



DAY-O-STAR

Like it says
on the cover,
this is a

Day  Star

August- 1960

Marion Zimmer Bradley Box 158 Rochester Texas U.S.A.

Day+Star is usually a solo project, done with my own two calloused little typing fingers. Today, however, as I sit here typing up this belated editorial, I've "graciously permitted" Kerry to take her turn at running the Monster --like Tom Sawyer allowing his friend to try out the whitewashing of the wall.

We just finished running the Kerry portfolio. For sheer fun, I recommend mimeographing artwork while the artist stands by slip-sheeting and screaming loudly for more ink!

In this mailing I should have, in addition to this Day*Star, a 16-page Catch Trap, the 9-page Kerry Portfolio, a two-page Sodacon Greetings (one page credit for that goes to Dan McPhail) and a one-page Formal Notice about filing for Official Editorship of the FAPA. I don't know how much Dan has in this mailing; but should I achieve the editorship of FAPA, Dan, that will give me a distinct advantage in finishing up our year-long challenge that I will out-publish you in 1960. Since, of course, I could see your page-count in advance of the mailing date, and do one more page. So --how about it? Shall we call the contest to an end with this mailing, and decide the race on who's ahead now?

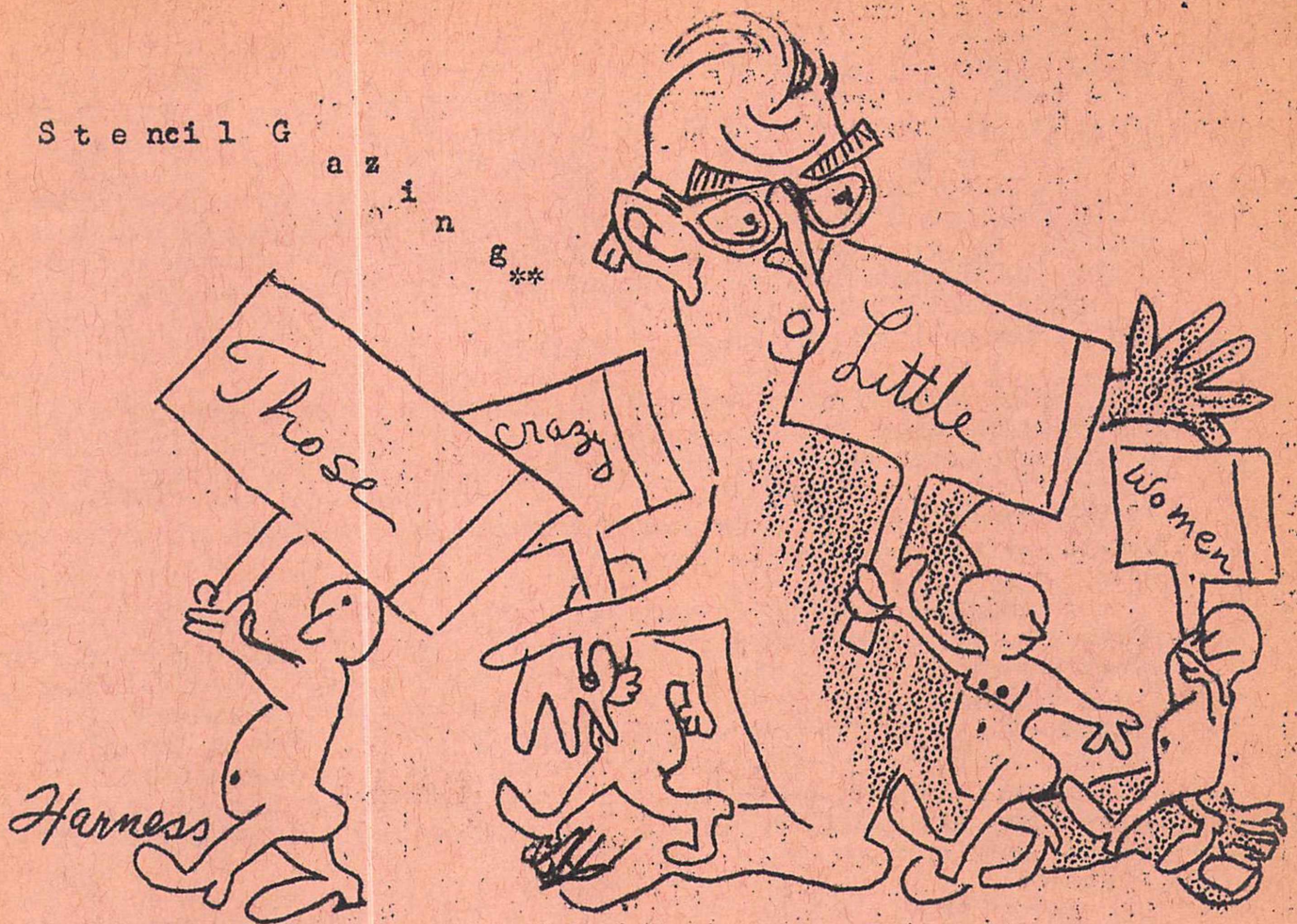
The artwork in this issue by Jack Harness was passed on to me by Nan Gerding (thanks!) along with a large envelope of same.

Incidentally, the striking resemblance of the girl on the cover to Antoinette Concello was sheer co-incidence; I didn't notice it until we ran off the first cover and it was staring me in the face. I note it the more since I recently saw the re-released movie, THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, in which Madame Concello (!) had a fairly large part, appearing on the pedestal with each of the flyers and walking in and out of several dozen scenes, though she did not speak. (I also spotted, in that movie --in addition to credited personalities such as Emmett Kelly) such circus personalities, in the background, as Pat Valdo, Toughie Genders, Arthur Concello, Lola Dobritch, and many others.

August is traditionally the mailing for my Anything Box issues. However, with the Kerry Portfolio, and the various vicissitudes described herein, I've had no time or effort. This year's Box will have material by Terry Carr, Jack Harness, GMCarr, Ted Pauls, and many, many others. See it in November. Have fun at the Pittcon --I won't be there unless a few apt and convenient miracles should all happen simultaneously.

Marion Bradley

Stencil
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Goin' to Kansas City...
Kansas City, heah I come...
They got those crazy little women theah,
and I'm aimin to BE one!

It all started when I started bragging about my car, the venerable Chrysler (vintage 1950) which I bought and unwisely christened Lucky Seven. Now, this car has many virtues. I can, and do, get, on occasion, 17 miles to the gallon --this is on fast highway driving, of course, not stop-and-start city driving. It runs quietly and is reasonably discreet about its age, being a pale blue and modest machine prior to the Age of the Tail-fin. I had driven it nearly 18,000 miles since purchasing it in 1959, and with the exception of one flat tire, one blown-out head gasket and the replacement of one set of distributor points, had spent only the usual upkeep; gas, oil, new tires, and an occasional oddment such as a carburetor adjustment or a dose of brake fluid.

Therefore, I had no qualms, when Kerry proposed to visit me this summer, on planning several short trips and one long one to Kansas City, to spend a week-end there with some friends.

On the morning, therefore, of Wednesday, July 20th, at 9 am, I climbed behind the wheel, pointed the car north, and headed in the direction of Oklahoma City. My roadmap informed me that I could cut about 30 miles off the 250-mile distance of the regular route by going through Waurika, Oklahoma, rather than the more familiar route through Lawton; so, armed with my trusty route map,

a second page of those crazy little women in a Chrysler. . .

I sought, at the highway turning in Wichita Falls, the route numbered Texas 79, which would take me across the Red River to Waurika. I located 79 and headed blithely out of the city. I soon started to have qualms, for it looked, for all the world, as if I were heading south. Yet the highway markers clearly read 79, and according to the route map, 79 would take me right into Waurika, Oklahoma. So I drove merrily on, pleased at the mileage I was rolling up, and then, to my utter astonishment, crossed the city limits of Archer City -- 25 miles south of Wichita Falls. Somehow or other I had taken the wrong turn at a confusing traffic circle and headed off in the wrong direction.

Well, I used some unladylike language, turned around at the closest crossing, and headed back toward W-Falls, exasperated at losing at least an hour; my steady cruising speed, except on turn-pikes, is about 55 mph, and I had to maneuver all the way through Wichita Falls again. And Kerry's plane was arriving at Oklahoma City at 5 pm.

I stopped for gas in Wichita Falls; then as I was about to pull out, my motor suddenly went dead. Deader than the proverbial you-know-what. The attendant opined the battery needed charging. I was mildly startled, for it was a new battery, replaced four months ago, and I'd had no generator troubles. But I let them charge the battery, and lo and behold, the damn thing still wouldn't start. So I gave up and let them take it to a close-by garage, where they examined it quickly and discovered that the distributor points were burned out.

Well, they replaced them, and on I went, having lost another hour; but I could still make it, by fairly hard and persistent driving. Lunch? What was that? So on I went, across the river Waurika, through Waurika, and just as I got outside there, a curious mist up ahead warned me that one of our Western storms was on the way; I saw lightning, and cars coming out of the mist with their lights on -- always a bad sign. Oklahoma in that section is very hilly, and the highway was narrow and curvy and so bumpy that I feared I had a tire going bad (this was impossible since the front tires were new and the rear ones in excellent shape) until I began correlating the bumpiness with the repaired concrete. Just as I got into the worst of the hilly section, it began to rain; a real frog-drowning rain, the kind of rain we get only in semi-desert country. A cloudburst. Water washing six inches deep across the road. Visibility about 20 feet. Cars going in the opposite direction splashing streams up at me. The wipers going full speed and still not keeping the window clear. For the next 10 miles I drove at a speed of approximately 15 mph, and it doesn't need higher math to figure that one out. The rain lightened this side of Duncan, and I could increase my speed to a reckless 20 mph, since the wipers did keep my windshield clear and the water washing across the road was only 3 inches deep.

Those crazy little women enroute from Oklahoma city, keep going.

I rolled into Oklahoma city at 5:30, 218 miles from home and a scant nine hours after I had left. Wandering around the Will Rogers airport terminal, I finally located a tall, slight girl with red hair, in a ladylike blue and white striped dress, looking rather like one of her own pinups. This, obviously, was Kerry. Turned out she had had quite a trip too; they had made 3/4s of the flight from Newark with their seat belts fastened.

Wanting to avoid the notorious bridge over the South Canadian river, we took an alternate route through Oklahoma City, going through El Reno and down through Chickasha. In Chickasha the car made warning noises and stalled --directly across a crossing. Fortunately we were within a few feet of a Phillips 66 station and the manager located a mechanic who, for a small fee, found that the distributor points installed earlier that day had been badly set and that the layer of fiber having worn off, they were no longer making contact. Also, a wire in the ignition had come loose. He put it together and we rolled off again, beginning to get upset. Just outside Chickasha, it began to pour down rain again and we drove through those Oklahoma hills in the dark and the pouring rain. We ended up in Lawton at the unholy hour of 11 pm; fortunately Dan McPhail had been warned of our coming and was waiting up, ready to revive us with black coffee (which I certainly needed), excellent cake, and some of Pauline's fine home-made ice cream. I tried twice to call home and tell Brad we would be in late, but our phone rang and rang, and no answer. I assumed they'd gone to a movie, and around midnight, set on our road by Dan, off we went again, arriving without incident, and only incidental stops for coffee and gas, in Rochester around 4:30 am. Gads. We fell into bed and died there.

Undaunted, but --well, only a little daunted --I took the car down to our local mechanic, Mr. S. with instructions to check the rewired ignition, reset the carburetor, inspect the automatic choke and fix those blankety-blank distributor points; and in general to look it over and make sure it was in condition for a good long thousand-mile drive. This he promised faithfully to do, and subsequently returned the car to me, vowing it was in tip-top condition. So Kerry and I turned our attention to such minor matters as pressing our city clothes, debating whether we could drive through in slacks, and polishing up our best shoes. Friday night we climbed into the car and turned North again, heading for Wichita Falls and points north, intending to drop in on Dan McPhail enroute again.

The best laid plans, and all that; we were forced off the road by a severe attack of carsickness and we wound up in Lawton at the unholy hour, again, of 1 am. Not even a fan would disturb a fellow fan at that hour, except in dire distress, so we located a motel and checked in for the remainder of the night. Even then our troubles were not over for the night; Kerry was not yet accustomed to our Texas-size beetles and when one of the enormous things ("I tell you, it walked on stilts! On stilts!") fell on to her bed, I had to get up, put on the light and exteriorize the arthropod before she would settle down to sleep.

The Automobile Girls in Oklahoma, or, Adventures in a Chrysler

We were enroute bright and early Saturday, comfortable in slacks, Kerry only a little worried by the Texas-Oklahoma high winds (summer breezes) which disarranged her careful coiffure; as for me, I long ago gave up and decided I'd rather be windblown than suffocated in a closed car. We rolled through Chickasha, laughing at the site of our breakdown. Then, in Oklahoma city, the car started stalling at every crossing, so frighteningly that I decided something was wrong. The clutch was also jerking badly, so that I almost ran into the side of a huge trailer-truck, frightening my passenger (a nondriver) out of her wits. We got into a used-car lot and asked them to recommend a mechanic; he did so, and said mechanic, a gentle soul named Lester, played around with the motor and opined that we had no troubles except that the carburetor and the distributor points both needed re-setting. (Whereupon we resolved that when we got home, first I would hold Mr. S. and Kerry would kick him, and then she would hold him and I would kick him.)

Well, we finally got out of that, and rolling along on the Oklahoma Turnpike without incident, except that by now I was wary of every little sound the motor made --as well I might be. Just as we got off the Oklahoma Turnpike and on the Tulsa bypass, it started to pour down rain again; hard, thick, wet, windy, soaking rain, washing the roads, slowing traffic to a standstill; going over a large overpass, we came up, rather shakily, on the site of a three-car accident and with this fresh in our minds, on we went.

Driving on the Oklahoma City and the Will Rogers turnpikes was sheer joy; but it was dark when we got into Joplin, Missouri, and we tried to telephone to the home of the lady professor who was to take us to dinner that evening. We couldn't reach her (we later found that she was sitting in the lobby of our hotel, waiting for us to check in.)

Nothing in Texas or even in Oklahoma had prepared me for the Missouri roads....nothing, nothing, nothing. The worst farm road in Texas is a superhighway compared to the so-called "trunk highways" in Missouri. South of Rich Hill, we ran into a stretch of construction, where snaky detours had been laid out on slippery temporary gradings. I was moving slowly, around 20 or 25 ~~mi~~ miles an hour, maneuvering around one of these curvy things, when a line of oncoming cars blinded me; at least three of the four cars facing me, (illegitimate offspring of kennelmates) failed to dim their lights. I missed the edge, failed to turn sharply enough, and to my horror realized we were skidding through slushy Missouri mud toward a deep ditch. Until that instant I was not yet aware that I was such a good driver; momentarily expecting to flip the car over, I somehow managed to get control of it again, and we came to rest still on all four wheels --but the two rear ones were mired almost to the hubcaps in good old Missouri clay.

Fortunately the highway department or the construction company which had failed to mark this sharp turn had left some stakes lying nearby; by alternately blocking the rear wheels against

Those Crazy little women are travelling through Missouri mud

slippage backward, and running the motor in low gear, then climbing out and by flashlight, pulling up the muddy stakes and re-blocking the rear wheels, we managed somehow to get back to within a foot or two of the highway, and flag down a passing car, who reported our plight to the highway patrol; who promptly came along with a tow chain, commandeered a passing farm truck and pulled us out on the highway again. We were a mess; mud on our hands, our faces, our slacks, our white shoes and sneakers. The car was mud from one end to the other. We stopped at a roadside "place" which we thought was a filling station-cum-restaurant; it turned out instead to be a beer joint and, I suspect, house of call; a battleax refused first to allow us to use the telephone, ~~and~~ or, second, even to allow us to come into the rest room to wash off a little of the mud. We finally managed to find a filling station where the natives were hospitable and unsuspecting, and allowed us to wash off the worst of the mud with evil-smelling artesian water, and to place a phone call, through an old-fashioned crank-up wall telephone which sent Kerry almost into hysteria, to our Kansas City friends, and to the hotel to hold our reservation.

Starting off again, we sailed through a little town called Butler, Missouri, where the motor, after a few preliminary jerks, went absolutely dead; the fuel pump was completely gone. I sat there literally gasping at this last blow. Eventually the Butler police turned up, we asked them to keep an eye on it, and we inquired about busses to Kansas City. It was then 1 am; the first bus was at 5. They took us to a motel near the bus stop; Kerry took off her sneakers and I took off my shoes, we washed off a very little of the mud, and, still dressed, fell on the bed and collapsed. At 4 am the motel owner threw a stone, or something, at the glass to wake us up; I changed my blouse, which was mud and creosote (from the stakes) from top to bottom, and we caught the bus to Kansas City, arriving there about 6 am. The hotel stared at us, but admitted us, and hot baths, clean dresses and a combing and brushing restored us from grimy hoydens to respectable ladylike wenches --I hope.

If this were the story of our adventures in Kansas City, I could lighten this account with an amusing narration of our stay there; how I received a proposition in a questionable drugstore which sold little except illegal merchandise (I had innocently wandered in for a cherry coke); how Kerry was leered at by a taxi driver; how we charmed a canopener out of a soda fountain manager so we could get drunk (on two cans of 3.2 beer) on Sunday. Our hostesses were non-fans, and would not appreciate being immortalized here, so I will pass over all elements of our delightful stay, except that I learned to like French-fried onion rings.

Alas, this interlude of rest could not last. We took the bus out to Butler again, and located the car, in a downpour of rain, and had it taken to a garage, where the fuel pump was replaced, once again things started to look hopeful, although I had gotten drenched; Kerry had stayed in a coffee shop, having breakfast, while I went to deliver the car to the garage; the

Two Little Women on the Oklahoma Turnpike, and How they Grew,

owner offered to drive us back, but, being cramped after the bus ride, I said I'd walk. I had miscalculated the distance, which was over a mile, and midway it began to rain hard. But eventually we had the car again, and we were rolling. We ate lunch in Joplin, (banana splits) and then we were on the Will Rogers turnpike, and then we were through Tulsa, stopping for lunch, and then we were on the Turner turnpike, and then damned if that fuel pump didn't absolutely quit again. Our little guardian angel was still working; if I had turned on the right road, in the first of my misfortunes, my distributor points would have broken down (I estimate) in that wild country between Waurika and Duncan, and here we had our breakdown actually within sight of the Midway House on the turnpike. Since Kerry couldn't drive I couldn't leave her in the car, so she had perforce to walk to the midway house (about a mile) in the unfamiliar blazing Oklahoma sun, to get help. There they opined that we needed another fuel pump (I ~~wasn't~~ ~~sure~~) though they siphoned off our gas to blow out the feed lines, just in case that was it. It wasn't, so they put on another fuel pump. We got out of there about 8 pm. I had had the car filled with gas in Tulsa, and 100 miles away the guage still read half full, but in a 10-year-old car I check the oil every hundred miles, so we were looking around for a service station in Oklahoma City when we turned down California Street, hunting for the center of town. Somehow we made a wrong turn into a residential district and there the blankety-blank motor died out exactly as it had done with the two previous fuel pumps.

It was my turn to get hysterical. We sat staring at each other and saying "No. No. This is too much. This isn't really happening. It's a nightmare." I was nearly wild with disgust and dismay; among other things I had to be home to look after my son, whom Brad had been caring for single-handed even while working. Kerry, who reacts to frustration differently than I do, suddenly turned Pollyanna on me, and when I stopped to think (we were walking, looking for a public telephone), and looked contemplatively down into the peaceful water in a creek below us, she dragged me forcefully away, even though I assured her I had no serious thoughts of jumping off it. We finally knocked at the door of a private house; and there on the wall, while waiting to use their telephone, we saw a huge sign which would have solved all our problems; it demanded, in large letters, HAVE YOU TRIED PRAYER? We gasped and didn't dare look at each other again till we were on the street.

"Some day, you know," Kerry said, as we were gulping down foul black coffee in the bus station, waiting to telephone Brad, a night wrecking crew, and the police, to keep them from impounding it, "We're going to look back on this and it's going to be awfully, awfully funny."

We consigned the car to the tender mercies of a Chrysler agency and went home on the bus. A week later we went back on the bus to reclaim the car and found out that the turnpike, siphoning out our gas to check the fuel lines, had just "fprgotten" to replace it--and we were, out of gas. Period. We got home without incident.

^{JUST}
Anybody want to buy a good ten year old Chrysler?

SITUATION

NORMA~

--ALL FOULED UP!

"Marion, what's with this opera Norma that you're so crazy about?"

"Shut up and read the libretto!"

"Don't bug me, gimme a fast flash on this Norma chick!"

"Oh -- well....."

ALL GAUL IS DIVIDED INTO 3 PARTS and Norma takes place in one of them --but don't ask me which. By the time Caesar finished dividing it up, he remembered that he had a date with Cleopatra and lit out for one of those roads that all lead to Rome. While on his way to the Appian Way he turned the place over to one of his sidekicks; and the gent in charge of the Army of Occupation, 56 AD, was a gentleman with a tenor voice, POLLIGNE by name.

As all good Latin students know, Caesar had himself a heap of trouble with some woodland wild men who called themselves Druids. Chief of all these chaps was a bewhiskered old basso named OROVESO, and he had a beautiful daughter, NORMA.

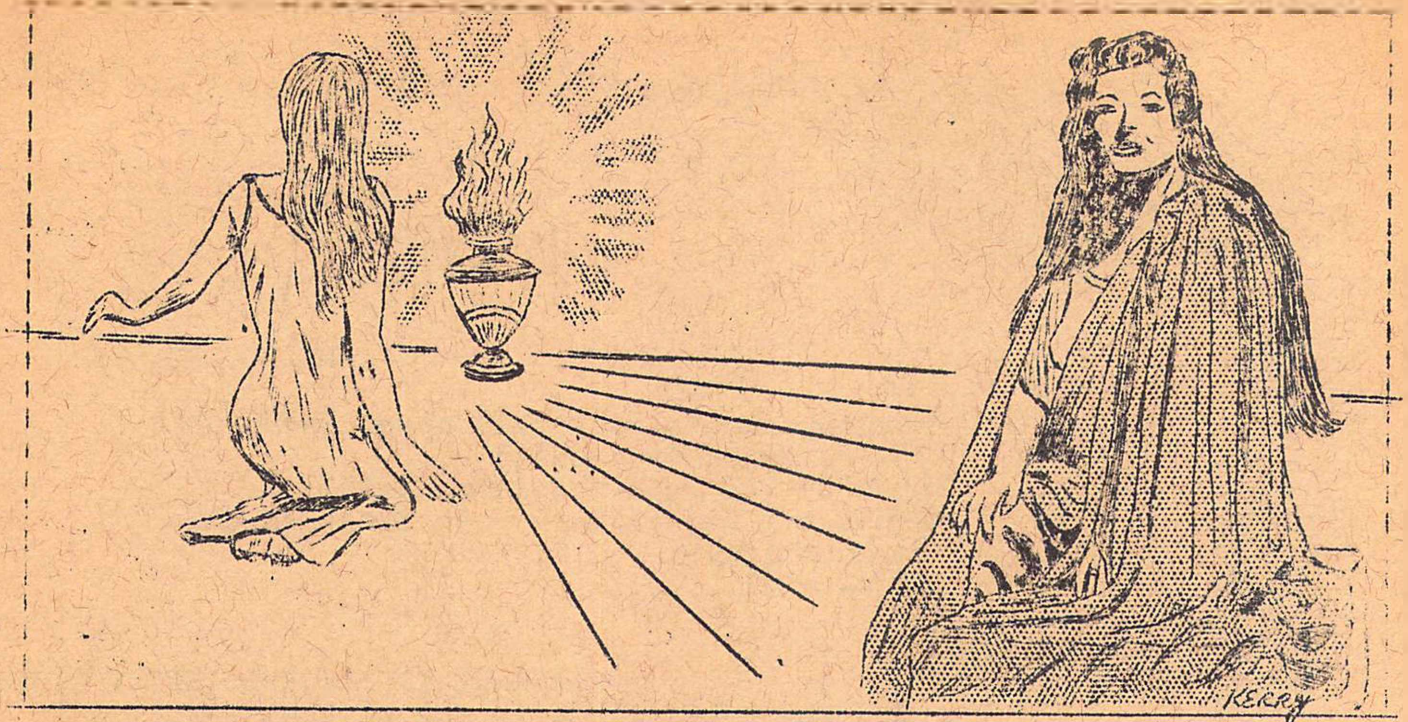
Norma was a Druidess. She could go into a trance at the drop of a helmet, and was a real whiz at crystal-gazing, tea-leaf reading and cut-rate prophecies dressed up as pacifist propaganda. She could even sing soprano.

However, she'd taken up fraternizing with the enemy! And since Papa Oveso was too busy rehearsing the chorus to lock his little virgin into her chastity belt, she had become very chummy with Pollione. So chummy, in fact, that while everybody in the Druid temple was conveniently looking the other way, the stork had dropped around with a couple of little bundles from heaven...and they both had Roman noses!

All this takes place, of course, before the curtain goes up. Even in grand opera, there are limits to what they can put on stage.

When the opera gets started, Oveso and his Druids are trying to start a 5th Column in Gaul, and most of the first act is spent discussing it. But daughter Norma says no, and warns that her say-so is straight from the oracle's mouth; no back-talk allowed. What she's really scared about, of course, is that, if there's any fighting, lover-boy might get lost in the shuffle, not to mention the two little boy sopranos.

But while Norma's been trying to keep the Druids from upsetting the mistletoe cart, her tame tenor had been getting bored



with his dreamy darling and found himself a new sweetie. Tenors never learn. ADALGISA was a Druidess too -- but a considerably younger and sillier one. Back when the opera was written she was a soprano too -- that was about a hundred years ago --but her voice has changed over the years -- nowadays they usually give her part to a contralto.

When the Druids go home to hang up their weapons and grumble, Adalgisa sneaks back to meet Pollione on the altar steps, which is a mighty uncomfortable spot for a love scene. They pitch a little woo, operatic style, which means that he sings to her straight across the footlights, and she answers him back the same way. He tries to talk her into a Roman holiday, but for a long time Adalgisa worries about whether he might not ditch her somewhere between here and Rome. However, his eloquent High Cs finally overcome her resistance and she throws herself into his arms, at which point the curtain comes down --presumably to preserve the decencies. As I say, there are limits to what can be staged.

When it goes up again, Norma is posing prettily with her kids and the second-string soprano, CLOTILDA, who baby-sits while Norma is out with the oracles. Norma sings a sort of operatic "Can't help lovin' that Roman of mine," but she shoos the kids into the back room when somebody shows up. Sure enough, it's ADALGISA, troubled with a whale of a conscience-ache. She says she's fallen in love -- a predicament which Norma is eminently qualified to understand. They have a good cry together in close harmony, and then Norma gets around to asking her just who is this chap anyhow. Just as Adalgisa opens her mouth, in walks Pollione as if he owned the place, parks his helmet, and just as he's about to kiss the kids and ask what's cookin', Adalgisa says "You're lookin' straight at him." The rest of the act proceeds as you

Situation Norma, all Fouled up -- continued

might imagine; Norma screams that he's a dirty double crossing sphagetti bender, Pollione looks sheepish and says this thing is bigger than either of us, and Adalgisa bawls in her stola and wishes she'd never been born...and the curtain comes down before somebody calls the riot squad.

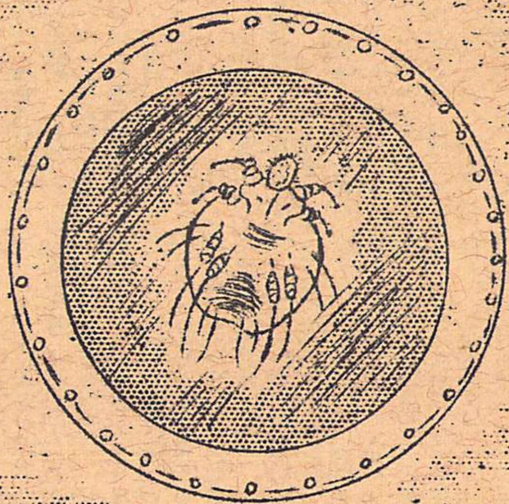
ACT THREE shows us Norma standing over the babies crib, but she's not singing lullabies. She's decided to kill herself, and before she lets anybody else get their hands on her kids, she'll do them in too. However, since she's really a nice girl and a good mother; she can't go through with it; she throws away the carving knife, hunts up Adalgisa, shows her how cute the kids look in their sleep, and asks Adalgisa to please be a good step-mother to them. It's always sounded like a pretty good deal to me, but maybe Adalgisa just doesn't like kids -- she says she wouldn't want Pollione if he was being given away with a pound of macaroni. They hand the poor tenor back and forth for about 30 pages of music, sing a few more duets and finally fall into each other's arms, full of kisses and tears, after which Adalgisa goes off to tell Pollione that Norma has put away her rolling pin and he should behave himself and go home.

Except that Pollione still has a yen for Adalgisa, and she finally has to run away again to preserve what's left of her virtue. When Norma hears about this she boils over, hits High C four times, bangs on an oversized dishpan and tells the Druids to sharpen up their spears, the war's on. In the middle of this rumpus, in comes Clotilda, screaming because there's a Roman in the girl's dorm of the cloister, when they've hauled him out from under the beds and dragged him onstage, sure enough, it's our old friend Pollione.

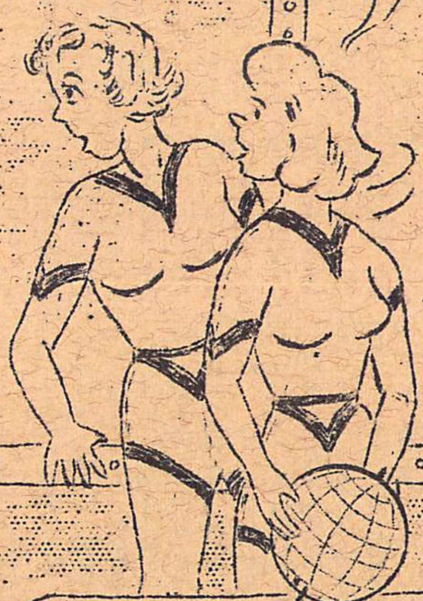
Oroveso wants to know what he's doing there, but Pollione, who isn't the smart to kiss and tell, says "Ok, kill me but don't ask so many silly questions." (Ferisci, ma non interrogarmi!) They're just about to oblige him when Norma stops the show. She sends the Druids out to gather wood to roast him with, then puts it up to him; if he'll lay off the priestesses and go back to Rome, she'll sneak him out the back way. But no tenor could ever promise anything so sensible. Instead he tries to manhandle Norma into slipping him her carving knife; Norma prefers to be manhandled on her own terms, and screams for help; and when they've got Pollione down and they're sitting on him, tells everybody that right here in this very temple, there's a wayward girl who fell for a Roman! Pollione thinks Norma is going to point the finger of shame at Adalgisa, and raises the roof; but when the Druids demand to know the name of this juvenile delinquent, Norma hauls off her fancy head-dress and says "Papa d ar, you're lookin' straight at her."

Everybody sings "O, mio dolor" -- which, roughly translated, means "What a revoltin' development THIS is!" Oroveso and Pollione insist that Norma has gone crazy and doesn't know what she's saying, but Norma insists, so they finally build up a big fire and sacrifice her to the Gods. Oh yes, Pollione insists on dying with her. I don't know what other choice he had, anyhow.

Nobody knows what happened to Adalgisa, Probably they picked her for the next High Priestess.



Oh, fun — the Luna-Ticks
are loose again!



KERRY

