

# **“The Innocent Moon”**

Radio Drama

(60 minutes)

by Cliff Burns

**Cast:**

*Voice #1: The Child*

*Voice #2: The Man*

*Voice #3: The Cynic/Realist*

*Voice #4: The Astronaut*

*Voice #5: The Artist*

*Voice #6: Omniscient*

***Production Notes:***

*Voice #6 is decidedly female.*

*This drama utilizes numerous sound bites and “samples” from various films, songs and works that relate in some way to the Apollo missions and/or depictions of outer space. This creates an aural montage of voices and music, sometimes overlapping, competing, fading in and out...a sound portrait of human endeavor, real or imagined voyages to the moon we have gazed and wondered at for eons, creating a wealth of myths and narratives to sate our voracious curiosity.*

# The Innocent Moon

"The innocent moon, which does nothing but shine,  
Moves all the labouring surges of the world."

-Francis Thompson

SOUND FX: *Fading up—President John F. Kennedy, addressing the United States Congress, vows to land a man on the moon by the end of the decade...followed by clips from old science fiction films--“Destination Moon“, “Rocketship X-M”, “Invaders From Mars”—alternating with snippets of music: CCR’s “Bad Moon Rising” , Bobby Vinton’s timeless rendering of “Blue Moon” and, finally, R.E.M.’s “Man on the Moon”. And then astronauts Aldrin and Armstrong descending at elevator speed to the lunar surface (“Houston, this is Tranquility Base. The Eagle has landed”); concluding with Neil Armstrong’s thrilling words: “That’s one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind...” And then static, until—*

VOICE #1:

*(Child)*

I saw the man walking on the moon. I watched it on TV. I couldn't believe someone was really up there. I went to get my mother, I wanted to show her. She said she was too busy. She was cleaning up in the kitchen. I told her about the man on the moon but she didn't seem to care. She had other things to think about. She told me to go outside. She told me that was enough TV for today.

*SOUND FX: The opening strains of Kate Bush's "Hello, Earth" (from her Hounds of Love album).*

Voice #6:

*(Omniscient)*

The moon belongs to *women*. It is intimately attuned to their inner tides. Only they can contain her mysteries. In secret glades, enchanted places. Daughters of Diana, naked and defiant, enacting ancient rituals beneath the amber light...

VOICE #2:

*(Man)*

My life was completely changed that day. I wasn't quite six years old but, even still, I understood the significance of that moment and there was this...amazing paradigm shift, and all at once I had at least some notion, some *glimmer* of human potential, an idea of our place in the universal order. All of that was revealed to me in July, 1969. Because what I was watching wasn't a movie, it was *real life*. Those men were really up there. It was mind-blowing...what else can you call it? Like that moment in "2001", when the apeman reaches out and first touches the monolith and...something passes through him, some vital knowledge is imparted...

*SOUND FX: Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" ...and then, from the original Star Trek series, William Shatner intoning: "Space, the final frontier..."*

VOICE #3:

*(Cynic/Realist)*

--but space *isn't* the final frontier. That's just it. I read an article about this scientist who's found all sorts of new life here on Earth. The weirdest shit. Growing right beside boiling hot ocean vents. A completely hostile environment. All kinds of bizarre alien stuff. Things that live on arsenic and Christ knows what. And that was just

the other day. Believe me, there are tons of mysteries still to be solved down here. “The final frontier” is a lot closer than you think...

VOICE #6:

At the tone, the universe will be 14.1 billion years old.

*Pause.*

*SOUND FX: A soft, mellifluous chime; a single, sustained note.*

VOICE #2:

*(Man)*

I think part of me is still on the moon. That early recollection...even though I was so young at the time, I can still picture it vividly. The grainy footage and back and forth exchanges with Mission Control. It must have ignited something, a sense of wonder, fresh pathways of speculation and “what ifs”...

I wanted to be one of them, see what they saw. So many miles from home and making history with every word, every step.

That night, the moon didn't seem nearly so far away and nothing seemed impossible or beyond our reach. And I think for some of us there was also a tinge of sadness. After all, we had, with our technology, our wealth, our know-how, reached out and captured the moon or, at least, *subdued* it. And, in the process, stole some of its glamour and magic...

VOICE #5:

*(Artist)*

gazing up

you fall into it

*the night, forever*

SOUND FX: *Arthur C. Clarke "...any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic..." and then a silly sample of Zsa Zsa Gabor emoting hilariously from "The Queen of Outer Space".*

VOICE #4:

*(Astronaut)*

The Saturn V was an absolute monster. The pad technicians talked about how it snorted and groaned like a caged animal. Straining at its leash. Liquid-cooled and fully fuelled. Waiting impatiently for its human occupants to arrive. Eager to be *away*, flying; shedding the insistent clutches of gravity and *leaping* toward liberating space



VOICE #1:

(*Child*)

I cut out their pictures and I wrote to NASA, asking what it would take to become an astronaut. And someone wrote back and sent me this big envelope of stuff. Inside there was a book on the space shuttle and I read it, I went through it for *hours*. Because I couldn't be a cowboy, couldn't be like Gene Autry. Cowboys don't exist any more. But maybe I could be an astronaut like Gene *Cernan* and fly all the way to the moon...

VOICE #4:

(*Astronaut*)

...no minorities, no women, no homosexuals, no iconoclasts.

A sense of humour is frowned upon.

Maintain at least the *illusion* of a happy home life.

Be a team player.

Cultivate a friendly, if distant, relationship with the press corps.

Know your place in the pecking order.

Never publicly question or rebuke the administration.

Don't panic (it's a sign of weakness).

Remember when the time comes to die heroically, but only after all other alternatives have been exhausted.

VOICE #3:

*(Cynic/Realist)*

They had their moment in the sun or whatever. And, yeah, everybody was watching and pulling for them, hoping they'd make it back all right. But after that it was more like, "okay, on to other things". And the wind went out of their sails. Vietnam and poverty and civil rights—that's what was engaging people. Real life stuff...

VOICE #5:

*(Artist)*

The moon casts a spectral light, impossible to capture with any palette, film stock or exposure setting. Radiated moonlight has certain qualities that can only be detected or, more properly, *transmuted* by the unique architecture of the human eye. Moonglow creating a gauzy, dream-like effect, bringing rigid shadows to life—

*SOUND FX: Gustav Holst's "Mars" (from The Planets).*

VOICE #2:

*(Man)*

--they beat me to the moon, so I set my sights on Mars. This time it would be *me* who made that famous first step. A few words for posterity, keeping it short and taking into account the time lag.

Imagining what it would be like: For the first few minutes I'd be alone on the surface, probably taking the opportunity to survey the bleak terrain while the rest of my crew prepared to disembark. Wondering if Neil Armstrong had felt a similar sense of anticlimax. In a barren, forbidding landscape...on a world as lifeless and dry as a corpse...

*SOUND FX; Aldrin and Armstrong during their first moments on the moon, exchange thoughts on the view outside the Eagle:*

*Aldrin: Beautiful view.*

*Armstrong: Isn't that something? Magnificent sight out here.*

*Aldrin: Magnificent desolation...*

VOICE #6:

*(Omniscient)*

Bathe me in earthlight. Illuminate my deepest crater and crevasse. Scan me, probe me, sweep me with your seeking instruments. Sounding for rare minerals and metals, alert for a bright glint that might be frozen water...

VOICE #3:

*(Cynic/Realist)*

They wanted us to believe Middle America had conquered the moon. The lunch bucket brigade. The ordinary working stiff, punching rivets, everything tooled and welded and applied by sweating human hands. Emphasizing Armstrong's humble roots, the kid who loved building model airplanes. The round-faced Boy Scout. That's what trumped Buzz Aldrin. He lacked that certain something. It was important to share the triumph of the moon with the stakeholders who had picked up the tab. Don't forget, at one point NASA gobbled up something like 5% of the national budget. The grocer and the accountant, the clerk and the pharmacist; keep them glued to their sets, anxious to see how it ended. Following the action, rooting for their two hundred billion dollar heroes...

*SOUND FX: Neil Armstrong commenting at a press conference the night before the historic launch of Apollo 11. Sharing his thoughts on the upcoming launch, his confidence in the mission.*

VOICE #4:

*(The transmission occasionally garbled, breaking up)*

...hello, Houston...Houston do you read me, over? I have lost all power, all systems down. Repeat: I've lost everything. It's all gone. I'm the only one left up here. The others...Houston...Houston, do you read? Everything...nothing on the board, the platform is completely fried...the crew...Charlie...Bill...gone...*Jesus*...I'm requesting...I need immediate...can you...do you read me, over? Is anybody receiving this? All channels are open and I'm...I'm not getting anything but if you are, if there's anybody out there...Is somebody getting this? Is somebody there? Are you reading me, over?

*SOUND FX: Static.*

VOICE #5:

*From Psalm 8:*

“When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained. What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visitest him. For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and has crowned him with glory and honour.”

*SOUND FX: Theme from "Dr. Who" TV series, followed by a short clip from an old episode with Tom Baker or Jon Pertwee as the good Doctor.*

VOICE #1:

"Star Trek" and "Dr. Who" and "Land of the Giants" and "Twilight Zone" and "The Invaders" and "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" and "UFO" and "Space: 1999" and "Night Gallery" and "Lost in Space" and "The Prisoner" and "Time Tunnel" and "Thunderbirds" and "Six Million Dollar Man" and "Man from U.N.C.L.E" and "The Avengers" and "Kolchak: The Night Stalker"...

*SOUND FX: Debussy's "Claire de Lune" begins to play...*

VOICE #4:

The moon's distance from us varies due to its orbit but *on average* it's about 384,000 kilometers from the Earth.

*SOUND FX: The volume of "Clair de Lune" rising. Gradually, the words fade more into the background.*

The temperature on the lunar surface ranges from -170 to 117 degrees Celsius. There is no atmosphere and the gravity is only a fraction of the Earth's.

The Saturn V rocket that took the three astronauts to the moon measured over 36 stories tall and weighed more than three million kilograms. At launch, the five F-1 engines produced a phenomenal 7.5 million pounds of thrust. Half a million gallons of propellant were burned up in two and a half minutes.

*SOUND FX: Music and words fading down.*

Apollo 11 left Cape Kennedy at 9:32 a.m. July 16, 1969. It achieved lunar orbit three days later and the historic landing occurred on July 20, 1969 at 3:17 p.m.

It's interesting to note that the onboard computer in the LEM (or "lunar module") contained only the equivalent of 75 kilobytes of memory. That was considered high technology back in 1969...

*SOUND FX: News announcer interrupting regular broadcasting for a special, live event.*

VOICE #2:

There'd be these live broadcasts, showing us what it was like up there. Demonstrating the effects of zero g by leaving pens dangling in mid air or floating objects to each other. Doing pushups with one hand. They seemed to adjust quickly to the weightless environment. The prevailing mood was positive, playful even; no one seemed lonely or

depressed. On the contrary, it was clear our astronauts were enjoying themselves up there and few, if any, were in a hurry to come back home.

VOICE #3:

We only saw their carefully maintained public faces. They had handlers and flacks who knew how to smooth things over. The warts were kept from us—the bad marriages and whoring around. The back-biting and jockeying for position. All *we* got were those big *aw-shucks* grins, thumbs up, the best and the brightest and the fittest and the bravest... everything we were supposed to represent. The Dream Team, *circa* 1969...

VOICE #5:

“—thirty-eight!—thirty-nine!—FIRE!!”

Instantly Murchison pressed with his finger the key of the electric battery, restored the current of the fluid and discharged the spark into the breach of the *Columbiad*.

An appalling unearthly report followed instantly, such as can be compared to nothing whatever known, not even to the roar of thunder, or the blast of volcanic explosions! No words can convey the slightest idea of the terrific sound! An immense spout of fire shot up from the bowels of the earth as from a crater. The earth heaved up, and with great



difficulty some few spectators obtained a momentary glimpse of the projectile victoriously cleaving the air in the midst of the fiery vapours!”

Jules Verne, *From the Earth to the Moon* (1865)

VOICE #4:

Verne had his astronauts fired out of this enormous cannon and, when you think about it, he wasn't far wrong. At some points we were travelling literally faster than a speeding bullet. You couldn't always hear the engines but you sure as hell felt the push. Probably not that much different from being shot out of a giant space gun...closing my eyes and picturing us decked out in Wiley Post pressure suits, reclining in our Victorian-era capsule, everything brass and polished glass, controlled by levers and dials.

VOICE #2:

How can you possibly test for the kind of stress these people will have to endure? Who can predict which of them will break under the strain...or rise to meet any challenge? Rorschach blots, simulated disasters, barium enemas—to cull the weak and draw bright circles around the ones with the right stuff.

VOICE #1:

“Starlight, star bright,  
First star I see tonight--

*VOICE #6 joins in:*

--wish I may, wish I might,  
Have the wish I wish tonight.”

VOICE #5:

space is filled with colour  
gorgeous pinks, violets and blues  
billowing from exploded suns  
delicate wisps of membranous nebulae  
a billion shades of black  
spreading in all directions  
to far distances, measured in time  
dazzling birth/death throes  
broadband and recorded as promising blots.

*SOUND FX: The hiss and howl of the cosmos, as recorded by far-reaching radio telescopes.*

## VOICE #1:

A hero is...someone you look up to. He can do great things, stuff way out of the ordinary. He doesn't have to have superpowers but he *does* have to be brave and not scared of anything. And he has to be smart and think things up on the spot. And never panicking. Heroes always have a plan. And they never give up and because of that they can never be defeated.

*SOUND FX: Nature sounds; water lapping, the cry of a night bird.*

## VOICE #2

Can't we go somewhere, some place the skies are clear? I want to see the stars, *all* of them. Without any light pollution. No people around. It should be quiet and peaceful as I reflect on eternity. Except for the wind in the trees and the loon that chooses that moment to contribute his rather doleful thoughts. And let there be a meteor shower, to enhance the experience. Like the first night of our honeymoon, when the Perseids lit up the sky above us. Remember? We stood at the end of the dock, pretending it was all for us, a celestial wedding present for the brand new bride and groom...

*SOUND FX: The distinctive beep-beep-beep as Sputnik passes overhead.*

## VOICE #3

Picture it: the once-famous astronaut, now safely returned to earth. Signing autographs at a boat show. Playing on his legend and shilling for all he's worth. And this grinning father comes up, dragging a teenager with him. "This guy has been up there, Trevor. *In space.*" The kid is unimpressed, glassy-eyed with boredom. Shaking hands listlessly while his old man stands there, beaming like a fool. Dad's from a different generation; naïve, star-struck, easily impressed. A product of the Space Age and finding it hard to keep up.

*SOUND FX: Music by Air, a sample from "New Star in the Sky".*

## VOICE #6:

Someone turn off the stars. Flick the lights, at least, a demonstration of our unease. The monkey people have reached old Luna. Shown a facility no one suspected them of possessing. They were supposed to have blown themselves up by now. What happened? Who's to blame for the cock-up? Convene a special plenary meeting, discuss strategy, the best way to deal with this new and imminent threat.

*SOUND FX: The hissing, buzzing universe as translated by radio telescopes.*

## VOICE #5:

Space is not silent, voiceless, mute.

This is a misconception. On the contrary, it snaps and pops and frequently *roars*.

Overflowing with background noise, rhythmic bleats from spinning pulsars.

A wash of cosmic rays, a symphony contained in the passing of an ageless comet.

Listen...listen...for that first shout:

A birth announcement fourteen billion years old.

A breaching of the firmament;

A cry that echoes through the ages.

## VOICE #4:

We've obviously lost something. Our spirit of adventure. The capacity to conceive and carry out great things. We're so self-absorbed. *Consumers*. It's time to raise our sights, aim for not just the moon, by God, but further, as far as our ingenuity and courage can take us. That's where our destiny lies. *Out there...*

## VOICE #3:

When are we going to come to our senses? We can't afford to maintain our current level of spending, let alone pump billions of dollars into some

pipe dream of Mars. *Get over it.* It ain't gonna happen. Times have changed. This isn't 1969. Nobody believes in that crap any more.

VOICE #6:

The moon is blameless for the fire on Apollo 1. It didn't cause World War II or global warming. It had nothing to do with Auschwitz or the Black Plague. It strongly denies any wrong-doing and asserts its moral and legal right not to self-incriminate. It declines interviews and refers all queries to its lawyers...

VOICE #1:

The word astronaut means "star sailor"...

VOICE #4:

The suit is bulky and takes forever to put on. And then he has trouble getting out the hatch. Remembering to pull the lanyard, releasing the TV camera. Maybe still ticked at Buzz for staging his stupid communion ceremony. Always showboating, the bastard. Finding it hard to balance; tired, impatient, more than anything else worried about falling on his ass. *Only* a quarter of the world watching. Who can blame him for fluffing a line?

*SOUND FX: “That’s...one small step for man” ...and then exchanges between both astronauts and Mission Control. Terse, clipped sentences, replete with jargon.*

VOICE #1:

*(Chanting)*

“I see the moon,

The moon sees me;

God bless the moon,

And God bless me.

*(Repeat, gradually fading...)*

VOICE #6:

Listen to the voice of the moon:

“There are times when I can almost bring myself to *hate* them. For never coming back.

Forsaking me. But I will not be scorned. Not by the likes of them. They forget I control

their life tides. I can churn oceans and drown them in their floating wombs...”

*SOUND FX: Werner Von Braun, discussing space travel, future exploration of our solar system.*

*From Walt Disney’s popular “Man in Space” series, which aired back in the 1950’s.*

## VOICE #5:

*“Remembering Werner Von Braun”:*

You did your best to out-pace your crimes.

Helped put America into space--popularizing science with your weekly appearances and guest spots; a reassuring father figure, spokesman for things to come.

But the bones still rattle, Werner. In specially built caves beneath the Harz Mountains and in the dark heart of Peenemunde. You, the great genius, denying knowledge of the people starved and worked to death, hiding behind the threadbare mantle of science.

How you laboured to redeem yourself, put all that behind you. Working long hours without complaint for your new masters. Eyes straight ahead, fixed on the future, if only to elude the reaching past...

*SOUND FX: The howl of air ride sirens and “a screaming across the sky” as a V1/V2 rocket drops onto London.*



## VOICE #3:

They were looking to build intercontinental ballistic missiles. That's all they were, really. Just a bigger, better bomb. And then they figured they could stick a man on top instead of a warhead and shoot him into space. And then it became a prestige thing and you had the "Cold War" and the "space race" and everything got bound up in national honour and patriotism. And then Kennedy, who in actuality didn't give a rat's ass about the moon and rockets and all that crap, JFK makes this great, bold prediction and, *blammo!*, has the bad luck to get shot, leaving LBJ, who *loves* astronauts and anything to do with rockets, so it's off to the moon we go. And, by God, *we make it*. But...so what? What did that get us, other than a few hundred pounds of rocks? What did we actually accomplish? That's the question I'm still struggling with, forty years later.

*SOUND FX: Clip from 1936 film "Things to Come", based on H.G. Wells' novel.*

*Oswald Cabal (played by Raymond Massey) pontificating to his rival, Raymond Passworthy (Edward Chapman) on the future of mankind:*

*Passworthy: Oh, God, is there ever to be any age of happiness? Is there never to be any rest?*

*Cabal: Rest enough for the individual man--too much, too soon—and we call it death. But for man, no rest and no ending. He must go on, conquest beyond conquest. First this little planet with its winds and ways, and then*

*all the laws of mind and matter that restrain him. Then the planets about him and at last out across immensity to the stars. And when he has conquered all the deeps of space and all the mysteries of time, still he will be beginning.*

VOICE #5:

“Apologia”

*(For Robert Goddard)*

They didn't believe you, ridiculed your starry dreams in tall headlines, hundred point type.

And so you retreated, to Roswell, New Mexico, of all places. The crazy old rocket man, testing mixtures and lighting up the sky.

Working in secret, alone in the desert like a monk, a mendicant, wise man...or fool.

Living long enough, unfortunately, to hear reports of the V-1s and V-2s, crossing the English Channel and exploding in dear old London town...knowing part of them was you.

On those nights when you couldn't sleep, when the stars were so clear and close. Mere months of life remaining, time enough to reflect on how everything had gone so terribly *wrong...*

*SOUND FX: Sirens, shouts and screams, surging flames.*

VOICE #3:

Earth is our home. Everywhere else we're aliens. Invaders from another world. We evolved on this planet, our bodies are ideally suited and specially designed for good ol' *terra firma* not...*terra incognita*. Too long in space and your bones turn to jelly. And you get fried by all the background radiation and cosmic rays and shit. And after all that, what are the chances of finding another earth-like planet? How long can you placate a homesick, mutinous crew? How long before they turn on each other?

VOICE #4:

We know that space begins at about sixty-two miles but we *don't* know where it ends. It's racing outward at the speed of light. Resisting theory and explanation. A singularity, ever-expanding and never ending...

## VOICE #3:

Part of me believes that our kind, our species is just *vile*. Nietzsche said:

“There is not enough love and goodness in the world for us to be permitted to give any of it away to imaginary things.” I see no evidence that we deserve to inherit the stars. I see us collectively poisoning ourselves, using up our resources, stripping this planet down to its bare bones. And then turning the rest of the universe into our personal garbage dump. It’s *sacrilege* by any definition, no matter what your faith is or which god you happen to believe in.

*SOUND FX: The launch of a shuttle, the roar of its ascent.*

## VOICE #2:

Daydreaming of what might have been:

Taking the shuttle up the Lyndon Johnson Space Station, how exotic it all feels. The staff efficient and professional. Space is at a premium but there are shops selling over-priced trinkets and souvenirs, knick-knacks for well-heeled tourists. And an obligatory airport-type bar for nervous flyers who still need that fortifying drink.

Time to call home, if you want, or plug in and check the latest stock quotes or more hot gossip on a diva with a nose for trouble--

Then it's time, an androgynous voice announcing a boarding call for the *S.S. Kepler*, a gorgeous liner, seats booked months ago for what will be her maiden voyage, a leisurely tour of the inner system that also amounts to a shakedown cruise.

A thrill of excitement as we feel her unmoor. Then we are *away*, strapped in and biometrically monitored, our hearts racing, feeling the jolt as the monstrous engines fire behind us...

*SOUND FX: Elton John crooning "Rocket Man".*

VOICE #4:

It was so *dark*. The further away we got from Earth. You could feel it pressing in on you, all that blackness containing tremendous, almost crushing weight. On the other side of the glass, mere inches away. Death and eternity—out there, they're two sides of the same coin.

VOICE #6:

...steady state...frozen in time...Andrew Chaikin calls it "the stillness of a billion years"...a vast, arid desert of fine-sifted regolith...never-stirring through long, windless days and nights...

## VOICE #5:

The moon is us, part of *us*. Ejected in a massive collision. Captured by forces beyond its control. Reflecting earthshine on cold, blue nights. Sacred in its constancy, its imperishable presence, the bright passage it blazes through the surrounding dark.

## VOICE #3:

Robots do just as good a job. They're cheap and expendable and subcontracted all to hell. They take soil samples, perform chemical analyses, practically sniff the air. Astronauts are too expensive. They require upkeep. Clean water, fresh air and food fit to eat...

*SOUND FX: Alarm klaxons, shouts and tumult.*

## VOICE #4:

We're only allowed to take so much personal gear. Weight limits strictly enforced. Nothing that can be sold as trinkets and collectibles later on. Not since that business with you-know-who. The brass is really strict now. You'd be out on your ear. Both times I made sure to take lots of tunes. My last crew included a Russian and a Swede and they liked music too. I was playing Sibelius the day we were hit. You could

feel the impact and then all hell broke loose. Alarms, explosions aft...all of it accompanied by the majestic Fourth Symphony.

*SOUND FX: Sibelius' Fourth Symphony...supplanted by a news report announcing the death of Chaffee, Grissom and White in the Apollo 1 fire.*

VOICE #5:

The first ones have all gotten old. Or they're dead. Even Pete Conrad, arguably the most lovable and human of the bunch. Age renders them colorless and all but unrecognizable. They seem stooped in our high gravity. Only something in their airless, bouncing strides communicates they're not of this Earth...

*SOUND FX: News coverage of space shuttle Challenger disaster.*

VOICE #4:

--the way fire moves in space. Coiling and snaking in mid-air. Quickly seizing all available oxygen, billowing outward in its eagerness to *grow*--

VOICE #3:

...burning all the way down...

## VOICE #4:

We've never lost one *out there*. It's bound to happen. Having to listen to them as they tumble away from us. Final farewells to family. Waiting for the air to run out. Anxious faces, ever receding. Maybe finding them again, a hundred or a thousand years from now. Slowly drifting and perfectly preserved...

*SOUND FX: Brief snippet of David Bowie's "Space Oddity".*

## VOICE #6:

There has been a tragedy in space. A ship and its entire complement lost on the Earth to Luna run. A coolant leak...life support systems compromised, complete loss of atmospheric integrity. It happens. Even with all the safeguards and built in redundancies.

*Gone*. All of them. Four hundred and twenty-eight souls, including 15 crew members.

Leave them, I say, attempt no recovery of their remains. Let this be their final resting place. A fitting memorial and a lasting reminder of the perils that accompany space travel even today.



“Here we lie. Bound together always. Wayfarers, en route to infinity. *Requiscat in pace.*”

*SOUND FX: Sample of Frank Sinatra crooning “Fly Me to the Moon”, segueing into Frank Borman and the crew of Apollo 8 reading from the Book of Genesis as they orbit Luna, Christmas, 1968.*

VOICE #3:

They always award the contract to the lowest bidder. A part, a widget, a waddayacallit. Some sort of flange or valve coupler, a little thing, installed under a tight schedule, in the wink of an eye. But the metal is adulterated, the alloy poor. The heat of exploding gases. Something gives. The computers automatically trip warning lights, try to shut it down, but the administrators over rule them. A false reading, ignore it, light that candle, cross your fingers and pray nothing goes wrong...

VOICE #1:

Hey diddle diddle  
 The cat and the fiddle  
 The cow jumped over the moon;  
 The little dog laughed to see such sport,  
 And the dish ran away with the spoon.

*SOUND FX: Sample from “Eclipse”, from Pink Floyd’s “Dark Side of the Moon”, including the almost inaudible rejoinder: “There is no dark side of the moon...matter of fact, it’s all dark...”*

VOICE #3:

In terms of geological or cosmological time, we’re the equivalent of a blink. The time scales are so vast and we’re a relatively late arrival on the scene. It wasn’t that long ago that we were living in caves and still figuring out the whole fire thing. And now we’re daring to aspire to the *stars*? Boy, you ask me for a definition of *hubris* and I’d say that’s pretty close...

VOICE #5:

“All this world is heavy with the promise of greater things, and a day will come, one day in the unending succession of days, when beings, beings who are now latent in our thoughts and hidden in our loins, shall stand upon this earth as one stands upon a footstool, and shall laugh and reach out their hands amidst the stars.”

*H.G. Wells (1902)*

## VOICE #2:

There were twelve of them. Twelve golden boys. The real moon nuts can name them without batting an eye. We never tired of watching them. History's most expensive rock collecting expedition. Some came back transformed, bearing the marks of the void. Ed Mitchell and Charlie Duke found God, while others...they just fell apart. Sometimes alone and in private, sometimes in public. No big deal, it could happen to anyone. Except in their case we recognized their names and knew that at one time, at least, they'd been someone important.

*SOUND FX: The crew of Apollo 8 completing their reading from Genesis, Frank Borman signing off: "...and from the crew of Apollo 8, we close with good night, good luck, a merry Christmas and God bless all of you, all of you on the good earth".*

## VOICE #4:

The usual standards of measurement don't apply. Not out there. The scales are too vast. You have to use *time* to segment space into quantifiable portions and distances. Light *years*. And a light year is something like six million million miles. Which seems like an awfully long way, at least by ordinary terms of reference. But in relation to the rest of the cosmos? It's hardly a baby step...

## VOICE #1:

*(Singing)*

I see the moon,

The moon sees me,

I see the moon,

The moon sees me...

*SOUND FX: A stern warning from one of the old horror movies, Maria Ouspenskaya insisting that when the moon is full, the werewolf cometh. Followed by a long, hair-raising howl.*

## VOICE #5:

*“Sing-Song” by Christina Rossetti*

Is the moon tired? she looks so pale

Within her misty veil:

She scales the sky from east to west,

And takes no rest.

Before the coming of the night

The moon shows papery white:

Before the dawning of the day

She fades away...

*SOUND FX: A selection from Brian Eno's cool, icy repertoire. "Ambient 1: Music for Airports", perhaps...*

VOICE #6:

Every so often we retreat from each other, our influence waning. And then such a spell of loneliness overcomes us, we rush toward one another, pressing as close as custom allows. In frustrated yearning: held at arm's length, drifting never closing...too far to *touch*...

VOICE #1:

The first thing to do is build a base on the moon. With domes and stuff. And have people living there all the time and growing their food underground. And from there, we go to Mars. Why wait? It seems so simple when you look at it that way. That's the way it *should* be but, of course, it won't. They always find excuses and ten thousand different reasons why it won't work.

VOICE #3:

We're like cosmic locusts, our greed outstripping available resources, the supply always exceeding the demand and so we move on to the next world and the one after *that*. Until the accounting comes, the inevitable correction: a mass extinction, to clear the table and restore the natural balance.

*SOUND FX: Clip from the George Pal film, “When Worlds Collide”. The protagonist earnestly explaining the necessity of constructing a space ark to spare a portion of humanity from impending disaster.*

VOICE #6:

The future is bearing down on you, drawing closer by the second. And it’s impatient, it isn’t going to wait around while you make up your minds. Nor is it accountable to your best laid plans. You’ll have to learn to think on your feet, make up your strategies as you go along. Think creatively, intuitively. So that you’re ready for whatever happens, adaptable to change, challenge...even calamity.

VOICE #4:

We can’t leave all our eggs in one basket. A hundred years ago Tsiolkovsky warned about the massive, irreparable damage a meteor or asteroid could inflict on the earth. Right now, we’re the only intelligent, sentient life form that we know for certain exists in the universe. We’re *it*. And we’re only found on one lonely planet that has seen massive meteor impacts before. That’s what killed the dinosaurs but there were others that were just as violent and deadly. That’s something we should keep in mind when we’re pondering more cuts to the space program and going on about “pipe dreams” and —

*SOUND FX: Scene from ultra-dreadful 1979 disaster movie “Meteor”. A team of scientists and military men, headed by Sean Connery, frantically make plans while an unconvincing styrofoam rock hurtles toward Earth.*

VOICE #2:

“Magnificent desolation”, that’s what Buzz Aldrin called it. The pocked, battered surface of the moon. Impact scars daunting in their size, the intensity of the violence that created them. Evidence of catastrophes dating back billions of years. Meteors, space flotsam... and no atmosphere to slow or deflect it.

It happens. It can happen here. Something the astronomers and skywatchers miss. And it doesn’t have to be large; a moderate-sized chunk will suffice. Sliding out of the darkness, captured in our gravity well. Too big to vaporize, the angle of re-entry just right. The darting needles of seismographers. The sky darkening. A thunderclap that rolls on and on...

*SOUND FX: Thunder, gradually receding....Metallic whir of alien spacecraft from Gerry Anderson’s “UFO” series and an “alert” from SHADO’s monitoring station on the moon...and then Julian Cope’s version of a close encounter, “Upwards at 45 Degrees” (from his Jehovahkill album).*

## VOICE #2:

Lights in the sky. Unidentified flying objects. Visitors from another world.

Notions that express our yearning *not* to be alone. The universe so vast, so unimaginably huge, to all intents and purposes endless. Staring up at the night sky we see a *void*: terrible, impersonal, indifferent. And so we must populate space with something, *someone* who, like us, lives and breathes, is self-aware and curious.

It is the same instinct that inspired our species to see God in the tiniest details, hear Him in angry thunder...and consign loved ones to His care after death.

We're social creatures. We can't survive in isolation. And in our loneliness and despair, we anxiously scan the heavens, shaping constellations into archers and bears...and translating dull, undefined lines and squiggles into the canals of Mars.

*SOUND FX: The roar of a rocket, punching a hole through the thinning atmosphere, astronauts and ground controllers reporting readings and telemetry.*

## VOICE #4:

Slowly gaining momentum. Arching into the stratosphere...

In the beginning they were little more than expensive fireworks. Until the



mixtures were corrected, modifications made.

They tried Gagarin, they tried Shepard and Glenn. Disposable heroes. “Spam in a can”.

Hoisted into near space on the equivalent of ballistic missiles. In seats formerly held by monkeys and dogs.

VOICE #1:

I buy a Heller model kit of the Lunar Lander. Everything goes wrong. I lose some parts and then one of the support legs snaps off. I glue it but it looks sloppy and lopsided. The real thing was even more fragile. Walls like tin foil. I bet I could have smashed *it* to pieces and hidden them under my bed so no one would find them—

*SOUND FX: Excerpt from the original 1951 version of “The Thing”. Kenneth Tobey and his men confronting a murderous humanoid creature in Antarctica; Dimitri Tiomkin’s score adding dramatic emphasis.*

VOICE #3:

*We’re the monsters. And we don’t need rubber suits or makeup. We’re*

scary enough as we are. Watch out, universe, humanity is coming! And  
 may God help you all...

*SOUND FX: Voices from 1969 as the lunar module Eagle descends toward the lumpy, grey  
 surface of the moon:*

*Apollo Control: We're now in the approach phase. Everything looking good. Altitude 4200 feet.*

*Eagle; Manual attitude is good.*

*Houston: You are go for landing. Over.*

*Eagle: Roger, go for landing. 3,000 feet. We're go. We're go. Two thousand feet. Two  
 thousand feet. Into the AGS 47 degrees.*

*Houston: Roger. Eagle, looking great. You're go.*

*Apollo Control: Altitude 1,600...1,400 feet, still looking very good.*

*Eagle: (Indecipherable)*

*Apollo Control: Eagle, this is Houston, do you read? Eagle, do you read, over? Do you copy,*

*Eagle? Eagle, this is Houston...*

*But there is no reply, only static.*

#### VOICE #4:

What if...they never made that historic landing. Suppose something happened. Voice  
 contact lost. Mike Collins in *Columbia*, circling the moon every two hours, waiting for a

signal from the surface that never came. Using a 28-power sextant, scanning the ground rushing past but all in vain. No sign of them, no wreckage. Nothing. His worst fears realized.

Collins returned from the moon alone. Greeted in a subdued White House ceremony. No ticker tape parade or world tour. A mood of mourning rather than commemoration. Like Apollo 1 all over again.

Vietnam and presidential malpractice put paid to further missions. Funds re-allocated, to Skylab, the space shuttle, near Earth endeavors.

We never found out what went wrong. Never went back to the moon, except with robot landers.

*SOUND FX: Burble of electronic noise, mechanical blips and tweeps of telemetry.*

History hinges on accidents, contingencies, aloof fate. Two heroes die. A costly war and a besieged president. No more money to send men to die on barren, unpromising worlds. Chastised, rebuked, we withdrew. Never again venturing past Lagrange 1. Let the moon retain its mystery. No famous footprint or adlibbed remark, beamed around the planet...

Look up. It's still there. Seemingly within reach. A few hundred thousand kilometers away. So close...so tantalizingly close...

VOICE #3:

I say let the Chinese have it. All of it. The moon, the stars...the first person to set foot on the Red Planet will likely be the son or daughter of a middle class family from Hunan province. Claiming Mars in Mandarin, Cantonese and twenty other languages and dialects, including English. Graciously accepting stewardship of that world on behalf of the people of Earth...even though we all realize that's mostly for show. It's clear that the torch has been passed. The Chinese own the high frontier now and the next hundred years belong to *them*.

*SOUND FX: Moby's "We Are All Made of Stars".*

VOICE #6:

Carl Sagan said "we are all made of 'star stuff'". Elements found everywhere in the universe but somehow combining in one specific place to make the earth and air and water...and, purely by accident and mishap, human beings. A virtually infinite universe, which means virtually limitless possibilities. Nothing is too far-fetched or ridiculous. Everything from the miraculous to the seemingly banal. The universe accommodates it *all...*

*SOUND FX: A short sample from Van Morrison's "Moondance".*

VOICE #1:

"The moon shines bright  
The stars give light,  
You may play at any game  
At ten o'clock at night."

VOICE #3:

Space tourism is the latest kick: floating and bumping around the compartment, abruptly turning green and puking in zero g. Fifty grand buys you that privilege. Smiling sickly so they can take your picture. Trying to convince yourself it was worth it, your life's savings for ten minutes of pretending you were really there.

VOICE #4:

"The Earth is the cradle of humanity, but mankind cannot stay in the cradle forever."

*Konstantin Tsiolkovsky*

*SOUND FX: Music; “Under the Milky Way” (The Church).*

VOICE #1:

*(Shyly)*

Tell about the pale moonlight...

VOICE #2:

My sisters and I would ride our tricycles down to the end of the block.

It would be nine at night, maybe a bit later. The corner, that was the limit of our world.

Once we got there, we’d stop. There was a streetlamp right above us and we called it “sitting under the pale moonlight”. It was never clear what we were there for. Astride our bikes, inside that circle of yellow light; two or three of us, a block from home.

Staring at the gathering darkness, imagining what might be waiting for us out there. Fun, danger, adventure. Considering and discussing the possibilities until it got late and mom would call us home.

*SOUND FX: Strange, Georgy Ligeti-type music; unearthly, disquieting.*

## VOICE #3:

All of our “knowledge” is nothing more than moth-eaten suppositions drawn from unproven extrapolations, based on in-bred biases and ridiculous preconceptions. The end result of crude instrumentation, limited information and flawed reasoning.

Call it “SCIENCE” and pretend it’s always right...

## VOICE #4:

It’s tough, no question. Living at close quarters with four other people, no privacy, no personal space...a glorified Skinner Box. The stink of sweat, burned rubber and urine. Days, weeks, months together and gradually growing sick of each other’s faces.

But then, as we approach our destination, all slights and annoyances are forgotten. Running our final checks, gazing out through the port at a place with no human presence. Alien. Hostile to our kind. A surge of relief as our systems work flawlessly, easing us into close orbit. Whooping and clasping hands as we settle onto the surface. A long-anticipated broadcast to the folks back on Earth. The news travelling at light speed and *still* taking forever to reach home.

*SOUND FX: Excerpt from 1954 SF film “The Conquest of Space”. A simulated spacewalk, the actors emoting while suspended from visible wires.*

## VOICE #1:

Joey's dad told him the whole thing was faked. They filmed it in Hollywood and made it look like the moon. We got in a big fight about it and I told him to go home. I *hated* him. Because they wouldn't do it. Trick people like that. There wouldn't be any point. And, besides, they brought back rocks as proof. But some people are just so dumb. They don't want to believe in *anything*. For them there's no such thing as heroes. And when you try to explain, they don't want to hear...

## VOICE #3:

--what these people conveniently forget is that half the citizens of this planet don't have access to clean drinking water. Now that's a fact. Is rocketing off into space going to do a goddamn thing about solving *that*? To me, it doesn't make any sense. And I'm sure if you asked some guy in Africa with, y'know, a hut full of dying kids what his priorities are, spending billions chasing our destiny in the stars isn't exactly number one on his hit parade...

*SOUND FX: The theme from the old time radio program "X Minus One".*



VOICE #4:

Buzz said the dust got everywhere. It was really fine, like talcum powder. It got into *everything*. You were filthy with the stuff. They brought it with them into the LEM. Tasting it as soon as they took off their helmets. Stale air and the smell of wet ashes.

VOICE #1:

I see the moon,  
The moon sees me;  
God bless the moon  
And God bless me...

*SOUND FX: A sample from the 1969 movie, "Marooned"; three astronauts facing death in space. Their air running out, the situation tense.*

VOICE #4:

There's always that risk. Dying up there. No possibility of rescue. But it seems like a small price to pay. A necessary sacrifice if we're going to push the envelope and rise above our humble origins. Those lines from Tennyson: "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield". And if the scientists *are* right

and life on this planet is the result of collisions with asteroids and comets, our atmosphere seeded with the building blocks of life during primordial times, then we aren't leaving home...we're returning to where we come from. *We belong up there.*

VOICE #3

Stupid monkeys. We were fools. To dare the heavens with man-made fire. Soon we'll be punished. Condemned, like Prometheus; cast down and forever bound to the earth...

VOICE #1:

It makes you wonder where we'll be a hundred years from now. The future is so exciting. They'll solve all our problems and finally figure out how to get along. 'Cause they'll be smarter than us...

*SOUND FX: Collage of news headlines from the late 1960's: riots, assassination, protest, unpopular war. Music; "Eight Miles High" by the Byrds.*

VOICE #4:

They came back changed men. They'd seen the world from a perspective few of us ever will. There were no visible boundaries and that little spot of blue, so small you could cover it with your thumb, *that* was the extent of life in the

universe. The moon was beautiful and eerie and austere but it was *dead*. The details were so sharp and you could see clear to the horizon. A grey and black, Chesley Bonestell terrain. The marks left by their boots will last a million years. Preserved like the footprints of ancient dinosaurs. A flash-frozen moment from a long ago time...

*SOUND FX: "Moonlight Sonata" by Ludvig van Beethoven.*

VOICE #1:

The moon is about 3,500 kilometers in diameter. It's the fifth largest moon in the solar system and circles the Earth every 29 and a half days. It has an iron core and a north and south pole and some people believe it has water which is hidden deep in its craters, where the sun can't reach it. It doesn't have any air or atmosphere and it only has one sixth of the gravity of Earth. The craters are from meteors and stuff hitting it. Because of the way it rotates, the same side is always facing the Earth. It gets really cold when the sun isn't shining on it and really hot when it does. So you have to be really careful and always wear a suit. It's about 4.5 billion years old and its surface is grey and powdery. This is a picture of a footprint on the moon. Made by Neil Armstrong, the first man on the moon. Him and Buzz Aldrin landed there on July 20, 1969. The President called them and when they came back, they met him at the White House and were given a huge parade in their honor. They were true heroes and adventurers. The end. Thank you.

## VOICE #2:

At some point I realized that going into space wasn't going to be an option.

Even if I had the physical and mental gifts and could endure the intense training, manned space flight had been scaled back to the point where very few were chosen and fewer still made it up there. That was disappointing...but then, to console myself, I started reading science fiction and anything I could find on space travel; stories of the near and distant future. If I couldn't get up there in real life, I'd settle for the next best thing...

## VOICE #3:

If the Great Powers of the universe had any sense, they'd quarantine the planet. *Cordon sanitaire*. Leave us alone as long as we confine our toxic behavior to good ol' Mother Earth but if we dare to venture beyond that...

*SOUND FX: Klaatu's stern warning for humanity to clean up its act at the conclusion of "The Day the Earth Stood Still".*

Because if we ever get out, get free, *look out*. We're smart little monkeys.

Too clever for our own good.

VOICE #1:

Hey diddle diddle

The cat and his fiddle

And the cow jumped over the moon...”

*SOUND FX: The opening section of “Moon Child” by M83 (from Before the Dawn Heals Us).*

VOICE #4:

The end comes on December 19, 1972, 2:24 Eastern Time. The command module *America* splashes down 350 miles southeast of American Samoa. The last men to walk on the moon return home. Evans. Cernan. Schmidt. None since have ventured as far. Close the book. Reduce it all to memory and nostalgia. And yet...we still direct our eyes heavenward. Our dreams, our ambitions refuse to accept an earthbound existence. We won't be confined. It's the nature of our species. We yearn for adventure. And... something in the stars beckons us. One day, we will take up the challenge. Feel once again the push of the rockets as we leave the Earth far behind us. One day...

*SOUND FX: Sample of music from Explosions in the Sky's “The Earth is Not a Cold Dead Place”...segueing into an excerpt from Wallace & Gromit's claymation rocket flight to the moon in “A Grand Day Out”.*

## VOICE #1:

Someday we'll go back...

*SOUND FX: John Glenn and some of the early Mercury astronauts describing the view from their capsules. Their voices reflecting their excitement and wonder. Fading into sample from Orb's "Valley" (from Orbus Terrarum)...*

## VOICE #4:

To dare the impossible, to have bold visions and grand ideas. Not shrink from the future but *embrace* it. Use new technologies for something more ambitious than designing better video games. Think what we'll accomplish when we put our ingenuity and problem-solving skills to work getting to Mars. Evolution is a one-way trip. It's time our species got ready to make that next step--and it might be a little one, it might be something far more impressive; it's all up to *us*. The magnitude and reach of our ambitions...

## VOICE #3:

"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

## VOICE #6:

“Around every flame there must be a void, so there can be light. Without space, no light.”

*Joseph Joubert*

## VOICE #3:

“I am become Death, destroyer of worlds...”

## VOICE #4:

I think that when you lack a grand vision, something in your spirit withers and atrophies. We need, as a species, something to aspire to, a reason to raise our faces to the sky.

*SOUND FX: Clip from Star Trek opening “...its continuing mission, to explore strange, new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations; to boldly go where no man has gone before...” segueing into “All I Need” by Air (from Moon Safari).*

VOICE # 1 & 4:

We *must* go back...

VOICE #6:

(*Softly*)

...come back...

VOICE #2:

One thing I'd like to do is lay a wreath on Pad 34. If it's still there. For Chaffee, White and Grissom. Not because of their sacrifice and martyrdom or even because they died.

The day of the fire. That's when it all became clear: the consequences and, inevitably, the toll. All human endeavors are fraught with error. No one is perfect and...some giant leaps are preceded by great falls.

*SOUND FX: Kate Bush, reprising "Hello, Earth".*



VOICE #6:

No, not a dark side. It's just that I keep my true face turned away. Averted. A question of vanity, I suppose. The damage more extensive there. The age spots more numerous and harder to disguise.

VOICE #3:

People don't care any more...

VOICE #4:

Our "home" is wherever we are, wherever we rest our weary feet. And no matter who we meet, in the farthest places, there's no need to behave like strangers. We are the same, after all, our constituent parts originating in the bursting hearts of numberless suns...

VOICE #5:

*...a fleet of tall ships, drawn to your inviting harbour. Greeting your emissaries with deference. Behaving with scrupulous politeness. Our demeanor making it manifestly clear we come in peace and humility. A thousand years of space-faring have taught humankind well.*

VOICE #2:

*We did it.* With relatively primitive technology and—and by exerting ourselves to the utmost of our strength and abilities...*we touched another world...*

VOICE #1:

I *saw* the man on the moon...

VOICE #2:

I'll never forget it. Watching them...wishing that was *me*.

*SOUND FX: Armstrong again: "...one giant leap for mankind."*

*Then, nothing but static...*

## *Acknowledgements:*

During the course of *The Innocent Moon*, the author references or “samples” from the following works:

### *Music:*

“Bad Moon Rising” by Creedence Clearwater Revival (from *Green River*; Fantasy Records)  
 “Blue Moon” Performed by Bobby Vinton (Written by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart)  
 “Man on the Moon” by R.E.M. (from *Automatic For the People*; Warner Records)  
 “Hello, Earth” by Kate Bush (from *Hounds of Love*; EMI Records)  
 “Mars” by Gustav Holst (*The Planets*)  
 “Claire de Lune” by Claude Debussy  
 “New Star in the Sky” by Air (From *Moon Safari*; Virgin Records)  
 “Rocket Man” by Elton John (from *Honky Chateau*; MCA Records)  
 4<sup>th</sup> Symphony by Jean Sibelius  
 “Space Oddity” by David Bowie (Mercury Records)  
 “Fly Me To the Moon” Performed by Frank Sinatra (from *It Might as Well Be Swing*; Reprise Records;  
 written and composed by Bart Howard)  
 “Eclipse” by Pink Floyd (From *Dark Side of the Moon*; Capitol/EMI)  
 “Ambient 1: Music for Airports” by Brian Eno (Polydor/Virgin)  
 “Upwards at 45 Degrees” by Julian Cope (from *Jehovahkill*; Universal Music)  
 “We Are All Made of Stars” by Moby (from *18*; Musicrama)  
 “Moondance” by Van Morrison (from *Moondance*; Warner Music)  
 “Under the Milky Way” by The Church (from *Starfish*; Sony Music)  
 “Thus Spake Zarathustra” by Richard Strauss  
 “Moonlight Sonata” by Ludwig Van Beethoven  
 “Eight Miles High” by The Byrds (Columbia Records)  
 “Moon Child” by M83 (from *Before the Dawn Heals Us*; EMI)  
 “All is Violent, All is Bright” by God is An Astronaut (Revive Records)  
 “Earth is Not a Cold, Dead Place” by Explosions in the Sky (Temporary Residence Ltd.)  
 “Valley” by Orb (from *Orbus Terrarum*; Island Records)  
 “Liquid Cool” by Apollo 440 (Stealth Sonic Recordings)  
 “All I Need” by Air (from *Moon Safari*; Virgin Records)

### *Other Media (Movies, TV & Radio):*

Destination Moon (George Pal, Producer; Eagle-Lion Classics. Inc.)  
 Rocketship X-M (from the Wade Williams Collection)  
 Star Trek (Original Series; Paramount Pictures)  
 The Queen of Outer Space (Warner Bros. Pictures)  
 Dr. Who (TV series; BBC-TV)  
 Man In Space (TV series; Walt Disney Productions)  
 Things to Come (Alexander Korda, Producer; United Artists)  
 The Wolfman (Universal Pictures)  
 When Worlds Collide (George Pal, Producer; Paramount Pictures)  
 Meteor (American International Pictures)

UFO (TV series; Gerry and Sylvia Anderson, Producers)  
 The Thing (RKO Pictures)  
 Conquest of Space (George Pal, Producer; Paramount Pictures)  
 X Minus One (Radio anthology)  
 Marooned (Columbia Pictures)  
 Day the Earth Stood Still (20<sup>th</sup> Century Fox)  
 A Grand Day Out (BBC/Aardman Animations)

The quote from Joseph Joubert appears in *The Notebooks of Joseph Joubert* (Translated by Paul Auster; NYRB Classics; © 1983, 2005 by Paul Auster, All rights reserved)

H.G. Wells quote derived from his essay “Discovery of the Future”; reproduced here with the kind permission of A.P. Watt Ltd. on behalf of the Literary Executors of the Estate of H.G. Wells.

### *Bibliography:*

*A Man on the Moon* (Volume 1 and 2) by Andrew Chaikin (Time-Life Books; Alexandria, VA)  
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*Footprints on the Moon* by John Barbour (Associated Press; USA)  
*The Man in the Moon As He Sails the Sky (And Other Moon Verse)* collected and illustrated by Ann Schweninger (Dodd, Mead & Company; New York)  
*A Giant Leap For Mankind: Petersen's Book of Man in Space, Vol. IV*; edited by Al Hall (Petersen Publishing Company; Los Angeles, CA)  
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*The Shadow of the Moon* (DVD; Passion Pictures & Discovery Films, 2008)  
*The UTNE Reader: Earth Attacks Issue*; Nov.-Dec. 2006

Dedicated to:

Edwin E. “Buzz” Aldrin, Neil A. Armstrong and Michael Collins

Apollo 11

&

Roger B. Chaffee, Virgil I. “Gus” Grissom and Edward H. White

Apollo 1

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