

MOON

An Anthology



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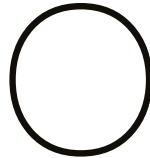
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EARTH-MOON

a poem by Ted Hughes



nce upon a time there was a person
He was walking along
He met the full burning moon
Rolling slowly twoards him
Crushing the stones and houses by the wayside.
She shut his eyes from the glare.



He drew his dagger
And stabbed and stabbed and stabbed.
The cry that quit the moon's wounds
Circled the earth.
The moon shrank, like a punctured airship,
Shrank, shrank, smaller, smaller,
Till it was nothing
But a silk handkerchief, torn,
And wet as tears.
The person picked it up. He walked on
Into moonless nighww

WHAT THE MOON BRINGS

a short story by H. P. Lovecraft

1922



I hate the moon—I am afraid of it—for when it shines on certain scenes familiar and loved it sometimes makes them unfamiliar and hideous.

It was in the spectral summer when the moon shone down on the old garden where I wandered; the spectral summer of narcotic flowers and humid seas of foliage that bring wild and many-coloured dreams. And as I walked by the shallow crystal stream I saw unwonted ripples tipped with yellow light, as if those placid waters were drawn on in resistless currents to strange oceans that are not in the world. Silent and sparkling, bright and baleful, those moon-cursed waters hurried I knew not whither; whilst from the embowered banks white lotos blossoms fluttered one by one in the opiate night-wind and dropped despairingly into the stream, swirling away horribly under the arched, carven bridge, and staring back with the sinister resignation of calm, dead faces.

And as I ran along the shore, crushing
sleeping flowers with heedless feet and
maddened ever by the fear of
unknown things and
the lure of the dead
faces, I saw that
the garden had
had no end
under that
moon; for
where by day the walls were,
there stretched now only new vistas of
trees and paths, flowers and shrubs,
stone idols and pagodas, and bendings
of the yellow-litten stream past grassy
banks and under grotesque bridges
of marble. And the lips of the dead lo-
tos-faces whispered sadly, and bade me
follow, nor did I cease my steps till the
stream became a river, and joined amidst
marshes of swaying reeds and beaches
of gleaming sand the shore of a vast and
nameless sea.



Upon that sea the hateful moon shone, and over its un-vocal waves weird perfumes brooded. And as I saw therein the lotos-faces vanish, I longed for nets that I might capture them and learn from them the secrets which the moon had brought upon the night. But when the moon went over to the west and the still tide ebbed from the sullen shore, I saw in that light old spires that the waves almost uncovered, and white columns gay with festoons of green seaweed. And knowing that to this sunken place all the dead had come, I trembled and did not wish again to speak with the lotos-faces.

Yet when I saw afar out in the sea a black condor descend from the sky to seek rest on a vast reef, I would fain have questioned him, and asked him of those whom I had known when they were alive. This I would have asked him had he not been so far away, but he was very far, and could not be seen at all when he drew nigh that gigantic reef.





So I watched the tide go out under that sinking moon, and saw gleaming the spires, the towers, and the roofs of that dead, dripping city. And as I watched, my nostrils tried to close against the perfume-conquering stench of the world's dead; for truly, in this unplaced and forgotten spot had all the flesh of the churchyards gathered for puffy sea-worms to gnaw and glut upon.

Over those horrors the evil moon now hung very low, but the puffy worms of the sea need no moon to feed by. And as I watched the ripples that told of the writhing of worms beneath, I felt a new chill from afar out whither the condor had flown, as if my flesh had caught a horror before my eyes had seen it.

Nor had my flesh trembled without cause, for when I raised my eyes I saw that the waters had ebbed very low, shewing much of the vast reef whose rim I had seen before. And when I saw that this reef was but the black basalt crown of a shocking eikon whose monstrous forehead now shone in the dim moonlight and whose vile hooves must paw the hellish ooze miles below, I shrieked and shrieked lest the hidden face rise above the waters, and lest the hidden eyes look at me after the slinking away of that leering and treacherous yellow moon.

And to escape this relentless thing I plunged gladly and unhesitatingly into the stinking shallows where amidst weedy walls and sunken streets fat sea-worms feast upon the world's dead.

THE LUNAR ECLIPSE EXPOSURE GUIDE

a photography guide by Fred Espenak
2008

Instructions

Choose the ISO speed in the upper left column. Next, select the f/number of the lens or telescope (on same line as ISO). Finally, drop straight down to the bottom table to get the correct exposure for each stage of the lunar eclipse.

The magnitude of a partial eclipse is the fraction of the Moon's diameter immersed in Earth's umbral shadow (in the case of a penumbral eclipse, it is the penumbral shadow).

Note that the brightness of a total eclipse varies with different Danjon values (L). All exposure times in this guide are estimates. For best results, use them as a guide and bracket your exposures.

| Iso | f/Number | | | | | | | | | |
|------|----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|-----|-----|
| 25 | | 1.4 | 2 | 2.8 | 4 | 5.6 | 8 | 11 | 16 | 22 |
| 50 | | 2 | 2.8 | 4 | 5.6 | 8 | 11 | 16 | 22 | 32 |
| 100 | | 2.8 | 4 | 5.6 | 8 | 11 | 16 | 22 | 32 | 44 |
| 200 | | 4 | 5.6 | 8 | 11 | 16 | 22 | 32 | 44 | 64 |
| 400 | | 5.6 | 8 | 11 | 16 | 22 | 32 | 44 | 64 | 88 |
| 800 | | 8 | 11 | 16 | 22 | 32 | 44 | 64 | 88 | 128 |
| 1600 | | 11 | 16 | 22 | 32 | 44 | 64 | 88 | 128 | 176 |

| Eclipse Phase | Q | Shutter Speed | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|-----|---------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| No eclipse | | | | | | | | | | |
| full moon | 8 | 1/4000 | 1/2000 | 1/1000 | 1/500 | 1/250 | 1/125 | 1/60 | 1/30 | 1/15 |
| Penumbral Eclipse | | | | | | | | | | |
| Magnitude =1.0 | 7 | 1/2000 | 1/1000 | 1/500 | 1/250 | 1/125 | 1/60 | 1/30 | 1/15 | 1/8 |
| Partial Eclipse | | | | | | | | | | |
| Magnitude = 0.00 | 7 | 1/2000 | 1/1000 | 1/500 | 1/250 | 1/125 | 1/60 | 1/30 | 1/15 | 1/8 |
| Magnitude = 0.30 | 6 | 1/1000 | 1/500 | 1/250 | 1/125 | 1/60 | 1/30 | 1/15 | 1/8 | 1/4 |
| Magnitude = 0.60 | 5 | 1/500 | 1/250 | 1/125 | 1/60 | 1/30 | 1/15 | 1/8 | 1/4 | 1/2 |
| Magnitude = 0.80 | 4 | 1/250 | 1/125 | 1/60 | 1/30 | 1/15 | 1/8 | 1/4 | 1/2 | 1 sec |
| Magnitude = 0.90 | 3 | 1/125 | 1/60 | 1/30 | 1/15 | 1/8 | 1/4 | 1/2 | 1 sec | 2 sec |
| Magnitude = 0.95 | 2 | 1/60 | 1/30 | 1/15 | 1/8 | 1/4 | 1/2 | 1 sec | 2 sec | 4 sec |
| Total Eclipse | | | | | | | | | | |
| Danjon Value: L =4 | -3 | 1/2 | 1 sec | 2 sec | 4 sec | 8 sec | 15 sec | 30 sec | 1 min | 2 min |
| Danjon Value: L = 3 | -5 | 2 sec | 4 sec | 8 sec | 15 sec | 30 sec | 1 min | 2 min | 4 min | 8 min |
| Danjon Value: L = 2 | -7 | 8 sec | 15 sec | 30 sec | 1 min | 2 min | 4 min | 8 min | 15 min | 30 min |
| Danjon Value: L = 1 | -9 | 30 sec | 1 min | 2 min | 4 min | 8 min | 15 min | 30 min | | |
| Danjon Value: L = 0 | -11 | 2 min | 4 min | 8 min | 15 min | 30 min | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | |





Exposure Formula:

$$1 = f^2 / (I \times 20)$$

where: t = exposure time (sec); f = f/
number;

I = ISO speed; Q = brightness value

IN EVENT OF MOON DISASTER

an undelivered speech by William Safire

July 18, 1969

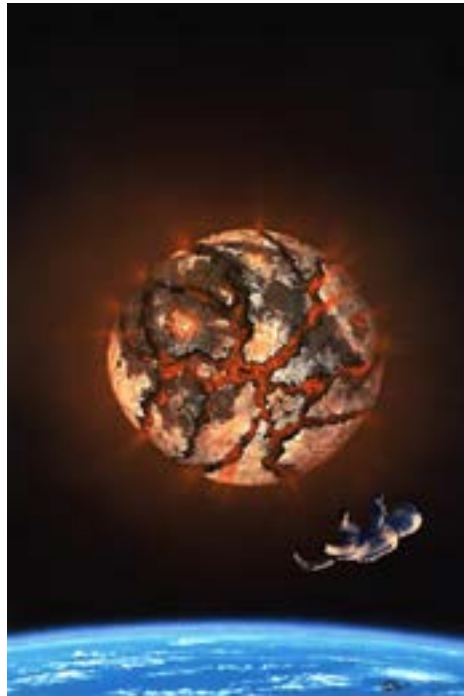
On July 18 of 1969, as the world waited anxiously for Apollo 11 to land safely on the surface of the Moon, speechwriter William Safire imagined the worst case scenario as he expertly wrote the following sombre memo to President Nixon's Chief of Staff, H. R. Haldeman. Its contents: a contingency plan, in the form of a speech to be read out by Nixon should astronauts Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin become stranded on the Moon, never to return, followed by some brief instructions relating to its broadcast. Luckily for all those involved, the memo was never needed.

Transcript

To: H. R. Haldeman

From: Bill Safire

July 18, 1969.



Fate has ordained that the men who went to the moon to explore in peace will stay on the moon to rest in peace.

These brave men, Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, know that there is no hope for their recovery. But they also know that there is hope for mankind in their sacrifice.

These two men are laying down their lives in mankind's most noble goal: the search for truth and understanding.

They will be mourned by their families and friends; they will be mourned by the nation; they will be mourned by the people of the world; they will be mourned by a Mother Earth that dared send two of her sons into the unknown.

In their exploration, they stirred the people of the world to feel as one; in their sacrifice, they bind more tightly the brotherhood of man.

In ancient days, men looked at the stars and saw their heroes in the constellations. In modern times, we do much the same, but our heroes are epic men of flesh and blood.

Others will follow, and surely find their way home. Man's search will not be denied. But these men were the first, and they will remain the foremost in our hearts.

For every human being who looks up at the moon in the nights to come will know that there is some corner of another world that is forever mankind.



A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH THE APOLLO 11 ASTRONAUTS ON THE MOON

July 20, 1969



THE PRESIDENT - Hello Neil and Buzz, I am talking to you by telephone from the Oval Room at the White House, and this certainly has to be the most historic telephone call ever made from the White House.

I just can't tell you how proud we all are of what you have done. For every American this has to be the proudest day of our lives, and for people all over the world I am sure that they, too, join with Americans in recognizing what an immense feat this is.

Because of what you have done the heavens have become a part of man's world, and as you talk to us from the Sea of Tranquility, it inspires us to redouble our efforts to bring peace and tranquility to earth.

For one priceless moment in the whole history of man all the people on this earth are truly one—one in their pride in what you have done and one in our prayers that you will return safely to earth.



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ASTRONAUT ARMSTRONG. Thank you, Mr. President. It is a great honor and privilege for us to be here representing not only the United States, but men of peaceable nations, men with a vision for the future. It is an honor for us to be able to participate here today.

THE PRESIDENT. Thank you very much, and I look forward, all of us look forward, to seeing you on the Hornet on Thursday.

ASTRONAUT ARMSTRONG. Thank you. We look forward to that very much, sir.

Dedicated to

DEX-STAR

