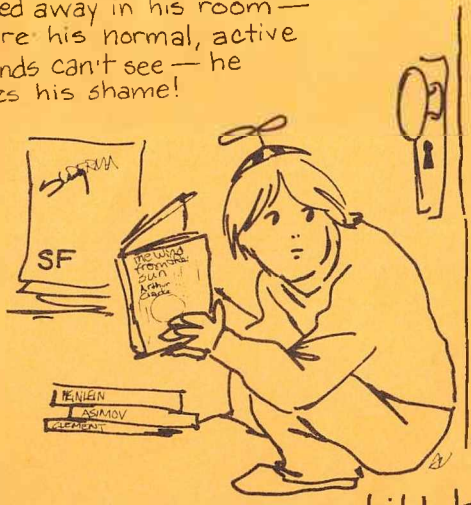


THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP [?]

\$A

Locked away in his room —
where his normal, active
friends can't see — he
hides his shame!



Don't let your child know
this kind of anxiety!

**Join the Mothers' March
Against Literacy!**

This is the October, 1978, 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 © 1978 by Arthur D. Hlavaty. All rights returned to contributors. This is Volume 2, Number 3; Whole Number 7; W.A.S.T.E. Paper #21.

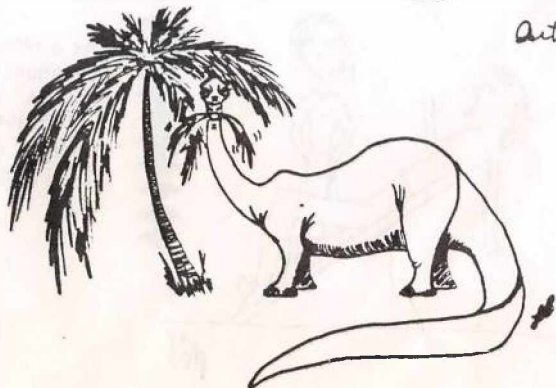
THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP is available for \$1, letter of comment, trade, or artwork. If there is an X after your name on the envelope, you will not get the next issue unless you send one of the above. Back issues are \$1 each, all 6 for \$5.

This issue is dedicated to my first fannish friend, & connection to many other friends, Lynne Holdom.

Howdy, friends. We have a variety of goodies for you this time, including a few ideas on how to bring Civilization As We Know It to the United States, a discussion of my name & whether it made me what I am today, an update on the *Illuminatus!* Nut Cult, a memoir of my days as a Volunteer In ~~Slavery~~ Service To America, and a memorial tribute to the best human being I've ever known. The VISTA article first appeared in FEINZINE 3, under the title of "A Learning Experience." I would like to thank editor Adrienne Fein for her gracious permission to reprint, and to apologize to the 2 dozen or so of you who've already read it.

You will notice a few changes in this issue. For one, it's shorter; and if you thought I'd cut down on my own writings, you haven't been paying attention. There is no letter column as such, but I will continue to print a few letters. In addition, I have returned DR to general writing. Those interested in my fannish writings are invited to send a SASE for AIRFOIL 1, which consists of con reports on Darkover con & Empiricon. See you next year.

Arthur



ADRIENNE FEIN

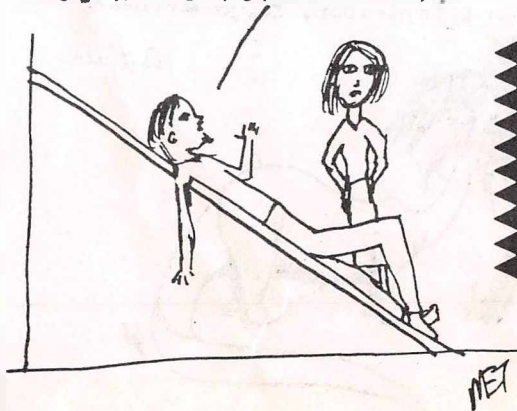
Actually, I don't support the overthrow of the government by either ~~sex or violence~~ oops--by either force or violence, because I consider that it is *already* upside down.

Welfare destroys people's initiative to get off Welfare. In order to qualify for Welfare, you cannot have any reserve money. But job hunting *costs* money--for transportation, clothes to impress prospective employers, etc. So in order to get Welfare in the first place, a person has to prove that s/he is totally unable to survive without it--and that s/he does not have the capacity to get off Welfare.

Bill Bridget: I have a feeling that you might not have frightened Jessica away; you might have made her so mad that she threw the table at you. Sex isn't the only thing in the world, goddamit, and overwhelming need often has more to do with self-esteem, with needs that are displaced onto sex, than with sex itself. There are also closeness and warmth and non-goal-oriented sensuality. In our culture, men are somehow more likely to deny these desires than women. And to get all tied up in knots inside because of it. And to frighten away everyone who isn't fascinated with untying knots....

R. I. Barycz: I know that the quiet ones are more dangerous; I resent being *used* as a convenient object with which the whistler can demonstrate his inability to share sexual love with other men. I further resent the fact that no one thinks I might object, or sympathizes if I do. I might not mind it so much if the whistlers didn't think I had an *Obligation* to feel flattered.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS WHAT HLAUATY
MEANS BY A DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP?



As a result of an upsurge in the demand for the nondenominated "A" stamp booklets, the U.S. Postal Service suddenly "withdrew the booklets from sale as of the close of business Oct. 2.

ROBERT ANTON WILSON

Let me give you a piece of my mind.

Hitler's favorite movie was *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. I just read that in *The Psychopathic God: Adolf Hitler*, by Robert G. L. Waite, and it fascinates me. Did he identify with Prince Charming or with Dopey?

I am astonished that your David Eisenhower religion hasn't swept the nation. I suggest that you keep on pitching; with at least 199,000,000 morons in the country, you've got a formula there that's going to make mucho dinero for somebody. Send a copy of that issue to Anita Bryant, who will almost certainly accept David as her Lord and Saviour at once and will spread the gospel with fervor.

According to today's paper, an Englishman called Sir Dangle Foot just died at the age of 73. I call this to the attention of those who think that the characters in my books have unbelievable names. Can you imagine what it would be like to be called Sir Dangle Foot for 73 years? The mind reels; the imagination staggers. I wouldn't want to be called Sir Dangle Foot for even 73 days.

The quote attributed to me in your issue #3 ("I may be crazy, but I'm not wrong. I'm mad, but not ill.") is actually spoken by a character in an unpublished novel of mine called *Werewolf Bridge*. The character was in St. Elizabeth's hospital for the insane in Washington, occupying by synchronicity the same room which once held Ezra Pound, and he believed that LBJ was actually Cthulhu and his psychiatrist was Lawrence Talbot, the wolf-man from the old Universal horror flicks. The novel was rejected with incredible promptness by every publisher who looked at it, and I don't even have a copy left myself anymore. Where the hell did you ever find that line attributed to me?

{ I found it in the *Principia Discordia*, or perhaps to be on the safe side I should say, something which purports to be the *Principia Discordia*. }

Since I invented the Linda Lovelace for President campaign and its associated slogan, "Let's have a good-looking cocksucker in the White House next time," I must take exception to your complaint that this small jest is disparaging to cocksuckers. It was a *play on words*, dammit, intended to highlight the ambiguities in the American psyche concerning the subject of cocksucking. Ah well, we satirists are always being misunderstood, which is probably just as well. If we were ever clearly understood, we'd probably be

↑ hanged in the town square. I should think that my profound admiration for tender, skillful, artistic cocksuckers is evident in my novels. It's those motherfuckers I don't like. ↑

{ Aw, Lazarus Long wasn't so bad. You are right, though, that I should have considered the source in my remarks. And I do sympathize with the goals of your organization. After all, Ms. Lovelace, unlike most recent presidents, has shown that she can do at least one thing right. }

Allow me to dissent, heatedly and waving ~~my~~ arms in anguish, from your putdown of Raymond Chandler. Nobody yet has been able to write vernacular American English with the brilliance, beauty, and wit of Chandler, even though he has been the most imitated stylist of this century. Jesus, after ten thousand counterfeit Chandler novels by expert forgers, and even after dozens of clever parodies (from S. J. Perelman to the NATIONAL LAMPOON), a page of Chandler's prose is still a unique experience with the possibilities of the English language. It was a style that could say literally anything, from the famous Chandler wisecracks to the most *haiku*-like images of natural beauty, from unsurpassed descriptions of physiological sensations that other writers have given up as beyond words to the most precise erotic judgments ("She smelled the way the Taj Mahal looked by moonlight"), and did all this with facile smoothness and without once losing its tang of authentic American speech. What Chandler wrote was Folk Art and High Art at the same time, and a mind wide enough to bridge that chasm is an adornment to any nation's literature.

And grok this: One 1950s poll found that only two living artists were equally admired by highbrows and lowbrows. One was, of course, the superb Marilyn Monroe. The other was, deservedly, Raymond Chandler.

{ Perhaps my problem is that I read Chandler *after* reading many of his followers. Thus I tend to think of him as "someone who writes like Macdonald, MacDonald, & Thomas," rather than as the innovator he really was. }

DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP, incidentally, is the funniest and most stimulating little magazine I have seen since the early days of the REALIST.

In case your readers missed it, I pass along a pointed thought from the great contemporary philosopher, Bartholomew Gimble: "I'd rather have my mail delivered by Lockheed than fly in a plane built by the post office."

Well, that's a piece of my mind. I'll send along others in the future. Please keep them in a cool, dry place and water them once a week.

Immodest Proposals

First of all, I'd better explain the title. As you know, Jonathan Swift used the name "A Modest Proposal" for an article suggesting that the Irish sell their children to the British as food. It is now generally agreed that Swift, surly and sewer-mouthed as he was, did not really wish to see his program implemented, if for no other reason than that he hated the idea of an Englishman getting a good meal. Thus, my title is the opposite. If I thought we could get away with any of these, I wouldn't chicken out.

1. One of the better federal laws (he said condescendingly) is the Hatch Act, which states that government employees are not permitted to engage in political activities. This strikes me as eminently reasonable, insofar as these people have at least enough chance to harm us in the day-to-day performance of their duties. But the threat of a postal strike has convinced me that perhaps stronger measures are needed. Thus I would recommend that government employees (executive, legislative, & judiciary) not be permitted to vote.

That helps redress the balance of power, but it really isn't fair. After all, there are many other beneficiaries of government largesse. So I propose we likewise remove the franchise from welfare recipients & welfare recipients once-removed (e.g., those doctors who have turned their practices into medium-level industries thanks to Medicare/Medicaid). Of course, this ruling would likewise apply to those connected with various parts of the State which disguise themselves as private enterprise, such as the phone company & the utilities, as well as major defense contractors. Thus we would have a division of payers & payees, with only the payers having a say as to what was done with their money. At least, I think there would be some payers.

2. Another good idea which doesn't go far enough is Gay Liberation. Of course, those of homosexual or bisexual preferences are stupidly punished, but so are those who practice other harmless forms of sexual deviancy. And so I propose the creation of a larger organization to be known as *United Perverts*. This group will be open to all of those who engage in any victimless sexual activity which is condemned by the political, legal, religious, or psychiatric establishment, including:



And then I'd mail you a copy of *The Diagonal Relationship* (pant, pant).



homosexuality;
bisexuality;
oral sex;
anal sex;
polygamy and/or group sex;
any position other than the
beloved Missionary Position
(American Lay of Wife). Par-
ticularly good ones to qualify
for membership are the "latent
homosexual" woman-above position
& the "degraded animalistic"
rear position;
pre-, extra-, or nonmarital
sex;
lewd cohabitation;
fetishes (other than
those which advertise on
television);
bondage and other s/m;
deliberate childlessness.

I think we already have enough categories to insure that anyone who doesn't do any of these things & doesn't eat hay is not fit company for man or beast, but just to be on the safe side, I'll add one more:

sympathizes with any of the above.

The purpose of this organization is the same as that of the Guns & Dope Party--we would outnumber them by a huge majority.

3. As a duly ordained minister, I believe that I should have the right to perform the Sacrament of Divorce & have it recognized by the secular authorities. After all, every ending is a beginning, and the fact that 2 people have decided to stop making each other miserable should be cause for religious rejoicing.

That's the Religious Rationale, and it's always useful to have one or more of those, especially if one is called to the Ministry ~~racket~~. On a more practical level, everyone knows that divorce is a lawyers' shuck. (I hear that the makers of Do-It-Yourself Divorce Kits are being charged with ~~UNDERSELLING~~ Practicing Law Without a License.)

I don't usually agree with Al Capp, but I think he scored a bullseye when he said, "It takes a half an hour and \$2 to get married. It takes at least a year, \$1000, & 2 lawyers to get divorced. Any fool can plainly see it should be the other way around."

Forty years ago, Bertrand Russell asked a simple question in his book *Marriage and Morals*: If a childless married couple wishes to stop being married, why should they not be permitted to do so with the least possible fuss? For asking this question, Russell was called "lecherous, libidinous, lustful, erotomaniac, aphrodisiac, irreverent, narrow-minded, untruthful, and bereft of moral fiber," but no one answered the question. The nearest thing to an answer I have yet heard is "Society has a legitimate interest in the institution of marriage"--an interesting sentence in that not one word in it has any operational meaning.

Along with the Sacrament of Divorce, I would like to suggest that the State treat marriage like any other corporation. It could step in to protect the interests of otherwise helpless minors & to prevent grossly unjust arrangements, but would have no power to regulate matters like the number & gender of participants or the length of the contract or other matters which are none of its business.



"Pardon me for asking, but all old peoples' homes are run by insane fascists, are they not!" Eric Lindsay



STELLA NEMETH

I really cracked up over Dave Szurek's letter. I agree with MZB that the sex of a cralmac is of no possible importance to anyone except another cralmac. When we were selling the house in Rochester, a woman came to look at it, along with her 12 or 13 year old child. When they had left, I asked my 12 year old daughter if the kid was a boy or a girl. She couldn't tell either. Things are pretty bad when the cralmacs can't tell the sex of other cralmacs. Anyway, since Dave's "walking cliché" wasn't a cralmac, the fact that she didn't realize that flat-chested bearded folk are usually male isn't too odd. I guess the males of her species don't wear beards.

{ I must admit that I am somewhat puzzled by the sex of walking clichés & other normals. For instance, an apparently female normal once said to me, "I am not a woman; I am a lady." I still don't know how she managed that combination unless she was a man in drag, which she didn't appear to be. }



In Which the Author Discourses upon the Subject of
the Greatest Fascination to Himself: Himself

PART 1: HIs Name

Arthur

I used to feel that I was stuck with, or perhaps trapped inside, my name. I grew up with the feeling that certain names were inherently schmucky. Among these was a set of Anglo-Saxon names which had been taken over by the Jews, including *Melvin*, *Seymour*, *Irving*, *Bernard*, *Milton*,... and *Arthur*. I now suspect that this feeling was specific to New York in the 50s & 60s, rather than a timeless & universal fact. I doubt, moreover, that there is such a thing as an inherently schmucky name, and even if there were, I would prefer to take responsibility for what I have made of myself, rather than accept a nomenclatural determinism.

I have no proprietary feelings about the name *Arthur*. Those with less common names tend to feel disoriented when faced with someone else who shares their name. I on the other hand have no feeling that Mr. Clarke has somehow absconded with my name. I do, however, feel a bit dislocated when called *Art*. Though I have complained to a few correspondents that *Art* is 3/4 of a fart, that explanation comes after the fact. It is merely that I feel that these people are not quite speaking to me, even though they think they are.

Daniel


My true middle name. When rebelling against my first name, I used to regret that I had not dropped *Arthur*, or at least truncated it to *A.*, at some period of change in my life, such as college entrance. Now, as I say, I accept my name, but I still favor the idea one occasionally sees in sf stories that there should be a puberty rite wherein the individual deliberately picks a suitable name & assumes it. Today, in the West, that is usually done for religious reasons, as by John Paul I or Mordecai the Foul. Even here, some have shown creativity. My favorite current example is the Jets' middle guard, a Black American who accepted Islam & shed his spuriously Anglo-Saxon name for the Arabic *Abdul Salaam*, which means "soldier of peace."

Lincoln

My phantom middle name. When I was born, my parents gave me 2 middle names. *Lincoln* was in keeping with the Jewish tradition of giving a newborn the initials, though not the actual name, of a living ancestor--my maternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln Hayman. But there was room for only one middle name on my birth certificate, and there my parents wrote *Daniel*. In my adolescence, I felt burdened with 4 names & discarded *Daniel*, only to find when I applied for my driver's license that I had thrown away my "real" middle name.

Hlavatý

After getting over the public school lesson that Different Is Dirty, I have wallowed in the esoteric alienness of my last name (in America; back in Czechoslovakia, *your* name is probably strange & furrin & not to be trusted). It makes me memorable, and I can see myself as a living reminder that there are other places in this world where things are not quite as they are in the USA.



COMMENT 

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR NAME?

BUZZ DIXON

You don't suppose the tobacco industry could be behind the paraquat poisoning, do you? I mean, if smoking dope becomes more dangerous than smoking tobacco....

Personally, I think that all those who participated in, instigated, & encouraged this damned plot should be stripped naked, castrated & emasculated, have their eyes gouged out, their eardrums burst, and their fingers chopped off, then be pushed out on the northbound lane of the San Diego Freeway at 5:30 on a friday afternoon as an object lesson to one & all.

 Uh...Buzz, we're trying to sell the idea that  grass makes people gentle.

TOP SECRET EYES ONLY FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Vital historical document

Important & Official

Same old chickenshit.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE ILLUMINATUS! NUT CULT

Name Bob Caylor Birthdate June 10, 1962

Address 1425 W. Washington, Bluffton, IN 46714

Sex Eager, able, and willing young male loves science fiction & other weird things, seeks like-minded female to discover Eastern Tantric arts with. Write above address.

Weight 135 Height 5'8" Hair Brown Eyes 2

Religions Experienced Skeptical, multitheistic individualism
(most recent first) Wholesome, doubleplusgood Midwestern Christian
Titles, awards, etc. Minister, Mother Earth Church

References. 1. (Roberta Gilliam, 3d Grade Teacher) Bob has the ability to go far, but will have to learn to conform to rules.

2. (RK Hullinger, Jr. Hi Principal) Caylor, if you don't learn to conform, you're not going to make it here!

How would the cult benefit from your membership? I would be your lone infiltrator into the desolate midst of the Bible Belt. I have short hair, no beard, average size. In other words, with a little effort, I can pass for a typical, apathetic, well-behaved student, the kind authority figures love (a perfect spy).

As editor of a new underground school paper, I will promote Hagbard Celine Day. It will be fascinating to see if the mehums question Celine's existence.

What equipment or supplies do you have that might be of use to the Cult? Typer, mimeo, gold spray paint (fantastic for creating facsimiles of Eris' apples for con masquerades).

Would you be willing to give your life for the Cult? Only on a loan basis, and with sufficient collateral.



ACCEPT REJECT
The Mgt.



Nut Cult Notes

Last issue's announcement of the formation of the *Illuminatus!* Nut Cult has sparked a veritable flood of reactions, ranging all the way from "Huh?" to "Who cares?" Nevertheless, there have been some positive reactions to report.

I am particularly gratified by the response from our nation's youth, he said with a malevolent snicker. Bob Caylor's response, on the opposite page, speaks for itself. Cal Johnson of Texas (not far from Mad Dog, I suspect) has joined with the title of AntiPope of the UnOrder of Our Lady of the Golden Apples, and taken unto himself the papal name of Hagbard Hassan I.

In true Discordian fashion, Dennis Jarog announced that he has been a member of the nut cult all along, being a Prophet of Rank Absurdity--Paranoid Division. Dennis is the one who discovered that the innermost reaches of the Post Office are inhabited by a Being of Nameless & Eldritch Horror known as Yog-Xipkode. Dennis is also a Darkover ~~nut~~ fan, and as such, is investigating why Hali & Hastur appear in both the Darkover books & *Illuminatus!*, having discarded the mundane & boring explanation that the authors of both had read *The King in Yellow*.

Expressions of interest have also arrived from Buzz Dixon, Ned Brooks, Leslie David, Ed Zdrojewski, and others whose names I forgot to write down. Meanwhile there have even been requests from overseas. I fear that your infallible, omniscient Primal Nut has bugged up again. Having assigned Eric Lindsay the title of Down-Under Nut, we have now discovered that Peter Graham is also one of us. Therefore, we are making Eric the Primate of Australia & Peter the Primate of New Zealand. (I do not understand why the Aneristic Catholics reward their best bishops by designating them as apes, but far be it from me to argue. I suppose that is higher on the evolutionary scale than a cardinal.)

Last issue we included Lynne Holdom in a list of those who are not *Illuminatus!* nuts & thus "must be presumed *pfui* sane until proven otherwise." Lynne's loyal friends Judy Gerjuoy & Anji Valenza have leaped to her defense, saying that as far as they are concerned, she has been proven otherwise. In fact, on a suggestion from M.E. Tyrrell, we are creating the rank of *Illuminatus Nesciens* for those who have the true spirit of the Nut Cult without having read the books.

We would also like to reassure any law-enforcement personnel reading this that we really are a bunch of harmless nuts, & thus it would be pointless to infiltrate us.



ELENA PIROV

What I found most interesting about your con report was the weirdo time sense. You kept saying stuff like "whom I am destined to miss entirely" & "I am later to buy & read." Now if you'd said "whom I *was* destined to miss entirely" & been talking the whole time in the past tense, it would have been ordinary. But the way you wrote it made it sound as though it were going on right now & you were experiencing precognition. Nice!

{ Would you believe I wrote the thing in present tense as an act of sympathetic magic to get Robert Silverberg writing again--and it worked? No? Me, neither. How about I did it as a way of dealing with the problem of many flashbacks & flashforwards (and as a tribute to the man who's produced more good stuff than anyone else in the field)? }

Oh, boy, Arthur. "Someone we all knew was a dummy, perhaps even someone who flunked out." Do you really believe that the people who flunked out of Swarthmore & other schools like it were dumber than those who didn't? Really? I don't think so. There seems to be a general confusion of academic success with brains in our culture, in which you appear to be participating. Or rather, academic nonsuccess with lack of brains. Admittedly, I am probably oversensitive on this subject as I flunked out of college (Middlebury--not as elite as Swarthmore, granted, but a contander) a couple of times.

{ As the saying goes, I use statistics the way a drunk uses a lamppost--for support, rather than illumination. In other words, I mention facts (like my IQ) to convince others of what I know bloody well is true anyway. In this case, an old buddy & I had been sitting around mentioning the names of various Swarthmore colleagues who had gone on to mundane success, and laughing uproariously. Since none of my other readers know these people, it seemed better to present "objective" evidence. I have never believed that all of those who fail in the academic world (I myself wiped out at the grad-school level) do so because of stupidity. }



SARGENT SHRIVER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND

"In vain, you would insist that *vista* was a respectable word meaning 'a scenic view,' did not have 'dirty connotations,' and had nothing whatever to do with the female reproductive system."

--Ray Russell, *The Colony*

I guess the first clue was the tags they used to put on pillows. Some of you may remember them: Removing this Tag is Forbidden Under Penalty of Law. Now that actually means that the people who sell the pillows are not allowed to remove the tags, and I believe that they now use tags which explain that more clearly. But I was young, and I thought it meant that if I took the tag off, a policeman would appear and arrest me. Thus, at a tender age, I was misled into believing that the State was liable to arrest you for doing something absolutely harmless in the privacy of your own home. O well, logicians tell us that it's possible to derive a true conclusion from false premises.

In 1962, I read CATCH-22. As many of you know, it is a book of fantastic surrealistic black humor. Its hero is paranoid enough to believe that his government is trying to kill him.

Four years later, my government was trying to kill me. They were defending freedom in Southeast Asia the way freedom is usually defended--by conscripting slaves to risk their lives. Worse yet, they had examined me & decided that I was physically, mentally, & morally fit to serve in the armed forces. (This may have been my first clue that my government did not know what it was doing.) I was not succeeding as a graduate student in Mathematics, so I had to figure out another way of continuing my 8-year draft-evasion sentence. In a sordid hotel, a woman recommended that I join VISTA. (I believe that's what they call foreshadowing.)

VISTA was part of the War on Poverty. (You remember the War on Poverty. Poverty won.) I wrote for an application, and after a mere 4 months, they sent me one. They decided that I was physically, mentally, & morally fit to serve in the War on Poverty (which may have been another mistake), and in June, 1966, I went off to Chicago to be trained as a warrior.

And I learned a few things. I learned about Social Scientists. We were lectured by a great number of these, ranging from competent to moronic.

Many of the Social Scientists displayed an attitude I have since come to associate with all types of religious fanatic: Utter credulity to the Revealed Truths of their faith, combined with utter contempt for any other. One SS asked us what our motivation for helping people should be. A devoutly religious friend of mine raised his hand & said, "Love."

"Ah," said the SS, in a tone of elephantine sarcasm, "You mean you wish to have sexual intercourse with the poor?" To this day, I regret that I lacked the courage to ask him to expand upon his most interesting definition of love by telling us how he felt about his mother. (I forget what the right answer was, but it was a technical term that might fairly be described as a euphemism for "love.")

We also were assigned to work with various social service agencies. I had the good fortune to draw the Welfare Dept. I found it highly instructive to see what happens when human benevolence becomes institutionalized as a civil service job. The recipients became, in the eyes of the caseworkers, units, to be serviced. One example of this was the Paternity Form.

The Paternity Form is the lowest type of pornography known to the mind of man. When a welfare recipient becomes pregnant, she must fill out one of these reports, so that the Welfare Dept. can track down the "putative father" & make him help support the child. (Often these investigations cost more than the child-support payment.) The recipient will of course have her payments cut off if she does not answer questions such as: "Name of putative father" "When did intercourse first take place?" "Where did intercourse first take place?" "How often did intercourse take place?" (Somehow they neglected to ask, "In what position did intercourse take place?" Perhaps the questionnaire was made up by a Social Scientist who was unaware that there is more than one position.)

If the caseworkers did treat the recipients as impersonal units, perhaps procedures like these were part of the reason. It must be painful to force someone whom you think of as human to answer questions like that. (I should say, of course, that some of the caseworkers I met were not dehumanized. Yet. But from the comments of others about their clients, I was led to the conclusion that they would enjoy asking questions like that, which to me is like a policeman who enjoys entrapping gays in men's rooms or a concentration-camp guard who enjoys his work.)

I also learned about myself. Like the woman with the louse in her hair, I lack the power to see myself as others see me. (I wonder how many people who quote that line know where it comes from.) Had the giftie gi'en me that power, I would have seen that I lacked such desirable VISTA qualities as

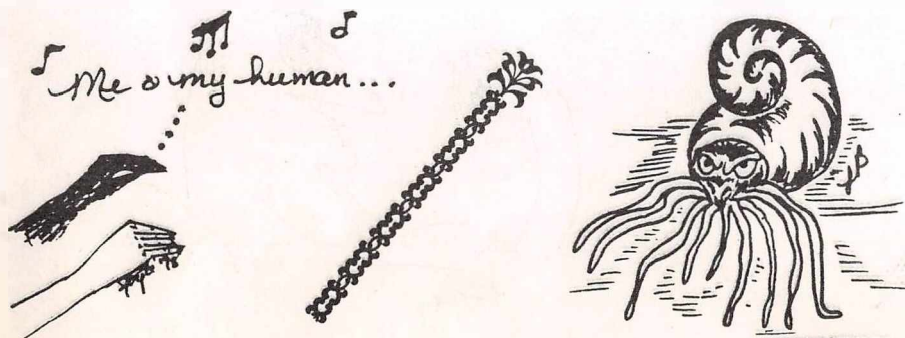
- (1) Being "self-starting"
- (2) The ability to move into new situations & take over quickly; and
- (3) The moral arrogance to believe that I knew what was right for everyone else.

Fortunately I also lacked self-knowledge.

The VISTA hierarchy did notice that there was something wrong with me, which was surprising, as they didn't notice much else. I have since read (A. A. Rogow, THE PSYCHIATRISTS) that a study of the psychological evaluations which the Peace Corps uses on its trainees indicated that, as a predictor, they are almost--but not quite--as effective as picking names out of a hat. I believe it. The Government Social Scientists who evaluated us failed to notice that 2 of our number had undergone total personality collapse during the training period, though their condition was obvious to the rest of us. (There may be a parallel here to the well-known Rosenhan experiment, in which "normal" people had themselves committed to mental institutions and then made no effort to "act crazy." Fellow patients frequently guessed that they were doing an experiment, but the staffs never suspected a thing. Both tend to confirm Shea & Wilson's SNAFU Principle: Communication is impossible in a hierarchy.)

The Government Social Scientists had some dim awareness of the shortcomings I have mentioned, but they were much more concerned with the fact that I had been involved in a Sex Scandal.

Every VISTA & Peace Corps training group has a Sex Scandal. It's traditional. One like mine--involving 2 people, 2 sexes, one race, & no pregnancies--was a pretty poor one by VISTA standards. Nevertheless, it was the best my group could come up with, so the authorities did what they could with it.

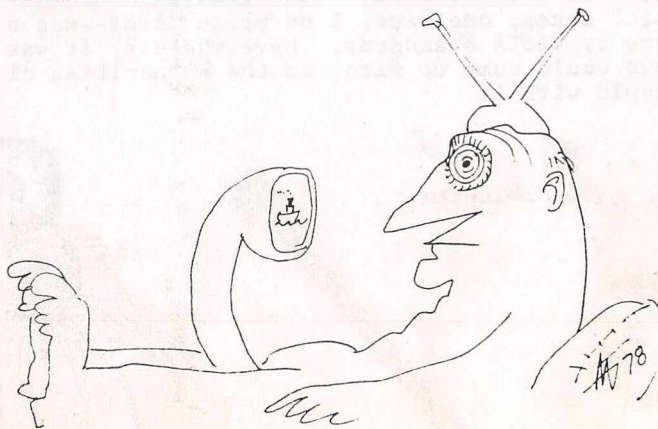


What had happened was that an envious roommate of my friend's had reported us. (Lest I be accused of male-chauvinist boasting, let me hasten to point out that I didn't say which of us she envied.) By now, I was somewhat familiar with the alleged thought processes of Government Social Scientists. I was not surprised that they were morally outraged at our behavior. I was not overly surprised that they were too hypocritical to admit to their moral outrage, and so discussed the whole thing in terms of "interpersonal intragroup reactions" & the like. I was a bit surprised, though, when they sent me to a shrink to find out what my motivation was. (He, being a Government Social Scientist, couldn't figure it out either.)

After the shrink gave up, I was sent to the Expert in Charge of Difficult Cases. I gave an impassioned explanation of my commitment to social change without once mentioning the term "Selective Service." The Expert decided that I was salvageable, but that I should be given a mediocre & somewhat punitive assignment.

And here is the message of hope in all this. To be sure, the Government is out to get us. To be sure, it has great & powerful resources. But be of good cheer, friends, for the government is every bit as inept in doing evil as it is when it tries to do good. What they did was, they threw me in the briar patch.

They assigned me to what they considered a dull office job with a Bail Project, interviewing prisoners & determining if they were eligible for pretrial release without bail. It was, incidentally, one of the few VISIA projects which did tangible good. I was sufficiently good at it so the project director invited me back for a second year. I enjoyed it so much that I eagerly accepted. But I haven't told you the best part. In 1966, the United States Government punished me by sentencing me to live in San Francisco.



Today's cheerful thought is that we are rapidly approaching the time when, if you wish medical attention, you will have either someone red in tooth & claw from the kind of bloodthirsty competition required to get one into and through medical school, and thus obviously utterly lacking in any sort of human qualities...or a woman or Black who got through on a quota. Interesting choice.

Of course, by then, the medical profession, with the aid of the federal bureaucracy, will have extended its control to the point where any substance which might conceivably affect one's physical health (except aspirin) will require a prescription. The exception of course will be to enable doctors to say, "Take 2 aspirin & call me in the morning," without having to do any work if they don't feel like it.



~ ~ ~

"Were this a truly democratic society, The People would vote away their own right to piss if it served their prejudices." Jessica Amanda Salmonson (letter)

~ ~ ~

SF writers are not the only ones with prophetic skills. In the 1960s, Waylon Jennings wrote & recorded a song which included the words, "Anita, you're dreaming of a world that could never exist."

ROBERT BLOCH

Imagine my horror at opening the latest copy of DR and finding therein a series of quotations from that right-wing reactionary male-chauvinist pig, H. L. Mencken! Imagine, also, my great delight at seeing how timely his half-century-old observations remain today, and how pertinent his impertinence. Thanks for pubbing same, and for DR.

John Boston

Your remarks about the Seat of Government reminded me of my recent trip to Boulder, Colorado and the heavy political scene that is coming down there. One might almost say that this once tranquil college community, nestled against the foothills of the majestic Rocky Mountains, is racked with turmoil and riven with civic strife. To wit: several years ago, a downtown mall was constructed in Boulder. I must admit they did a terrific job. They didn't just close off a street, they bricked it in, then added an assortment of benches, kiosks, grass plots, shrubbery, trees, etc., in between the facing rows of bookstores, restaurants, jazz clubs, theatres, and all the other higher manifestations of contemporary urban self-indulgence. They wanted people to hang out. However, where many people hang out, they must also let go, and there were no public rest rooms. Now the County Courthouse is near one end of the mall, and the obvious solution was to use the facilities there. However, the county authorities were not prepared to let just anyone use their toilets. So the city fathers and mothers of Boulder caused to be erected a public toilet, an unassuming structure of black-enamelled metal resembling a couple of large lockers pushed together. And everything was fine, until someone found out that it had cost \$67,000 to build and continued to cost \$5,000 annually to maintain. Immediately a great cry was raised. Independent audits were demanded. City Council votes were taken. The Daily Coloradan held a contest to Name the Can, and the winning entry was the County Seat. (I'll bet you thought I couldn't make the connection.) While I was in Boulder, things came, as it were, to a head. Outraged townspeople had formed an organization, Citizens Revolting Against Poor Planning of Elimination Resources, with the obvious acronym, and had called for a demonstration at the County Seat. (Demonstration of what? you ask. I don't know, because I didn't see it, but I did see a car full of raucous activists with a banner reading CRAPPER driving around later that day.) By the time I left, the maintenance company that was getting the \$5,000 a year had reneged on their contract because of the bad publicity. God knows what will happen next. Perhaps the activists will escalate their tactics and call for a sit-in, or even . . . or even . . .

The reason I was in Boulder, by the way, is that I had swindled my employer into sending me to the National Institute of Trial Advocacy, which was of minimal interest to the real world except for the following exchange from one of the simulation exercises (a narcotics prosecution):

Q: And you hid the cocaine in your bra, didn't you?

DEFENSE COUNSEL (in perfect seriousness): I object! There's no foundation!

"NOBODY COMMUNICATES ANY MORE."

"NO! YOU'RE WRONG! NOBODY *COMMUNICATES* ANY MORE!"

In the last issue, I published a letter from my friend Avedon Carol. I thought it was a typical Avedon Carol letter; i.e., it was quite well-written, expressed with grace & wit, obviously the product of intense & original thought. As usual, I found myself agreeing with almost all of what Avedon said--except for the 2 or 3 places where I wanted to throw the letter to the ground & stomp on it while screaming, "BULLSHIT!"

Specifically, I agree that:

Women should have options other than breeding;
The number of children a woman has is utterly irrelevant to her worth as a human being;
Birth control, abortion, & sterilization should be made available to anyone who wants them;
When a woman becomes pregnant, it is entirely her decision whether to bear the child.

Avedon also said that bearing a child should not ever become an economic burden to a woman, and suggested, "Like tribal societies, we could all share the responsibility for the children that do exist." I replied, somewhat cryptically I fear, that such a suggestion, like the idea that in a sexual Utopia, a man could get all the sex he wants, leaves out the interests of those providing the support (sex).

Here I'd best provide a bit of background: In the 60s we had the sex-freedom movement, of which I consider myself a part. Many of its apparently radical goals will strike my readers today as self-evident: monogamy is not the One True Path for each & every human being; homosexuals are not disgusting, sick, evil perverts; abortions should be legal; etc. On the other hand, sex freedom was primarily a male idea, and while no real sex-freedom person ever said that a woman **MUST** have sex with any man who asks her if she wishes to consider herself liberated, there was a definite lack of concern for the female point of view.

This yang shift in the relations between the sexes brought about a yin reaction (as always). A new feminist movement sprung up, reacting to both the old patriarchal system and the excesses of sex freedom. At best, this movement stressed individual freedom, self-determination, and opposition to the old collectivist stereotypes of "woman's role" & "man's role." At worst, it was statist & political, calling for government action, socialism, & continuing involvement in mass actions.

There is a legacy of distrust between the sex-freedom movement & the feminist movement. Each side will tend to interpret its own spokespeople positively, explaining away the bad-sounding things, while taking the other side at face value.

For instance, Here's a sex-freedom Utopia I believe in. It would have safe, easy, 99.99%-effective birth control. Like Avedon's ideal society, it would be one in which women would have maximum opportunity to achieve in their own right, rather than assuming that they must be wives'n'mothers, or thinking that trading sex for security and/or money is woman's natural role. It would be one in which individual preferences were respected, and all voluntary sex acts were permitted. Finally, it would be one in which men did not find their sense of self-worth in the sheer number of sex partners they could acquire. Such a society would approach the state where a man could get all the sex he wanted. (And of course, a woman could get all the sex she wanted.) I trust that my feminist readers will not find this a particularly male-chauvinist Utopia, or at least not as bad as one defined solely in terms of a man's ability to get laid.

Similarly, I took Avedon's statement at face value, though I guess I knew better. Specifically, I maintain that her words could be interpreted as calling for a society which differs from ours largely in that a welfare recipient who does not feel like putting in her diaphragm can feel secure in the knowledge that the State will take care of any offspring she produces, without cost or inconvenience to her. That is not my idea of Utopia.

I should point out that I was not alone in this interpretation. Victoria Vayne, Alexis Gilliland, & Elena Pirov also assumed a similar interpretation, & did not care for it. Others, more frighteningly, could not see what the problem was. As Albert Jay Nock said many years ago, "There is a common belief that the State has money of its own."

And yet there is another interpretation to Avedon's remarks. She mentioned "tribal society." One essential of a tribal society is that people know one another. In America today, we don't have that. I am fully aware that there are welfare recipients who are nothing like the stereotyped "welfare bum"--lazy, stupid, & fecund. I also have met a few who are precisely like the stereotype. The trouble is that one cannot tell from afar which is which, and I am disinclined to trust the judgments of government social scientists whose jobs would be in jeopardy if there were a lot fewer people on welfare.

I yearn for a tribal society--one in which the potential recipient of the tribe's beneficence is seen as Mary or John or Avedon, rather than as a WELFARE BUM or a VICTIM OF CAPITALISM. If I felt that the tribe could make knowledgeable decisions, I would willingly participate. In a small enough group, the "interests of society" would be a meaningful & observable concept, rather than a bit of mystification enforced upon us by those in power. In such a society, I would definitely support the idea that children are a part of the whole tribe.

There, instead of the child "belonging to" a Daddy who had the sole responsibility of supporting it & a Mommy who had the sole responsibility of nurturing it, the children would be supported by all, & cared for by those whose talents ran in that direction. (This is the *only* circumstance under which I could see myself wanting to become a parent.)

Am I calling for the return of the small town? Yes, but with a difference. Historically, people have been trapped in small towns, or at best could seek the impersonal shelter of the unknown city. With today's communications systems, those who did not fit in with the community where they were born would have a chance to seek out a more congenial one.

And I like to think that there would be many kinds--capitalist & socialist, egalitarian & stratified, technological & back-to-Nature, mongamous & polygamous, Anita Bryant's Orange Jesus (where homosexuality is forbidden) & Neo-Sodom (where heterosexuality is forbidden). And so on. There would be a small central government to keep out foreign invaders &, more important, to keep the different communities from attacking each other.

Like all radicals, I don't know how we get there from here, though I can see that mass action won't help (which is one argument for my proposal). The energy crisis could lead to a replacement of transportation by communications, & that would help; and if solar power turns out to be useful only for stationary purposes, that would be even better. But the possibility of a post-political society is the best idea I've heard in a long time.



SCHLOCK SYMPOSIUM

Lynne Holdom Yes, there are differences in Gothics, but I don't like any of them very much. Gothics are essentially female porn in that they pander to the desires of females who want someone to lean on, someone who will worship them, and someone who is understanding about sex. He doesn't force himself on her till she's absolutely ready, i.e., after he swears undying love and devotion and gives up all those "cheap" women. It teaches women to depend on men (naturally) and to think of sex as irrevocably attached to "true love."

Don D'Amassa I agree about the declining quality of books since the del Reys replaced the Ballantines. Surprisingly enough, their fantasy novels have, for the most part, remained above par. *Lord Foul's Bane*, *Boonfarers of Coramonde*, even *The Seeking Sword* were worth reading. (Notice I ignore *Sword of Shanara* or whatever it was.) But the real Science Fiction is going from bad to worse. James Hogan has all of the writing ability of Alexander Blade. Del Rey's own embarrassing juveniles are all coming back into print. *Splinter of the Mind's Eye* is terrible, and I like Foster's books. Wollheim is, perforce, once more the best editor in the field. Even with the occasional work by Carter, Akers/Bulmer, or John Norman, DAW's average quality is still better than any other major publisher.

Elyse Grasso Have you ever read any of the books in the "Destroyer" Series? The covers look rather like the Executioner, but the stories are rather strange. High body counts to a point which may be a parody of the Executioner, and each book massacres a different facet of contemporary culture. I'm told that one of the books includes a massacre of STAR TREK fans at a con.

Judy Gerjuoy I have read a few Barbara Cartlands, but gave up, as they all made me sick. I have also, mainly when there was NOTHING else to read, read women's historicals like *The Wolf and the Dove*. I'd call them female soft-core porn—Gor for women. Basically, girl meets strong man, falls in love, won't admit it to herself. He semi-rapes her. She finds herself responding, and loving sex. They go through various traumas and don't trust each other. At the end, they find out they love each other. It used to be, you fell in love, got married, went to bed. Some fell in love, went to bed, then got married. In these books, they go to bed, then get married, then fall in love.

Buzz Dixon According to my friend Ian Covell in England, the Danes have banned Harold Robbins, Barbara Cartland, and Frank G. Slaughter from their public libraries on the grounds that these authors lack literary quality. I know I should be opposed to censorship, but somehow I can't stop laughing.

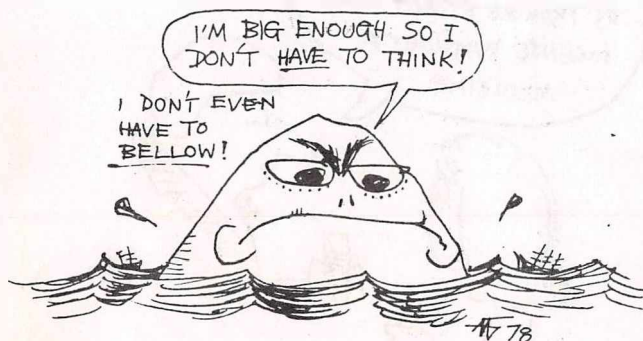
{ Some writers needn't go back into history to commit anachronisms & other gross blunders. In *The Barstow Legend*, a contemporary novel by Mary Loos: 1) The Peace Corps precedes the Nixon-Kennedy Debates; 2) a sympathetic contemporary observer of the first sit-ins calls the participants "blacks"; 3) Satchel Paige's immortal line, "Don't look back. Something might be gaining on you," is attributed to "that wonderful musician Satchmo." }

PETER GRAHAM

You wouldn't believe the latest bumbling down here. Back at census time, they got us all to fill out forms to say all sorts of junk and decided to use these to work out who was on what electoral roll, the boundaries having been changed so badly. So the election now looms, and they have botched the job unbelievably. People on the Maori roll have been incorrectly put on the European roll; people have been wrongly notified of which roll they are on; and the government wishes to evade all responsibility for the botch, and make it the voter's responsibility to see that he is on the right roll. Even the goddess Anjivalenza might go nuts trying to figure out what will happen over that one.

Naturally, becoming a goddess is reasonable. (Sutra 19, Patanjali's Yogasutras: Concentration without nonattachment makes gods of us.) Of course the occultist Dion Fortune (alias Violet Firth) claimed that solitary imaginings cannot do it; one needs one fellow-imaginer to complete the circuit. Very well--Anjivalenza, You whose eyes perceive the star-mists of the whirlpool, You whose ears hear the whisperings of the Primeval Parting, You most recently born of goddesses, hear us as we call to you. Grant this zine, The Diagonal Relationship, a long life.

A graffiti David Bimler reports is on the walls at Massey University in NZ: "The Lord is my Shepherd; the Butcher employs him" and "Aleph Null plus Aleph Prime Defeats Alcoholic Existentialism (I drink, therefore I am)" so you can see that Confed, the sf nuts there, are doing well. (They worship the Superbudgerigar, if such is of any interest to you. I may tell you all about this perverse religious cult next letter. Would you credit a St. Torquemada?) I now plan to form a Mutual Worship Club for Gods & Goddesses—every member one, and a genuine certified Pope or Mome. Hail Eris. All hail Discordia.



HARRY WARNER, JR.

Maybe somebody will write someday a parallel universe or worlds of if novel about a course of 20th-century history in which Prohibition arrived at a slightly different time, perhaps ten years earlier or ten years later. I suspect that it might have worked out pretty well if it hadn't been for the bad timing. It began just as the automobile was finally becoming a dependable fast means of transportation with decent roads to travel on between most cities, and at the time when the nation was ready for the increase in crime that follows major wars. Bootlegging was a convenient way to put the new transportation method and the greater tendency to crime into action. If Prohibition hadn't occurred at just that time, it wouldn't have been blamed for the auto-crime opportunism and it might have lasted. There is one other reason why Prohibition got such a bad press: There was no television, radio was just getting started, and newspapers and magazines which desperately needed the advertising revenue derived from firewater had a near monopoly on exaggerating Prohibition problems.

{ Your theory is an interesting one, but the enforcement of victimless-"crime" laws has always led to an increase in real crime. This time, the external circumstances you describe made the connection so obvious it could not be denied. }



"When we talk of 'China's honour' or 'England's interests,' it is impossible we should mean anything precise, and unlikely that we mean anything at all."

--Clive Bell, *Civilization*



Let's start a rumor that you can get high on Laetrile, and see how many people switch sides.

TOM DIGBY

I remember reading *Mindswap*. One thing I remember thinking about it was that in such a world the KKK etc. would go crazy with the frustration of not knowing whom they hate. And would liquor laws be based on the age of the body, or the age of the personality, or both? I've also wondered about the latter in connection with time travel: If someone who is obviously of mature years in terms of subjective duration shows up at a bar with ID in the form of Time Patrol credentials showing that he won't be born for another 50 years yet, should the bar serve him?

The One-Line Letter Column

Anji Valenza: The kind of go vernment I favor is one that ignores me, or better yet, is unaware of my existence.

Dennis Jarog: The nuns used to tellus that God is omnipresent. They also told us that Hell is defined as the absence of God.

Dan Ullman: The government cannot live by one copy alone.

Elena Pirov: I have often thought that the idea that for a mere 15¢ the government of the United States will undertake to move an object 3000 miles in a few days is one of the most impractical & antiquated notions around. I can't see it continuing much longer, at any price.





Guest Star: Fran Lebowitz

Democracy is an interesting, even laudable notion, and there is no question but that when compared to Communism, which is too dull, or Fascism, which is too exciting, it emerges as the most palatable form of government.

As one whose taste in mental states has always run largely toward the coma, I have very little patience with the current craze for self-awareness.

As landlord, you are in the enviable position of having entered a profession where the upkeep is taken care of by the customer. This concept may be somewhat easier to grasp by simply thinking of yourself as a kind of telephone company.

Generally speaking, I look upon [sports] as dangerous and tiring activities performed by people with whom I share nothing except the right to trial by jury.

Even when freshly washed and relieved of all obvious confections, children tend to be sticky. One can only assume that this has something to do with not smoking enough.

When one asks for cream, one should receive either cream or the information that the establishment in question favors instead a combination of vegetable oil and cancer-causing initials.

Bread that must be sliced with an ax is bread that is too nourishing.

If your sexual fantasies were truly of interest to others, they would no longer be fantasies.



As the above quotations from her book, *Metropolitan Life*, may indicate, Ms. Lebowitz is a surly elitist smartass with little appreciation of either the wonders of nature or the benefits modern society is bringing us. In other words, she is my kind of people. The book includes *Something To Offend Everyone* (yes, even me) and some truly bad jokes, but I recommend it.



Julius H. Hlavatý

1907-1978

My father was born in Piestany, Czechoslovakia, in 1908. Czechoslovakia was still a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, though it would not be for long, and so he was thrust into a situation of confusion and contradiction. At home he knew that he was a Slovak and spoke the Slovak language; at school he was supposed to be and speak Hungarian.

The chaos was just beginning. His father died when he was a child, and his mother went off to America, promising to send for him as soon as she could. But before she could do so, World War I intervened. On top of all that, he was stricken with polio.

Merely surviving that set of conditions would be admirable. Yet my father not only survived, but was strengthened. His right foot was twisted from the polio, but his mind was neither warped nor embittered.

In 1921, he was finally able to cross the ocean and be reunited with his mother in New York City. He went to enroll at DeWitt Clinton High School, speaking no English. The school at first had no idea what to do with him. They could not even tell how much he knew. But then a wise math teacher had an idea: He took a piece of paper, wrote out two equations in two unknowns, and handed the paper to my father. My father solved the equations and handed it back. The language barrier had been defeated.

My father learned English quickly and showed that the knowledge he had demonstrated was the true sign. Three years after he arrived in America, he was graduated with honors from Clinton.

My father went on to the City College of New York. Perhaps influenced by his introduction to American education, he majored in Mathematics, making Phi Beta Kappa.

He applied for a job in the New York City school system. Now this was in the early days of the Depression, and there were so many applicants for teaching jobs that the system could afford to discriminate on both reasonable and unreasonable grounds. First there was a rigorous examination in the subject matter. The relatively few who passed that then had to undergo an oral examination to show that they did not sound overly Jewish, Black, or foreign. The former was fairly easy for my father, the latter more difficult (after all, he *was* foreign), but he persevered.

He had found his vocation. Teaching Mathematics turned out to be precisely what he wanted to do and what he was good at. He found himself in other ways, too. He had been raised in the Catholic church, but gave it up. He once told me that the last straw was the discovery that American churches, unlike those he had grown up with, expected worshippers to buy candles. He knew a moneychanger in the temple when he saw one. Thereafter he abandoned formal religion.

And after he had been teaching for a few years, he met an English teacher named Fancille Hayman. Though she was Jewish and he was an ex-Catholic who filled out the "Religion" blank on questionnaires with "Non-Euclidean," they couldn't see any good reasons why they shouldn't get married. Forty years later, they were still happy together.

His teaching abilities were noticed, and he was promoted until he wound up as head of the Mathematics Dept. at the Bronx High School of Science.

By 1952, he was happily married, with two children he loved; he was financially comfortable; he was doing the sort of work he was born to do, and had achieved a position of respect in one of America's best and most prestigious public schools. The old Greek stories tell us that a man in a position like that is bound to fall, and so it was with my father, though he fell not through hubris (which was almost absent from his makeup), but through kindness.

As a favor to a friend, he had done a broadcast on the Voice of America, describing in his native Slovak how one poor foreign boy had become successful. Now at that time, the Senate of the United States was infested by one Tail Gunner Joe McCarthy who, to give his actions the most charitable interpretation possible, may have believed that if he made enough trouble for enough people he might some day catch someone who had committed an overt act against America. (History does not record that he ever succeeded.)

At this time, the Tail Gunner had turned his dubious attentions to the Voice of America, and my father was summoned to testify. It was typical of that sort of show -- a troupe . . . of elected buffoons harassing an innocent man with a collection of stupid questions ranging from old political beliefs to whether he believed in God, all to no discernable purpose. At one point the inquisitors were inattentive enough to permit the entry of a bit of sense in the record, when my father pointed out that nothing he said in the program could be remotely construed as Communist propaganda, whereupon the committee's counsel, a sort of poor man's Richard Nixon who has since distinguished himself in our judicial system largely in the role of defendant, replied, "But there was no Anti-Communist propaganda in it."

In the course of the inquisition, my father took advantage of his Constitutional right to refrain from answering a few nosy questions which dealt with old political affiliations. In so doing, he violated a New York State law to the effect that teachers did not have Constitutional rights, or at least not that particular one. Therefore, he was fired.

There are true stories with happy endings, in which everyone gets what they deserve, and this is one of them. My parents' courage, and the loyalty of true friends, kept the family going. They went into private tutoring to make ends meet, and were extremely successful at that. Then, after the Tail Gunner had finally been recognized by the Senate for what he was, and after his liver had given out under the strain of all the ethanol it was called upon to process, a judge finally noticed the flagrant unconstitutionality of the law under which my father had been fired and ordered him reinstated with full back pay & seniority.

So my father returned to the school system, as head of the Math Dept. at his old alma mater, DeWitt Clinton. He remained there for a few years, but new opportunities were opening up. This was a time of excitement and innovation in the teaching of Mathematics. My father, always an open-minded man, quickly realized that some of the new ideas represented ways of presenting mathematics to children that made the subject seem exciting without sacrificing intellectual rigor & honesty. Thus he worked with many of the most innovative groups, and was hired by the college boards to help create a new advanced placement program. After that, his teaching skills & personality were noted by someone in the communications field, and he was chosen to appear twice a week on NBC's national television program, *Continental Classroom*, explaining modern algebra to teachers. His career was capped in 1967 when the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics elected him its President.

When his NCTM term of office ended, he was officially retired, but he still wanted to teach, so he went down to Iona, a local college run by the Christian Brothers, and offered his services. They accepted him and gave him a salary before he could offer to do it for nothing. There may be few gaps as wide as that between an honors student at the High School of Science and a remedial student at Iona, but my father bridged it. He loved teaching anything to anybody.

Had you met my father this summer, you would have seen a 71-year-old man who was still vigorous and mentally sharp. He might not express a lot of opinions, but he would ask the next question, and he would ask the right question. He could, if called upon, speak learnedly about a wide variety of topics from the current psychodramas of the

Yankees to the history of the papacy. You would quickly see the breadth of his interests. Indeed when he had taught at the High School of Science, the English Dept. had instituted a course in World Literature, only to discover that the person most qualified to give it was in the Math Dept., and he had prepared a reading list--all of which he was familiar with--which had included books in more languages than most people could name.

A man who had known him for 40 years referred to him, without irony, as a saint. I'd say that was close. Though he belonged to no standard-brand religion, he had many of the qualities we associate with saints, from a refusal to hate or seek revenge to an honesty that was total, yet always stopped short of cruelty. He was neither a pollyanna nor a fool; he knew that some people were stupid, or cruel, or dishonest, yet he did not despise anyone for these traits.

I prefer to think of him as a *bodhisattva*, which is the Hindu term for a soul who has attained Enlightenment and thus could enter Nirvana, but chooses instead to return to the world of illusion for another life in order to lead others to the Light. A bodhisattva, as I see it, is both a teacher and an exemplar, as Jesus & Socrates were.

My father was a teacher in the most basic sense. He could show the beauty & the logic of mathematics. Like the Overlords in *Childhood's End*, he took delight in seeing his students surpass him and move into areas closed to him. In addition, he taught by bringing new approaches to math teaching to the attention of many. And while one still hears diatribes against the New Math from these who believe that learning must be WORK (even work that can be done better & faster on a \$10 machine), I believe that his ideas are winning.

My father did not by any means confine his teaching to the classroom. In fact, long before Illich and Holt and people like that, he realized that education and schooling are by no means the same thing. A conversation with him could often turn out to be educational. He did not lecture, but he would ask a question or make a simple statement that could inspire the listener to rethink some blindly accepted prejudice.

For my father knew better than to accept the "obvious" without question. One example: From the time I was a small child, I suspected that there was something "odd" about my parents' marriage. Now I realize that there were 2 odd things. One was that they didn't fight; the other was that there was very little sex-role stereotyping. I am not claiming that they had a perfectly egalitarian marriage (if such a thing exists), but I will maintain that even today, people who've read all the right books on "liberated marriage" and who sincerely try may consider themselves lucky to reach the stage my parents reached 30 years ago.

He also set an example of acceptance of human difference. I know this as well as anyone. Ten years ago, I set out to follow in his footsteps & teach in the New York City school system. But I am not the man my father was, and the school system was not then, and certainly is not now, what it was when he taught there, and so I saw that I could not succeed there.

My father may have been disappointed, but he didn't show it. He certainly never blamed me because my path was not the same as his. As I said in a discussion of Jesus, I believe that one follows a bodhisattva by becoming one's own true self, not by slavish imitation or acceptance of doctrine. That was the way my father wished to be followed.

I believe that this was his greatest lesson: I have said that he was a "saint"--free of hatred, vengeance, & dishonesty. I have said that he was a happy man. I now see that it was precisely the "saintliness" which caused his happiness.

I once mentioned to him that "honesty is the best policy" is true in the simple tactical sense: It may not quite be impossible to cheat an honest person, but it isn't easy. He said that was ^{not} a good reason to be honest, but he agreed that it's true in a deeper sense, that dishonest behavior fills the mind with dishonesty, so the dishonest person lives in a dishonest world by his own acts. So too for hatred, vengeance, and all the other negative emotions & thoughts. Engaging in them is the psychic equivalent of shitting where one eats. My father did not judge--i.e., he did not consider those who had acted badly to be BAD PEOPLE. Therefore, he was not judged, and he did not have to live in fear that he might do something which would make him a BAD PERSON.

All this is my interpretation. I must say that my father did not preach any of this. In fact he did not "teach" it in the sense that many people use the word--he did not try to make people learn this or anything else for he knew that no one can make others learn; the true teacher lets people learn, and he did a lot of that.

The end was quick. On the morning of September 20, he felt sick. He was rushed to the hospital and, a few hours later, as a surgical team labored to keep his body alive, he let go. He leaves behind many who learned from him, many whose lives were enriched by the example he set, and many who will selfishly miss the pleasure of his company. I am all of these.

relevant matters

I seem to have published DR 6 during National Praxis Week (Eric Berne's joke), and I certainly did my part. A few corrections:

1. As Buzz Dixon pointed out, the Symplegades appear in the *Aeneid*, not the *Odyssey*. As I remembered them from Latin class, I should have known that.

2. I praised Ballantine Books for publishing Arthur C. Clarke AND *Childhood's End*. I meant to say *More than Human*.

3. My parenthetical note to Adrienne's letter would have been more helpful if I'd gotten the name of the book right. Bron appears in *Triton*, not *Dhalgren*.

—4

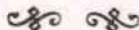
Star Wars' Roots is available for \$1.25 from Alexis Gilliland, 4030 8th St. S., Arlington, VA 22204. I recommend it. Alexis writes: "I was *not* running the whole show, merely trying to see that everything ran smoothly. A distinction which is not a philosophical nicety." My apologies for a most superficial comment.

I have added Adrienne Fein's name to the masthead as a partial indication of her importance to DR. I define the position of consultant as meaning that while the appearance of DR is by no means Adrienne's fault, it would look worse without her.

Robin Maynard, 3105 St. Mary's St., Bakersfield, CA 93305, wishes to know if there are any other Moorcock fans out there. ((The first Moorcock fan was Desdemona.))

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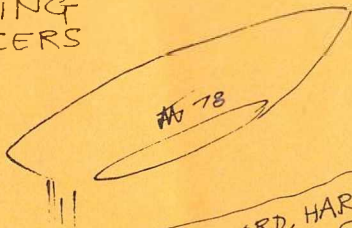
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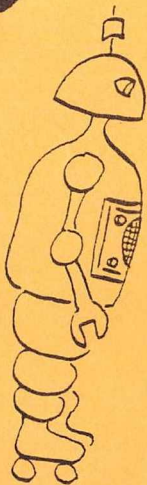


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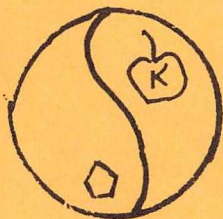
GOOD LORD, HARRY!
ITS LAPSANG SOOCHONG
TEA!



The Diagonal Relationship



HARVIA



I THINK THAT YOU NEED
TO TURN MY VOLUME
DOWN A LITTLE, SIR!