

Archive III:

The Sagacious Donkey

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On 5/5/77 I finally got up the nerve to do a zine. It started like this:

Hello World

I am Arthur Daniel Hlavaty, and I mean to tell you all about myself. Well, no, I don't really. The following pages may tell you at least as much as you want to know about me, so I'll keep the introductory remarks brief. I'm 34 years old, white, male, hetero. (Some of you just stopped trusting me.) I am unmarried & childfree. I have a piece of paper from a reputable institution (Swarthmore College) that says that I am a Philosopher. I have a piece of paper from a somewhat less reputable institution (the Universal Life Church) that says that I am a minister. I'm antipolitical and multireligious (polytheistic perverse). I've been an antipoverty warrior, a high school math teacher, and an editor. I've been an sf reader for about twenty years, and a fan for about three. (And as Horatio Alger is alleged to have said about losing his virginity at a similarly advanced age, "I was a fool not to have done it sooner. It is not nearly so vile as I had supposed.")

My friends say I am a generalist; my enemies say I am a dilettante. I know I'm really a Renaissance Man. Among my interests are science fiction, oriental religions, SMI²LE, psychology (Jungian, TA, third force, and other), myth, sex, magic, sex magic, decentralism (which sounds less scary than "anarchism"), psychopharmacology, General Semantics, regressive rock, esoteric philosophies, and pro football. I'm liable to talk about any of these. Or any two together.

Which brings us to the title. "The Diagonal Relationship" comes from a C.M. Kornbluth story called "MS. Found in a Chinese Fortune Cookie." It

is in the form of a series of notes smuggled out of an insane asylum by an inmate named Cecil Corwin, and commented on by Kornbluth himself. It reads like a series of notes smuggled out of an insane asylum. Corwin, a writer, describes how one day he discovered the Answer (to everything). He tests it on a few cases, and finds that it works. Then he is visited by two men who might be mistaken for Norman Vincent Peale & Mickey Spillane. They inform Corwin that he has discovered the Diagonal Relationship, which is indeed the Answer to everything. Many people have discovered the Relationship, but all of them have been writers, since only writers are interested in enough different and apparently separate fields to gather the necessary data. These writers are the Secret Masters of Literature. They determine who will make the best-seller lists by reviewing each other's books (Hi there, Richard Kostelanetz!), and they do not wish to let the secret out for fear that their power will be broken. They invite Corwin to join them.

But Corwin decides he will use the Secret for the Good of Mankind, and tells them so. They then put Plan B into effect. They inject Corwin with a massive dose of LSD (the story was written in the early 50s) and, while he is disoriented, take him to a nuthouse. The story ends with the first few words of the Answer & a plea from Kornbluth for anyone who finds the rest to contact him. After all, Kornbluth explains, the idea does sound weird, but it's the best explanation he's ever heard of why some people are on the best-seller lists.

I do not claim to have discovered the true Diagonal Relationship. (And if I do, I fear that I will sell out when Wayne W. Dyer and Erich Segal come knocking at my door.) But I like the idea of gaining wisdom by combining widely separate fields. And I like the image. Normal people think parallel; they believe what they're told. Movement people think perpendicular; they believe the opposite of what they're told. Cranks think diagonally; they believe something else. I'm a crank.

My editorial philosophy comes from Rick Nelson: You can't please everyone, so you've got to please yourself. In fact, I'll take it a step further. You can't please anyone if you don't please yourself, just as you can't love anyone if you don't love yourself, and you can't do good if you don't feel good.

So DR will be somewhat disordered (like my mind). There will be no artwork and no fancy layouts. I am not soliciting articles. I do, however, welcome letters of comment and will publish as

much of as many as possible, consistent with space and editorial laziness.

One other thing; I suspect that I may offend a few people. Look: My primary motivation is self-expression, rather than pissing people off, but I've learned that whenever I do the former, there's a good chance I'll do the latter. So it's only fair to warn you that some of what follows may be offensive to members of certain groups. Among these are Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Atheists, Pagans, Republicans, Democrats, Conservatives, Liberals, Reactionaries, Radicals, Women's Liberationists, Male Chauvinists, Social Scientists, Blacks, Whites, Reds, Yellows, Straights, Gays, and Sheep Fuckers. If you do not belong to any of these groups, be patient and I'll try to get around to you.

But that's not the whole story. If the ideal publication has something to offend everyone, it also has something to amuse everyone, something to astound everyone, something to enlighten everyone, and, I suspect, something to confuse everyone & something to bore everyone. (Different strokes for different folks on all of these, of course.) That's what I'm aiming for. [1977]

And so it began.

New faiths

Where's my God, and where's my money?—Rev. Eugene McDaniels, "Compared to What"

Marxist Meditation. I, Perfect Master Guru Mahalingam, have invented this form of spiritual sustenance for all those who think back longingly upon the days when they thought they could change the world through political action. While I cannot divulge all the secrets of the Method to those who have not gone through the preliminary exercises (such as crossing my palm), I can reveal that the essence of the Method consists in repeating certain mantras (such as "Power to the People") until one attains a feeling of Oneness with the Proletariat. (I wonder what Rennie Davis is doing these days.)

Fifties Faith. Once America was a paradise. Eisenhower was in the White House, and all was right with the world. Then God sent us a temptation: He allowed Russia to put up a Sputnik. Not realizing that this was His way of telling us to leave Godless science to the Godless commies, we fell, rushing to imitate them. God punished us by

raining plagues down upon us, including Civil Rights, Sex Freedom, Marijuana, Long Hair, the New Left, Women's Lib, Gay Lib, Assassinations, and the Energy Crisis. But if we repent, accept David Eisenhower as our Saviour, and give up science, we may yet be saved; doowop music will come back, uppity minorities will know their place again, and we'll be able to drive around all day. (In spite of the obvious dumbness of this religion, I have a horrible feeling that if someone manages to say it with a straight face, it will be very popular. It combines antiscience, anticommunism, 50s nostalgia, and miscellaneous bigotry, which seems unbeatable. David Eisenhower not only has the Magic Name, but he may help satisfy nostalgic yearnings for Howdy Doody.)

Plasticism. A prolife religion which goes beyond mere vegetarianism. Our Holy Book, *Doctor Carrot*, will portray the cruel and sadistic ways in which human oppressors torture, kill, and even eat gentle, wise, loving vegetables who are In Tune with Nature. Our believers will be called upon to eat nonanimal, nonvegetable sacramental substances like Baskin & Robbins, Big Macs, & Twinkies. There is always money to be made in telling people that they must do what they want to anyway. [1977]

Divorce. Sacrament of

As a duly ordained minister, I believe that I should have the right to perform the Sacrament of Divorce and have it recognized by the secular authorities. After all, every ending is a beginning, and the fact that two 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 of those, especially if one is called to the Ministry-business. (I was called by mail, and it came as something of a surprise to me. A friend had had me ordained in the Universal Life Church. This was in the days when what used to be called "pornography" could be published, but only if it had a preface by a Social Scientist with a degree, saying that it had Redeeming Social Importance. My first thought was to see if anyone would pay me for prefaces that would show Redeeming Religious Importance--"these 50 pages of pictures make absolutely clear what the Book of Leviticus says you shouldn't do"--but I never got around to it, and by now the preface biz seems to

have folded.) Anyway, I don't usually agree with Al Capp, but I think he scored a bull's eye when he said, "It takes half an hour and \$2 to get married. It takes at least a year, thousands of dollars, and two 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 institution. It could step in to protect the interests of otherwise helpless minors and to prevent grossly unjust arrangements, but would have no power to regulate aspects like the number and gender of participants or the length of the contract, or other matters that are none of its business. [1978]

Bewere

I think it is time that I confessed. I am not entirely what I seem. Perhaps I present a consistent image in these pages, and to those I meet at conventions, but there is another me.

Perhaps you have heard of the werewolf, that beast in human form who turns into a wolf when the moon is full. I am not quite one of those, but I am under a similar curse. I am a *werenormal*.

The first sign of my condition is physiological. As the full moon rises, my hair and beard recede into my head. The beard disappears entirely; the hair merely shortens and parts itself.

Then the desires assail me. I feel a desperate craving to vote, usually followed by a fanatical need to attend the church or synagogue of my choice. Then a trust for our nation's political, spiritual, and financial leaders wells up in my bosom. Impelled by a desire I cannot control, I turn on the television set. I laugh at the comedies and cry at the tragedies, rather than the other way around. I think of what a delightful person the Fonz

is. But most of all, I long for all those wonderful products that the sponsors are nice enough to tell me about. .

Fortunately I have so many normal desires that I can never concentrate on doing one of them. I foam at the mouth and wake the next morning tired and ashamed.

I hope you don't mind my telling you all this. I do feel better now that I've confessed. Medical science is working on medications to relieve my problem. (I believe they've had some success with *Cannabis indica*.) And if you despise me for what I have revealed about myself, you might think on this: Are you quite sure you are free of these desires? [1979]

Freudian gold

Very interesting remarks on "golden" as scatological reference [as in "golden showers"]. Freud said that we tend unconsciously to compare gold with excrement. Norman O. Brown became famous for 15 minutes. in the 60s by writing *Life against Death*, a book largely (though not entirely) dealing with the way Western society has associated excrement, money, capitalism, and Protestantism, with particular reference to the scatological imagery of Martin Luther ("If you hear a Jew dare to speak the name of God, you should notify the authorities, or else throw pig shit at him.") and Jonathan Swift. Like some of the other briefly popular 60s phenomena, the book deserves a revival.

Interestingly enough, the first time I remember noticing Robert Anton Wilson was an article he wrote in *The Realist* about Brown's theories. Since reading Brown, I have tended to deliberately muddy the waters (as it were) with phrases like "pigshit rich" and "shitpot full of money." [1984]

Carbonari

The Carbonari have a most interesting place in history, with indications of connections to the Illuminati and the Rosicrucians on the one hand, and to the Mafia on the other. The phrase "friend of the friends" is a leitmotif in all this. In Sicily, it signifies one with Mafia connections; Idries Shah mentions it in connection with the Sufis; and it appears in Borges's "The Approach to Al-Mu'tasim" in a context of tracing occult connections. Discovering this connection has led me to consider writing a book suggesting that the Mafia is actually

an organization engaged in magick and/or consciousness change, with their more usual activities being a cover-up to keep away undesired attentions from the other huge Italian multinational (the one with main offices in the Vatican). I would call the book *The Teachings of Don Vito*, and it would include "Always try to reason with them first." [1986]

The Cuteness Tarot

With this deck, US Games Systems may have reached the absolute nadir in its efforts to popularize the ancient deck. To see a Cabbage Patch Kid seated upon the Emperor's throne, or wearing the Hermit's robe, is to wonder if anything is safe from Creeping Cutification. The CPK representing Fortitude is subduing a Hello Kitty, while the whole point of the Moon card is lost when both domestic dog and wolf are replaced by Pound Puppies. The Tower is of course a TransFormer; the lightning is turning it into a smiling robot, or perhaps a dump truck. As in French and Italian decks, Trump XIII is not named, but it clearly represents not Death, but Grown-upness.

And yet I must admit that the nameless creator of this deck (the signature is unreadable, as all of the letters closely approximate circles; my guess would be that the first name is "Muffy") has a vision, of sorts, and is true to it. As the minor arcana in the traditional deck represent the four elements of the Universe (Earth, Air, Fire, and Water), so the minor suits in this deck represent the four elements of the Cuteness Universe. The Smurfs signify smallness; the Care Bears, niceness; the Wuzzles, fuzziness; and the My Little Ponies, simplemindedness. The imagery is fairly consistent.

The Cuteness Tarot cannot be recommended for serious readings, but it may attain a certain amount of success with small children and cheerleaders. [1987]

Mormons

The Mormon Murders, by Steven Naifeh and Gregory White Smith and *A Gathering of Saints*, by Robert Lindsey, both deal with a messy murder case in Salt Lake City.

At the center of the mess was a confidence person who was peddling documents fraudulently attributed to Joseph Smith and other figures in the founding of the Mormon Church. The twist was that some of the fakes were apparently sold to the

church itself, which wanted to suppress them, on the grounds that they supported various stories about Smith (such as his prior involvement in dubious religious and financial schemes) that the church had long feared were true.

I can't help wondering if history will repeat itself in another century. I can see it now: The Church of the King trying to suppress material purporting to be narcotic prescriptions, as well as alleged evidence that the book *Elvis: What Happened?* is not, as the Church insists, a twenty-first-century forgery. [1989]

New Age Librarianship

[I did this one for a UNC Library School publication, rather than my zine.]

Today a new wave of thinking is sweeping America, from Marin County to Cape Cod. Led by such philosophers as Jeremy Rifkin, Theodore Roszak, and Shirley McLaine, more and more people are challenging the cold, factual rigidities of Establishment Science, and replacing them with new, warmer, more human paradigms. We in the library profession can ill afford to let these changes pass us by, so we should institute courses to prepare us for this brave new world. Here are some possibilities:

Online Channeling. Libraries should be ready to provide our patrons this important form of information from those who have gone before, on a direct person-to-person, or perhaps spirit-to-person, basis. There has been some question about the use of computers for this service, especially when the first attempts brought messages from UNIVACs, IBM 650s, and other departed computers. Now, however, we have been assured that the channeled messages received online are every bit as good as those received in more traditional fashion. There will be a small charge for these services, slightly higher for more popular spirits, such as Ramtha, Hunk-Ra, and Elvis.

Rogerian Reference. For too long, Reference Librarians have been treating information seekers as mere sources of questions, not as real, live, caring, needing human beings. This new approach will emphasize reacting to the whole person, with replies like "I see that you have a genuine need to know" and "I understand that this information is very important to you." Actual locations of books and other material may be given if this can be done in a nondirective manner.

Organization of Materials. This old familiar subject will take on new aspects, as the library acquires new sorts of material, such as Tarot cards, I Ching coins, and crystals. Fortunately, the complexities added by these innovations will be more than balanced by the new holistic classification system, under which all books are filed under E, for Everything.

Library De-Automation. This new approach will free patrons from the feeling of dependence upon cold, inhuman machines, giving them a feeling of empowerment as they fill out several copies of each call slip by hand (on recycled paper, of course).

Holistic Human Caring. This will be the new term for what was once called "Information Science," following a protest by followers of Jeremy Rifkin, to whom the first word is offensive because it represents the opposite of Entropy, and the second is downright obscene.

We must hurry to implement these changes, as there are more and more people who desire this sort of approach. Indeed, there may be one born every minute. [1989]

Peace dividend

I read the news today oh boy.

Professors at my alma mater, UNC, are now not even permitted to make long-distance calls. The state legislature's inability to budget is rapidly making the school a laughingstock.

The time has come for a modest proposal, or perhaps an immodest one. That is, I am in the position of Jack Warner when his studio was about to make *Ocean's 11*, the first great film about a multimillion-dollar heist. Warner read the script and said, "Screw the movie; let's pull the job."

The satirical suggestion, or the job we are trying to pull, is this: There is no more threat of war with the Evil Empire to the East. There may be what is called a peace dividend, a great deal of government money that no one knows what to do with.

Now is the time for intellectuals of all stripes to announce that we are at war for human minds, that a vast expenditure for mental activity is needed, lest other lands surpass us.

It will all be for defense, and so we can ask for lots of money, as the road builders did in the 1950s when they built highways all over America

on the pretense that these were a defense program to evacuate citizens in time of nuclear attack.

The important thing to remember is that we must all work together and make it clear that we need funds for all fields. It would be easy to say that my own area, Information Science, is particularly valuable, but it would be wrong. There is enough for all of us.

Let us spend lest there be a poetry gap between us and those overseas; let us have a defense budget for the social sciences, for pure mathematics, for basic research in every area. Even those in the Literature departments at Duke, who have been described as "the best Marxists money can buy," can join in. (After all, *someone* should look after the Church of Marx now that those who've tried to live under it have abandoned it.)

We can handle things better than previous defense contractors. There will be nothing like those \$50,000 hammers for Congress to complain about, for after all, who (but us) knows how much a new structuralist anthropological theory should cost? As a result, we can do away with sloppy things like cost overruns. By God, if we say we can deliver a new Categorical Imperative for \$500 million, let's do it, and not stick on a few million more at the end!

I can foresee one possible difficulty. As everyone knows, the intellectual quest can lead anywhere, and of course we have no desire to constrain it. But one place it could lead is to pictures of cute naked men, and we all know how Senator Helms reacts to those. Even his conditioned reflex of voting for anything called "defense" might be overcome.

So I asked myself what the previous defense establishment did when it wanted to undertake something even Congress could not stomach. The answer was obvious: covert operations. So we will also set up a Covert Intellectual Agency to deal with potentially controversial subjects like psychopharmacology and alternative sexual lifestyles.

But let there be no divisions amongst us. Let everyone in every intellectual area that is not immediately remunerative join in. MINDS FOR DEFENSE, that's it! And at least our scholars can stop making collect calls. [1990]

Update: Fat fucking chance.

Excommunication

Life Imitates Satire Dept.: One or the many things I liked when I read the *Illuminatus* trilogy was Discordianism, a religion, or parody thereof, in which everybody could be a pope. As a pope, one could do all sorts of neat things like issuing Bulls and excommunicating people. Of course there might not be anyone belonging to your church, but you could excommunicate people anyway.

I got into it right away, declaring myself Pope Guilty I. Mike Gunderloy and I used to excommunicate each other every few months, just to keep in practice. I excommunicated all of those who follow the Scarlet Whore of Mad Dog, Texas (officially known as the Church of the Sub-Genius). But after a while I got tired of excommunicating, especially since it doesn't bother those who wouldn't want to be in my church anyway.

Imagine my surprise when I read today that a church that doesn't seem satirical, the Orthodox Catholic Church of Louisiana, has excommunicated the governor of Louisiana for vetoing a particularly punitive antiabortion law. The governor is a Methodist and may not even have heard of their church, but they're excommunicating him anyway.

Well, I'll be happy to get in on the fun. I, Pope Guilty I, hereby excommunicate the Orthodox Catholic Church of Louisiana, and invite them to do likewise to me. I'm opposed to antiabortion laws too, but that may not qualify me for excommunication, since I don't get to veto them. So I'll try something else. OK: "The Orthodox Catholic Church of Louisiana can go take a flying fuck at a rolling donut." Will that suffice? [1991]

from a recently discovered 15th-Century manuscript: Entropia by Hieronymus Rifkinus

...we can be certain we are reaching the holy State of Entropy because we know that we live in a Closed System. It is obvious that the madman Columbus is speaking self-contradictory nonsense when he talks of a "New World." There is only one World, and we are all a part of it.

This is what many people fail to understand. "Let Columbus sail," they say. "What is it to us if he falls off the edge of the Earth?" These people do not realize that Columbus's ships could tip the World so severely that we all would fall off.

At the very least, before he is allowed to proceed with his dangerous follies he should be required to file an environmental impact statement demonstrating that this cannot happen... [1991]

Republicans

Americans hate government. This is not surprising, and it may be one of the relatively few indications of good taste on our national part, but it does present problems, particularly with those who for some reason want to be part of the government while sharing the contempt that all good citizens have for it.

The technical term for these confused and ambivalent souls is *Republicans*. Their speeches are rather curious. The first half states that government is vile, not merely a neutral force in the hands of the wrong people, as political campaigns have traditionally maintained, but inherently harmful, no matter who runs it. The second half states that the Republican candidate in question is such a wonderful human being that he or she should be put in charge of it.

This approach has worked a number of times, including three Presidential elections, but perhaps its inconsistencies bother the Republicans, for they are refining it. If government is so bad, why inflict positions in it upon good people? Why not sentence to it those who are already too corrupt to be further soiled, or those so lacking in personal merits that the harm it does would not be a tragedy? In particular, we have Oliver North, a sort of G. Gordon Liddy without the sense of honor, who lied to the organization he is now running for, allowed a reasonable amount of the clandestine money that passed through his hands to stick to them, and took the first opportunity to peddle a book snitching on those who had trusted him. Then there is Michael Huffington, whose only known qualities are an inordinate amount of money and a wife (apparently smarter and stronger than he is) whose connections to a secretive religious organization give cause for concern. Though I am not entirely displeased at the thought of North working his depredations directly upon the Senate, while Huffington passes out the Kool-Aid, I can't help thinking this may not be the best way to choose our senators. [1992]

A political scandal

Fijian politics has been thrown into turmoil by the revelation that Salote Faumuina, the wife of Prime Minister Manu Faumuina, has been consulting with Dr. Friedrich Gleitmann, a Freudian psychoanalyst.

Opposition parties have suggested that Dr. Gleitmann has "a sinister, occult influence" on Ms. Faumuina. One spokesman has even suggested that the analyst forces his patients to act out "filthy incestuous fantasies from some of the more pornographic of their primitive folk tales." Dr. Gleitmann, incidentally, is never referred to as a doctor, but by some local term of religious contempt like "priest" or "minister." [1996]

I wrote that after the revelation that Hillary Clinton engaged in exercises of imagination (*not* channeling) with psychologist Jean Houston, in which she tried to think of what Eleanor Roosevelt would do by imagining the two of them conversing. Right-wingers, describing Dr. Houston as a "guru" or "shaman," tried to make the whole thing sound as if they were out in the Rose Garden sky-clad, sacrificing a few household pets to summon Ms. Roosevelt and/or Satan (assuming there's a difference). Rabble failed to be roused by this nonsense, thus foreshadowing the American people's impeachment demonstration that, as E.E. Cummings would say, there is some s. they will not eat.

Book review

These days, the visual media get all the headlines. Science-fiction readers, for instance, point that out that despite all the good stuff coming out in print sf, one mostly hears about *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, and their descendants. In just about any category, it is news when a print work gets the attention normally reserved for movies and television.

This problem certainly shows up in the field discussed in these pages, where the stores seem almost to have forgotten the existence of the printed word, and thus I think it is important to note that the media are finally turning their attention to a pornographic *book*.

That said, one wishes they'd picked a better example. Just as the science fiction readers complain that the movies rehash old ideas that the field abandoned thirty years ago, so the new best seller is a regression, a work that makes it seem as if no progress has been made in all the years since I was first holding books in one hand.

Specifically, *The Starr Report* resembles a Nightstand Book, those ghastly things published in

the 50s and early 60s when censorship was even more oppressive than today. In those days, circuitous phrasing was required. Worse yet, the publishers attempted to ward off police attentions with a continuing barrage of preachment, in which terms William Bennett or Ralph Reed would appreciate were used to revile the moral squalor of the acts the book was also trying to describe enticingly. This lent a certain ambiguity to the work, but interfered with its erotic effect, except for those to whom constant reminders of the naughtiness of the proceedings are a turn-on.

I consider *The Starr Report* particularly bad in this area, perhaps so heavy-handedly moralistic that Don Elliott would be ashamed to sign his name to it, but I may be letting nostalgia get the better of me. I haven't read an actual Nightstand Book in years, and perhaps I am not allowing myself to remember that they were as tiresome as *The Starr Report*.

The erotic specifics are uninspiringly done. The author deserves credit for introducing one act with which the readers might not be familiar (sometimes a cigar is not just a cigar), but mostly the sex is ordinary. As critics like Joan Didion have pointed out, the book has an interesting, though presumably unintended, subtext of *She Done Him Wrong*. Many readers will find this merely a distraction from the book's erotic appeal, as well as from its stated theme. The presumably pseudonymous author has picked a nom de plume (Kenneth Starr) that sounds somewhat like a real person's name, albeit with a touch of showbiz excitement. No obvious aliases like "Hugh Chardawn" or "Peter Gozinya" for him.

Taken as a whole, *The Starr Report* cannot be recommended, certainly not as an exemplar of the porn field. Theodore Sturgeon once said that no category has ever been judged as much by its worst examples as has science fiction. Had he lived to see this, he might have reconsidered. [1998]

Livejournal had various quizzes and games. I liked this one:

The rules are:

1. Choose five to seven characters.
2. They may be from books, movies, comics, TV shows, games, and real life, but no traditional superheroes (in other words, no "Avengers Assemble!" or "Justice League of America" stuff).

3. They may be from any place on the space-time continuum, and any plane of existence --characters do not need to exist within the same era and country as in the original

4. You must identify the recruiter, the leader, and the villain, and there must be at least one female.

Augustus Mandrell. When someone absolutely, positively has to be terminated. Also can instruct in *gym-crack*.*

Morticia Addams. I always thought of Mrs. Peel as a housewife taking an occasional vacation from domesticity. Tish would be even better.

Travis McGee and John Shaft, for intelligent muscle.

Jubal Harshaw. The kind of sneaky, manipulative person you want to have on the side of Good. Also doctor, lawyer.

Villain: The insidious Dr. Fu Manchu, perhaps in his latter-day guise of Ho Chi Minh.

Recruiter: The greatest of all time, Hassan i Sabbah

Leader: Alexander Waverly. A solid professional, as shown by his UNCLE service, though there are rumors that in his early days he saw ghosts.

* A forgotten hero. The Commissions of Augustus Mandrell, by Frank McAuliffe, were published as paperback originals by Ballantine: *Of All the Bloody Cheek* (1965), *Rather a Vicious Gentleman* (1968), and *For Murder I Charge More* (1971). They were never reprinted, which is an abomination. Mandrell, the narrator, is a charming and witty scoundrel who takes "commissions" (murders for hire), which are played for laughs. In the course of these he often instructs young women in gym-crack, an ancient Oriental martial art, or perhaps meditative practice, which invariably ends up with teacher and student engaged in sexual intercourse. Hilarious and not morally uplifting
[2003]

If you're not printing out the zine, you can have blank columns or pages.