



I

Memories flash blue like elf-swords  
Then evil things prowl  
In the caves of my past,

II

Stars cannot be drowned  
In the separating sea;  
Neither can love.

II

Life is long penance  
For a brief pleasure  
Given by a masked priest  
Behind dark grilles.

DAY ★ STAR 21

2

# Stencil Gazing



This is DAY\*STAR # 21, published for FAPA by Marion Zimmer Bradley. My address will be included with this fanzine if I know it by the time I finish running it off. At the time of cutting these stencils I am still living at 1674 Simmons, Abilene, Texas; but my current plans are to leave Texas as soon as I finish this semester at Hardin-Simmons, and to move somewhere on the West Coast; Berkeley, if my application to do graduate work at the University of California, there, is accepted. Correspondents will be notified where to write me as soon as I know it myself. Important business communications can be sent in care of Scott Meredith, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York, 10036. Fanzines should be held for me, or at least not sent to the Abilene address, since I do not intend to ask to have anything forwarded. This issue is intended for distribution in the 105th FAPA mailing, February, 1964.

-----

After fourteen years, my marriage has broken up. This is not a complaint. The marriage was a mistake from the beginning, and for the last ten years has been a catastrophe. I do not intend to go into any of the whys and wherefores thus publicly; there are a few rumors floating around fandom, mostly unfounded. The main reason why the marriage broke up now, rather than sooner or later, is largely the convenience of both parties; intended to co-incide with my graduation from college. Steve, at his own desire, is remaining with me.

I will say only this about the causes; that any girl of 19 who marries a man of fifty presumably deserves all of the inevitable consequences. Marriages of this sort may occasionally work out--- but I doubt it. One of my reasons for letting things drag on as long as they did was my unwillingness to hear "I told you so" from those very wise people who had attempted to warn me that it couldn't possibly work. I'm stubborn as the devil and I hate to admit a failure.

Perhaps the most tragic thing about the breakup of this marriage, and a very good comment on the kind of marriage it was, is this; when the time came to part, Brad and I had literally not a single mutual friend who had to be told, to take sides with one or the other of us. He had a few friends, and I had many friends, but they were all different. The only people who knew us both were the most casual of speaking acquaintances.

This may, conceivably, explain my activity in fandom --I don't know--the fact that I was prevented from making friends in my own community; or at least that we didn't make friends. During all the years of our marriage, or at least since we quit publishing MEZRAB back in 1951, we literally never, in all those years, did anything with other people. We went to movies together, for drives together, but we never did anything together with other people. This was not my choice--at least, I never wanted it that way -- but



he never suggested any group or community or social activity, and when I suggested them, he invariably had a good reason for refusing. He never stopped me from participating in anything I wanted to be in --fandom, parties, local groups and community activities, and the like---but I had to go to them alone, as an extra woman rather than as one half of a married couple. Gradually I went less and less. I occasionally, when requested, furnished a meal for one of the railroad people who visited Brad on business, and he never objected when s-f fans or local women visited me at home, but not once in the course of our married life did Brad and I visit anywhere as a couple visiting mutual friends; nor did we ever entertain another family on the basis of mutual friendships. He was courteous to my friends, and I was polite to his; but he never gave any sign of wanting these brief business contacts to extend, and when my fan or other friends had gone, he invariably seemed relieved, commenting that he found nothing to say to them.

So, actually, the separating of Brad and myself is just a final and material withdrawal from one another, a recognition in the mundane exterior world that, in effect, we have been living in different worlds for the last ten years. Another minor, and perhaps petty, straw in the wind is the fact that he has never yet read a single one of my novels or longer short stories. No doubt he would have his own list of minor indications of the distance between us; but these are mine.

My future plans are still indefinite, and hinge on various factors. The only sure thing is that I plan to leave Texas behind me with all deliberate speed --preferably, never to return.

-----

I haven't been participating much in FAPA lately, between college work and pro writing. This DAY\*STAR will probably resemble a scrap bag, an effort to clear out the files of stuff I've had put away to publish sometime. You're apt to find absolutely anything in here; at the moment of typing this stencil, I have no notion what's in the file. I just know that whatever it is, I'm not about to pack it to move to the Coast. I've got too darned much to pack, as it is!

News on the pro writing front. Ace Books is releasing, in April, another Bradley double-volume, FALCONS OF NARABEDLA, bound with my first anthology of short fiction, THE DARK INTRUDER AND OTHER STORIES. A few months later, perhaps in June, THE BLOODY SUN will be issued; a "sort of sequel" to THE SWORD OF ALDONES, though as a matter of fact it takes place about fifteen or twenty years before the events narrated in SWORD OF ALDONES; at a time when the Comyn were still "both unapproachable and incorruptable"; a story of the first decay of their power. The father of Lew Alton, hero of SWORD, is an important minor character; and the grandfather of Regis Hastur, real hero of THE PLANET SAVERS, also makes a brief appearance. The young and nameless Keeper who appears at the end of Bloody Sun is really Callina Aillard as a child--but I didn't say so in the book itself.

## CONFESIONS OF A NOT-SO\*HEAVENLY CHOIR SINGER

When I came to Hardin-Simmons University, in the fall of 1961, one of the major reasons for choosing HSU over the other two colleges in Abilene was the existence, on the HSU campus, of the very excellent School of Music. Now, of course, the term "very excellent" is relative. It's not the Juilliard, by any means. On the other hand, it is the only fully-accredited music school west of Dallas; their requirements are very stiff, and I gave up any idea of conceivably majoring in music because I would have had to go back to freshman level...and even then would probably have had to take remedial work in piano to pass the sophomore proficiency exam required of all students; I am a poor pianist.

There were two choirs on the campus; the A Cappella choir, the "professional" choir, to which admission is by rigid audition; most of the members are music majors or voice students, and though a solo voice is not required for membership, tests are given of sight-reading and sight-singing ability and "blending". It is limited to 40 members.

The other choir is the Chapel Choir, which is, at least theoretically, open to every student on campus, without audition. I joined this my first semester at HSU, and with the exception of one semester, when I commuted only on Tuesday and Thursday, have been a member ever since. I am at present an "old hand" in chapel choir. The turnover in chapel choir is large; because the routine is rigorous, and those who are not interested and dedicated singers drop out--it's too much of a grind-- while the highly interested and capable singers, after one or at best two semesters in chapel choir, audition for and get into the A Cappella choir. I have had hints dropped to me that I could have made A Cappella this year. However, I did not apply, for a variety of reasons. The major one is TIME. A Cappella meets for an hour a day, every day, at 5 p.m. This was impossible while I was commuting, and impractical now that I am living in Abilene, due to Stevie's schedules. The Chapel Choir, on the contrary, meets 3 days weekly. Our reason for existence, supposedly, is to provide special music for the twice-weekly chapel programs of the college; we also sing, sometimes, at off-campus community programs and the like.

A Cappella is under the skilled hands of the head of the Department of Voice, Edward Hamilton--"Prof" to everyone in the Music school. "Prof" is an erect, stocky, military-looking man with iron-grey hair and a deep, resonant, beautifully trained voice; and once, when Chapel Choir and A Cappella combined to present a massed-choir cantata, and Mr. Hamilton conducted, I had the thrilling experience of hearing a performance, routine under Mr. Wilkey, (the then head of Chapel choir) light up; he seemed literally to draw the music out of us with his hands. The HSU Choir has travelled all over the United States, and makes a good deal of money for the college. They are virtually a professional choir.

Chapel Choir is the stepchild. We have to give two performances a week, come rain, snow, hail, shine or sore throats, which means we have little time to work on complex music or polished performances. Being open to everyone in the college without audition means that we must, inevitably every semester, get



5

a few members who like to sing (church choir fashion) but can barely carry a tune, and can't read a line of music,

Just the same, working in the chapel choir has been a rarely delightful experience.

Late in 1961, I wrote the following letter, quoted in part:

"Mr. Wilkey is a slight, curly-haired, fair-skinned young man, with the beautifully-manicured hands of a musician, and a fine resonant baritone voice--unless he is raising it into a necking falsetto at the tenors, who are his cross, his burden and his daily agony. The first sopranos, also, make him suffer --at which I am nastily pleased. I have never sung anything but first soprano; but the day he auditioned us, I had a cold. When my voice is in good shape, I can hit high C without a hitch; but that day my voice broke on an F and I started to cough hard. He said, with self-conscious tact, to try again in a lower key; I re-sang the arpeggio, and he said "My, what a nice clear voice you have in the middle register! Let's have you in the second sopranos." I was furious and inconsolable, though I didn't tell him so; in the high school girl's glee club, second soprano was where they shoved all the girls who had neither a usable higher register nor a developed lower range! To me, "second soprano" was virtually a term of abuse. I felt better (though only a trifle) when I found out that of 15 sopranos, he had chosen only three as "first" sopranos; they were what I would have called "descant" sopranos.

And ALL THREE of his descant sopranos turned out to have high, but weak, shaky little nothing voices, the kind who had to lean on the nearest strong voice for support! After screaming at them fruitlessly for three rehearsals during his first descant, he finally omitted the descant entirely. The next time this came up (an anthem called "When I survey the wondrous cross") he brought in one of his private voice pupils, in the A Cappella, to sing the descant with them and keep them in tune. This last week, doing a full-choir anthem with a beautiful descant, he tore his hair (almost literally) while they struggled with the A-flats in it, moaned "Do you girls call yourselves sopranos or mice?" and finally turned in despair to the four second sopranos in the front row (your humble servant included.) "Let's hear you sing it," he said. All four of us sailed through it without a hitch. A flats and all. Mr Wilkey scorned "See? Now you try it! If the seconds can sing it--" They squeaked shakily through it once more, whereupon he said furiously "All right, you four seconds sing it," and we did.

In fact, we four "seconds" in the front row, wind up with all the solo passages now. At one point where there was an alto passage, and the albos chickened out on an E-natural at its close, Mr. Wilkey gave that solo to us!

Mr. Wilkey is full of fun, and keeps us in stitches, but oh, how he suffers! Histrionic temperament--he moans, wails and wrings his hands, pleading with us. "Altos! Try to sound like women, not like little girls! Tenors, get on pitch! You aren't listening! Listen to yourselves, people, just listen to yourselves! Think, boys--think! Sopranos, can't I have a smoother tone? I can hear every one of you breathing! Basses--" every day the same plea, "can't I have a more manly sound? Aaaah," he necks (bursting into falsetto), "No! Like this--AAAAHH--a nice round full manly tone! Show me at least that you belong to the male gender!"

6  
Mr. Wilkey is dangerous only when he begins calling us "Ladies and gentlemen." As long as he screams, pleads, moans and mocks us in falsetto, waving his beautiful hands, we are safe; but when he quiets down, becomes stiff and professorish, and calls us "Ladies and gentlemen," it's time to wash our ears, sit up straight, and read our music with strict professional attention...."

He felt that we were not, necessarily, the "inferior" choir; that A Cappella was open only to students who would and could sing on a serious professional level, but we, with two strikes against us, were more or less made up of students who wanted to do a lot of singing with little credit, simply from the love of singing.

The A Cappella choir sounds like a professional choir. From what I've heard on tapes, over the radio, etc, we sound like a good layman's church choir--which, in effect, is what we are.

In spring of 1962, Mr. Wilkey decided to leave HSU, to the sorrow of everyone in chapel choir. Under his directorship we had done some serious work, including massed-choir cantatas with A Cappella, anthems of all kinds, (the beautiful Mozart Ave Verum is a sample of Mr. Wilkey's taste, though our fare was usually less abstruse, being geared to Baptist chapel services.)

The next fall I couldn't arrange my schedule to be present Monday, Wednesday and Friday; so I wasn't in Chapel Choir, and I missed the very brief tenure of Mr Hearn, who had the choir that fall. I heard all sorts of rumors of his incompetence. Shortly before the end of the semester, Mr. Hearn left the college very precipitately, no one seemed to know why. Rumors, as they say, were flying. I heard at least eight different explanations, which ranged all the way from "He made a pass at a student" (some said a female student, others said a male student) to "He got pinched for drunken driving." (In a dry town and a Baptist college, that would be almost a hanging offense.) The official explanation, given by the college, was that Mr. Hearn had had a nervous breakdown.

Yeah.

Mr. Hearn departed, and the chapel choir was handed over, when they couldn't get another voice teacher for love or money, to a graduate student called Don Jones; and this is where I came back into the choir.

Don Jones was about 24 years old. He had graduated two years before; was a voice major, had an exquisite tenor voice (last spring he made the finals of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions) had financed his voice study by singing crap at weddings and funerals, and directing local church choirs; and as a choir director, he was a very good tenor. A serious and dedicated soloist rarely has the kind of temperament and personality to make him a good teamworker or the leader of a group. Don was a fine singer, a good musician --and as the head of the Chapel Choir, he was shockingly miscast. He was chock full of good intentions, and a remarkably likable guy. Just over middle height, with a round pleasant boyish face, light-brown wavy hair and good-natured blue eyes, he could look like a choir-boy angel; he was bubbling with good humor and fun, and this was the first serious strike against him. Most of the students in the music school, even the freshmen in the chapel choir, had known Don as a classmate; they simply couldn't take him seriously as a teacher and even if Don had been grave, remote and serious, he would have had a hard time. And that wasn't in Don's nature. He was a merry, good-natured kid who didn't give a hang whether they called him "Don" or "Mr. Jones." The class was charmingly informal --but



not much work got done. When the fun was over and it was time to get down to brass tacks and work, Don found himself struggling against youngsters who wouldn't pay attention, went on merrily talking and chattering, and didn't take him seriously when he begged, pleaded and commanded a little co-operation. I watched him struggle with his kids (I got one of the few As Don handed out, and Don told me it was because I was one of the very few who never were a behavior problem) and realized that classroom informality and camaraderie, on the part of a teacher, is a dangerous and two-edged weapon. A little of it--as with Mr. Wilkey --makes students enjoy the class and like the teacher. But too much of it, as with Don, and things get hideously out of hand.

But Don was ambitious to do something for chapel choir, and he instituted, during the course of that one semester, three off-campus trips for the chapel choir, singing in various churches. One of these trips was to Colorado City, 100 miles away; we went by bus, and I was thrilled to pieces; it was the first time in my life that I'd ever gone on a school trip. Somehow, in high school and college, things had always worked out so that I never got to go anywhere as a member of a class; and now, when it came, I was too old to be really part of it, though I did have fun.

Also, on that trip to C-City, we did our part in integration of Texas restaurants. It was during the series of sit-ins in restaurants. Hardin-Simmons, I am proud to say, was one of the first colleges in Texas to drop ALL racial barriers and accept any qualified student. We had a colored student, Ruby something, in choir, and she went with us. On the return trip the students, happy, weary and riotous, demanded that Don allow them to stop in Sweetwater for a midnight snack, and Don acceded and asked the bus driver to find a cafe large enough to accommodate all 40-odd of us at once. We all piled in and started giving orders. Ruby was sitting between Prudence Hungate and myself, and when the waitress came to Ruby, taking orders, I saw her hesitate and look at the manager. Pru and I looked at each other and we all started looking round the huge corner table where our group was sitting; then ten pairs of eyes fixed icily on the waitress. We all knew right then what we were going to do; if one word was said, every one of us would have risen and walked out, leaving forty-odd orders half cooked in the cafe, unpaid for. The waitress evidently knew it; she shook her head at the manager, asked Ruby what she wanted, was told, and went on to the next. It was a tense and somewhat unpleasant experience, and I think we were all relieved that no point was made of it.

During Don's tenure of office, also, we participated as a choir in the modern music festival "Gothic through Baroque in Twentieth Century Music," performing antique and very-modern music; Palestrina chorales, "free organum", the Hohvanness "Magnificat" and William Byrd's beautiful "Christ Rising".

Just the same, the quality of the music, generally, was poor, and the performances poorer. We had fun, but we lacked polish. Don was no director, he didn't know how to rehearse us, and he was struggling with his first year as a teacher under almost incredible odds, having to teach students who had formerly been his classmates. It was a miracle that we did as well as we did. I remember one after-hours rehearsal at which he literally yelled for five solid minutes just trying to get our attention long enough to tell us when to meet for the performance. At the end he suddenly said "Oh, damn it, you guys!" and his jaw was tight; he looked ready to cry.

Balanced against that memory I remember Don at his best. A rainy evening upstairs in Caldwell hall, choir members spilling in and out of his office, Don playing opera records on the turntable; a day when I stopped, literally spellbound, outside Prof Hamilton's office, hearing Don, inside, in a fine-spun, clear, lovely pianissimo, singing the beautiful, sensuous, opening phrases of Nessun Dorma.

It struck me, then, as a great pity that a boy of so much talent and artistry must finance his studies struggling with church choirs, singing at funerals, and fighting insouciant freshmen. At the end of the semester, he left; but I hope to hear from him, some day, on the lyric stage. He has a fine voice; but already a little frayed, it seemed to me, from too much singing for uncritical and unappreciative audiences.

"The mournful truth is everywhere confess'd;  
Slow rises worth, by poverty depressed."

I hardly knew what to expect when at the beginning of this, my final semester, I signed up again for Chapel Choir. As I said above, I was tempted to try out for A Cappella, but didn't.

The new choir director was Carl Best, who for several years has directed the choirs at Abilene High School. Mr. Best is a pattern of circles; a round face, bald head, round eyes, and a round chest and belly, the perfect endomorph. He is jolly and fun; but it was immediately apparent that once again we had a director.

This year's choir, for some reason, is made up --almost 50 of the 60 members --of freshmen, most of whom are not even music students. They seem incredibly young, undisciplined and childish, and Mr. Best has had quite a struggle with them over posture (we rehearse standing up) superfluous talking during rehearsal, and trying to read or study other material during his class. However, he is one of those teachers who believe in getting the upper hand quickly. After the third or fourth offense of superfluous talking, he stopped, looked at them gravely, and said that at the college level he hardly felt that young women (our section, the women, rehearse separately at 9 am, the other section at 3 PM) needed to be asked not to chatter or chew gum while singing; that anyone who felt the need to converse, might do it outside--and that next time, his reproof would not be general remarks, but a specific order to the individual offender to leave the classroom. So far, the threat has not had to be put into action.

He seems distressed that most of the new students cannot sight-read or sight-sing. (After four semesters I find that I can sight-sing, myself, fairly well if the music is not too complicated). In general, rehearsals with Mr. Best are rather stormy; one day he expects us all to have our music memorized and to come in without being cued by him, the next day he will demand that we follow his cues exactly.

I also feel happy because, out of the group singing, he picked three descant sopranos--and I was one of them. We have balance problems; about fifteen sopranos, twenty-two altos, nine basses and four tenors. Of the fifteen sopranos, as I say, he picked three "firsts"; the altos he allows to divide as they choose.

My own special liking for Mr. Best lies in his warm-up techniques. My private voice teacher, Miss McCain, also left Hardin-Simmons at the end of last year; and I am taking lessons now



from a young woman whose basic area of preparation is in cello and stringed instruments, and is really not much better qualified to teach voice than I would be myself. She can pick me up on diction and on problems of timing; but on voice production, control and tone, she is not able to give me much help, and all year I have felt that my voice lessons were really just marking time, not getting anywhere. I've learned more this semester in the area of tone control, breathing and the like, via Mr. Best's choir work, than I have in my private lessons. Each rehearsal begins, for him, with a thorough, careful warm-up session with various exercises, during which he explains the vocal theory behind each exercise, and I've developed my breathing and tone control tremendously during these sessions--more, as I say, than I have this semester during any of my private lessons.

We have just finished preparing the Back Christmas Cantata "To us a child is born"; which we performed at the Christmas chapel programs with three soloists from the school of music, and the school of music string orchestra. At the last rehearsal, suddenly, I found myself all choked up. I'm graduating from college next semester, and this is probably the last time I'll ever have a chance to perform this kind of music in a group as professional as this. After two years of voice lessons, I know that my voice, though pleasing and well-trained, has neither the size nor the control for professional singing; and at 34 it would be too late to start on such a career anyhow, even if I were not committed to other work. If, at the age of sixteen, I could have had the training I've had in the last two years, the training I needed--well, things might have been very different.

I said something of this to Mr. Best, and he seemed not to understand. "Any church choir, even the best, would be more than glad to have a singer of your competence and capability," he told me. And since Hardin-Simmons is a church college and all students are assumed to be devout church members, I did not and could not tell him that, except for HSU chapel services I had rarely entered a church in the last fifteen years and might never enter one again; that even then, my only interest had been in the music.

So I find myself wondering if I'll ever again sing in a big choir. It's probably the thing I enjoy doing more than almost anything else. There's just something about it; the struggling to blend large numbers of individual voices into a single musical experience, the long rehearsals and the discouragement and the standing around waiting, and then, suddenly, that heavenly moment of getting it all suddenly right and feeling the music begin to emerge and toss itself back and forth from voice to voice, from part to part, drawn out from the very depths so that you aren't conscious, yourself, of what you've been singing, but only of the choir as an entity --

"O voice of Man, greatest of God's Organs..."

I'm probably one of the few people alive who wouldn't be bored stiff by the traditional heavenly choir. Wings and a harp sound like a nice change from the usual hot draped robe; and the idea of singing endlessly, without being tired, music by all the greatest composers of the world, music written and never written, cantatas and oratorios and operas forever and ever, world without end, amen....

If I could believe in a heaven like that, I might even turn religious. Just to get into that choir.

10

## STRUCTURE AND NONCONFORMITY

A preliminary inquiry into certain sociological aspects of science fiction fandom; particularly in amateur journalism groups.

by  
Marion Zimmer Bradley

I have often thought that there was ample material for a thesis, possibly for a doctoral dissertation, in a sociological investigation of science-fiction fandom. In every known sense, we constitute a social subsystem of our own. We form a definite group with both formal and informal subordinable systems, class and caste, status symbols and the like. We share a common history (some involvement, however slight, some basic orientation to science fiction reading, collecting, writing or publishing) a common language facetiously called Fanspeak, and comprising a specific cant or jargon all our own; and, as anyone will concede who has observed fans at a large convention (where the social structure can be observed more clearly) we have also some approximation of our own mating customs and rites of passage.

This is not a sociological study of fandom; it comprises a simple preliminary inspection of the differences and similarities between two characteristic sub-systems of fandom; FAPA and APEX.

The Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) is a formally structured society, organized for a definite purpose recognized by the members, based on a written constitution with specific rules, with a definite system both of authority and of tradition. The administration is of the bureaucratic system, although rather informally so, and the "government" in general may be described as being of the "rational-legal" type.

One's image of FAPA will differ, depending on whether one is a member or an outsider, whether one likes FAPA or dislikes it, whether one belongs to a rival amateur press society, or is one of the long waiting list battering at the gates to get into FAPA. In general, however, fandom's image of FAPA is that of a formally organized, somewhat conformist, and regulated group.

APEX (derivation unknown, possibly a variant of apa X) is an exclusive semi-secret society, formed for unstated purposes, largely social and personal, with no formal rules or authoritarian structure. The image of APEX, at least to the members, is that of

"a society which is working well without formal rules or any of that clutter."

These two purely subjective images, of FAPA and APEX, will be examined in detail as we progress.

## II

It is a temptation to speak of FAPA as a structured, and APEX as an unstructured group. However, there is no such thing as an unstructured social group. The truism of every elementary work on sociology is that in every set of relationships, formal or



11

informal, some structure emerges. We shall speak of FAPA, therefore, as a formally structured, or deliberately structured society, and of APEX as an informally or accidentally structured one.

Roughly, a formal organization relies to some degree upon a set of explicit rules to determine behavior and response.

The participant's orientation to common rules is a source of predictability in behavior, hence of rationality, for any one person's rationality in action is severely limited unless he can count on what others will do in particular circumstances."

Johnson, Harry M; Sociology, A Systematic Introduction, Harcourt, Brace; p. 291

The Constitution of FAPA is a document too well-known to need rehearsing here; a few highlights, only, will be mentioned. Membership is open to anyone who can meet certain prerequisites of amateur journalistic experience, but limited in number to 65 members, with surplus applicants being placed on a waiting list. Dues are collected and handled by a treasurer, being expended on the official expenses of the organization; the treasurer must account for all receipts and disbursements. The Vice-President has the charge of making judgments in a formal controversy, and his decision is binding. To maintain membership, the individual member must pay dues regularly, and contribute eight pages every year, although the constitution contains a mechanism permitting leniency in hardship cases. Majority rule may expel a member, amend the constitution, or waive any specific provision thereof.

These are the formal rules, and in general FAPA is administered by the consent of the governed. Each individual joining FAPA tacitly accepts the rules set forth in the constitution, (which must be printed at least every six months) and abides by them. There is often bitter griping about some formality, or angry discussion of some nit-picking technicality; but in general, the validity of the rules system is not challenged; still less the validity of having such a rules system. There has never been any serious movement in FAPA to alter the general reliance on constitutional government.

Yet there are other possible systems for an APA. The SAPS, (Spectator Amateur Press Society) has had, since inception, a "monarchical" system of government. The Official Editor acts as dictator, in effect, making such operating rules and levying such dues as currently seems good to him. Since the office itself is elective, this is not a true monarchy, but might be called elective despotism. I am not a member of SAPS, and speak subject to correction, but the system appears to work well, to be respected, and to be obeyed.

APEX has no written constitution and no constituted authority. It might be called an anarchistic system, or a democratic system in the sense of the old, open-forum, New England Town Meeting. Publication is by rotation, alphabetically, among the mailing roster.

Redd Boggs, in a paper called OPEN SEASON ON MONSTERS, derided the Constitution, saying it could be reduced to a dozen lines; but he had little overt support, and those who were wrestling with the administrative problems at the time, laughed at the paper.

Membership is by invitation only, with each member voting, or abstaining, openly, after free discussion of every "enticee" or proposed member. The rules, such as there are, are all unwritten, and in theory at least, each member upon accepting membership binds himself to respect them. These rules are very brief; (1) Apex materials and magazines are not to be circulated to non-members, (2) Each member publishes and mails at his own expense in turn. In theory, associate non-publishing members are supposed to help the active publishing members with finances, but there is no mechanism for equalizing or enforcing this, so that it is usually neglected) and (3) all decisions are made by majority vote after free and unlimited debate. There are no sanctions or penalties for failure to observe these rules. A fourth "rule of thumb" is that members publish every two weeks; so that with twelve active members, one's turn to publish comes round every 24 weeks. This rule is seldom honored. There are no activity requirements. Members publish as much or as little as they wish.

III

Despite these radical differences, these two organizations do not attract members as widely different as one would suppose. Seven of the members of APEX are also active in FAPA: eight more of the APEX members are on the waiting list of FAPA: and several members of FAPA have expressed the desire to be invited into APEX.

However, a few generalizations might be made. In general, the membership of APEX is younger than that of FAPA. More members of APEX are students; more members of FAPA are settled householders with children. APEX members, at least in their APEX writings, are inclined to be radical, intransigent, iconoclastic, less conformable to authority, than those in FAPA. This may be because FAPA is open to anyone who can meet the entrance requirements, while new members of APEX must be sufficiently close, in outlook and personality, to a majority of the existing members, to be voted in.

Some of the members of FAPA consider it too rigid. There is a small but consistent undercurrent in FAPA of griping about "hair-splitting" and "red tape" and "technicalities." Members, however, usually apply to the source for redress, by proposing amendments to the Constitution; in general, constitutional ills are seen as having constitutional remedies.

There is, however, a substantial feeling in FAPA that the rules are not sacrosanct, and attempts are constantly made to establish substantial justice and equity rather than strict rule adherence. If a member fails to pay his dues, the Treasurer generally sends him a reminder, and sometimes two, rather than booting him off the roster. Members have been retained on the roster because they claimed to have paid dues in good faith, even though dues checks have been returned marked "insufficient funds." If a member claims to have mailed his renewal credentials before the deadline date, even if the package arrives late and with an equivocal postmark, the member's word is taken at face value and no proof demanded. Official editors have been known to hold up mailings until after the deadline, though in recent years this practice has been frowned on. In case of emergency, personal disaster, or financial troubles, the constitution provides that twelve signatures on a petition can waive the rule in question and permit the defaulting member to retain his membership.



13

In APEX, there has been decided resistance to any attempt to codify a set of formal rules. The small size of the organization probably makes this a more practical proposition than would be possible in FAPA; and with this in mind, it has been suggested that membership in APEX be limited to the present number, 21.

#### IV

Let us now briefly examine some differences in the functioning of the two concepts; FAPA's reliance on "legal rules with impersonal authority" and the APEX idea of an open forum or consensus of opinion. An example lying readily to hand is that of dual membership.

FAPA memberships may be shared between a married couple, and the couple are regarded as one member. Couple "A" \* is an example of a couple who contribute jointly as a team. On the contrary, couple "B" make their contributions via separate fapazines, on different colors of paper. In this sense, FAPA gets two contributing members for each of the limited 65 places on the roster, and the system is functional.

I can, however, become dysfunctional. When marriages break up, as has happened several times in the past 10 years, complex methods and rulings have had to be made to determine equity and legality of (1) who gets the FAPA mailing/membership--i.e. who is the primary member, and (2) whether the other member of the couple should be retained as a separate member or placed on the waiting list, and if so, where. I do not propose to debate the validity of these rulings, merely to remark that they are hotly debated, pro and con, to a point where it has seriously been suggested that dual memberships be abolished.

(N.B.; this article was written in the spring of 1963, and all references should be read with that in mind.)

The results are occasionally strange. Mr. S. entered the organization by marrying member Miss L. When the marriage dissolved, both remained full members; now Mr. S. and his new wife, N., contribute jointly. Another recent ruling; when couple "J" dissolved, admitted Mrs J., who had never contributed so much as a single line to FAPA (although she was an independent member of SAPS) to full FAPA membership. In another recent ruling, on the breakup of the marriage of couple "W", Mr. W. was retained as a full member and Mrs W. was excluded, entirely, an apparent injustice. ((Since remedied by petition.))

In APEX, there are no formal rulings. Couple "B" of FAPA is also a member of APEX, and both halves contribute. The rift in the marriage of Mr. and Mrs "W" of FAPA did not inhibit the continuing participation of Mrs W. with her new partner, Mr. M., or that of Mr. W. with B---, his new partner; and A.M. and A.W., having decided to share a home without benefit of matrimony, have been accepted as a dual membership. The "rule" or custom in APEX, therefore, is unwritten, but roughly thus; memberships depend on the de facto situation: i.e. a couple is married if they say they are, and a girl who marries, or goes to live with, a regular APEX member is automatically granted the rights and privileges of dual membership.

So far, all spouses have been acceptable to the other members. A situation not yet contemplated would arise if a woman who had been definitely voted down for membership should marry, or live

\*Names were used in the APEX version, which was privately circulated. FAPA is not a private organization and names are thus deleted.

14  
with, a full member.

Which brings us to the fundamental question of exclusion from membership. Theoretically, FAPA is open to anyone, hence democratic. Several years ago, panicked by the application of a known trouble-maker of paranoid tendencies (his former activities had included denunciation of fans he disliked to the Postal Authorities and to the FBI as "communists" etc) the FAPA permitted itself to be stampeded into passing the so-called "Blackball" amendment. In brief, on signature of 12 members, an applicant could be rejected from the waiting list and may not reapply for one year.

The Blackball amendment has been used only twice in all the time it has been on the books. The second time, admission was refused to a stray former member from one of the mundane apas. The use of the blackball has been threatened twice. Once, when some unscrupulous person circulated a grosse histoire about a fan he called "Sticky Fan X" (identity known to all of fandom) wherein a casual offer of sleeping-bag in a crowded hotel room with several other fans, was misconstrued as an indecent proposition. Prompt circulation of the true story by witnesses defeated the blackball. More recently, a few political conservatives, panicked by a prospective member's circulation of a fanzine amounting to propaganda for the "radical" organization, the I.W.W., were supposedly suggesting that this man be blackballed. So far, nothing has come of it but talk. ((The person in question has since been admitted to FAPA)).

However, attempts to repeal the blackball amendment, or to raise the number of signatures needed for a blackball to 33, have been consistently defeated. Though seldom making use of it, most FAPAs seem to feel they need the protection of the blackball amendment.

APEX has no formal "blackball" and members are supposedly admitted by majority vote. In effect there is a true blackball; twice in the past year, a statement by a member that he, or she, would resign if a certain prospective member was admitted, has caused the candidate to be unanimously rejected, except by the one member who proposed him.

APEX ~~xx~~ has not as yet expelled a member, though recently it was suggested that Mr. K-- should be expelled for "violating" the (unwritten) rule of secrecy and circulating his Apex zines to outsiders. Bitterness has run very high, but so far no action has been taken.

Which brings us to the next point ---

## V

Authority within a given society depends upon the privilege of exercising sanctions against violators of the code. In FAPA, the authority structure is vested in elective officials, and the members accept the sanctions and penalties of the Constitution. The Treasurer has authority to drop a member from the roster for failing to pay dues. The Official Editor may withhold a bundle from a member in doubtful standing until his status is cleared up. To over-simplify, there has been no case of "refusal" to "accept" these sanctions. A member against whom they are exercised may protest their unfairness, he may submit proof that he has in fact complied with the regulation in question, or he may circulate a petition and get sufficient signatures to allow him to remain a



15

member without complying. But all of these procedures are tacit admission of the validity of the rule system, and acknowledgement that the sanction must be obeyed. By and large, the members accept the fact that they must pay dues, contribute 8 pages a year, and restrict themselves to legally mailable matter.

The sanctions are exercised with relative frequency. So are the extraordinary remedies, such as petition-circulating. A few of the extraordinary remedies are exercised without constitutional authority, but within the general framework of reference. For instance; when a recent Official Editor judged that the cover of a certain fanzine was obscene, and could not legally be sent through the mails legally, he simply tore the cover off each copy. No constitutional phrase allows this act; however, the statute provides that only legally mailable matter may be included. A former official editor once went through all 68 copies of a certain zine and blacked out one word or one line (I forget which, this was in the Laney days) to avoid excluding it from the mailing. Even more dramatic are cases where a recalcitrant official has been "blitzed" -- other officers or members descend in a body upon his house or apartment and force, coerce or persuade him to perform his duties; occasionally they even do it for him.

APEX, having no formal rules, has no sanctions. The threat of a blackball has defeated two prospective members. No penalty has yet been exercised on members who publish late--- six weeks or two months after their destined publication date. No pressure has ever been put on any Associate, non-publishing member to bear his part in the expenses of publishing. The only sanction, so far, is mutual respect for majority decisions and for personal idiosyncrasies.

## VI

Let us examine, therefore, the results of the presence or absence of sanctions.

It has never been questioned that the reliance upon formal rules occasionally creates some miscarriages of justice. Opponents of the FAPA system point out that members who comply with the technical requirements of FAPA can remain within that organization indefinitely, even when they contribute nothing of value and are disliked by all members. A case in point was the membership of W- M- a stray member picked up somehow from one of the mundane amateur journalism societies. Of dubious intelligence, with no knowledge of fandom, and virtually illiterate, he remained in FAPA for several years, despite the hostility of virtually the entire organization, and several varieties of the cold shoulder treatment. He simply wished to be a member of as many amateur journalism societies as possible. There was no excuse whatsoever for dropping him; he paid his dues on time, contributed eight pages of material (such as it was) every year, and that was that. A vague sense of fairness kept the members from organizing any spearhead method to expel him, though a small and vocal minority suggested it almost every year. They kept hoping that if we ignored him, he would go away. Finally, he tripped over a technicality; he had the habit of distributing samples of his printing (he was, I believe, a printer by trade) and once included some old football tickets. Since these were not "identical", this was used to

16  
exclude him. He departed unlamented, and, I believe, without protest.

Curiously, some of the very members who rejoiced loudly when this technique was used on W--M--, have become hysterical about the "chickenshit injustice" when a similar technicality was used to drop E--M--n from the roster. For the benefit of those who have not yet heard the loud screams and repercussions of this feud, E--M--n contributed the requisite eight pages; but a certain percentage of this material consisted of old jokes, and the current Official Editor decided that this violated the rule of allowing no credit for material which was simply reprinted. The feud is still raging; E--M--n himself did not even circulate a petition, but some old members took up his cause with the crusading zeal of the professional do-gooder.

Technicalities can, of course, be misused. P--, an unusually popular member, flirted with the "eight pages" for several years by circulating double-spaced pages with only a few words on each one, or by boldly ignoring the regulation and circulating a petition for retention. His popularity allowed him to skirt the regulations. Most officers, however, err in the direction of leniency. Despite the unusual UNpopularity of Mrs G--, when Mrs G-- forgot to pay her dues and then protested that she had been "railroaded out", the then Secretary-Treasurer published nine pages of correspondence to justify his actions, showing that he had repeatedly acted with discretion and leniency --to a degree which, perhaps, he would not have shown to a member less heartily disliked; he had bent over backwards to give her no cause for complaint.

But the fact remains that in FAPA, for all its formal rule structure, it is NOT necessary to please one's fellow fan. Provided he conforms to the letter of the law, a member can claim the full protection of the rules, and remain a member, whatever his subjective value or lack of it to the group. He can, theoretically, remain a member even if all 64 of his fellow members hate his guts and say so, provided he gives them no excuse to vote his formal expulsion. There is NO pressure upon him to conform to group standards or mores. He may publish what he pleases, indifferent to its reception by his fellow members.

And this is the paradox. For in APEX, with its absence of legal sanctions or rules, the only sanction is public opinion. The desire to remain in good accord with one's fellow-members is the only social pressure operant in APEX. In general, members have bowed to this majority opinion --sometimes, as in the case of a blackball, to a minority opinion. There is also a definite tendency toward conformity in the absence of rules. Members who fail to publish during the two-week limit do not defend themselves by saying there's no law requiring such publication; instead, they arrange to trade publication dates with someone else, or make profuse apologies and attempt to excuse themselves with acceptable excuses ("I was sick. I was broke. My college work fell due. My mimeograph was broken.")

Two constructions could be placed on this conduct.

First, and most favorably, is that:

"APEX is a pure democracy, with the responsible citizens bowing to the will of the majority, yet accepting the principle that conformity must not be forced upon a minority."



The second, and less flattering assumption, is as follows; <sup>17</sup>

"APEX is a typical adolescent peer-group structure, with pressures exercised toward social conformity by withdrawal of social approval from those who refuse to accept, or conform to group norms."

It may be flattering to think of APEX as a liberal, free and democratic society uncluttered by legalism. I submit, however, that the unwritten laws of APEX are considerably stronger than the constitutional sanctions of FAPA. The latter can be changed by majority vote; a dissident minority can agitate for changes and appeal for reason, but when voted down must either submit, shut up, or get out. But the loose, uncrystallized laws of APEX cannot be modified; any attempt to codify or classify them into a set of working rules is met with highly emotional resistance. APEX is a charismatic (i.e. explicitly anti-rational) society, insofar as the appeal is always to personal and emotional values rather than to rules constructed logically and interpreted without personal animus.

The members of APEX recognize this very well. K--, perhaps facetiously, (but I think not) attempted to introduce a note of pure charisma, or perhaps simply to crystallize the existing charisma within the group, when in his celebrated "Confession of Faith" he referred to M-- as a "Saint." Had M-- been less vocal in his protests, and less embarrassed, the rationale of the charisma might have been more explicitly institutionalized than is now the case. There is a certain facetious, but genuine, charisma in APEX.

(This is not limited to APEX. In the early days of SAPS, there was a facetious slogan; "Alpaugh is Ghod, and Joe Kennedy is his prophet.")

Discussion of prospective members in APEX is invariably emotional. The facetious overlay of chatter about "water brothers" conceals an ideology which places high value on personal contacts and close relationships. APEX--despite the minority group loudly proclaiming that it's "just another apa"-- seems to regard itself as a group of intimate friends among whom intimacy is permitted.

Enough has been said about the charismatic element in the anti-rational structure of APEX. It should be pointed out that every one of the (unwritten) rules of APEX has been violated. APEX protests these violations loudly, but can do nothing about them, since by very nature everything is left up to the individual member. Members have shared their X-zines with outsiders almost at will. Late publication is as common as publishing on time. If K--, the most persistent violator of these rules, should be dropped from membership, there is not even any effective sanction to prevent dissenting members from retaining him on the roster and on their mailing list for Apexzines.

## VII

And where is all this tending?

It is simple, and strange. Iconoclastic APEX, congratulating themselves for escaping the red-tape clutter of rules in FAPA or the Cult, APEX with its distrust of legal restraints, and many, many discussions of individual freedom and conformity --APEX depends ENTIRELY on social pressures to enforce conformity! The

aforesaid K--, the one true nonconformist and anarchist in APEX, who has deliberately and unblushingly violated every one of the unwritten rules, has drawn upon himself the most bitter and violent attacks from every quarter, and is the only member who has been in danger of expulsion.

This is the ultimate paradox, surely. The very rules which tend, on the surface, to enforce "conformity", may in the long run protect the FAPA member's NON-conformity, within structured and institutionalized limits. A society with NO rules structure must depend, in the last analysis, upon voluntary conformity to purely social, narrowly construed manners, mores and habits of the society --resulting in the most vicious of all tyrannies, the tyranny of unwritten public opinion.

= + =

COLOPHON. This article was originally written as a term theme in Sociology 213 at Hardin-Simmons University, for Dr. C.O. Osborne. It was first published in APEX, #21. It is reprinted here by the consent of APEX members.

POSTSCRIPT: Since the writing of this article, APEX appears to be defunct. A member of APEX was taken suddenly ill, and remained so for a lengthy period of time; and since there was no mechanism to replace defaulting members, or to say when the next in turn should decide that he was not going to publish, and take his turn, nothing was done. Another member made a half-hearted attempt to re-organize the group, and a third member sent out a "fractional" denouncing this "high-handed" method. It's anybody's guess what will happen to APEX, but right now it looks like an ex-apa.

This more or less confirms my already firm belief that a certain amount of structured and impersonal rule-structure is necessary in a society. Anarchy works well, IF YOU HAVE 100% of HIGHLY EDUCATED AND UTTERLY RESPONSIBLE citizenry. If the percentage drops as low as 95%, you are in trouble. A society where decisions rest on individual members is only as strong as the weakest member; and where no automatic machinery has been organized to provide sanctions against defection or default, things grind to a halt, or come to a dead end. A limited amount of "bureaucracy"--reliance on impersonal regulations and predetermined decisions -- is functional in keeping things going when individuals fail. A commonly cited case is that of the Roman Empire, which was so strongly organized that it could survive eight years of despotic rule by the obviously raving-mad Caligula without falling into chaos, due to the fact that administration went on automatically via the standard machinery. When Kennedy was assassinated, our government barely turned a hair, despite all the emotional explosion of national mourning. Why? Because we had an orderly procedural set of structured and predetermined processes to follow, which slid smoothly into working order. A bad president cannot ruin the country, and a near-worshipped one can die without disrupting the basic machinery: parties can succeed one another without chaos; why? Because we have a rational and explicit structure allowing us to think in orderly terms of cause and effect, and to predict what will happen next.

Which is a lengthy and involved way of saying Vive la Constitution!