

# DR 21

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DR is dead! Long live DR! As almost all of you know, I've been publishing a zine called THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP for almost five years, and I recently shut it down. As about half of you know (for its copy count was half of this), for the past few months I've been publishing a zine called AMERICA'S DISCORDIAN HERO. This is to replace both of them.

THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP was in some ways an idealistic endeavor, an attempt to build bridges between countercultures. It was an outreach, an effort to discuss Important Issues. I do not repent of it, but in some ways it was a failure. Someone should do a zine that would appeal to people from a variety of groups, from sf fandom to paganism to the Human Potential Movement. Someone should, but they'd need more time, more persistence, and probably a shitload more money than I have had to offer.

And so, THE DILLINGER RELIC. Again, as with AMERICA'S DISCORDIAN HERO, I warn you that this will be self-indulgent, about Me, about what is happening in my life, in my mind, rather than about Great Issues & Important Ideas. I discovered last time that there were some who found this an improvement, and perhaps more will feel this way now.

But in the final analysis, I write for me. You can't please anyone if you don't please yourself, and that is the goal that I aim for. But you are invited to watch.

HOW DARE YOU CALL  
ME HYPERLEXIC?!



1 February  
Bernadette Bosky is here. Or perhaps I should say I am here, for I have moved 500 miles or so to be here, while she has moved across town.

AMERICA'S DISCORDIAN HERO began with me wondering whether I had the courage to leave a comfortable home and a collection of excellent relationships to live far away from anyone else I'd known, but with the woman I love. In the course of writing that zine, I discovered to my utter amazement that the answer was "Yes." And here I am.

"Here" is 819 West Markham, in Durham, NC. It's half a duplex--2 bedrooms, a living room, kitchen, & bath, spacious enough for me & Bernadette & her 2 feline companions, Tommy Gunner & Ruby (excellent beasts, by the way). Whether it is large enough for all our books is another question. As I type these words, Bernadette is unpacking boxes & boxes of hers. Most of mine remain up North.

But that is a minor question. What is far more important, to me, is the sense of possibilities opening up. As I've mentioned before, one thing I plan to do is purchase a computer & learn to operate it. I've known for a long time that the computer is something essential to the future, something that one must know to be a part of the changes that are appearing everywhere. I've suspected, with some evidence, that I could learn computers if I put my mind to it. For years, I delayed trying. Perhaps it was the psychology of one who has looked for something he has lost & really needs in all but one possible place, and dares not yet look in that place, because if it is not there, it is truly lost. The time for such thoughts is past, for me. I have written to a bunch of computer companies (actually, circled numbers on a business reply card), asking for information on the availability & characteristics of their machines, and will keep you posted in these pages on further developments.

But that is only the first among many fields in which I hope to investigate. I am beginning, or continuing to look into Neuro-Linguistic Programming, martial arts, biofeedback, meditation, DRAWING ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE BRAIN, etc. Of course, I will not go as deeply into all of these, but at the moment (or as soon as the traumata of moving are out of the way) I see a variety of possibilities opening up.

And one main reason is the woman who is walking her path beside me. Bernadette is many things to me--source of fascinating ideas & conversation, pledged ally and companion in whatever path I choose, constant source of inspiration, lover.

And though I am physically isolated from others, I am not alone, as I have been reminded that there is a national network of friends from whom I draw comfort & strength. Letters pile up--from Janice Gelb, Neil Rest, Maia, Sam Konkin, Vixen, Kerry Thornley, Vicki Rosenzweig, Ned Brooks, Elayne Wechsler, & many others. In the few days we've been here, Adrienne Fein, Neil Belisky, Ed Zdrojewski, Lee Ann Goldstein, David Schlosser have called. All encouraging, all strengthening me. How can I fail?

9 February

Well, my lungs could give out. I have spent an alarming amount of the time since writing the above coughing, wheezing, and gasping for breath. What now appears to have happened is that about the time I got down here, I contracted a respiratory infection. I attempted to ignore that & keep working, thus precipitating a series of asthma attacks worse than any I'd had before. One of these finally drove me to the Duke University Hospital, where I was treated & released ~~without charges~~. The doctor there suggested that I return to the University clinic for a chest x-ray and prescribed Theodur tablets and Aludipent spray. These reduced the asthma attacks to tolerable horror. Two days later, I went to the clinic where a different doctor said that I should be taking antibiotics and prescribed some for me. And now, a few days later, I have moved up to feeling mediocre and may even be healthy tomorrow.

My incapacity has shifted much of the burden onto Bernadette (something I would never consciously do), and she has been simply wonderful, doing a lot of the moving (we are now totally ensconced at 819 W. Markham) and still finding time for her own studies.

I see I did not tell you about our telephone. The official number is 919-688-7522, but perhaps the phone company is making its own subtle comment on my experiments in living, as the last seven digits can be rendered NUT'S LAB. I also forgot to emphasize that our address is 819 WEST Markham, and not what I told you before, tho letters with the incomplete address do eventually get here.

ZINES RECEIVED: MASTER MONOGRAPH FOR ALL DISCORDIANS. This is an official publication of the First United Cabal of Kallisti. This is high-grade Discordian weirdness from a master of the form. Send \$1.50 to Semaj the Elder, KSC, 1210 Brady St., #1, Davenport, IA 52803.

MIMOSA 1. An sf fanzine of highly mixed contents. Highlights include a Jack Chalker GoH speech on why the US Space Program appears doomed (no way to sell it to the masses), an old Guy Lillian account of a Rolling Stones concert, and a delightfully gonzo con report by "Dennis D\*\*\*\*\*." \$1.50 or the usual from Dick & Nicki Lynch, 4207 Davis Lane, Chattanooga, TN 37416.

ATARANTES 55. This excellent clubzine includes a review of this zine's predecessor, AMERICA'S DISCORDIAN HERO. It occurs to me that I mentioned in the first issue of ADH that I did not want it reviewed in th4 fannish press, but failed to repeat that warning, so I can hardly blame Cliff Biggers & Ward Batty for reviewing it. DON'T REVIEW THIS ONE. 12/\$6 or the usual from Cliff Biggers, 6045 Summit Wood Drive, Kennesaw, GA 30144.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 42. Maybe not an amateur fanzine, but a damned good zine about sf. Geis alas threatens to harangue us all about conspiracies again, starting nextish. 4/\$7 from SCIENCE FICTION! REVIEW, PO Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211.

10 February

So how do I like it here? Pretty much, so far. The people down here are indeed friendlier. No more competent, perhaps, but the bank personnel smile warmly & act apologetic when they inform me that they are unable to verify the existence of the major NY bank a check is drawn upon, instead of acting as if they had caught me in the commission of a crime. Sales tax down here is a relatively civilized 4%, but they tax *everything*, including food, drugs, and magazines. (I believe that any tax on the written word is a violation of the First Amendment, but the courts do not agree.) I think I can survive on the food down here. I've already found one place that sells cheesesteaks, and there are a variety of tolerable to good restaurants. Bernadette & I plan to mostly cook our own food once we are fully settled, and that should work out OK, although I notice one annoyance: I cannot find Del Monte Tomato Sauce, a noxious substance I am in the habit of pouring promiscuously over spaghetti, hamburgers, and omelettes. As a result I have to make do with Hunt's.

My ill health militates against an organized program of catching up on mail, activities, etc. I'll do a report RSN on what happened in the month of January, but meanwhile, some stuff from the mail bag

In reply to my statement that if there were no cops, we'd all have to be cops, Paul Angel writes: I'd rather have us all police. Having every individual responsible for enforcing societal mores with nonviolent sanctions seems to me to make a lot more sense than appointing a privileged class, arming them, and turning them loose on the populace.

Perhaps the bottom-line difference between anarchists & libertarians is that libertarians believe there'll always be a need for police and anarchists believe we should all be police. I am aware of the dangers Paul refers to. On the other hand, what I consider the ideal society takes advantage of the wondrous & unchangeable fact of human diversity to create a division of labor, though not a hierarchical or power-oriented one, and so I do not have to be a policeman, and the policeman who does not want to be a computer communicator or smartass writer need not be one. Of course, my ideal society would not see the absence of police as such in Paul's as a reason to invade them, and I trust that Paul would feel the same way about mine.

On a somewhat related theme, my friends Maia and Lan (Mary Cowan & George Laskowski jr.) have announced that this summer they will mark their union with an official wedding service. As a libertarian, I find the State's claim of the power to determine who has the right to screw & cohabit typically offensive and presumptuous. But that doesn't mean I think Lan & Maia are doing a Terrible Thing. Not only can 2 (or more) people be truly joined in their hearts and souls without the Official Permit, but I believe that 2 people can decide that pragmatic reasons for the Official Permit are persuasive without thereby turning into the Standard Married Couple, complete with husbandly chauvinism and wifely headaches. Mazel tov, Maia & Lan.

## A SONG OF POLITICAL ACTIVISM

Look out all around you, there's permissiveness & sin,  
 Women getting uppity & talking back to men,  
 Perverts doing filthy things we know should not be done,  
 Fetuses are being killed so women can have fun.  
 But we're sure it wouldn't interest anybody,  
 Outside of a small circle of friends.

Obscenity is everywhere on everybody's shelves.  
 People act like it's alright if they think for themselves.  
 Figures of authority are shown to us as fools,  
 Godless evolution being taught to kids in schools,  
 But we're sure it wouldn't interest anybody  
 Outside of a small circle of friends.

Once upon a time, there was a singer named Phil Ochs  
 He hated women just like us, but still was not nice folks.  
 He was a dirty communist, but thought of one good thing,  
 So sit there & feel guilty, and listen while we sing  
 That we're sure it wouldn't interest anybody  
 Outside of a small circle of friends.

11 February

## RECENT READING

SOFTWARE, by Rudy Rucker (Ace pb) This is the first Rucker book I'd definitely recommend to those without a mathematical background. I find it very reminiscent of the best of Philip K. Dick, from its playing around with questions of consciousness & ultimate reality to little touches like having one side in the great battle operating out of a Mr. Frostie truck. It deals with, among other things, a group of robots conspiring to make their creator immortal.

THE BEST OF RANDALL GARRETT (Timescape pb). A collection of good to excellent stories, including the classic "The Hunting Lodge," by an old pro. Also lots of reminiscences & assorted smartass about Garrett by his colleagues.

SHARRA'S EXILE, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (DAW pb). I finally got around to reading this one, and it maintains the high standards MZB has been setting in her Darkover novels in the last few years.

THE BREAKS OF THE GAME, by David Halberstam. This book was excerpted in PLAYBOY, and they infallibly picked out the dullest & most bombastic parts of it, as if trying to demonstrate that Trudeau's version of Halberstam in DOONESBURY is the real thing. [It occurs to me that I find Trudeau particularly unfair to writers. I've previously bitched about his treatment of Gay Talese, and these days Uncle Duke is a common thug with none of the brilliance of Hunter Thompson. This complaint could mean either that Trudeau, as a cartoonist, has some manner of professional envy of writers, or else that

I think that a level of viciousness appropriate to dealing with politicians is utterly unfair when applied to those who make their living with the pen. I'll leave that decision to my readers & his.] In any event, I decided to read the entire BREAKS OF THE GAME when I saw it in the library and enjoyed it very much. One needn't be a basketball fan--I'm not, in the slightest--to find some of these personality studies interesting.

HELLFIRE, by Nick Tosches (Delta pb). Tosches wrote a thoroughly gonzo book about country music a few years back, and, presumably having escaped the libel lawyers, seemed the ideal choice to deal with one of the field's larger-than-life figures. Well, to me, Jerry Lee Lewis's uneasy blend of Christian good-ol'-boy and screaming hell raiser escapes even Tosches's ability to describe him.

SOCIAL STUDIES, by Fran Lebowitz. One of America's snottiest writers has done it again. At times, she overestimates the reader's (or at least this reader's) fascination with the life of Fran Lebowitz & all its minutiae, but more often than not, she gets away with it.

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION, by Shakti Gawain and the Paisley Knight (Whatever pb). A book of exercises to make your life better by visualizing your desires and acting as if you can attain them. I suspect that any argument pro or con a book like this is pointless, as the reader will see it is illuminating truth, or Marin County horseshit, no matter what the reviewer says about it. Me, I'm trying the exercises, and I do believe they can be helpful.



The one major fannish event that took place between zines was Hexacon. Near the end of it, I heard someone say, "Actually, this con is a lot of fun if you're not on the concom." That was a good point, although I was sort of in between.

I roomed in a "suite" (actually a double-sized room with a bar and an icebox) with Adrienne Fein & Neil "Bear" Belsky. Bear was on the concom. Adrienne wasn't, officially, but she lent her considerable diplomatic skills to various arrangements. I was there.

There were two other people on the concom. One was the common, or garden, variety of fukkup, the sort who seeks out a position of power & respect only to discover to his utter & paralytic horror that such positions tend also to have responsibilities. Such people are relatively uncommon in important fannish positions, not because the personality makeup is that unusual among us, but because most of us have enough self-knowledge & practical awareness to realize that the tempting position being offered does in fact carry with it the curse of \*R\*E\*S\*P\*O\*N\*S\*I\*B\*L\*I\*T\*Y\*E\*S. This individual did not, and for some of the planning time and some of the con, he remained frozen in place, able neither to do anything nor to get out of the way of those who could do something.

The other bungler represented a more interesting sort of case. Singer Mike Cross has a song about a man who was taught that he should never do anything unless he could excel in it. The song is called "The Best Drunk in Town." Those who have a Best Drunk in Town script believe that if they cannot do a job so well that everyone will talk about it, they must then do it so badly that everyone will talk about it. There was one of these on the concom, an occasionally amusing, occasionally abrasive individual of whom it has been said that he can violate personal space from across the room. He committed a number of blunders. To the crudzine and the crudsheet, he added a new art form, the crudprogram. (You think it's easy to print something where the pastep lines are clearer than the text?) But this accomplishment was not sufficiently notorious, so he continued with a major financial botch which led to a scene in which our hero was publically reviled as one of the greatest fuggheads in fannish history, and there was an auction for the right to publically hit him in the face with a pie. Needless to say, this was the most cruel & unusual punishment since flinging Brer Rabbit in the briar patch, or (in St. Lenny's famous example) punishing a man for homosexuality by locking him up with a bunch of horny men. He obviously loved every minute of it, and, as the reader may have guessed, I am withholding his name from this report out of sheer spite.

Bear had to clean up after these people's messes, and as one of his roommates, I got involved and underwent a bit of strain. To cite St. Lenny again, there are those who hire the police and then go out of their way to emphasize that they are not like the police. Perhaps some of us have had the same sort of hypocrisy about the powermad smof types on concoms. Me, I'm glad there are such people because otherwise I'd have to be one.

12 February

The Post Office has issued a stamp in honor of Valentine's Day, showing the word LOVE spelled out in flowers. I don't know if this is one of their efforts at minority representation, but one of the flowers they use is a pansy.

Speaking of Valentine's Day, Bernadette has asked me what sort of Valentine I'm going to get her. Since she is from Chicago, I bought her one with a picture of a garage on it.

(You think she's offended by that? Shortly after I got down here, we saw a stuffed toy seal in a store. Bernadette picked it up & said, "Isn't that cute? Let's hit it over the head & take its fur.")

The BCSFA, a Vancouver sf club, is asking for words of fannish wisdom for their anniversary issue. They sent me a request, and I replied with, "Fans are not the only slans."

One piece of very good news: Xerox is extremely cheap down here--only a tiny bit over 2¢ a page.

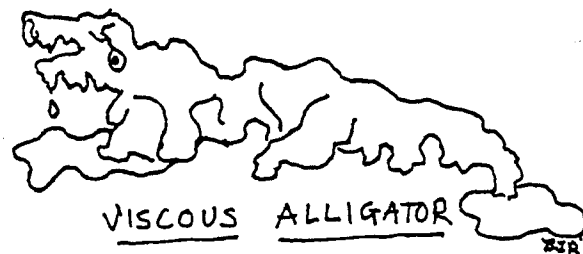
13 February

PONG and FILE 770 came together in my mailbox today.

I'm a bit frustrated in my computer plans right now. First of all, I have not been able to hook up the cheapo computer to Bernadette's TV in such a way as to make it work. I'm of several minds about that, as there are enough petty annoyances in trying to run that machine to keep me from really enjoying it, but I would like to get started & do some practicing. On top of that, none of the companies that I asked (via POPULAR COMPUTING) to send me information have yet managed to do so. I really would like to get started.

It occurs to me that I have forgotten to mention that the title of this zine is, as well as a genuine piece of American folklore, an ILLUMINATUS! reference. (THE EYE IN THE PYRAMID, p. 249.)

One thing I didn't get around to mentioning in the confusion of moving was the news story about Justice Rehnquist. It seems that the Justice was a junkie. I am not being facetious. He had been taking Placidyl and not only was hooked on the things, but was so badly affected that he was slurring his words & not making much sense on the bench. They took him to a hospital & detoxed him, and he went thru hallucinations, and other withdrawal symptoms. In one of those things I wouldn't dare make up, the same day's NY TIMES that told of his apparently successful return from addiction mentioned that he wrote the majority opinion for a court decision that a 40-year sentence for selling ½ pound of marijuana was not legally cruel & unusual punishment.



5

15 February

### BLACKS AND FUCKS

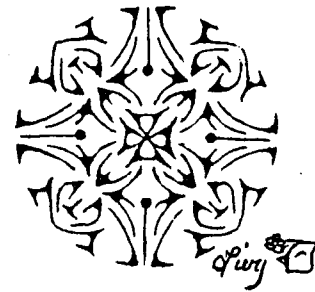
One thing I have not yet mentioned about my new home and my reaction to it: Every so often I notice again to my surprise that it's integrated. On both sides of the counter in stores, banks, etc., among patients & staff at the clinic, and in every other situation, both races are represented. Some of you, particularly the younger ones, may be wondering what I'm babbling about. Is this state of affairs not (a) perfectly reasonable and (b) the way things have always been?

Yes and no, respectively. Twenty-five years ago it was in fact the case that Blacks were not permitted to patronize the same stores, work in the same places, etc., as Whites. There has been a revolution in my lifetime. In one sense this is of course not a big deal. We have simply reached a condition that one would have every right to expect to find in any culture that presumed to call itself civilized, and of course I have no illusions that racism has been destroyed around here, any more than it has been in the North. And yet it was a tremendous change, one which required the sweat, toil, tears, and (literally) blood of many heroes.

I am reminded of a somewhat similar change that has taken place in about the same time frame--the long-awaited acceptance of sexual words, descriptions, and portrayals. Again we have a massive change, at great cost to many of those participating in it, to reach a situation that can be considered minimally acceptable. One is now permitted to put the word "fuck" in a book without getting arrested. It can be argued, as some feminists do, that the word "fuck" is inappropriate, that it treats the act it describes as nothing but something a man does to a woman, and thus leaves out the reciprocal nature of the act (when it is done right). But what no longer happens is that simple presentation of the word is treated as if it were some manner of overt act of aggression.

Likewise the portrayal of sex, both visually and verbally. As with integration, the battle is by no means totally won, and won't be until fucking is available on television for those who wish to see it. Nevertheless, the battle for the written word is going very well. Basically, no amount of "obscene" terminology, no level of explicit juiciness in sexual descriptions, is sufficient to get its author or its publisher locked up. This to me is a good thing. Perhaps the best aspect of it is not the fact that one can now publish hardcore porn (though I do enjoy that sort of thing when it deals with friendly, voluntary sex), but that mainstream and other-genre writers can freely include a sexual description or two to round out the portrayal of their characters. The fairly recent writings of Robert Silverberg, Marion Zimmer Bradley, and Robert Anton Wilson would have been a good deal more limited, and almost certainly not as good, without this revolution.

I hope I haven't offended the wrong people with my title. Both terms represent what Bernadette calls "the excluded Other"--people and words. And of course, neither should be excluded. There's nothing wrong with either, and thus presumably nothing wrong with juxtaposing them.



16 February

As they say, I have taken the bull by the tail and looked the problem square in the eye. No, I think I prefer Flashman's phrase: I have seized Fortune by the foreskin. Perhaps what I am trying to say is that, having delayed, I have now acted hastily.

In any event, I looked in the yellow pages & found a place called ComputerWorld, and having verified that it was a store and not an amusement park, I went down there and placed an order & deposit for an OSBORNE 1 computer and an Epson MX-80 printer.

I'd settled on the Osborne a while ago, on the advice of several people, notably that interesting pair of alphabetical neighbors, Eric Raymond & Neil Rest, who seem to share not only vast knowledge of computers but a vision of their possible uses & roles that I find inspiring. The great advantage of the Osborne is that has a whole lot of extras built into a system that still costs under \$2000. The system includes WORDSTAR, which I am told is a first-rate form of word processing; SUPERCALC, a first-rate scientific processor and/or executive toy; 2 forms of BASIC; 64K RAM memory; 2 disk drives; and connections that can be made to all manner of other useful equipment.

If there was a majority of informed opinion behind the Osborne, the vote on the printer may have been unanimous. The bad news is that it is a dot-matrix printer (printout that looks like it came out of a typewriter costs about \$2000 more); the good news is that is the best there is. I've seen it in action (Fa Shimbo not only prints her zine, IT TAKES ALL KINDS, on it, but uses it for correspondence, and is one of those who highly recommended it to me), and I like it. It allows lower-case g's and y's to dangle their tails below the line of type, the lack of which may be the one single factor that made more primitive dot-matrix printers hard to read.

In any event, the nice man at ComputerWorld (who would have inspired a bit more confidence in me had he known how to spell "Osborne") informs me that they'll have my computer in within a week & I will be able to pick it up at that time. I believe that I will begin two approaches concurrently once I have the machine. One is to begin writing programs in BASIC to see how I like programing and whether I have the knack for it (as I suspect I do). The other will be to use the word processor. As one who hates retyping (I never learned to touch type), I think this is something that they should have done years ago. Given the fact that dot matrix is not perfect, and will suffer a bit from reduction, I will probably not use it for this zine (except that I'll probably show you some examples of how it works), but I will do some other writing on it, as I have suspected for a long time that my writing could profit from a second draft, if I could get a machine to do that for me.

I have decided to give the computer a name. Now this is somewhat unusual behavior for me. As a Gnostic, I believe that the worst heresy of all is idolatry, which I define as the worship of anything which lacks Mind. The common practice of giving names to typers, mimeos, cars, etc., strikes me as a dangerous step towards this heresy, if not simply a primitive & barbarous form of animism.

But while I doubt very much that my new machine has a mind, I suspect that computers can & may evolve into creatures with minds, and mine may be one which does such. (MICHAELMAS's Domino, if memory serves, began life as a Blue Box.)

Since the brand name of the machine is Osborne, I am tempted of course to call it Ozzie. But that name does not quite sound right to me, and besides, I know a computer person named Ozzie, which threatens to lead to all manner of confusion.

The creator of this particular computer is a man named Adam Osborne. He is the author of RUNNING WILD: THE NEXT INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, an excellent look at the possibilities of the computer age. Indeed, my feeling that he is someone who understands what is going on in the computer biz is one reason that I'm buying his machine. And so, I have decided to name my computer "Adam." Needless to say, I deny that this name has any connection with a certain sinister figure who lived in Ingolstadt in 1776.

17 February

Today's mail brought LASFAPA (a day early), HOLIER THAN THOU, a nice letter from Adrienne, and this delightful illo from Joan Hanke-Woods....



AVON  
calling...

Yesterday's mail brought a zine comparable with this one, he said respectfully--Ed Zdrojewski's diaryzine, THE DECENTRALIZATION OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. Ed talks about liberty, witchcraft, football, being a farm reporter, and much else, all with wit, grace, and perception. (Honesty forces me to report that he says lots of nice things about my writing in the zine; we are a veritable Mutual Masturbation Admiration Society.) He describes a get-together that must have sent intellectual sparks flying--himself, Bernadette, and Bob Shea & family. One topic they discussed was contemporary folklore, from the subject of this zine's title to the undying rumor of alligators in the New York City sewer system. I asked Bernadette for more details, and she informed me that one thing they discussed was the persistent tale of a gang of Blacks castrating a small White boy. Bob said that this one had popped up at the Toronto World's Fair in the 70s, when he was an editor at PLAYBOY, and he used the resources of the magazine to see if he could find anyone who claimed a closer relation to the story than hearing it from someone who heard it from someone....He could not do so. Actually, I'd heard it 10 years earlier about the New York World's Fair, and Colin Wilson reported a version of it in England in the late 60s (Even that notably credulous writer did not accept it.)

LASFAPA is most enjoyable. New OE David Schlosser has cut the membership to 42 and the copy count to 50, moves which may stabilize it. The apa remains pleasant. Perhaps my favorite line this time around is Dick Lynch's reply to the question of whether he'd want to be a woman: "No, thanks. I need all the help I can get when I have to count to eleven." I note with some interest that LASFAPA and MINNEAPA, which also is a monthly apa with a sizeable membership, are both below their original membership size, and wonder if this is a trend in large apas, a trend in apas in general, or simply a coincidence. I suspect that I will not be in MINNEAPA much longer. There's nothing negative I would say about the apa itself; it's just that I do not feel inspired to join in the discussions. (This somehow echoes my feeling about Minneapolis itself, or at least its fandom, that it's full of people I like moderately, with neither extreme particularly represented.) I turned out a zine that was 2 pages of almost unbroken smartass, grammatical & terminological nitpicking, punning, and other such trivia, and don't need the time and expense of a large monthly apa to do that. (Speaking of large monthly apas, I have not yet received the February apa-nu, perhaps because I failed to specify first-class mail to my mailing agent. That's somewhat in the doldrums, too, tho its lack of minac means that there's no way of seeing if its membership would be falling--well, I could if I wanted to count pages & such.)\*

HOLIER THAN THOU remains a most enjoyable fannish fanzine, even if it's not quite in-groupy enough to satisfy some purists. (There are even discussions of *science fiction*.) Paul Skelton, who is England's best fan writer if Dave Langford isn't, has a fannish zodiac in this one, and there's the usual excellent lettercol (\$1.50 or the usual from Marty Cantor, 5263 Riverton Ave., #1, North Hollywood, CA 91601.)

\*This is the sort of sentence word processing should spare my readers.

20 Feb.

19 February

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may," and the Great Corset Maker in the Sky wants me to be a Fan GoH at a con in Memphis. Last year I was to be Fan GoH at Imagicon, but that proved to be unworkable. This evening, Greg Bridges called to invite me to be FGoH at Midsouthcon 2, to be held in Memphis Aug. 20-2. I accepted, of course, and I am looking forward to it. [As I write these words, Bernadette & Greg are having a taste-ful conversation on the subject of cattle muti-lations.] There is one respect in which history repeats itself. Andrew J. Offutt was the ProGoH at Imagicon, and a few months before it, I offended him by comparing his barbarian books invidiously with his excellent early satires like EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS. The Midsouthcon ProGoH is Wilson Tucker, and I was going to resolve not to write about him, but then I remembered that in the pre-vious incarnation of this zine, I mentioned that RESURRECTION DAYS, which Timescape was nice enough to send me a review copy of, looked like "the same old shit." I admitted, however, that I hadn't read it. (Still haven't.)

In FLAP, where I change titles with every zine, I have come up with what I modestly consider a classic: "The Quivering Honeypot of Fannish History." In case you're wondering, it comes from a remark by Ed Buchman, long-time transcender of good taste, cele-brating Marty Cantor's resignation as OE with the phrase, "As you now thrust your massive LASFAPA OEs-hip into the quivering honeypot of fannish history, we can but gasp at the job well done."

Also in LASFAPA, the ever-inventive Tom Digby sug-gests that God creating the world in historical time & creating fossils that seem much older is quite reasonable if we postulate the sort of creative tho-roughness that inspires mortal writers to invent for their characters biographies that do not appear in the actual book.

Don't dangle your participle at me, you prevert.... "Feighan was swallowed by an alien while still an infant.... Eventually disgorged, we do not learn in the first two volumes whether or not he was studied, or altered, or chosen." Don D'Amassa, reviewing Kevin O'Donnell's REEFS in SF CHRONICLE.

I called ComputerLand today, and they informed me that the computers have not been shipped yet. Why do I have this terrible feeling that the shippers have just computerized their operations & don't know what they're doing?

In the latest SAPS, Howard DeVore passes along some headlines that allegedly appeared in a Dublin paper:

GOD SAVES SENATOR KENNEDY AS GIRL DROWNS  
DEVOUT PAIR BELIEVED TO BE ON WAY TO MIDNIGHT MASS  
TED PRAYS FOR ALMOST NINE HOURS BEFORE LEAVING  
SCENE OF ACCIDENT  
IRISH GOVERNMENT BLAMES ITALIAN CONTRACTOR FOR  
FAULTY BRIDGE.



My typer is dead. Well, not permanently, I hope, but it is not functional at the moment. The spring on the Courier ball is too tight, and so it does not al-ways attach properly. This time it didn't, and as I tried to type with it, it sprung out & wedged itself between the main moving part and the carriage. So here I am writing on Bernadette's machine, a primitive one which not only lacks self-correcting, but has a non-functioning carriage return. \*sigh\* Interestingly enough, the typer broke as I was doing mailige comments on LASFAPA. Last time I did LASFAPA comments, I wound up in the hospital (the asthma attack described above) and now this. And each time, the breakdown occurred just after I did my comments to Mike Shupp. What does it all mean?

On a more cheerful note, there have been some interes-ting inputs today. To begin with a brag, I got a letter of praise from an author I admire. Camden Benares, one of the early Discordians, wrote to say that he enjoyed the copy of DR I sent him. I strongly recommend his ZEN WITHOUT ZEN MASTERS, a book of Dis-cordian parables, legends, exercise, etc. (And/Or pb) Other mail included a note from Lee Howard, a wandering friend who has finally settled down, at least to the extent of having a mailing address; Sally Ann Syrjala; and Richard Onley. In addition THE PHILIP LESLY COMPANY Public Relations & Public Affairs Counsel asks, "Have you ever wondered how sun signs affect how people write and what colors they like?" Apparently, they know some people who would answer "Yes" to that question (strange as it may seem), and so they want us writers to tell them: What is your sign? Which hand do you use when you write? What is your favorite color? The color you dis-like most? Do you use different colors for different writing tasks? (Which color for work? Which color for writing to loved ones?) Does the sun sign of the person you're writing to affect the color of the ink you use? Does your mood affect your color choice? Which color when you're happy? Which color when you're sad? Are you male? female? My answers to this survey will await a sudden burst of inspired smartass.

I also received my copy of apa-nu, another apa that's in the doldrums. The copy count (80) is higher than the page count (69). I am old-fashioned enough to believe that an apa should require people to contribute if they want to get copies. rather than giving copies to anyone who helps collate, sets up a mailing account, etc., but that is not the view of those running the apa. I do find apa-nu a good apa, with such enjoyable contributors as Marc Glasser, Donna Camp, Lee Ann Goldstein, Mike Gunderloy (yes! the prodigal has returned!), Vicki Rosenzweig, Sheila Wiláing, & Elly Freeman.

I just called Judy Bemis. Next month in Boca Raton, there's a combined scholarly Conference on the Fantastic and sf con which Bernadette & I plan to attend. Now there are problems. As I've mentioned before I tend to believe that the farther things are from me, the nearer they are to each other. For instance, I've always as-sumed that my Australian friends Eric Lindsay, Marc Ortlieb, and Jean Weber live on the same block, with Greg Hills & Tom Cardy over across town in New Zealand. And so I felt that Durham & Boca were close to each oth-er, at least when I lived in NY. It turns out that Boca is at least 700 miles from us, down near the glans of Florida. And so, travel is more expensive & difficult than we thought. Fortunately, Judy & her husband Tony Parker have offered us crash space for the conference & con, and it looks like we're gonna be able to do it.

LOCUS reports that Barry B. Longyear is undergoing treatment for alcoholism. I'll bet several British critics are claiming credit for driving him to it.



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22 February

Politics rears its ugly rear in fandom again. Today's mail brought a letter from one Paul K. Abelkis, who represents (or perhaps is) the Science Fiction Action Coalition, and who wants to drag us kicking & screaming out into the world of politics. What is interesting about this particular manifesto is that he is simply concerned with ending fannish apathy without even saying what we should be doing. There are hints to his politics in a reaction to Ronnie's State of the Union speech, wherein he weeps & trembles (his phrasing) over a threat to the Dept of Education. But there is no statement as to what we should fight for. Presumably, like Goebbels, our blood will tell us what to do once we've joined the fray, though I imagine his blood wouldn't say quite the same things as Goebbels's. It's almost enough to make me want to go out & do something on behalf of apathy.

### High Living

The authors predict the best place to make money in the 1980s will be Raleigh/Durham, N.C., which has a projected income growth by 1990 of 38.82 percent, followed by Miami.

The above clipping has been sent to me. Unfortunately, I think it comes from one of Ralph Ginzburg's shuckzines, and one should consider the source.

Lazarus, come forth! Two hours ago, I turned on the Selectric to see if it had been magickally healed. It had. Pray to Gods, live a life that is pure lust, and all shall be given unto you.

A DNQ letter inspires me to reconsider my description of Walt Willis in the last ADH as "a second-rate humorist comparable to Art Buchwald or Ron Goulart." I would have more precisely phrased my opinion had I described him as a "second-rank humorist." By that I mean that I would place him on the same level as admirably competent professionals like Goulart and Buchwald, both of whom have produced work that I have enjoyed, but not on the highest level shared by the likes of Joseph Heller, Lenny Bruce, and John Sladek. (Need I say that this is all in my arrogant opinion?) My target was not Willis, but the adulation he has received from faanish fanzine fans and the concomitant assumption that the "mundane" world has never produced his like.

Faanish fanzine fandom discovered that it did not have to be about science fiction, and that was a great liberation. But this year's radicalism is next year's repressive orthodoxy (if it succeeds), and thus the dogma became (however jokingly) that a fanzine may be about any topic except science fiction. Thus, I suspect, the preoccupation with the (literally) mundane that peeves me so in faanish fanzines. Fritz Perls divided up the world's conversation into chickenshit (day-to-day trivia and gossip), bullshit (ideas and matters of general concern), and elephantshit (questions of ultimate truth). Faanish fanzine fandom seems to remain forever on the chickenshit level, aggressively condemning those who would stray to the levels of the bull and the elephant. To me (gnosticism again), ideas are more interesting than most of what we do in the mundane world. Fanzine fandom draws its membership from those who read the literature of possibilities; it picks from them those specifically who enjoy using the written word to communicate. To see such a doubly elite group piddle around in chickenshit depresses me something fierce. I myself have aimed for the higher levels of excrement, and this approach has had its own drawbacks. Much of what I wrote in DR was by way of pontification. I still consider it *good* pontification (I am ashamed of damned little that I have written), but I can understand those whose tastes do not run to such. In fact, an irony has recently occurred to me. [God is an irony] The first fanzine I ever saw was RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY. I found its articles stupefyingly "sercon" (i.e., academic) and wondered how these could ever have generated the lively & witty discussions in the lettercol. I wonder if many felt that way about DR, especially late in its career.

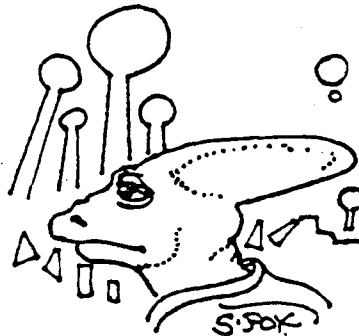
If so, then its death was timely. I'd love to see someone do a zine of articles by good fan writers like me (on bullshit or elephantshit topics) and a good lettercol devoted to the discussions they produce. (Gods, I miss MYTHOLOGIES!) But it ain't gonna be me, babe.

Meanwhile, on a more cheerful note, I went to the allergy clinic today, and the doctor told me he doesn't think I need full-scale allergy testing, but can get some stuff (which he prescribed for me) for symptomatic relief. This seems reasonable to me, as I haven't had an asthma attack in 2 weeks, and my one remaining symptom--the cough--gets less & less all the time.

ComputerWorld still doesn't have my computer. Bernadette says if they don't have it by tomorrow, I should point out that it took the Lord less time to create the original Adam.

Sam Konkin writes in reply to Maia's remark (in DR 20) that "I'm convinced that an extreme position is never the best one." Really? Two positions offered: "1 is 1" and "1 is 2." Someone offers the moderate position, "1 is 1.5." Is that then her choice?

There are people like Sam, to whom all things can be dealt with by 2-valued logic. Others, like me, tend to prefer continuous logics where "A" and "not-A" are joined, as possibilities, by "kind of A," "not quite A, but not really not-A either," "A becoming not-A," and so forth. It is interesting to note that the distinction between two-valued and continuous logics is itself a question on which one can take either a continuous or a 2-valued approach, and some who believe in continuous logics take the highly 2-valued attitude that those who believe in 2-valued approach are simply WRONG.





OH

9

23 February

MORALITIES OF EVERYDAY LIFE, by John Sabini & Maury Silver, is the sort of social-science book that almost convinces me that "social science" is not a contradiction in terms. Avoiding (for the most part) both the Babu science of most academic writers and the simplicities of the popularizer, the authors deal both linguistically and observationally with concepts like envy, moral reproach (and the failure to engage in it), gossip, and flirtation. They have learned well from some of the best people in the field, like Erving Goffman and Stanley Milgram, and they shed light on most of the topics they discuss. The book's great flaw is that they fall into the trap of believing that things like observations and judgments can be divided up into *subjective* and *objective*, and since they do not want important things like moral decisions to be merely subjective, why, then the bloody things must be objective. This error creeps in at the beginning, and infects the book more and more, until at the end, the authors are screaming their own moral judgments (in dubious matters) as facts that only an imbecile would question. But until then, the book is excellent.

Robert Silverberg's return a couple of years ago, with LORD VALENTINE'S CASTLE, disappointed some of his readers. It was the old story of the dispossessed king returning to claim his throne, and though Silverberg handled the archetypal tale well, and painted a lovely background for it, there was a feeling that he had not returned to the level of his best work of the late 60s and early 70s, with some maintaining that he was selling out to the Science Fantasy crowd, with yet another heroic saga. And now he has followed that book with a set of stories from the same background. THE MAJIPOOR CHRONICLES (Priam pb) is an example of the heavy burden of a great potential. A book that would be a leap forward for 95% of all sf writers disappoints many, including me. There are pleasures here, to be sure, but Silverberg is not yet back to the level of SON OF MAN, DYING INSIDE, and "In Entropy's Jaws."

24 February

Here's an sf idea I wonder if anyone has used yet: A world similar to ours, except that magick works (as in MAGIC, INC. and the Lord Darcy stories). Assume that there sex magick has the same sort of press that nuclear power has here, and there are crusades against it, not on any moral grounds, but simply because there is some reason to fear meltdowns, etc.

Whoever invented the packaging for Vicks Day Care capsules should be imprisoned in a device of similar design.

To follow up on a couple of stories, I've made airline reservations for Tropicon, and I received the latest MINNEAPA (without my zine, because I'd thought the deadline was a week later) and may be reconsidering my decision to drop it.

26 February

So the doctor prescribed some stuff for my asthma, and it said on the sheet enclosed that it could cause upset to the nerves and/or digestion, and sure enough it did. So I stopped taking it and didn't feel that way any more and the asthma has not come back, though I still have the cough. \*PUTRIDITY ALERT\* The stuff is called Metaprel, so now I can say that I *have* Metaprel I don't like.

Reader Markoff Chaney sends in a joke which he assures us is not only hilariously funny, but Politically Correct:

Q: How many sizist pig oppressors does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One.

I bought DRAWING ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE BRAIN, and while I have not yet had the time (or felt that the time was right) to begin the exercises, I have read the introductory material, and it looks most interesting, as a form of altered consciousness, as well as a drawing technique. One thing I note with interest is that author Betty Edwards says that her courses in this method, which emphasizes learning to draw representationally, attract professional artists, who sheepishly admit that they have never learned that seemingly elementary stage. This non-artist finds that utterly amazing, but Bernadette tells me that there are two kinds of drawing--the technically good stuff, with a knowledge of things like perspective and anatomy, and cartooning which has a sense of form and design, and that one can be quite good at one without mastering the other.



27 February  
 APA REPORT: As indicated a couple of days ago, I have changed my mind and decided to stay in MINNEAPA. This mailing had all manner of interesting stuff in it. For instance, Kara Dalkey reported that a computer analyzed her handwriting and said that she was, among other things, "a quick thinker [with] a calculating mind." I think the computer was projecting. A discussion of one of the more popular word confusions in the English language successfully tempted me to quote Bernadette's truly Horrible Example of it: the masochist who sought a copy of VENUS IMPLIES. And MINNEAPA has introduced me to Jon Singer. I'd heard his name before, but knew little about him until Ted White's scathing review of THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP, in which he suggested that I go and study at Jon's feet until I could learn to be a truly fannish writer. Needless to say, this prejudiced me against Jon something fierce, but Jon's first 2 zines have utterly overcome that prejudice. Jon is apparently fairly deep into the study of Neuro-Linguistic Programing, a psychological technique which, as I've indicated before, seems to have a whole lot of useful insights & approaches. I don't know whether Jon has learned a whole lot from NLP, or was always like that.

A very small APA-69 has arrived. One problem NY fandom has been suffering lately is a lack of cheap repro. Ditto Joe Braman has apparently gafiated, taking a whole lot of half-finished zines with him, and Donna Camp has finally decided that she is not going to donate her mimeoing time free to anyone who demands, but will ask reasonable wages therefor (which make NY mimeo more expensive than Xerox is down here). Fortunately, an APA-69 member appears to have

unlimited access to his employers' Xerox, and so we will have all the free printing we need. (Why is the organ playing that sinister fore-shadowing music?)

In PAGAN APA, Sourdough Jackson (*he's bread! Jim!*) writes:

The following is an old, time-honored Discordian ritual. It dates back to 1939. First, assemble a circle of fen. It is not absolutely necessary that anyone in the circle be a worshipper of Eris for this circle and ritual cycle to be valid. Validity is in results. The High Priest(ess)... then casts the Circle by saying, "This meeting of the World Science Fiction Convention Committee will now come to order."

ALL OF  
 FANDOM IS  
 GOING TO  
 HELL.  
 NOW, IF  
 IT ONLY WAS  
 WORTH  
 GOING  
 TO  
 HELL  
 FOR...



This first issue of THE DILLINGER RELIC has been somewhat truncated because of problems moving, health problems, etc. From now on DR should be 14-20 pages plus cover, dealing with 2 months at a time, mailed out bulk rate. Available by editorial whim only. Please do not review in the fan press.

Art Index: Wayne Brenner-1; Bernadette Bosky-4; Olivia Jasen-5; Joan Hanke-Woods-6; Steven Fox-8; VW Fraser-9; Robert Whitaker-10

If there is an X in the box at the left, that means that I am not sure you are still at the address I have sent this to, or that you are still (or were ever) interested in getting this zine, so if you want the next DR, drop me a line.

This has been W.A.S.T.E. Paper #320.

# The Dillinger Relic 21