

## Nice Distinctions 24

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This is Discordian Regimentation #124, a Church of the SuperGenius publication. In Wile E. we trust.

Hello again. The Bible got one right: I have made it to threescore and ten. As I told my doctor, "For some reason, I feel as if I'm seventy years old." I had an attack of Bell's palsy a few months ago, but I'm pretty much over it and once again symmetrical.

The rest of my family—Bernadette Bosky and Kevin Maroney—also continue to thrive. We have had to adjust the technical marital arrangements because we live in a third-world country where (a) people are afraid of their medical bills and (b) the state claims the right to set arbitrary restrictions on marriage on the basis of gender and number. (I hear that three people were allowed to marry one another in Brazil. Perhaps this idea will eventually trickle down to uncivilized countries like ours.) We remain a happy tuple. The official stuff is a hollow sham; the love is real.

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**Hurricane Sandy** didn't hit us with its best shot. We didn't even lose power, merely missing a day or two of Internet, but we got caught in the gasoline panic that followed. When Election Day rolled around, we had virtually no gas in the car. So I had to walk a couple of miles to the polling place to vote for a guy who sends drones into countries we have no business in, but I got to vote against Willard the Malefactor of Great Wealth, so it was worth it.

I took a gas can along and was able to fill it, so we could get to a gas station with a moderate line and fill up the whole tank. As

we say in the Fellowship, when you do the right thing, the right thing happens.

**It is said** that one way to improve one's writing skills is to set oneself difficult tasks; for instance, same-sex porn requires greater verbal precision than the more traditional kind because the pronouns do not distinguish the characters. With that in mind, I attempted to write about the Republicans without using stigmatizing, ablist terms for mental difference and disability.

Willard was not atypical of the Republicans. The great Horrible Example was Rep. Todd Akin, who insisted that women do not get pregnant from "legitimate rape." Others in his party made similar statements indicating that they too were free from the ravages of Sex Education.

Akin was on the House Committee on Science, along with a fellow Republican who stated that evolution is a "lie from the pits of Hell." The Republicans must think that having a House Committee on Science is like having a House Committee on Terrorism.

Welcome to the world, **Oscar Joseph Carrington Cimmet** (my latest grand-nibling)

**Like Oscar Wilde**, I believe that disobedience was our Original Virtue. In fact, I trace it back before humanity. I imagine every evolutionary advance coming in the face of warnings that the proposed change was dangerous, impious, and generally immoral. The first fish who crawled out onto the land was told to wait until everyone could do it. Maybe that's why they call it a school of fish.

### **Invisible disability**

I have two tiny Caucasian-colored devices that I wear in my ears to raise my hearing level to Moderately Challenged. They are marvels of miniaturization and are priced like that. I believe there are better ones in a price range for people who keep their money in the Cayman Islands.

Suppose they didn't have to be miniature. Suppose they were permitted to cover the entire ears and surrounding territory. One assumes they could then be better and cheaper. So why not?

We are ashamed of disabilities. Hearing loss is not usually acquired venereally, but the stigma is there. People would know!!! Of

course in my case they could find out by speaking softly. And the perceptive ones would adjust.

I'm a nerd; I would cheerfully sacrifice appearance to function, and I would love hearing aids that did that. And I'd get them in bright colors.

[After I put this online, Nancy Lebovitz told me that a friend of hers wore wolf ears to a convention masquerade and noticed how the shape funneled the sound to him even without electronics. I want wolf ears!]

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## 999

You know you're getting old when the forbidden books of your youth become Required Reading. When I read *Catcher in the Rye*, it was still banned in many schools because it spelled out the hackneyed obscenity Holden Caulfield saw on a wall.

Science fiction was not outlawed, but it was looked down upon. Now, however, the eminently respectable Library of America has produced a two-volume set of nine of the best science fiction novels of the Fifties. I reviewed it, for *The New York Review of Science Fiction*, and I repeat: They made an excellent selection and presented it well.

The University of Illinois is publishing a series of monographs called **Modern Masters of Science Fiction**. They've started with an excellent, and all too forgotten, writer: *John Brunner*. Jad Smith has given him a thorough and perceptive treatment. Highly recommended. There are supposed to be many more. I know the one on Greg Egan will be good, because Karen Burnham has been presenting chapters from it at the International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts.

Andy Duncan has won the Nebula for "Close Encounters," one of the stories in *The Pottawatomie Giant and Other Stories*, a collection I thoroughly enjoyed. His tall-tale imagination and multicultural Southern demotic prose make the book a delight. I will give one example: an African-American folk hero possessed by an entity that enables and/or forces him to sing "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?"

I finally discovered Kim Newman's marvelous Anno Dracula series, an endlessly inventive alternate history in which Dracula and other vampires are real. There are three volumes so far—*Anno Dracula*, *The Bloody Red Baron*, and *Dracula Cha Cha Cha*—with a fourth, *Johnny Alucard*, promised for later this year.

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### Local news

A black teenager at a "residential treatment center" died while several guards were sitting on him. You might think they were doing something wrong, but the official report explains that he died of cardiac arrest (unsurprisingly) "during an excited state while being subdued," and thus accidentally.

I am not making this up: "The coroner's office wouldn't release the report until it first received approval from the District Attorney's Office and then got a \$26 fee from the family."

### Coffee

A while ago, John Scalzi did a post saying that coffee tastes like ass. Now he admits that he drinks it when there's lots of other stuff in it. He says that coffee is popular just because it's a drug, but it can't be as simple as that, because there's a market for decaf coffee but not for decaffeinated crack.

I like coffee insofar as it aspires to the condition of ice cream: lots of sweet stuff, lots of milklike stuff, a little coffee. It may taste like ass all by itself, but it makes the other ingredients taste better. Coffee is a seasoning.

### Slippery slope

Bryan Fischer, of the American [Only One Kind of] Family Association, warns that Mix It Up at Lunch Day, in which students eat with people of different ethnicities, is a Homintern ploy, just like the anti-bullying movement. Tolerance is a menace, because tolerating anyone can be a gateway drug to tolerating queers.

### Dum spiro, spero

I am a sperotheist.\* I do not know there is a God. I do not believe there is a God. I hope there is a God. The danger of praying to Her seems no worse than being unheard.

\*Sperotheism is Wrong in the same way as polyamory (linguistic miscegenation).

**In my lifetime**, we have reversed the evolution away from pictograms. Now we have to learn that two parallel vertical lines mean “pause,” that a kindergarten representation of coitus means “power on/off,” and much, much more. I like words. If I last long enough, I will miss them.

### **Functions**

Fifty years ago, I kept hearing that thinking and intuition were opposed to each other and were, respectively, masculine and feminine. When I pondered my own mental processes, I wondered why I was not a hermaphrodite. Fortunately, I found an Authority who offered a different model: Carl Jung said that thinking and intuition were perfectly compatible and were not about one’s genitals or desires.

Jung said that thinking and feeling were opposed, but there are other models that say the go together, and while those don’t describe me as well, I find them plausible. What I don’t find plausible is the attribution of those functions to genders, the idea that thinking is masculine, and thus to favor it over feeling is sexist.

We have all been here before, only with race, from both sides. We think, and they feel, so we are better. Occasionally, we feel and they think, so we are better. I didn’t believe it about race, and I don’t believe it about sex.

**Also**, I am an extreme introvert. I do not fit the AUTISM or ASPERGER’S labels, but I am on the spectrum with those who do. I live in my mind and deal with the world, rather than living in the world, and having to go along with the supposed universal evolutionary mandated need to verbally pick lice off my fellow primates and be picked in turn makes me feel as if I had a vampire squid wrapped around me.

### **Alien symbols**

The Newspaper of Record cannot deal with last names that have spaces in them. Of course, it’s not them; it’s the computer people. Did anyone write a viciously satirical sf story in which many futuristic systems would replace the simple apostrophe with one of a dozen bits of gibberish that look like the ways comic strips represented Bad Words?

**When a Republican** wants to spend gummint money on finding a cure for (let us say) fallen armpits, the only question is whether he has fallen armpits or a member of his family does. It appears the party has long since managed to purge anyone with the empathy and compassion to be bothered by a problem that doesn’t affect him or his constituency. Now it’s Chris Christie (joined by selective anti-terrorist Peter King) who has noticed that the Republican leadership is as callous about storm victims in New Jersey as it is about suffering people everywhere else. The Guv is simply shocked, and the Very Serious People have once again decided they have their very own Nice Republican so they don’t have to be (oh, ick) partisan.

### **Penny wise**

Many years ago Piels Beer, a New York brewery, started an advertising campaign with the comedy team of Bob & Ray portraying the fictional Piel Brothers, Bert & Harry. People loved it; sales shot straight up, and then straight down. It seems that shortly before the ad campaign, a Piels executive had noticed that the company could save money by cutting out a step in the brewing process that all the other companies were doing. Unfortunately, it seems that the step they removed kept the beer from tasting ~~even more~~ like urine.

This sort of corporate anorexia persists. Wal-Mart has cut its staff so much that they’re not keeping their shelves well stocked, and it’s hurting sales. In that same proud tradition *The Chicago Sun-Times* has decided it doesn’t need photographers.

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Once you turn 50 or so, every year is a Year of the Jackpot, and doing only one zine a year means the death reports pile up. So this time I’m doing it in two parts, and yielding to the fanocentric temptation to start with

### **Worldcon in the Sky**

I wasn’t a second-generation fan, but I was a second-generation reader. My father grew up reading Verne and Čapek and had lot of *Galaxys*, Ballantines, and Ace Doubles. I didn’t really discover fandom until I was in my 30s, and as Horatio Alger is alleged to have said when he first tried sex at a similar age, “I was a fool not to have done it sooner! It is not nearly so vile as I had supposed.”

One of the first fan writers I noticed was **Richard E. Geis**. He wrote well, including about his sexual practices, desires, and hangups, and he had a rare talent for stirring up controversy and fannish war, which he may have enjoyed as much as sex. One thing that encouraged my own fanwriting career was the awareness of what he was getting away with. When I did a zine, he was most encouraging, though he said I was too nice and should be stirring up more trouble. A lot of other people appreciated him; he won serial Hugoes before Dave Langford did.

Then, as I was trying to get my nerve up to do a fanzine, **Dave Locke** wrote an article about stupid things not to do in your first zine. I'm sure there were a few on that list that I had realized all by myself that I shouldn't do, but there were a number that I hadn't. When I pubbed my first ish, I didn't do them, and I found a place in fandom.

I traded zines with him, and a few years later when he started the amateur press association he called FLAP (Fannish Little Amateur Press), he invited me to be a charter member. I am still there. In later years he adapted to cyberspace; he said, "Computers are all Geek to me," but he learned about them, contributing not only his excellent writing but also his computer skills to several fannish mailing lists. Wherever he went, he was intelligent, witty, skeptical, and cantankerous.

A few years ago, he had a heart attack that was supposed to be fatal, but he had a case of the stubbornness or something and didn't die. He returned to his fannish venues, writing as well as ever, but he knew he was living on borrowed time. He has now had to return it.

**Paul Williams** was after my time at Swarthmore. I saw my first copy of *Crawdaddy* in the smoking lounge when I went back for a visit in '65 or '66, read it, and liked it. I don't believe I ever actually met Paul, but I enjoyed his writing, such as *Das Energi*, and appreciate all he did to keep the memory of Philip K. Dick and Theodore Sturgeon alive.

**Judy Gerjuoy (Jaelle of Armida)** liked Marion Zimmer Bradley's Darkover books so much that she started an annual convention

about them. Darkovercon (which I have enjoyed many times) remains as her memorial.

We also lost **Mary Gray**, **Vanessa Schnatmeier**, and **Danny Lieberman**, old friends from about 30 years in fandom together; **Roger Ebert**, who was an excellent fanwriter, and then went on to do something or other; **Jan Howard Finder**, the original fannish Wombat; **Allyn Cadogan**, who did some enjoyable zines; **Dennis Dolbear** and **George Inzer**, stalwarts of Southern fandom; **Paula Gawne**, of poly fandom; **Jessica Lanier**, of lj and Facebook; and **Marty Gear**, a beloved costumer.

Like Philip K. Dick, **Harry Harrison** wrote a lot of great science fiction and then became famous when Hollywood distorted one of his minor works. I loved *Bill the Galactic Hero*, *Star Smashers of the Galaxy Rangers*, *A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah!*, "Mute Milton," "I Always Do What Teddy Says," and lots more.

**Iain M. Banks** brought back the vaulting speculative imagination that was supposed to be passé and American; he also wrote excellent mimetic novels that he signed without the middle initial, and no one was sure which was the *nom de plume*.

**Jack Vance** wrote lots of good stuff, mostly with decadent societies and lush, well-described backgrounds. I particularly liked *The Languages of Pao* and the Demon Princes books.

**Andrew J. Offutt** wrote the delightful *Evil Is Live Spelled Backwards* (he didn't like the title either), about a rebellion against a Religious Right dictatorship, but I must admit my favorite of his books is *Holly Would*, a hilarious softcore porn book (by "John Cleve"), in which a man becomes rich and famous by acting rich and famous.

**Richard Matheson** was the original Cross-over Guy. He may have written in every known fiction category, and much of his work became movies. His two best sf novels, *The Shrinking Man* and *I Am Legend*, were filmed twice and three times respectively.

### **Making it OK**

In Morocco a man who rapes a minor can beat the rap by marrying his victim. In the latest case the perp remarkably enough continued to abuse his bride, until she killed herself.

As an American, I often have the opportunity to be ashamed of my country, but this time I have to say: At least the official legal part wouldn't happen even in Arizona.

**Napoleon Chagnon** has written a book with the delightful title *Noble Savages: My Life among Two Dangerous Tribes—the Yanomamö and the Anthropologists*. All anthropology has been plunged into war. The Marxoid cultural materialists and the sociobiologists fighting over which reductionism will rule the tribe is almost as much fun to watch as the rich pigs and the sex haters fighting over the Republican Party. Go it husband, go it bear!

### **Cronyism in a good cause**

Jeffrey Beall was a library school classmate of mine (UNC '90). He has gone on to investigate the world of open-source scholarly journal publishing, and he has found some nasty things crawling out from under the rocks. Our alma mater has made a statement fully supporting him. He's at

<http://scholarlyoa.com/>

**When Bush** et al. said we had to go into Iraq because of 9/11, I thought they were trying to run a shell game with a watermelon, and so did most of the DFHs I hang out with. A lot of Experts, however, thought it was peachy keen. Now it's 10 years later, and we're supposed to forget. Let's not.

**Best enemies:** Pairs of groups that hate each other, love hating each other, and are invested in the idea that they are the only alternatives. Examples: The Roman Catholic hierarchy and the theophobes; the banks and the Communists.

### **DIY**

By now I suppose even the Boy Scout Manual no longer warns against the horrors of masturbation. It may not be publicly condemned the way it used to, but one can see it as being at the heart of the culture wars because it offers women autonomy. Furthermore, men who masturbate are less likely to

see women as the keepers of something men desperately need.

### **A choice, not an echo**

Sarah Palin has threatened, or perhaps offered, to start a third party. I hope she is every bit as successful as Ralph Nader. I can see it now: "Of course I hate President Warren for the socialized medicine and what she did to those poor bankers, but I really blame the Republicans who threw away their votes."

### **Because they can**

In the continuing saga of computers making it possible to do things no sane person wanted to, we have the prospect of ever-changing toilet paper prices. It's a small version of the idea that Wall Street can keep playing faster and faster for ever-bigger jackpots, which makes me hear the organ playing sinister foreshadowing music.

### **Forbidden**

A Colorado third-grader was not allowed to wear a Peyton Manning jersey because 18 is a "gang number." And a deaf child was forbidden from Signing his own name because it's too violent. (In karate, they say your hand is your sword, but this is ridiculous.)

Every so often I hear of elementary schools punishing kids for drawing pictures of weapons, swastikas, etc. If they'd done that in my day, I would still be in detention.

### **My ass and your Facebook**

I long for the day when Facebook is a pathetic dead joke like AOL. There are many annoyances; for instance, I try to click on something, and the page moves. It's like trying to eat something that isn't dead yet.

And I listed Robert Heinlein as an Interest, and Facebook translated that into Friend. Someone presumably channeling him began expressing opinions on current political issues in his name, so I unfriended him, or his ectoplasmic presence, or whatever.

### **Punishment**

I keep running into the problem that Punishment Doesn't Work, no matter how much one wishes it would. Specifically, it doesn't undo the crime. Restitution helps in financial crimes, but there can be intangible and irreversible harms in almost any crime, and punishment merely adds the pain

inflicted on the perpetrator. This would seem obvious; as Gandhi put it, “An eye for an eye, and everyone winds up blind.” But many people don’t act that way. I suspect that the desire to ignore the self-evident deficiencies of punishment may be one of the Basic Human Needs. (It probably pays off evolutionarily.) For instance, there is the harmful idea that one shows the wonderfulness of the victim by making the punishment worse.

There are of course efforts to make punishment something more than the transitory joys of vengeance. The criminal justice system attempts simultaneously to deter, to incapacitate, and to rehabilitate, three goals that can no more all be maximized at once than a group of people can line up alphabetically by height. But what most people really want is to do bad things to those who have done bad things.

And I am one of them.

**Tuesday Cain**, a 14-year-old girl, appeared at a demonstration with a sign saying, “Jesus isn’t a dick, so keep him out of my vagina.” That brought, as they say, a firestorm of protest from people who cannot deal with uppity 14-year-old girls and/or compound sentences.

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## Toy Department

*Huffington Post* had two headlines in the same day on basketball: “NBA Player with Mental Illness” and “March Madness.”

Sportswriters believe they have a firm grip on the intangibles.

### Cahiers de gridiron

Quarterbacks are *auteurs*; the assumption that they do it all themselves enables football to be described linearly (like baseball). Mark Sanchez starts a game with two of his three best receivers out, loses the third midway through the game, and finishes with mediocre numbers. The sportswriters wonder what Sanchez is doing wrong.

### It’s not the crime; it’s the cover-up

I don’t take sports doping all that seriously. Yeah, it’s cheating, and they shouldn’t do it, but there’s a lot of worse stuff going on. When the news on Lance Armstrong came out, the

*NY Post* front page said that he was one of the worst liars in all human history. That from a paper that enthusiastically cheered on the George W. Bush lies that got thousands of people killed in Iraq. My thoughts were closer to what Charlie Pierce said:

The man beat Stage Four cancer that began in his balls and spread to his brain, and I’m supposed to stop admiring him because, for the purpose of winning a bike race, he may have arranged to use too much of his own blood?

On the other hand, it appears that in order to cover up for the doping, Armstrong set out to ruin the lives of anyone who had the goods on him. Ryan Braun did likewise.

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In my teenage years, there was a book with the misleadingly prurient title of *Seduction of the Innocent*. Its author, Fredric Wertham, always maintained that he did not favor censorship of the comics on which he blamed all the ills of society, but that’s what happened. There have since been efforts to rehabilitate his reputation, based on both his good intentions and the claim that he invented slash goggles.\* (Actually, Leslie Fiedler was working the same territory at the same time. It was like Darwin and Wallace.)

In the 70s, when I was getting into fandom, he was there, studying fanzine culture. He had obviously gone native: He was writing to many zines, pushing his theories of mass media as the sole cause of human evil as hard as others pushed Smash the State. When his book *The World of Fanzines* came out, there was a certain amount of relief in the community that while he hadn’t gotten us right, at least he didn’t turn any pictures upside down.

His papers became available a few years ago, and Carol Tilley, a professor of library science, has now studied them and discovered that he manipulated the evidence in all sorts of fraudulent ways to reach his alarmist conclusions. I guess he was the Andrew Wakefield of pop culture.

\*which enable the viewer to see same-sex relationships invisible to the unaided eye.

## Not Forgotten

**George A. Miller** was best known for “The Magical Number Seven, Plus or Minus Two,

Some Limits on Our Capacity for Processing Information,” but I think an even more useful idea is Miller’s Law: “In order to understand what another person is saying, you must assume that it is true and try to figure out what it could be true of.”

Forty years ago, I had a chance to do two good things at once. While voting against Richard Nixon, I could vote for **George McGovern**, the acid, amnesty, and abortion candidate who wanted to get us out of the Asian mess. I did so, but there weren’t anywhere near enough of us.

I have since learned that in current Republican rhetoric the scary word for a reasonable approach to illegal immigrants is *amnesty*. Forty years on, and we still need an acid, amnesty, and abortion president.

Speaking of Nixon, **Daniel Inouye** lost an arm in World War II defending the country that had imprisoned many of his family and friends, and then defended it again against its president.

**Gore Vidal** pointed out that *homosexual* and *heterosexual* can be clearly and unambiguously defined as adjectives describing acts but lead to nearly endless confusion if one tries to make them nouns describing people. That was only one of the many ways in which he educated, illuminated, and amused me with his many novels and essays.

**Thomas Szasz** knew that “mental illness” is at best a metaphor.

I knew when I went there that Swarthmore was so superior that our successes would do well out in the world. I underestimated: A lot of our flunkouts and dropouts did too. Certainly, **Sally Ride**’s achievements as a scientist and astronaut were not prophesied by her first shot at college. Perhaps the worst space danger she survived was stupid media questions about what a woman might do out there. (But what if she *menstruated*?)

**Aaron Swartz** was hounded to death for believing that information wants to be free.

**Tom Sharpe** was a literary sociopath. He had a crisp, witty prose style; a remarkable gift for complex plotting; and no apparent sense of

the moral significance of what he described, which was played entirely for laughs. I loved his books.

I like to think **Deacon Jones** gave the Devil a head slap and got away.

I remember watching **Richie Havens** at the Fillmore or Avalon, before Woodstock. He may have been even more wasted than I was, but he was good.

**Vince Flynn** wrote technothrillers set in the alternate reality where torture works.

#### **Not playing Possum**

All those substances he abused have finally taken **George Jones** out, at age 81. I trust someone was tasteless enough to do a cartoon of St. Peter looking at his watch and saying, “I wonder if he’ll show.”

#### **De mortuis nil nisi bonum**

**Hugo Chavez** really pissed George W. Bush off. Further deponent saith not.

My great teenage crush **Annette Funicello** has died, which would make me sad even if it didn’t remind me that I’m the same age.

**Margaret Thatcher** demonstrated that there’s something much worse than a country run by Big Labor.

I loved **Ray Manzarek**’s organ music so much that I even tolerated that other guy braying crap like “Our love become a funeral pyre” on his records.

**Barney Rosset**, of Grove Press, was a front-line warrior in the War on Censorship. **Edward De Grazia** wrote an excellent book about it (*Girls Lean Back Everywhere*).

When we imposed a new constitution on Japan after beating them in World War II, **Beate Gordon** snuck women’s rights into it.

There will be a court fight over whether **Junior Seau** was a victim of football or Ambien. My guess is the latter.

**Anthony Lewis** wrote about *Gideon’s Trumpet* and other important events in our legal system.

**Henry Morgentaler** survived a concentration camp in World War II, moved to Canada and became a doctor, and fought for women's right to own their own bodies.

#### **Excellent weird things**

**Shadow Morton's** great girl group, the Shangri-Las; **Bernard Waber's** *Lyle, Lyle, Crocodile*; and **Jonathan Winters**.

And also **Chinua Achebe, Bobby Blue Bland, Earl "Speedo" Carroll, William Demby, Cleve Duncan, Deanna Durbin, James Gandolfini, Ray Harryhausen, Mindy McCready, Chuck Muncie, Stan Musial, Harry Reems, George Sauer Jr., Jean Stapleton, Pat Summerall, Walt Sweeney, Maria Tallchief, Bob Teague, Earl Weaver, Slim Whitman, Esther Williams, Sol Yurick**

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### **Nasty, Brutish, & Short**

The health-food dept. offers Natural Hemp Beverages, in case you've always wanted to flunk a piss test without getting high.

Ron Paul is a libertarian like Fred Phelps is a Christian.

Local paper says the Kardashians are going to visit. I knew our planet shouldn't have made a treaty with Kardash.

As someone said, Edward Snowden should hide in the one place that's safe from American law enforcement: Wall Street.

California is worried that people with criminal records will do drug counseling. That leaves the ones who didn't get caught and the ones who don't know what they're talking about.

Canada plans to get rid of its non-Christian prison chaplains. Good thing people of other faiths don't commit crimes.

#### **Old insult repurposed**

When someone says something homophobic, one can now reply, "Go back to Russia, where you belong."

There was a Navy-Notre Dame game on the tube and I thought: sodomy, rum, and the lash vs. pederasty, wine, and the cilice.

Karl Marx did not of course invent class; he weaponized it.

What's the difference between Sheldon Adelson and Jamie Dimon?

Adelson admits he makes his millions from gambling.

It is possible to believe that a 12-year-old who kills should be tried as an adult and that someone who has sex with a 16-year-old is a child molester.

**Twinkienomics:** The junk policy of giving the employees' pension money to the fat cats.

Someone ran a series of pictures of the previous pope with his cape blowing in the wind (kind of like Marilyn Monroe over the subway grating), and I thought, This job is a drag, or perhaps, this drag is a job.

If MOOCs could make real universities unnecessary, books would have.

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I remain on livejournal and Dreamwidth as **supergee**. All are invited to visit.

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This zine is dedicated to two victims of Xtreme Religion:

#### **Malala Yousafzai,**

who was shot in the head for wanting to read and write, even though she is a teenage girl (fortunately, she is recovering), and to the memory of

#### **Savita Halappanavar,**

who died because she went to a hospital that had been intimidated by the Catholic Church.

See you next year,

Excelsior,

*Arthur*