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DAY ✨ STAR

FAPA-69

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Sunset

by Terry Carr

"Anna," he said, "we are getting old." He said it as though he had never thought of it before, as indeed he had not.

"We are old now," Anna said quietly.

He thought about that, realizing she was right. There could be no more self-deception; they were old and there was no more to be said about it.

Nevertheless he had to say something, something to make her realize how he felt.

"We will die soon."

"Yes, of course."

Of course, he thought. Why should Anna say that? Was their future so fixed and immovable that she should say, yes, of course, we will die soon? He sighed. Perhaps it was.

Yes, on sober consideration, it was.

He rose and went to the window. Outside were the ever-present children (my, there were more than when he had been a child!) playing the everlasting games. Here and there the parents who were really little more than children themselves sat on porches or lawns and paid no attention to their offspring. The sky was blue, as it always was around this time of year, and the trees rustled their crisp green leaves in the slight breeze.

The world outside was as it had always been. Why, then, did everything seem so different?

He turned back to Anna, who sat in her wicker chair, sewing slowly because her eyes were not as good as they used to be. "Has the world changed?" he said.

Anna dropped her sewing into her lap and looked up at him.

"No," she said, "Why?"

He didn't know what to say, because suddenly he realized that his thoughts were silly. Perhaps he was becoming senile.

"I don't know," he said, "it just ~~look~~ seemed different."

"Outside, when you looked just now?"

"No," he said, "no, it was just the same."

She looked around the room. "In here?"

He too surveyed the room critically. "No, not here either."

She was silent for a long time, until he thought that she had finished speaking. Finally she said "Then you are different."

"No," he said automatically, "I am the same." And then he realized what she meant. He was different, inside. Suddenly, his outlook had changed, and with it the world had changed.

"Yes, Anna, you are right, I am different."

She nodded, humming to herself as she resumed her sewing. "It will pass," she murmured.

SEP.....

"It?"

"Your mood will pass. Soon you will realize that we must all die."

He thought about that. Why, he knew that; he had always known it. He told her so.

"Really?" she said, "do you really know it?"

"Of course," he said. How silly; of course he had known it; everybody knew that he must die sometime.

Aha, sometime. That was it. He had known that he must die sometime in the future.....the far, far future; it had seemed, somehow. Now the future was near and the idea was not just something to know coldly and abstractly; it was something to feel, to become resigned to.

Well, he would do that, because he must.

Again he went to the window and looked out, and he thought about what Anna had said and how the world was different and how he had to get used to that. Then he turned back to her and said "The sun is setting," and she nodded to show that she understood what he meant.

....end....

Malo, I would rather be, Malo, in an apple tree

THE GNURRS COME FROM DER MAILBOX OUT.....ADAM & EVE ON A RAFT

An outfit calling itself Wilrge Research Association, from Vallejo, California, addresses me, (in care of the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction) as follows;

9 Sept 54

Dear Marion Zimmer Bradley;

We hope to develop Wilrge into a World Laterland Residents Group Ecology, with first seacolony located in the South Pacific Area. The unconventional design of our floating homes, gardens and workshops is aimed at high stability in any weather. Buoyant bases conform to the moving pattern of waves. Inflated plastic domes offer protection from salt spray, sun and weather.

We need writers now to help in this research, and later as colonists, to produce additional value (fiction) for export to the mainland. Also we must expect difficulty in locating intelligent women willing to be founding mothers of the first Pacific seacolony. Science-fiction writers have the communication medium most likely to reach such unusual women.

I sincerely hope that your current evaluation can provide motivation for your personal interest in our seacolony project.

Respectfully yours, (signed) George D. Krouse,
Director.

.....Ain't science wonderful ?

STENCIL
STENCIL
meditation.....

STENCIL GAZINGS.....
STENCIL GAZINGS
STENCIL GAZINGS

Number One
Nov. 54

FAPA: where old dichards go to fan.

Nancy Share, who drew the lovely dryad on our cover, typed:
"I started at first to draw the girl quite naked, then reflected
that you probably had a large mailing list who weren't in FAPA,
and took the extra time to dress the girl in a pair of Longles.
If you look very closely, you'll even see a tight black band
around her neck." Thanks for telling us, Nance; we missed it
on first glance. But I guess no nudes is good nudes.

Vicissitudes of a Femfan; Number 1

Forry to Fenfan; I'd love to have your photograph.
Fenfan to Forry; I'm afraid I haven't a decent pic ---
Forry to Fenfan; Oh, goody! Send me an indecent one!

In case anyone is curious about the paper on which this issue
of DAY STAR (and my last four zines) is/are printed, it's news-
print purchased from our local paper office, cut to size on
order, and costing 35¢ a poundabout \$ 65¢ a ream. Since
it is much lighter, thinner and slicker than most mimeo papers,
it demands a certain amount of adjustment of the roller tension
on your machine. It can, with extreme care, be mimeographed on
both sides; but is so highly absorbent as to make this an
operation demanding extreme care. Main advantage; slipsheeting
is completely unnecessary, since the paper is so highly absorbent;
the ink is dry by the time the paper hits the relieving tray.
I buy newsprint 10 pounds at a time and use it for carbon copies
and first drafts as well as for mimeographing.

Vicissitudes of a Femfan ; Number 2

Fenfan to Dornitory Housemother; "But why can't the boys
come up to my room? We're only going to print a fanzine!"

THING THINGS: Since Laney, who demanded, so belligerently, to
know why an amateur zine should be filled up with "blather about
babes", has left us, I feel free to tell this one about Steve.

"Things have things on them," he informs me gravely, march-
ing up to watch me mash potatoes, "And other things don't have
things". I acquiesce gravely, and ask him for further information.
"Some things have things on their things," he elucidates, "but
other things don't have things on their things."

Vicissitudes of a Femfan; Number 3;

Overheard at the Vampyre Society meeting; "I've got to read
True Confessions until my baby is born. You think I want him
to look like his mother was scared by a Bergoy Cover ?

SYMPHONIC SUITE

Six Poems for full orchestra

1. Prelude in a minor key

(Here where no angels fell,
We watched the white birds, blown star-high
Against an arrogant waste of sky.)

Now, in the procreant night,
She lies, too young for kissing; fey, and fire
Burnt out at her lips;
Girdled in white immaculate desire.

(The sea, rolling beneath us,
Put thunder in the salt sting of her lips
Child-soft, child still --
How could I know?)

These things are whispers in the solemn sky,
The fear that ushered in the sombre day
Chasing deluded midnight away;
The chattering dawn-songs, of illusion shorn,
And high bright noon must leave us still forlorn.

(The stars are all too small to touch her now.)

2. Nocturne for Flutes and oboe;

Just for a little while not long ago,
We were one,
And I was two;
At the edge of consciousness I was afraid
That I would be completely lost in you.

Just for a moment, I had to remember
That I was me,
And not a part of you.
Fool that I was and am --!
Now I am one again and we are two.

And shame has sent my arrogance to flight
In the immeasurable spaces of the night.

3. Rondo Capriccio with solo harp

Dry leaves fluttering, whirling
 Down from the taut dead branches
 That once held a tip-toeing springtime
 Fragrant with billowy blossom
 and soft petals curling
 Up to the breeze in the dawn-time,
 Flowery fragrant with summer.
 Now is the crackling harp-string
 To the cold wind skirling;
 Dry leaves flapping and whirling
 Down to the desolate ground.

The harp-strings are done with their sighing;
 The dry leaves are caught in the branches
 Leaves are entangling the harpstrings
 Crackling and drowning the music
 That once was replying
 Sweet harp-melodies to the keening
 Of cold bitter wind in the branches;
 But the leaves are now choking the harp-strings
 And the melodied harpings are dying;
 The harp-strings are done with their sighing,
 The dry leaves have smothered the
 sound.

4. Aria for Soprano and Strings

Another woman and another child
 Shall climb the path that our bruised feet have known
 And the bruised grass remember how we smiled.

I went companioned and came forth alone,
 Holding a solitary torch, to pass
 On our integrity laid stone-on-stone.

The flowers I trod sank in a foul morass;
 The stars went out in rain,
 A kiss in tears, a word of love in vain.

O Princess of an unforgotten hour,
 Leave here the thread untavelled by our pain,
 For those who only came to find a flower
 And sudden face the monster-llinotaur,
 Our silver tears may reel them safe again.

5; Allegro agitato

Now the ordeal -
Reluctance, resistance,
All unavailing
Against their insistence;

The Vestal waters,
Her innocence,
Borne in the sieve
Of solemn defense.

Cold, and the curious
Whispers of things,
She unprotected
Against their stings,

And all men gathered,
In the Lord's name;
Honor avenging,
Vicarious shame;

Dignified, pleading,
Stands she alone;
Daring each man
To cast first stone.

6. Elegie

O earth, rest softly on his sleeping head,
He was a gentle spirit and alone.
Now, in your arms, he knows a kindlier bed
Than any earthy rest that he had known.

He never knew a woman's tenderness,
Although all tender to all women's view;
Lord, let him feel the dropping rain's caress,
And dream the wealth of love he never knew.

Sleep soft, dear love, and let none of life's fears
Slip through this blanket grass
Kissed by my tears.

Marion Zimmer Bradley

DAY
STAR

DAY* STAR is edited by Marion Zimmer Bradley, 1101 Rock Hill, Rochester, Texas, and distributed through the regular mailings of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Copies are available to outsiders free of charge upon request and postage; free to contributors only. Subscriptions are not accepted. Material of any kind is welcome from FAPAns and non-FAPAns; will be handled with loving care and returned if unusable, but if you saw the clutter on my desk you'd keep a carbon copy just in case.

Number One
November, 1954

My correction fluid dried up in the bottle..it's symbolic.

QUOTES WORTH TYPING

Not long ago, somebody was talking over the radio about a prize contest currently running in England to discover the most beautiful lines of poetry in the English language. While hardly a judge of poetry, I venture to nominate the few which personally affect me most, which remain with me out of all poetry;

"Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West..." (Bridges)

"....the waste white noon
Burnt through with barren sunlight..." (Swinnburne).

"O happy long ago, farewell, farewell,
Ye shining towers, and mine own citadel..." (Murray)

"Out of the crucible of brain,
The beloid ship, in instant birth,
Stands sky-tall on a hurricane." (Alvon)

"A dial with its league-long arm of shade,
Slowly revolving to the moon and sun." (Campbell)

"..being young,
And thrilled with May, a woman, feeling hands
Of little children touch me in the dark
Unborn, crying to me to mother them..." (Hooker)

"Who calls the roll of the dead?
Who opens the door?
The fires in the West burn red,
But our fireplace burns no more.
Thendare -- Thendara no more!" (Chambers)