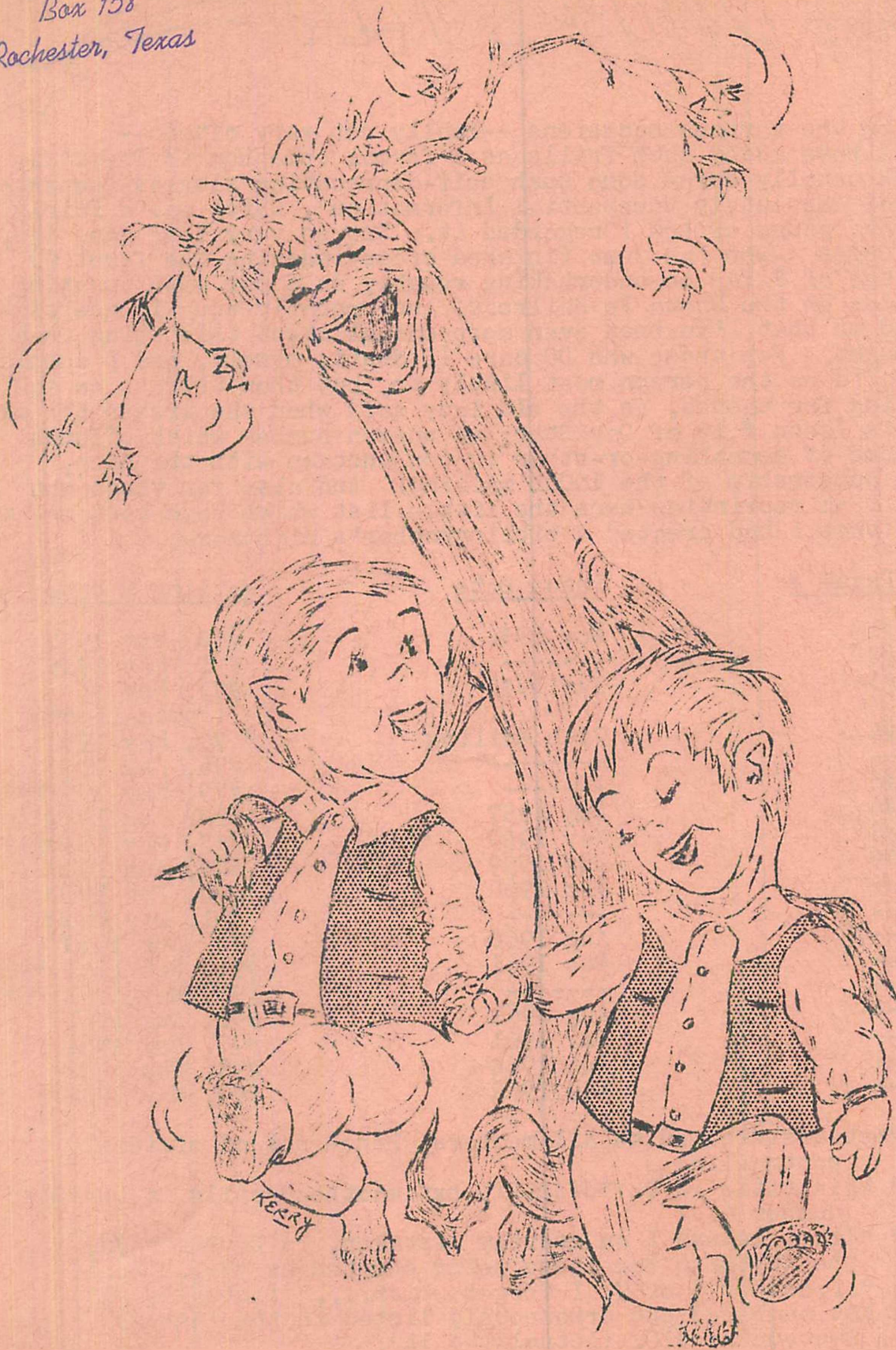


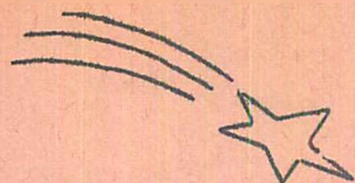
Marion Zimmer Bradley  
Box 158  
Rochester, Texas

7



Pippin, Merry and Treebeard  
drawn by Kerry



1. in re: DAY-★-STAR 

On the various occasions --really not very often -- when I have added such frills as a formal colophon to Day\*Star, it has usually borne some such self-deprecating slug as "Department of Absolutely Unessential Information", which was a fairly accurate gauge of how I regarded it. Not so very long ago, tho, Redd Boggs --who has just finished cross-indexing the first 99 mailings of FAPA, an undertaking roughly on a par with counting the ties on the Santa Fe Railroad, and probably equally useless-- showed me that I've been even more casual about this thing than I thought. For those who DO care (I don't, myself, and I should think I'd be the person most likely to, but then there's no accounting for tastes, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow), this is Issue # 19 of Day\*Star; an uneven number which offends my sense of something-or-other in conjunction with the nice, round numbership of the 100th mailing! And also for those who care, I am reprinting here the little list which Redd sent me, to prove that I had created a bibliographer's nightmare;

	<u>Issue #</u>	<u>Issue Date</u>	<u>Mailing &amp; Date</u>
1.	#1	Nov 1954	#69, Nov 1954
2.	#2	-----	#71, May 1955
3.	#3	Aug 1955	#73, Nov 55 (Postmailed*)
4.	#4	75th Mailing	# 75, May 1956
5.	--	-----	#76, Aug 1956
6.	#6	-----	#79, May 1957**
7.	#6	Aug 1957	#80, Aug 1957
8.	#8	May 1959	#87, May 1959***
9.	#9	Aug 1959	#88, Aug 1959
10.	--	Feb 1960	#90, Feb 1960
11.	--	-----	#91, May 1960
12.	--	Aug 1960	#92, Aug 1960
13.	--	Feb 1961	#94, Feb 1961 ****
14.	--	-----	#95, May 1961 *****
15.	--	Aug 1961	#96, Aug 1961
16.	--	Nov 1961	#97, Nov 1961
17.	--	Feb 1962	#98, Feb 1962
18.	--	May 1962	#99, May 1962

\*Not distributed to all members, hence not an official postmailing

\*\* Main title is DAY\*STARLET, but masthead calls it Day\*Star number 6.

\*\*\* "This, unless I am gravely mistaken, is Day\*Star #8, the Anything Box issue being counted as #7..." (p.1)

\*\*\*\* "...number 8 or 9, I forget which..." (actually #13)

\*\*\*\*\* Not numbered but erroneously listed in the Fantasy Amateur as #10. (Actually # 14).

So there you have it. I hope this interested you more than it did me....as for me, I couldn't possibly care less, but this -- I hope -- is the 19th issue of Day\*Star. If not, take it up with Redd ---I have learned more about it than I care to know.



# STENCIL GAZING 2.

WHEN I FIRST JOINED FAPA....and the facts of the matter are, I haven't the LEAST idea how long ago that was, some time in 1948 or 1949, I suppose -- my mind doesn't work that way.... I was about as neo as a fan could get. I'd been on the waiting list a scant year, I think. I owned an old outside-inking Montgomery Ward mimeograph, which probably produced some of the world's worst mimeography. I admittedly preferred my old hectograph. I didn't much care what my fanzines looked like if you could read them -- in fact, I said once, defensively, that I preferred marginal legibility, because then, if anyone bothered to read it, I'd know they were REALLY interested in what I had to say. I was young. I was writing a novel which I called THE KING AND THE SWORD, and hoping breathlessly to break into the pro field some day, and studying voice. But there are time-binding links between that day and this. I'm thirteen years older, considerably more than thirteen pounds heavier, and I have acquired along the way a husband, a son, a Liberator 200 mimeograph, ten or twelve lettering guides and some assorted shading plates, styli and other paraphernalia--border guides, symbol-masters, etc -- and a modicum of skill, as well as definite preferences in paper and styles of publishing. A Day\*Star usually looks like a Day\*Star, while my first few FAPazines looked like nothing on earth. But, as I say, there are time-binding links between the simmering blonde kid who joined, and the calmer, darker woman who celebrates the hundredth mailing as President of the organization. After a long, long lapse, I am taking voice lessons again formally; and the novel I was writing then, after a long sojourn as juvenilia in the bottom of my drawers, a rewrite, and a long hiatus in the custody of Ray Palmer, has emerged in its final form as THE SWORD OF ALDONES and should be hitting the news-stands just about the time this mailing comes out, or within a couple of weeks thereafter. I suppose this points up the essential fact that a Marion is a Marion is a Marion, and that "member of FAPA" is a descriptive term for her, just as basic to her personality as "blondish" or "temperamental" or "writer." FAPA, I freely admit, has shaped me. And I suspect that, as one of the longest-standing members, I have shaped FAPA, too, in some subtle ways.

I SUPPOSE ALL THE OLD-TIME MEMBERS will indulge in this form of nostalgic backward-looking into their earlier selves and an earlier FAPA, so I should dispense with it, I suppose. I will content myself with noting a few landmarks and friendships. At the time I joined FAPA, my 3 major correspondents were Rick Sneary, Redd Boggs and Robert A. Bradley. I married one of them, have maintained close, intimate collaboration/correspondence with another, publishing fanzines and writing stories jointly, and with the third I remain on terms of the greatest affection and warmth, though our correspondence is spasmodic, exploding into ten-page screeds every ten months or so and then marked by long silences. And these two fans are the ONLY old, lasting fan correspondences I have --which indicates that FAPA membership in this case has created a tie as lasting, if less immediate, than marriage.



3

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN ANTHOLOGIST:

In a fanzine called SI FAN, published by Jerry Page or somebody like that, (I haven't seen any recent copies), there was a running column where fans were asked to nominate or list the stories they felt would make a good anthology. I sent in the following, with the following note;

"Since most of my favorite stories are novelettes, I decided to omit the "complete novel" and make it up of one LONG novelette, and fourteen other stories, many of which could qualify for the name of novelettes. Ground rules; no more than one story by any one author, and no old, often-anthologized classics. I think no more than two of these have ever been anthologized. As is every anthologist's privilege, I included one of my own stories; my favorite, and I consider it my best.

What "connective thread" I could hang these on, I don't know. Except, possibly, "A romanticist's choice." One could also call it "How to write memorable science fiction" -- for these are, I think, examples in one sense; they have one special characteristic, and that is emotion."

## MARION BRADLEY'S ANTHOLOGY: ONE WRITER'S CHOICE

Vintage Search	Louise O'Donnell (Kuttners)	ASF	9/49
Interloper	Poul Anderson	F&SF	4/51
The Chestnut Beads	Jane Roberts	F&SF	-7/57
And the Moon be Still as Bright	Ray Bradbury	TWS	6/48
The Veil of Astellar	Leigh Brackett	TWO	Spr/44
What's It Like Out There?	Ed Hamilton	TWS	12/52
Alamagoosa	Eric Frank Russell	ASF	5/55
Scanners Live in Vain	Cordwainer Smith	Fay Bk	#6
Who?	Algis Budrys	FU	5/55-
Anything Box	Zenna Henderson	F&SF	10/56
Blind Lightning	Harlan Ellison		
The Wind People	Marion Zimmer Bradley	If	5/58
The World Well Lost	Theodore Sturgeon	F&SF?	
No Land of Nod	Sherwood Springer	TWS	12/52
Coming Attraction	Fritz Leiber	Gxy	11/50

Jerry saw fit to comment;

"Interesting, but that isn't what we're after. You've demonstrated your anthological talents (sic) but we still don't know what your favorite stories are. I'm trying to find out what stories fans like, not what stories they think are Good. . . . .we're interested in seeing a list of your favorite stories, not those you think others would like, or which you think would direct others onto the Ghodd path or stories which you think are representative of one thing or another. Don't think, just feel. . . .and let us know what stories made you feel."

Well, since I had commented on the intensity of the emotion in these particular stories, that comment made me see a particular shade of bright glaring crimson, and I wrote back;



"Somebody's missing the point; it could be me, but I think it's you. You say about my anthology that it's not "quite what you want." Granted -- whose anthology was it anyhow? Mine-- yes, not yours, mine, and as such, whatever you think, it was composed of the stories which I, personally, enjoyed the most; and thus, the stories which I considered best. They WERE my favorite stories, all fifteen of them, with the "ground rules" adjusted to make a decent balance.

You say "I'm trying to find out what stories fans like, not what stories they think are Good." But will you kindly tell me how in the hades a person can "think a story is good" if he doesn't like it? Or how he can like it without thinking it is good?

Or are you still judging stories by the criterion of a dreary Reading Course in High School English? Saying that, if you don't like a story, never mind, it's GOOD, you have to read it? That attitude fractures me. When I say a story is good, I mean, it's good by me; it made me feel and enjoy it, and it was also well enough written that I was unconscious that it was a crafted thing; there were no clumsinesses to break the spell.

You say "Don't think, just feel..." but must thinking and feeling be two separate experiences? I liked THE WORLD WELL LOST, for example, because it made me both feel AND think. In fact, I thought that was the prime virtue of science fiction, that it stirred thought as well as emotion. Or maybe I, being a woman, confuse thought and feeling. All I know is; these are the fifteen stories I would read again, NOW, for the spell they laid on me THEN. Some of them I have read a dozen times. In fourteen years of reading science fiction, damn near half a lifetime, they stand out as the peaks of my reading experience. If someone asked me why I read s-f, I would put these fifteen stories into his hands....

The WHO I listed was the short story in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, NOT THE Pyramid paperback. I bought the book, because the short story had moved me so; but, curiously, I didn't like it at all; the quality of the short story had somehow gotten strained out in the longer length.

The one thing tying all these choices together was EMOTION: the hilarity of ALAMAGOOSA, the horror of THE CHESTNUT BEADS, the sadness of VEIL OF ATELLAR, the astringent poignancy of BLIND LIGHTNING and WHAT'S IT LIKE OUT THERE, the pain and terror and literal agony of shared experience in SCANNERS LIVE IN VAIN (this may be my absolutel, 100% all-time science fiction favorite), the tension and catharsis of WHO, the tightrope breathless quality of INTERLOPER, the strange sorrowful calm of THE WORLD WELL LOST, the grey resignation of COMING ATTRACTION, the color and nostalgia of VINTAGE SEASON -- these were stories that made me live them, suffer them, experience them. If I find another fourteen in a lifetime, I'll count myself awfully lucky."

+ + + + +

I was arguing with Kerry a while ago about short stories vs paperback novels in science fiction. To me, the field of s-f is better suited to the short story than the novel. Very few s-f ideas can hold up through a novel; a short story, whose major aim is to produce a single, concentrated impression, can rely on the impact of a new idea, a single strange concept, a transforming bit of experience. I like LONG short stories -- 5-8,000 words. But to me, the most artistic form for TRUE SCIENCE FICTION is the short story. A novel is seldom true s-f, but becomes adventure or a mere "novel of the future." WANNA FIGHT?



5 ARTICLES I NEVER FINISHED WRITING:

One of the favorite fannish games of the last couple of years seems to be trend-spotting. Before a trend has put forth more than a few delicate tendrils, the trend-spotters are all over it, analyzing it, picking it to pieces, figuring out all the whys and whences and whithers. In the past few months, in addition to a large number of good new idea-zines, we have had to put up with an excessive amount of spouting about why the idea-zine was taking over fandom, and what caused it, and what would happen to it, and where the old zines would go, and what effect this would have on fandom, fans and science fiction.

I do not think it is mere coincidence that these new zines are dropping off right and left. I think it's possible that this trend-pouncing may have aborted the growing movement; that the still small and delicate stem could not support the enthusiastic climbers who wanted to get out on this new limb. Like children who dig up their garden to find out how the seeds are sprouting, I think the quite natural urge to be first to notice and comment on a new trend --multiplied by five dozen -- may often kill it off. "Idea-zines"? says the fan considering a new publishing venture, "They've been done to death...."

II

"Before I sneer again at the codes men live by, I shall pause to ponder something that happened the other night when I went out in the dark. My flashlight was a poor thing, compared to the enormous candlepower of the least of those flaming suns up there. So the small creeds of small minds may seem, compared with the lofty light of a completely rational philosophy. Yet my flashlight showed me the ground under my feet, and the stars didn't. There are philosophical implications to this...."

III

There used to be a popular parlour game of "Tell me what color you like best, and I'll tell you what psychological type you are." I guess I'd give one of those parlour psychologists nightmares, for I have NO favorite color.

I love pale minty greens or dark foresty greens, but loathe bright raw greens. I love dark wine or ruby reds, pale cerise or lipstick pinks, but dislike scarlet or orangey reds. On the other hand, pure orange delights me, whether on a fruit or a sweater. In the yellows, I love saffron, sunny yellow, gold, but don't like mustard or raw yellows; I love lavender, lilac, dark royal purples ---but except on gypsy-dark women, I can't endure the sight of magenta or reddish purples. I am even more violently inconsistent about blues, loving the blue of Wedgwood, of the October sky, of the Mediterranean, the deep transparent dark-blue of a moon-flooded evening sky, the blue of shadows on snow, or of bachelor-buttons; but disliking the blue called "prussian" or "bright bluey blue". As for the browns and tans, I love them when they incline to red or orange - the reddish brown of an Irish setter, the red of cedar-wood, mahogany, burnt sienna, velvety rich browns, leaf-colors; but not the drab ones. But I have no favorite color, since to be the place and texture of a color means more than its shade....



DEPARTMENT OF ARTICLES THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN PRINTED THREE YEARS  
AGO OR NOT AT ALL: SHOULD BE DEDICATED TO BILL ROTSLER. 6

I do not like the sack dress.

This isn't a denunciation, just a statement of fact; but there are reasons. First of all -- they are hideously unbecoming on any woman except the skinny toothpick types.

Second, they demand --according to fashion editors -- a "minimizing" brassiere; a polite and deceptive name for the flat brassiere which bruised and broke the tissues in so many young breasts in my mother's girlish days.

Third; they bear no relationship to the naked shape of the feminine figure, and therefore, being non-functional, are ugly--- for only great mystery, or great beauty, can excuse lack of function in a garment. (Or in anything else.)

Fourth, they are too short to be graceful. Despite all the talk about the "new leggier look" and the "sexiness of the knee-cap", I'm convinced that most women like their knees comfortably covered when they sit down. Thus they can cross their legs without a prolonged battle with lingerie. I'm no prude, and wouldn't mind a bit if fashion decreed short-shorts and a halter string for correct street wear --or complete nudity. But if I must wear a skirt, I dislike accidental or inadvertant exposure of my lingerie, however fetching and expensive it may be. When I expose myself, I want to do it on purpose-- not by accident when I have to climb in and out of a bus. When wearing a sack or chemise dress, the business of picking up a dropped spoon becomes an exercise in acrobatic decorum.

And, fifth, most men don't like them.

BUT --

I think men brought it on, themselves.

I think women accepted the sack dress because, in the last few years, we just heard too damn much about breasts. They became a joke. Women don't want to be judged by their bra dimensions --an editor of CONFIDENTIAL stated that when he published an expose of the operation to enlarge breasts by putting bits of sterile sponge under the pectoral muscles, he received over a million letters -- from wives wanting to know where it could be done, from almost an equal number of husbands wanting to know where their wives could get it done. They were begging letters, he said. Breast-worship has become a national hysteria. I think women welcome the chance to put it quietly out of sight for a while.

I also think most of today's women welcome the "slightly pregnant" look of the sack dress. There has been so much tension and anxiety about "keeping one's figure", so much derogatory chat about how wives tend to "let themselves go", that women become tense even about pregnancy, not for any rational reason but because they are afraid their husbands will not love them when they have lost their "sexy" dimensions. The sack dress, with the unstressed waist, allows them (subconsciously) to relax the continual pressure.



7 Every amateur Freudian can rattle off a lot of jazz about the pressures on the American woman to "be a companion to her husband" --not to neglect him for the children -- about the desire of American men for wives who will mother them, and the jealousy which the American husband is supposed to feel when his wife becomes a real mother with real children and can't baby her husband any more.

The psychology of the chemise, then, might be this neurotic; "I am a modern girl -- a man's companion and equal. I have no breasts, slim waist, no hips --I am too young to bear children, and I refuse to be the mother of a grown man! I am still shapeless; unready for femaleness; you needn't fear losing me to your child, I'm just a pal."

One could call the chemise dress a visual contraceptive. Or it could be like this --

"I am a woman. My body is a mystery, under the shapeless dress, because I refuse to be judged by my figure. My sex is hidden in a spot not usually put on display anyhow; I refuse to flaunt my secondary sexual characteristics; you must seek the real sanctum sanctorum, not be fobbed off with oral or breast fetish-worship. You can see by the slouched stance that I have a belly to bear children; but my breasts are not on display, because they are meant to suckle children, not titillate a lover."

You pays your money and you takes your choice, as the old saying has it. I believe a woman's reaction to the sack dress depends on her positive or negative approach to either of these appeals. I might respond to the latter -- but when they sell it with the former, mostly, I just don't like the sack dress, and I don't think it will last very long. Mother Hubbards went out, too.

(This was dated, in my file, May 28, 1958. The sack dress didn't last long --but the bust-fetish, thank God, went away with them. I don't know about the East coast, and I don't read fashion magazines very often any more--the floods of syrup poured on Jackie Kennedy's wardrobe frightened me off, and I've never been back -- but I don't think the "shift dress" really caught on, in spite of the best efforts. I do know that dresses are probably shorter on the East Coast than they are here in Texas; at Hardin-Simmons this year, a little freshman called Holly, from Woodstock, New York, was conspicuous all over the campus for her three-inches-above-the-knee dresses, until (this being a Bible Belt school) the Dean of Women called her in for a private conference, after which her skirts came down to her knees but were still appreciably shorter than the average, Texas-type freshman, even the well-to-do girls who patronized smart local college shops. Holly groused that before she went home she would have to take them all up again, "or she wouldn't dare show herself on the street!"

I, with only the most casual attention to fashion --just enough not to look outlandish --("be not the first by whom the New is tried/Nor yet the last to lay the Old aside) escaped being caught with any sacks in my wardrobe, and usually have my skirts about 2 inches below the knee, or long enough to cover my stocking-tops without a struggle when I sit down.