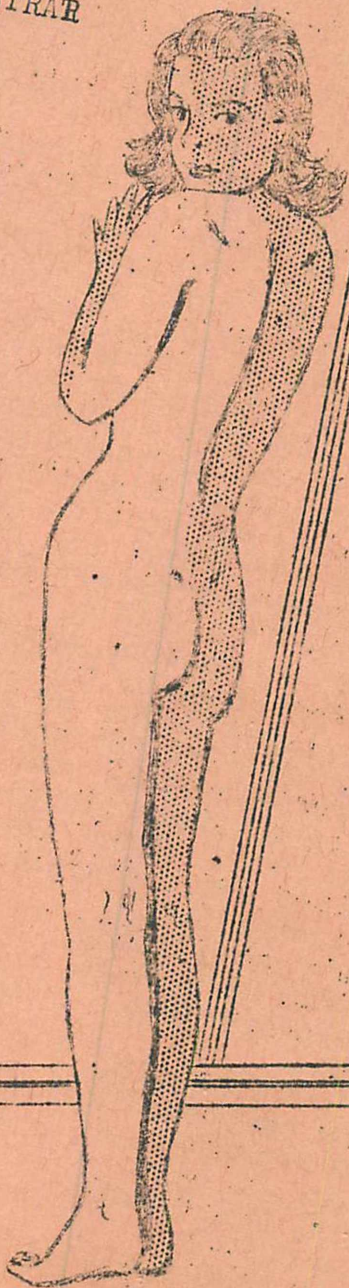


Hardin-Simmons University

OFFICE  
of the  
REGISTRAR



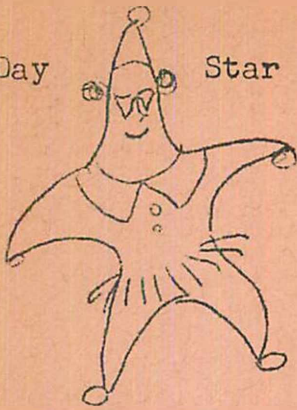
D  
A  
Y  
★  
S  
T  
A  
R

November 1961

KERRY

"Well, they DID say not to wear slacks on campus!"

Day Star



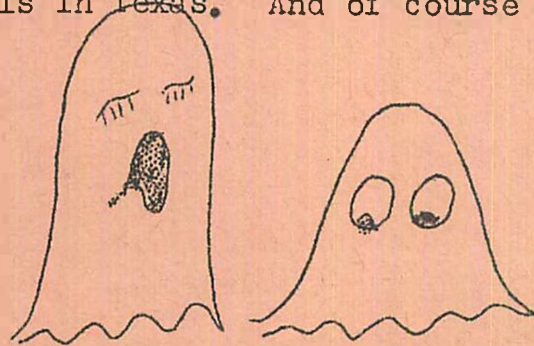
This is Day\*Star for November, 1961, published for FAPA by Marion Zimmer Bradley, Box 158, Rochester, Texas, USA.

Well, this was the year, or rather the summer of the Jackpot, as far as I'm concerned. Between July, 1961, and September 1961, I signed contracts for four novels; two written and two unwritten; two science-fiction and two mainstream under pen names. (I also broke into a new field, the confession magazines.) Being a glutton for punishment, instead of staying home to write in peace, I decided to enroll

in college. Old members of FAPA will remember that this was where I came in.... as a junior in college. Thirteen odd (very odd) years later, I'm still, or again, a junior in college.....

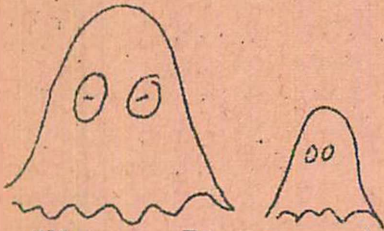
The college is Hardin-Simmons University, a smallish Baptist college with about 2,000 students. This is, actually, a little larger than New York State College for Teachers, where I began to acquire what is laughingly called higher education. Paradoxically it seems both larger and smaller. Larger because, being in Texas, it spreads out over six or eight city blocks rather than being crowded into two or three; because the dormitories are on campus and make a more impressive array of buildings, rather than being scattered out over the whole city; and because there are more departments. NYSCT prepared its' students for secondary classroom teaching, and for nothing else. If you wanted to teach Physical Education, you went to Cortland; if you wanted to teach Music, you went to Potsdam. NYSCT required a good broad liberal-arts education, and so few methods courses that the duller would-be teachers griped. Hardin-Simmons (H-SU hereafter, as it is on campus) has, in addition to about a hundred students preparing for secondary education, about 200 preparing for elementary or kindergarten teaching, or teaching the mentally-retarded or the deaf. There are a large number of pre-law, pre-engineering and pre-medical students, enrolled for their various two-year courses. There are thirty or forty nursing students who take their academic work here, in addition to their practical work at Hendricks Memorial hospital a few blocks away. There are almost 300 enrolled in one of the very few accredited music schools in Texas. And of course there are a great many students in preparation for seminary training in Baptist seminaries, as well as a large number who are just "going to college".

As a result, with 2,000 students scattered over some 30 or 40 separate major fields instead of only eight or nine, each department is smaller. I was quite shocked to discover that the Spanish department numbered,



"Somehow, I've got the feeling we're in the wrong zine.."

in toto, this year of grace, one professor and one graduate assistant. The Department Head is on a sabbatical year in the University of Salamanca in Spain.



"Mommy, I'm scared.  
Let's go home!"

Those who noticed the cover should be advised that Kerry is not to blame for the caption, I am. They should also be advised that she did NOT neglect your requests for artwork to indulge mine. This drawing is an old one, left over from the Kerry portfolio last year, which I found in the files when I started cutting stencils for this issue. Her current address, by the way, is Dorothy L. Dame, 1134 Cedar Street, Abilene, Texas.

While we are on the subject of (ahem) art, I ought to add that I honestly haven't the faintest idea or conscious memory of what sort of li'l critters these are decorating the pages, or who originated them. So sue me!

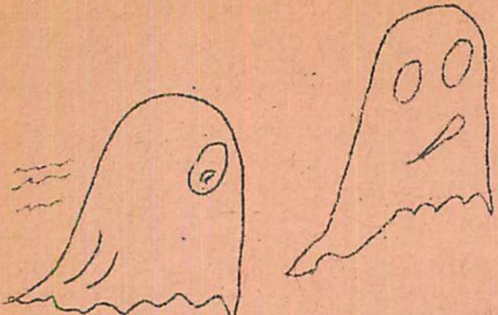
Fanac is suffering just as much from this incarnation in college, as it suffered long years ago at NYSCT --maybe more, since when I was at NYSCT I was only working and going to school. Now, in addition to carrying 13 hours of college courses, I am keeping house, driving back and forth to Abilene 3 days a week (from my driveway to the parking lot behind Simmons Science Hall is exactly 68.5 miles) and trying to work on a novel in the meantime. Not to mention fandom!

I see a heck of a lot of sunrises and sunsets. My alarm goes off at 5:15 --but with the sleeplessness of a Day People, I usually wake up about 20 minutes before that. I make up my bed, dress, pack a lunch and thermos bottle of tea or coffee (the dining hall, and the student center, share the characteristic of serving uniformly foul food--I pity the poor kids in the dormitories) set the breakfast table for Brad and Steve, make coffee, make oatmeal or other hot cereal and leave it in the double boiler, collect my various impedimenta, leave a note about what time I will be home, and climb aboard Lucky. The need for expending large sums on college tuition and commuting queered all my plans for buying a new car; instead I had the Chrysler's motor rebuilt, and it ought to be good for another 60,000 miles or so.

The stars are still out, cold and bright, when I start; some "fair morning-star among the living" trembles elusively in an indigo sky as I head eastward, to beckon, sometimes, to a white-wafer moon setting in the west with a little frill of cloud around her neck; or to be extinguished by a



"Well, what ARE we doing  
in this fanzine?"

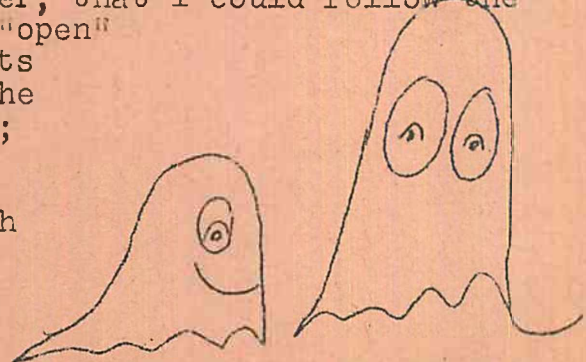


"Puff, puff....I just saw the editor, and she said..."

as the layers of light thin out to the meridian; about the time I pass through Rule, I can lower my lights from driving to parking, and those left on only because in the dim grey, though I can see the road clearly, I find it hard to see other approaching cars unlighted and appreciate those who leave some pale parking-lights on. In that town I turn Eastward again, but the sun has not come up to bother me, only the low clouds along the horizon show pink and reddish colors and a pale redness; then gradually turn glowing golden-orange and tangerine, like fruits of light. In Stamford I turn off my lights altogether; though as the winter advances I will leave them on longer. In Anson, 45 miles from home and 7:15 by the town-hall clock, I put my sun-visor down against the growing glare. On the divided freeway into Abilene I join a growing stream of traffic; and at 7:40 or 7:45 I swing off the expressway across Vogel street and slide my car into the still almost-empty parking lot. I unscrew the thermos and drink a cup of coffee, collect my books and go up to the second floor of Abilene Hall, where presently sleepy students stroll in and Mrs Rodgers bustles in briskly for the 8:00 class; HISTORY OF SPAIN. Maybe someone mutters "Who has time for breakfast, when ~~is~~ you have to make an 8:00 class?" As a surrogate for other commuting students, though few commute as far as I, I only grin.....

The courses I'm taking include; History of Spain, conducted in Spanish (theoretically; in practice, too few of the students can follow a wholly Spanish lecture, so Mrs. Rodgers lapses into English now and again when explaining something complex. ---I was pleased to discover, however, that I could follow the Spanish easily). Chapel Choir, the "open" music ensemble--"open to all students without audition" -- Education in the American Secondary School (Ed 213A); English 333A, studies in the Short Story, subdivision Comparative Lit; and a required freshman course which every transfer student is also required to take, Bible 113-A, Old Testament History. I comment; "Oh well. The pagans threw the Christians to the lions for a few hundred years...now the Christians are simply in a position to return the compliment! MZB.

fading sliver of light in the zenith. But as I swing out on the highway, car lights boring a glowing hole in the darkness, and turn south, the lights before me are low red beacons on the flat horizon; gradually paling as the sky lightens. In my East window, over my left shoulder like all good lights, the sky shifts and pales; the black earth-horizon fades to indigo, the indigo sky undergoes its shift to mauve and then to pink and then to green, azure, wedgwood



"MZB was in a hurry and was just doodling, and she simply could NOT remember who invented us!" ("Hey, am I a yobber, a poo, a li'l peepul or what?")

# A MODEST PROPOSAL

By CHARLES WELLS

Guest Editorial



EDITORIAL NOTE: With this issue, Day\*Star begins a policy of presenting, in each issue, one or more of the FAPA waiting list. The opinions presented by these "guest members" are not necessarily those of the editor, and it would be a courtesy if FAPA members sent copies of mailing comments to the guests.

---

For several weeks this summer, I, in company with 56 other eager fans, anxiously awaited the August FANTASY AMATEUR to see how far I had advanced on the waiting-list. The day it came, I eagerly ripped the staples out, opened it with fluttering heart, and sank to the floor with despair on discovering that I was in exactly the same position as in May!

Well, really, I wasn't quite that overwhelmed, but it was a disappointment, nevertheless. I am number thirty on the waiting list, which means that at the optimistic rate of two dropouts per quarter, I shall become a member of FAPA in May, 1965, after President Kennedy (ahem) has been inaugurated for the second time. I applied for membership before he was inaugurated the first time. Far more important than my tribulations, FAPA will have to wait until May, 1963, to be blessed with the membership of Bill Donaho; until August, 1965, for Walter Breen; until an unbelievable May, 1968, for Daphne Buckmaster! Jeff Wanshel will be a sophomore in college before he gets in; Heilmut Klemm has time to become an American citizen and be old enough to vote before he gets into FAPA; he is now sixteen.

Isn't that a little ridiculous?

I have a modest proposal to make which might help to alleviate the situation. The only reason I, a non-member, am making it is that no one else has; you, the membership, are the only people who can do anything about it. You can ignore my proposal completely, if you like; I take on the arrogance to make the proposal mainly because I am a waiting-lister and am therefore personally affected. I was a member of FAPA for three years, an officer for one, and so am not entirely unfamiliar with your problem.

There are several apparent solutions which are obviously out for one reason or another. One of them is expansion; FAPA has already expressed its opinion on that, and expressed it negatively. It is not true, as its opponents claim, that pretty soon the waiting list would be as long as it was before; the supply of fans wanting in FAPA is not unlimited, and with a larger membership, the number dropping out would be greater. (This is assuming a drastic expansion to, say, 100.) But it is true that FAPA would lose its close-knit atmosphere, that mailings would grow enormously, and that individual members would be put to more work and more expense; and these objections are valid.

More stringent activity requirements, aside from other objections, would not help much; FAPA is so hard to get into nowadays that the members are being specially careful to fulfill their requirements. There are similar things wrong with other proposals that have been made.

Now my proposal is the essence of simplicity, cunningness and all that. Let the members of FAPA themselves choose from the waiting list the fan or fans they want to let in. I'd bet my copy of QUANDRY #13 that if they were allowed to do that, Algis Budrys, Bill Donaho, Richard Bergeron, Walter Breen, Shelby Vick, Pat and Dick Lupoff and other worthies would be in FAPA within the year. And I dare anyone to deny that FAPA would be the better for it.

Though my proposal is the essence of simplicity, etc, the mechanics of it do present a problem. But I claim that with sufficient ingenuity a system could be worked out that is equitable, efficient and reasonably simple to handle, if only FANans endorse the principle behind it. What follows is an exposition of a possible system, with variants; if you are interested, please read it, but I have already given the principle and it is on the principle that this proposal will stand or fall, not on the details.

The obvious thing to do is send out ballots every quarter, allowing every FAPAN to vote for one person, who may be anywhere on the waiting list, and then to arrange the waiting-list in order of votes received. Persons admitted for that quarter would be admitted off the top of the list. Ties could be broken by going back to how long each one has been on the waiting list; it might be wise, if such a system is adopted, to put the date of application on the list along with the person's name and address.

Now, there are several things wrong with that system in its baldest form. One, the lack of choice for members voting, could be remedied by giving each member three votes, instead of only one, to cast as he pleases. It doesn't have to be three, though three is a good compromise between making the ballot over-lengthy to mark, and giving the member some freedom of choice.

He could be allowed to cast more than one of his three votes for a given waiting-lister, or this could be forbidden. I can't see that it makes much difference.

Another thing that is troublesome about this system is that the list will be completely rearranged every quarter. Joe Fann might find himself number three in a quarter where two were admitted, and after looking hopefully to next quarter's voting, discovers that he is only number ten in that quarter because several of his friends decided that he didn't need their votes. This is easily remedied; allow the votes to accumulate; quarter-to-quarter. Then the list for a given quarter is arranged according to the total number of votes the waiting-lister got in ALL the previous quarters that he was on the waiting-list. (Or it could be restricted to the last four quarters, or so, if you wished.)

This would have another advantage; people who are on the list a long time would gradually build up enough votes to get in, even though they weren't outstandingly popular. FAPA needs that kind

He would have to stay active in fandom to continue getting votes (whereas the present waiting-lister can practically be a passifan and stay on the list) and he would have to persevere, a good indication that he'll be a consistent member for years once he does get in. Steadiness is necessary in FAPA as well as brilliance.

Now if this is adopted, it will be necessary to give present waiting-listers some sort of award for having waited so long, since otherwise the system will be unfair to people like Ed Cox and Art Wilson who have been on the list for years.... otherwise, they would be on the same footing as the last to apply, temporarily, until they could build up votes.

I propose to start each waiting-lister with 53 votes minus the number of his present position; thus the top man would have 52 votes and the bottom man none. Please note; this would be done only to get the system started; after the first quarter, new applicants would get only those votes FAPA members actually give them.

Finally, seniority could be emphasized even more by giving each waiting-lister a free bonus of say five or ten votes for each quarter he stays on the list. With this device, seniority can be emphasized as much or as little as you wish, simply by increasing or decreasing the size of the bonus. I don't think the bonus is necessary myself; by allowing the votes to accumulate quarter-to-quarter seniority is emphasized quite a bit, right there.

So the system I propose is this, to sum up. In the first quarter after the system is adopted, each person on the waiting list is assigned a number of votes equal to the number of persons on the waiting list minus his position number. In each succeeding quarter, each FAPA will be allowed to vote for any three waiting-listers he chooses; the votes for the waiting-lister will be added to those he received in previous quarters, and the waiting-list will be ranked by putting the person with the most votes at the top, the next most second, and so on. They will be admitted to FAPA from the top of the list, as vacancies develop.

What are the advantages? Several. (1) FAPA will get the members it wants at the peak of their activity. (2) Waiting-listers will be spurred to more activity in order to let FAPAs know they exist; fandom will benefit from this. (Of course, you may think there are too many fanzines in fandom now, in which case this advantage will become a disadvantage) (3) Admission to FAPA will become an honor, instead of the climax of a long, and fruitless wait.

The only two disadvantages I can think of are; 1, the system is complicated. But it's not, in practice; it's only complicated to explain. And it's neither very much work or very expensive; FAPA could do it for \$10 a year, with a permanent teller. 2, the door would be open to too much politicking. But this could be solved by embarking on a campaign to keep solicitations out of FAPA mailings, and boycott anyone who indulges in bad taste in his campaigning. The objection that it would be unfair to present waiting-listers (of which I am one!) is taken care of by the feature of starting the system with bonus votes for those who

have been on the list longest, which I described above.

Well, FAPA,  
what about it? Please write me your criticisms, suggestions, etc....  
I'll be waiting.

CHARLES WELLS

EDITORIAL COMMENT by MZB; I was going to present this without remarking on it myself, and let FAPA do the commenting. But I mis-estimated the stencils it would require, and having all this blank space is too much of a temptation for me.

I don't think much of this "modest proposal", mainly because, to me, the main feature of FAPA is its democratic quality; it is open to anyone who can meet the requirements, and personal popularity with the members is not a sine qua non for membership. In college, of course, I was against the sorority system, and that is just what Charles Wells would like to set up; allow the members, snob-fashion, to choose themselves as an exclusive elite, of "our kind of people", with the emphasis on popularity. I don't think fandom, as an organization of intelligent, articulate people, wants to fall back on a social-choice system of membership. I don't think that personal popularity ought to count in that fashion.

The evils of the sorority system have practically banished the college-type sorority from the campus, all over the country. Among other things, it tended to emphasize what some people have called the "bootlicker personality" whose prophet is Dale Carnegie; new fans, rather than expressing their valid creativity, if they wanted to join FAPA, would have to concentrate on winning friends and influencing people. Fans who could afford to put out impressive special jobs like Earl Kemp's various symposia, since FAPA members are human, would have a terrific advantage and the forthright, freespoken fan, who, with the cold Emersonian logic of honesty, lets his opinions fall where they may, would be punished for his nonconformity to group ideas by the loss of votes--since, of course, fair-minded fans would probably desert FAPA wholesale at the first hint of such a snob-system. In short, society-determined pecking orders are always unfair, and the laws of a democracy are set up, usually, in such a way as to assure that in all important ways, men (and fans) are equal before the law, and the short-sighted emotional reactions and prejudices of individuals will not become a consideration. Is FAPA a democratic society or isn't it?

Some FAPAs have previously proposed systems like this. They have said, in effect; "We have the right to choose with whom we will associate". "FAPA is a private club and the members have the right to choose whom they want". In effect, like the proponents of segregated schools, they are saying; We don't want a democracy; we want an aristocracy, where we are numbered among the aristocrats and don't let anyone else in who might upset this conception."

FAPA has already adopted a black-ball, the first infringement upon freedom and democracy fandom-wide. If we adopt preferential member-election and selectivity, we can say that fandom, as with all societies sooner or later, is now decadent, and wait for the Decline and Fall of the Fannish Empire.



walter breen

## AN ESSAY ON DRAFT-DODGING

//Says WB about this piece; "I was preparing an article on censorship, but that can wait. Larry Shaw's editorial in AXE # 14 shocked me into writing this. It's much too long for AXE, and I've already notified him that I think the discussion belongs in FAPA instead. The issues, and ramifications thereof, are far too complex to be adequately dealt with in a news-zine." To which I add; Larry is welcome to equal space in DAY\*STAR for any rebuttal he wishes, as is anyone else who would like to get into the argument. My own views have already been set forth elsewhere, so I'll sit this one out. MZB.//

+++

There are draft-dodgers and draft-dodgers. There is the garden variety in whom no principle but cowardice is at work. And then there are those who genuinely concern themselves with other principles, especially that of reverence for life, but who are barred from exemption as conscientious objectors solely because they don't belong to a recognized religious denomination...it being doubtful whether Taoism or any of the three major forms of Buddhism would qualify as such with Local Board # 28. About the former, the cowards and shiftless slobs concerned about Number One and devil take the hindmost, there seems little or no reason for further discussion. But Larry's editorial in AXE, and particularly his reply to Donaho and his espousal of the Bob Shea position, brings into question the legitimacy of the position held by the others -- particularly those associated with the beat world, since Larry mentions beats in his final paragraph.

Ultimately, the dispute comes down to three questions of immense depth and importance. How much claim, if any, has present-day western society on any of us? Can the extent of this claim be modified by any action taken by individuals? Is this claim legitimate--morally binding-- rather than merely enforceable, given the characteristics of present-day society?

The notion that a society -- in addition to, or even instead of God-- has an automatic, irrevocable and legitimate claim on the individual regardless of whether the individual deliberately chose to live in that society, traces back to Jean-Jacques Rousseau's fallacious theory of the Social Contract, which involves the official myth that our ancestors deliberately agreed on the rules of the game. This is still taught in many schools in slightly modified form, rather than the historical truth that the state --western and soviet alike-- has always, so far as any evidence survives, consisted of a dominant minority imposing its desires by force and threat of force on the majority. Revolutions have merely resulted in the substitution of

one dominant minority for another, the Russian revolution being no exception. Constitutional government ("by the consent of the governed" as in the newly-formed USA) represented not an abolition of the principle, but a potentially good modification of it in two particulars; limitations on certain areas in which tyranny had been felt especially galling by the property-owners in the colonies, and awarding the public a limited measure of choice among candidates for positions of power, enabling -- sometimes-- eventual replacement of tyrants whose abuses had been particularly flagrant. It is clear enough, though, that there was not very much improvement to be obtained by choosing as rulers political appointees chosen on the basis of party loyalty, or civil servants whose major claim was senility, or politicians nominated by other politicians and chosen on the basis of public image by the masses whose sole sources of information were the commercial mass media.

Conformity (in the sense of obeying laws simply because they are there), conservatism, and co-operation to preserve the status quo, involve passive (sometimes even active) assent to the way society is run at the time, whether or not one approves of the particular personalities in office. This is as true here in the USA as it was in Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia, Geneva under Calvin, Massachusetts under Cotton Mather, or Occupied France. (This is not to be confused with merely passive obedience out of fear). Civil disobedience, radicalism and noncooperation directed against the status quo can and often do constitute a challenge to the legitimacy of the system, to the alleged or arrogated entitlement of the government to make demands on the lives and property of the individuals living in its claimed domains. In most societies such challenges are automatically defined as treason and punishable by death. In the USA, the definition of treason was explicitly restricted by owing largely to the religious convictions of the founding fathers. It is only a matter of time, I fear, until such challenges --- whether communist or anticommunist in origin--- are treated even here as treasonous in principle if not in name. One cannot easily forget Judge Thayer's notorious remarks about the moral culpability of Sacco and Vanzetti. Anarchism, anarcho-syndicalism and civil disobedience are such challenges, and the criminal syndicalist law in California treats them as such. Draft-dodging, particularly when for reasons of conscience or ideology (as on the part of beat Buddhists and Taoists) is another challenge, specifically to the legitimacy of the claim on the lives/minds of its individual inhabitants. And it is slowly being recognized as such -- perhaps eventually with penalties of increasing severity.

Max Weber pointed out long ago that differential economic resources ---inevitable with a scarcity of desired goods --regardless of the size of the society or the form of government, define a class system and make inevitable the so-called class struggles, even though those need not follow the rigid course described by Marx and his disciples. In the same way, status differences (some following inevitably from difference in individual performance and different valuations of such performance on the part of one's neighbors) define a status-group

system which tends, in any given society, to become assimilated to the class system. One fundamental cleavage in society, then, is that between the Haves and the Have-Nots; the upper and the lower; those who, having positions of privilege, wish to legitimize the status quo (thus making their own positions permanent) and those who because of felt injustices are interested in change. This cleavage is popularly oversimplified as right and left wing, and it goes back at least as far as ancient Greece, being explicitly referred to by Aristophanes. It is, in this country, not quite coterminous with the Republican and Democratic parties as popular notions would have it, but does somewhat cut across them, extending in addition beyond the borders of both major parties.

Beats and those aligned with them are by and large acutely aware and articulate about social injustices of a kind rarely hinted at by the newspapers; of exploitation by Big Business, Big Landlords, Big Labor and Big Government--the last named represented by authoritarian hierarchies of army, courts and FBI. Those unaware of the existence of such injustices can find accounts in any issue of The Californian, The Independent or The Realist. It follows, then, that regardless of the economic positions into which such individuals were born, they are interested in change. Specifically they are interested in a society of rational institutions (the way to which has been pointed by such as A.S. Neill, Eric Frank Russell --in "And then there Were None"--and Paul Goodman) Some are even going so far as to co-operate in building intentional self-supporting anarcho-syndicalist communities, much in the manner of the Second Community Paradigm of Paul Goodman's COMMUNITAS. Short of this, the typical reaction of the beats and those ideologically parallel -- anarchists, not communists-- is to minimize their contact with society as it is now, minimizing their claims on the latter and thereby, they believe, minimizing their obligations to it. Their answer to the three big questions earlier posed, therefore, is clear-cut; they believe that society's claims are enforceable, but no longer more than minimally legitimate; especially since present-day society has turned hypocritical about social injustice, and that the individual's obligation to society is in proportion to his involvement in it. This position, whether or not you agree with it, is at least worth consideration.

In particular, it deserves more than the curt dismissal it got in AXE.

Larry Shaw frankly espoused Bob Shea's position that "the swinging modern draft dodger...and his way of life are sustained by American society and would be impossible without it. He therefore has a contractual obligation (!) to participate, when called upon, in (!) society's defense." Leaving aside the implications that Shaw and Shea, (like Charles DeVet in HABAKKUK # 5, p. 100-102) confuse beats with parasites and predators\*, and leaving aside the erroneous Social Contract notions, this position is practically identical with that of Art Rapp in HABAKKUK # 4. Rapp's position is tantamount to a demand that such individuals validate their

\* Editor's note; I said I'd sit this one out, but see my STENCIL GAZING at the end of the magazine,

position, morally, by a self-supporting desert existence, or stated more crudely but more typically, "if you goddam beatniks don't like our Great Country why don't you leave?" The self-supporting isolated oasis is of course the ideal of the intentional communities even now under construction; these have received little or no publicity for obvious reasons, but they are well known in the beat world, and one can expect a slow quiet exodus over the next few years. In the meantime, the beat answer is consistent enough as outlined above; they minimize contact with this society, working only as needed to stay alive, (cf Ray Nelson's HOW TO BE A BEATNIK in HABAKKUK #6) avoiding avaricious landlords as they would avoid jellyfish, avoiding The Organization as the contagious ward, getting their kicks without harming anyone else in the process, and inevitably avoiding the draft on what, to them, are legitimate grounds, especially that of conscientious objection to taking life. On the positive side must be counted their work with AFSC and similar humanitarian organizations, and their creative activities. These are in fact a contribution to society in the large, even though not a contribution to the political regime, whether or not Art Rapp or Bob Leman appreciates the poetry or paintings or music. And my own answer to Rapp in HAB 5 made the point, among others, that beats are not repudiating all possible societies, but instead giving this one a vote of no-confidence. I have already mentioned their interest and co-operation in establishing a society of rational institutions. Whether or not you agree with them that present society is a lost cause and therefore that conformity, conservatism and co-operation to preserve the status quo is squatting on a volcano and agreeing to see no evil, hear no evil and speak against no evil, it is plain that this position is neither automatically fallacious nor trivial.

Like the beat decision to honor few social claims, even as they make few on society, this position deserves more than AXE's curt dismissal even as a challenge on the legitimacy of the present system. Where an individual cannot succeed with his claim to conscientious objection to the draft owing to nonaffiliation with a church recognized by the local board, he must resort to other means.

One final note, not meant as ad-hominem as it might superficially sound. Larry admits that at one time he would have agreed with Donaho's remark that "an individual owes things to other individuals and even to society, but not to the government or to the status quo. Things have even gotten to the point where there is little an individual can do that will help society. Salvation is an individual and/or small-group matter." But, says Larry, he is now of different opinions owing to have (he would like to think) matured in the interval. I suggest that this change is not from maturation at all, but from, instead, having acquired property and commitments and status within this society ---all of which he now feels the need to protect. In short, to his moving up into the Haves, as pointed out earlier in the Max Weber paraphrase. The same conservative attitude expressed by Bob Shea also fits in here, given Shea's own socio-economic status. To a lesser extent, the same is also true of such

diverse persons as Eney, Rapp and G M Carr, not to mention Bob Lemman, who have expressed similar notions at various times. Dick Ellington even speaks of old radicals and anarchists and Wobblies who, acquiring status and money, suddenly move rightwards, ending up perhaps in the lib-lab camp, (roughly, liberal Democrats to mild socialism) It may be age in part, but I am inclined to agree with the sociological studies which tend to indicate that this rightward movement is, instead, mostly a matter of rising socio-economic status. Buz's position that communism is so severe a threat as to force us to forget other evils and concentrate on the clear and present danger from the soviets is one-sided; we have to contend with the evils within the walls as well as with the communists outside, and I am certainly not of the "better red than dead" persuasion. Insofar as the soviets would gladly destroy societies of rational institutions in their program of world dictatorship of the proletariat, I would defend myself and such a society against them; but probably by other means than violence. This leaves one very large question unanswered;

Can such nonviolent means as passive resistance and civil disobedience --with their appeal to the humanity of the individual soldiers and police--- have any effect on soviet invaders or occupation troops? I don't know; but I will nevertheless prefer these ethically superior methods to those advocated by the massive retaliation proponents on behalf of all other forms of life.

DEPARTMENT OF I TOLD YOU SO ALL THE TIME: After all this time, I have finally joined the ranks of the multiapans, joining IPSO with the October mailing. There are a couple of things about their setup which I like very much, and of course, a few points where I think FAPA is superior. However, as Charles Wells has pointed out in the guest editorial, something has to be done about FAPA's overgrown waiting list, if only because fandom is now twice as large as when FAPA was founded; I seriously feel FAPA should give serious reconsideration, again, to the oft-rejected notion of expanding the membership. Nearly everyone in FAPA now sends copies of their zine to deserving waiting-listers. And if one worthy proviso of IPSO were adopted in FAPA, FAPA could raise its membership to 80 or even to 100 without any additional burden on the individual members or on the official editor or on the treasury. This proviso? Simple; a ~~2000~~ maximum, as well as a minimum, page allowance..... IPSO provides for a minimum of four and a maximum of ten pages. FAPA might well consider restricting FAPA members to a maximum of twelve pages per quarter, or fifty pages a year; members submitting anything in excess to be required to pay a pro rata share of the postage.

Think before you scream! -- MZB

ELSA

"nie sollst du mich Befragen...!"

A dazzle of bright water now becomes  
the swan's returning wingd. The fallen helm,  
discarded sword, lax lie  
where the forgotten Grail might once have lain.

The Knight,  
his mail aside, his dark eyes shrouded,  
has a touch softer than the challenged swords,  
but the snake-ords weave in the sunlit room,  
patterning echoes of the bridal chant  
where the river sang to the flying swans.

"Look; there where the swans fly south --"  
"They are not swans, but geese. Come away,  
away from the window, love."

Fear lies behind the glimmer, sword and swan,  
solemn procession, warning geas, the Knight  
of dream made tangible in gentle hands,  
and gentle words. A room, a closing door,  
and veils to fall like armor to the moment.

"Your hands, your hands -- did they dare to wound you?"  
"Nay; 'tis bus the cord-marks where the faggots piled..."  
"Hush, Elsa, hush; come away, away from the window."

Now is the dream all flesh.  
A prayer, a gleam, a shimmer in the sky  
the steel of swords where blood shed in the grove  
cries out for blood or fire.

"Was it the gleam of light from dazzled eyes  
when they had led me forth from dungeons? Was it light  
or only my dream, only my dream of you?"

"Hush, I am here..."

"I am here! I am here! God's name ---I, I --you?"

The fatal question blotting out the sky,  
the beating bating wings, the strange steel helm  
and the strange eyes beneath the silvered mail,  
the champion now beseigs, the defended defends,  
and words fly upward like the extinguished flames;  
her only kiss...

"Tell me thy name!"

## S T E N C I L   G A Z I N G

No, Walter Breen hasn't become a regular columnist in Day\*Star (Though it sounds like a good idea--what about it, Walter?) but he's followed up his essay on justice with one on draft-dodging, which really should have been titled, not NN ESSAY ON DRAFT-DODGING, but AN ESSAY ON SOCIETY.

I have the following commentary to make, not on the draft-dodging aspect of the article, but on that of the beat world and civil disobedience.

It is possible that the "beats" are doing for our western civilization what Christianity, in the early charitic stages, did for the Roman empire. As you may recall, the Christians deliberately contributed to the fall of Rome by their refusal to serve in the Legions or to accept the state cults of the Emperor and the Deified City. They put forth such slogans as "come ye out from among the ungodly" and "we shall be a separated people."

I want to put forth, however, a mild defense of some of those people who tend to identify the beat movement with the parasites and cranks among it. Take a hypothetical John Smith. He never studied sociology or the social contract; if he had, it's doubtful if he would have understood it. He only had one social law pounded, at an early age, into his head; No workee, no eatee, or tote that barge, lift that bale; Being a non-introspective character with a healthy appetite, he worked hard, and he also learned through bitter experience that if you paint a monkey green, the other monkeys will pick to ~~be~~ to pieces, so he washed the green dye out of his hair quite young. Being by and large a serious and responsible man, he acquired along the way a wife for his comfort and love, and a few children. He also managed to get himself a house wherein he can be comfortable and enjoy the few aesthetic pleasures of which his hard-working life have made him aware; a well-ordered green lawn and some comfortable music. Maybe the society which deformed his tastes to contentment with these is all wrong, but when he contrasts himself with the starving and ragged, he is happy and fairly content.

Suddenly, next door, a man moves in. He openly scorns such conformist things as cutting his lawn, so that Smitty finds his view conflicts with his tastes. He lives with a girl whose three children may be healthy and hearty but have none of the respect for mine and thine which Smitty had spanked into him at an early age to keep him out of the hands of the cops. This character (no, wait, wait, wait, Walter, let me finish) this character loafes around slapping paint on canvas, with a result which poor Smitty cannot distinguish from the work of Betty Smith, age four-and-a-half, with her crayons. Meanwhile the woman in the house, not his wife, is getting Aid to Dependehnt Children while her fourth child is on the way, and this guy, this bum, this beat--as he calls himself-- keeps Smitty awake with loud drunken noises-offstage all night when Smitty has to get up and haul himself down to the garage at 8 am, not to mention waking up Betty and Little Joe, age two months, and throwing his beercans

More stencilgazing on the general subjects of quasi-beats

on Smitty's lawn where they break the mower blades, and having a various procession of oddly clad personages in and out at all hours, one of whom offers little Jane Smith, age fourteen, a chance to come over and pose for him in the nude.

Smitty puts up with this for about a year and finally he walks across the lawn and says ~~WAW~~ "Look, what's with you?" and his casual next-door neighbor scratches his belly and says "Man, you're not with it. You're all hung-up in the rat-race, and I'm living a free worthwhile life."

...and twenty minutes later they called the riot squad because Smitty punched his neighbor in the eye; and three weeks later there was an article in some magazine about how the local beatniks are being persecuted by the "squares".

Exaggerated? Possibly. But as long as every bum, parasite, shiftless crud and anti-social, un-social cat-kicker in the country is free to call himself a beat, the image of a beat is going to remain just that stereotyped. For the rest of Smitty's life, when you say "beat", he is going to think of that nogoodnik next door, who kept his kids awake and threw beercans on his lawn and laughed and insulted him and society when Smitty stated in a modest voice that he, too, had a possibly valid claim to his own conception of comfort --meanwhile stuffing his young with Smitty's tax dollars in the form of welfare checks.

Granted that in this particular case I have stacked the deck by setting up the worst possible type of beat (some hangouts of people who call themselves beats have recently been closed by the public health department because of such things as this; "Hall and floors covered with animal excrement; lack of working toilet facilities; food scraps . . . covered with flies; newspapers stacked in such fashion as to obstruct entries and constitute a fire hazard; inflammable cans of paint standing near outlets to an open gas flame") and the most inoffensive type of square. One could build an equally strong ~~ix~~ case for the other side by setting up the true beat type with their strong personal sense of responsibility, and the orc-type of Good Christian Square with their passion for minding their neighbor's business.

So, to those who know and understand the true core of the beat movement, I am not exactly apologizing; I am simply saying that these things are being done in your name.

In the day of the Roman Empire, the legend was circulated that the Christians celebrated their rites with the blood of newborn babes. If a self-respecting Roman proponent of the ancient Roman virtues, which at their best produced some damned awful good people, happened to be invited to an orgy where the baby was actually slain, and these people said "We are Christians", then you cannot blame him for being almost willing to let loose the lions himself, until he had been shown the other side of the coin.

Marion Z Bradley.