



DR

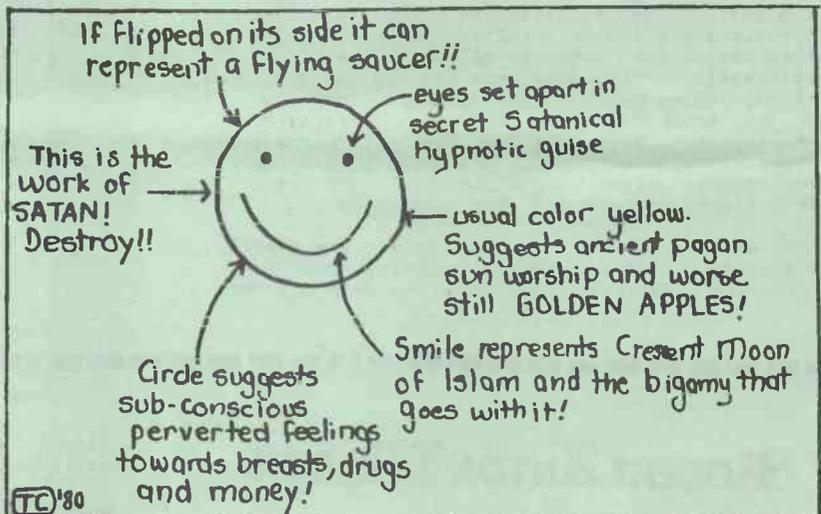
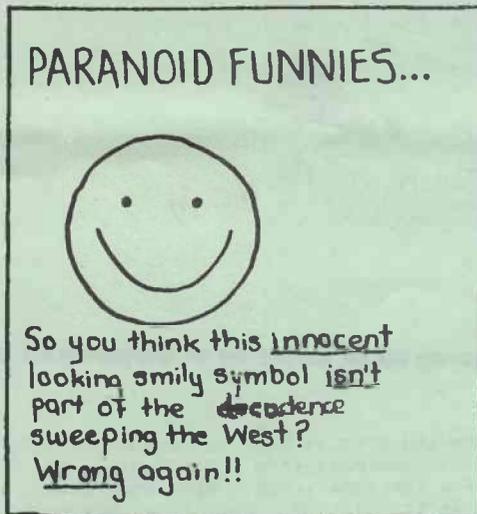
13

13



# The Diagonal Relationship 13

This is the April, 1980, 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 ©1980 by Arthur D. Hlavaty. All rights returned to contributors. This is W.A.S.T.E. Paper # 145; Volume 4, Number 1; Whole Number 13. This issue is available for \$1, letter of comment, trade, or artwork. If there is an X after your name, you should send at least one of the above if you wish to receive the next issue.



## Help! The Paranoids Are After Me!

"The people who make you most paranoid are the ones who think you're out to get them."  
--Burkhard's Law

This article is, among other things, a review of *Breaking Ranks*, by Norman Podhoretz (Harper & Row, hc, \$15) and *Drawing Down the Moon*, by Margot Adler (Viking, hc, \$18.95). Diagonal relationships make strange bedfellows.

### Help! The Underachievers Are After Me!

They were the enemies, the bad guys, the quislings. We called them *ass kissers* or *grinds*. They oppressed us in so many ways. They often got better grades than we did, and they did so by a mixture of what we were sure was dishonest flattery with a contemptible sort of fascination for the schoolwork we found tedious. But that might be forgiven were it not for the fact that it seemed as if all the authority figures in our lives--parents as well as teachers--saw them as an ideal for us to emulate. They were the over-achievers, but no one ever said that. Rather we were told that we were the *fnord* under-achievers, but there was no need to have a word for them, for they were simply doing what was right. By 1960, when I graduated from prep school, I was sure that these Overs were the bad guys, but that we oppressed Unders would never be able to get that message out. The idea that there was another side to the question did not occur to me.

In 1968, I read Norman Podhoretz's atobiographical *Making It*. It was the cry of a man who felt that he'd been betrayed, one who had acted reasonably in accordance with the advice of his elders, only to find himself snickered at and condemned by a pack of hypocrites who really wanted the same things he did, but refused to admit to their desires. Or at least so he said, and while I did not totally agree with his view, I did not find him wholly wrong or evil, either. It was only after a while that I realized that this victim of circumstances was in fact a typical spokesperson for my old oppressors the over-achievers.

The Over/Under battle had stopped being of dire importance to me when I left prep school, and thereafter it had been irrelevant. And now, I myself was a teacher, and while I remembered my own past well enough to sympathize with the underachievers and with those who were discipline problems because they were bored, I must confess that there was a certain feeling of relaxation in dealing with those whose ambition kept them from openly opposing me.

In any event, being relatively free to see the other side of the story, I now could find that the Overs had a point, too. They worked hard, as they had been told to do, and what they got for their pains was con-

(Continued on page 3)

## ADRIENNE FEIN

I would hate to live to see myself buried unless I was safely out of my body at the time; sounds damned uncomfortable. Surely Jim Morrison wasn't that bad.

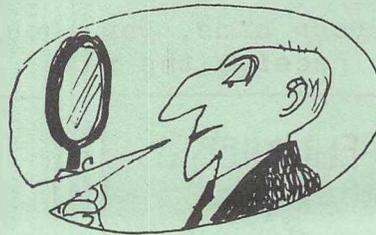
I've heard the theory that Morrison did, in a sense, live to see himself buried--that the death was faked, and he's still alive. I heard the same story years earlier about James Dean. I wonder who'll be next.

Ron Lambert: The term "temple prostitute" was apparently coined by Victorian archeologists and historians who couldn't believe there was any other reason for women to have sex except childbearing. The women were, as Ron Lambert writes, taking part in holy rituals. They may even, if Merlin Stone and others are correct, have been running them. The fact that afterwards they collected funds for the temple doesn't make them prostitutes. After all, a Catholic priest performs sacred rituals and then takes money.

Also, again if Merlin Stone and others are correct, participants in fertility and sexuality celebrations were worshipping the Mother Goddess who had

created life, perhaps reflecting that element of Her which dwelt within them, but She was definitely an external force. Statues were to do honor to Her, but they were no more Her Being than a crucifix is the Being of Christ.

I think it is probably true that some of us worship an internal God, and some an external one; I doubt that the two types divide neatly along the lines of brand-name religions.



SOLIPSIST  
AT WORK.

7/79

## ROBERT ANTON WILSON

Permit me to horn in on the inside/outside debate between Ron Lambert and Adam Weishaupt.

I. An atheist is one who is quite sure there is no Higher Intelligence; if there is *any* doubt on the matter, you are not an atheist but an agnostic. God, by definition, is the only being who can be quite sure there is no higher intelligence than Himself. Therefore, God is the *only* real atheist. Others *must* be theists or agnostics.

II. Berkeley say the universe is inside the mind of God. Jesus says the Kingdom of Heaven is within us. If and only if both Berkeley and Jesus are right, I am inside God and God is inside me. Berkeley and Jesus *must* both be right since:

III. In the highest mystical states, in all religions, the mystic experiences oneness with God. But we have already seen that God is an atheist. Therefore, the mystic alone can escape theism and agnosticism and become, *like God*, an atheist. This is possible by turning inside out.

IV. In a Möbius strip or Klein bottle, inside is outside and outside is inside. The same flipflop occurs in music, art, and mathematics, as demonstrated by Hofstadter in the greatest book of our decade, *Gödel, Escher, Bach*. Therefore, if and only if God is like unto a Möbius strip, a Klein bottle, Gödel's proof, Escher's paintings, and Bach's fugues, Berkeley and Jesus can both be right, and God is *inside and outside* simultaneously.

V. In Euclidean geometry, inside and outside do not flipflop. Therefore, God is *either* inside or outside--and the Lambert-Weishaupt debate can be decided on one side or the other--if and only if God is limited by Euclidean geometry. But a *Limited* God is *not* God. Therefore, ....

VI. Pantheism is really atheism under a fancier name, as all critics of pantheism agree. But the highest forms of theism, such as Vedanta, are all pantheistic on the very logical grounds that God must include *everything*, or else God is limited, and a limited God is no God at all. Since the highest form of theism is pantheism, and pantheism is indistinguishable from atheism, the highest form of theism is *atheism*.

VII. I can know the mind of only one Creator really well: myself. In *Schrodinger's Cat*, I put myself in the book as a character, but I also remain outside the book as its Creator. Therefore, the only Creator I know well is inside and outside his work at the same time.

VIII. When God actually, or allegedly, wrote a book, He put Himself inside it as a character. If one Creator is like unto another Creator, God evidently wanted us to understand that He is inside and outside at once.

IX. When God actually or allegedly wrote a book, He made Himself the *villain* in it, as all intelligent readers have noted. (This is why the Gnostics and William Blake, among others, have denied that God wrote the book and claimed Satan wrote it to discredit God.) But if God did write it, the portrait of Himself as *asadistic monster* must be either an attempt to frighten us or a very subtle joke. Since God would not want to frighten us, it must be a joke. Since God is both an atheist (knows no Higher Intelligence) and a mystic (is at one with Himself), the joke must be such that only those who are *both* atheists and mystics can understand it.

X. Since only the mystic is one with God--an atheist--all others, as demonstrated above, must be agnostics or theists. But the theist claims to know what he has not experienced; if he had experienced it, he would be, like God, an atheist. Therefore, for those who are not mystics, the only honest, modest, and logical alternative is to be agnostics.

XI. According to literal Christianity, Jesus was God and the son of Mary; the Holy Ghost was God and the husband or at least the impregnator of Mary. Therefore, God is His own father. But God is also the father of all humanity, including Mary, so God is the father of His mother, and thus His own grandfather. If God is *both* inside and outside, and an *atheist*, and His own *father* and *grandfather*, any attempt to reason about God must lead to paradoxes and contradictions.

It will be observed by the thoughtful that these arguments are quite logical, and totally mad. I do not claim that they are true, but merely that they are at least as lucid as the other writings about God produced by the human mind to date.



tempt from people like me, who not only did about as well as they did without working anywhere near as hard (a fact which they not quite unreasonably considered unfair), but also had the brass-balled nerve to hold a grudge against them for their industriousness, especially when many of us wanted success & power & like that as much as they did.

Well, some of us did, and some of us didn't, but Podhoretz had a point. If we Unders were victims of an oppressive situation, the Overs themselves were trapped in a double bind, faced with an Establishment that told them what game they were supposed to play, and then sneered at those who played it too hard. This may have been the first time that I realized that there are arguments where both sides can feel outnumbered and persecuted.

*Help! The Perverts Are After Me!*

And so, Podhoretz wrote his Overachiever's Manifesto, and he was attacked for it. The attacks may have come from Underachievers, or from those who found other faults with the book. For that reason or others, Podhoretz "turned right," deciding, among other things that the US government should be spending a whole lot more money on weapons than it already is. And now he has written another book, explaining & justifying again.

It is a strange book, one in which many of the characters seem to have only 2 motives: (1) an overweening lust for success & popularity at any price, and (2) an equally powerful hatred for Norman Podhoretz. All behavior of the book's many villains is ascribed to these sources, which leaves us such curious ideas as the belief that Norman Mailer sold out to the Women's Movement.

The protagonist does not come out of this one too well, either. Podhoretz insists that he was terribly radical in the early 60s, but apparently is so revolted by that former position that he can no longer remember anything about it, except that he once may have sympathized with Paul Goodman & Norman Brown. (While he may have sympathized with Goodman, he did not understand him. He knows that Goodman was an anarchist of some sort, but he has no idea which. This doesn't really matter, however, since--we are informed--all anarchists are opposed to technology. This from a man whose ability to remember & distinguish ancient minutiae of leftist politics would be the envy of any STAR TREK Trivia Contest Winner.)

Podhoretz may have been picked on before; he may have been unfashionable or countercyclical, but he apparently believes that he has a winning crusade now: He is fighting for sexual normalcy.

Podhoretz began this great crusade a couple of years ago with an article called "The Culture of Appeasement," in which he said that the reason for the rise of Nazi Germany was that the British Establishment had been infiltrated by a clique of homosexuals who pacifistically refused to go to war with Germany because they couldn't bear to fight against beautiful Teutonic boys, or somesuch. In using this familiar scapegoating technique, Podhoretz at least managed to refrain from repeating Hitler's phrase, "stab in the back," perhaps because he feared a somewhat blunter instrument, applied a bit lower.

Podhoretz continues this attack in his book. I would like to feel that I was defending my gay brethren out of disinterested benevolence, but as Podhoretz makes clear this time, he is concerned not merely with the fact that gays sexually enjoy their own sex but also with the fact that they are ~~37022~~ deliberately childless.

Martin Niemoller said, "I did not protest when they arrested the Jews because I was not a Jew. I did not protest when they arrested the gypsies because I was not a gypsy...When they arrested me, there was no one left to protest." The gays are the most obvious sexual deviants, so they're the first target. But those who want to stamp out homosexuality are almost always ready to move on to the childfree, the nonmonogamous, anyone who doesn't fit their little pattern. They often say they are in favor of THE FAMILY, but by that they mean that everyone must have exactly the same kind of family. I prefer Tim Leary's term for that approach: hive sexuality.

And the question arises: Why do people crusade against sex lives they don't like? It occurred to me a long time ago that even if I considered homosexuality sick & disgusting (as I'm afraid I did at the time), there was no way that 2 men committing a homosexual act somewhere could be any sort of danger to me, and so at the very least, such a crusade struck me as a low priority.

And yet it's very important to some people, and so I am going to question their motives. With Podhoretz as an example, I may not be able to keep this discussion on too high a plane, but there is one point I should make: Anything I say about the motivations of these people has nothing to do with the truth of their beliefs. As Gina Cerminara pointed out, a Freudian could say that Columbus rejected the flat-earth view because it came from the father figures of his culture, and he replaced it with a vision of a world shaped like his mother's breast. Interesting, but hardly a disproof.



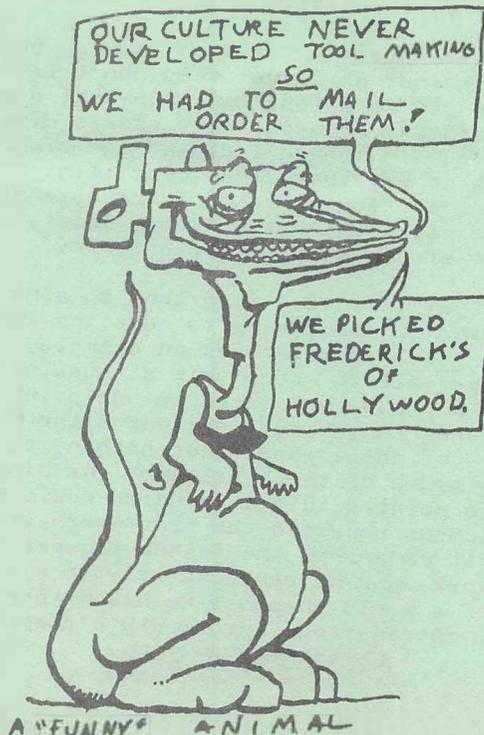


The simplest explanation is opportunism. I've heard the theory that Anita Bryant, married to a man with a fairly low IQ (for a mammal) and told by her church that she had to submit to him, was looking for a socially acceptable way to get out of the house. I actually wish that this sort of theory was true. If so, one could simply buy off the worst & cleverest ones, leaving the masses like sheep without a shepherd. Unfortunately, many of the unfuckers are sincere.

Perhaps they are sincerely scared. As I've mentioned before, there is a popular belief among antigay crusaders that if homosexuality were legalized, EVERYBODY would do it & would give up heterosexuality. Well, I wouldn't, and so I have to wonder why these people find it so awfully tempting. (Not just very tempting, but awfully tempting.) Could it be that they really want to....

Perhaps it is puritanism, in H. L. Mencken's sense of a morbid fear that someone else is happy. I do not understand this sort of thinking too well. Is it that misery loves company, or is it a sincere belief that pleasure is evil?

Perhaps it is the sort of thing that came up in the Underachiever/Overachiever battle. The winners, the socially approved, wish to be fashionable too, to be approved by their peer group, or else their victory in public terms is ashes in their mouths. It has been said that when Richard Nixon was president, he still believed that the Establishment was against him, and perhaps he was not entirely mistaken.



I know intelligent, not overly paranoid, people who feel that they are persecuted because they are heterosexual & monogamous. Of course, they do not expect the police to come knocking at their door in the middle of the night. It's just that, in the circles they hang out in, they feel that they have been called upon to justify their sexual preferences.

The word "justify" has 2 meanings. In the public sense, it might refer to something like being called before a tribunal and forced to give a public excuse for daring to do these things with a member of the opposite sex. This of course would be obscene, and "justification" would be something like "It's what we both want to do, it doesn't harm anyone, and thus it is none of your Goddam business." But of course this is precisely what gay people and other nonaggressive sexual deviants have been saying all along.

The other sense of the word is the private sense. People are socially asked why they are heterosexual and monogamous. They are asked to question their own behavior.

There is a button which reads,  
QUESTION AUTHORITY.

The first time I saw someone wearing one, I said, "Why?" The wearer somewhat huffily replied that a button was hardly an authority.

I would have answered differently. I would have said something like, "Because it's fun," "because it keeps your mind in shape," "because it's a survival trait," or "why not?"

Another example: A few years ago, I took a course in psi phenomena. The members of the class were asked at the first session to discuss their background, feelings about the subject, etc. When my turn came, I announced that I was "skeptical." The teacher, and many of my classmates, were amazed. Why was I taking the course if I was skeptical? I was a bit puzzled by their reaction, but finally I realized: They thought that skepticism meant a dogmatic refusal to believe.

Questioning & doubt are taken to be hostile, if not outright treasonous. (Could it be that there is some sinister reason why words that refer to doubting those in power tend to take on negative meanings? Gee, you'd have to pretty skeptical to think that.)

And so I must admit that I recommend questioning one's sexual preferences, even if they are socially approved ones like heterosexuality and monogamy, remembering that the answer to a question may be Yes. I have questioned my sexual orientation, and I find



that I engage in heterosexual intercourse not because parents and/or teachers and/or God and/or Mr. Carter think I should, but because it feels good.

I don't feel that the perverts are after me. Or perhaps I should say, since I am one by some definitions, I don't feel that the other perverts are after me. Some may do things that I'd hate to do, or even watch, but if they are doing what it mutually agreeable to them, and respecting my right to do what I will, they are not my enemies.

#### *Help! The Witches Are After Me!*

Sloppy terminology is everywhere. I try to avoid it, but do not always succeed. For instance, in DR 10, I referred to polygraphy as a "popular form of witchcraft." A couple of my friends wrote in to ask how I could confuse their effective & meaningful practice with the primitive superstition that a machine could detect lies.

I hereby apologize to them. And so, a bit of explanation to lead off the discussion. The word *witch* does not mean "ugly old woman" or "primitive bungler" or "worshipper of the Christian devil." It refers to the believers in <sup>old</sup> religion, sometimes called *Wicca* or *the Craft*, which worships two Gods, one male and one female, who are found in the workings of nature.

I made another mistake. I referred (in DR 2) to nature worship as "pagan." Then I got my hands on Margot Adler's excellent book, *Drawing Down the Moon*, in which she discusses "neopagan" groups, and includes the Discordians. In fact, she remarks, "Some have suggested that the entire Neopagan Movement is a Discordian hoax." I would certainly like to know ~~who said~~ where she got a ridiculous idea like that.

It's a bit disconcerting to be told that one is really a member of a group one has been opposing. (This can be thought of as a version of the Old Turn the Other Cheek Trick.)

I looked in the dictionary and found that she was right, that *pagan* did not mean "nature worshipping," but rather "polytheistic." Hey, what do you know? I am one.

For Coyote, Eris, Jesus, Jehovah, Priapus, Erzulie, and Sophia all represent at least aspects of the Divine to me. To be a monotheist seems to me to be a form of intellectual arrogance too great even for me (which is saying something). It presupposes a ~~far greater~~ understanding of Ultimate Reality than can be gained by finite beings. (Unless one assumes that the One God had chosen to give us an Absolute Revelation which we are not to question, but that strikes me as unlikely.) Nor am I surprised by the high positive correlation between montheism and the waging of Holy Wars. If you are on

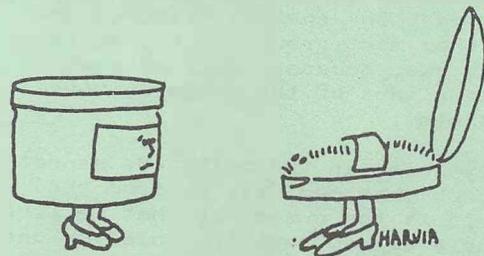
the side of the One True God, of course you are permitted to wipe out the competition by whatever means necessary. Even David Hume, who thought he had proved that monotheism had evolved from polytheism and was thus an improvement upon it, admitted that those outdated pagan savages often showed more of what we would think of as civilized tolerance than modern monotheists.

OK, so I am a pagan. But nature worship, or religious environmentalism, is another story.

When I was very young, we bought soda in deposit bottles, which was the only way it was available. My sister & I had to accumulate the bottles & take them back to the store, or else we couldn't get our money back. I think I was about 10 when a company started selling soda in cans which could actually be *thrown away after you'd used them!* I thought that this was simply marvelous.

I'm afraid I still do. I consider the no-deposit-no-return bottle as a triumph of the Human Spirit. My view of history (admittedly simplified) is that humanity started out trapped in petty mundane shit. But there were people with Minds who saw ways to set us all free, to disentangle us from the snares of nature. I do not blindly accept everything that passes for "science" or "progress." I do not have any desire to "conquer" nature. I think in terms of freedom rather than power. I favor a technology which sets us free--totally free, rather than replacing the tyranny of nature with centralized State or Big Business power.

Sometimes I feel that, in the words of the song, "The hills are alive/ And they're out to get me." But I've come to realize that hating or fearing nature is self-destructive. It means hating sex, dope, & food, and ultimately hating my own body. I don't want to feel that way. And so, I conclude that nature is neutral. It is not a god or a spirit; it is just out there. Nature is not evil; ~~slavery~~ to nature is evil.



I think there's absolutely too much emphasis on psychic makeup. I have trouble just thinking straight myself.



There are ~~fools~~ people who do not agree with me. They lead environmentalist crusades. They try to enforce recycling, a word I associate with meeting one's feces once again. I see them as ecological puritans, sworn to oppose any sinful pleasure for whatever reasons puritans oppose things. And I see the Witches, wallowing in what I wish to free myself from.

The penal codes of many states spell out harsh punishments for those caught committing the "abominable & detestable crime against nature" or some other such abusive, yet incomprehensible phrase. What they are trying to say is that certain mutually agreeable, but nonreproductive, sex acts are crimes.

Those who worship nature, and natural increase, would seem like logical opponents of sexual deviation, and the Wiccan belief in male & female principles ruling the world would seem to rule out not only homosexuality, but male-female relationships that are based on similarity, rather than opposition.

And so it would seem that the witches are out to get me. And yet, some of my best friends are witches. Let me be more precise (as people who use that formulation almost never are). Two of my best friends are witches. I'm telling you this not to demonstrate what a wonderful unprejudiced human being I am, but because it poses a problem: If they're out to get me, or I'm out to get them, how can we be friends?

#### Escape from the Paranoids

And then I thought of the sexual analogy. I don't know if I'd rather be buggered than live close to nature, but I can see that if I willingly accept those who do the former, I can accept those who do the latter.

For in fact, witches as a group are no more trying to enforce their preferences on everyone than are gays. While I continue to oppose *political* environmentalists who are trying to force me to live their way, witches & other *religious* environmentalists are just folks doin' stuff. (Thank you, Greg Chalfin.) If Adler is correct (and the witches I know tend to make me think she is), witches are less likely than most groups to try to enforce their views, because most of them share the major idea of the Neopagan movement: polytheism.

For polytheism is the religious aspect of the approach that can free us from the paranoids. It is the awareness that we live not in a single narrow reality, ruled by one absolute God, but in overlapping individual realities. It is the belief that diversity is the one unchanging factor in "human nature," and thus that what is right for one (sexually, religiously, or otherwise) need not be right for others. It is the knowledge that WHAT IF EVERYONE DID IT? is always a stupid & totalitarian question

because no matter what "it" is, not everyone's going to do it. It means giving up the insidious temptation of reforming others. It means setting ourselves and those dear to us free from large control-crazed Systems. It means that you may show others your Path, but once you try to make them take it, you yourself have fallen off it. It means what some find the scariest thing of all: claiming and accepting freedom.



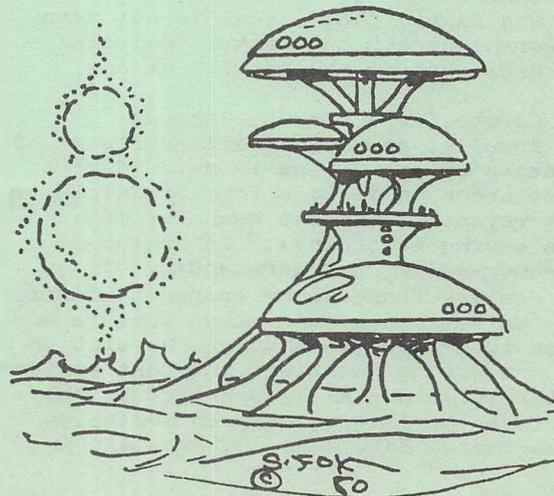
## RICK BROWN

In your review of *And Having Writ*, you say, "One thing I like about it is that it does not feature Sherlock Holmes, Dracula, and/or Jack the Ripper." I really hate to mention this ((No, you don't. You're enjoying every minute of it.)) but one of the other books you review has characters that are thinly disguised versions of Sherlock Holmes and Nero Wolfe. The book is *Too Many Magicians*, by Randall Garrett.

It is really obvious, ~~Wolfe~~ Arthur. When I noticed that the Marquis de London (1) was fat; (2) never/seldom left his house; (3) was a famous herbalist; (4) had an assistant named Lord *Bontrionphe*; (5) was a gourmet; (6) etc., etc., etc., I somehow got the impression that I was reading a Nero Wolfe story. There are even yellow chairs and a red leather chair in the office.

Having established that Nero was in the story, I looked for similarities to other detectives for Lord Darcy. What other detective in fiction (1) has an incredible amount of energy; (2) is lean; (3) has a smart, lazy brother ~~Wolfe~~; (4) has a doctor named Sean (or John) as an assistant; (5) is of service to the crown...? There are so many similarities! It's hard to miss, really. Even the speech patterns are the same--not similar, the same! There are even cases mentioned which haven't appeared yet--and probably never will. I hope I haven't spoiled the book for you.

I noticed, and was amused by, the Wolfe/London parallel. I find your Darcy/Holmes parallel a bit forced. For instance, Lord Darcy's energy is treated as natural. Perhaps if he starts talking about a "remarkable decoction of coca leaves from Mechicoe," I will reconsider.



# Memories of a One-Handed Reader

We begin with a problem. You may have guessed what sort of books I'm talking about from the title, but what do we call them-- Dirty books? Porn? Erotica? Pornography? Erotic realism? Smut? Filth? The problem, as with so many sexual concepts, is having positively and negatively charged terms, but no neutral ones; it is almost impossible to describe without judging. Since I do want to describe books neutrally, or at least withhold judgment on some, I've decided that the least bad solution is neologism. The term SOL (sexually oriented literature) will be used for books with a sizeable (note deliberate vagueness--always a good idea in literary definition) content of explicitly described sexual & sex-related acts.

The SOL of the earlier parts of the century (or at least what survived) was the pioneer stuff--DH Lawrence & Henry Miller. In a sense they are victims of their own victories. Today's reader is struck by their weak points--Lawrence's morbid fears, Miller's exploitativeness, and of course the sexism of both. Without a historical perspective, one could forget that they were bold rebels, just as Freud was by no means an Establishment spokesman. The great message of the Pioneers was Fucking Is Good. It's hard to remember that not only was this message not obvious in its authors' time, but saying it in those words would probably lead to arrest & imprisonment.

In the 1950s, while Eisenhower watched over America to ward off sex & other such things, Maurice Girodias began the Olympia Press in Paris. He published serious taboo-breaking stuff by writers like Nabokov, Genet, and Donleavy, and also a goodly amount of plain old SOL.

He was able to find some fairly good writers. Alexander Trocchi, writing under such names as Frances Lengel & Carmencita de las Lunas, wrote books like YOUNG ADAM which could be mistaken for better examples of today's mainstream fiction. Harriet Daimler (real name: Iris Owen) wrote DARLING, a powerful study of erotic obsession, and THE WOMAN THING (porn titles tend to be at least as bad as science-fiction titles, and for the same reason--immediate reader identification) which presented a relationship in all of its aspects, with the erotic neither slighted nor pushed to the center. (Today, that's commonplace; it wasn't then.)

Olympia also brought a new element to SOL--humor. The classic example of course is CANDY. American readers tended to think of CANDY as having been written by "Terry Southern and that other guy," but those familiar with co-author Mason Hoffenberg's other 2 Olympia Press books, UNTIL SHE SCREAMS and SIN BEFORE BREAKFAST, know that they show the same bizarre & imaginative humor.



But the funniest of all was Akbar Del Piombo, whose nonerotic collage books, such as FUZZ AGAINST JUNK, have delighted many. His was the humor of grotesque exaggeration in which the stereotypes of SOL were taken to extremes. In a particularly memorable scene from WHO PUSHED PAULA? (my favorite) the protagonist sneaks up on a woman who is giving an illustrated sex lecture to a group consisting largely of nuns and provides a further demonstration, thus turning the proceedings into an orgy. His work is at times tasteless & sexist, but often uproarious, and presented in an all-in-good-fun spirit which many moralists find more offensive than the seriousness of most SOL.

In the early 60s, the United States began to dabble in sex. The works of the Pioneers were openly imported and, after great legal battles, openly sold. Lenny Bruce was going to jail for saying fuck.

Popular culture attempted to deal with these new feelings and unsurprisingly managed to do so in a manner that simultaneously exploited and degraded both men & women. Typical was the Doris Day-Rock Hudson movies, in which there was a great deal of suggestive talk, but nobody ever did any of the stuff that they were talking about.

The court cases at the time centered on the concept of "prurient interest," which is what books, movies, nightclub acts, etc. were not permitted to appeal to. This was, according to the Supreme Court, a "morbid and shameful interest in sex, nudity, or excrement."

Now this was an interesting idea. It occurred to me fairly soon that if an attractive & friendly woman were to start disrobing in my presence, she would certainly not be appealing to my prurient interest, at least not as defined in terms of morbid & shameful.

Taking this a step further, it seemed to me that something which presented sex as desirable, as enjoyable to all concerned, thus could not be obscene. If anything was obscene, it was the Doris Day movies, with their depiction of sex as something to snicker over, but ghod forbid you should ever do it. Forgive me if I belabor the obvious. It was not obvious then. Indeed the courts never did see it that way.

In 1965 there were two events that would cast their shadows over the SOL field, and both involved the now-defunct firm of Lancer Books.

One was the publication of a book called THE MAN FROM O.R.G.Y., by Ted Mark. "Ted Mark" was really a moonlighting Mad Ave. man named Theodore Mark Gottfried. The book was in a sense derived from THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E., then a popular TV show, but there was a difference. The hero and narrator, Steve Victor, was a sex researcher, organizer of a one-man agency whose initials officially stood for Organization for the Rational Guidance of Youth, but actually signified Obtaining Research Grants for Yourstruly. Victor's subsidized researches in the world's more exotic brothels brought him to the attention of one Charles Putnam, secret master of one of those supermysterious spy agencies that seemed like a better idea in 1965 than they do now. Thus, the way was opened to a book of adventure, laughs, and of course lewdness. Well, actually, the lewdness wasn't all that much. There was much euphemism, and many of the scenes were cribbed from THE PERFUMED GARDEN and various other exotic sex manuals that were then becoming available. In any event, it was a start. To get slightly ahead of our story, Mark was to write at least 32 books in the next 10 years. As he remained at or slightly behind the advancing edge of contemporary community standards in the length & lubricity of sexual descriptions, he could stand as historical evidence of those standards. (A study of that would be a far more interesting PhD. thesis than most.) No one ever accused him of being a subtle writer, but at his best he was quite funny, from the early THE GIRL FROM PUSSYCAT, in which the heroine, an avatar of the CANDY archetype, was almost seduced by a variety of parodies from the "sexy" books of previous years (even ATLAS SHRUGGED and the works of Mickey Spillane) to the later BEAUTY AND THE BUG, in which Steve Victor becomes bodyguard to a dishonest & thoroughly repugnant ex-President named Nicholas Swillhouse Dickson (I told you he wasn't subtle). Mark provided his share of laughs, and led the way for other writers to whom SOL would be neither hard core nor hard sell.

The second event involved Candy herself. Someone at Lancer discovered that, under the copyright rules covering books published overseas, CANDY and in fact all the Olympia Press books had fallen into the public domain. They reprinted CANDY, and a year or two later, less reputable firms began to produce their versions of the other Olympia books.

EXCESSIVE MENTAL  
MASTURBATION CAN  
CAUSE HAIRY  
FRONTAL LOBES.



Frejze

(Interestingly enough, it was the very same copyright technicality which permitted Ace Books to publish mass-market paperbacks of LORD OF THE RINGS. Tolkien had been saying all along that he would authorize paperbacks when he finished the revisions of the book, which would be done Real Soon Now. The unauthorized Ace edition inspired an authorized version from Ballantine, and between the two of them, fame & fortune were thrust upon the author. The books went from esoteric cult favorites to best sellers. Some have never forgiven Ace for publishing without Tolkien's permission; others have never forgiven them for letting all those grubby masses into Middle Earth. This paragraph has nothing to do with our story, but the combination of LORD OF THE RINGS and WHITE THIGHS gives me a giggle.)

Meanwhile, the Supreme Court was handing down decisions. They never quite got a majority to agree that the First Amendment meant what it said, but after a while the law of the land appeared to be that written SOL could not be prosecuted as long as there was some sort of "redeeming social importance" in it. (Paul Krassner sensibly pointed out that getting people horny is redeeming social importance, but the Courts disagreed.) In practice, this seemed to mean that any SOL could be published so long as there were minimal efforts to raise it above the level of utter trash.

A wheel had come full circle. In proverbially sinful Patee, Maurice Girodias was being prosecuted & persecuted by the minions of de Gaulle. In America his books were being openly published, and he wasn't getting any money for them. The solution seemed obvious; he moved to the U.S.A. to bring a new era of quality SOL.

I don't think that the Second Olympia Age produced a writer of the stature of Trocchi or Owen. It produced one small and all but forgotten masterpiece, BISHOP'S GAMBOL, by someone calling himself "Roger Agile." This combined a cheerfully lubricious approach to the sex scenes with some inspired satire. Any book in which a Catholic bishop is miraculously cured of impotence is OK with me.





Perhaps the nearest thing to a major writer the American version of Olympia Press produced was Marco Vassi. He has said that he attempted to use the SOL format to create major literature, to treat the requirement of a sex scene per chapter as the same sort of creatively inspiring restriction as the sonnet form. I wouldn't quite say that he did it, but he did manage to present erotic philosophy and description in a readable manner, in books like MIND BLOWER and THE DEVIL'S SPERM IS COLD. I suspect that his major contribution will turn out not to be any of his fiction, but his concept of metasex--the idea that nonreproductive sex, of whatever form, can be seen as an activity separate from what we have traditionally called plain old "sex," having different rules & roles, but equal validity.

Another thing Olympia did was to mirror the sexual aspects of the best of the 60s countercultures. Books like BARBARA (Frank Newman), EROS RISING (Webb Matthews), and ACID TEMPLE BALL (Mary Sativa) presented (admittedly in somewhat idealized form) the "hippie" approach to sex as joy shared with those who were at least friends, rather than a serious business, or an assertion of dominance, or a form of exploitation.

The other major publisher of SOL to arise at the same time was Essex House. I cannot tell you much about them. Their best-known books, Philip Jose Farmer's IMAGE OF THE BEAST, BLOWN, and A FEAST UNKNOWN, have been reprinted by Playboy Press. These books are by no means what the average SOL reader looks for, dealing as they do with such subjects as a thinly disguised Tarzan ejaculating on the corpses of his slain foes. I did not read many Essex House books because they mostly seemed (from the covers) to deal with sex as related to fear, pain, and power, an impression that is confirmed by the discussion of these books in Michael Perkins's THE SECRET RECORD, the only study of contemporary SOL I know of. I do not mean to imply that these books were formulaic S & M, or anything of the sort. Apparently, serious and intelligent readers (like Perkins) who are interested in that approach to sex found much to appreciate in the Essex House books. But they were not my thing.

Closer to my tastes were the "soft-core" books turned out by major paperback publishers --mostly Berkley, but to a lesser extent Dell and Lancer. These books, by writers such as Stephen John, Jay Martin, and Robert Vichy, presented a mixture of casual sex and casual humor. My favorite was a Berkley book called (alas) HOLLY WOULD, by John Cleve (real name: Andrew J. Offutt). This was the tale of a failed taxi driver who became rich & famous largely by acting as if he were already rich & famous.

### Flushing, Queens



But this sort of thing was the exception in SOL, for the field did not merely obey Sturgeon's Law. If 90% of all sf or mystery or other category fiction is crap, then we would have to go beyond scatology to describe 90 % of all SOL. The worst of it was written by people who would fail high school English & high school Biology-- even under today's standards. But even those who had some comprehension of elementary anatomy and sentence structure turned out formulaic trash in which the emphasis was on men forcing or at least ordering women to submit (which of course turned out to be precisely what the women wanted, only the dumb bitches didn't know it) along with constant reminders of how "wicked," "depraved," & "evil" what they were doing really was, as if that were more important than how it felt.

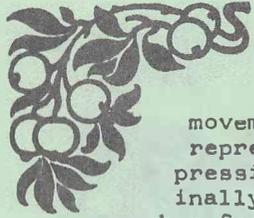
Sturgeon's Law, followed by Gresham's Law. Olympia & Essex folded. The publishers of soft-core gave it up. For a while, Bee-Line Books tried to produce readable SOL, but that didn't last. A few years ago, they took the authors' names off their books, a sure sign that they were no longer pandering to literary interests.

Perhaps it was the isolation of SOL that wiped out the good stuff. Those who wanted well-written SOL had to wade through great sewers of the lesser matter, while the average SOL reader didn't care. For whatever reason, good SOL is all but dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here, O gentle reader, we pull the curtain for a few years. The reason is opposite from the traditional one. We are covering up a time in which there was no sex (or no good sex).

\* \* \* \* \*



There is a new movement known as Women Against Pornography. This particular subset of the feminist movement believes that pornography represents and encourages the oppression of women. The group originally called for censorship, but when faced with protests from civil libertarians, backed down from that stand.

When this group reached the public eye, those who believe that the women's movement is essentially anti-male and anti-sex said, "We told you so." Some of us who know better were a bit puzzled. Was the puritanical and man-hating element trying to find a new excuse to take over the movement? If not, why were the feminists joining hands with their traditional enemies, against books with sex in them?

A bit of thought gave me at least a partial answer. Whatever one might say about its methods and its allies, WAP was campaigning not against what SOL once was or what it might be, but what it is today. And what it is today is not very good: ill-written, repetitious stuff, most of which promotes a view of sex that I would consider morbid and shameful, the approach that sex is something a man forces a woman to do, or at least takes from her, something "wicked" and "depraved" that a man gets away with at women's expense. Indeed, most feminist statements of opposition to pornography include a disclaimer to the effect that there is such a thing as "erotica"--sexually oriented material which is not pornographic, and I know of no feminists who have said that description of nonforcible sex acts, no matter how explicit and arousing, is pornographic.

But there are still some problems with the WAP approach, and these were pointed out in a couple of magazine articles.

The first, by Robert Shea, was predictable, and predictably good. One can guess what a libertarian, writing in PLAYBOY, will say about the pornography question. Shea points out quite clearly some of the flaws in the WAP approach.

He mentions that, in the Scandinavian countries when SOL was legalized, there was no increase in the rate of violent sex crimes. (The claim one occasionally hears that such crimes decreased is dubious, but that doesn't matter. If we have any respect for freedom of the press, we should assume that the burden of proof is on those who would ban a form of writing to show that it is harmful.) With that, he adds, WAP is left with the claim that pornography contributes to a climate of ideas where violence against women is acceptable.

But such a claim is inherently unprovable, and can be used as an argument for banning anything the speaker doesn't like. Finally, he reminds us that the enemies of SOL have traditionally also been the enemies of women's rights, and that a return to censorship could lead to the banning of sexually explicit feminist books as well.

The other article, by Deirdre English, is surprisingly good, or at least I found it surprising because it appeared in MOTHER JONES, a zine which usually assumes that evil is produced by White Male Capitalists, and can be cured by proper government, and which tends to publish writers who believe that three good assertions equal one proof.

English does not write like that. She offers the same sort of practical & principled objections as Shea and takes it a step further. She points out that the WAP view tends to behaviorism. Like Skinner himself, WAP plucks from the flow of thoughts and actions two events, which they label STIMULUS and RESPONSE, thus leaving out most of the interesting and important stuff.

English has a subtler view. She sees bad SOL, the sort that should be eliminated if anything should, as appealing not to male-chauvinist pigs or Pavlovian dogs, but to unfortunate human beings who are themselves victims.

For most SOL today presents a model of sex that is based on dominance and submission. It is assumed that by their very nature, the couple starts out with the man wanting sex and the woman not wanting it. But also by nature, the man is stronger and more dominant, and so the woman must submit to his desires. And he of course is so good at it that her negative feelings are overcome, and she loves it, and admits that she loves it.

There are a few things wrong with this approach. As English points out, the man's role is based on the performance principle, rather than the pleasure principle. He must be strong enough to make her submit to him and skilled enough to make her like it. But somehow this sort of sex does not strike me as being a whole lot of fun. This stud, like John Henry outdoing the steam drill, seems to be doing it to prove something, even if it kills him.

There's another catch to it. Like many sorts of fiction, SOL exaggerates the abilities of its heroes. The reader is faced with a model that's difficult to emulate. And even if he were physically equal to the character, sex is not steel driving. There's no guarantee that any amount of strength and stamina will suffice.



As English points out, the performance approach stressed by bad SOL is precisely the wrong way to go about sexually pleasing a woman. What she says women want is "men who are more disengaged from performance anxiety, who are gentler, looser, more relaxed." I myself have suspected for quite a while now that the secret (for either sex) of being "good in bed" is, like all the really good secrets, out in the open and impossible to steal. It consists of three things: 1) like yourself; 2) like what you're doing; 3) like the person(s) you're doing it with. I suspect that Deirdre English ~~agrees~~.

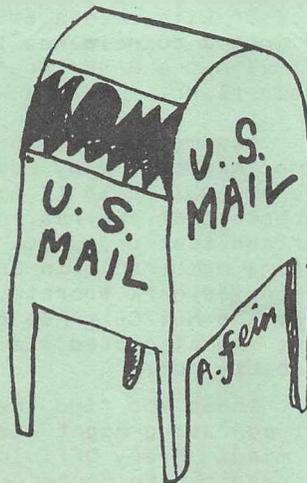
She concludes her essay with a call for more & better SOL, including some written by women. I agree.

I am a white American male. I was trained to believe that if a man has sex with a woman and does not see to it that she has at least one orgasm, he is a no-good shit. I do not claim to be 100% free of this sort of training. Still, I can tell you this from my own experience: The less both partners are concerned with dire needs to perform well, the better sex is for both of them, and the easier it becomes to overcome those dire needs the next time.

And SOL--porn, dirty books, whatever you want to call it--helped. Reading about people who took a casual attitude towards sex, in the sense of seeing it as shared pleasure rather than a Serious Business or a test of strength & skill, made me believe that I could find that sort of thing in my own life--as indeed I have.

And so, a suggestion. We need a new Olympia--a publisher of sexual books, chosen by a female editor from that vast majority of feminists who believe that heterosex, between equals who like & respect each other, can be a great source of joy. For as always, the answer to evil ideas is not cops and guns, but better ideas.

The Jaws  
of  
Yog-Kiptode



## Ed Zdrojewski

What's all this "we decade" shit, man? That's a term used recently by Abbie Hoffman in a HIGH TIMES interview. I'd expect that from Abbie Hoffman, but I don't expect that from you because I know damn well you're not a fford zombie collectivist. There's absolutely nothing wrong with group marriage, communes, and "cults," but only so long as we don't forget the sovereignty of the individual. It's largely because that has been forgotten that we're in the mess we're in today. Selfishness is a survival trait.

Likewise, it's hard to understand your attack on competition, since you've stated your own belief in the sovereignty of the individual on many other occasions. Sure, voluntary sharing is great. But to use the example of your ideal football team from the last issue, it's a good idea as long as you remember your ultimate purpose is to wipe up the field with the opposing team. Remember, it's lack of competition that brought you Con Ed.

I think what we're arguing about is a difference of emphasis. By "cooperation," I mean *voluntarily* teaming up with individuals or groups, as opposed to submitting to the State or the majority, or blind loyalty to nations, races, classes, and other shared fantasies. Freedom always includes the right to say No, so there is no true cooperation without the possibility of selfishness.

Dave Locke: A former organizer for the United Farm Workers ~~who has the time~~ is now running a consulting service for growers in California. One of his favorite slogans is, "Unions are the creation of lousy management." Yeah.

It's said that Nietzsche hated the Jews because there were 2 things he could never forgive them for: Christianity & Islam. The 2 things I'll never forgive Big Business for are Big Labor and (especially) Big Government.

## WAHF

David Paiter has suggested that one could combine a few traditions & refer to the Primal Nut as the MAHALICHEE. Buzz Dixon suggests a 4-word slogan with Something to Offend Everyone:

NUKE THE GAY WHALES

One reason Pope Guilty I feels guilty is all the letters I get & don't print. Printing costs go up, and mainly I am so lazy that it's an effort to put together my own writings, let alone other people's. I really do appreciate the letters tho. This time I got substantial letters--ones that a less cheap & lazy editor would gladly print--from Harry Andruschak, Eric Brewer, Ned Brooks, Jan Brown, Ian Covell, Mary Cowan, Linda Frankel, Mike Gunderloy, Deb Hammer-Johnson, Ron Lambert, George Laskowski, Marty Levine, Pam Mallory, Eric Mayer, Luke McGuff (a punk loc), Mary Teresa Murphy, Barney Neufeld, Mike Rogers, Sally Ann Syrjala, Roy Tackett, and Barbara Tennison (and a few others--my filing system is not all it might be). Thanks. Next time I'll try to print a few more letters--honest!

*In Memory Yet Green*, by Isaac Asimov  
(Avon pb, \$7.95)

I was raised to despise Reader's Digest Condensed Books, and I guess I still feel that way. The idea that the average book is too big and hard for most people and must therefore be scaled down to a more acceptable size may be statistically true, but it is not a cheering thought, and I for one wish to have nothing to do with the things.

I took this approach to the equal & opposite conclusion that a Book is sacrosanct and must never be abridged, but sometimes I have my doubts about that. For instance, I remember many years ago reading a mundane mainstream novel by James Jones, called *Some Came Running*. (No, it was not about the sexual effects of exercise.) It seemed to go on forever, but I struggled through it because in those days I believed it was unmanly (or somesuch) to quit a book in the middle. After reading it all, I noticed the fine print on the cover which said that it was a specially abridged paperback reprint.

That one might well have been abandoned entirely, but there are books which are simply too long--gross fat books with good thin books inside screaming to get out. Robert Heinlein's *I Will Fear No Evil* and *Time Enough for Love* are excellent examples.

*In Memory Yet Green* is another one. Asimov is an excellent writer, and an interesting person, and this book offers evidence of both. Unfortunately, he seems to suffer from the same sort of Terminal Total Recall as Borges' Funes the Memorious, and this book (over 700 pages and only the first half of his autobiography) offers ample evidence of that.

The book as a whole is a valuable historical & biographical record, and should be preserved as that. Still, I can't help wishing that a 350-page version of it had been published. So my feelings about it are mixed; there were parts of it I enjoyed very much, and yet I found myself skimming much of the great mass of mundane detail. If you like very detailed books, or are willing to wade through them for a look into an interesting mind, this one's for you.

### Art Index

Tom Cardy	1
Alexis Gilliland	2
Bruce Townley	4
David Thayer	5
Steven Fox	6
Fred Jackson III	8
Stephanie Klein	9
Adrienne Fein	11

The comic strip on the back covers is by Charlie Williams, from a suggestion by me. Incidental illustration by FORMATT.

*Camp Concentration*, by Thomas M. Disch  
(Bantam pb, \$1.75)

This book is a survivor. It was published in 1968, in the midst of the New Wave/Old Wave controversy, and it survived accusations that it was a "Horrible Example of the New Wave and that it was a sellout to the Old Wave. It was reprinted in paperback in 1971 by Avon and it survived a thoroughly revolting cover. And now it has been revived again.

It deserves to survive. It is set in that most confining atmosphere--the prison--and yet it points to a greater vision. It features a protagonist who is neither strong nor "virile," but is nevertheless a hero. It deals with ideas, as we all know science fiction is supposed to, but it does not deliver science lectures. It has a surprise ending which is not a trick ending; as you look back over the book, you see the signs that pointed to this end. If it is dated in particulars ("President McNamara" no longer seems like an inspired extrapolation), its basic message is undying. It is a classic, and I urge you to read it.



## Nut Cult Notes

Hello there, fellow Discordians! Once again it's time for your Primal Nut to give you ~~your~~ ~~word~~ word of the latest news in the Nut Cult. First of all, I wish to apologize to His Paisleyness, Amphigorius the Turgid, for getting his official title wrong.

Some of you have heard of a foul conspiracy known as the God of the Month Club. Needless to say, a reputable organization like the Nut Cult would not admit any connection with such a FNORD pagan group. It is just a coincidence that if you send your Primal Nut a SASE, you'll get a copy of their flyer.

New members include Nancy Collins (cult name: Nanook), Mary Cowan (Maia), and Lee Ann Goldstein (I Am That I Am). Lee Ann reports that she has an old dictionary which defines the word *cowan* as "a non-Mason who claims membership in order to penetrate Masonry's dark secrets." Could this mean that the Nut Cult has finally made the Big Time and attracted its very own spy? Alas, probably not.

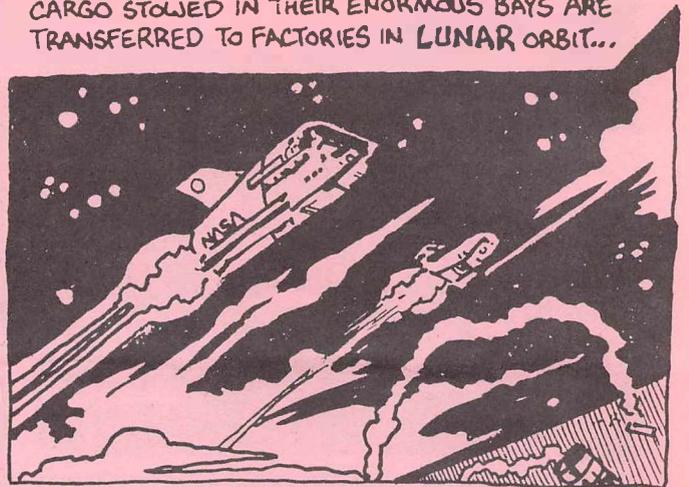
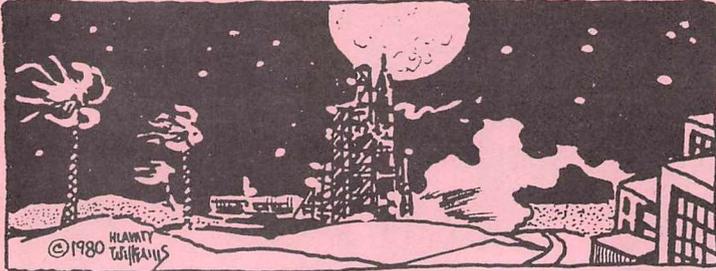
Those who find these Nut Cult Notes a bit confusing might wish to keep one thing in mind. Every Official Discordian Document is required to contain a Discordian Lie: a deliberate falsehood to weed out those who would take it too seriously or unquestioningly. The Discordian Lie in this one is the fourth paragraph.

Hail Eric, Arthur

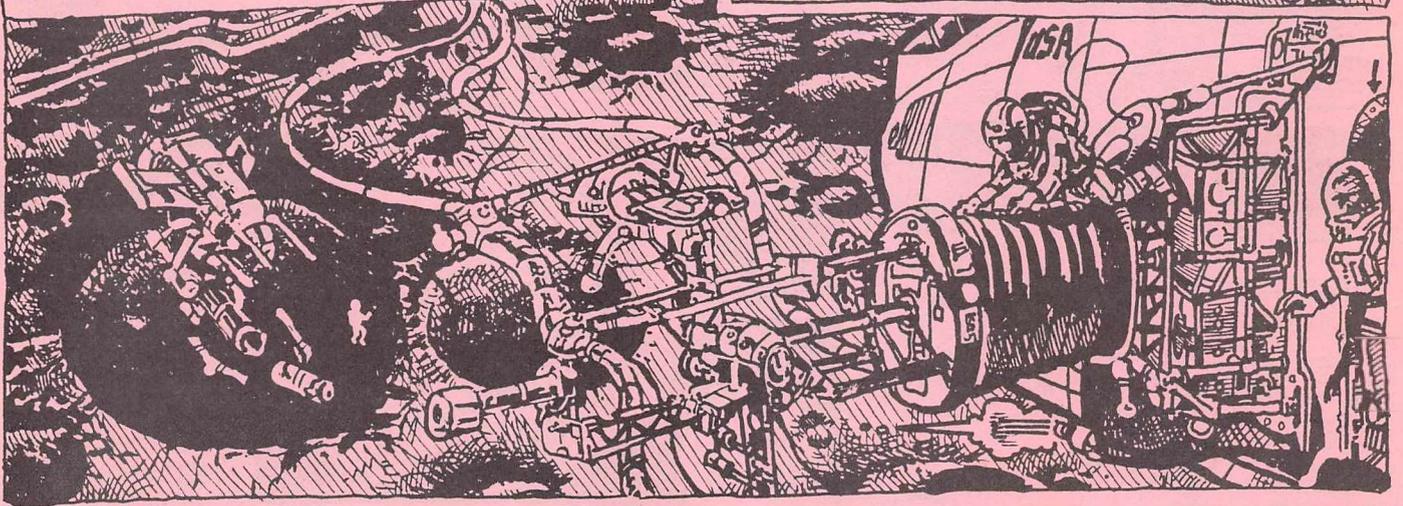
# What Might Have Been...

**A**MERICA HELD HOSTAGE! MOSLEM REVOLUTIONARIES  
THREATEN UNITED STATES INTERESTS AND CITIZENS...  
--AND A SECRETLY-FUNDED NASA PROJECT TAKES  
WING---

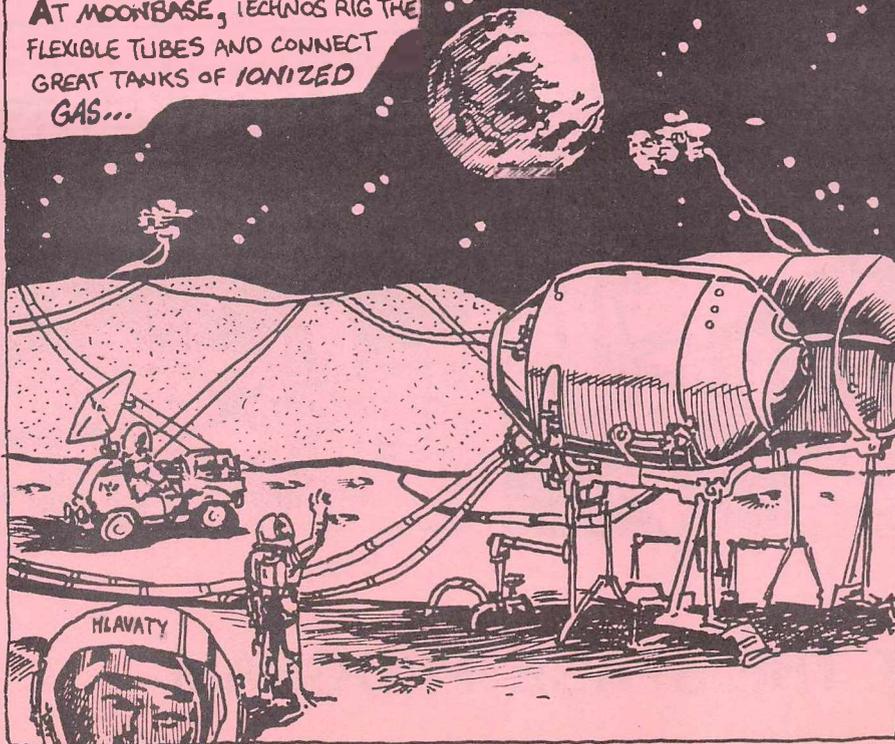
**F**LEETS OF SHUTTLES LEAP INTO HIGH ORBIT...  
CARGO STOWED IN THEIR ENORMOUS BAYS ARE  
TRANSFERRED TO FACTORIES IN LUNAR ORBIT...



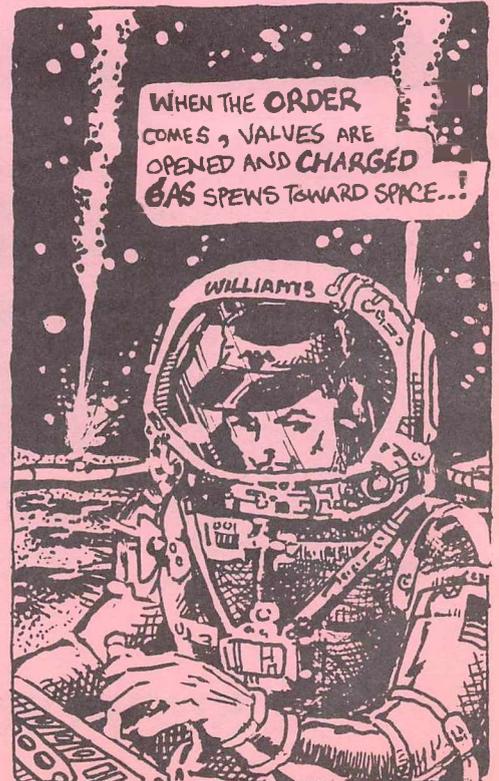
**T**HOUSANDS OF MILES OF POROUS PIPE ARE  
UNREELED FROM ORBIT INTO **INTRICATE**  
**ARABESQUES** ON THE AIRLESS PLAINS BELOW...



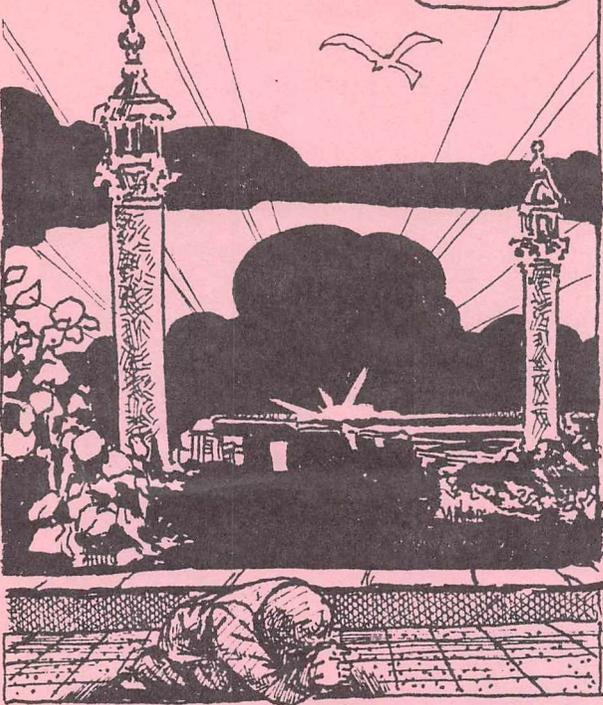
**A**T MOONBASE, TECHNOS RIG THE  
FLEXIBLE TUBES AND CONNECT  
GREAT TANKS OF IONIZED  
GAS...



**W**HEN THE ORDER  
COMES, VALVES ARE  
OPENED AND **CHARGED**  
**GAS** SPEWS TOWARD SPACE...!



**DAWN IN SOUTHWEST ASIA; PRAYERS ARE CHANTED BY MULLAHS AND REVOLUTIONARIES ALIKE...**



**AMERIKAN FOOL! JUST FOR THAT, I TAKEAWAY YOUR READING PRIVILEGES TODAY!**

**HOLD, QANAH...! SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING OUTSIDE!**

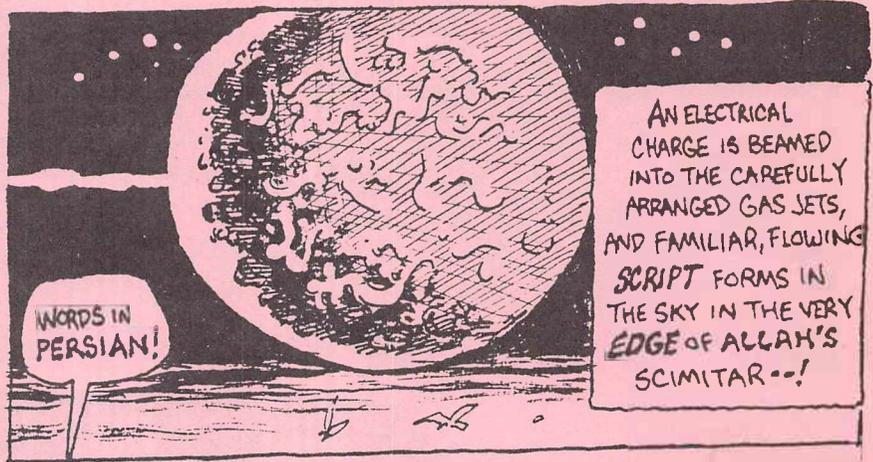


**LOOK!**

**THE CRESCENT MOON!**

**YES-- THE HOLY SWORD OF ISLAM--**

**WORDS ARE APPEARING!**



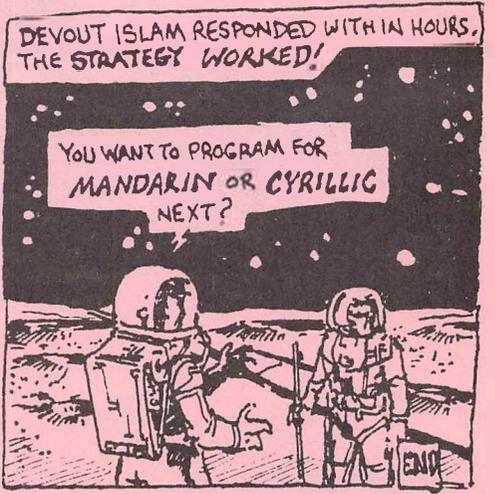
**WORDS IN PERSIAN!**

**AN ELECTRICAL CHARGE IS BEAMED INTO THE CAREFULLY ARRANGED GAS JETS, AND FAMILIAR, FLOWING SCRIPT FORMS IN THE SKY IN THE VERY EDGE OF ALLAH'S SCIMITAR--!**



**YES--YES--IT READS "DEAR KHOMENI: FREE THE AMERICANS OR IT'S YOUR ASS. SINCERELY, ALLAH."**

**INCREDIBLE!**



**DEVOUT ISLAM RESPONDED WITH IN HOURS. THE STRATEGY WORKED!**

**YOU WANT TO PROGRAM FOR MANDARIN OR CYRILLIC NEXT?**

**SUPPORT THE SPACE PROGRAM**