

Clear Ether!



is the all-purpose personalzine of Samuel Edward Konkin III. It is published irregularly (about thrice a month) for exchange with other Science Fiction fanzines and for the following Amateur Press Associations: APA-L, APA-v, *Alarums & Excursions*, *Frefanzine*, and any others the editor is invited to join. *Clear Ether* is available only for trade, letter-of-comment, or in APA. *Clear Ether*, Volume II, combines *Clear Ether*, Volume I (APA-v), *Tarzine of the APAs* (APA-L), *The Competitive Quest* (A&E), *Frefanacl*, and the faanish components of *New Libertarian Notes* (Volume II). All correspondence should be sent to New Libertarian Enterprises, P.O. Box 1748, Long Beach, CA 90801, Attention: SEK3.

This issue is Number 7 (of Volume II) and is intended primarily for APA-v 15. (April, 1975?) Next ish: back to D&D for *Alarums and Excursions*. The Actifan lives! Sidney Cove! Britain's Fine in 79. Pacificon 78! Suncon! MidAmeriCon!

GENERAL COMMENTS, COLONEL O'TRUTH, MAJOR PROBLEM, CAPTAIN AMERICA . . .

The FAFIA-monster lost several of its tentacles in a melee recently, as Your Friendly Neighbourhood Anarchofaned slashed his way free **for now, came an ominous snicker**

What happened was the publisher for whom I counter-economically provide type decided to finally go legit (well, semi) and pub a third (non-sex) tabloid. This was all part of a contract, and resulted for more bread for me, but it nearly doubled my workload. When YFNA actually sat down in one of his all-too-infrequent free moments and calculated the time he put in, it only came to a little under 80 hours i two weeks. (The publisher's cycle is two weeks since his papers are all bi . . .-weekly, that is.) Long days before deadlines; shorter right after, but it averaged out to a 38-hour week.

Then count in 1½ hour commuting each way, much of which time *can* be used for writing articles and fanwriting and reading, of course; 6 hours per week for setting and laying out NLW (last time I timed myself); a full evening for mailing the ish out, and then one has to eat and sleep, I suppose.

Actually, the tide was already beginning to recede by the tim I managed to make the above calculation, and promises to continue to do so. Various people at various other points of production are getting their various asses in gear, some copy is reusable, and when ads come in for the new tab, a few more pages of copy will not need setting each ish.

It's just about getting down to the point where I can live with it. And I feel pretty good, now, about it all. Last fall, I speculated like a good entrepreneur that I could do "X" amount, put it to the publisher and showed him how much money he'd save by buying a Mergenthaler, and with me to run it. Break even at two papers (which he had) and make fat profits on three (which he wanted). Why should such a hotshot work cheap? Ah, but the machine was *mine* when his work was done, to set as I will.

And except for the FAFIA, it's worked. I've got 16 issues of NLW out by the time I write this, and probably 20 by the time you read it. This is the seventh *Clear Ether!* I've done, and some movement ads were done. I may be setting the Southern California C.S. Lewis Society zine *The Lamppost, Renaissance* (hang in there, John J.!), and I have had offers to *pay* me for all the zines I had time for.

And the publisher thinks my type is the best he's seen. Satisfying.

But this "lunch" had a price. I have had no time to promote NLW, so it's farther off than ever from gaining self-sufficiency, let alone support me. A mountain of unanswered mail stares at me on my desk, cackling nastily, its glance enough to guilt me to stone. One of the reasons I write this broadcast of personalness is to expiate that. Sorry, APA-v correspondents. YFNA will try to answer his mail as it comes, and make occasional stabs into yon monster.

For those of you who don't see the other *Clear Ether!*s, I've dropped out of APA-L and only attended two LASFS meetings in the last two months, possibly the one this week as well. (All Ted Johnstone-led filk sings, by the way.) My circle of acquaintance is, to my ways, overly constricted. Good people in SFALB, and of course the Anarchovillage.

Only two libertarian gatherings a month though it looks like a third will become regular—now.

The FAFIA was far from complete. I made every C.S. Lewis Society meeting, one D&D night a week, and the meets in the last paragraph. But I only got out one quick zine, for *Frefanzine 2* and *APA-L* (my farewell). With the resumption of *Clear Ether!* and catching up on correspondence, I shall be well content.

Whither? Well, as I teeter on the brink of solvency, I plan investment into advertising and promotion to pump up NLW's circulation. I had to forgo Leprecon, but Westeron is in town, and not even the State could keep me from MidAmeriCon. And I'll probably help-out Vic Koman on CounterCampaign ("Vote for Nobody!"), and put out a *Strategy* for NLA, maybe a brochure or two.

Most of all, I look forward to an occasional day to devote to "hanging loose." After all, this is Southern California, and maybe I can open a half-lidded eye at the 1001 things to do, my fancy to strike and my whims to worship.

I don't remember talking about the weather in New York except to complain. It's rained thrice since August, that was noticeable to a non-Californian, anyway. Right now, as I ride the bus into L.A. at 2 P.M., it's a mellow 75° on March 23.

And I wish all you were here as much as you do!

SPECIFIC COMMENTS (comments ÷ standard comment, cancelling units)

This is a separate section from my "En Garde at the Riposte Office" for those NYUSFSians who did not appear in APA-v 14 (shame!).

Mike Moslow Hey there, old buddy, and a big Laissez Faire! How about dazzling us with a surf-ride on the new wave of your pulsating prose? And how about something for NLW's *Speculations* column? I hear strange things have been happening to you . . . but that's usual for you. Fend off mundanity, keep the typers busy, and see you and Cyndi in KC!

Cyndi Warren Moslow . . . and see you and Mike in KC! Hey, did you know that Ted Johnstone and Lee Gold have a couple of books full of filks which I never heard before? And even Western variations of our Easterfen filks. *Fan of Dell's* popular here, now. (**aside** How did you like the Chocolate Easter Bunny? Sorr I couldn't fit inside.)

Phil Seligman I gather by the absence of your zine that the mail doesn't get through *both* ways? Let's hope you will be present for the MidAmeriCon collation. Come to think of it, no problem: I'll just mail you a bunch of NLW's and wait for your deportation . . .

Marc Glasser, Art Tobias "Hello, are you there, hello . . . oh, operator **click, click** . . ."

Before I get to specific comments on APA-v 14, let me remind one and all that **New Libertarian Weekly** is still running a weekly SF column (*Speculations*, what else?) and is *paying* 1¢ a word! We are looking for variety, sercon, reviews, libertarian and non-, fannish (but not *faanish*, since non-fen gotta read it, too), interviews, and even (rarely) some fiction. 500 words is optimal, but will consider longer. [Plug] *New Libertarian Enterprises, Box 1748, Long Beach, CA 90801*.

EN GARDE AT THE RIPOSTE OFFICE

Richard A. Friedman Maybe no one else did, but I noticed that your zine and APA-v's have the *same number!* All those who realize this means that Rich skipped an ish raise your hands. (Not you, Rich.) OK, 32¢. For 64¢, tell us why the first issue of APA-v had a *Useful and Instructive Prose* □? (Mike Moslow and all his roommates not eligible. ¶ I see by your story you're indulging in "Free Marketeers" style auto-allegory. ("He heard only the slap on the waters of his memory of the tail of his own slithering allegory . . .") Methinks I know what's hanging you up/ You'd be surprised how much graduation (or getting out in any

way) is gonna help. ¶ Andy and Charles have taken over the big, two-bedroom apartment in front of the Anarchovillage. Ah, but I'm not yet free of roommates. A refugee Banneristi from South Carolina has been crashing with me for the last two months. He's now starting to pay me rent, so he'll either move up (to his own apartment) or out soon. And then, and then...freeee! until the next wandering libertarian comes through. ¶ "Up the lazy Canalworld by the Old Maelstrom,..." ¶ Gonna get another collation in before KC, huh, huh?

Judith Goldstein Then pull the shade down, silly femfan!

¶ "Tell me, tell me, tell me the answer / Well you may be a lover but you ain't no dancer!"—"Helter Skelter," *The Beatles White Album*, 1969. ¶ What, La Filkstone is dead? Autopsy! *sniff* I never knew her successor... ¶ I've been doing my writing on the SCRTD 36F Freeway Flyer from Long Beach to Los Angeles downtown...and occasionally back. Yes, I too am now a commuter! *ritual handshake* Problem is, I can't write letters, cause no one can read my wobbling-on-the-bus scribble. But I hope to be back on the typer again, and catch up answering the mail (see above, way back). —"Everything's overpriced in Kansas City / They've gone about as far as they can go / They got a Hotel Muehlebach, 50 bucks a night / 'Bout as high as a hotel oughtta go // What next? // Yeah, what?..."—Filk of "Everything's Up to Date in Kansas City" from *Oklahoma!*

Mariam of the Northern Moor Like all Markhams, what does she promise? ¶ Mike has a broken ankle? How? No, no, better not tell me... (It's all past now. Others shall worry.) ¶ Maria, how about doing a report on the *Illuminatus* discussion for next disty? Love to hear what happened. ¶ Who is Jill Levy? You mean there's still another femfan in NYUSFS? (As soon as we leave, they come thundering in. And if you ever heard a herd of thundering femfans trampling all over you metaphor...)

Harry Andruschak In case anybody else out there is addressing comments to Mr. Andruschak, he prefers "Andy" to "Harry." ¶ Saying "monthly and quarterly APA" together, like a linear combination, seems to describe APA-v's frequency pretty well. ¶ I assume you are aware that the song is "It Never Rains in Southern California." Not true, as I said above; it rained three times in the past nine months. ¶ Ghu, the time lag. You did your zine Christmas and I did mine before, and we read them in mid-March. OK, let's see how long this one takes. I'm writing this on Tuesday, March 23, as I get off work early, and hurry back to Long Beach to catch a mid-week expedition into *Terra Supra* (my Overland—D&D talk, folks). Maybe I'll see you at the meeting Thursday. Now, when will we coincide after *this ish* comes out? Westercon? If earlier, how about doing a Con report on Westercon and so will I. We'll run them in stereo for NYUSFS and see how they play.

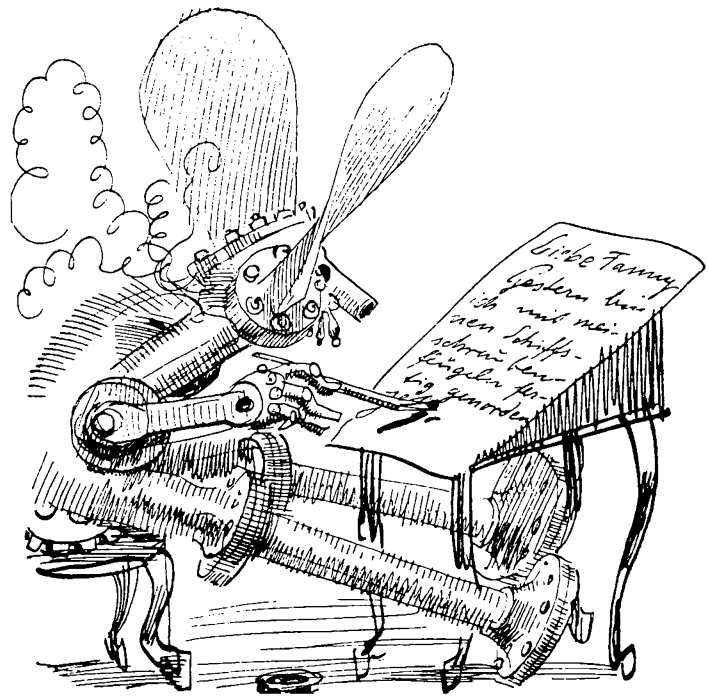
Yehudis Who are you, strange femfan? (Where *are* they coming from? Did Richard turn on his charisma again?) And how did you come to know the Secret Passfilk of the Learned Elders of the Illumined Seers of Washington Square! *thunder, flash* And who are these other characters, "Val," "Bittersweet?" Obviously pseudonyms. Hah, a likely story! Come clean now, it will go better for you... *bright light in eyes* Confess! You're a closet Trekkie!... Oh, you already admitted attending Trekcons. Takes all the fun out of torture if you're goin to just blurt everything out up front like that. Just for that I'm going to take my pincers and coals (3, red-hoat, 2 g.p.) back to my Long Beach Dungeon. [Watch out for Hidden Meaning.]

Edward Horn You seem to be quite creative in layout and an adequate typer. Unfortunately, your writing reminds me of Harlan Ellison (retch, gag, yech). You'll get over it, I suspect. Take a Pierce, wash down with Old Wave, and call Doc Smith in the morning. (I suppose every club has to have one. SFALB has this Kurt Black...)

FILLER REVIEWS

Winter of the World by Poul Anderson. I am overwhelmingly in love with Donya of Helvar, just like the other males in this tale of North America during another ice age. And I love her world and society, an honest-to-god anarchy with no flaws or gimmicks. I could do my thing with the Rogaviki, with Ursular LeGuin doing hers next door.

As icing on the cake, the Rogaviki are battling an aggressor state, an Empire from the South. And they whomp them, with a little help from a limited government advocate from Killmaraich (Eastern Australia).



So why am I pissed off at this Great Anarchist novel? Because Anderson had to spoil it all by making the anarchists non-humans; i.e., a branched-off species evolving from humans.

The flaws in this line of thinking are enormous. One's politics (or anti-politics) are *not* genetic; furthermore, I am convinced that Anderson knows people as well as I do who fit the Rogaviki perfectly. How anti-conceptual!

I've been called many things for being a practicing anarchist, but never a mutant! Fie, sir.

Odyssey (Vol. 1, No. 1, Spring, 1976) Edited by Roger Elwood. Want to introduce a kid to the goshwowohboyohboy pulps of your childhood? Pick up the brand-new *Odyssey*. The pulpiest ads I've seen in fifteen years of SF ("I'll teach you to master transcendental meditation in a single evening...", "How to get rich in the Mail Order World Trade business," "Dial Your Destiny" and that's only the first three out of four pages) and paper feel, 8½ × 11, three-column, 9 point helvetica all shriek "Pulp!" A Kelly Freas cover which would have looked arty on *Analogue* or passable on a book cover, with the "Odyssey" logo over it and layout it is pure 1940. Obligatory spaceship and female, with the latter doubling as BEM. If not for the Computer Code on the bottom left corner, it could easily be counterfeit 1940s. Is Elwood trying to cash in on nostalgia?

He certainly is trying to keep a good fan press. Charlie Brown's been recruited to do a fanzine column, and Sturgeon and Silverberg do opinion and book review columns, respectively, all which run counter to the pulpishness.

Outside of Malzberg's short, the writers Pohl (novella), Pournelle (novella), Bloch (novella) and Saberhagen (short) are all hard-core Old Wave. And look at the ratio of long to short fiction!

The feel one gets from Elwood's editing is that he knows where everyone fits. A well-ordered, almost medieval, universe, a not-yet discarded image.

Elwood has either made the biggest mistake of his speculation-successful career, or he is about to drag the pseudo-hip fan kicking and screaming back to their roots.

After getting over the shock, I must say I like the attempt. But neither my crusty old approval or the New-Newer-Newest Waver's scorn counts for jack-excrement. Elwood'll either strike the right chord in the market or go under. If he sells, he'll be payin' the writers, they'll be writin' for what he's payin', and we're gonna be readin' what they're writin', or run to the other prozines—who will not fail to notice that *Odyssey's* selling with a certain formula (as they all go under). And they'll copy it—or react against it to pick up the turned-off, should they constitute a market, or try to one-up it, or maybe hearken back to another era.

And some fan will be writing a review like this.