

...that undiscovered country

In all lives but the meanest comes the day
You reach the edges of the mapped domain
And venture over rims marked firmly for
Small lives which lie in well-known love or pain.

The solid white that lies beyond the known
Is mapped as desert, though your senses know
The white holds undiscovered lakes and hills
And landscapes where new unknown fruits may glow.

Crossing the frontiers of our unknown world
Where travellers tales may turn to truth, or lie,
Make your own maps; the heart alone can find
Some fixed and compass star to journey by.

Marion Bradley

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LEFTOVER #1

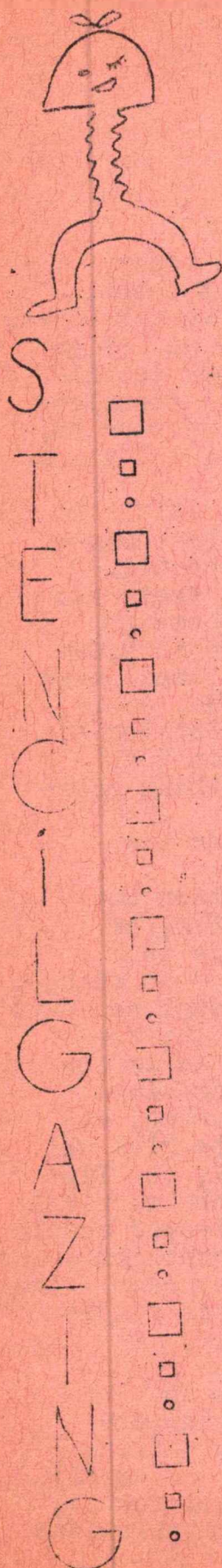
Day*Star Presents : (Stencils salvaged from the Kerry Portfolio)

For the 9^{3RD} mailing of the F A P A

November 1960

Stencil artwork by Kerry Dame, the rest by Marion Zimmer
Bradley, Box 158, Rocnester, Texas.

Limited edition of 80 odd copies, of which this is #YOURS



lights in the sky and all that

Last night I went out at 10:34 pm to watch the Echo satellite pass over Texas. I hadn't the least notion what to expect; I'd never seen a satellite, other than the good old-fashioned satellite which takes $11\frac{1}{2}$ hours, more or less, to cross from horizon to horizon. I was watching the Western horizon, waiting for it to rise...the age of science has reversed even that small natural order of things which allows a moon to rise in the east and set in the west.

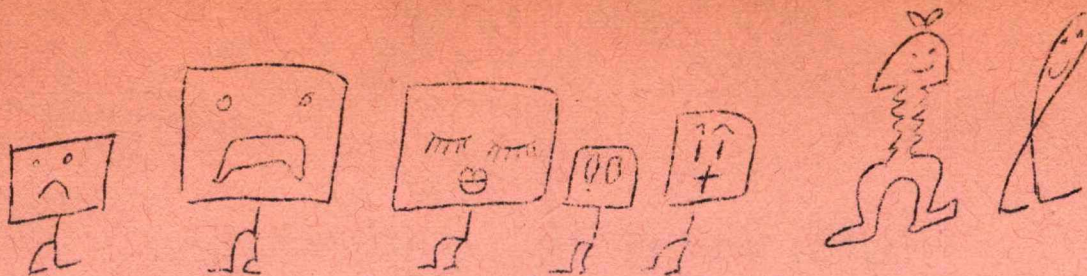
Texas is a good place, in the small towns at least, for tracking satellites. The flat horizon makes of the sky a full 180-degree field for the rising and downsetting of suns and stars. On a dark night, clear and cloudless in this arid season, after the glimmer of the new moon has set, the sky is painted black, with no city lights to blur away even the lowest stars. The Dipper lies supine on its back, the Great Wain of the Druids tilted into a cosmic ditch. The Galactic Arm like spindrift, foams across the zenith. Corona Borealis shimmers like a pale diamond tiara behind the footlights of the world. Sagittarius rides with his bow at full tension, the poor man's Orion, while Orion lies below the horizon.

Brad said suddenly into the darkness "There it goes, honey." By the small flame of his cigarette lighter he verifies the time; 10:32 pm. Off to the North now, crossing the pale stars of the Little Dipper, I see a brighter star than the pallid ones there; about the brightness of Mars, but a Mars veering crazily in the North, gliding with a strange persistence toward a paler star. Only by this pale persistence and motion can I tell it from a planet, until it crosses a star, and then I see how it lies inside that guardian rim of our known world. Unswerving, it ploughs on, cutting a strange lighted rim through the night, and fades away as the motion begins to be less persistent with the lowering of the angle of vision.

Suddenly I realize that I am chilly, though the Texas night, the August night, lies like a clammy blanket around me. Clearing my throat, I make myself laugh.

"It makes me want to say something portentuous," I venture. "Something like 'What hath God wrought?'"

"Only," he says, "it wasn't God."



MORE STENCILGAZING: STRICTLY FROM SQUARESVILLE.

For my money, only one useful concept has come out of the whole Beat scene, and that, for me, is a clarification of my thinking about squares. It's a useful concept. I used to spend a lot of time analysing what made some people dull as hell, and others, no more intelligent, and frequently less prepossessing in every way, companions for whom, in the Emersonian sense, I will go to jail if need be. I've started calling the dull-as-hell group squares, and I think, now, I can analyze what makes them square.

I think possibly the name "square" may have come from derisive mockery of that much-vaunted habit of calling an honest person a "square shooter." Just as a person who overdoes his patriotism (when it costs him nothing) is called a flag waver in derision even by those who truly love their flag and are willing to go under fire to prove it, the chap who makes a great to-do about the conventional laws of the crowd, while secretly reserving the right to lie, cheat, steal, commit adultery and all those things down to chucking his beerbottles out to hit other people's tires when he won't get caught, becomes a square. But to me a square is something other than this.

A square is a person who lets other people do his living for him.

He is the person who reads science fiction but never bothers to start a collection, hunt up another fan, or publish a fanzine --which is why he is such a damn bore at a convention, and so lost. He is the guy who sits up in the stands, munching on a hot dog and watching the ball game --though nowadays he doesn't really care enough for his team even to go out there to the grandstand, when he can switch on the TV set. He is the girl who gets her ideas on clothes from the fashion magazines and lets the sales clerks tell her what "They" are wearing, so she won't have to worry about what she is wearing. The girl who gets her codes on conduct from the ladies home journal, the Tips to Teens column, and Ann Landers. He is the mark on the carnival midway. The housewife listening to the ads. The dull-eyed couple necking at the movies. The wanderer through tourist packaged tours and the passive enroller in sets of approved college courses. The eternal Fanny, looking for a place to sit down and watch people do things.

He is the Audience.

Sometimes a spark blazes up, out there---which, I think, is why the artist keeps on living, the writer keeps on writing and the actor keeps on doing something a little better than TV dramas. The only alternative is to go off and try to find a Utopia --which would be boring as hell for us, too. Because, if squares are dull, most of us are exhibitionists anyway!