that man has said the same thing. I can't figure out what it is about my style that so fascinates him.

The third don't is, don't pay any attention to article in writers' magazines that urge you not to rewrite. I once read an issue of a writers' magazine. There was an article in it by

----(Continued on Page 13)

Is Science-Fiction ESCAPE LITERATURE?

HELEN M. URBAN

TAD DUKE

Helen Urban has sold stories to Authentic Science Fiction, Science Fantasy, and The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, and has recently completed a novel. Much of her published work is in a humorous vein, but she has turned to the serious essay as her first contribution to Magnitude.

----The Editor

I shall not attempt to interpret what is meant by science fiction's being "escape literature" when the term is used in a condemnatory manner; I just don't fully know.

However, I will seek this amount of definition; Escape can mean fleeing FROM something; it can also mean going INTO something.

Digressing for a moment to an allied subject that has been discussed briefly before, the subject of the prevalent attitude of suspicion against intellectuals, I should like to quote several people who have commented on the same attitude.

Variety called our time "the era when to be accused of having some intellect is tantamount to vilification."

Brooks Atkinson, after having noted that the American Psychological Association "has made the same point in more technical language," concluded that "a passion for ignorance has swept through the country like the schmoo."

Historian Henry Steele Commager said that, "the historian of the future who chronicles this decade will be puzzled by the depth, strength, and prevalence of our anti-intellectualism," and referred to "the vague aura of guilt that surrounds associa-

tion with academic, intellectual, literary and reform societies."

Randall Jarrell, the source of these quotations, said that Dean Acheson has been attacked and made fun of again and again with one of the most effective points made against him: that he had...gone Harvard.

Returning to the two aspects of escape which I mentioned, it might accurately be stated that science fiction readers escape INTO science fiction to find a medium of literary expression wherein intellectualism is not a vilification point.

From this aspect it may be necessary to class science fiction as escape literature, however with the reservation that this use of escape does not carry with it a condemnation of science fiction; on the contrary, it places science fiction in the position of being a safety mechanism for those who need to think of some things other than the routine of eating, sleeping, and sensory gratification; it makes of it an escape valve, a safety valve as it could be called, for the internal pressures that are built up by living out of full cultural acceptance.

Cultural acceptance works both ways: acceptance of the culture, and the

acceptance of the individual by the culture. Identification within the culture in both ways is important for an individual, whether he likes to think so or not, for cultural disorientation is a personal disaster. There must be many aspects of his culture with which a person may identify himself, for if there are not, he faces the disturbances of rejection--rejection by his culture and of his culture. The more relational points within his culture a person may identify himself with, the happier he will be, and one of the identification points of our culture for us, as science fiction readers, is the literary phenomenon of our culture, science fiction.

In this cultural relationship of science fiction it is not an escape mechanism, but an identification mechanism with which the individual may have his intellectualism and hide it too.

The necessity for masking the activity of thinking is apparent to anyone who has been found out by a non-thinker to be a thinker.

There is another defense against the slur of escape that may be made for science fiction.

It is impossible to read science fiction for any length of time and fail to have curiosity on some specific aspect of science fiction stirred.

Displayed for the tickling of the imagination and the stimulus to investigation to satisfy that imagination are found physical sciences, social anthropology, general semantics, astronomy, rocketry, time-space, art, mathematics, literature, history, zoology--well, choose a subject of human investigation and it is a safe bet that somewhere in the literature of science fiction you will find it worked out, worked over, discussed, perverted, glorified or magnified; but whatever method has been used to display the subject, it has at least been presented, and it is the presentation that matters. If you think the author has not done right by your dearly beloved subject, you can always go him one better--you can study it and thumb your nose at him.

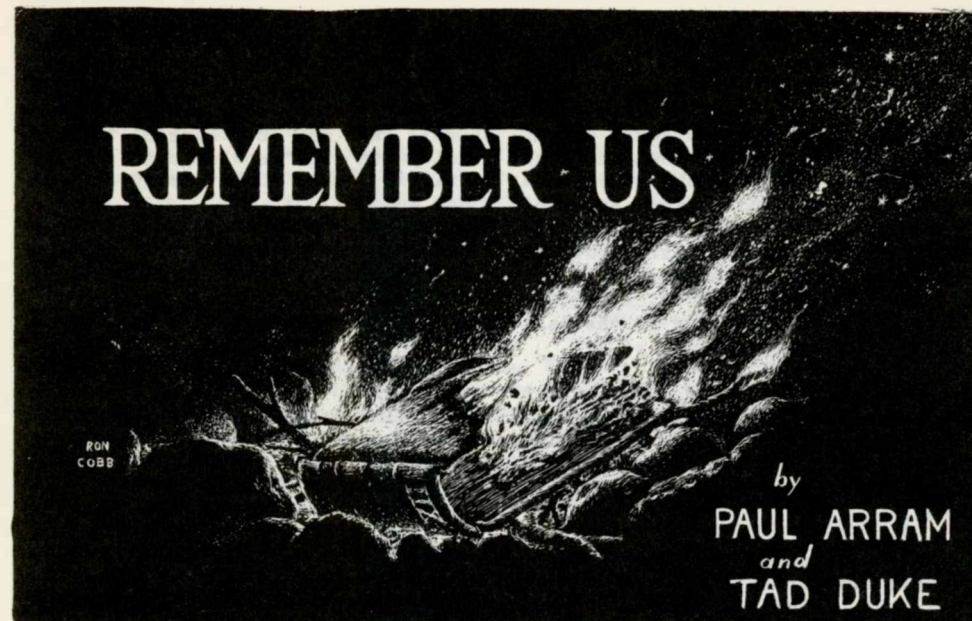
Any discussion of this sort of relatively indefinable subject--escape or not--is bound to receive itself into individualistic concepts, for it is fans collectively who read science fiction, but it is the indi-

vidual fan who is the interior mechanism of fandom. The non-fan reader I am not considering at this moment, for I believe it is a symptom of the need to find intellectual safety valves that lead many readers into fandom, there to find others like himself who have found in science fiction a way to be intellectual and hide it too. On the individual level this femmefan, H.M. Urban, finds science fiction not an escape but an intellectual stamping ground, where an interesting collection of nuts--salted and otherwise--can be contacted and where ideas can be polished occasionally, for ideas DO need polishing, and right now.

Part of the present fear of intellectualism is the culturally imposed fear of thinking for yourself. People have been inoculated with the idea that thinking is some sort of mysterious process that only "professors" or teachers or thinkers can do, or have the equipment to do, or the right to do. Thinking is generally supposed to be an esoteric process not for the masses but for a separate "intellectual" branch of society that has pre-empted the right to think. Many people are afraid to even admit that they think. They are moreover afraid even to try, shying away from being thought gauche for the poor showing they might make compared to some one more "intelligent."

One thing about science fiction is that it is a delight to the perverse human type who insists on doing his own thinking whether it is of top quality or not; science fiction clearly shows, in story after story, that no one savant has propounded the whole theory of human reactions, actions, emotional problems, or interacting intellectual and emotional factors. No one school has penetrated to the understanding of the whole. Many fine systems have been established; many good beginnings have been made, but there is plenty of room at the beginning, plenty of room at the top, and a whole infinite field in the middle for human beings to use for the exploration of human beings. In our own way we stamp around in the subject of human interactions, finding bits and pieces and parts of the human picture through that amazing looking glass called science fiction. I cannot call that escape.

----Helen M. Urban



A radio-play version of this drama, similar to the version presented below, was recorded on tape by the Chesley Donovan Science Fantasy Foundation some time ago. We feel that the story has tremendous impact, but read it and decide for yourself.

----The Editor

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Darall--The dreamer who lives in the past glories of his race.
 Rotek--The eldest, and assumed leader of the group after their escape from the Masters.
 Shawn--the last woman, and devoted wife of Rotek.
 Emik--The youngest, the son of Rotek and Shawn
 Etrion--Another who dreamed of glory--that which lay ahead.
 Alorr--The one whose world exploded and whose simple mind faced the Universe with fear.
 The Masters--The next rulers of the Universe.

MUSIC:

NARRATOR [Music continues during narration of prologue]: Man has existed on this planet for a million years, and in that time he has made himself ruler of the world. He has evolved from his savage cave ancestors--but his evolution has not stopped. While his achievements climb higher and his power grows

greater, he forgets that in time the cycle will reverse itself. He forgets that someday Man, like all great things, must fall back upon himself, decline, and eventually die.

The time is some five million years in the future. Man has left his tiny world, subdued the Universe, and, his race grown old and senile, returned to the world of his birth. The end is near. The Human Race, after six million years of undisputed reign, now has a competitor--a new race, a far-evolved mutation of the tiny ant, grown larger, stronger, and more intelligent than Man himself. The last battle has been fought--and Man has lost.

Far-off, in a lonely forest clearing, around a flickering wood fire, sit five men and one woman, the last members of the Human Race. The weight of the past bears heavily upon their voices--the shock of defeat numbs their minds. The yoke of age, even in the youngest, is

overpowering. High on a hill a beautiful city stands, populated, but not by Men. It is a clear October night and the trees are shedding their leaves, the gusty autumn wind carrying them down into the clearing. Overhead the stars, unchanged since the first spark of life on Earth, watch indifferently through the crystal air. But the last Men stare at the ground. Not a word is spoken--for they know--they all know--that this is the last night of the Human Race.

Then, from the City, drowning out the sounds of the tiny night insects, comes haunting, throbbing music with a weird rhythm and melody. [Music from city fades in, as other music ends.]

DARRALL: A ceremony has begun. [pause] Simple creatures--they are so like children. Their dances and songs, their simple, unquestioning lives...

ROTEK: They are children. We were like them once, so very long ago. But they have something we never attained even in our final hour--an instinctive, inborn love for their own kind and all others.

EMIK: Inborn love! They show their affection for us in a strange way! What right have they to steal--to drive us away from what is ours--what right!

ROTEK: Be calm, my son, and try to understand. We are old; they are young. We are six; they are millions. We have fallen; they are born. It is their destiny to rise as we have. Can you blame them, really?

EMIK: Yes, I can blame them! The Men of Old would have no second thought on what to do in our circumstances. They would rise to retake what was theirs!

ROTEK: Our race renounced violence as a means to comfort before anything we know of was conceived. We have lived so long without it, our minds and our bodies rebel. What you propose is not foreign to our natures but to our capabilities. To drive out seething millions of creatures, each stronger than the six of us combined, is an impossibility without the products of our civilization--and those rest in the hands of the enemy. We are defeated, my son, and it is better to realize defeat than to live in the vain

hope of victory.

EMIK: [softly, almost to himself] Fools! Stupid savages! They do not know what they have done.

ALORR: We may be thankful they do not--with the knowledge in our libraries, they could easily seek us out and kill us.

ETRION: Why cannot we increase our numbers and found our culture again? Surely this--this cannot be the end....

SHAWN: You know there has not been a child in a generation.

ETRION: But the others, in the other cities----

SHAWN: The other cities have not been heard from for five generations. At that contact, Darall came to us from the forest, saying that his city was empty save for himself, and he thirsted for company. He will not speak of it, but his plight must have been as ours is now. No, we are the last, all that is left from the population of a thousand worlds.

ETRION: Then there is no hope, no possible way.

SHAWN: Why are there no more children? Is it our fault that we are barren?

ROTEK: No, woman, you are not entirely to blame. The original cell--the basic human unit which we all carry in our veins--has grown weak. It is as sure as the stars--a race grows old, and its members become sterile. The books tell that----

EMIK: The books! Books cannot help us now. It is good that they are gone, they who tell us only of the dead past.

ROTEK: I have one book; it is the last. I could not save more, though I would have liked to--the attack was so sudden--there was not time....

DARALL: [He has not been paying attention to the conversation.] To think that once we ruled all that--the moon, the planets, the stars, the galaxy. We conquered all the rest and climbed to the peak of achievement. After the wars, peace reigned for millions of years. We were unconquerable; nothing could touch us--nothing outside our own weak bodies. They proved to be our final enemy. We melted away like ice beneath the rising sun.

EMIK: "The Masters," they call themselves, your "rising sun." Brainless creatures of the dirt!

ROTEK: That is why they had to come out. They are finally ready for a life above ground. The books say....

EMIK: Damn the books! They cannot feed us! They cannot save us! But, by the fire, they can warm us! [There is the sound of the book being torn from Rotek's hands and hurled into the crackling fire.]

ROTEK: [upset, but restraining himself] Do not blame yourself, my son. I understand. It is hard for you.

DARALL: It is hard for all of us. [pause] A million years ago they were such tiny creatures. Our fathers stepped on them without thinking. We never dreamed.... They were there all this time, of course; we knew they were growing, down in the forest--their songs in the night, an occasional pair of watching eyes....

SHAWN: Yes, we knew but we did not care. They seemed so beneath us, so unworthy of even a passing consideration. And all these years they were waiting, planning the day when they would sit in the lofty cities and judge the Human Race as we had judged them.

ETRION: I shall never forget last night. It was just like any other--then, suddenly, they were there, looming, threatening--thousands of them. And the thought----

DARALL: The alien, mindfelt voice that said, "Go! We will have your city!"... immutably... implacably....

ETRION: Then they came on, pillaging, destroying, throwing jets of pungent acid ahead of them, forcing us back... back.... [The music from the city, which has run through all of the preceding, becomes louder, reaches a climax, and stops. There is a moment of quiet, broken only by the chirping of the night insects; then....]

DARALL: The ceremony is finished.

ALORR: [very upset] They will be coming for us now, to kill us.

ROTEK: They would have nothing to gain from our deaths. Already we are powerless to oppose them--our cities, our libraries--they have them all. I think they will leave us to die in peace----

[The sound of the night insects stops abruptly.]

EMIK: [He sniffs the air and speaks deliberately.] They are coming--they are coming after us!

ALORR: Yes! I can smell it also. I

told you they would. They are coming to kill us! [He struggles to his feet.] We must leave quickly! There is not much time. The acid! They will kill us!

ROTEK: Be seated, Alorri! We cannot escape them; it would be futile to try. We can learn much from them. Be seated! They have almost arrived.

EMIK: [cynically] The information will be very useful.

DARALL: Listen! [The rustling of the underbrush in the darkness can be heard, growing louder.]

ETRION: There seems to be only one.

ALORR: [relieved] He has stopped! He is coming no closer!

SHAWN: She must be afraid.

ROTEK: [to the hidden Master] You are late. The ceremony has ended.

MASTER: [His voice is hollow, representing a thought projection] I am late. I know. I come a big distance. The Mother will be sad. What are you?

ROTEK: We are Men. We live here.

MASTER: You are men? What are men?

EMIK: We are the dominant race. We rule the Universe.

MASTER: You are lie. What is universe? What are you?

EMIK: The stars, the sun, the moon--that is the Universe. We rule that.

MASTER: You are lie. I am late. Who is the Bright One in the center?

ETRION: The bright one?

SHAWN: She means the fire. They must not know what it is.

MASTER: Who is bright one? I am afraid. He shines like The Sun.

DARALL: How can we explain it to him?

EMIK: It is the sun. He comes here each night.

MASTER: Oh, The Sun! He is so beautiful and so bright....

ROTEK: You should not have told him that, Emik. He will feel duped when he finds out.

EMIK: They have worried a great deal about our happiness!

ROTEK: Do not be bitter, Emik. They cannot know....

EMIK: I will make them know! Yes, it is your god, The Sun. And we bend him to our will as a sapling in the wind. We drive him as our slave; he kneels at our feet....

MASTER: You are lie. You are small. You cannot force The Sun; He is master.

EMIK: He is master! What manner of master is this? See how even the sand can diminish him.... [sound of

fire crackling and hissing, as Emik kicks sand into it.]

MASTER: You have hurt The Sun! He will be angry.

EMIK: Let him be angry! He is powerless against me!

MASTER: No! No! he is all-powerful!

EMIK: We are all-powerful! You honor false gods! [Emik takes burning stick from the fire.] See how he dances on the end of my stick! See how I can kill him! [Emik digs the brand into the dirt and extinguishes it.]

MASTER: You have hurt The Sun! But that is not possible.... I am confused. You are evil!

EMIK: You are a stupid fool! We are destined to rule; you were created to be tread upon.

ROTEK: Please, my son, that is enough. You are doing harm. You are the one who is confused.

EMIK [without hearing]: Bend down, humble creature, before those who are superior to you! Bend down and beg us to let you serve as our slave!

MASTER: I bow only to the Mother and to The Sun. You are lie! You are infidel and weak! You are nothing!

EMIK: You! You who crept wretchedly through the grass and lived out your lives beneath our feet--you who were but a household pest while we conquered the galaxy. You were less than nothing!

MASTER [taunting, like a child]: You speak of long ago--it is foolish. You are foolish. We are the Masters. We took your cities.

EMIK: Yes! The cities! But what do you have that we haven't given you? What is really yours? Nothing! Even your gods you cannot call your own!

MASTER: The Sun is all-powerful. He shines on us, not on you. He gives us your city.

EMIK: Your god! Here is your god--look closely at him--feel his wrath on the enemies of Man! [There is the sound of running feet as Emik charges into the forest at the Master with a flaming stick.]

SHAWN [rising to her feet]: No, my son! Come back, come back!

[There are sound of scuffle. The Master shrieks, and then Emik screams. Then there is silence broken only by Shawn's sobs. Then..]

MASTER: I am confused. I did not want to hurt him, only to make him

go away...He hurt me...I hurthim... bad...What are you?...What arement?... How can The Sun be hurt?...I am late ...The Mother will be sad...very sad...I am late...[The voice trails off, and there are sounds of rustling bushes as he leaves. Shawn weeps gently. A sudden gust of wind blows a shower of leaves into the clearing. The night insects begin singing.]

ETRION: What a fool I was to think we could ever regain our former position. We have fallen; so completely and so far they do not even know who we are. We are just another creature of the forest to them, a small, weak breed of animal to be pondered and fent off from the feed stores.

ROTEK: We have completed the cycle. It was five million years ago when the first...[He falters.] first five men sat around a fire, helpless, as we are now.

DARALL: From the periphery of the galaxy, from the greatest empire the Universe has ever known, to five old people around a fire.

ALORR: Will they return to kill us?

ETRION: It does not really matter. Nothing matters any more. We--there will be little pain; the cold and the hunger will do their work swiftly. No, this is the last night for us.

ROTEK: The story is ended; a new book begins--tomorrow.

[The insects cease their chirping.]

ALORR: I am afraid.

ROTEK: You are not alone in your fear. It will not be easy for any of us, but that is----

DARALL: Listen! [Weird, six-beat music similar to the earlier type increases in volume gradually from barest audibility to nearness.]

SHAWN: Who is it this time? Why can they not leave us to die in peace?

ETRION: That music...but it...it can no be; why would she----

SHAWN: The Queen Mother?

ETRION: Yes. But why--why would she come here--to us?

ROTEK: We are being honored--she has evidently brought her full formal escort.

[The music stops. The Mother, accompanied by two guards, is heard entering the clearing.]

MOTHER [voice as of other Master]: You are but a few men. Where are the others?

ROTEK: There are no others. We are

the last.

MOTHER: The last! [pause] But the city was so magnificent. I don't understand. We thought there were millions of you, as there used to be. We built a huge army to defeat what we feared to be a formidable enemy. Do not hold the taking of your city against us. We are billions; our young thirst for knowledge, which even you have not the right to deny them.

ROTEK: You need not ask forgiveness. The time has come for us to abdicate our throne in favor of you. Tonight we die. You have our blessing.

MOTHER: But you cannot die here. You are Men! You have conquered the stars. You must come to our city--your city--and live there in your rightful place.

ALORR: Thank you, oh thank you! You have given us our lives!

MOTHER: You need not thank us. We wish only to make up for the hurt we have caused you. One of you will never rise again. I am truly sorry; my daughter was young. She did not understand.

ROTEK: My son was also young and unwise; tell your daughter to ease her regrets.

MOTHER: She has destroyed herself; the burden was great. But that is past--it does not concern us.

We are young; our history is just beginning, while yours is behind you. I have a favor to ask of you--a very great favor indeed, con-

sidering our treatment of you. Would you consider it?

ROTEK: Our usefulness to the Universe has ended. If we can serve once more before we die, we die content.

MOTHER: I thank you--for myself and my daughters. We have much to learn and many errors to make. You are so wise--so great--we would be eternally grateful if you would teach us what you know, so that we may someday fly to the stars, and harness the sun to light our cities.

ROTEK: We----

ETRION: Your request is answered--we will help you--with one plea. You believe us, you know what we have been even though your children have forgotten. We will pass the torch to you, to take up where we left off. Someday, after many races have risen and fallen, the intelligent beings of this Universe shall attain the unknown goal toward which all life is dedicated. Each race, in its rise and fall, will have done its part, however small. We, the first, the ones who began the climb, realize that it is inevitable that we die--but we must not be forgotten! Make a record of what we have done--pass it on to the next ruler when the time comes for you, too, to crumble to dust. But please, we implore you, do not ever forget. Our bodies will die, but our memory must live on! Remember us. [pause; more slowly] Please, remember us.

-----Paul Arram and Tad Duke

HOW TO BECOME A SCIENCE FICTION WRITER--LIKE ME (Continued from Page 6)

Robert Heinlein, who was the current god of science fiction, and he said positively never to write a second draft. I labored under this millstone for seven years, until I made a fantastic discovery: sometimes it sounds better the second, or even the third time, or the fourth or fifth, that you write it.

I think I've told you everything I can. There's one item more, though, that I'd like to comment on before I go. That's messages. Every once in a while somebody talks to me about the message my stories must have. Some of these people have suggested

for my examination some stories that are just loaded with message but which are about as dull as last year's weather reports. I have known people who have ripped a story apart, sentence from sentence, word from word, and extracted from it a frail, twitching, dangling message. The only important message that I ever heard of being consciously planted in a story was the one from Garcia.

The messages will take care of themselves if you just remember--it's the job you do that counts.

-----Ed M. Clinton, Jr.

Ye Traversal of The Skyes By Mifsle Unto the Surfase of the Verree Moone

by William Brownson

The Mobile Visitations of the Chrystal Sphere

There has been much Speculation on Methods of traveling to the Moone in recent years, by Authors of Romantick Fancies. The engine herein explained, however, is scientifically accurate in every Facet of its Complex nature, and if it were built, as I have described it, it would surely reach the Moone. It consists in principle of a large cannon and ball, the ball is another cannon and ball system which is in turn yet another cannon and ball, and thus forward, the total system comprising five cannons and five balls, the last of which is hollow and equipped in comfort for the sole passenger. A large barrel of crackers, and several flasks of water will be provided to assuage his hunger and thirst, which must certainly develop during this journey. In addition, a stove and several popular novels will be provided, as will a supply of beads and trinkets to be traded with the selenites. In case the Moone be found inhabited, which is very unlikely, each ball will

The Craft would be constructed in a verticle position, to achieve efficiency from the Propellant; this latter will consist of a mixture of saltpetre, lampblack, sulphur, and red earth; the last of which will upon ignition, form quicksilver, to increase lifting power and dephlegmatised airs, to release more fire from the powder, and thus increase the violence of the reaction. The firing is begun by igniting the fuse of the main Cannon. This fires the shell primary, containing all the remaining components of the system, which are propelled to a great height. When the trajectory begins to return to earth, a clockwork device will fire a second cannon, which, adding to its height the height of the first, will rise to still greater height; thus it will follow, until the last stage has been fired. If, due to miscalculation or impurity in the powder, the last fired shell fails to coast near the Moone, the large air oars will be operated by the ascendent; a modern system of pulleys and levers will permit one man to do the work of many horses, and direct the craft near the Moone. Although the height of the Moone is not exactly known, my own researches, with optical tubes and selenoscopes of the latest type, indicate that it is certainly not farther than England is wyde.

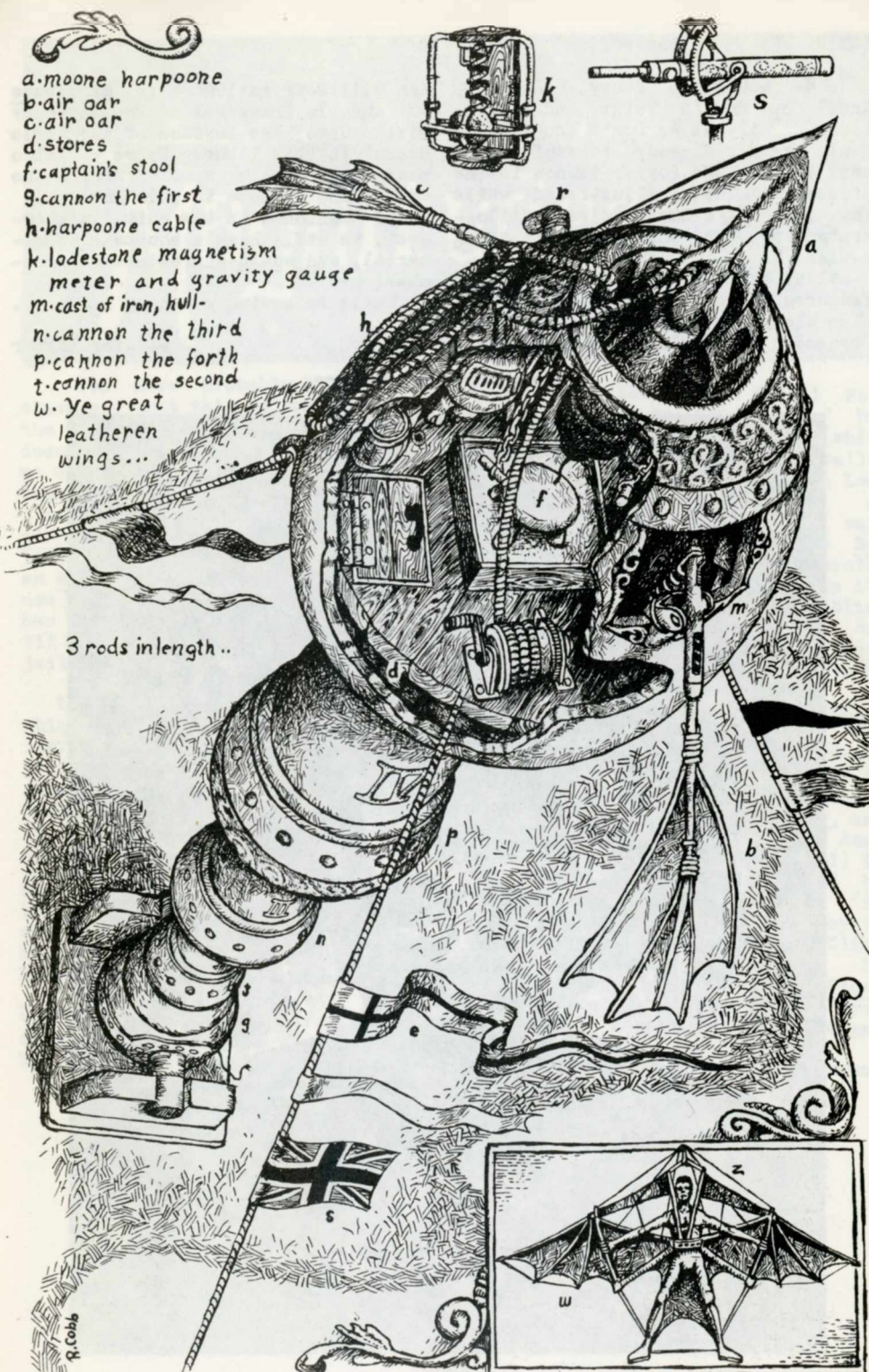
When the Moone has been approached, the captain of the craft will aim and fire the large Moone harpoone, which is designed to stick in the Moone, and then he will, with the efficient winch, provided

therefore, hoist the ship until it is in contact with the Moone and a safe exit can be made. Here one hundred and seventy-five miles above the world, a certain rarity of the atmosphere is certain to hinder movement, but certainly the Captain, by requirement a hardy man, of rugged constitution, should have no trouble after he becomes used to the strange conditions. At this point the Captain, a scientist at heart, will certainly wish to make scientific observations. Since the other worlds of the universe will be much closer to him, selenoscopes would certainly afford as clear a view of their surfaces as can be seen of the Moone from the World. The composition of the Chrystal Sphere, which supports the Moone can be determined, as can that of the Moone itself. Observations with a lodestone should reveal much of the magnetism of heavenly bodies. At last, it will be possible to map accurately the surface of our world as the Moone moves above it, particularly the unexplored parts of the Newe Worlde and other undiscovered continents. wdeuhiiiiunooooomrrssstuw

Dangers will beset the Moone traveler of such magnitude as have never been seen before. During the Entire Voyage, meteors, falling stars, and comets, will beset the ship, for such a large mass, moving into the universe, cannot but beget cosmic upheaval. The fixed stars, however, will not molest the traveler, however, for they are affixed to the outermost of the eight Chrystal Spheres, just below Heaven and the abode of the blessed. The greatest peril will occur when the Moone monthly approaches the Sun, heating it to incandescence. Before this happens, the captain will cut the rope supporting the ship, permitting it to fall into the Perthshire Peat Pits, whence in its luggy softness, it may be recovered along with the rest of the components which may be then assembled and fired again. Then, attaching great leatheren wings to his back the Captain will leap into the air and, flying like the verree birds, descend in a helical path, landing in a stack of hay, provided for that purpose in a field near London.

More practical use may be made of the repeated firings to follow. Soon it should be possible to build an impregnable fortress on the moone, a Bulwark in the skyes, forever guarding freedom of the seas and international peace.

God Save the King!



We have one story, "Reality, Inc." by Ronald Voigt, and one article, "Life As We Don't Know It" by Paul Arram, already scheduled for next issue. The former is now in the process of being illustrated, while the latter, although already illustrated by Ron Cobb, is still being revised into final form.

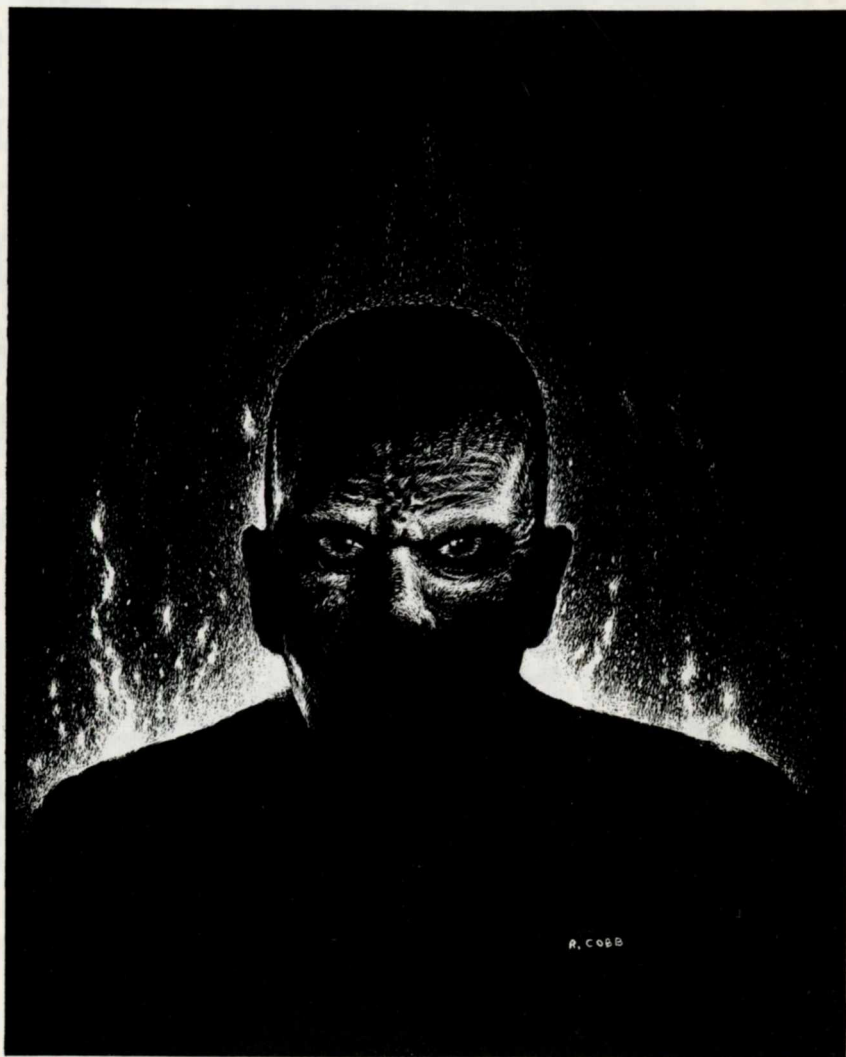
Also present will be our regular features, and if possible something else along the line of "What the Well-Dressed U.I.M.I.T.S.D.C.B.A.T.V.C.

Man Will Wear in 1995" in Magnitude #2 and "Ye Traversal of The Skyes By Missile Unto the Surface of the Verree Moone" in this issue. We're also planning something special for the cover, and we hope it goes through.

As mentioned in the editorial, however, we still have a shortage of material, and would appreciate any submissions.

We'll be seeing you next issue....

----The Editor



★ PLOTTING THE SF Magnitudes ★

BY FORREST J. ACKERMAN

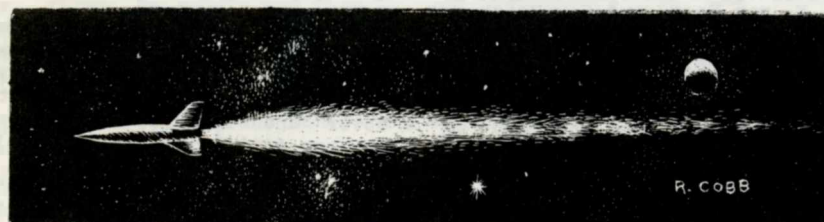
You have probably by now read elsewhere that this column of mine in the second issue of Maggy was introduced as nefarious evidence against me of evil wrongdoing before the Labor Board of California. I was accused of "operating an employment agency without the proper license!" Not a literary agency, but an employment agency! The case has now been dismissed, but the accuser has said "that he would not rest until he saw 'Ackerman and Campbell in jail.'"

Let us now spotlight an author whose ubiquitous appearances are bringing increasing fame to Southern California prodrom, Arthur Porges. Take Art's great F&SF yarn, "The Ruum," for instance. Besides original publication in the Boucherzine it's seen translation into French, kept company with Bradbury, Collier, Cronin, and Carr in British Argosy, been Bleilered & Dik-tied as one of the Best of the Year, and now I hear will be included in an English anthology featuring Ernest Hemingway, Somerset Maugham, Gerald

Kersh, and Sheila Kaye Smith! He's done a sequel to "The Ruum," but there's no truth to the rumor (which I just made up) that it's called "Ruum with a View," "All Roads Lead to Ruum," "Ruum & Coca Cola," or plain old "Ruumatism." (Who said "Ruum for Improvement"?) The New York Post, already having presented a half-dozen of his fantasies to its million weekend readers, will publish "Guilty as Charged." The slick, sophisticated new men's mag, Escapade, has purchased "Reconstruction," an SF yarn by Porges.

Other recent sales for Southern Califantasy scribes include "The Finer Breed" by Helen Urban to F&SF, "One Out of Many" by Mark Pines to New York Post, "Swenson, Dispatcher" by R. DeWitt Miller to Galaxy, and "Master of Death" by Miller and Anna Hunger (original 55,000 word novel) to Ace Books, "It's a Good Life" by Jerome Bixby to Science-Fantasy, "So Lovely, So Lost" by James Causey to Escapade, "Puzzle Box" by Ed M. Clinton, Jr. to Escapade, artwork by Blaisdell & Neutzell to F&SF, Other Worlds, Utopia, and Hapnal, and (you guessed it) a story by Arthur Porges to Ellery Queen.

----Forrest J. Ackerman



CD NEWS

by chesley donavan

(The Board of Directors of the Chesley Donavan Foundation)

Many events have taken place in the Chesley Donavan Foundation since the last CD News. One of these, as you have no doubt guessed is the changing of the name from the ponderous Chesley Donavan Science Fantasy Foundation to simply the Chesley Donavan Foundation. This has been done since the interests of the members are by no means limited to science fantasy, but encompass such fields as astronautics, astronomy, rocketry, and other pure and applied sciences, art, music, photography and cinematography, and in general most of the fields of human knowledge--but often with a definite slant on the aspects of the subject which deal with science fantasy. The name change was accomplished on October 18, 1955

On July 3 and 4, 1955, CD sponsored the Eighth Annual West Coast Science Fiction Convention at the Commodore Hotel in Los Angeles. A host of professionals and fans were present. The convention began on Sunday with a luncheon at which Forry Ackerman gave a talk on "Science Fiction in the Past Year and in the Year to Come," and Ed Clinton introduced many of the prominent SF personalities. The program continued with a business session, a panel discussion, and at 7:00 in the evening the Banquet, with Forry Ackerman as MC, and speeches by R.S. Richardson (Guest of Honor), Anthony Boucher, A.E. van Vogt, and Ray Bradbury (who literally captivated the audience by unfolding the plots to two new stories of his). After the Banquet, two short films were shown.

The second day got underway at 11:00 the next morning with the auction, presided over by Walt Daugherty. At 2:30 pm Ivan Tors and Curt Siodmak arrived, Mr. Tors gave a talk on "Science Fiction Theater," and two unreleased programs were screened, followed by a question and answer period, etc. Later, Ray Bradbury gave

an account of some of his experiences in Ireland and read one of his recent unpublished stories. The Western was officially culminated with a dance that evening, although many people found it convenient to gather in various rooms for informal discussions.

On August 6, the Foundation moved to a relatively spacious new headquarters at 2613 N. Myers St., Burbank, California.

The measuring system developed by Lewis Kovner has been redesigned so as to be based on a specific wavelength instead of merely the red light band. The wave standard decided upon is the midpoint of the two bright sodium emission lines, or 5892.9605 angstroms.

Two tesla coils have been completed, and the hi-fi installation is being completed by Ron Wetmore.

We would like to welcome these names to our membership roster: Ron Wetmore, Tom Ula, Helen Urban, and Eddie Robinson, our newest corresponding member.

Ron Cobb has recently obtained employment at Walt Disney Studios as an animator, and Paul Arram Shoemaker is now attending the California Institute of Technology.

Those of you who are not members and did not attend the Western may wish to purchase copies of the excellent Program Booklet, which features a cover and interior artwork by Ron Cobb, an article on R.S. Richardson, the Official Program, and other features, and is available postpaid for just 10¢ from the Foundation address above.

----Chesley Donavan

filming
"MAN AND THE MOON"

WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS
SHOOTING CALL

EASTMAN COLOR

NO. 5576 DIRECTOR WARD KIMBALL

DATE SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1955

STAGE #3

DAY OF SHOOTING

SCS: 80-85-92 (IF NOT FINISHED)
SC: 32 (IF NOT FINISHED)
SC: 95

INT. MOONSHIP (PROCESS)
EXT. ASTRODOME (PROCESS)
LOWER ASTRODOME
INT. MOONSHIP

9:00 AM

DEPARTMENT
PROPERTY
SPECIAL EFFECTS
GRIPS
GRIPS

HAVE SHADOW BOX ON SET
HAVE SPACE WHEEL MODEL
HAVE STAR BACKING & MOON CUT-OUTS & MISC
HAVE PLATFORM FOR SPACE SHIP BROUGHT IN

ASST DIRECTOR BOB JUSTMAN - TOMMY THOMPSON

UNIT MANAGER

by Ralph Stapenhorst

On December 28, 1955, ABC-TV will present the second in the series of Disneyland "Tomorrowland" productions, "Man and the Moon." It is certainly one of the finest space travel productions of the year, ranking with the first of the series, "Man in Space," which was first televised March 9. The original production is in beautiful Technicolor.

The picture is divided into three parts. The first part is a hilarious animated cartoon sequence on lunar lore and superstitions. In the next section director Ward Kimball introduces Dr. Wernher von Braun, who explains, first by models and then by a sequence of beautifully realistic paintings, the way in which man may establish the first manned space station, using passenger rockets, unmanned cargo rockets, and non-form-fitting "bottle-suits" with mechanical arms. This is followed by the third part, a realistic live-action and model sequence detailing the first trip around the moon.

The moon ship consists of the hull

of a passenger ship, stripped of its wings and outfitted with seven auxiliary fuel tanks, a communications and radar dish, a small nuclear reactor, etc. It is redesigned inside for a no-gravity trip by four men, and the entire ship is painted light green. The large set of the interior of the space ship was built in three sections. The first is the canopied pilot's and navigator's section, from which the left wall can be removed for shooting purposes. The next section includes supply lockers and an airlock for a bottle-suit, while the last section contains working space and instruments for the other two crew members. On both of the latter sections both the left wall and the overhead bulkhead are removable for shooting purposes, and on the last section so is the rear bulkhead. Each of the crew's seats is a complicated mechanism in itself. It is mounted on tracks so that the occupant may reach all of the instruments which are his responsibility, and it is also mounted on a swivel, includes an adjust-

able headrest, etc. For freefall scenes the men were suspended at their centers of gravity by wires from an overhead rigging. The instruments bear quite close examination, as each seems to have a useful purpose, and nearly all the instrumentation needs of such a space ship are represented by them. A large, punched, black background with an illuminated screen behind it is used for stars, and more complicated scenes passing by the ports and canopy are simulated by process-screen shots of the large model of part of the surface of the moon, paintings of the earth, etc. A full-scale set of the upper part of the bottle-suit is used interchangeably with a model for the scenes of repairing an acid tank damaged by a meteor; the suit, with the actor inside, is swung up in front of the star drop by a large boom. The main part of the bottle-suit set and the full-scale set of the damaged part of the acid tank were both built of fiberglass.

Helping in the model department were four-foot models of both the

space station and the moon ship; a smaller model of the moon ship to match the scale of the station model; two six-foot models of the moon, one of only the hemisphere facing us and the other of the complete moon; a large model of part of the surface of the other side of the moon; etc. The model shots are very well done, and often one finds it impossible to tell where model shot ends and live-action shot begins.

The picture is as scientifically accurate as the first in the series, "Man in Space."

Don't miss this presentation on December 28. If you do, however, you'll still have a chance to see it when it is rerun next year. Also, from all present indications "Man and Space" and "Man and the Moon" will be released in Technicolor for theatrical showings in some form. We mentioned this possibility in the last issue of Magnitude, and we still feel that the films deserve to be seen in their full Technicolor big-screen glory.

---Ralph Stapenhorst



The scene above shows the pilot and navigator aboard space ship RM-1 during the flight around the moon. Copyright Walt Disney Productions.