

FALLING PETALS

a vehicle for treasures in miniature

Be this a path forever found and lost,  
A drift of bloom upon an April sky.  
- Nora May French

A



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FALLING PETALS

THERE IS A TIME  
By Charles Ballard

There is a time  
on a summer afternoon  
when the sunlight is all at once caressing  
and intimate and tender,  
like a child singing to itself--  
and all the beauty and wonder that surrounded me  
has entered into my being.

I still my breathing and listen,  
for it seems as if a door over the hills  
had opened  
and one had come through  
to walk with me.  
and tell a little tale of what I had forgotten  
long ago.

("Driftwind," April, 1936.)

Only stand high a long enough time your lightning will come.  
("The Summit Redwood," by Robinson Jeffers.)

If you have not done all that you have hoped to do, maybe it's  
because you don't work hard enough. - Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt.

If we do not desire to die together in war, we must learn to  
live together in peace.  
(President Truman, San Francisco, April 26, 1945.)

Conventionality is not morality; self-righteousness is not  
religion.

Laws and principles are not for the times when there is no  
temptation... If at my individual convenience I might break them,  
what would be their worth.

("Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte.)

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Previously unpublished compositions:

"A Fragment," by Harold Bertram  
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FALLING PETALS, a vehicle for treasures in miniature, a "GOLDEN  
ATOM" Publication, is a privately issued compilation, not for sale,  
distributed through the fapa and to friends.

Letters of comment will be welcomed. Material such as poetry,  
anecdotes or very brief stories will be considered for inclusion in  
possible future issues. Just drop a line to Larry Farsaci or Miss  
Ann Farsaci (co-editor), GOLDEN ATOM PUBLICATIONS, 48 Lewis Street,  
Rochester 5, New York.

## THOUGHT PATTEENS

### A FRAGMENT

By Harold Bertram

A warning here to those who seek my treasure,  
That I and Mine are safe behind a moat  
Of numberless dimensions, vast beyond all measure,  
Wherein there swim grim guardians that tear and gloat  
O'er trapped and tortured egos, souls of those who tried  
To climb that ancient lofty wall that has no other side.

All great art is delicate art, and all coarse art is bad.  
There is as much difference between the boldness of the true and  
false masters, as there is between the courage of a pure woman  
and the shamelessness of a lost one. - John Ruskin.

There is no perfect joy without gratitude. But we have never  
learned it, and the want of it troubles us. It is like being dumb  
with a heart full of love. We must find the word for it, and say  
it together. Then we shall be perfectly joined in perfect joy.  
("The Lost Word," by Henry Van Dyke, 1898.)

O God, did you know  
When you moulded men out of clay,  
Urging them up and up  
Through the endless circles of change,  
Travail and turmoil and death,  
Many would curse you down,  
Many would live all gray  
With their faces flat like a mask:  
But there would be some, O God,  
Crying to you each night,  
"I am so glad! so glad!  
I am so rich and gay!  
How shall I thank you, God?"

("The Ancient Beautiful Things," by Fannie Stearns Davis.)

The mind is a painter's pallet  
Daubed with a thousand colors of emotion  
Into which we dip the paint brush of our wills  
With which we paint in our eyes  
And in the lines of our faces  
The type of life to which we have succumbed.  
(J A Clark, from a conversation.)

In ribald bronze Pan leers  
Through dripping water, grinning at my tears.  
("A Winter Garden," poem in the book, "After Eden.")

There is no riches above the health of the body; and there  
is no pleasure above the joy of the heart.  
(Ecclesiastes, Chapter 30.)

PLUNGE  
By Jean Howard

Every nerve cell in his lean body was alive and tingling. He had been abruptly snatched from his nonchalant existence and had been brought face to face with death. For in a matter of a few seconds he would be dead! Only an atom of time in which he would feel this terrible expectation and then---nothing. His eyes which had so loved to see the world with its beauty, its skies, its green grass and all its beauty would close and then what would they see? Nothing? What?

Donald had never been a Christian. He had had leanings toward the opposite but somehow he had always hoped that there would be something beyond this finite life. Not to be? How horrible! Not to think? Not to hear? Not to see? Not to feel the warm blood coursing through his veins? Not to be filled with the pure joy of living? To be void! To be only a shape without power to move, to will, to think, to feel! To be in the ground a mere dead body, to decay, to have the flesh rot from his bones, to have his bones slowly crumble until nought remained but dust! Oh, it was horrible that only a few minutes ago he had been so full of life and happiness and then a slip, a sudden plunge from a high window and now---what?

He reached the sidewalk with a sickening crash and then---oblivion. Pray God that there may be another life!

("The Hour Glass," Fairport High, New York, 1938.)

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT STORY? (ANSWERS INSIDE BACK COVER)

1. "... then, gentlemen, came the most terrible feeling of all; I knew at last that the scientific achievement I had made and lost counted for little with me. It was the girl. I realized then that the only being I ever could care for was living out her life with her world, and, indeed, her whole universe, in an atom of that ring."

2. "Grief is like a dark, oppressive cloud, until from lip and hand it breaks in the rain of melody, and we are lightened, so that even the things that are painful give to life a new and chastened glory..."

"If it had consisted with His plan to make these delicate mortal bodies capable of every agreeable sensation in the highest degree, yet not liable to accident, and not subject to misery and pain, he would surely have done this for all of us. But reason and nature show us that such an end did not consist with his plan."

3. "Camilla---You, sir, should unmask.

Stranger---Indeed?

Cassilda---Indeed it's time. We all have laid aside disguise but you.

Stranger---I wear no mask.

Cassilda-(terrified, aside to Camilla)--No mask? No mask!"

Beauty without the beloved is a sword through the heart.  
("The Young in Heart," by I. A. R. Wylie.)

YOU WHO NEVER HUNGERED  
By Grace Gaddis

You who never hungered  
For love or bread  
Could not know the marvel  
Of being fed.

You who were never cold  
And never warm  
Could not be touched  
By sun or storm.

You who were never hurt  
How could you care  
For the woes that I  
Was given to bear?

You will not be lonely  
Not having me:  
You need only  
Your tranquility.

(The above poem, found recently among some "stray" manuscripts in our printery, is published here as a memorial to that fine-souled young Texan girl whose spirit so aptly speaks through its lines... the late Grace Gaddis.)  
("Driftwind," June-July, 1935.)

MARIE  
By Albert Theodore Puntney

She kept the music in her soul repressed.  
A beautiful enchanting song  
As fresh as dew at early summer dawn  
Was stifled in her pulsing heart  
And halted on her vibrant, trembling lips.  
She thought her song was safely hid,  
But with her eyes and every graceful move  
She faintly hummed her secret tune.  
She longed to break the shackles of her heart  
And sing so all the world could hear,  
But feared the airy sweetness of the strain  
Might cause some fool to gloat and sneer.

(From the "Yearbook of Contemporary Poetry," copyright 1937,  
with the author's permission.)

Not one in a thousand gets half as much fun out of life as he  
might with a clearer philosophy and a stronger character.  
- Prof Walter B Pitkin.

False pride and envy are like an undertow, dragging one to  
bitterness and defeat, but love is a shining star, guiding those  
who follow it to peace.

PROPHECY  
By Donald J Paquette

One of these days--though  
It may be a long, long time--  
Some simple-minded fool, harmless and good-natured  
Who never tried to do anything--but live,  
Nor searched for aught--save  
A handful of crumbs, a roof, and a woman perhaps,  
Is going to discover a great secret--  
and blow up the earth.

("Westward," May, 1934.)

Dig up the question of intellectuality (in regard to religion)  
and you will generally find the grub of immorality in the roots.  
(Catholic Instruction Class, St Boniface Church, San Francisco,  
January 24, 1946.)

"I am for the old faith," he (Dowson) broke in; "I've become  
a Catholic as every artist must. Have you heard this--

Upon the eyes, the lips, the feet,  
On all the passages of sense,  
The atoning oil is spread with sweet  
Renewal of lost innocence."

With a gasp of surprise I recognized that he had become a  
master of his instrument; the mounting music of the last couplet was  
super-excellent.

("The Swan-Song of Youth: Ernest Dowson," by Frank Harris,  
Pearson's Magazine, March, 1917.)

She set a rose to blossom in her hair,  
The day faith died;  
"Now glad" she said "and free again,  
And life is wide"...  
But through long nights she stared into the dark,  
And knew she lied.

(Fanny Heaslip Lea, in "Man of the Renaissance," Samuel Putnam,  
Francois Rabelius, New York, 1929.)

Nothing can be more useful to a man than a determination not  
to be hurried.. Great works.. have endless leisure for a background  
as the universe has space; great art transcends the actual, sug-  
gests the ageless and timeless. - Henry David Thoreau.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must  
carry it with us or we find it not.

I suffer, every day, from the want of perception of beauty in  
people. They do not know the charm with which all moments and  
objects can be embellished, the charm of manners, of self-command,  
of benevolence.

("Culture," by Ralph W Emerson.)

A face made up  
Out of no other shop  
Than what nature's-kind hand sets ope,  
A cheek where grows more than a  
    morning rose  
Which to no box its being owes,  
Lips, where all day a lover's kiss  
    may play  
Yet carry nothing else away.  
    - Richard Crenshaw

I've used with care the oval box,  
And tinted well my lips:  
I've stroked with red my pale cold cheeks,  
And smoothed my finger tips;  
My hair in waves is lacquered silk,  
My eyes are dark and bright;  
With care I've dressed--for I will stay  
At home, alone, tonight.  
(W Craig Gae, in "Driftwind," May, 1934.)

She: What do you mean, my figure's like a roller coaster?  
He: It takes my breath away!

A young and bashful professor was frequently embarrassed by jokes his girl pupils played on him. The jokes were so frequent that he finally decided to punish the next perpetrators. The next day he kept two girls after school to work hard problems as punishment for playing a joke on him.

It was the custom of the school to answer roll call with quotations. The following morning when Miss A's name was called, she rose, and looking straight into the professor's eyes, repeated, "With all thy faults I love thee still," while Miss B's quotation was: "The hours I spend with thee, dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me."

("Quotable Anecdotes," by D B Knox.)

If you were gracious as your soul,  
I could but love you less,  
Perfection cannot catch the throat,  
Like your dear awkwardness.  
("Mortal," by Eunice Tietjens.)

CHANCE  
Anonymous

How many times we must have met  
Here on the street as strangers do,  
Children of chance, we were, who passed  
The door of heaven and never knew.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever...  
("A Farewell," by Charles Kingsley.)



## THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

From Mrs Harold A Anderson, St. George, Utah:

"Falling Petals" I did enjoy very much. I think it is a good and original idea. I like the idea of the little quotations strung through it. I thought your POETIC TITLES very good and couldn't help wondering if they were suggestive titles for future issues.. or for titles of poems you wanted in "Falling Petals."

I let my sister-in-law read it and she said to tell Raymond L Hayes "to hang on. Life really isn't all as bad as he seems to think."

Will there be other issues of "Falling Petals"? I surely hope that there will be.

(Answer. "The Poetic Titles" were names of stories, with the exception of two or three such as "Ebony and Crystal," which is the title of a book of semi-fantasy verse by Clark Ashton Smith, and "Dark of the Moon," which was the title of a fantasy Broadway stage play this past season and also the name of an exquisite collection of lyrics by Sara Teasdale, many of which deal with the romance of astronomy. The Editors.)

From John M Cunningham, Beaumont, Texas:

Comments, suggestions, criticism.

Name FALLING PETALS. First criticism is lack of stapling to bind pages together... the stencilling could have been better done, especially page -4-... The last and final criticism is against "wasted space," 2-3-4-5-6-7- pages no mimeo on back. I can only figure you feared a "smeary" result if both sides were used.

Taken in all around deduction- Falling Petals was excellent. Commenting on past efforts of yours, I have always found them a source of superior quality and quantity to most of other FAPA mailings. I was not overly impressed with Raymond L Hayes' attempt at poetry, his PAST being best. With this exception, the fmzine was a treasure in miniature.

(Answer. I hope that you find the present issue an improvement in the above respects. The first issue was typed and mimeographed at a trade school in downtown San Francisco, after hours from Army duties, and poor as the job might seem I really felt elated at the time that the idea had taken shape at all. The present issue is being typed on Ye Olde Underwood which typed out the ten issues of GOLDEN ATOM, but the circumstances of my new employment prohibit an almost all-encompassing interest in stf as the GOLDIE ATOMIC venture proved to be until the war changed all that. LBF.)

### ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE THREE, "DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT STORY?"

1. "The Girl in the Golden Atom," by Ray Cummings, All-Story, 1919.

2. "A Crystal Age," by W H Hudson.

3. "The Mask," by Robert W Chambers (original printing), from Chambers' book, "The King in Yellow."

