

a Green and
Pleasant Publication

NO GOVERNOR

Ideas for Individuals

Issue # 11. The zine of Illuminated Anarchism, incorporating The Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette, The Scene, and all other perished predecessor periodicals published by this person. A Green & Pleasant publication by Robert Shea, P.O. Box 319, Glencoe, Illinois 60022.

Subscriptions: \$10 for six issues. Single copies: \$2. Overseas subscriptions (sent airmail): \$15; single copies: \$3. (Make checks payable to Robert Shea.) Send letter of comment, get the next issue free. Will trade for your publication. Number in upper right-hand corner of mailing label is last issue on your current subscription. If you think it's incorrect, please let me know. R means copy or copies for retailers. T means trade copy. P means a permanent subscription; you get the zine as long as you and it shall last.

"There is no governor present anywhere."—Chuang Tzu
"Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice."
"Laissez les bons temps roulez."
"Gort, Klaatu barada nikto."
"Piss off! Anarchy! Die!"
"Nov shmoz kapop."
"What's up, Doc?"



CONCERNING LOST SUBSCRIBERS

You, too, can become a lost subscriber. If you'd rather not, read on.

As we all know, *No Governor* is published only as often as I can find time to put an issue together. It is quite possible, therefore, for people to forget between issues that they have a subscription to this magazine — or to assume that I have given up publishing it.

If I decide to stop publishing *No Governor*, I'll send you a notice to that effect. I will even try to return leftover subscription money. But you have to keep me posted about your current address. Whenever you move, send a change-of-address notification to *No Governor*.

Meanwhile, if you can give me a current address for any of the following it would be appreciated by me. Possibly even by them:

Eric Brewer, Ron Buchner, L.M. Day, Grey Zone (a Minneapolis anarchist group), Suzanne P. Elliott, Richard

S. Hack, Jeff Halsey, Henry Rosenblum, Hans Sherrer, David Sonenschein, Edward M. Toomey.

BACK ISSUES

Until now I've been unable to fill most of the requests I've gotten for back issues. I've been working on a little project of re-Xeroxing the earlier issues, and I now can supply copies of #s 5, 6, 8, 9 and 10 at \$2 per issue. I should have copies of other issues ready soon.



FLASH

The great libertarian science fiction writer Robert A. Heinlein died in May, 1988, and I am only now getting around to publishing a tribute to him (see page 13). But I cheerfully yield first place in the Behind-in-Work contest to the estimable Samuel E. Konkin III.

In *No Governor* # 10, published in July, 1988 I announced that Sam would be bringing out the all-sf issue of *New Libertarian* the following Fall. As I write this, a few weeks before Fourth of July, 1990, I've completed another issue of *No Governor* — a mere twenty-four months after the last one — and Sam's all-sf issue is still stumbling toward Bethlehem to be born. I did, however, get a card from Sam telling me he's back on schedule (whatever "schedule" means), so you may yet have an opportunity to read the connected stories by Brad Linaweaver, Victor Koman, Robert Anton Wilson and Robert Shea, devised as a festschrift in honor of Heinlein. If you want more information, pester SEK III at *New Libertarian*, P.O.Box 1748, Long Beach, California 90801.



ON BEING CHOOSEY

I had to make a couple of big decisions about what to include and what not to include in this issue's letter column. I decided to use this as an opportunity to come up with some general guidelines.

First, when I publish letters critical of an article in *No Governor*, I'll give the author of the article a chance to reply in the same issue with the critical letters. But when I publish letters critical of another letter, any replies will appear in the *next* letter column.

The reason for this is simple: The alternative could lead to an infinite chain of letters and replies, all of which would have to appear in the same issue.

Second, I've now reached the happy condition of having more letters to print than I have room for, unless I want to publish a letterzine. But I'm sorry that I will have to disappoint some people who, I flatter myself, may have wanted to see their locs on *No Governor* # 10 in this issue.

Third, I've decided how to deal with another sort of letter I get once in a while. A misconception prevails in anarchist circles that an editor has no right to refuse to publish anything sent to an anarchist magazine. Such refusal, it's claimed, is unethical and constitutes "censorship."

In generally-accepted usage, censorship means preventing something from being published. A magazine that rejects material offered to it is not committing censorship, because the material could be published elsewhere. Indeed, for a magazine to be obligated to publish any and all material sent in to it would be an imposition as intolerable as censorship itself.

Only a sewer accepts everything.

I edit and publish *No Governor* for my own pleasure and for the pleasure of its readers. I have to retype everything that appears in the magazine, sometimes more than once. There are times when my typing fingers just refuse to work.

So here's where I draw some lines:

I will publish letters that are surly and hostile in tone advocating positions I consider a crock of shit, as long as they are not excessively long.

I will publish letters that are surly and hostile in tone

and excessively long, as long as they do not advocate positions I consider a crock of shit.

I will publish excessively long letters that advocate positions I consider a crock of shit, as long as they are not surly and hostile in tone.

But I will not publish letters that advocate positions I consider a crock of shit, are excessively long and are surly and hostile in tone.

I get to decide what is excessively long, what is a surly and hostile tone and what is a crock of shit.

No Governor's readers get to decide how well I use my right to be choosy about what I publish, but use it I will.



RE: PRODUCTION

I deskopped this issue in the computer-room-needing-room of Mr. Tom Rossen on his Macintosh II, sitting in his beatup swivel chair and drinking Sprite from his purple plastic tumbler. The Sprite is mine, and so is the original copy. Everything else is Tom's. But he's been kind enough to let me think of it as *my* computer room, *my* chair, *my* Macintosh, while I work on this zine. For Tom's opinion of the word "zine" see his letter in "The Ether Vibrates."

Tom would like you to know that he's a software gun for hire. Here's his card: VIS Corporation, 643 N. Harvey, Oak Park, IL 60302-1739. Yeah, he has a nine-digit zip. So do you. If you've got a situation with a computer you need help on, or just wish you did, call him at 708-848-5067. Had to change the area code when Chicago seceded from Cook County. Or you could call the Independent Computer Consultant's Association hotline, 312-767-5691 and tell them Tombo sent you. O.K., so this is a free plug. But it was a free Mac, too.



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THE ETHER VIBRATES

TOM ROSSEN

No Governor (I can't bring myself to say "your zine") stirred up contradictory thoughts and feelings. It was a matter of style: the letters turned me off because they reminded me of my reasons for avoiding the fan scene (comics, sf). The gee-whiz, self-conscious, narcissistic, pseudo-nonchalant and perennially adolescent glibness irritates me no end. The epitome was the correspondent who unleashed an endless, breathless one-sentence treatise on life, the universe and all that, then commented, "Phew." Simultaneous self-congratulation and apology. I know this is an unfair overreaction for two reasons:

1) I see myself and the way I used to write, and it embarrasses me no end.

2) It's difficult for anybody to discuss sacred issues in profane terms. Hot political problems are the province of the priests (politicians), whose language is necessarily mystifying. Their purpose is to guard the seams of the culture, the places where it fails to correspond to reality and where chaos (Discordia!) seems to rule. (See, I'm doing it myself — cutesy interpolations.) There is no escape from culture, from the attempt to build and maintain a coherent system for viewing and managing the world and ourselves. In this sense, anarchy is the ultimate romantic impossible dream: no-culture. Dada — which became a "school of art" in the process of destroying all schools of art, and therefore had the grace to destroy itself — may have been the purest expression of anarchy.

Style aside, I really liked what you (and some of the others) had to say — and what seems to be a tendency in recent libertarian/anarchist thought to encompass more of what used to be considered Left viewpoints: environmentalism, a healthy dislike for large corporations, nonviolence. In fact, Neal Wilgus's discussion of "public administration" of the environment is not incompatible with classic Marx: government at the service of big capital. But the classic diagnosis does not have to lead to the classic prescription — socialism. I think libertarians/anarchists have an acquired immunity to the kind of self-delusion (neurosis) required for a champion of socialism: proletarian romanticism and the need for an ultimate (religious) authority.

Socialism and capitalism share a myth: the reification and mystification of ownership. We own nothing except what we imagine we own. If you have it in your hand, use it, but don't imagine a mystical relationship with it. If

our imaginations are not in tune, there is war, crime, the state. Knowing this is maturity, the only basis for the "withering away of the state." And, style and content being inseparable, I think you and (sometimes) Neal Wilgus, because of what you say and how you say it, are a lot closer to it than most of your correspondents. (My problem with N.W.'s "Burning Bridges" — seceding states don't speak for me any more than United States; it's a phony issue like socialism: one statism disguising itself as the enemy of another — may be that he's being sarcastic and it's going over my head.)

For what it's worth, I follow a different Asian philosophical model from the one that provides your title: Zen rather than Taoism, the tradition of Buddhism escaping from the trap of Hinduism (stuck in the world of illusion through the endless ritual of cataloging it) and becoming a pure negation (as Dada was in its way), rather than the tradition of longing for an imaginary small town utopia (the Chinese equivalent of Thornton Wilder and Norman Rockwell) which may well have led to the oppressive authoritarianism of Confucius. On the other hand, there's a lot of the Zen attitude in the Taoist poets, so I should throttle back some of the polemic. — *Oak Park, Illinois*

Phew.

I don't think that long string of pejorative adjectives in your first paragraph really describes the letters that have appeared in *No Governor*. Most of them, in my admittedly biased opinion, are well-written, intelligent and thought-provoking. Like yours.

By me, anarchism doesn't mean the general negation of everything, including culture; it means specifically the elimination of government, and I define government as any person or group who attempt to use coercive force to impose their will on people. The way I see it, when government is abolished, cultural and social bonds will be what will hold our communities together.

The conflict between Left-leaning "anarchists," who favor collective solutions to social problems, and Right-minded "libertarians," who advocate laissez-faire capitalism, seems silly to me, because if we ever do succeed in abolishing government and all that resembles it, there will be no authority with the power to impose a uniform economic system. Some communities or regions will go in a free market/

private property direction, others will tend toward collectivism. Some industries, like utilities, might function best when managed by the collectivity. Others, like publishing, would necessitate a private property context. In still other areas, such as health and education, collectively managed and privately managed systems might operate side by side. Probably there will be many other combinations and alternatives that I can't even think of right now.

I'm a long-time student of Zen myself, and attempt to incorporate Zen insights into my personal philosophy, which is an eclectic mishmash.

BOB RYLAND

I have some thoughts to share on "The Martin Gardner Challenge." For me, one of the main questions about the practical feasibility of anarchy (whatever its merits might be) is just how such a condition is to be sustained. In the absence of central authority, what mechanism is to prevent the establishment of authority? It seems to me that the human race arose in a world with no rules and that government was one of the institutions devised to solve the problems faced by an emerging civilization.

The problem of crime is a good example. Crimes will be committed under anarchy; a society that depends on the goodness of every citizen is like a Strategic Defense Initiative that is supposed to stop every incoming missile. It is easy to imagine a predatory individual or group of individuals that would be willing, eager and equipped to commit what we now consider crimes against the unprepared. Potential victims would do well to arm themselves or organize together. Perhaps a commercial enterprise would be formed in this free market to employ those with the talent for patrolling, defense, revenge, etc. and sell protection to those who lack such resources. By this point you have a professional police force that is rather similar to the ones created by governments.

I do not wish to present this exercise in logic as any sort of proof. I especially do not want to imply that higher government is the end result of social "evolution" and is therefore desirable or justifiable by "natural law."

Admittedly, I am not well read in this field and it may be that I am limiting my vision of anarchy to the examples of prehistory and the Wild West. But I think that a rather extreme cultural transformation would have to occur before a truly free state could survive. — Arlington, Virginia

In my opinion an anarchist society will not be possible until people resolve to give up violence. This will require a major cultural transformation, but I believe humanity has the potential to do it.

ROBERT GOODMAN, PH.D.

Since last writing on Hollywood's infiltration by the

Illuminati, ["My TV Is Winking at Me," *No Governor* # 10], I've spotted numerous further examples. I've seen references to 17 and especially to 23 too numerous to list, by every means conceivable, including elliptical construction. However, none have been quite so haunting as the message I and several others received on March 5, 1989.

It was Sunday morning at an all-night party at Charlie's. I'd turned on the TV and was tuning around when I decided to stop in the middle of a Loony Tune I later learned was *Three Little Bops* (1957), written by Warren Foster and directed by Friz Freleng. This concerned three pigs who were jazz musicians, and who didn't want to play with the big bad wolf, whose music was inferior. When the pigs moved into their night club of brick, all of us who were awake — I, Charlie, Nadine, John and Davar — saw something meaningful to us all. There was a cartoon closeup of the cornerstone. It was dated May 1, 1776. I could think of no reason to show the cornerstone, no reason for the building to be that old, and no reason for May 1, 1776, other than to indicate the founding of the Order of Illuminati. And of course a cornerstone would be a Masonic symbol — though the Illuminati didn't infiltrate the Masons until later.

Warren Foster is dead, and Friz Freleng hasn't answered my query. — *Bronx, New York*

You never know where they'll strike next. Last April your humble editor was invited, along with a bunch of other local authors, to meet and workshop with students at the Edison School in Morton Grove. The students were divided into small groups, and I was assigned to Grade Five, Group 23.

BERNADETTE BOSKY

Regarding 23s in television, one might say that we have here a perfect example of the Heisenberg uncertainty principle. By writing *Illuminatus!* you and Bob Wilson provided a reason for 23 and 17 to pop up, besides mere coincidence. So whenever heavy 23-action occurs, there's an added layer of possibility, because *Illuminatus!* alters the system that it observes.

Re "Footnotes to an Unwritten Text": You seem to have a very narrow idea of prayer. I don't find that very surprising, as one of my personal hobbyhorses is the idea that few churches today really teach one to pray. I realized only within the past year or so that although I was raised Catholic and went to Sunday religious instruction through my first communion, I was never really taught how to pray. I was taught to "say prayers," yes — but to really pray, opening up to and talking with the Divine, no. I was taught that prayers mean talking; I had to figure out on my own that they also mean feeling, and listening.

I think that many people "pray" only in moments of crisis, and (as either cause or effect, or both) what they

think of as prayer is, "Waah! Help me out of this!" But prayer must be a language you know and live. Trying to pray only when you feel helpless and have exhausted all rational possibilities is like needing to get vital information quickly in a South American country and deciding that's a good time to learn Spanish, not studying it before or after. Or like expecting one ten-minute session of sitting meditation to lower your blood pressure. To truly pray is a lifetime work and fulfillment — and then one prays in moments of crisis because, well, one prays at any moment and on any occasion.

I think that people who truly live in prayer also know that, despite what some people think, prayer doesn't mean that God just steps in and makes everything OK for you. As one saying goes, "God answers all prayers. Sometimes the answer is no." The answer to a prayer at a moment of seemingly hopeless crisis likely won't be a miracle (although I think miracles do happen) — it may be a new approach to figuring how to get out of it, or even just the strength and calm to die well and with dignity.

I wish church had even once helped me to learn all this; but, as always, you get where you're going from where you are. In my case, I learned in part from experience, and in part from my study of the seventeenth century, a time when prayer was not some final lucky rabbit's-foot but a true way of life. Figures like Sir Thomas Browne and others helped me see how religious practice can broaden one's life instead of narrowing it. There are as many kinds of prayer as there are kinds of human-to-human talk. — Durham, North Carolina

Love your idea about *Illuminatus!* helping to create the environment it comments on. And it's absolutely true.

Regarding prayer, your point on the need to cultivate a religious — or, I would add, philosophical — frame of mind all the time, not just in time of trouble, is an excellent one. My personal philosophy is a funny combination of mysticism and secular humanism (an eclectic mishmash, as I said above to Tom Rossen). I can't blame the Catholic church for not broadening my horizons where prayer is concerned. I had sixteen years of education in Catholic schools, and we learned plenty about prayer, all the way from asking for favors in emergencies (which, indeed, we were told was the lowest form and not to expect anything unless God was feeling particularly indulgent) to thinking about God to mystical contemplation of the Divine, or in certain blessed cases direct communication with God. We were also taught the motto of the Benedictine monks, "Laborare est orare," to work is to pray, and that therefore every moment of our lives could be a prayer if we made the point of dedicating each moment to God.

My item on prayer in "Footnotes" grew out of my

desire to respond to the widespread belief if you're about to drown, or be shot, or something equally dire, and it appears you can do nothing about it, at least prayer would be comforting. I tried to think of what a secular humanist in such a position might do instead of pray.

You're right, though, my answer was rather narrow. I like very much your more spacious and gracious view of prayer. It's very compatible with my Zen side, which holds that everything one does can be a meditation, meditation being the primary Zen equivalent of prayer.

Also, since I wrote that item, I've remembered another type of prayer — or prayer-like form of expression — that I should have mentioned; it might best be termed "affirmation." This is any statement, prepared or a spontaneous utterance, that a person finds comforting or inspirational or helpful in getting his or her mind and heart back on the desired track. It need not be addressed to a deity or higher power of any sort. It may just be a reminder of certain beliefs or principles that are of value to the person.

A famous example of the sort of thing I mean is *Desiderata*, that inspirational prose-poem which was so popular back in the '60s and '70s. There was little or no theology in it that I remember. It was a lengthy affirmation. A briefer one might be, "That which does not kill me makes me stronger," or "I can't go on. I'll go on." Joan Borysenko in *Minding the Body, Mending the Mind* suggests several, such as "Would I rather be right, or would I rather be happy?" "Thy will, not mine, be done," and "Let go of that banana!" Don't ask, read the book.

A person without religious faith might well find it helpful to have recourse to such an affirmation in a moment of peril or when facing death. And, as you say, it would be a good practice to use such utterances even when one is not in trouble.

I have more to say on composing the mind in dire straits in this issue's "Footnotes."

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY

In reply to LT's letter [*No Governor* # 10] I would say that the burden of proof is on one who claims that a rational morality exists, rather than one who doesn't believe in such a system. And since you are too modest, I will tell LT that one needs to read *Illuminatus!* to be enlightened about anything.

A further thought on the "Martin Gardner Challenge:" If Gardner is correct, the primary and fundamental purpose of government is to protect us from violence, and at least at our present evolutionary stage, we need government. But take that a step further. If we accept Gardner's premise, then an alleged government which does not adequately protect its citizens from violence is

merely another armed gang pretending to be a government, and its commands have no moral force. Thus you could say New York City has been given the Bernhard Goetz challenge: If you believe that Goetz was right, and that the law-enforcement system has broken down to the point where citizens are required to carry arms and defend themselves, then until New York's government repairs that, it is unworthy of the respect and obedience we presumably owe a government. — *Durham, North Carolina*

Who's presuming?

IGNOTUM P. IGNOTUS, P.O.E.E.

In *No Governor* # 10 you say, "When I encounter a case where opposite premises yield the same conclusion or the same premise yields opposite conclusions, I am reminded once again that philosophizing is elephant shit."

No, no. It is not philosophizing that is elephant shit. It is reality that is elephant shit. Philosophizing explores it. — Concord, California

The Swahili word for elephant shit is *marfi*. When I was working for *True* magazine we published an article on elephant hunting (this was before Greenpeace). One of the illustrations was a photo of Kirk Douglas with his hand plunged wrist-deep in a pile of *marfi* to find out how fresh it was, and a big Kirk-Douglas grin on his cleft-chinned face. I guess that makes him a philosopher.

ROBERT ANTON WILSON

Issue # 10 of *No Governor* seemed great to me, as usual.

I can't answer Arthur Hlavaty's question about what John Barth thinks of my novels, but I can easily answer his second question. I enjoy Barth's books enormously. I think his *Sabbatical* conveys the malaise of our time better than professional spy-thriller writers like Ambler and Le Carre have ever done. Just because one is never sure if the CIA killed the man on the boat or is trying to kill the hero, *Sabbatical* leaves one with precisely the sense of uncertainty and dread that has hung over this nation ever since democracy was abandoned in the National Security Act of 1948 and clandestine government became official.

Sometimes I find it astounding that we have lived under fascism for 40 years while continuing the rituals of democracy — and that hardly any "major" novelist has tried to grapple with this issue. I salute Barth for his subtlety and the eerie atmosphere he creates in describing our increasingly Machiavellian world. To be brutally frank and eschew false modesty, I think only Mailer, Pynchon and myself have captured the terror of the situation as well as Barth did in that book.

Oh, yeah, I like Barth's other books, too. *Sabbatical* just happens to be my favorite.

I think Neal Wilgus has his head up his ass. With all his ifs and ands and buts and subordinate clauses and modifications, he still seems to be endorsing the idea that any "moralist" who thinks X's way of life is "immoral" has the right to come in and trash anything X owns, and I find that bloody damned terrifying. It only seems remotely akin to sanity if you substitute some person or group you violently dislike for "X," but put your own name in place of the "X"s and read it again. See what you think then. If it doesn't work with "the NAACP" or "Bob Shea" or "the Credit Unions" in place of X, it seems a very dangerous idea, even if "Mobil Oil" or "the American Nazi party" in place of X does not upset you immediately.

Civil liberties remain indivisible, and what can be done to Catholics or Mobil Oil today can be done to Protestants or nudists tomorrow. ("If they can take Hancock's wharf they can take your cow or my barn," as John Adams once said.) Since the majority always rejects the Bill of Rights whenever a sociologist tries the experiment of offering it for approval by a cross-section of the population, and since George Bush earned great enthusiasm for his attacks on the ACLU, I don't suppose Wilgus or most people will understand this point, but we libertarians have to keep saying it over and over, every generation, and hope it will eventually register.

Maybe Wilgus thinks he knows who "is" "really" "immoral" and who isn't, and only supports vigilante action against the "really" "immoral"? I would congratulate him on having attained Papal Infallibility, except that I suspect he has only attained the delusion of Papal Infallibility.

Wilgus asks, "What about the Luddite minority who don't want your damn progress?" Well, some questions remain unanswerable within the context where they are raised, just as some problems prove unsolvable at the time and place where they appear. Minorities have been the victims of monarchy, tyranny, fascism and every other authoritarian system, and they have usually been the victims of democracy, also. For instance, there is no way the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland will ever get justice through democracy; the Protestant majority will always outvote them. I also recall a TV show about the aborigines of New Guinea in which one of them said, as well as I can recall his words, "Democracy means the white majority will always get what they want and we will never get what we want. There must be something better than democracy."

I think the Bill of Rights and the division of powers were built into our government because the founding fathers, or some of them, saw that problem clearly and wanted to avoid total democracy in order to protect minorities from majority prejudice. Like all human

inventions, the Bill of Rights and 3-headed government did not solve all problems, and minorities still get screwed frequently. As a libertarian (intellectually) and a sucker for the Under Dog (emotionally) I have sympathy for all minorities, including the Luddites, but I do not see any workable solution for Luddite problems within the present context.

Evolution, however, will soon move us to a new stage in which the Luddites can be segregated from the "progress"-ives, without coercion and with free choice all around. I refer, of course, to the socio-genetic mutation of Space Migration. The Luddites will naturally have no part of anything so repugnant to their principles, and will stay on Terra. The strongly neophilic will pioneer the first space colonies, the moderately neophilic will follow later, and those even slightly neophilic will join the migration eventually. The evolutionary vector, as I see it, indicates that everybody except the most Stone Age (neophobic) Luddite types will be moving into space sooner or later, and the Luddites will have this planet all to themselves, with no "damn progress" to annoy them. I suspect that all science and technology later than c. 1760 will leave when the creative spirits leave, and all the charms of pre-democratic pre-industrial Europe will gradually return to Earth to fill Luddite hearts with joy.

I offer that Utopia to Wilgus for whatever comfort it gives him.

Shea, I enjoyed your rebuttal to Carl Watner's commentary on the Conchis dilemma but I doubt that he understood it any more than he understood my original argument. I increasingly suspect Gurdjieff spoke accurately in describing the state of most people as deep hypnosis, and I would define "morality" as a condition of hypnosis so deep that the subject has not had a waking moment in an entire lifetime. Watner believes in his General Principles and cannot imagine or experience the concrete existence in sensory space-time around him of the 300 men who must die, according to his General Principles. The words (of the ideology or moral code) are experienced as real; the people are not.

I begin to agree with Shaw's verdict that people invented "morality" as an excuse to do things so terrible they would be ashamed to admit they enjoy them. I have noticed that when people do kind or generous things they do not mention "morality" or other abstractions at all; they just say something like, "I felt his pain," or, "I cried when I saw how she was suffering." They only talk about "morality" when they are about to add to the suffering and violence in the world, not when they are trying to heal or comfort one of the victims of that brutality.

Since all amoralists in history combined have not perpetrated as much cruelty and damage as the average moralist does in one lifetime, I think that whenever anybody starts raving about "morality" one should quickly trade in the car for a tank, buy a gun and a stack of ammo, wear a steel helmet and build a bomb shelter. Such people are dangerous. — *Los Angeles, California*

Sorry you were too busy to write an article for this issue of *No Governor*. Glad you weren't too busy to write a letter.

The November, 1988 *Fantasy and Science Fiction* carried a novelette called "Kirinyaga," by Mike Resnick in which a group of Kikuyu who wish to return to their traditional tribal way of life choose the opposite solution from the one you envision for Luddites in the age of space migration. They leave their native Kenya for a space habitat where they can dwell in isolation, and the authorities who run the habitat permit them to live as they please (though they do get a bit upset over the medicine man's practice of strangling at birth any infant born feet first). A moving story that raises interesting questions.

I agree with you; morality is evil, and your opposition to it is good.

✍

Neil Steyskal

THE NONVIOLENT ROAD TO LIBERATION

Editor's Note: Had this article been published shortly after it was written — over a year ago — the subsequent liberation of eastern Europe would have shown Neil Steyskal to be a prophet. Neil updated the article six months ago, but events still moved much more swiftly than *No Governor's* editor. Not

only do the principles Neil Steyskal writes about remain valid, but we now have many more historical instances at hand that support them.

For over thirty years we've been begging the men in power not to use us as cannon fodder in their war games.

They're not interested. We are still waiting to be incinerated so they can be the biggest ape on the hill.

It's time to get off our knees — to take our lives and safety back into our own hands. We don't need them to take care of us. We're finding that *we can protect ourselves*. And we don't need nuclear missiles to do it. We do it by just walking out on the big apes' games, and not letting them use us any more.

We have always had wars because most people believe that some things are worth dying for — or killing for. On an individual level, sometimes there is no other way, or no better way, to protect your life, your freedom, or those close to you, than by killing for them. But when groups are threatened, what if there was another way to defend those values, a way as effective as warfare but less dangerous and costly?

Recent research has shown that there are resistance techniques which do not use violence, but which often have been just as effective. These techniques take advantage of one primary fact: Rulers, even terrorist rulers, are thoroughly dependent on their victims' acceptance of the submissive role. The largely nonviolent overthrow of Baby Doc in Haiti and Ferdinand Marcos in the Philippines dramatically illustrates this dependence.

Historically, there are hundreds of similar examples of people using nonviolent means to resist both domestic and foreign oppression. Common people — even the poor, the disenfranchised and the under-educated — have obtained rights, overcome oppressors and resisted aggression by using nonviolent, civilian forms of resistance and non-cooperation. Many of these efforts have been surprisingly effective. They are not limited to struggles against "democratic" societies, such as Gandhi's struggle in India. They include Poland's Solidarity movement, Czechoslovakia's seven-month defiance of Russian occupation troops in 1968, Denmark's refusal to comply with Nazi racial edicts, and the overthrow of the dictators of El Salvador and Guatemala in 1944.

Most historical cases were either partially or fully successful in circumstances where violent resistance would have been crushed within days. People have controlled the power of government and aggressors — often violent in nature — with nonviolent action. They have done so even without the level of financial, academic, strategic planning and infrastructure resources that characterize military defense. Furthermore, the results of the nonviolent resistance were gained with only a fraction of the casualties of armed combat.

The most frequently asked question about civilian-based defense and nonviolent resistance is how, specifically, can civil disobedience make an oppressive government collapse? It is a difficult question to answer, because every situation requires different methods, carefully designed to fit the strengths and weaknesses of the oppressor and tailored to fit the capacities, such as

training and resources, of the resisting group.

The events of May and June, 1989, in China highlight both the potential of civil disobedience and the need for thorough preparation. Lack of knowledge and experience with nonviolent techniques often leads people to stake everything on a single mass action. And when it fails, they become disillusioned with nonviolence, forgetting that violence doesn't always work either — and is always more costly in lives. Like military action, nonviolent campaigns depend on appropriate strategy, thorough planning for alternatives, and training.

However, a very good instance of successful nonviolent action occurred in 1986 in the Philippines. Many television viewers saw crowds of unarmed people blocking tanks, and later saw the resulting flight of Ferdinand Marcos. But there has been curiously little reporting on what made it all happen.

In fact, the anti-Marcos campaign was one of the few historical cases when a nonviolent civil disobedience campaign was consciously planned. There were several crucial factors in how it came about:

- 1) In the beginning a few key people in the Philippines became convinced of the effectiveness and even superiority of civil disobedience as a resistance strategy. Among these were Benigno Aquino (later assassinated), his brother, his wife, and Roman Catholic Cardinal Sin. In mid-1984 they arranged for training sessions around the country in nonviolent techniques. Hildegard Goss-Mayr, her husband Jean Goss, and Richard Deats came from the U.S. to carry out the training. And as a result of the training sessions, a nonviolent resistance movement was formed, called AKKAPKA.

- 2) When a surprise election was announced in late 1985, AKKAPKA developed a three-part strategy:

- Encouraging voters to follow their consciences, without fear and without accepting bribes.

- Training people in nonviolent defense of the ballot boxes.

- Establishment of "tent cities" for prayer and fasting publicly and for nonviolent training.

- 3) The Catholic radio station, Radio Veritas, coordinated the campaign. It broadcast continual reports on developments, and it read passages from Martin Luther King, Jr., the Sermon on the Mount, and Gandhi.

- 4) While this nonviolent campaign was going on, Mrs. Aquino and Cardinal Sin and the Goss-Mayrs were meeting to prepare contingency plans for responding to any other surprise developments. The most dangerous of the possibilities was a split in the army. And in fact that did occur. Marcos ordered his remaining troops to crush the army dissidents. But Aquino and her advisors were prepared to deal with this move.

- 5) Radio Veritas called on everyone to come out in the streets and talk with the troops. Photographers were asked to take pictures of any soldiers who shot at civil-

ians. (This did happen a few times.) And these were the scenes we saw on television — hundreds of thousands of people asking the soldiers not to fire on unarmed civilians.

As we all know, the resistance to Marcos was a success. It vividly illustrates the great potential of nonviolent civil disobedience when enough people understand it and organize themselves to use it. The Philippine case is particularly impressive because it was effective despite two big disadvantages. First, training in nonviolence was begun very late. Violent resistance movements were already well established. And second, Marcos was not a foreign invader. He was viewed as legitimate by some parts of Philippine society.

(The source for much of this account was "The Precarious Road" by Peggy Rosenthal, *Commonweal*, June 20, 1986.)

All of this suggests that civilian-based defense, as the



subject has come to be known, has an enormous potential for further development. With sufficient research, training of citizens, and other advance preparations, it is conceivable that civilian-based defense could deter or defeat either foreign aggressors or internal oppression more effectively, in some cases, than military measures. In fact, several European countries are actively studying this possibility.

Civilian-based defense works on the principle of the walk-out. We just refuse to cooperate, as much as possible, with the people trying to give orders. An

invading army would not last long if everybody stopped obeying as soon as their backs were turned.

Obviously we are a long way from that capability now. We can, however, bring that goal closer by becoming informed about the issues and potentials of civilian-based defense, and by promoting public awareness of it, to stimulate research, discussion, and other necessary preliminaries.

This is a particularly fertile subject for libertarians for two reasons. First, the strategies and tactics of civilian-based defense are designed specifically to undermine the legitimacy of ruling groups' actions. Second, if civilian-based defense proves capable of deterring or defeating foreign aggression, it is a program that can be carried out by private groups as well as government.

Several citizen groups around the U.S., including one in Washington, D.C., are already planning methods of defense for their local areas and for the U.S. as a whole. When strategies are developed enough, we'll test and improve them with simulated invasions that everyone in a local area can participate in. And as we develop and *demonstrate* our grass roots capacity to defend ourselves, it will become impossible for the politicians to scare people with their protection racket any more.

For those who want to explore the subject, a place to start is the Introductory Packet on Civilian Defense, available from the Civilian-Based Defense Association, 3636 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, NE 68131. Or write to The Self-Government Center, 301 G Street S.W., Suite 404, Washington, D.C. 20024.

(Portions of this article appeared previously in *Prometheus*, the newsletter of the Libertarian Futurist Society.)



Neal Wilgus

HAIL TO THE ONE-MINUTE CHIEF

LOCKSTEP, MD (YU) — Taking Equality to its logical conclusion, the Supreme Court today decreed that the One-Minute President Amendment slams into effect on Monday, like it or not. The OMP Amendment provides that access to the Presidency should be open to one and all, devil take the hindmost, and that each citizen of the Great Democracy shall be appointed to be President-for-a-Minute, in order, alphabetically, the line forms here. Ex-Presidents are to be given a cash bonus and a private bodyguard, thus creating another Growth Industry to

boom the Economy.

"Since the Presidency is only a hollow symbol of democracy, while real Power resides with a certain group of Tri-Bilderboids," said Committee Chairman Jack Brown, "it makes perfect sense to trot these suckers through and make them feel good about Us. We can only handle half a million a year, so it's a sellers' market," Brown added. "The first OMP is Abner A. Aabbadabba of Cincinnati, Ohio — and here he is NOW!"



Timothy J. Wheeler

REFORMING OUR WAY

TO THE POLICE STATE

Just as I was sitting down to write this, the phone rang. The call was from our local blood bank, asking if my wife and I could donate blood on a certain day. "Yes, I think so," said I, groping for a scrap of paper to write down the particulars. I found an envelope from the day's mail and jotted down the date and time.

The envelope turned out to be from the IRS, and they were not asking for blood in the letter it had enclosed; they were pumping it out wholesale, with their patented bloodsucking devices. Ah, the irony. If that isn't sufficient spur to rush me to the keyboard for NoGuv, tell me a better way.

Government is in the tax-herding business, and there is little in its modern arsenal that cannot be explained in a good manual on animal husbandry. The trouble is, the "herd" in the instance is human beings. Persons. Unique individuals. In the religious view, individuals with unique and eternal purpose. In the diminished view of modern social theories (all of them), we are at least to be afforded a modicum of rights and dignity. We are not supposed to be chattel, much less cattle. But all of this is contrary to the appetites of the state and its rapacious exactions. Even the knowledge that we are above the animals of the barnyard is being lost, droned out of us by the buzzing of state freaks and government schools. Up their bloodsucking arse — nals.

*

Today's sermonette is titled, "All reforms do more harm than good, and all reformers pound a few more nails into the building of a Police State." I am not going to define "reformer," but you know the breed: people who know better than you do how to manage your life, and who invariably summon state power to make you do things their way.

The awesome example of this was Prohibition. The Rev. Billy Sunday exulted at its passage, thinking the jails would be soon be emptied and a paradise ushered in.

There was no doubting the prior problem: technology had made booze very cheap, and rather a lot of consumers found this to be simply delightful: of course ending up often in gutters, morgues and other unpleasant places.

Neither is there any doubt that the answer that occurred to millions of ignoramuses — "ban that booze" — was the worst they could do. It is not wise to turn a popular

pastime into a crime.

The arrests started the very day Prohibition took effect, and the jail population doubled in a year or two. Rev. Sunday's vision evaporated on the spot, giving way to a truly criminal element that helped multiply the morgue and gutter populations. Flouting the law became the new national pastime (don't get any ideas; all this was of great value to the state, despite Repeal). I assume you know something about Prohibition (if not, dig in!), and won't go into it further here.

Rather, I want to tell you about a much smaller matter, but with the same effect: when "reformers" get loose, they build the Police State. I think this is a law of nature.

Our story concerns M.A.D.D. (Mothers Against Drunk Drivers) and the like, and their efforts to get drunk drivers off the road. Many of these mothers have had their children or family members injured, maimed or killed by drunks behind the wheel. And that is tragic, appalling. We all sympathize. No one can complain about their grievance.

What is their answer? Bring on a little more Police State. Crack down on the drunk drivers. Sounds good, eh? It does, if you do not know how Police States operate.

Here is a true case of how this works. No, it is not about me; but I have good sources here, including a friend in the pertinent police department, and have looked into it with care.

Our case is that of a young man (early 20s) who went to the home of friends to watch a cable-televized basketball game — a BIG basketball game, in that basketball-crazy part of the world. He was not able to watch at home, and it is worth noting that this was part of his undoing. In such cases you are likely to watch The Game at a sports bar or at a private party where drinks will be served. He is not much of a drinker, but did hoist a few this night: probably four beers from his account and his BAC (blood alcohol content). Toodling casually home, around 4:00 a.m., he was pulled over by a sheriff's deputy, "breathalyzed," found to have a BAC over the legal limit, and tossed in jail. There were no charges filed against the cable TV company or the state university officials who created his situation.

Now, why did the deputy stop him? The young man was not speeding, not weaving, not incapacitated. The officer had been parked in a filling station from which he could not possibly have observed anything damaging.

But we have to back up a moment. It seems this stretch of road (two miles) had been pretty thoroughly reformed. For one, the speed limit had been reduced from 55 to 30, for no physical reason (pretty much open country). Most people thought it was due to bad road conditions, which were repaired (and some speed limit signs taken down thereafter). Some thought (correctly) it was a bureaucratic rule, having to do with a 30-mph limit within (stretched out) city limits. In any case, it is much "faster" road than 30, except for reformers or bureaucrats.

The "drunk" laws had also been reformed, to a fare-thee-well. Where a few years early, a BAC of .15 percent (= .0015 actual blood content) was legal, it is now a nasty misdemeanor or a felony. Today a BAC of .1 percent is a misdemeanor in itself. And a BAC of .05 percent — two glasses of beer, maybe — is legal proof, in some cases, that can put you away for years. Thank you, M.A.D.D.

But this is unreal. Studies have shown that one's driving performance is usually improved by small amounts of alcohol (one drink for many people, often two, even three for a few alcohol-tolerant individuals). But law cannot distinguish between individuals, so it sets "levels" that apply to all. The "levels" are of course set to the least alcohol-tolerant and of course keep getting "reformed" to lower levels to get the drunks off the road. They are so low now that alcohol levels that may be beneficial in driving can put you in jail. For all we know, they will get lower. And this, from a test so crude it has to be reported in round numbers. You can't get a reading of, oh, 0.136 percent on a breathalyzer.

Back to our story. The young man was charged with going 55 in a 30 zone and DWI (BAC of .15 percent). Neither was arrestable five years ago. That's the "reform" part: now he was jailed, and in deep trouble.

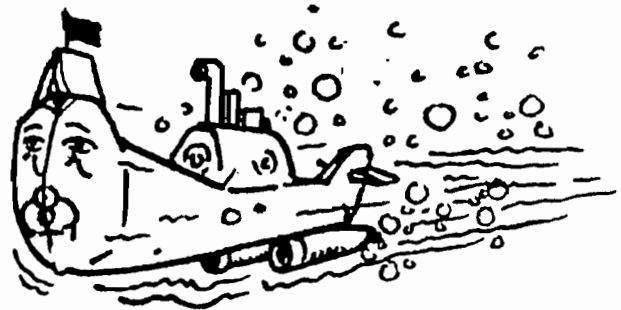
One Police State part is that the arresting officer just flat lied. I looked into the matter. The officer would have had to break the laws of physics to do what he said he did — that is, to catch up and clock the driver (and observe him "weaving"). There wasn't time. There wasn't room. There isn't even a center line in the road to use as a visual reference for "weaving." I do not exaggerate here; it was physically impossible for the cop to do a clocking. And if you are interested in such matters, police radar does not work in a forward direction when both cars are moving. Radar was out, too.

A little wrinkle came out. The deputy's own daughter had been injured by a drunk driver. It is obvious he was carrying on his own private vendetta, abusing his position in doing so, and not above lying to make his charges stick. He had it down pat; charge thus and so. All his police reports were the same. The accuser will be believed, the accused hasn't got a chance. So it proved. The speeding and weaving charges were eventually dropped (plea bargain), but by that time "probable cause" was no longer questioned or questionable — too iffy for

the defense to touch. The law is like poker: you have to pay to see the rest of the cards. If you challenge and can't prove your point (forget presumption of innocence — that went out in the Jurassic Period), you get a stiffer sentence. So you shut up and take the plea.

The offense that night was — nothing. The driver was not speeding or weaving. He was two minutes from home on an empty road in the early morning hours. He endangered no one. No harm was done to anyone. The only "probable cause" was that he was young and drove a somewhat noisy car past a cop in the wee hours.

Let us not forget that the whole purpose of the law is to prevent the drunk driver from hurting anyone else — not himself. After the arrest, he said, "If you don't think I'm able to drive, why don't you just run me home?" It takes a mean cop to turn that down in a small town, but the law makes cops mean. Doing it was against "regulations."



I said no one was harmed. That is not strictly true. It is only so that no harm was done before the arrest. What happened afterwards is the problem of the Police State. Let's see.

Speeding dismissed, DWI dismissed, on plea bargain (don't forget, neither was true in the first place — some plea). What remained was a nondescript "reform" law charge: driving with .1 percent BAC. Here is the price you pay for harming no one, but falling under the statutory thumb of the state...and mind, this was a reduced, indeed the legal minimum, sentence: 60 days in jail (suspended); a RICO-ish [punishment first, verdict later] 30 day drivers' license suspension, before conviction; attendance in a substance abuse program, at considerable cost; 180 days with a "restricted" license (to and from work only); one-year probation, with probation fee; court costs; and miscellaneous minor costs.

This does not begin to measure the punishment. Add in timeoff, attorney fees, the burden on his family while his license is suspended (he works seven days a week) and while it's restricted.

Add in mental damage: severe depression bordering on suicidal for a time after the night in jail. In our case, the young man was a cheerful, well-bred, hard-working kid,

saving to get married, and it hit him like a ton of bricks. (A few weeks later, in the same state, a nice kid arrested on similar charges actually did hang himself in his cell.) Jail is a particularly grim experience for the young, filled with immediate confusion, guilt, shame and humiliation. It may be weeks (if ever) before they can collect their thoughts and realize they didn't do anything really wrong. Afterwards, the shame and loss of status in the community will linger. Add in enormous extra insurance costs for years to come.

These are horrendous penalties for a no-harm, statutory offense — imposed by a lying cop. It doesn't even come

close to the horrors of most "reforms" of modern times. But my point was just to show what can happen to you or anyone, in even minor matters, and even if you don't do anything wrong. M.A.D.D., and a thousand groups like it, hurt people. All with the best of intentions, of course. Remember what paves the road to hell.

Moral: The next time you get an urge to improve somebody else's behavior, spit it out, rinse your mouth, and go back to sleep. You can spend your time better perfecting yourself.

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Bill Ritch

ROBERT ANSON HEINLEIN (1907-1988) -- A REMEMBRANCE

Introduction, by Brad Linaweaver: When Bob Shea invited me to contribute an appreciation of Robert A. Heinlein to *No Governor*, my first thought was to send a piece I'd done for *SFWA Forum*. It had been a tough week in May, 1988. The word about Heinlein first came to me by way of J. Neil Schulman, and a few days later Neil had more bad news: Michael Shaara had also died, also from heart trouble. Shaara was the first professional writer who told me that I had what it takes. Shaara sold his first story to John Campbell, his first step on the long road to the Pulitzer Prize. That's appropriate, because Robert A. Heinlein was the ultimate Campbell writer! And one dark May took them both.

The night after I heard about Heinlein, I went over to my best friend's house, and Bill Ritch and I drank a toast in Irish whiskey to absent gods. Heinlein was the focus for the conflicting forces that had shaped our lives — science fiction and realism, patriotism and anarchy, conservatism and futurism...all the pushing and pulling that made us libertarian minarchists.

Bill Ritch has been involved with both libertarian activism and science fiction fandom for nearly two decades. He was an elector for Libertarian Party presidential candidate John Hospers. In recent years he has become one of the rare minarchists to be influenced by the anti-party position of Sam Konkin and New Libertarian. Bill has managed a big Dr. Who club and has edited fanzines that focus on British TV science fiction. He ran the film program for the Atlanta World Science Fiction

Convention in 1986 and is the program director for Phoenix-Con. He is now co-editor of *Prometheus*, the newsletter of the Libertarian Futurist Society. He was in charge of the LFS activities at the 1989 Boston Worldcon, where I received the Prometheus Award for *Moon of Ice* and J. Neil Schulman received the Hall of Fame Award for *Alongside Night*.

Shortly after Heinlein's death, Bill delivered an emotional speech at a local science fiction club. And now with Bob Shea's kind permission, I offer what Bill had to say about our departed hero, because he can say it better than I ever could. I've never known anyone more profoundly affected by the example of Robert Anson Heinlein than Bill Ritch.

I pray for one last landing
On the globe that gave me birth;
Let me rest my eyes on the fleecy skies
And the cool green hills of Earth.

Each person has a work of fiction to which he can point and say, "This changed my life." Sometimes it is a movie, or television show. For the more literately minded it is often a book. SF fans 25 years and under can look back at *Star Wars* and say, "This movie changed my life." For Christians it was often the Bible that changed their lives. If a libertarian, it was probably Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*. I did not realize which book had changed my life until years later.

When I was a socially outcast second grader, back in 1960, just recently graduated from the Cat in the Hat

books, I explored my favorite subjects, astronomy and dinosaurs, in the nonfiction stacks. You all remember the "All About..." books. One day I took a stroll to the other side of my elementary school library and saw this book — *Have Space Suit — Will Travel*. It was the first novel I ever read.

I thirsted for more. Soon I read everything my school library had by this writer whose name I could not pronounce. Next was *The Star Beast*, combining both space ships and dinosaurs, then *Space Cadet*, *Starman Jones* and the rest.

I did not know then how subversive these books were. They started me on my lifelong fandom, my admiration of Robert A. Heinlein. It was not until years later, when I reread the juveniles, that I knew what Heinlein had been doing with my mind.

...Dad didn't bother with banks — just the money in the basket and the one next to it marked "UNCLE SAM," the contents of which he bundled up and mailed to the government once a year. This caused the Internal Revenue Service considerable headache and once they sent a man to remonstrate with him.

First the man demanded, then he pleaded. "But, Dr. Russell, we know your background. You've no excuse for not keeping proper records."

"But I do," Dad told him. "Up here." He tapped his forehead.

"The law requires written records."

"Look again," Dad advised him. "The law can't even require a man to read and write. More coffee?"



The man tried to get Dad to pay by check or money order. Dad read him the fine print on the dollar bill, the part about "legal tender for all debts, public and private."

In a despairing effort to get *something* out of the trip, he asked Dad *please* not to fill in the space marked "occupation" with "Spy."

"Why not?"

"What? Why, because you *aren't* and it upsets people."

"Have you checked with the F.B.I.?"

"Eh? No."

"They probably wouldn't answer. But you've been very polite. I'll mark it 'Unemployed Spy.' Okay?"

The tax man almost forgot his briefcase.

Have Space Suit — Will Travel (1958)

As I said, it was not until much later, after I had already become a libertarian, that I realized how influential Heinlein had been in my early life.

I learned many things from Heinlein books. I learned about growing up from the many juveniles that he wrote on the subject. I learned about honor and duty from *Starship Trooper*. I learned about practical politics from *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress*. I learned about individualism in *The Puppet Masters*, and the nature of cooperation in *Tunnel in the Sky*. I fell in love with *Podkayne of Mars* and discovered sex on the *Glory Road*. If there was one writer *made* to influence young men and women, it was Robert Heinlein.

Heinlein can make you smile in stories like "The Menace from Earth." He can make you think in "The Logic of Empire." Your spirit of adventure is roused in *The Puppet Masters*. He can touch you, and many people forget this, in a story like "Requiem."

In "Requiem," Delos Harriman, the Man Who Sold the Moon, is old. He is dying. All his life he has fought for space travel. Now he has only one wish: to visit the Moon, but he is too old to go. He can't pass the physical exam that the paternalistic government now requires for space travel.

Escaping from a court about to declare him non compos mentis, escaping from a deputy marshal about to arrest him for conspiracy to violate the "Space Precautionary Act," Harriman and some down-on-their-luck spacemen take a ship and head for the moon. Despite the predictions of the medical experts, Harriman survives the takeoff from Earth and — just barely — the landing on the Moon. At his orders the spacemen suit him up and carry him out to the lunar surface.

They found a place some fifty yards from the ship where they could prop him up and let him look, a chunk of scoria supporting his head.

McIntyre put his helmet against the old man's and spoke. "We'll leave you here to enjoy the view while we get ready for the trek into town. It's a forty-miler, pretty near, and we'll have to break out spare air bottles and rations and stuff. We'll be back soon."

Harriman nodded without answering, and squeezed their gauntlets with a grip that was surprisingly strong.

He sat very quietly, rubbing his hands against the soil of the Moon and sensing the curiously light pressure of his body against the ground. At long last there was peace in his heart. His hurts had ceased to pain him. He was where he had longed to be — he had followed his need. Over the western horizon hung the Earth at last quarter, a green-blue giant moon. Overhead the Sun shone down from a black and starry sky. And underneath the Moon, the soil of the Moon itself. He was on the Moon!

He lay back still while a bath of content flowed over him like a tide at the flood, and soaked to his very marrow.

His attention strayed momentarily, and he thought once again that his name was called. Silly, he thought, I'm getting old — my mind wanders.

“Requiem” (1939)

If there is any justice in the universe...If there is any Romanticism in the soul of Man...Years from now someone will rob the grave of Robert Heinlein, take his remains to the Moon and bury him there. Heinlein has even given us his epitaph.

His story “Requiem” opens with Robert Louis Stevenson’s poem of the same name, inscribed on Stevenson’s grave marker in Samoa. And also, Heinlein

tells us, left beside Harriman’s body on the Moon:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will!

This be the verse you grave for me:
“Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.”



FOOTNOTES TO AN UNWRITTEN TEXT

The Stoic philosophers say that we can’t always control what happens to us, but we can control our attitude toward it. This applies, among other things, to imminent death or disaster. To compose one’s mind and feelings in a crisis might be considered prayer by a religious person and just composing one’s mind by a non-religious person. Either way it strikes me as a good thing to do. The religious person might say it is better to compose one’s mind than pray to the deity for rescue.

I have a notion that the “higher” philosophical and religious impulses are those that reconcile us in a healthy way to the situation we’re in; whereas the “lower” ones are those in which we ask for goodies or for help in a bad spot. “Give me strength,” which appears in so many cartoons, is actually a pretty good prayer, or affirmation.

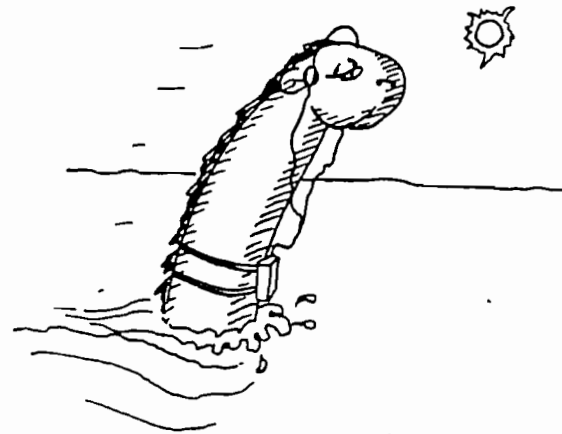
Composing one’s mind needs to be practiced. The mere feeling that one doesn’t deserve to suffer does not necessarily reconcile one to a bad situation. Albert Camus writes of an innocent young man executed by the Nazis who went to his death trembling and weeping in terror, while a murderer destined for execution remained calm and tough to the end.

By healthy reconciliation I mean realistic acceptance of a situation that encourages one to make the most of it. Like a guy I know who was in a motorcycle accident and told himself, as his body sailed through the air to what he thought was his death, “Pay attention, you’ll never have an experience like this again.”



To choose, when a choice is necessary, to dress comfortably rather than fashionably, is to make a statement. I happen to be pro-comfort myself, and when I dress for

comfort I feel I am not just dressing comfortably but declaring myself in favor of so doing. Years ago I developed a great admiration for Howard Hughes because I read that he wore sneakers with a tuxedo to a formal banquet. I assumed at the time he felt sneakers were more comfortable than shoes. Little did I know he’d end his life wearing Kleenex boxes on his feet.



H. HEATH BS

Holocaust Revisionist. n. 1) A bigot with a bibliography. 2) A person so gullible as to believe anything but the truth. 3) One who victimizes those who have already been robbed of their lives by trying to steal their very existence. 4) One who goose steps to a different drummer.



Without claiming any special superiority for English, I

think it is a wonderful language precisely because it is such an "impure" language; it is a hybrid in its origins and continues to borrow from just about every other tongue. I believe that if the American language of the future turns out to be an amalgam of, say, Spanish and English, it will be the more powerful and beautiful for that. If humanity ever does develop a common speech, it probably won't be any of the present-day languages, nor an artificial tongue, but a *lingua franca* developed out of all Earth's major languages.



If VCRs and pizzas rained down from heaven, I for one would continue working, because I like the work I do. I think a great many other people might quit their present jobs but would still find it necessary to engage in work-like activities. Granted, vast improvements are needed in



H. HEATH BS

working conditions for most people, but work is simply what all living things do to stay alive, and if they received the necessities of life without working they would still have the choice of doing something like work or of becoming physically and mentally ill.

I once received a sentimental anti-work poem in the mail, the last verse of which goes: "Think of the whales, more intelligent than Einstein or Bach, *who never have to work a fucking second* of their incredible life!"

What does the author of this poem think whales are doing, swimming around in the ocean all of their incredible lives? Looking for food, of course, and looking for food is work of the most basic kind. A captive whale supplied with plenty of food would quickly sicken and die if it didn't continue to swim around as if it were looking for food.



Playboy magazine recently moved to a Chicago building which has always been designated as 666 Lake Shore Drive. Shortly before the move the number was changed to 680, no clear reason given. Dell Publishing Company has moved also, to 666 Fifth Avenue in New York. And people say there's no conspiracy!



Outside of Mexico, the richest area for Native American archeology is the state of Illinois.



The idea that science fiction doesn't really try to predict the future but uses an imaginary future, or other imaginary marvels, to comment on the present is one that I think that explains a lot.

I've heard William Gibson make this assertion about his own stories and about the works of other well-thought-of sf writers, such as Ray Bradbury. It also seems to me that when so-called mainstream writers turn to sf they do it to satirize or warn against current trends. Certainly this was what Orwell was doing in 1984. And an article I read some time ago in *The New York Times Book Review* pointed out that H. G. Wells wrote *War of the Worlds* to show the British what it would be like to be on the receiving end of a visit from a ruthless, imperialistic power with invincible technological superiority.

Science fiction deals in a serious way with possibilities. It may create an impossible or highly unlikely situation, but it does so to look at human reality in that situation. That's why Bradbury refers to it as "idea fiction." Good sf doesn't pretend to be about things that are real now. Hoaxes like the Shaver Mystery and Dianetics and supposedly true encounters with UFO-nauts pollute sf. They are impossibilities masquerading as realities.

Fantasy deals with deals with that which is thought to be impossible by today's standards. A story about a wizard who reads minds is fantasy; a story about parapsychology is science fiction. That's why we rarely have fantasy about theological entities that people actually believe in.

But fantasy also can be "idea fiction." In fact, looked at from the point of view that the purpose of the story is to see how people behave in a situation that does not exist at present — a "thought experiment" — fantasy could just as easily do the job as sf.

All fiction is in one sense a "thought experiment" — to see what we can learn by experiencing what people go through in a critical situation.



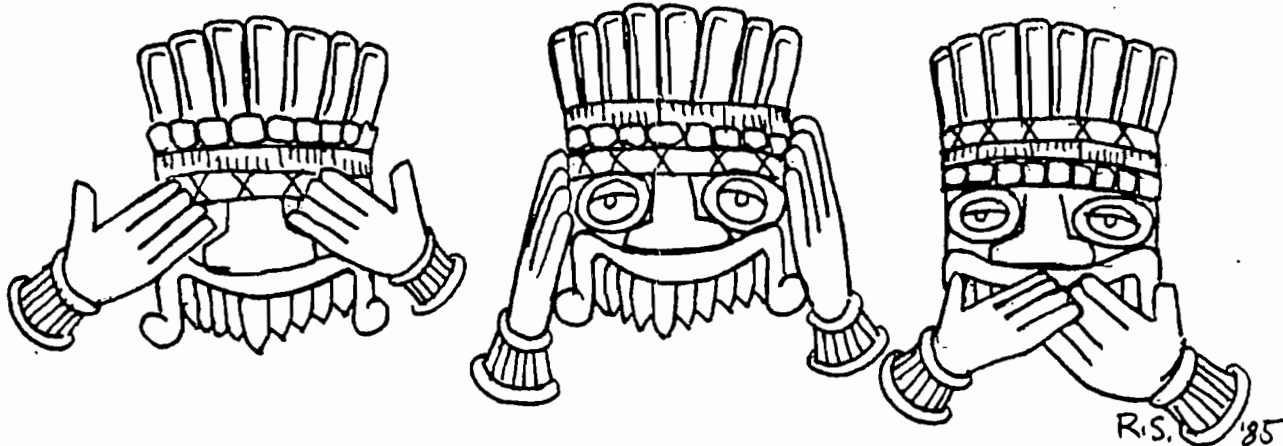
In 1832 the war chief Black Hawk led his Sauk tribe's

resistance against Federal seizure of their lands. The U.S. government claimed some Sauk chiefs had sold the land as part of a treaty. Black Hawk's view of land ownership is close to that of many modern anarchists:

"My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon, and cultivate, as far as is necessary, for their subsistence; and so long as they occupy and cultivate it they have the right to the soil, but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle upon it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away."



It is certainly not true that everyone in the '60s was into peace, love, drugs, free sex, Eastern mysticism and collectivism. My view is that the '60s was characterized by an apparently coherent vision, but the people who typify the '60s in the public mind were mostly members of a narrow age group and were a minority within that age group. Within that minority most were not fully committed to the countercultural vision and most did not even understand it. And among those few who did understand



and were committed, there was a great deal of conflict and confusion.

The '60s was a brief time in which a point of view not acceptable to the most powerful elements in our society was fashionable and held public attention and seemed almost in a position to supplant the dominant view. That is what is remarkable about the '60s — not the way things were, but the way they seemed.



What cultures should do when confronted with larger and more powerful cultures is whatever is in their own interest. This probably will not be a slavish preservation of every aspect of the existing or earlier culture, but it will probably not be imitation of the new, either. The impor-

tant thing is that the decision be autonomous, not imposed from outside by fraud (missionaries) or force (soldiers).



Certainly there have been horrors in the twentieth century that dwarf anything that was done in the past — the Russians are now publicly acknowledging that Stalin killed 20,000,000 of his own people — but the quality of life and the degree of freedom enjoyed by hundreds of millions of people in the U.S. and Western Europe is unprecedented. And, in my opinion, the horrors I mentioned are just the result of Medieval mentalities getting to play with twentieth century technology.



I'd always thought Hunter Thompson made up the word "gonzo." But a writer who uses language as richly as he does, doesn't have to make up the right word when he knows where to find it. According to Anne H. Soukhanov in *The Atlantic* (January, 1988): "The English *gonzo* comes from the Italian word of the same spelling, meaning 'idiot.'"

I take it as given that we have a good reason for every activity we're considering doing. So time management is not a case of eliminating the useless or harmful activities from our lives to give us time to do the good things. It's much more a question of deciding among good things. Most of us today are in the agonizing position of being the captain in a lifeboat that's about to sink because it has twice as many passengers as it can hold. And they are all good people. And we are going to have to politely ask a lot of them to climb overboard. That's why time management is hard.



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