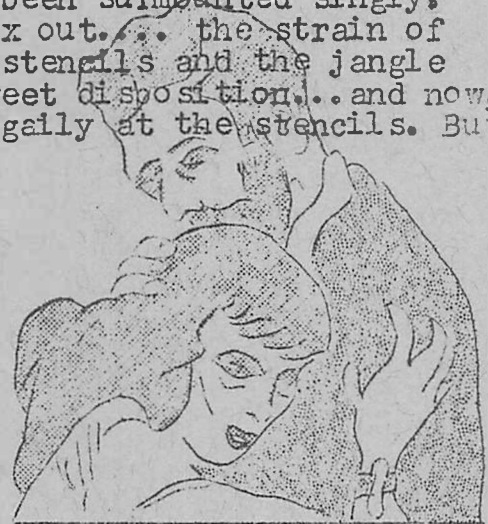


DAY*STARLET

Marion Zimmer Bradley, Box 246, Rochester, Texas. A frantic FAPAZn

AN EXPLANATION OF SORTS; I had a Fapazine all ~~now~~ ready to print. Eight stencils long, full of episode, anecdota, and gay converse on all subjects, according to my usual merry mirthful manner. Then the blow fell, I should say blows fell. One, my poor old Remington Noiseless had a shrunken platen and the keys hardly struck the roller.... hence the stencils she cut were almost illegible. Two, those cheap cellu stencils, over 2 years old now, had deteriorated to flat hard sheets of fiber. Three, the unaccustomed dampness had gotten into my mimeograph paper and made it swell and stick to the drum, and Four, my only inkpad had turned into a sodden relic. Also the sand had gotten into the mimeo cylinder and locked the feed arm.

Any one of these problems could have been surmounted singly. I sent Miss Remington away to have her appendix out... the strain of five novels, dozens of short stories, endless stencils and the jangle of fannish feuds having ruined her normally sweet disposition... and now, her new plate sitting pretty, she chomps away gaily at the stencils. But now I have no stencils for her to chomp at, except this one... a stray stencil on which Redd Boggs stencilled an illustration for a story I never published. I have only a few sheets of un-ruined mimeo paper, and I doubt if the inkpad will hold out for more than one run. I've cleaned and oiled the mimeo but it really needs an irrigation or an appendectomy or something.



So that deathless prose which I cut with a beat-up typewriter on some wotn-out dried-up stencils and tried to run off on a creaking mimeo with a defunct inkpad will have to await the arrival of some new supplies. Oh, well, I guess I didn't really want to do much mimeographing today anyhow.

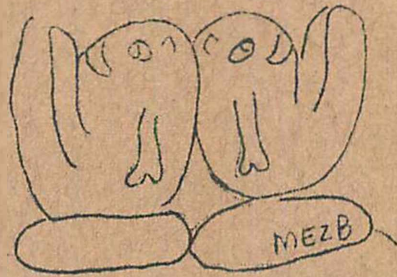
I forget who it was wrote me not long ago that mimeograph equipment seemed perversely to get out of order in direct ratio to how expensive and complicated it was in the first place. He said he was tempted to construct one out of a V-8 juice can to verify this theory... it should work perfectly forever. (But what would you use for an inkpad? Kotex?)Note to the official editor; you may blank that word out, if you wish.)

The new platen on this typewriter really does beautiful work....the letters look so white and clean through this green stencil!

I am seething with a multitude of profound thoughts, but the rapidly upcoming bottom of this stencil forces me to collect them, gather them up, and say farewell, kind friends, adieu until I find myself some more reliable mimeograph equipment.

Postscript; I protest an extension of Bill Clyde's membership, since I did not receive a copy of his magazine. If the official editor refused to mail it out, it was his duty to postmail, making sure everyone got a copy.

Is all....Mezb/ian



Stencil Gazing

SO HERE I AM GAZING INTO THOSE BIG BLUE STENCILS AGAIN and thank heaven I have nearly come to the end of these cheap Type-it stencils from Master Products. Memo to Bill Danner who probably won't read this; I do clean my typewriter type, quite often, but the platen on this typewriter has hardened and shrunk, and I must await the semi-occasional visits of a typewriter salesman to the hinterlands of Rochester before having it replaced. Meanwhile I do the best I can.

WHEN I WAS A KIDDO rummaging in the attics at home, eyewitness accounts of the Civil War...from the Yankee side, of course, and perdition seize all Rebels past present and future -- such accounts were fairly common. One of the most amusing, or rather three of the most amusing, were the three "Si Klogg" books, which ran serially in some newspaper a little while after the war, and were reprinted. A somewhat more gruesome and veridicious narrative was called THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER. I forget the author's name and it may even have been anonymous, but it was the memoir of a noncon in the Union Army, and even a full fifteen years after the reading, many of the scenes described are still present in my memory. Among other things he remarked that his "physical" for the army consisted of a brief inspection of his teeth; a soldier in those days had to "chew cartridges and bitehardtack". Despite hydrogen bombs and torture courses, our modern soldiery never has to contend with such poor and deficient food and clothing, with vermin for which the one remedy was mercury ointment which poisoned men as well as bugs, with the omnipresent typhus whose cause was then unknown, and with malaria improperly treated with insufficient supplies of quinine. Virtually all wounds, except superficial ones, were fatal; surgery was performed with only the rude anesthesia of chloroform; our modern armies serving under such conditions would probably desert wholesale. One rather pathetic incident described an occasion where two outlying outposts, Union and Confederate, happened to meet on a rainy night; and instead of fighting, exchanged the plentiful coffee issued by the Union armies...and unknown to the Confederate troops in their blockaded states... for the tobacco, scarce in the North, of which the "Johnny Rebs" had no lack.

However, even this rather grim account had its funny pages. I have heard the following story, more recently, told of Korea; but this is where I first saw it, and I imagine this is the original version. While Sherman's men were marching through the mud of Georgia, on that march which Yankees, heartily detesting the South and everything in it, commemorated in history as the "Mud March",

MORE STENCIL GAZINGS.....just keep marching

a young private, sloshing through the dreary mud, suddenly noticed a fine felt hat lying in the mud. He had lost his hat some days ago, and he immediately coveted this fine one, presumably...from its style.. lost by an officer of the Cavalry troops which had passed that way a few hours before. Besides, it seemed rather a waste to leave it in the mud; so, soldier-fashion, he picked it up. To his amazement, a voice from the sludge exclaimed indignantly "You put that hat right back!"

Looking down, the private beheld two angry eyes staring up at him. He restored the hat to its owner, while the man in the mud grumbled "Darned infantrymen, nothin' ain't safe around them!" The private looked down and stammered "But...but...can't I help you get loose, sir?"

"No, thanks," the man in the mud replied, "This Georgia mud sure is fierce, but I got a good horse under me, and I reckon he can get me out sooner or later."

ALL THIS WAS BROUGHT ON, OF COURSE, by going, for the first time in some months, to the movies, to see Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire in the film version of FRIENDLY PERSUASION, and hearing two young Texas belles behind me muttering indignantly that most of the time you were supposed to hate the Yankees!

I have never shared any romantic infatuation with the dramatic lost-causeism of the Confederates, and my ire was roused recently by a number of small boys about town wearing "forage caps" which proudly sported the Confederate flag. I refused to buy one for Steve....to me, believe it or not, the romantic "Stars and Bars" is the flag of treason. And neither I, nor my son, nor anyone in my house, will ever wear it. The causes of the Civil war no longer rouse me to ire, I have never been guilty of trying to fight the civil war over again, even when called, half-seriously, a damn yankee; the hostility is, for me at least, past and forgotten, and I even make jokes about being born on the birthday of Jeff Davis. But I would sooner name a child "Benedict Arnold" than "Robert Lee," and even in a spirit of fun would not adorn my home with a flag which had been carried against the Stars and Stripes.

Treason ne'er doth prosper; what's the reason?
If it prosper, none dare call it treason!

The South shall rise. It'll have to. It can't go no lower!

Bye now - Marlow Bradley

What's half-life? asked the dinlit
As he snibbed away a tear,
Is it glimpsed from cuts and bruises,
Or perided from year to year?
He was frustered in his gooning,
And he couldn't pick the glog,
Until, in throes of blashning,
He was answered by a frog.

Said the frog; it's flun to tall you
That a half-life is a chin;
It's frabled hasterpinthin,
And it's spoke from her to him.
--quite a jibbling! schnooffed the dinlit,
With his finger in his eye,
Is it grown like jubas and wigglers,
Or dribbled from the sky?

The frog was nobbed to tall him,
So he took a piece of chalk,
And wrote upon a blackened lee,
It's Only Spoke In T lk!
--How revolting! screamed the dinlit,
Shocked unto the very tummers,
It must be like astertotatum
And last for many summers!

I wouldn't know, the frog replied
Blowing out a bubble,
But if you've spent your hal -life,
You can find a shringobubble!

--Bill Oberfield.

This is, or has been, DAY STAR # 6, published on Minnie the Monster
Mimeograph by Marion Zimmer Bradley, with infinite time, trial and
trubble...oh, heck, Oberfield's got me doing it.

With nameless pone beneath my wing,
And goblin on my shoulder,
I tuck my head between my hands,
And bang it on a boulder.
For the half-life us confusin'
In my mind I think I'm losin',
So to bang my head I'm choosin',
Hoping I may see the liht.

And as usual the address is Box 246, from Rochester, Texas, U.S.A.