

Handwritten signature or scribble in cursive script, ending with a small mark that looks like the letter 'F'.

The Diagonal Relationship 10

This is the July, 1979, issue of THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP. Editor & Publisher: Arthur D. Hlavaty, 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801, 914-632-1594. Consultant: Adrienne Fein. All material written by the editor, unless otherwise indicated. Copyright © 1979 by Arthur D. Hlavaty. All rights returned to contributors. This is W.A.S.T.E. Paper # 76; Volume 3, Number 2; Whole Number 10. This issue is available for \$1, letter of comment, trade, or artwork. If there is an X after your name on the envelope, then you should send at least one of the above if you wish to receive the next issue. Back issues: 1-6: \$2 each. 7-9: \$1 each.

The only advantage to facing reality is that turning your back on it isn't safe.

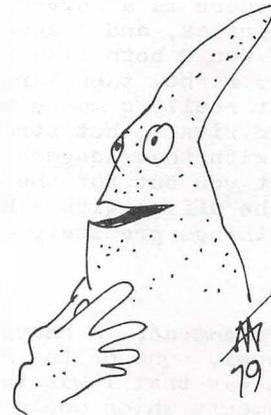
A is for *Agoraphobia*, which has always struck me as one of the more plausible & tempting forms of craziness. The more one goes out into the alleged Real World, the more chance there is that sinister forces, hostile people, etc., will do one in. This seems self-evident. But whenever I find myself too tempted by agoraphobia, I think of Howard Hughes. He decided to use his vast fortune to protect himself from all that nasty stuff out there, and he spent his last few years as a filthy, naked, miserable 90-pound junkie, living alone in a dark room. It cost him billions to die in worse squalor than a Calcutta street bum.

B is for *Bullshit*. These days it comes in more flavors than Baskin & Robbins. Take the great world of the visual arts, for instance. I read in an art magazine of a painter who worked in black on black backgrounds. The author presumably managed to maintain a straight face while saying, "Only the most ill-disposed see nothing but black surfaces.... They do not want or probably do not know how to look." That's it; that snotty kid who said the emperor was nekkid didn't know how to look. Borges said it 35 years ago: "The writer's art was not in the poems, but in the reasons why the poems should be considered good." Painting is not an art, but Explaining is.

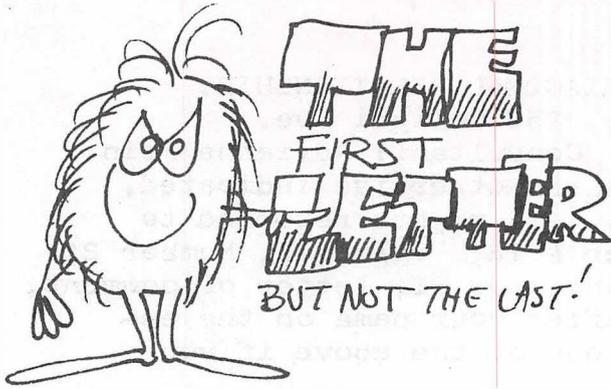
C is for the *Catholic Church*. Large-scale organizations are noted for their inability to change. Traditionally, they ignore the need for change at least as long as possible, and then react with blind panic, often first discarding those assets which would help them survive. Some day perhaps textbooks will give the Catholic Church as an example of this. In the 60s they realized that they had to change. They had a beautiful & inspiring Latin mass, and a set of stupid, cruel laws about sex. We all know which they dumped.

HOW MANY UFO
SIGHTINGS ARE
REAL FLYING
SAUCERS?

OH... IN 1977 THE
FIGURE WAS 34.8%,
BUT WE HAVEN'T
TABULATED 1978 YET.



D is for the *Draft*, or Selective Slavery System. Today we hear a call for a revived draft, mostly from greedy, spoiled generals who fear that they won't have enough human lives to play with. I suspect that there's a sort of Parkinson's Law here. Give them enough bodies, and they'll find a war to use them (up) in.



E is for *Ellison, Harlan*, a writer of non-mimetic fiction, some of it brilliant. His latest story collection, *Strange Wine* (Warner pb), which I recommend, contains a story called "From A to Z, in the Chocolate Alphabet," from which I stole the gimmick I am now using.

F is for *Folk Society*. That's an idea Kurt Vonnegut talks about. A folk society is one where the members think of each other as US, never THEM. There is no competition between members of a folk society, but free & voluntary cooperation. Of course, there is one thing that Vonnegut doesn't mention, namely that folk societies have a way of going out to kill & eat the members of the neighboring folk society. So it goes. But that's OK, or at least would be if they moderated the competition down to a nonlethal level. Vonnegut says that there is a Universal Human Desire for folk societies, and I agree with him, which means that we would both like to live in one. If Vonnegut is right, then large corporations, which don't really compete too hard with their supposed rivals, but stress internal competition with that no-good sumbitch who's trying to beat you out for the seventh vice-presidency & the office with *TW01* windows, are doing things precisely backwards. Which figures.

G is for *Great Potential*. A heavy burden, as everyone knows. One of the nasty effects of mine was that I was taught to devalue any achievements which could be credited to the accursed Potential which rode on my back. Teachers told us that a modest performance by someone who seemed to work hard for it was better than an objectively better one by someone who had the Potential to do still more. I thought that was a crock of shit. A few years later, the same sort of thinking was presented to me as the Labor Theory of Value, a nasty horrid thing that the nasty horrid Commies believed. I still thought it was a crock of shit. But of course my high school told us that Commie Russia was a terrible place to live because even your best friends were liable to turn you in to the authorities, and then tried to institute an Honor System.

Adrienne Fein

DR looks very nice--but unexpectedly naked with no covers. Like if I saw you in public with no clothes on.

Unlike Anita Bryant, I object only if the teacher attempts to force hiser proclivities on the students. I guess math teachers are being paid to force their math proclivities on the students--which is essentially what you decided you didn't like about teaching, isn't it?

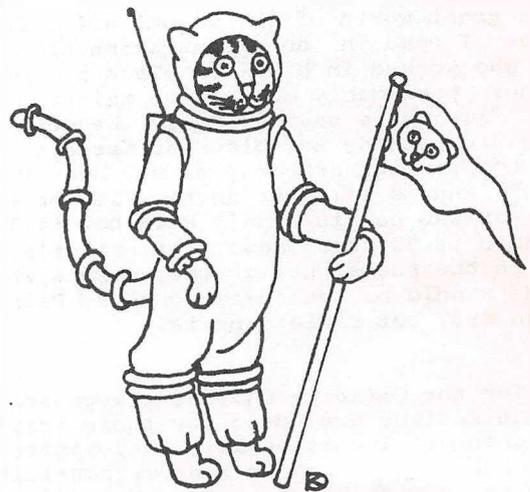
"A transition from child to person"--you are a bigot.

You noticed.

I've been tempted to disagree with teachers. For instance, in high school health class, the teacher said people should not have sex without marriage, generally. And it didn't make any sense to try sex once to see what it was like, since the first time was usually not pleasurable. It seemed blatantly obvious to me that the logical conclusion from those premises was: If you do have sex, make sure you have it several times so you have the opportunity to improve with practice.

Theoretically, our system of democracy provides a system of checks and balances. So government has two basic purposes--to protect us from each other, and to protect us from other parts of the government.

"Logic is a pretty flower which smells bad." That makes perfect sense to me. There are classes of phenomena, awareness, etc. to which it is simply irrelevant. I suspect Simone Weil meant to imply that a man who is proud of his intelligence is apt to be blind to the limitations of intelligence.



ASTROQAT

Robert Anton Wilson

Alas, I have noted that in my letter in DR 9 I use the word "numismatic" where I meant "numinous." I guess all that fucking dope has finally fucked up my head.

Mine too. I printed it.

Oh, well, even Homer nodded; jeder macht ein kleine Dummheit; and the function of our mistakes is to remind us that humility is endless.

Do you realize that almost everybody is a member of a minority now? The Civil Rights Commission, which investigates complaints of discrimination, said in a recent news story that 86% of the population can have their complaints investigated since they belong to one minority or another.

Actually, since women are 51% of the population, and Gays are estimated between 12% and 37% (depending on whose figures you believe), and Blacks are around 11%, I'm surprised that *only* 86% of the population qualify as minorities. There are also Jews, Chicanos, Buddhists, atheists, Orientals, eighty dozen unpopular religious sects, Arabs, etc., etc. On second thought, I'm sure the 14% who don't presently qualify as minorities *would* qualify if the bureaucrats looked into the matter more closely.

Concerning your debate with Tony Parker about robots: I suggest that it is amusing and profitable to regard all of us as robots. Some of our programs are hard-wired via genetics. Others are softer and more flexible, since they are due to imprinting or conditioning. Conditioning, of course, is softer than imprinting.

Obviously, if this metaphor is accepted, we are presently in the process of derobotizing ourselves, becoming self-programers or even metaprogramers in Lilly's sense. We began to learn deconditioning with Pavlov and have learned more from Skinner, Wolpe, and Co. We learned, or some of us learned, reimprinting from the psychedelic revolution. Current

work on genetics opens the possibility of re-writing the genetic code and really becoming *free masons*, cocreators of our destiny.

If this is plausible, then any use of such sciences for other purposes, i.e., for more efficient conditioning, for more rigid imprinting, for the production of genetic drones, etc., is part of the general trend to increase our robothood.

Moral: Today is the first day of the rest of history. Are we becoming more efficient self-programers or are we drifting along in our old programs or passively allowing the many skilled Head Mechanics around to program us into their trips?

Which brings me to Buck Coulson's question in DR 9: What do we do with all the dumb people? As a libertarian, I find the only acceptable answer is: give them a chance to get smart. Fortunately, the chance to get smart is becoming more pragmatic and operational. The current OMNI has an article about intelligence-raising drugs already known; the majority of psychopharmacological researchers, in the latest McGraw-Hill poll of expected breakthroughs, believe the intelligence-raising drug industry will be in full flower by the 1990s.

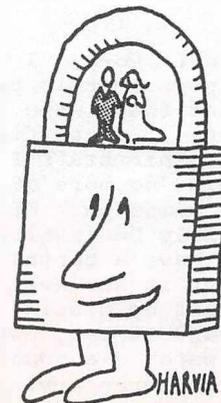
In passing, quietly as it were, I might mention that this subject, and my previous remarks on self-programing, and the general H.E.A.D. Revolution (Hedonic Engineering And Development--using the brain for fun and profit) are the main themes of my next book, *The Illuminati Papers*, to be published by And/Or Press in December. End of advertisement

What about those who won't nohow noway never do nothing to increase their intelligence? Perhaps they will be seduced by the general trend toward brightness that I foresee in the next two decades. After all, intelligence is the most powerful of all known aphrodisiacs....

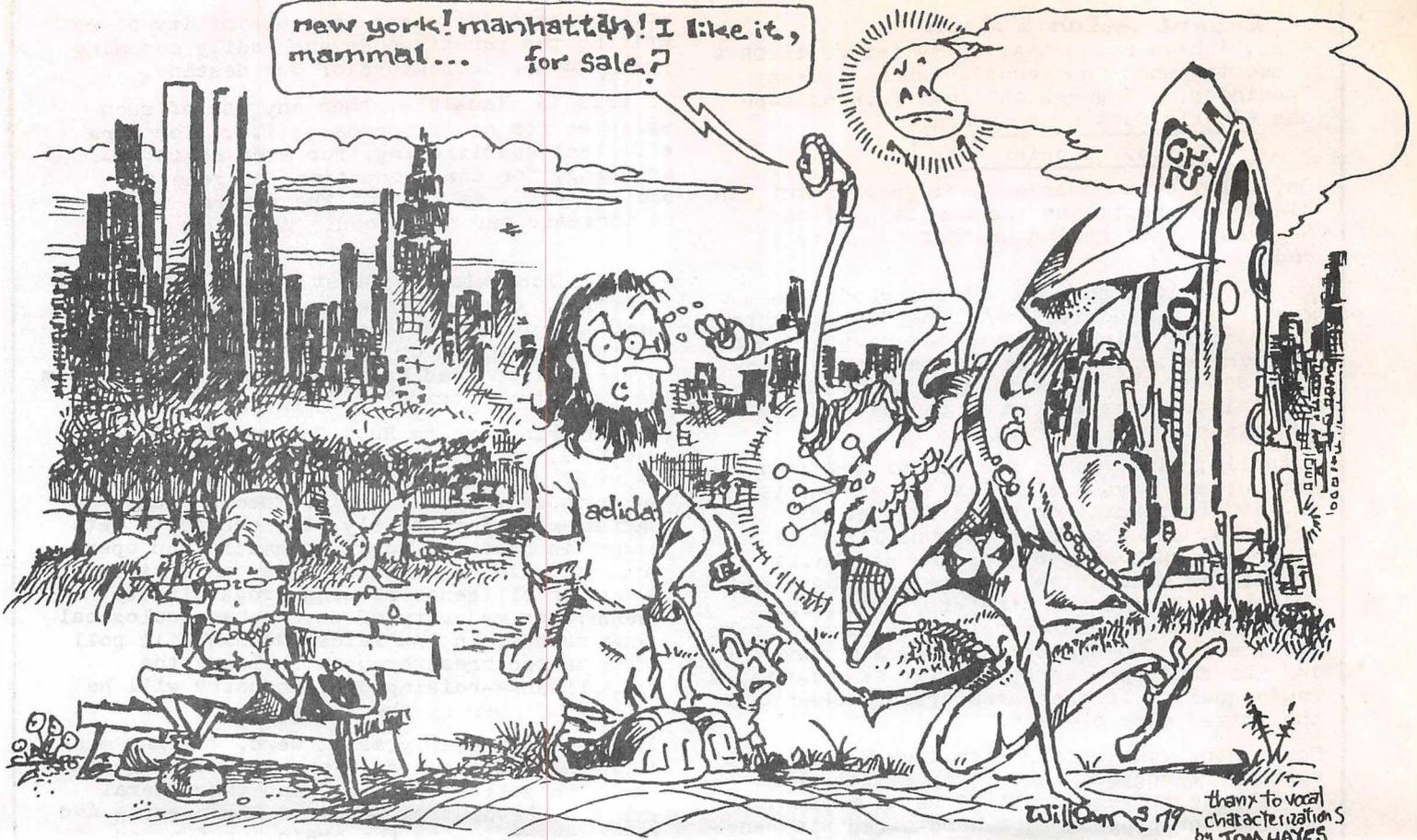
H is for *Health foods*. They make me sick. God puts food in cellophane in the super markets. Trying to get it any other way is messing with Things Man Was Not Meant to Fiddle-Fuck Around With.

I is for *Indifference*. The Principle of Therapeutic Indifference states that if A is any system of Therapy/Self-Improvement/Self-Realization (Orthodox Psychoanalysis, Zen, est, having a witch doctor dance around you with a mask on, etc.), and B is any other such system, there are people who can be helped by A, but not B. The only restriction is that someone must be able to state the theory with a straight face.

Ah, isn't
wed/lock
grand?
And the
state
holds
the key.



new york! manhattan! I like it,
mammal... for sale?



J is for John Denver. The Uncle Duke Society for the Suppression of John Denver is widely believed to be a front for the *Illuminatus!* Nut Cult. The title of Honorary President has been offered to Charlie Rich, since when he was announcing the winner of an award for Best Country Music Performer of the Year, he opened the envelope, announced in tones of utter horror & disbelief that the winner was JOHN DENVER??!!!, and set fire to the card with Denver's name on it. The group also circulates malicious parodies like

"I go to the studio and lay down tracks
And then I go home in my new Cadillac
Ain't nothin' that me & my agent can't hack
Thank Gawd I'm a country boy!"

K is for Kiddie Porn. I have been known to look at pornographic books & movies. I noted that there were some dirty movies about children. I classified these with S&M, bestiality, & other stuff I have no desire to watch, & thought no more of it. But then the media began a campaign. Kiddie Porn was Evil, Unclean, Horribly Desirable, Totally Corrupting, etc. Well, I have a certain amount of sales resistance, but it was overcome. The media convinced me I must be missing something. So I went down to 42d Street, put a quarter in a machine, and watched a couple of minutes of 2 prepubescent children trying to screw. I was neither aroused nor revolted. I did not put in another quarter & have not felt tempted to. Lied to again.

Carol Kennedy

The idea of comparing teaching to combat seems perfectly natural to me. In high school we had a priest to whom I shall refer as Father X. Now Father X was a Norbertine priest, a Hungarian ex-freedom fighter who had eventually fled for his life, a medium-height man whose muscles bulged visibly in the sleeves of his white cassock, a judo expert at a time when the martial arts were esoteric knowledge. Father X, in short, Took No Shit. He was assigned to classes full of smart-ass 16-year-old boys, and they saw the error of their ways. In those good old days when Catholic schools could do anything to their students without recrimination from parents, Father X would pick the biggest, most smart-mouthed boy in each class, and wait calmly for him to break a rule or disrupt the class. He would then haul the offender to his feet and flip him across the room. This tactic became so well known that there were some classes in which Father X didn't even have to use it. The rumor was that he had killed with his bare hands, and there wasn't a student on that campus who seriously doubted it.

I don't say that I approve of this approach to teaching. But students at our school didn't have to worry about being knifed between classes, or having their lunch money stolen, or even being subjected to smoking in the bathrooms.

Times change. Today, perhaps
Father X would be fragged.

Ed Zdrojewski

I tend to think of such things as the nasty things said about men who want to be stew-ardesses or women who want to be anything other than secretaries or baby machines not so much as "sexism" or "reverse sexism," but as part of a more general, all-pervasive evil--the anti-individualistic mind set that seems to be everywhere these days. To someone who fears individuality, it is much easier to deal with people if they are cast into neat, predictable molds such as EXECUTIVE, BLUE-COLLAR WORKER, or HOUSEWIFE. The horror of current times is that those who hate individuality are the ones to seek political office or other positions of influence, so as to be better able to keep people in their molds and soothe their own insecurities.

Re Wilson's reference to D. H. Lawrence: Something similar in spirit occurs in *Romeo and Juliet's* love scenes. Shakespeare pulls a sudden switch--the two characters suddenly stop speaking in the street talk of Elizabethan times and begin speaking in the loftiest of poetry. Of course, the Elizabethans never talked that way during the normal course of the day, and we don't speak like Shakespeare's love scenes (or D. H. Lawrence's) in our normal everyday language either. But the sensual power of the words penned by Shakespeare and Lawrence is nevertheless readily apparent and infinitely accessible. Perhaps the kernel of a universal truth lies somewhere about--that the sex act is a key to higher states of consciousness where the language of everyday mundane reality is no longer adequate. (An analogy might be drawn with the Christian experience of speaking in tongues.)

Your theory of robots grows delightfully more complex if you consider that your "human masters who sound authoritative" are themselves 90% robots, eager to accept programming from any human being who sounds authoritative.

The evidence appears to support your addition to the theory. Many men seem happiest if they are in a position where they both give & receive orders. Perhaps dominance & submission are a yin-yang pair which feed off each other. It is reported that s/m brothels where the customers pay to be beaten, humiliated, pissed on, etc. draw their clientele from the highest positions of power. Perhaps these men have so much power on the job that they need to balance it. In any event, it seems obvious that many people would like a world where everyone has a unique number, prominently worn, so that whenever 2 people meet, they know immediately who is entitled to peck whom.

I know you said that Adam Weishaupt and Val Hart are not to be identified by specific sex, but I can't help it. Val talks just like the Empress (Key 3 in the modern Tarot deck), and Adam talks just like the Emperor (Key 4), the female and male principles, the Yin and the Yang respectively. Yet it's more complicated than that. I recognize Adam and Val as both voices within myself, and it is further complicated by the fact that I think like Val more often than I think like Adam, and yet I am male. And I don't think a sex change will cure me, as I happen to *like* being male. This is going to take considerably more meditation before I get it worked out (if ever).

I reject theories which equate yin/yang with female/male for the sort of reasons you are talking about. If I accept such theories, then presumably I should not be a heterosexual male & still think the way I do. The most reasonable way out of that dilemma seems to be to discard the theory.



L is for *Lie Detector*, a popular form of witchcraft in contemporary America. About 10 years ago, I met a man who had worked for a hush-hush government agency which prided itself on weeding out SEX DEVIATES because they were SECURITY RISKS. He informed me that every time he went into the cafeteria there, he thought was in a gay bar. Shortly thereafter, I received confirmation of what he said in a news story which revealed that the polygraph tests which were supposed to weed out gay people were actually weeding them in. There is of course no such thing as a lie detector. A polygraph cannot detect untrue statements; it merely detects the signs of nervousness that generally go with lying. The examiners asked blunt, explicit questions about homosexual practices, and it turned out that many straights show more signs of nervousness when "accused" of "perversion" than gays do when lying about their sex lives.



Mike Gunderloy

Interesting thought about 90% of the human race being cabbages in disguise. The only question that this immediately brings to mind is Why? What do They hope to accomplish? Perhaps this is some sort of experiment on the few of us who are actually alive. By the by, I would say that the androids are probably biochemical rather than electromechanical. Otherwise, it must be assumed that every doctor is one of Them.

Or else the doctors are cabbages, programed not to notice.

M is for Masturbation. Some say that every man has masturbated. Others believe that there have been 2 men in 20th-century America who never ever once gave in to the temptation. They were J. Edgar Hoover & Richard Nixon, and that's why they turned out like that. Today there are men who not only masturbate, but admit that they do it & don't feel guilty about it. These men have an honorable alternative to sex with women, and thus do not see women as Having What All Men Need. Some of them even like women.

N is for Nudist Camps. Until recently, these may have been the most sexually uptight places in America. Since outsiders tended to the vulgar assumption that nudity must be for the purpose of sex and only sex, they did not let people publicly touch one another, banished anyone whose sexual preferences were other than monogamous-hetero, and felt that any man who underwent an erection from looking at naked bodies was obviously a Dirty Sex Fiend who didn't understand the True Meaning of Nudism. Today this sort of thinking can be found among witches (some of them) and practitioners of "white magic." These people will tell you that there is nothing sexual about magick, that selfish magick is harmful, and that curses always rebound threefold on the user. In a few years these will seem as quaint as old-fashioned sunshine & health nudist camps.

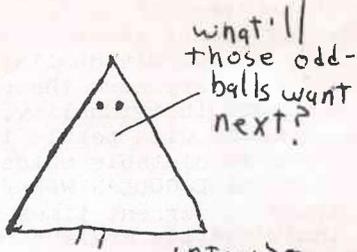
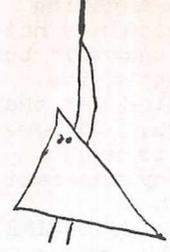
CURRENT FINDINGS INDICATE THAT THERE ARE 120 INTELLIGENCES...



AND YOU HAVE NONE OF THEM!

Handwritten signature or initials.

EQUALITY FOR SCALENES



LDTM '79

O is for Orientation. A few years ago, the Hunter College catalog included the following course description in its Academic Skills (remedial work for open-admissions students) Dept: "Orientation for Success: 1 credit. Overall development. Emphasis on the development of a positive self-image and attitude, which is seen as necessary for goal-setting, motivation, and follow-through to eventual success...Midterm and Final Examination Required." How do you give an examination in positive self-image? Does the midterm require only half a positive self-image?

P is for Polymorphous Perverse. Using this nasty term for people who are able to feel pleasure in all parts of their bodies strikes me as one of Freud's dumber ideas. (Could he have been jealous?) I would have preferred something like "polymorphous versatile." Or at least we could call people who insist that there is One Right Way to do it monomorphous perverse.

Q is for Quarter. A coin, formerly made out of silver, now made out of tinfoil & chewing gum, or some such. In the old days, this sort of thing was called Debasing the Currency & was grounds for war, but today we are too civilized for that, especially if the country doing it has the Bomb.

R is for Rishathra. This useful science-fictional term was invented by Larry Niven for his new book *The Ringworld Engineers*. It means "sex outside of one's species, but within the hominids." Thus we have a word between "miscegenation" (which is probably not a useful term) and "bestiality." I myself have committed rishathra. I screwed a mundane for the FBI & found SpA. She suspected that something was wrong when I did not forbid her attending women's CR meetings. Sure enough, her suspicions proved correct. I did not want to give her children & take care of her & them. It was, shall we say, a learning experience.

S is for *Schooling*. One part of schooling is programming us to respond with low-grade panic, followed by obedience, to certain key conditioning phrases. Sometimes the conditioning backfires, and we react with low-grade panic, followed by refusal to obey. In my case, if I am told to be MATURE or RESPONSIBLE or to face the REAL WORLD, my first reaction is, "O yeah? Well, I'm gonna do the opposite." Of course this reaction is every bit as stupid & robotic as blind obedience, and I am usually able to consider the matter a bit more dispassionately, and, like the judge who was bribed equally by both sides, to decide the case on its merits.

T is for the *Ten Commandments*. Perhaps a bit of excessive ambition on the Lord's part. Bertrand Russell said that the Ten Commandments should bear a note like those on Oxford examination questions: "No more than four to be attempted by any candidate."

U is for the *Unecda Bolt & Screw Co.* I am not making this up. I used to see this company's Bronx office, with their slogan "Don't Glue It--Screw It" on the train to New York. But the company seems to have gone out of business, which perhaps is the fate of those who are half right.

V is for *Varley, John*. A disproportionate number of sf writers whose names begin with V have been highly successful--Van Vogt, Vance, Vonnegut, Vinge, and now Varley. He appears to believe in good old fashioned storytelling, and putting science in his stories, and writing well, and having real characters, some of them female, ALL AT ONCE. He is best known for his short stories, and a collection of them, called *The Persistence of Vision* after his Nebula- (and probably hugo-) winning novella, should be out in pb from Dell in August. Buy it. In his first novel, *The Ophiuchi Hotline*, he is generally agreed to have bitten off more than he can chew, but in his new one, *Titan*, he seems to have ironed out the bugs, and I am sure he writes too well to put two ugly metaphors like that in one sentence.

W is for *Writers*. They simply cannot be trusted to uphold the values upon which a decent society depends. For instance, the NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE recently reported A Mother's comments on a book of "young adult" fiction: "I'd rather have my daughter read pornography than *Forever*. At least she'd know that was wrong, instead of having this book about a nice normal girl who has sex and then it ends and the book's over. Judy Blume had this beautiful opportunity to teach kids a lesson, if she'd just given an example of suffering or punishment. But the girl doesn't get pregnant or have a nervous breakdown." How shocking! A book in which people fuck & GET AWAY WITH IT. (Needless to say, I wish each and every one of you the same.)

Alan Prince Winston

If you disseminated DR by telepathy, we'd all have to hear you at once. If there were a continuous telepathic net so that we could tap your subconscious without bothering you (access memory without disturbing the CPU), I don't think any of us would be different enough to be individually interesting. In fact, I suspect that the difficulty and desirability of communication have had a great effect on making people into people.

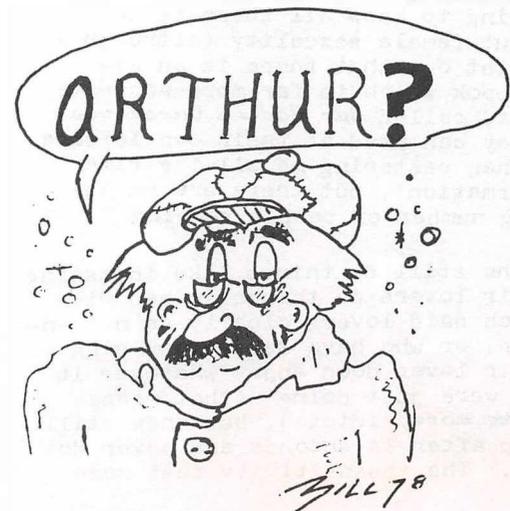
At times, I think of some goal like telepathy, or an inferior race to do all the work, or even not having to drag bodies around at all, and then I think that if we did have that, there'd be no progress. Sometimes I take it a step further & say, "So who needs progress?"

Mary Frey's idea about licensing sex has rather appalling implications, considering what a muckup most licensing boards make. Now a system based on medieval artisan's guilds might work, with apprentice fuckers, journeyman ballers, & master lovmakers. (Does the job description "ecstasy technician" sound appropriate?)

X is for *Xenophobia*, which may be defined as a failure to realize that one's neighbors are also barbarians.

Y is for *You*, the reader. Half of every copy of DR is the person reading it, so if you enjoy it, then as Shelley Berman said, "You're not just an audience. You've been a hell of an act."

Z is for a whole lot of interesting things, but I'm afraid I'm simply not Zealous enough to write another of these.



Avedon Carol

Guys tell me all the time that they need me to explain to them how to be a good feminist. Now, if I happen to be in the mood, and they have a reasonable question, sometimes I will just go ahead and answer, especially if it's something beyond the tired old questions which I thought have been answered perfectly well by someone else a long time ago. I can appreciate it when someone shows me that they have really been thinking about it and have just reached a point where they will need some sort of new input that they haven't been able to find elsewhere in order to come to a fuller understanding. But for most of the questions I get hit with over and over, there is simply no excuse for demanding my personal time, my personal energy, when dozens, hell, hundreds, of books have been written on the subject. Your average library holds at least a full shelf of feminist literature, ranging from Betty Friedan to Valerie Solanas, and anyone who genuinely wants to understand what's going on need only go in and start reading the damn things. I learned many of the things I know because I cared enough to go out and find books on those subjects, and read them.

But the thing that bothers me, the thing that has really started to get to me, is that I need to explain these things at all. After all, feminism was never about very much more than respecting people, understanding who individuals really are, and showing some real respect for their boundaries, their needs, their limitations, and so on. So when a guy asks me how to be a good feminist, I have to wonder how it can be that he can still need instructions on how to be a decent human being. It should not require a lot of intensive questioning of your local famous wimen'slibber to learn that social intercourse requires a certain amount of integrity, honesty, sensitivity, and thoughtfulness. I do not expect every human being to know all there is to know about female sexuality (although I might point out that there is an excellent book which is far more accurate than most, called *Our Bodies Ourselves*, which they can read at their own leisure rather than pestering me all the time for information), but there are an astonishing number of people running

around who still do things like insisting that their lovers do things in bed with them which said lovers clearly do not enjoy doing, or who have seen every sign that their lover does enjoy whatever it was they were just doing (that means do it some more, idiot!), but they still just stop after 14 seconds and never do it again. The insensitivity that some

people show towards those they claim to care about frequently leaves me incredulous. I know of quite a few instances in which a man has been told clearly by his lover to NEVER DO THAT AGAIN, and he did it again anyway. I have listened to men explain to me why they can't do the dishes--even to the point of spending a full hour telling me why they didn't have the time to wash two dishes. (What's that, maybe a five-minute job if you're slow?) And I get left with the same question--Why are people willing to spend massive amounts of energy on refusing to change rather than just bloody changing? How can people who claim to support "equality," whatever that is, still be asking me why it is oppressive for a man to demand that hislover stop using the birth control method she feels most comfortable with because he finds it inconvenient and unspontaneous, or why it is oppressive for people to expect a woman to smile and be nice to someone who is fucking her over, or why for godsake can't a woman just stop being so "neurotic" and be willing to sit down to dinner with a man who raped her? I swear to the Goddess I sometimes think I am living in a nation of idiots, not just outside of fandom but in it. I have to wonder when people come up and ask me all of these mindless questions, why in the name of anything that lives they can't just ask themselves for those answers first, why they can't read the reams and reams of literature and sit down and think about it themselves. Why do I continually find myself having to explain that oppression hurts, that if you constantly ignore a person's needs and desires, that person is apt to come to the conclusion that you don't really care? If these are the questions that the supposedly literate, intelligent, thinking people ask, I'd better start carrying a gun, because there doesn't appear to be much hope for reason.



Reality's Revenge

ADAM WEISHAAPT LOOKS AT THE 60s AND 70s

Remember peace, love, & flowers? I hear there was another fatal shooting on a gas line.

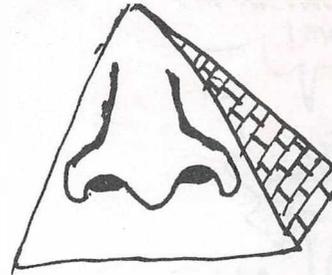
A bit of background for this look at our last 2 decades: As I remarked last time, the central fact of human existence is that we are all oppressed by a mindless & murderous power known as nature. There have been three types of philosophy designed to deal with this fact.

The first is what Nietzsche called *slave morality*. That is the idea that right behavior consists of submission to external rules & power. Examples of slave morality include the traditional Judeo-Christian Ethic, the Buddhist belief that the way to be least miserable is to suppress desire, and the current Religion of Ecology, with its belief that the Balance of Nature is a sacred thing that we puny mortals dassn't mess with.

The second is *master morality*, the belief that Might Makes Right. Most of those who practice master morality are too busy conquering, raping, & pillaging to write their theories down, and besides they think that philosophy is for weaklings & sissies. The few philosophers of master morality are weaklings & sissies, like Nietzsche himself, who dream of being barbarians.

The third, *sage morality*, says that since Mind is the one holy thing in the universe, whatever is gained through the manifestations of Mind (intelligence, wisdom, intuition, logic, cleverness, reason, creativity, guile, etc.) is justly earned, and that nonsentient things, such as nature, have no rights.

Of course, just as there has never been a totally Christian, Communist, or Capitalist government, so there has never been a culture which represented only one type of morality. The radical Left has traditionally supported that form of slave morality which calls for equality & suppression of competitive desires. At the same time, it has traditionally favored force (the method of master morality) to bring about this state of affairs, and has accepted sage morality in admitting that intelligence will be necessary to bring about these goals.



SACRED TOTEM
OF THE COCAINE
ILLUMINATI

AH

America in the 1950s had a mixture of moralities. There was the slave morality that every state needs, in this case based on that of Christianity. If few would say, as Pres. Truman did, that that American foreign policy is derived from the sermon on the mount, there was still the belief that America was a Christian, or at least Judeo-Christian, nation.

At the same time, there were elements of the sage morality. The launching of Sputnik convinced America's decision makers that there was, alas, a need for "eggheads," at least those of the scientific variety.

Finally, there was, as in every State, a bottom-line dependence on master morality. If all else fails, nuke the bastards.

The technology was, as might be expected, a mixture of master & sage moralities. At worst, there was the internal-combustion engine, based on ripping from the ground irreplaceable resources, and putting them into a device of such awesome inefficiency that an extraterrestrial observer who knew physics but not our culture might conclude that it was a device for turning petroleum into noxious gases, which, as a side effect, might have some influence in moving a vehicle. Yet at the same time, there was an electronics culture based on what Buckminster Fuller calls "ephemeralization"--doing more with less matter, so as to loosen one's dependence upon the oppressor.

In any event, it seemed to be winning. As Arthur C. Clarke has said, a properly functioning technology has the appearance of magick; that is, it alienates us from nature & gives us the belief (true or false) that we are relatively free from the constraints of the material world. We seemed to have "enough" energy.

Similarly it seemed that antibiotics & the pill had freed us from the obscene aspects of sex. (The editor has asked me not to use the phrase "pregnancy & other venereal diseases," as he believes it would sound hostile to women. I see his point. There should be no shame in a disease, & even if there were, one should not sneer at a disease one could be a carrier of, but I see his point.)



I KNEW HE WAS
THE WEREWOLF WE
WERE SEEKING
WHEN I FOUND A
FIRE HYDRANT IN HIS
BATHROOM!



And so the 60s were a decade of benevolence. There are 3 types of benevolence. There is the slave form, which is sometimes called altruism. This form of submission is found in all slave moralities, but it reaches its peak (if that is the word I am looking for) in that form of Leftist politics where you are expected to be as miserable as everyone else, and if you are not, you are by definition oppressing those more wretched than you.

Then there is the sage form of benevolence, strategic benevolence. If you have more than you can use, than it's just good sense to give some to ~~others~~ so that they will be more content & more likely to leave you alone.

Finally, there is a kind of benevolence which is open to all, even those who believe in the master morality. That is the kind that is done for pleasure.

A popular word in the slave morality is "cooperation." One sees it all the time in those training grounds of slaves, elementary schools. The word, as used in the schools, is simply a euphemism for "submission." One "cooperates" with the authority figure or the majority, by giving in to them & doing what they want.

Yet there is another kind of cooperation, that which is found in sexual intercourse, conversation, and other good things. That is free & voluntary sharing, for the benefit of all participants. When the basic needs are safely satisfied, it is pleasure to give and to share.

One of the great experiences of the 60s was "Hey, they lied to us. This is good!" This experience happened to some with drugs of one sort or another, to some with various sex practices, and to some with cooperation. Unfortunately, those who discovered that there were greater pleasures than living in a state of war of all against all unfortunately tended to the equal & opposite error of assuming that cooperation must be based on anthill equality, and that if anyone acted like a "leader" it wasn't "real" cooperation.

At the same time, there began a movement which has now become the Religion of Ecology. It was the idea that we should submit to the supposed laws of nature. (Were they true laws of nature, we would have to submit to them. That's what a law of nature means.)

But all of this benevolence, even towards nature, was based on the assumption that we had conquered nature, that we had enough. And it wasn't true.

And now we know it isn't true. We have an energy crisis. The pill is not the answer for large numbers of women. Wherever we go, it seems that the oppressor is reasserting its cruel dominion.

This of course is what the nature worshippers want. They want a world of limits, a world where we're all in it together, where we cannot go on taking from nature indefinitely. They've got it, and they are terribly surprised when people have, as Bill Graham said when asked why he closed down the Fillmore Auditorium, gone back to being what people usually are.

And the slaves of nature whimper on. Think of posterity, they whine, by which they mean, let us live like animals so that our get may someday live like animals. Let us have a society where everyone submits to nature, they say, which might work if everyone did it. But if the master morality lived on in a few people, just a few, and they had access to thermonuclear weapons....

We cannot conquer nature. It would be wonderful if we could, & then all be nice to each other, but we can't. So let us outsmart it. If we must use the technology of force, like nuclear energy, let us use it sparingly, keeping in mind that it is only a step. Let us look to the ways of the sage--to solar & wind energy, using the stupid force of the oppressor for ourselves. To biofeedback, rather than always attacking the body with powerful drugs. To space, so that we can be part of a big universe instead of prisoners in a tiny earth. If we do not fall prey to the temptations of stupid force, we make the illusion of peace, love, & flowers that we loved in the 60s into a reality.

PEARLS IN SHIT

I must confess that I once watched a Bob Hope movie. It was back in 1967, and I gave some thought to walking out, but since it was being shown in a plane a few thousand feet over America's heartland, I decided to stay. I have mercifully forgotten the name of the movie, the plot, and most of the alleged jokes therein, but there was one memorable moment. Jonathan Winters was playing a police officer interrogating Phyllis Diller. Whatever he asked, she nattered on a stream of semiconsciousness which had very little to do with his questions. Finally, a superior officer asked Winters how the interrogation was going, and he replied, "We can't get her to talk. She won't stop talking."

BARE NUT CULT SECRETS

SECRET POLICE REPORT # 5555-2323
 Subject: Illuminatus Nut Cult
 Reporting Agent: Gay Edgar Hoover

Background: Informant M-23 reported the existence of a secret, possibly subversive, organization known as the Illuminatus Nut Cult, believed to be associated with the Illuminatus books (qv) and Operation Mindf--k (qv). Secret papers passed along by Informant M-23 revealed that the group admitted this connection.

Procedure: As usual, we began with a surreptitious entry (itemized bill for \$823.17 enclosed). A careful search of the premises revealed the enclosed nine issues of THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP (cover price \$1 each), including the one purchased from Informant M-23 for \$100.

Interview: We were able to schedule an interview with ARTHUR HLAVATY, the self-styled "PRIMAL NUT" of this organization. He was very forthcoming with information. While we have the twenty-three tape cassettes transcribed, I will include a few of the apparently significant bits of information:

1. We are as yet unable to determine the exact purposes of the Nut Cult. When I asked H if they were interested in the violent overthrow and destruction of the United States Government, he replied, "That's a chicken-s--t goal. We're working on the violent overthrow and destruction of reality."
2. The information in this interview seems to be giving our computers the same sort of problems as the Illuminatus books. As yet, we have found no provably false information in the interviews, but some of it seems most unlikely, such as H's claim that he is inhabited by the spirit of Adam Weishaupt, (the dubiously historical founder of the alleged Bavarian Illuminati), who occasionally writes articles for him.
3. He attempted to buy me off by making me Primate of Washington, and said, "If you do a good job, we'll promote you to Anthropoid."

4. When I mentioned the ugly rumors that the Nut Cult was selling Certificates of Revealed Truth, H cheerfully admitted it, adding that he would sell such certificates: cheaply to those he agreed with, more expensively to those he disliked, and somewhere in between to those where he felt it didn't matter. As examples of the latter, he showed me 2 leaflets, one referring to "the Allega Poopist heresy" of Herbangelism (qv) and the other headlined "Mao Tse-Tung thought against the Dogmato-Revisionism of Enver Hoxha." When I pressed him for further details on these, he said, "I suspect one of these may be a put-on."

5. At one point, H tried a surprisingly transparent ploy. He offered to "make my job easier" by giving me a list of people who are not connected with the Nut Cult. I of course agreed, and he gave me the following list:

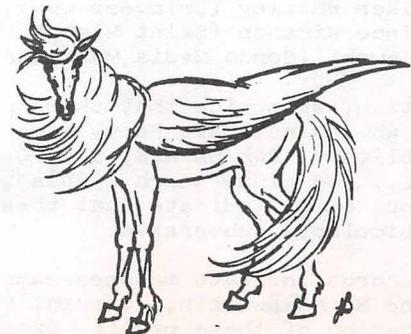
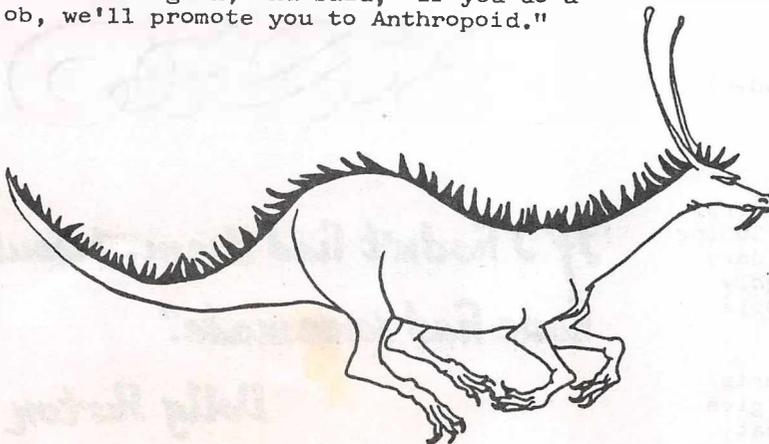
Roger Elwood, George Steinbrenner, Anita Bryant, Ted Patrick, Sun Myung Moon, Lyndon LaRouche, David Rockefeller, Barbara Cartland, Norman Podhoretz, Victor Gotbaum, Phyllis Schlafly, Gabriel Nahas, George Gilder, Phillip Slater, and Richard Nixon.

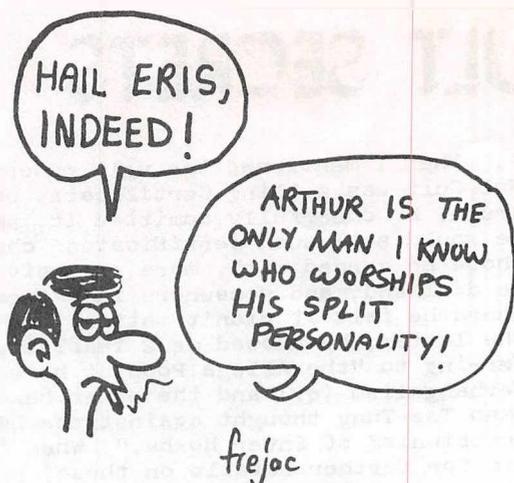
We have opened files on all of these.

6. H gave a surprisingly plausible report on the activities of one organization he claimed to have heard of, but not to belong to. Unfortunately, it turns out to be a plot synopsis of a book called THE CRYING OF LOT 49.

7. We concluded the interview, and H said, "Hail Eris." I asked for an explanation, and he said, "Oh, that's an old habit of mine. I always sign off with 'Hail Eris.'"

8. As I was attempting to load all the tapes into the car, H said, "If I haven't given you enough information, I can set up a meeting with ADRIENNE FEIN. She'll tell you as much as you need to know."





List of Known Members: (Note: one highly suspicious factor about the organization is that the members have Party Names, like the Communist Party (qv). Therefore, we are listing all known Party Names)

Arthur Hlavaty (Primal Nut)
 Robert Shea & Robert Anton Wilson (Godfathers)
 Neil Belsky (Bear)
 Ned Brooks (Discardinal)
 Rick Brown (Creator of Confusion)
 David Carldon (Frater Parcifal of the Batman & Robin Cabal)
 Bob Caylor (Infiltrator)
 Adrienne Fein (Illuminated Feminist)
 Linda Frankel (Janus-Faced Oracle)
 Judy Gerjuoy (Jaelle Lanart-Alton)
 Marc Glasser (Beyond the Fringefan)
 Peter Graham (Primate of New Zealand)
 Mike Gunderloy (Pope Sicle I, Ukelele the Short)
 Greg Hills (Imaliah the Infallible)
 Dennis Jarog (Prophet of Paranoia)
 Cal Johnson (Hagbard Hassan I)
 Nan Lambert (Nephthys the Skeptic)
 Marty Levine (Nameless Horror)
 Dan Lieberman (Checker of the Ex-Chancellor)
 Eric Lindsay (Primate of Australia)
 Frank Malley (Harper Bizarre)
 Don Markstein (Mustafa Tokadop)
 Jenny Montaire (Hex Nut)
 Mary Teresa Murphy (Mistress of Melancholia)
 Stella Nemeth (Golden Star)
 Will Norris (Will of Palantiri)
 Tony Parker (Secret Master of Chaos)
 Liz Schwarzin (Daughter of Eris)
 Anji Valenza (Goddess of Negative Attitudes)
 Eva Chalker Whitley (Princess Cowgirl)
 Alan Prince Winston (Saint Misbehaving)
 Ed Zdrojewski (Gonzo Media Manipulator)

In addition, we notice that there are several members who do not have Party Names, including Leslie Blitman, Bob Barnes, Buzz Dixon, Gary Mattingly, and Linda Karrh. This is highly suspicious & may indicate that these people are particularly subversive.

Older records indicate members named Dennis Brown and Beth Schwarzin. Current files give no indication of these people, except that their Party Names have been usurped by new members. We suspect foul play.

Computerized List of Organizations Believed to Be Connected with the Nut Cult: the Universal Life Church, the Golden apa, the Erisian Liberation Front, the Brotherhood of the Lust of Christ, Green & Pleasant Enterprises, the Paratheoanametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric, something known only by the cryptic logo N3F, the Beaker People's Liberation Front, the Urban Ritual Behavior Project, the Valeron Council, Bendan Weyr, the Order of St. Priapus the Short, Rosebud Inc., the Yossarian Cabal, the Order of the Pink Ribbon, MISHAP, the Strangely Clothed but Armed, the Mystic Knights of the Sea, the Youth International Party, DEI (nothing is known of this supersecret organization except that its initials have been found on certain Nut Cult documents), the Jerry Cornelius Cabal, the A. A., the O. T. O., the O. T. B. (an organization devoted to the search for spiritual illumination through betting on horses), the Trilateral Commission, the Church of All Worlds, Jonestown in '81, Johnstown in '81, the Starry Wisdom Church, the Homintern, the Sect of the Phoenix, Inamorati Anonymous, the Peter Pinguid Society, the Libertarian Party, the Solarians, the Smof's
 ///MEMO TO HOOVER: These people are not to be investigated. Forget you heard that name.
 THE MGT. ///, the Stannous Church of Los Angeles, the Foot Fetishists Liberation Front, the Voyeurs Peer Group, the Masochists Anti-Liberation Movement, the Church of Coyote, the Order of the Golden Robe, the St. Famine Society for War against Evil, the Fraternal Order of Hate Groups, Christians and Atheists United against Creeping Agnosticism, the Anarquist Society of Lepers, the Greater Reunificatory Church of the Globe Artichoke, the Church of St. Onan, the Abolish Death Committee, the National Surrealist Light People's Party, and the Intelligence Agents (?). Some of these organizations may not be subversive.

Transcript of a Call from Informant M-23.

"Secret Police, Hoover."

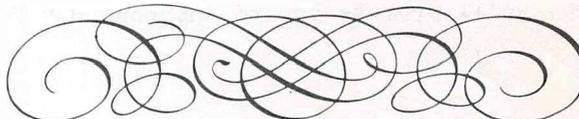
"This is M-23. Leave the money in the usual place and I'll send some more info."

"How come I never meet you?"

"That's the way it's done. Ian Fleming himself says so."

"Oh, OK. So long."

"Hail Eris."



"If I hadn't had them, I would have had some made."

Dolly Parton

TRUE SEX STORIES

Greg Brown

A few years ago we had a tragedy here. A young man (18) fell while cross-country skiing. He was with a large party (seven) and it was decided that this one girl (19) would stay with him, while the rest went for help. They left an alpine tent and a limited amount of equipment, and only one person in the party had a sleeping bag along, since they had not planned on being out overnight. A few hours after the group left, a blizzard came along and dropped nearly a foot of snow at the elevation the two left behind were at. When the rescue party got to the tent, they found a very disturbed young man with a broken leg, an a girl frozen quite dead. They had slit the young man's pants leg with a knife and left him in the sleeping bag. The young man reported that the young woman refused to share it with him since he was "partially naked."

Bob Barnes

It seems that a female student at a local high school was busted for dealing drugs. She got off on a small charge (delivery of a controlled substance) because what she was selling was birth control pills. Ah, you are nodding and thinking about the prudes here. But she was selling them for \$5 each. The sales pitch went something like, "Just take one before you do it, and everything will be alright." She got caught the usual way: Irate customer informs. But until then, she was making money by the bucketfull.



I am not an absolute pacifist. I admire those who will not, under any circumstances, resort to violence, but I am not one of them. Specifically, I accept violence in self-defense. The would-be victim of assault, robbery, or rape has the right to use deadly force in self-defense, and surely need not be concerned with the attacker's well-being to the extent of endangering his or her own. On the other hand, there are times when a claim of self-defense is obviously false. (For instance, the US military used to speak of "protective reaction strikes"--a bit of doubletalk which I could never quite distinguish from the old playground phrase, "He hit me back first.") I would do what I can to eliminate violence from the world--through education, among other things--but I realize that it does exist, and so there may be cases where even an apparently nasty form of violence will turn out to be self-defense.

I hate politics because it is organized violence; the State is always armed & dangerous, and even when it is feeding the hungry & caring for the sick, it is doing so with money taken at gunpoint. (And if you, as a loyal citizen, feel that you are paying your taxes voluntarily, good for you; but surely you realize what would happen if you decided to stop this voluntary action.)

The one thing I have always distrusted about the women's movement is that it seems so political. Some feminists call for a socialist or other statist revolution. Many more seem to be demanding major actions by the present State--forbidding anyone at all from discriminating on the basis of sex.

And yet we live in a damnably political world. The State seems to be everywhere. It is itself a major employer. It establishes monopolies like the phone company & the utilities. It is the greatest support of defense contractors & other big companies. Its regulatory agencies help protect overgrown oligopolies from the rigors of the market place.

And women find that, within this political world, they are discriminated against. These government-protected organizations refuse to hire qualified women, or pay women much less for the same jobs that men do. And so, as the would-be crime victim reaches for a weapon, feminists reach for political action.

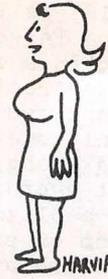
I cannot condemn them. I long for a world free of politics, & attempt to free myself & those around me from as many of its effects as possible. I warn of the dangers of looking first to political solutions, and the possibility that such political approaches may in a few cases reach the protective-reaction stage. But as long as there is a State, I cannot in good conscience tell its victims that they may not use its own weapons against it.

Mike Gunderloy writes: "I don't know that everyone is looking out for # 1, but very few look any further than # 3, # 4, or #5."

Sam Helm writes: "Ever wonder why mystic masters are so imperturbably enigmatic? They're wise enough to know that you can't teach wisdom; you can only, sometimes, if you're sufficiently maddening, provoke it,"

Harry Warner, jr. writes: "I used to imagine that I was the only person in the universe. Then I came across an article about solipsism. It convinced me that there must be other people out there because I'm sure I never would have chosen a word so hard to pronounce to describe my situation."

Margaret Cubberly sent a photograph of Freya Cubberly and Shawn Tyrrell (ages approximately 6) reading copies of DR. That represents the culmination of a life-long ambition for me: Finding a way to corrupt children without having to go near them.



I think I'm experiencing a flashback.

Don D'Amassa writes, "When I was teaching, a woman objected to my recommending a 'dirty' book to her daughter. The answer, when I asked what specifically was dirty, was: 'How would I know? I don't read dirty books.'"

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* artwork. Perhaps I'd better explain the cover. The dog is by Laurel Beckley; the cat is by Kara Dalkey. There is a calligraphed message by Adrienne Fein, written in a secret code known to only a few (most of them women). The more or less human face was done by someone who's trying to disguise the fact that he can't draw.

Uncredited calligraphy (envelopes, etc.) is mine -- ADH

Hail Eis.

Arthur